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*The
Triumphant Ministry*

Timothy Kilbourn

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The Triumphant Ministry

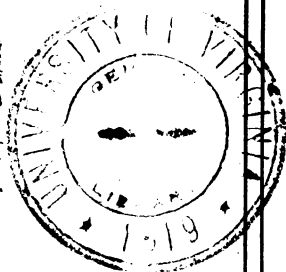
LETTERS FROM

TIMOTHY KILBOURN *predecessor*
Montgomery, Richmond Ames
TO

FRED GAYNOR

*Assistant Minister in the City of
the Stranger*

With an Introduction by
CHARLES R. ERDMAN, D.D.



Philadelphia
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Introduction

THE joys of the Christian ministry,—its privileges and its possibilities, its demands and its rewards, its companionships and its high purpose,—such is the glad, serious burden of this book. Were its notes of cheer and its words of counsel more widely sounded, we should hear less frequently the familiar question: Why do not more men of the highest ability volunteer for the ministry? At least a partial answer to this question has been given in the statement that it is because the claims and attractions of the ministry are so seldom presented to young men by parents and pastors and teachers and friends. This little packet of letters presents them with all the impressiveness of deep conviction, and with all the power of a personal appeal.

The message of these pages is then, first of all, to the youth of our schools and colleges, our academies and universities. It shows them that the “call to the ministry” is nothing

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magical or mysterious, but a divinely presented opportunity for rendering the highest possible human service ; that the work of the ministry is not too difficult for men of few talents if they are wholly dedicated to Christ, and that it offers the greatest opportunity on earth to the man of marked ability who also possesses the rare gift of an attractive personality ; that the dreaded isolation of the ministry is compensated by the most inspiring of companionships ; that its satisfactions and rewards are as real as they are unique, but its demands are such that triumph is assured to those alone "who have soldier stuff in them and can endure." No young man should be made to determine his life work without first being granted the light of such a vision.

No less vital is the message to those students who have already volunteered for the Christian ministry. They are shown the kind of equipment their future work demands ; they are reminded of the seriousness as well as the glory of their task ; they are urged to more diligent use of present opportunities ; they are assured that the largest work is usually done by those

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who, in the days of discipline, have been made acquainted with the best tools and have become most skillful in their use ; they are pointed to right paths of endeavor, warned of pitfalls, and led toward fields of fruitful service. No class of students more need or more fully appreciate sympathetic counsel and guidance than those in our schools of theology ; and they will not fail to prize these pages, written for them by one whose point of view is not academic nor theoretical but that of an active pastor whose words are expressions of his own experience and work.

Here too is a message for those whose ministry has not been "triumphant." There are such. For them the dreams of earlier days have faded ; they have found the task other and more arduous than they had supposed ; disappointment, hardship, sorrow, and pain have been the companions of their journey ; coveted opportunities have been denied them ; neither their efforts nor their motives have been appreciated ; lack of sympathy and cruel criticism have chilled their hearts ; to them the unseen has become increasingly unreal ; life and service

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have grown more hopeless and dreary than they dare confess ; the battle has gone against them and they are conscious of defeat. To such these searching letters may disclose the unconscious sources of their weakness, or may show that apparent failure has been real success. They may suggest that the work has lacked method, and right motive ; that the preaching has not lifted high the cross, or glorified the divine Saviour ; that the will has not been wholly yielded to Christ, or that " the closet with the closed door " has been neglected ; that seeming misfortune has been actual fault.

On the other hand to some, whose loyal service appears to be rewarded by no glories of manifest victory, who by trial and pain are being better prepared for their ministry of consolation, these lines will bring reassurance and comfort and hope. They may have passed a Troas, where disappointment and anxiety made them turn from open doors ; and now, like a welcome messenger, these words of cheer, showing them the essential nature of their work, the eternal issues of their task, the unseen influences of their sacrifice, and the divine purpose in their

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sufferings, may enable them to exclaim with the apostle, as they start forward on their way : "Thanks be unto God, who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ."

Then, too, there are those who believe they are experiencing a "triumphant ministry," but who are self-deceived. They have been measuring success by numbers, by church attendance and statistical reports, by human applause and gratifying popularity; but in the midst of ecclesiastical machinery and social activities, engrossed by engagements, and immersed in a multiplicity of executive details, they have lost sight of "the goal." They too, and they not least of all, need the sober message of these letters in which, with true perspective, the efforts and achievements of the ministry are viewed in their right relations and proportions, while it is shown that true success can consist only in an increasing knowledge of Christ and in the renewal of souls by bringing them into fellowship with God through his Son, our Saviour.

Shall we say, however, that these letters will be of value only to those already named, to those who may enjoy the high privilege of be-

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ing ordained preachers of the Word? Shall we not rather conclude that such vivid pictures of a pastor's life will be illuminating and helpful to all the followers of Christ who thus may learn more perfectly what is expected and required of Christian ministers, what is the nature of their work, what the divine content of their message, what their need of sympathy, encouragement and support? To spread such a message is certain to make the ministry ever more triumphant and to hasten the coming and kingdom of our Lord.

CHARLES R. ERDMAN.

Princeton, New Jersey.

CHAPTER I

THE CALL

DEAR FRED:

“What is the secret of the triumphant ministry?” That is just the question I faced the other day. A young friend visited me, the second time within a year, for counsel and advice. The first time he came, I happened to be in his college town. He met me at the railroad station as I was leaving for home. He came to talk with me about what he should do when he graduated in June. I said, “What are you thinking about, James?” He replied, “The ministry and medicine.” I saw that he wanted me to tell him my side of the story, so I began. This is the way I summed it up for him: “James, there is no vocation in all the world that furnishes a man such opportunities. There is no other that taxes all the faculties of heart and brain, all the resources of simon-pure man, as does the ministry. You will have more hardships to endure, more temptations to meet,

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more assaults on your courage to face, more testing of high and noble purpose, more call to bear and forbear, more draft on all your resources of whatsoever sort, in the ministry, than in any other profession into which you might enter. Now don't go into it unless you feel you must ; then if a door swings open, enter it and count on great opportunities for usefulness."

He made his second visit a few days ago when he came in to say, "I am going to the seminary on Monday to study for the ministry, and I want to hear you talk for a little while on the things which you think worth while for one just entering the seminary." I never before more earnestly desired help from God than I did when I faced this young man with these words on his lips. We got on splendidly for an hour. If he keeps before him the salient points of that conversation and the conclusions we reached, he will discover the triumphant ministry earlier than it has fallen to me to discover it. If I tell you a little of my own history, you will see where the triumphant ministry began with me.

My decision to study for the ministry was

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reached while teaching a country school, at the close of my academy course and immediately preceding my freshman year in college. It was not made at the time of an impending crisis, when the mind is balanced between grave alternatives. No calamity, real or imaginary, confronted me, if my decision should be against the ministry. There were no perplexities of any sort. I had been rocked in the cradle of a home missionary manse and brought up in the conviction that God has a claim on our lives. I knew my parents expected me to be of service in the world. I lived in intimate fellowship with my father—a man of devout, mystical spirit, entirely untouched with worldly ambitions, who practiced his profession with great joy and fidelity. His example was ever before me. It did not occur to me with any force to follow any one but him. When the actual decision was made to study for the ministry, I pressed quite naturally and religiously on to the goal. It never occurred to me then, and it does not occur to me now, that I am exalted above other men by the choice I have made. Take it from me, Fred, the man, who,

in accordance with his history and circumstances and talents, chooses to serve God and his fellows as a farmer, a mechanic, an engineer, a Y. M. C. A. secretary, a doctor, a merchant, or a chemist, chooses as honorably and religiously as the man who chooses to serve in the ministry. It may be not quite orthodox for a minister to take this view. But it seems to me that John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, John Wanamaker, Luther Burbank, Charles W. Stiles, Woodrow Wilson, with a host of others who might be named, have chosen as well and rendered as much service to God and men as some of our great ministers have rendered. The main thing is to hear your call from the heights and to follow it—ever on the ascent as you go through the world, lifting up your fellows and carrying them to God with you.

However, my decision was made, and my vocation has been followed, in a time when the emphasis of our civilization has been against my choice. The opportunities for personal and material prosperity have been multiplied and the multitude have followed after them. Candidates for these advantages have increased

and those for the ministry have declined. Many ministers have been cast down in these past twenty years by the fashion of the times, which argues that a man who makes money, produces a new spear of grass, discovers some disease-breeding bug or bacillus, builds a railroad, or piles up wealth of this sort, is the only benefactor of the race. The man who takes the long look—that sweeps the eternities and scales the heavenlies—is discredited. Many people think he looks too far, that he is impractical. We are poor mortals of clay, sad failures on account of heredity and environment, oppressed with sickness and hunger, in great need of bread and butter and bank accounts. Satisfy our hunger, heal our sickness, improve our environment, lift us toward success and business prosperity, and you are accounted a practical servant of society.

You will surely be affected by this fashion of the times, as I have been ; but take this into account. While such activities are not the chief work of the minister, he is not altogether unrelated to them. The triumphant ministry depends upon two things at this point. First, the minister's clear and accurate vision of civiliza-

tion ; second, his relating himself to that civilization as a spiritual force. The condition of the common people and the circumstances of their daily toil, the reward of their services, the opportunity for their children, the attitude of the public mind and conscience toward them, is most largely and favorably established in the lands where the ministry of the gospel of Christ is a spiritual force. Is there not an indubitable connection between that gospel thus preached and these favorable conditions for humanity? I believe there is. Therefore, when choosing my vocation, I reached the conclusion that the man whose talents and training and circumstances of life conspired to fit him for the ministry and to turn him to it, would find a glorious opportunity to affect practically the civilization of his time.

I was not without ambition. I entertained a hope that some day I might be equal to some "larger sphere of influence." Most of the men who are in such spheres enter them before they are forty. I worked hard and rattled some door knobs to such spheres in the first seven or eight years. But I found that the ears on the other

side of those doors were deaf to all who did not have some private wire connections, or who had not made enough noise outside to attract attention. Our country is a very noisy one, and not attentive to men who are in quiet places and doing their work in a quiet way. My disappointment was very keen when I discovered this. I will not repeat the story here. For "substance of doctrine," as the theologians say, it occurred three times in my history within eight years, before I realized its truth. But awakening to it, these experiences conspired to give a clearer vision of my great calling and helped to get my eyes on the right things. And, in the triumphant ministry, that is one of the greatest considerations. Every disappointment makes its direct contribution to the triumph, if we accept the gospel we are set to preach. If we believe,

" One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only ; the assured belief
That the procession of our fate howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power ;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

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However, a man does not know this at the beginning. He may preach it. He may believe it. By and by, through disappointment and prayer and the change of circumstances and the incoming peace—which is better than understanding—and with “experience,” he gets the right perspective and the vision that enables him to work and rest and wait. This is his first triumph—the triumph within.

There are at least three ways in which the ministry will present itself to those who hear the call to it, as an opportunity for triumph. There is the opportunity of administration. The first thing the young minister has to face when he leaves school for actual work in the ministry, is a hard and fast ecclesiastical organization ; frequently inefficient in accomplishing the task for which it exists in the local congregation. The exact point of inefficiency is in the spirit and vitality of the official board. They do not have a vision of the work to be accomplished. They are without inspiration to carry forward any vision to realization. In consequence of this lack, chaos reigns in plans for work and bankruptcy in treasuries to support it. Ignorance is

found on every hand. His official boards could not define the reason for the Church's existence if their lives hung upon it. Many of them do not take the church paper or journal that gives them a definition of the Church, its tasks, and methods by which to accomplish their work. They are like what the scientific agriculture schools call the old uneducated farmer,—“accident workers.” They go at church business in a blind, hit-or-miss sort of way. While each man of them may have made a success of his own business, these same men suffer utter defeat when they take up the business of church finance, or the management of the so-called spiritual interests of the Church. The young minister finds that ecclesiastical forms circumscribe his field and that things have to be accomplished through channels long since impoverished and dried up. If he succeeds he will be taxed on every side. Customs inimical to the spirit of the gospel of Christ will have to be broken down. Blindness as deep as a starless night will have to be pierced with light. Prejudices as fixed and narrow as little minds will have to be faced. And perhaps a Chinese

inertia and love of ease will have to be moved before he accomplishes his task. There are three things he will have to do if he makes any progress himself, or if he moves the Church to achievement or respect.

First, he must present a clearly defined purpose, as stated in the gospel of Christ, for which the Church exists. No man with the gospel of Christ in his heart and Christ's vision for the Church before his face, can be content with his church as his field. He must make it his force in the world. Second, he must have plans adequate for engaging all the resources, latent and active, in his church and for accomplishing the world-vision which he holds. Third, he must have sufficient persistence and patience to keep at his task till things are brought to pass.

If, by any process of inaction or consent, he accepts the methods of congregations in many communities for supporting the Church, he will speedily find himself the victim of circumstances humiliating to himself and impoverishing to his purse. He will find that the note of authority in the gospel he proclaims is lost.

He will find that there is nothing to develop and challenge the lives of men to high and noble living.

But if he has clear and definite views, and is faithful to them, he will have a triumphant ministry. There will be those who will be quick to see the better things and catch the vision of the better way. Many will come to see how their lives are enlarged and enriched in the broader horizon he pushes back for them. And year by year he himself will grow into the larger man as he reaches out for the larger things.

The second opportunity for the triumphant ministry is in the pulpit. There has been a great deal said in the newspapers and magazines about the decline of the pulpit. We have been told that the day for the pulpit is gone, and the problem of getting a Sunday evening congregation in the cities and a full house in the mornings, everywhere, is cited in proof that it is so. But, my dear Fred, you have never heard any prince of God, who occupies a pulpit, talking it.

There are several things that lead me to believe the pulpit is a place of power. First, the

Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are unapproached in searching the conscience, comforting the heart and revealing the will of God to men. In the second place, Jesus Christ is a living power for regenerating and recovering wasted humanity. There is only one message of hope for the woman who has lost her crown, and that is Christ's word to her. There is only one power in the world to-day that can lift a man by a single bound to heights to which culturists would need years to raise him, if, indeed, they could raise him at all, and that power is the power of Christ. Third, while the great medium of education to-day is the printed page, the most thrilling medium for the transmission of truth is a living person, stirred with a great passion for mankind. This is the opportunity of the pulpit for the man who is called of God to occupy it—to unfold the message of the Old and New Testaments under the power of Christ, out of a heart quivering with interest in men.

There is not a single field of human conflict, action, pathos, tragedy or triumph over which he may not range, yes, over which he may not

have to range in the preparation of his message to men, as the years speed away.

One of the inexpressible joys for you will be the appreciation men show of your knowledge of them and sympathy with them. Every week, it may be many times in some weeks, you will receive acknowledgments of their indebtedness to you. Acknowledgments will come, not from a narrow circle of intimate friends, but from men and women in various and widely different circumstances, and from strangers as well as friends. They will talk of your help, or comfort, or instruction, or inspiration, and sometimes they will say nothing but just wait to walk home with you at the close of the Sabbath day, that perchance the very breezes that blow upon your faces may tell you the gratitude which they feel. On the other hand, you will have evidence of your power in the passionate opposition the forces of hell wage against your valiant warfare. Look abroad and see how they are doing it in high places. Take for example one instance published throughout the land. Canon Hensley Henson, standing in his pulpit in London, uttered such a denunciation of the atrocities of

the rubber industry in South America and so fearlessly arraigned the men who were guilty, that the counselors for these great industries threatened him for his plain speech. They could not face the assault of a fearless and righteous proclamation of the truth. Before you began your ministry, but a few years ago, a writer in a great weekly, criticizing the pulpit, said, "The men who bring things to pass care no more for the message of the preacher than they care for the opinions of a pretty woman." Follow Beecher on the slavery issue; Canon Henson on the rubber issue; all the pulpits in this country on the temperance issue; and see. There is no agency of which the forces of vice and intemperance, and tainted, easy money, and corrupt politics, are so afraid as they are of the ministers of God who know, who have forceful wills, who love God and their fellows, and who are not afraid of the faces of men.

"Keep the preachers out of this (temperance) fight," is the instruction the liquor interests have sent out to their henchmen everywhere. That is what they are saying right here in this country town to-day. They know, under the blessing

of God, that the preacher is going to win and that the pulpit, his throne, is a place of power.

The third opportunity of the triumphant ministry is your private and personal work as pastor. Here is an incident of last week. He was just a plain, everyday, hard-working manager of a public corporation. We were in the dressing room of the gymnasium preparing for a game of volley ball. I knew my man and I said, "I have just had an interview with Mr. S—— on the subject of his personal relation to Christ." "Did you get him?" said my friend, now stripped to the skin. "Not to-day," said I, "but I will in time." "Well, that is worth while," he continued, as he got into his sleeveless shirt. "Often when I solicit an order and get it, I feel of how little consequence it is either to my customer or myself; but when you preach Christ to a man and win him to Christ, you have accomplished something worth while." That is a plain workingman's estimate of the ministry triumphant.

I had a telephone message one day, asking me to go and talk with a man over his domestic troubles. The circumstances of the trouble

were very delicate. Patience and forbearance had been stretched almost too much. This man had so nearly lost heart that he had gone to his room to take his life. Surprised there, by one who loved him dearly, the deed was not done. On learning the facts, I hastened to him at his office. No one was about on business, so I went in. We locked the doors and sat down to talk things over and if possible to find a way out. When I left an hour after, he said : " I am so glad you came. The way seems clearer now." I went out, and for weeks we worked away until things were adjusted and the strain removed. I had been gone for a month, when, on my return, after some weeks, I went to this office on business. " Well, you have neglected me a long time, my friend ! " said this man with a smile as he looked into my face. Then we talked the whole matter over again and I went home to score another triumph in the ministry to men.

My record for a day, repeated again and again in the lives of men ministering in quiet places over this land, will illustrate the triumphant ministry. A funeral at 7 : 30 A. M. (of an

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old soldier, a Mason, but not a church member, where a sermon was preached "by request"). Back to the study at 10 A. M. Dinner at 12:45 P. M. Out on pastoral rounds at 2 P. M.—first to the hospital, accompanied by two church officers, to receive an old woman eighty-five years of age into church membership; from there to call on an old pauper woman with a secret care; then to a deserted wife and mother, to find out how life is with her; then to a family with a careless and ungodly husband and father, whom we would like to get interested in going to church; then to a young laborer's home whose little child ought to be baptized; then to find the home of a lost child crying on the street; then for home and supper. It was 8 P. M. when I sat down to that meal. After supper my favorite journal was read and a few lines were penned, and I lay down to sleep and rest, grateful for the day thus past and for the promise of a busy to-morrow.

You ask, "Are there no gloomy days in such a ministry?" Many of them. Many a man, who did run well for a while, slips and falls—and sometime utterly fails, and your labor

seems to have been in vain. Many a mistake is made, over which you may actually shed tears. Many a truth must be spoken, after which some men will not speak to you when they meet you in the street, unless it be to scold or condemn. Many a hardship will have to be faced in the course of life that will cost much in sacrifice and love.

Fred, don't hanker too much for the big church in the big city. The best work is often done in the small city and town. Triumphant ministries in such places abound. I am thinking now of a country minister who received the Great Promotion three years ago. He preached the gospel of Jesus Christ for about forty years after his ordination, then, as Peter Cartwright says, in his autobiography, of a certain "Brother Lee," witnessed a good confession to the end, fell from the walls of Zion with the trump of God in his hand and (went) to his reward. When he went away, he left his wife with three sons and two daughters to mourn his departure. He died in a small village, about such as he had spent the most of his life in, in one of the central states. The chief social institutions of that com-

munity are the post office, the general store, the blacksmith shop, the schoolhouse and the church. The cemetery in which his poor form is laid has no regular sexton. It is left to the mercies of those who have loved ones lying there. The villagers go in from time to time with their scythes and mow the yard, and with their shovels re-sod the graves and fill up those that have sunk below level. Once a year they also decorate the graves with the simple, old-fashioned flowers which they have gathered from their back gardens and front yards. No grave is overlooked. Some friendly hand, once a year at least, lays a tribute of love and respect upon the little mound marking the place where they laid him.

He was licensed to preach in early manhood, but a gift for business and trade kept him until the call came for him to take charge of a particular church, when he resigned his position which paid him twelve hundred dollars a year and began to ride the circuit at six hundred dollars. He never had a salary of more than seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. They eked out this meager salary for seven with "mission-

ary barrels" which the women of large, wealthy, city churches sent to them through their society. These "barrels" were opened with great excitement when they came. And the people noticed that the preacher's family were "all togged out again in new clothes (?) " An interesting sight they were, indeed, when they all sallied forth in their secondhand finery ! But they managed to keep their children in the schools within their reach and two of them succeeded in getting through college. And, what is of far more importance in the ministry triumphant, all the children grew up to live worthy, upright lives. Two of the boys entered the ministry and all of them secured the one great hope of the father's life—"a clear title to a home in heaven."

When that family assembled to say the last farewell, and the friends had passed through the little parlor for a last look at his beloved face, the wife and mother took her children in and shut the door. The first paroxysms of their grief over, they steadied their voices and the people outside heard them singing "Nearer, my God, to thee"—a song he had taught them when these grown-up sons and daughters were

little boys and girls about his knee. It was the same song the men and women sang when the great *Titanic* went down. They all stood, those men and women of millions and fame, very much as did the country minister's family beside their dead—with little comfort, except a splendid precious memory of work well done and a high hope of heaven.

There were many dark days in that home—the darkness which poverty, unrequited toil, humiliating circumstances, bring. But the country minister quit his ministry with confidence that God was with him to the end and the shout of victory was on his tongue.

When I get really blue about spiritual achievements, or poorly rewarded services, I think of a life like that; or I take down my "Twice Born Men" and read for a little while in it, or the "Everlasting Mercy" and go through it; or I remember my dear friend Callahan, on the Bowery, and how God got a hold on him; or I think of the men whom I have piloted from the sick room to the glory land; or I recall the day when Margaret brought her love affair to counsel with me about that. I consider these

things and I say to myself, "Timothy, the ministry is the mightiest opportunity on the face of God's green earth for a man with heart and brains!" The afflictions? They shall work "for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." The triumphant ministry is for those who have soldier stuff in them and who can endure.

This morning I received a letter from a gentleman whose letterhead indicates that his corporation does business in a great center in the Middle West and in the metropolis of the East. This letter was about prayer. Our paths had crossed at the Men and Religion Congress in New York. He believes in prayer. He knows other men of "big business" who believe in prayer. I had sent him a little book on that subject. He was writing me to say how much he was helped in reading it and how interested he is in trying to get men banded together in the work of prayer.

Again, last spring I read in my "British Weekly" that William T. Stead had companions of his rosary, whom he remembered at least once a year in prayer—on the anniversary of their first meeting. When things like this cross my path, frequently I am comforted with the thought that to teach men to do these things is the privilege of the ministry triumphant.

Sincerely yours,

TIMOTHY KILBOURN.

CHAPTER II

THE EQUIPMENT

DEAR FRED :

Now that I have written to you on the call to the ministry and the opportunity which the ministry offers to men who have the stuff of endurance in them, I want to say something to you on the subject of equipment.

There are three great factors in the equipment of the minister for the triumphant ministry. These are the school, the personality of the minister and the closet with the closed door. In the course by which the Church usually determines the fitness of men for the ministry, emphasis is laid on the first of these. In my judgment, it is of the least importance in the group. You went to college, and later to the seminary, to prepare for the ministry, to equip yourself for the work. It was well you did. In this day nothing seems of more importance than equipment, and certainly a proper amount

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of schooling is a large contribution to that end. But the schools simply introduce us to some of our tools. They do very little toward teaching us how to use them. There is many a man who is like a young friend of mine, a semi-invalid. The last time I saw my friend he took me to his den and showed me his snowshoes and skees and guns. He had a splendid repeating rifle of the latest pattern, that would have delighted the heart of any old hunter in the northern woods, who has use for such an instrument every day; but for this young friend who was keeping it in his den there was no opportunity to try it out. All the use he made of it was when he fondled and polished and admired it. It was in grave danger of being rusted and spoiled before he should have a chance to use it in a hunt for bear. Thus is it with much of the schooling men get—it is spoiled for service before they get a chance to put it to use.

The literature, philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, biology, Latin, Greek and Hebrew with which I became acquainted a little, and only a little, in school, were instruments for

doing the great work for which I was being equipped. But I needed to know how to use them. They are of no use to me until I learn how to use them. It often happens that men have taken too much time in getting equipped. They have gone to school too much. They went to the best college within their reach and at the end of their course received their A. B. Then they took one or two years in residence there for their Master's degree. Then to the seminary for their B. D. Then they went to the great university at home or abroad for their Doctor's degree. Thus they sallied forth equipped for the fray.

But they did not arrive. They did not produce what you expected them to produce. They did not achieve. The fault was not in the schools or the tools, but in themselves, that they are underlings.

Now it is very important that a man have tools. And let me urge you to select with great care those you will need ; and let me also remind you to keep them up to date ; and further let me urge you not simply to own them and fondle them, but to use them so fre-

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quently that your dexterity and skill may be increased thereby; but never get the notion that tools are anything more than the least important factors in your equipment.

There are scores of men who know enough about Hebrew to qualify for the Rabbinical Priesthood, who could give you the derivation of every word on a page of the Hebrew text, who know all about accents, pointing, punctuation and paragraphs of the original, but whose equipment is of no more advantage to them in the ministry of Jesus Christ than that much "pig Latin" of a street gamin's play. There are men who have searched and read the masters in the literature of their own tongues who could not awaken a single impulse to higher and nobler living in the most responsive soul. In all their getting they did not get understanding of a single motive or motion of the human heart. You go into their study and the smell of Russia and cloth is like the spices of Arabia to your nose, but they have "cut no channel" from that study to their stint for the day.

There are men who follow the advance of

science so hard that they know the latest discovery it has made, the latest word it has spoken, the latest formula it has stated, the latest analysis it has proposed ; who could not lead a soul from the darkness of sin to the light of life, however eager that soul might be to escape the darkness and enter the light. They are not equipped for the work.

Fred, it is wonderful what a man can do with a jackknife if he has the essential equipment—the talent to use that knife. A man on the street once offered for sale to me a beautiful, delicate and elaborately carved fan, which he had wrought with his pocket knife out of the commonest-looking piece of pine picked up in the street. Now I have just such an instrument in my possession, and there are scores of pieces of pine in my cellar out of which such a thing of beauty as he wrought might be carved, but I lack the necessary equipment for making use of the tools.

A young man went to college and took every prize offered to his class. He went to the seminary and repeated the triumph there. Receiving his scholarship, he went abroad for a year.

On his return he became minister in a suburban church of sixty members ; but within two years and five months he had utterly failed. When his successor was called to the field, before accepting, he consulted with the professors of that seminary from which he and the other young man had graduated, as to what he should do with the call. These professors reviewed the other man's history in the school and frankly warned this young man against attempting the work of a field in which their star performer had failed. "Remember," said they, "you have no such record in school. He is the best man we have sent out. He failed to make anything of that field. If you follow him you must be prepared to move from the field any day." But, as this young man pondered and prayed over the church's call, he felt that God wanted him to succeed that man, so he sent his acceptance, and his ministry there was a succession of triumphs for nearly six years. Now this man had been denied many of the advantages the other man had had, but he had one outstanding advantage for the work over the other man—he could use the tools in his hand.

Without minimizing the value of the training of the schools, without encouraging any man to drop his study of science, philosophy, Latin, Hebrew or Greek, let me remind you that some of the most powerful and outstanding ministers of Jesus Christ in the history of the nineteenth and twentieth century Church have been men who from the standpoint of the schools had only a jackknife with which to do their work. Probably one of the most interesting figures in the development of American history is the circuit rider of the Methodist Church. This man was chosen by the people for his work, first, because he had "experienced" religion; and second, because he had a gift of expressing that experience to the class meeting and the camp meetings and the meetings held in the settler's houses. Then the presiding elder found him out and set him to work ministering to the small rural districts needing the message, which had no better equipped men for the work. So, astride of his horse, with his saddlebag library behind him, he went forth with no school to sharpen his countenance, save only the face of a friend. Some noble servants, great preachers,

fearless prophets and powerful evangelists were found amongst these men. Peter Cartwright was a notable circuit rider in Kentucky and Illinois. Under his preaching, sin was rebuked, sinners were converted and multitudes were led into an experience of the power of God to save the lost.

I am reminded, as I write, of a man used of God so marvelously in the last half of the last century, that his name will never be forgotten in America, England and Scotland, for the saving of sinners and the awakening of the Church, who never saw the inside of a college until he began to establish colleges for young men and women in a like situation with himself. The ministers of all these lands have sat at the feet of Dwight L. Moody, to learn how to use their man-made tools and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

A thing has happened which has never happened before in the history of the world. A man who knows next to nothing about the methods and atmosphere of the classroom of the schools, who violates all the principles of the homiletic art and insults the proprieties of

the preaching profession according to the schools, has, nevertheless, preached to sixty thousand people in a day and seen tens of thousands fall under his powerful dramatic utterance of the truth. Billy Sunday believes in and preaches the oldest and most "traditional" doctrines of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments—the Word of God.

Fred, don't depend on the schooling you received nor too greatly magnify the instruments it placed in your hands. Don't buy too many books. Know what you do buy and "cut a channel" from your reading to your work. Read, read, by all means ; get all you can from the books, but be sure to think far more than you read. Gather sweetened water from every flower in the field, but remember Jefferson's observation on honey and the bee, and be sure to squeeze something of your own personality into all that you gather from these broad and beautiful pastures.

Personality—that is the principal thing in the human elements of a ministry triumphant. If you want to get clearly before you the figure of one whom you do not want to be like, read

George Eliot. Almost any minister she presents will do, for she seems never to have met any but nobodies. I am thinking of her Mr. Casaubon in "Middlemarch," whose personality was so dry and worthless that it makes a man angry to think such dust could ever be found in our profession, in fiction or real life. I am thinking of that dear, heroic, inconsequential, beautiful bookworm, old Mr. Lyon, in "Felix Holt," and I don't know of any man who, in these modern days, feels it possible for persons like him to be triumphant ministers in any time or place. Some of our recent novelists have done well in trying to present ministers of forceful personality in their books; but most of them have so limited them in one way or another that I cannot believe they will live for any considerable time in the mind and heart of the busy, sinning, dying world as triumphant men. They were not big enough.

Before I leave this subject I must speak of one figure in fiction that looms up before me as a man worth knowing, whether you meet him in books or real life, and that is "Rev. James Harden, M. A., who was educated at Cam-

bridge ; threw up all his prospects when he became convinced of sin ; cast in his lot with the Independents and wrestled even unto blood with the world, the flesh and the devil in Cowfold for thirty years till he was gathered to his rest." That is the man we like to meet ; and we shall be everlastingly grateful to Claudius Clear for introducing us to Mark Rutherford, and to Mark Rutherford, a Unitarian, for this introduction to that Evangelical Independent minister, James Harden, Master of Arts. He is a personality, in league with the Personality of the ages, Jesus called Christ. And after all, that is the great equipment for a triumphant ministry. Now a man who is really this, a person, is, in a way, distinguished at the start. Whatever comes to him and passes through him is new when it leaves him. When he goes to his study and begins to read, there is a fine bit of mental and spiritual metabolism taking place all the while. When he comes out, however poorly his memory may work in any attempt at a quotation of the poets, or philosophers, or scientists, nevertheless you know he has been with them and learned of them.

There are some outstanding personalities like this in the recent past and present day. Let me mention two. Beecher is the first. The success of this man is wholly described in this one word—personality. He went out to his garden or farm or orchard and came back with loads of precious fruit to lay on the table at Plymouth Church the following Sunday. He went into his study and read ; he read his histories, then returned to describe the movements of God through the centuries ; he read his poets, and returned laden with flowers whose sweet perfume filled the room ; he read his dramatists, and returned to dramatize the truth so wondrously, that men, conscious of its reality, laughed and cried ; he read his philosophers and then stood before the people to plead the cause of God and men in such a fashion that his audience rose to do valiant deeds for them. Yet Beecher's verbal memory was so poor that he scarcely ever attempted to quote what other men had said. But through the long years of his ministry he stood two, three or more times each week on a public platform or pulpit in the metropolis of this land, and brought a message

as fresh and new as the morning. There are many who have tried to tell us the secret of the power of this man, but nothing sums it up better for me than personality : the expression of the moral, and if you will allow me to say, the æsthetic and intellectual order of the world through an individual.

The other man who can gather and change the world and history and science, especially, into food for the heart and mind, is that remarkable Wesleyan Methodist preacher and saint, William L. Watkinson. Of his many books I commend to you one, for a study of personality in its preaching function—"The Duty of Imperial Thinking." This book is a series of "sermonettes" (I call them that for their brevity). It has been some years since I read this book but as I remember it, each chapter is an exposition of some great text in Scripture illustrated from a well-known scientific fact or recent discovery. Some of the titles are "Ashes of Roses," "The Poles of the Moral Order," "The Charmed Life of the Frail," "Plowing the Sands," "The Efficacy of Joy," "The Devil's Riddle," "The Implied Promise

of Nature and Life." Besides these there are forty-six other sermonettes in this book, the titles to which are an index to the great personality who pours himself out in the message he brings from the Bible and the world of science, through which he daily roams in search of inspiration and strength. He speaks not more than forty words a minute, I should say, but I have seen a huge audience greet him day after day and crowd up to the platform steps for seats to hear what God had to say to them through him.

Personality is always so much greater than the message it consciously and purposely utters, that there is an overplus of virtue, of life, accompanying all the attempted output. The message prepared for the pulpit is an expression of all the experience of the week as the minister has touched the four corners of his parish and the world. The old woman that he visited ; the anxious and loving mother after whose son he inquired ; the man with whom he counseled behind a locked door ; the poor sinner that poured the tale of sin and failure into his ear ; the strong, valiant man with whom he conspired for human good—all these are conscious of the con-

tribution which they made to that sermon, along with the masters of the world from whom he gleaned, though not one of them could lay his finger on a single word and call it his own. When it got back to them it was new.

Now a man like this is not interested in those much-advertised magazines and books of sermons and texts ready-made to suit a thousand occasions. Our man with a personality does not wear secondhand clothes nor "hand-me-down" garments for the mind. He has no trouble in finding themes upon which to preach. He has such a fund of subjects on hand, crowding for expression, that he lacks time and strength and utterance to get them a chance to be heard. He is never preached out. He grows richer and fuller with the years. His parishioners speak of him as a man of ever-increasing usefulness in their midst. They know there is something in this man that makes it impossible to forecast the message for the coming week. They do not know who or what will touch him between Sundays, but they know that in any event he will be a new man on the coming day.

In the ministry as in every great field, as Dr. Van Dyke said in "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," "life is now the regnant idea ; personality its utmost expression." "Persons are the most potent factor of progress and change in history," said Fairbairn, "and the greatest person known to it is the one who has been the most powerful factor in ordered progress."

Yes, my dear Fred, that is the secret of the triumph of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the expression of Personality—the divine Personality. And if that gospel gets half a chance to express itself in and through the personality of a man with a gift for telling what he has learned from fellowship with Christ, there will be triumphs all along the way.

But I should not give you a sufficient word unless I should write something on the secret of vitalizing, charging or developing the personality and of our access to power outside of ourselves. Within a year or two, three men who love ministers and who ought to know, have said to me that many ministers are not "equal to their job." Two of them were field secretaries of two of our church boards and the

third was a live, wide-awake, energetic missionary from India who is "doing things" out there for God and men. These three men were going all over the country and claimed to be meeting ministers and churches everywhere and hearing "both sides" of a restless Church. In a letter recently received from the editor of the most widely read church paper in our denomination, the declaration is made that it is very difficult to find men equal to the task which our large city churches have to face. I have a large acquaintance amongst the ministers of our church, and I have not felt that on the whole they were any more unequal to their task than are the men of the churches to which they minister. But if there is any failure on the part of ministers to be equal to the task which they and the Church are facing to-day, it can, in my humble judgment, be accounted for in the fact that they have lost their key to the closet door.

Now, Fred, there are just two things to remember about the closet with the door. In the first place, it is appointed by Christ. In the second place, it is for us the trysting place of

power. There is one thing you and I can never forget—the prayer band that used to meet in my study on Saturday night and the results. You remember those eleven names we had on our list for a number of months, and how nine of them confessed Christ with scarcely a word spoken to them by any one of us. In answer to our prayers God brought those men into the kingdom of Christ. The ministry of intercession is a ministry from which no soul can be cut off by outward events. And it is the most efficient ministry a man can offer. No ministry is more needed in these times.

Men and circumstances we could never reach by direct approach can be reached from the closet with the closed door. I am in receipt of a letter that tells me how this has been done in the life of a friend. He wrote me two months ago of his perplexity and distress and how every way which he had tried had failed. In reply I declared my belief in the power at our disposal by way of the closet with the closed door. We entered it together, he in a city far away, I in my own place. This letter tells that six weeks ago things began to change and that now the

work has reached such a stage of success that his hope is firm and his heart filled with cheer. Take a new look at Mark 11 : 24. It is the pledge for your communion in the closet with the closed door. Here also men get what the schools could not successfully give—access of power in the terms of personality. Personality is something that culture cannot give. Culture can only improve what nature brings to its school. But I am sure that with the closed door, there is a change in the life elements of the men who resort to the closet. Something is added which nature and the schools and world experience cannot give.

You know, Fred, that to enter the kingdom of heaven you must be born again—not educated or reformed or given changed environment, but born again. Now we know that this means more than outward change. It means new life. Hence the possibility of change in the seat of personality, even. Even the men whose lack of equipment for service in the ministry was personality itself, may hope for change to be made in them, at the very seat of life.

Whatever men may say, I know that in the

THE EQUIPMENT

closet with the closed door there are the secrets of life. Men who have gone in there daily have come out with faces that shine, with visions that inspire those to whom they give the good news, and with power to remove mountains into the midst of the sea.

Since my last letter you have left us in the country and have gone into the great city's life. Remember what the psalmist said about what he had seen there : "I have seen violence and strife in the city. Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof : mischief also and sorrow are in the midst of it. Wickedness is in the midst thereof : deceit and guile depart not from her streets."

In the face of circumstances like that, what is the chance for a man of peace, with a message against sin? Much, in every way, if he draw on the source of power. He will not fail if he keep the path worn to the closet with the closed door.

Sincerely yours,
TIMOTHY KILBOURN.

CHAPTER III

THE TAX

DEAR FRED :

You write of a "hard week." I am glad you have them. I hope you make each week a hard week. Dr. Forsyth said: "It is the demands, not the promises, that make men of us, the responsibilities, not the enjoyments, that raise us to the stature of men."

No ministry is triumphant without tax. But, if a man is disposed to take life easily, the ministry offers him a chance with many advantages. He can be assured of a living of some sort from the start. He will be treated with considerable respect, by a large part of the community, down to the end of the day, because he is a minister. He will be indulged by many pious people, who hope and pray for a day of awakening, but who are too diffident to prod toward this end "the Lord's anointed." Unfortunately for the minister, he has no monitor to arrange his schedule

and keep him up to it, outside himself—unless it be his wife. But, usually, birds of a feather flock together, and she is either of a slattern mind like her husband, or of that adoring sort that worships her lord. She may be of that deceived number who imagine that their husbands are victims of overwork.

Many people support the minister as a charity; and their interest is not critical or constructive. They expect no reckoning. Charities should not be held too strictly to account. Besides, it takes too much time. Their minister, knowing that this is their view, and having no burning zeal or alluring vision other than his personal comfort and ease, accepts the situation and lives up to it. With no one to drive him to his work, he lounges through the week. Possibly, on the last day, or the last two days, the approaching publicity of the Sabbath begins to bear down upon his mind and he gives himself with great vehemence to getting ready for the event or events. And when it is done he is so taxed by his effort to bring forth something out of nothing, that he imagines himself a sadly overworked man.

Like Rev. John Broad, minister at Tanner's Lane in Cowfold, antitype of Rev. James Harden, M. A., of whom I spoke in my last letter to you, the minister who would avoid ministerial tax will be exhausted in digesting the food he eats. Mr. Broad "was not of the revival type. He was moderate in all of what he called his 'views,' neither ultra-Calvinist nor Arminian; not rigid upon Baptism." A man who "very much preferred the indirect method of doing good and if he thought a brother had done wrong, contented himself with praying in private for him. He was not, however, a hypocrite, that is to say, not an ordinary novel or stage hypocrite. He could not doubt, for doubt was not in the air; . . . Nor was Mr. Broad a criminal in any sense. He was upright, on the whole, in all his transactions, although a little greedy and hard, people thought. . . . Another recommendation was that he was temperate in his drink. He was not so in his meat. Supper was his great meal, and he would then consume beef, ham or sausage, hot potatoes, mixed pickles, fruit pies, bread, cheese and

celery, in quantities which were remarkable even in those days ; but he never drank anything but beer—a pint at dinner and a pint at supper.”

Now the picture is bold and would not be true to the average minister who has an easy life, a life without tax, in the ministry of to-day. But it is a faithful portrait of what a man may become who finds the ministry an opportunity to lie down on the obligation to work.

But I am not writing to you about Rev. John Broad and his ilk because I fear you may fall into his class. My message to you is inspired by what I know you want to be—a useful man, a faithful servant for Jesus Christ, who studies to show himself approved unto God, rightly dividing the word of truth.

The tax of the ministry to-day surpasses the tax of any previous age. There never was an age when so much work was laid at the minister's feet for him to do as now. There never was an age when the circumstances amidst which he must do it were more unfavorable. The pressure that is being put upon us calls for a clear understanding of our work and our

commission. We must sooner or later give the world a new definition of our task, a new vision of our calling. We must get a new emphasis for ourselves. In every line of human activity there has been a tendency toward specialization, except in the ministry of the Church of Jesus Christ. I will not undertake to illustrate this statement from the many professions and businesses offering examples, but I simply call your attention to specialization in one department of Christian life and work. There is the Y. M. C. A., an institution so efficient and special that it has supplanted the Church in the judgment of many business men who give their substance for prosecuting Christ's work. In our county town of twenty-three thousand inhabitants, the Y. M. C. A. building will accommodate forty men with rooms, fifteen hundred members with pleasure, opportunity for exercise, fellowship and training of body and mind. The following paid workers are always on the job—a general secretary, assistant secretary, membership secretary, boy's secretary and physical director. No one of these secretaries attempts to do the

regular work of addressing the meetings on Sunday afternoons. None of them do any teaching except one Bible class each week and when necessity calls them through the failure of regular teachers, who are provided for the class work. They do not duplicate one another's work in any way. Whatever work they do is done with the idea of reaching a man for accumulative effect.

There are also in this little city about thirty churches. Seven of these churches are not more than six blocks from that Y. M. C. A. building. In each of these one man is expected to do, and is trying to do, the work that those five men are doing, or are trying to do, in the Y. M. C. A., in buildings only one of which approaches the Y. M. C. A. in modern improvements. What is the result? Are any of these men succeeding? Yes, some of them very well. All of them more or less. But every man of them has faced at some time in the course of five or six years the restless Church. This restlessness is, in a large measure, accounted for by the fact that so much is expected of the minister which he cannot reasonably be

expected to do. The reason so many men are not "big enough for their job" in the ministry, lies in the fact that their job is really the work of four or five men. Before he knows it, the best man will be tempted to waste time and energy on the urgent and seemingly important, or imperative, claims on his attention, which, after all, turn out to be unimportant, when compared to the main business of his life. Some of the best ministers in this land have made a heroic effort to meet the situation, to do everything demanded of them, and have failed. They have planned the parish work and tried, in the best way they know how, to set everyone to work; they call on the troubled, the new arrivals and the sick; they teach the men's Bible class or some other class in the Sunday school; sometimes they lead the singing and look out for the teaching force from week to week; they attempt to meet the public demands on them to shepherd the flock, that is, to feed the sheep, frolic with the lambs and find pastures and playgrounds that are new and green for all of them. These wonderful men do all this for their own, and then go out into the community

to do the same for the town, the county, the State and the Church at large. Then they go back to their homes to study,—and to hear what the still small voice would say ! And too frequently they don't catch it because the Elijah conditions are not present. With the prophet, when the thunder and the storm had passed he had a chance to hear ; but with the rattle of the street outside and the telephone bell inside, when does the man of to-day get a chance to hear ?

Now where are we going to begin, my friend, to get the mastery of this tax that spells failure for the average man ? Oh, yes, I know what you will say—look at John Timothy Stone, and J. H. Jowett, and S. Parkes Cadman, and Russell H. Conwell, and a host of other great and good men who do wonderful things. But I venture to say these men gained a mastery by doing in the beginning what I am going to propose to you—and that is this :

Remember you cannot do everything. Remember that you have been set to feed and tend Christ's flock—the lambs and the sheep. The important thing in such a tending is first

to feed, second to guard, third to seek out the strayed and lost. I venture to say, Fred, if you will confine yourself to this, you will not fail, and you will be taxed, and you will be triumphant.

But a man cannot feed the sheep unless he prepares to feed them. The subjection of the whole life to this business of preparation to feed the sheep is imperative upon the minister. He must know the green pastures and the still waters. He must take the walk beforehand if he would lead them on Sunday into the places where their souls can be regaled. The mastery and discipline of tax, therefore, begins right here at the study in the manse.

Let it be the best room in the house for air and light and heat. If there is any room in the house that has outlook—with a fine sweep across the hills or the river or the lake or the sea—let us pray that it may be this room which has the best air and light and heat. In my second parish they built a room large and light, and with a sweep across the lake and the landscape miles and miles away, while just near was a quiet spur of the hill to which I might go and look out and away over lake and land as far as

the eye would reach. And that helps a man to see things in a grand way. One afternoon from that hilltop I saw something I shall never forget. The city lay in the distance. While I marked the great, tall buildings, black against the fields, and the windows reflecting the light of declining day, a cloud, flung across the sky, shut out the sun. With the exception of the dim shadow of the great, huge buildings rising high toward the sky, the city was immediately lost to view. While I thought on the scene, and how many a prospect in life is spoiled by the clouds that shut out the light, behold, there was a rift in the cloud, and the sun shot his rays across the background of that dark scene, and while the city was still under the cloud there were radiant and beautiful prospects beyond.

Now, Fred, choose a room, or get a hilltop, where you can get a prospect like that if it is in or near your house. It is like Beulah Land to the man who must go within an hour, or a day, to feed the flock.

When you have the room with the air, the heat and the light, go to it on the hour. I do not say you should go when I go, or leave

when I leave. My plan is to have a schedule from 6 A. M. until 10 P. M. There is scarcely one day in seven that I follow that schedule uninterruptedly to the end. But it makes provision for hard study in the Hebrew and the Greek of the original text, though I never possessed any facility in language work. It has a place for daily reading of a stiff sort, and for lighter reading and for play. And though I seldom get a chance from six in the morning until ten at night to follow the schedule completely, I am never in the position of the man who does not know what to do next. If interruptions come and spoil my attention for a while, when they pass I can get right down to business again by observing on the schedule what comes next.

Before I leave the study there are two things I want to say. Look hard at the schedule from 6 to 9 A. M. A long while ago I determined to read nothing until I had read the Book. Now to that vow has been added the time for prayer. Your ministry of intercession can be practiced at this hour. And it is the best hour of the day. Enter the closet with the closed door in

the morning. I say nothing about how to read or work. You ought to have mastered any disposition to intellectual lounging or laziness long before you left the college campus or the professional school. But above everything let me urge you never to lose the habit of "boning down to hard work" in the study.

The Scriptures are the Word of God and the way is so plain that the wayfaring man, though a simpleton, need not err therein ; but they place no premium on simpletons in the pulpit. "The trouble with many of us is just this—we come to our work from low levels, from the common angle, with the ordinary point of view." Do some "mountain climbing," Fred, and get on the heights. Do most of your climbing on your knees in the study. Let the study be the scene of long hours, kept jealously for the Company you can get there, and for hard toil in preparation to feed the flock.

But you must leave the study, if you are to be a minister of Jesus Christ, and get out amidst the flock. The sheep must know the shepherd, else his voice will sound like that of a stranger.

And a stranger's voice they will not follow. Now that is particularly true of the lambs and the young sheep. They must hear your voice in their homes or school or on the street, where you can call them by name and give them the attention which each individual, big, little, old and young, delights to receive. To do this it is not necessary that you be frequently in these familiar places with each one ; but if it is the record you make each week with some of them, you keep the touch of sympathy and tone that makes them believe you are akin.

Probably no work a minister has to do is more futile than his pastoral work when done in the usual way. To run up and down the street, pushing buttons on the posts of doors where people live and when admitted frittering your time away in futile remarks about the weather, or some topic in which there is no heart or soul, is usually a sinful waste of time. I suppose that it has to be done sometimes, but be sure necessity is laid upon you when you do such things. To visit all the women in your parish when the men are at work and the children are at school is to put in your time usually where

it is needed the least. Women in the average church home are glad to hear that you dropped into the office for a chat with John, or that you are coming in the evening when the children are at home; but to be gadding about from door to door in afternoon bell-ringing and perfunctory calls, gives you no lift in their esteem.

And when you go down on the street be sure that you do not lounge or loaf. There are lots of men doing that at the pool room, and the smokehouse, and the news stand, and they know the man who is in the same frame of mind as their own. I have found it convenient, when introduced to a man, to find out in some way or other where he stands in relation to the Lord Jesus Christ and the Church; and if the way is open, I do business for Jesus Christ there and then.

I make it my business to book engagements with men to talk about their personal relation to Christ and the Church. Day before yesterday my duties as a college trustee required me to sit on two committees for three or four hours, in a city twenty-five miles away. On returning home at 1:30 P. M., business led me to the

bank. In the queue before the cashier's window was a man I have been "working on" for three years. I asked him to give me a few moments aside when he was through with his business. When he came aside and took my hand, I said: "Friend, the communion season is a week from Sunday. Won't you decide for Jesus Christ without further delay?" Taking my hand in both of his, he said: "See me again; I promise to think seriously between now and then."

I left him to visit a store where five young women who attend our church are at work. One of them had two mates in the Sunday school and she took me to talk with them. Both of them decided for Christ and will come into the Church. Then I hastened to the office of a young lawyer who, three weeks ago, accepted Christ, to see how it was going with him. He had had a "blue night" the evening before. In his private office I counseled and encouraged him. Then to my barber shop. As I went out one of the proprietors was alone and I sat on the bench beside him. It was an opportune time and for fifty minutes I talked to

this new prospect about Christ—what he had done for me, and what he could do for him.

Yesterday I had a funeral. After it was over, I had to visit another home into which death had stalked. When I left there I went to a factory to talk about Christ to the proprietor. He was occupied, but his daughter at the desk, a member of our Sunday school, though not a Christian, seemed ready for my approach, so I talked to her and she decided to come next Sunday morning into the Church. From there I went to a large manufactory for a close conference with one of the proprietors of that firm. I waited ten minutes for him ; then we pulled our chairs together and, like men, talked about Christ and what we owed to him. When we shook hands, I did not have his surrender to Christ, but he thanked me for the visit and my interest in him.

In addition to cases like these are the many to whom counsel and comfort and inspiration and sympathy must be ministered by the way.

We have between five and six hundred members in this church with which is connected a mission where my assistant is at work. In the

field are all sorts, classes and conditions for us to meet and serve ; but there is not a man or woman, boy or girl, in the place who does not believe this is the most needed and best rendered pastoral work.

“Ye are witnesses,” said Christ. “Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.” And when a man looks at that, he knows the terms of the commission cannot be satisfied in weather comments or social perfunctories of the pink tea sort. There is no triumph for any man on such occasions. Triumph comes, and comes only, to the men who are besieging the citadel of Man Soul and receiving a surrender of that famous castle in the name of our Lord.

In this connection I have said nothing about the sweet peace and inspiration that passes into the life of a man who has pastorally ministered to the saints of God who are shut in from week to week, and whose quiet rooms are places of pain and sweet repose. I have not mentioned the glow he feels when those who have failed send for him to come in haste. I have said nothing

of the joy that may fill his heart when some lad has come to talk out with him plans for the coming days. But when his schedule has been kept filled with engagements like this, he knows he has a message that will meet some heart's need, the first day of the week.

And that is my next message to you—the tax upon you the first day of the week. If you have done wisely, you have followed the advice of Jefferson and rested on Saturday, in order that you may be fresh for your tax on the first day of the week. I have no sympathy with the man who brings the smell of a midnight lamp to the pulpit on the first day of the week; nor with the man who brings the redness of eye caused by late hours under the incandescent lamp on Saturday night; nor with the man who brings a sermon polished and pointed and balanced in every part as a literary triumph for the week. The need of the people is not a literary gem, cold and hard. Neither do they need a treatise on literature, philosophy, or art. Neither do they want a discussion of social service. What the people want in the pulpit is a man who is a medium through whom God himself

can speak to them and through whom they can reach up to God. The pulpit is no place for platitudes or Platonism. It is the place for pouring out the heart and mind, in God-inspired speech. It is the place where a man, consumed with love for God and men, ought to glow and flame with the story that never grows old, and the joy that cannot be told, and the hope that cannot be dimmed, and the conviction that cannot be chilled, and the determination to win that cannot be denied. What the pulpit needs to-day and every day is triumphant men, strong men, rejoicing to run a race. It is the men who "joy" "according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil." It is the confident men who fear not the faces of men—triumphant men who keep step with Jesus Christ in his march victorious, triumphant, around the world.

I sat with a man in his office this week, who told me of his search for peace. Though he was a Protestant, he had intimate Catholic friends, with whom he had talked and had laid his plans to visit the priest. Then his attention was directed to the advent of a visiting minister of

Unitarian faith. He was charmed with his utterance, but the message gave no peace. He followed him, however, into the city from which he came and listened again. But the message, discussing and repudiating miracles, "only confirmed my doubts," said he, "and did not bring peace." And what stronger indictment than that could a man utter against such preaching? The world doesn't need the help of men to confirm doubts. It needs the help of men who can bring assurance and hope and peace. This cannot be done by men whose sermons start no farther back, nor deeper down, nor higher up, than the teeth. No, Fred; there is no triumph in preaching like that.

Triumphant preaching is a tax upon the whole man. It is the man that must be sacrificed on Sunday. Let him be neither common nor unclean. Let him come to the people after the rest and refreshment of the yesterday, and the brooding of the week, and the fellowship with God and his saints, and the hours in the closet with the closed door, and at the appointed hour let his sacrifice be complete. Let him tell them things that he knows—that God

loves them ; that his is a brooding, atoning love ; that sin is more than a mistake or a struggling toward the light—it is a deadly thing that cannot be trifled with ; that heaven is in the heights and that it is for those who accept the gift ; that there is forgiveness for the men and the women who have failed, who turn to him. Oh, yes, my friend, great things have been done for us in Jesus Christ our Saviour, Redeemer and King. Prayer is a great sluice gate through which the reservoir of God's love and grace and power can be poured upon the soul and upon the world. Love, yes, wonderful love, is the message the world needs.

“ Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me,
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.”

Fred, the trouble is with many souls, it may be with some that are in the ministry, that they do not know these things. If they know them—then their conviction is not deep enough. They have no experience out of which to speak. There is no passion in their utterance. There is no real tax when they preach.

Give yourself "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world : but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

Sincerely yours,

TIMOTHY KILBOURN.

CHAPTER IV

THE FELLOWSHIP

DEAR FRED :

One of the great words of the New Testament, and one of the great joys in the Christian life, and one of the blessed and comforting experiences in the triumphant ministry, is fellowship.

It is worth a man's while to remember the men who have wrought, for God and men, in the ministry of Jesus Christ. Beginning with the apostles, there has continued a succession of heroes and saints whose characters and personalities shed luster on the race and magnify the gospel which we preach.

The apostle Paul is the outstanding apostle of the New Testament for the following reasons : First, his personal acquaintance with the Lord began after the Lord's ascension. Jesus Christ, glorified and reigning in glory, appeared to him with such clarity and distinct-

ness and directness, that the acquaintance had all the marks of the sensuous, as well as the spiritual, reality which the other disciples had had with Jesus of Nazareth in the flesh. In the second place, upon the experience of this contact with Christ, the whole person, prospects and purposes of the apostle were converted. "Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews ; as touching the law, a Pharisee ; concerning zeal, persecuting the church ; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless,"—yet what things were gain to him these he counted loss for Christ ; yea, doubtless, he counted "all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ" and did "count them but dung" that he might win Christ and be found in him. That is to say, the evolutionizing effect of this contact with the ascended and glorified Lord was so great, that, gathering together all the glories of ancestry, and all the advantages of privilege, and all the allurements of office, he laid them on the altar of this fellowship and counted their sacrifice gain. And in the third place the sus-

taining and inspiring effect of this fellowship—out of which came a wonderful ministry, a wonderful message, a wonderful heroism in the face of tribulation, a wonderful hope for the eternity to come and a wonderful consciousness of the divine Presence—lifts Paul's character to the dominant place in the history of great workers for God and humanity in this world. Many times have I read his charge to Timothy for its inspiring effect upon me. I like the translation of Arthur Way: "As for me I think my work is done. I am as wine just about to be spilt on the altar—as a ship at point to put out to sea. I am a wrestler who has achieved a gallant struggle, a runner who has finished his race, a soldier who has kept his oath of loyal obedience. Henceforth there is laid up in store for me the victor's wreath of righteousness, which the Lord will award me in the Great Day, the Lord the Righteous Judge—and not to me alone, but (to you also, Fred ; and) to all who with yearning love have watched for his appearing."

Now I say it is a comfort and an inspiration to have fellowship with Paul. When I read

his letters, and know his personal conflict, and victory through grace, and make discovery of his anxiety for the Church, and his passionate love for this young man, and for the blessed Lord—I know that that same conflict and joy and triumph have been found in the heart of men down to this present day—and, sometimes, in me.

I will not stop to mention the great saints in whom the grace of the gospel burned, and who sacrificed their inheritances and privileges for Christ, and who laid themselves on the altar of his service until utterly consumed. I have the record of some of them to whom I have turned again and again in the consciousness that they are redeemed by the same Blood by which I am redeemed. The works of two or three of them are before me now as I write to you. To them I owe more than I can ever repay. Get these works and read them, that you may see the wonders of divine love working in them as it works in me and in you. You will then broaden your acquaintance with the wonders of grace in the Church, and enlarge the consciousness of your fellowship with God's saints.

I must mention some other saints you may not have met. There are some of the old ones like Samuel Rutherford of Anwoth of whom it is said, "He was always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always writing and studying." His biographer says that an English merchant said of him, "Even in days when controversy had sorely vexed him and distracted his spirit, I came to Irvine, and heard a well-favored, proper old man with a long beard, and that man showed me all my heart. Then I went to St. Andrews where I heard a sweet, majestic-looking man, and he showed me the majesty of God. After him I heard a little fair man and he showed me the loveliness of Christ."

When you take up his epistles and read there of his full heart of suffering in his own life, and the unstinted comfort which he poured out for those to whom he wrote, and the courage with which he talked to every soul to whom he found approach, you realize that the task laid upon him is the task that is laid on us ; and the inspiration that inspired him is the same that must inspire us ; and the grace that adorned him is the one

adornment for us. I cannot do more than select a few sentences from his letters to indicate the wealth of fellowship with him. "It is (as I now know by experience) hard to keep sight of God in a storm, especially when he hides himself, for the trial of his children." In a letter to Lady Kenmure he says: "I and they are not worthy of Jesus Christ who will not suffer forty years' trouble for him, since they have such glorious promises. But we fools believe those promises as the man that read Plato's writing concerning the immortality of the soul; so long as the book was in his hand he believed all was true, and that the soul could not die; but so soon as he laid by the book, he began to imagine that the soul is but a smoke or airy vapor, that perisheth with the expiring of the breath. So we at starts do assent to the sweet and precious promises; but, laying aside God's book, we begin to call all in question. It is faith indeed to believe without a pledge, and to hold the heart constant at this work; and, when we doubt, to run to the law and to the testimony, and stay there." And when the day comes that you must inspire and strengthen a soul, sorely tempted to sacri-

fice its faith in the face of distressing circumstances and powerful adverse influences—before you go out to do your work, take a look at Rutherford's letter to Lord Craighall, "who was tempted to mistake truth and Christ, because they seemed to encounter his peace and ease." When you have read that, you will know that ministers have met your requirements before and have played the man.

And when you have had fellowship with Rutherford, you can come down to a later time and walk with McCheyne of Dundee. I open my copy of his life at random and read, "Gladly would I have escaped from the Shepherd that sought me as I strayed ; but he took me up in his arms and carried me back ; and yet he took me not for anything that was in me." Thus this saint, who died when but thirty years of age, goes on in his passionate abandon to the love of Christ whom he preached. And the man who would be a minister of Christ, to your day and mine, must get the same experience and touch with the Source of life that McCheyne and Rutherford and all the saints of God have had in every land and in every age.

Fred, in this day when social service is the urgent need, and the social fad, there is great danger lest the minister get confused in the emphasis so frequently laid. The power of the ministry will be, as it has ever been, not in the consequent but in the antecedent relations of his life. Power will not depend on your activity in labor unions, social settlements and clubs. Power will not depend on the experience and achievements you may gain in contact with men. Power will be gained in the fellowship you maintain before you go down to the market, the settlement or the street. The men who have ministered in this work, as you are ministering now, teach us this, that the secret of power, of achievement, of service, is the same in every age—it is with God. The men of whom I have written did great things. There are men like them now who are doing as great things ; and it is your privilege and mine to have fellowship with them and share their triumph. But, above everything, let us share their experience and their fellowship in the secret place of power.

Then there is the fellowship with those with

whom and for whom you work in your "field." There are the young men and women in that field whose lives are filled with the joy and visions of youth. They share them with you. I have just returned to my study at nine o'clock in the evening. I lunched at noon with a man whom I could not see at any other time. At that luncheon he gave me a confidence which he had "never shared with another soul." My last visit was with a young man barely past twenty-two years of age. We met ten days ago. I inquired about his relation to Christ and the Church. In reply he invited me to visit him at his room for a chat. I have just returned. While I was in his room he gave me some confidences touching his ambitions in business and his hope to make good in this city to which he has recently come. Having first settled his relation to Christ, the business on which I had come to him, we continued our fellowship on subjects of much interest to him. He shared with me the visions and hopes and purposes of a man of twenty-two, and that made a man twenty years older twenty-two years young again.

In the middle of the afternoon, I visited a man and his wife, over eighty years of age—a far call from the lad of twenty-two. On inquiring how they had fared since my last call several months before, they told me of long and continued suffering and ill health. Said the old man: “I do not know why I am not taken away. I am no longer of any service to the world. I am miserable myself and a burden to my friends. I do not know why I should stay.” He looked to me for an answer which I could not give. So I confessed I did not know, but I said: “There must be something more for you to do and, possibly, it is to pray. There is great need of intercession to-day. And this is a work you can continue to do. Nothing can hinder you. So long as you have strength of mind to turn to God and carry some petitions up to him, you can go on in service to God and men—a service we greatly need. I need your prayers, and so do your sons, and there must be many others who have needs like ours. If I could know on next Sunday when I enter my pulpit that you were praying for me here in your room, that would give me the experience

of your fellowship in my work." He listened with the attention of a man who had a new opportunity, after retirement, to begin again. And his wife, perceiving that I was preparing to leave, requested a word of prayer before I should go. Taking my Testament, I read a few verses here and there and closed with Mark 11 : 24, as bearing on what I had just said. Then we all knelt, the old man doing so with great difficulty, supporting his head upon his cane. As we arose and I extended my hand in farewell, the old man said, with tears in his eyes, "I thank you for this visit to-day. I hope you will come again soon ; you teach us how to pray."

Ah, Fred, my boy ! Though I fear my teaching amounts to very little, there was fellowship in the quiet of that humble home between a man of eighty-eight and another less than half that age. And the younger man went out conscious of having shared with them the felicity and strength of the service men may render upon their knees in the closet with the closed door. As I went on the round of visiting and committee work, and even to the gymnasium for an hour's

play, the words of the old man, "You teach us how to pray," continued to ring in my ears and brighten and lighten the way.

As I write to you I look on the face of a man whom God gave me the privilege to meet when I was under thirty. Father G—— was a Scotchman of the Lachlan Campbell type. In appearance he was a patriarch—somewhat above medium height, broad-shouldered and erect. His hair and ample beard were snowy white. His eye was as keen as an eagle's. He had been for many years a herring fisherman off the Isle of Lewis and the Scotland coast. He had lived in Stornaway, of which Van Dyke has written in "Little Rivers," and had some great memories of preachers and scholars in the old land, at Glasgow and Aberdeen. He was merciless when he dealt with shiftless and trifling ministers in fiction or real life. He had a way of arresting his minister in the midst of his remarks at the midweek service, if he disagreed with the teaching brought; and there was no possible procedure from that point until he was either satisfied or dislodged from his position. He would begin his interruption by saying

“Master” (he always called his minister “Master”), “Master, I don’t agree with you.” To which the minister would reply, “Very well, Father G——, state your point.” “Take your Scriptures,” he would say, “and turn to book —— and verse —— and ye’ll read [here he would read], and now tell me what ye’ll do with that.” When the young minister found a man like that he never came to his task unprepared.

As the years passed away a sore affliction, cancer of the tongue, befell the Scotchman, and destroyed the power of speech. I visited him every other day for several months before he received the great promotion. It was a privilege to sit with him there in his room and talk of the tests of faith, the privilege and power of prayer, the interests of the kingdom of Christ, the fellowship with Christ and the promise of the life to come. One Sunday morning in January, 1904, I went over to his house for prayers before going to the pulpit at the regular hour. He had had a bad night and the end was not far away. I knelt at the foot of the bed and prayed. He sat propped up in his bed. As we opened our eyes at the close of the prayer, we

looked into each other's faces—a long, deep, searching look. I said, "It's a hard way you have had to travel to the gate." To which he nodded his head in assent. "But He'll meet you at the end of the way." Again he nodded assent, while we continued to look into each other's faces. Too full for further speech, I arose and offered my hand, which he took in fervent farewell, and with his look and clasp of benediction I went away. In the gray of the early morning of the following day he passed away. But the benediction and blessing of his kindly, fatherly fellowship abides with me still.

Fred, communion with saints is the peculiar privilege of the ministry of Jesus Christ. And happy is the man who has his friendship among the saints. I remember several years ago Sir W. Robertson Nicoll wrote in the "British Weekly": "The man is to be pitied who has never known a great saint. The saints do not know their sainthood. They are the humblest of the humble. Often, indeed, they doubt not Christ, indeed, but their own interest in Christ. They shrink from self-display and oftentimes their earthly opportunities seem to be very few.

If they were to look at things which are seen they might be discouraged, they might feel alone, they might say, 'We have nothing better than this poor little house in this poor little village and the chance of wiping some tears from some eyes.' They might feel discouraged at the thought of what others have and what others can do. The sweet odors of their life may lie quiet and still till, on some day of storm, the flower bells in God's garden are shaken and their fragrance flows forth." Great indeed is the privilege of dwelling among these flowers of God! Great is the triumph of the ministry that watches them live and flourish on the hills of God.

But the triumph of the ministry is in fellowship with Christ. "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings," says Paul. "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ," says John. And this is really the thing each one of us must know if we are to experience the triumphant ministry.

Now let us get a right view of the facts of the gospel and of the message we are to pro-

claim and the ministry we are to make. We live in a day when the vocabulary of fifty years ago is out of date ;—if the ideas back of the words of that time are not out of date. The doctrine of vicarious suffering is not familiar to the present generation. Indeed, suffering is a thing that in popular thought is decidedly out of date. It has no place in the present-day scheme of things, or present-day speech, or present-day life. The gospel of a crucified, atoning, sacrificial Saviour is declared to belong to the past. These great words are seldom heard in polite circles of pulpit speech. Nevertheless, Fred, do what we may, the gospel of the New Testament is one of a suffering, crucified, dying, sin-bearing Saviour, who was wounded for our transgressions, who was bruised for our iniquities, and by whose stripes we are healed. The men and women who have been crowned as saints are men and women who have used language like this—“He was wounded for me.” And, moreover, the men who have become leaders in the realm of religion are men who have seen, down deep in the heart of things, the great essential ele-

ments of the gospel of suffering and sacrifice which we must preach. And the men who are triumphant in the ministry of Jesus Christ—at least those whom I have been privileged to meet—are men who honor the crucified Christ and who relate their conscious experience of sins forgiven, and heart cleansed, and life sweetened, and will renewed, and peace within, to him hanging on the tree at Calvary. When a man faces the “plague of his own heart” he goes to Calvary for deliverance and victory and peace.

And there comes also to them the consciousness that through Christ they are related to the men for whom Christ died. They grieve over the world's sin and shame. Some of them bear about in their lives the burden of the world's woe, and long for the opportunity to bring it peace. As Jesus wept over Jerusalem so do these men of God weep over the Church. They could be accursed for their brethren's sake. And some of those who are not possessed by such a passionate devotion to the race, will nevertheless refuse prospects and privileges of home and native land to go forth

to the ends of the world to tell of the love that gave Jesus to die for them. The sustaining, inspiring note in the lives of such men is a lively consciousness of their fellowship with Christ, who, though he was rich with the Father yet for our sakes became poor that we through his poverty might be made rich. Such men have a peace that possesses them, and that sustains them, and that exalts them—an experience better than understanding that is able to keep their hearts and minds in Christ Jesus. These are triumphant men. They know that Christ is going to bring this world to himself. And though there may be many a battle fought in which his faltering hosts may fail, or seem to fail, the ultimate victory is sure. He has shared it with them now, and day by day they prevail. They have already triumphed with him.

I am writing you at this Lenten season with a consciousness of this fellowship with a risen Lord quickened by a line from a letter received from a dear friend one memorable day years ago. Our families had spent a week together in camp on a beautiful northern stream. My friend's husband complained of indisposition

near the end of our stay and went home to lose in strength and readiness for his task. As the autumn and winter came on he continued to decline until in midwinter he passed away, leaving her with five little children to care for and educate. She had gone back to dear old Scotland, the scene of her girlhood, meeting the burdens of life with a brave heart and a steady faith. But there was loneliness and longing for the touch of that vanished hand. We approached the Easter time. When it was but two weeks away she sent us a letter with a line in it like this : "Easter is coming again. What a wonderful day it is for those of us who walk the sorrowful way."

And so it is. But Fred, it is not only so for those who grieve for the touch of a vanished hand, but for all whose life is shadowed by sickness or disease or pain or blighted hopes or circumstances of a "living death."

The Scriptures are filled with the story of God's broken heart, of his unrequited love. Take Hosea, for example, a story of one whose bosom companion was a traitor to love. There is the plaintive note in the opening chapter of

the Gospel according to John, "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." There is the parable of the Prodigal Son, though it is not rightly named ; it is the story of a Father's unrequited love. But in it and in all the rest, God has shared the heartache of men and invited them to bring their burdens to him.

Those who have yoked with Christ have found that they are not alone. They know that their burden is shared. They have felt the divine Presence. They have had given to them a song for the night. They have heard the whisperings of love down at the wicket gate. They have seen the light and glory of the breaking day—when no one else could see through the blackness of the night. And through long years they have waited for him in peace, drawing strength sufficient to sustain them in the consciousness of his fellowship in the sorrowful way.

Quit you like a man, be strong, Fred ! But

“ Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing ;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing :

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THE TRIUMPHANT MINISTRY

Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle."

These things I write unto you that you may have fellowship with me and that our fellowship may be with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

Sincerely yours,

TIMOTHY KILBOURN.

CHAPTER V

THE GOAL

DEAR FRED :

A famous college president has coined a famous phrase : "The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he's going." I think this is one of the most important elements in the triumphant ministry—that the minister should know whither he is going. The Church does not have the impact that it should have on the oppositions it has to face to-day, for the reason that it lacks organizing principle and sustaining purpose. Most churches exist through fortuitous circumstances favorable to their becoming and continuing. A certain number of people living in the same community, with like ancestry or training, are gathered together by some zealous missionary, who appoints or leads to the appointment of officers, and the organization formed is called a church. The churches which are organized with a definite and adequate purpose, under

the inspiration and power of an achieving principle, are far less numerous. In consequence each church is described, more or less, by the character, vision and purpose, of the minister who happens to be serving them. They are not described by the embodiment of a sustaining, perpetuating, achieving purpose, which survives that minister, his residence and leadership, or the incumbency of any one man who happens to be in office there. From year to year the newly elected officers come into office ; but there is nothing in the life and work of the board that impresses them with its importance half so much as did the event of their election. At that time, possibly, several names were considered and voted upon. When the votes were counted they received the majority of votes and the congratulations of their friends, while they and their families went home with the pleasant feeling that they were honored by the congregation. When they met for the first time, with the other members of the board, they had nothing definite given them to do ; they learned of no dominant, masterful purpose to which they, as officers, and the whole con-

gregational life, were to be adjusted ; and when they went home from the meetings in later days they were oppressed with a sense of futility and loss of time. What is the trouble? Lack of policy, lack of goal. There is nothing for them to work toward and to work out. Principles of organizing power and sustaining strength and commanding effect are not found in their church. The church does not stand for something and work for something. It lacks contact and impact. The forces of evil in that community have no fear of that church.

Now there are banks in that community. But those banks have an organizing principle. Mr. Jones does not receive credit at the bank simply because he happens to be in the same social set, or belong to the family of Mr. Billings, director of said bank. If Mr. Jones wishes to do business with that bank he must adjust himself to the organizing principles of the institution. And there is the packing house of Hovey and Huston. It is a great institution. Why? Because it is well founded and efficiently organized, and described by the character of its founder, who is noted for his in-

tegrity of character, his fairness in dealing, and his insight and understanding of the business. The methods and movements of the men who are in the managing offices of that institution have a character that is their own and symptomatic of the life of the institution. If Mr. Hovey should be absent from his place on the Board of Directors for a year or five years, in all probability the business would go on doing as it had always done and would be in perfect harmony with the policy that has described it from the beginning.

While I write this there lies on my desk "The Investors' Magazine," published by a great financial house and mailed to their patrons each month. The opening article is by the president of that house, who is going abroad for four months or more. It is his parting address to the employees of the house. He says : "I anticipate sales much larger than we ever have known, so perhaps it would be worth while for me to restate the principles I want you all to bear in mind not only during my absence, but at all times. They are the fundamentals of this business, and the traditions of this house,

and they never change. These principles are prudence, conservatism, adherence to the truth, protection of the interests of our clients, service and loyalty to the house."

This is the need of the Church—to know where she is going, what she is purposing to do. Our great denomination has made great gains in the past twenty years in the statement and reiteration of the fact that the Church is a missionary society whose business is to give the whole gospel to the whole world. Following this, she began a definite, organized, systematic effort to get every member to understand and accept this view, and to adopt plans and methods of instruction, education and finance that will give practical effect to the statement.

Now, Fred, do not get the notion that this is all well and good for Dr. Broadway's church on the boulevard, with its great crowds and its wealthy people ; but that it will not apply to the church at Podunk and Possum Trot. It is the need and the secret of church efficiency down there as well as out yonder in the great city. If there are only two men on the official board at Podunk, and these two men are the minister and

the janitor, if they will get together and define their purpose, and set their object clearly before them, and make for it, they will get somewhere and they will bring things to pass that will arouse, inspire and enlist other men and women to join with them. The sleepy, drowsy world, the wicked, worldly world, will get out of the way and let them go forward when once they see they are making for something. Podunk will become a triumphant church. I know, for I have seen her become triumphant.

And what is true of the church is also true of the minister. Triumphant men are those who know where they are going. Such men reach their goal, even though their lives are troubled.

Fred, on the receipt of this, I want you to sit down and say to yourself, as in the sight of God : " Do I know what I want to be and what I want to do ? Am I doing it ? Has my whole life been conformed to this and is my plan for this week and for next Sunday and for my whole ministry in harmony with this great object ? "

The prime business of the minister is to proclaim the Word of God. Some of us do it in the pulpit, with greater power than at any other

THE GOAL

time or in any other place. Some of us make rather a poor showing there ; but when we go out to see men and women, boys and girls, in their homes and places of work and play, where we and they are alone, we can do our duty better. And there are others of us who have no facility or power in public speech who can proclaim the Word through the printed page. There are others who proclaim it in the closet with the closed door, who, when they know what they want, ask for it, and stake their claim on the promises of God and the atonement of Christ. But in whatever way, we all can say, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Then, whatever may be the emphasis God wishes to make on this world through our personality, men will get it and know that it is the dominant note in our life. It is the organizing principle at work in all our movements. It gives shape and character to every conversation. It is announced in the grace or awkwardness of our carriage as we walk the streets. It shapes our work in the study. It envelops us in its own atmosphere in every place. It will give an

unction, an anointing to our counsel, when we sit on the administrative boards of our parish, city or church.

The great desideratum in all the social service, teaching and movements carried on by the Church and Christian workers, to-day, seems to me just this. They do not express the determination to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. I have followed the efforts of several men to meet the "down-town proposition" in the cities with institutional methods of work; and I have followed the present-day movements of "the church and country life" with sympathy and hope; but again and again I am yearning for something that seems to be left out. There is an aroma of spices and sweet perfume belonging to the Spirit's breath that does not blow on my face. I hear the accent, strong and distinct, on soil, and crops, and domestic science, and athletic clubs, and educational classes, and mothers' clubs, and lecture forums, and so forth and so on, and I can see that more or less interest is excited for a time in every place; but I miss the light and warmth and heating beams of the Sun. And, somehow or

other, I don't catch sight of the Captain of our salvation as much as I should like to. I see some stalwart men who wear the uniforms and are called by the names appropriate to his aides, but too frequently they seem to be in command alone.

Now, Fred, the human mind is capable of great things and gloriously has it wrought, but there is one thing it cannot do ; it cannot satisfy the longing of the soul for God. There is no word which can do that except the Word of God. At a great convention of his church, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson called attention to the fact that in America "we have suffered a heart-breaking disillusionment. We expected great things from liberty and education, and have found they are broken reeds. Neither our wealth nor our science has given us either peace or joy. The four wizards—liberty and education and wealth and science—have performed their mightiest miracles under our flag ; but they cannot do the one thing essential ; they cannot keep the conscience quick, or the soul alive to God. Our sins are as scarlet and our vices are red like crimson, and we need

prophets to turn the nation to the God who will abundantly pardon."

Set out, therefore, to proclaim the Word of God. It will keep you steady when the winds of social strife and industrial storm beat against your bark. It will keep you steady when the popular lecture committee siren calls you to take the platform and spread your wings in oratorical flight. It will keep you steady when some great battle must be fought in civic life—when city ordinances must be passed or revoked, or vile theaters closed, or saloons pushed out. It will keep you steady when the people, who live on the dead level, push bridge and progressive euchre into the basement of the churches' social life. It will give you a canon of judgment in every perplexity, where, otherwise, you might miss the mark on what is lawful and what is not. It will give you an object to steer by when making the channel that is narrow between the rocks. Keep your eye on the cross, and determine your course by it, and your message by it, and your counsel by it, that when the day is done men may say, "We have seen Jesus, and Jesus alone."

There came to my hand this morning the parting message of that man of prayer, John Hyde, to the church in India. It has put new life into my faith and joy in Christ and will illustrate the environment and inspiration of a soul that is under the spell of which I speak. "Tell them," said Hyde, "of my home-coming, of my illness, and that it was walking in darkness without any light, but resting on the Lord—walking through the storm back, back to the ship and behold, suddenly the ship was at the land—the Eternal Land. The heart has been full of praise and the time has been passed in singing Punjabi psalms and songs. I was on Mount Carmel, face bowed in worship and have seen a cloud of blessing rise out of the sea of the Father's love bringing such abundance of rain over all the earth, especially to Ludhiani, Moga, Dandar, Ferozpur, and all the mission. Tell them I have gone to Christ shouting, 'Bol, Yisi heasih Ki Jai!' ('Shout the victory of Jesus')." If a man determines to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified he can always shout the victory of Jesus.

With such a song in the heart, and such a

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message dominating the life, that minister will win some men and women, boys and girls on the way for Jesus Christ.

Now I am not advocating some particular class of work that may be associated with the traveling evangelist. You will be interested in knowing that in the eighteen years of my ministry I have never had such a man in my church. In all that time I remember having only one man come and preach for me in a special series of meetings for so long as a week. My work might have been more prosperous if I had had the evangelist. I do not forget that there are diversities of gifts. And, while some men have a gift for approaching men and women in private conversation, and, discovering their need, for presenting Jesus Christ to them as Saviour and Lord, not all men have this gift. There are those who are gifted in the utterance of an awakening and moving message from the pulpit, and who are permitted to welcome large numbers of persons on confession to the Church. But I do not exalt such men overmuch in saying that the dominant purpose of a triumphant ministry is to win souls to Jesus Christ.

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Fred, get the spirit of the New Testament, which is a "passion for souls." The misfortune of too many ministers is that they fall into the slough of professionalism early in life, and never escape. They carry its soil on their garments everywhere they go. It gives them a pulpit tone. It gives them a style of dress and address. It encircles them in an atmosphere that smells of school and library and ancient musty traditions. They have no consuming zeal in God's house. They have no passion against sin or against anything except assaults upon the historic positions of their branch of the Church. They would work long and hard in formulating and defending a doctrinal statement of the Church, but if a man was taking the wrong path and hastening toward the pit, they would not know how to halt him, and they would not go out of their way to do it. Men like that have usually found the ministry an opportunity for congenial work. And the man who is simply earning his bread and butter in a straight collar, clerical vest and coat, is no more to be honored than any other man who takes advantage of a tradition or custom to

practice an art to secure his mattress, meat and malt. There is just one great cure for professionalism in the Church, and that is love—love for Jesus Christ and our fellow men. And when a man starts out in the ministry with this love burning in his heart to lead men and women to Jesus Christ, there is no mistaking that dominant note.

“How did McCheyne preach?” it was asked. “As if he wanted to save your soul,” was the reply. And that made a man an example to the whole Church before he was thirty-two. It determined his method and habit of work. It was expressed in the choice of his reading and scholarly pursuits. It shaped the message which he brought from week to week. It encircled him with an atmosphere of sweet perfume that has gone out into all the world, and after well-nigh a century it has not lost its strength. And a passion for souls will do as much for you and for me to-day as it did for him.

But understand that this does not mean a passion for getting people into the visible Church. To get a man into the membership of the Church without bringing him to Christ is to

make his last state worse than his first. You find now that the presumption that he is not acquainted with Christ embarrasses you in any effort to approach him. When a man has observed one of the most important outward signs of an inward grace without the grace, he has hardened the heart against the entrance of the truth. When you preach, you will be constantly facing an auditor who has the form of godliness but who is denying the power thereof. And that makes the chariot wheels jostle the posts at the gate, if it does not halt you there altogether and keep you from making the race.

No, my friend, do not mistake the padding of the church rolls for the work of grace. They are not the same. There is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine that come into the church as strays. There is a chasm of difference between a sinner brought to Christ and a sinner brought in with Christ. And a man who is a mere collector of the unsaved is far from the man who is a winner of souls. They do not have the same ring. One is a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal and the other has the accent of the music of heaven

in his life. And, believe me, there is more joy and triumph in knowing that you have linked one man with Christ than in having a record of the largest additions in the Assembly Minutes, or Conference Reports, if the people added have not been saved. If through your ministry there be added to the Church daily such as are "being saved," then you will be shouting the victory of Jesus along the way.

Your great aim, my dear friend, is the bringing in of a better hope. This is one of the greatest words, and one of the greatest needs, and one of the greatest experiences given to the human heart—hope. Those who are without God are without hope. To be without hope is to fall into that dark prison where the sunlight does not fall. It means to lose love, to have no song for the night, to have no experience of trust, to find all our calculations fruitless, to be enveloped in despair, to be lost and damned. The truth is as Celia Thaxter has said :

There is no day so dark
But through the mirk some ray of hope may steal,
Some blessed touch from heaven which we may feel,
If we but choose to mark.

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We shut the portals fast,
And turn the key, and let no sunshine in,
Yet to the worst despair that comes through sin
God's light shall reach at last.

Now, that is the ministry to which we are sent—the bringing in of a better hope to men and women in the dark, to men and women who are blind, who are shrouded in the night, to those who have grown sick at hopes now long deferred, to those who have missed their way, to those who have missed the mark, to those who have failed, utterly failed, to those whose strength is gone, whose treasures are vanished and who face death. To all of them, and those worse than they, we are to bring in a better hope. In the face of facts like these, it is incumbent that a man live much amidst things that are not seen, and that he remember that the things which are seen are temporal but the things which are unseen are eternal.

You will come some day to a man whose child is afflicted with what the doctors tell him is an incurable malady. The plans and consolations of years are blighted in whatever direction he turns. When he meets you, he

must find a man who can bring in a better hope, —the hope that when we have reached the end of our resources we may find God there, and that he is able to do for us when all others have failed ; that prayer is a real and vital thing ; that when God takes hold to do for us we may find a way.

You may meet a man some day whose life is so blighted in the subnormal lives of his children that he can find no comfort in the present world. And you must have something for him and for his children in the world to come. One such man wrote me that his child was gone. He said that life had meant nothing but darkness here, and asked what he could hope for it in the world to come. I thought of the welcome Jesus gave to a little child, and of that great mysterious word of his in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, the tenth and the fourteenth verses, and I ventured the thought that in the world to come the lives that had been cramped and circumscribed here would have greater joy and wonder in the splendors of the world to come, than those of us who made our first discoveries of it here ; that when they arrived in that land

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they would experience the joy of what Christ had done for them when they could not do for themselves, and that each hour would present some new discovery which their before-imprisoned lives would make with new and liberated zest ; that while they lost much here in the anticipation of faith, they were glad in that there everything was gained. This is my hope and it has been given to three other men, whose broken hearts have received it gratefully, as they would a healing balm.

But there is the blessed hope in the appearing of our Lord and Saviour in his glory to claim his own. At a great "Prophetic Conference" this "better hope" was the subject talked about. Speakers presented papers and addresses on the subject as it is related to many aspects of the present, past and future, world and Church. I was not present, and I have only a partial report, but the representative character of the men who sent out the call is a witness to the fact that this better hope is found in all branches of the Church. While I have no intention of setting forth any teaching on the subject in this letter to you, I do want to point out this : That

the men who look for this blessed hope have a simple faith in the trustworthiness of God's Word, that as he fulfilled it in the fullness of time and sent forth his Son, so in like manner will he fulfill it again ; and that this same Jesus whom the disciples saw ascending into heaven will so come again in like manner, as they saw him go.

Fred, I beg you to remember the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. It is a wonderful gospel to preach—bringing in a better hope. Men and women who have sinned unto despair and death may have hope. Men and women who have found their resources of moral excellence too scant, may find riches of inheritance in Jesus Christ. Men and women who are unequal to the heat and tax of the day, may find here a cooling shade and a fountain by the way. Men and women who have lost their crown may receive it back again.

Let this be your goal—to know Christ and him crucified, the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his suffering, and to make him known to others, that as you have fellowship

with the Father and with his Son, so may others have fellowship with you and him. "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world ; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority. Let no man despise thee."

Cordially yours,

TIMOTHY KILBOURN.

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~~Aug 18 '88~~

APR 21 '88

