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"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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ALONE IN THE CITY.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

Out of this tangled whirl;
Out of this nest of noises,
These vapors that twist and curl,
Like souls that have lost their poises;
Out of this somber riot
That rules in the gas-lit street,
This surging of life unquiet,
This waxing of glare and heat;

Can a sound that is thin and small,
Can a quivering cry go upward?
The pleading, passionate call
Of lips that turn not upward;
Of the mouth that loathes the brim,
The taste of the draught and all,
That shudders and shrinks at the rim
As from pain beyond recall!

Only a little sound—
So little and lone and sad,
It must surely be wholly drowned
In this carnival loud and mad,
Of desperate city cries,
That are so snowy-throated
That a soft moan, frightened, dies
Or flutters about unnoted.

From the place where it hath its birth
The little cry goes up;
From the loneliest heart on earth,
From the lips that refuse the cup;
From the city's deepest deep,
Out of a little room;
Though the tired and the careless sleep
One heart must ache in the gloom!

O the babe lies soft and warm
On the breast that its weight delights;
And the lips of love can charm
The hushes of icy nights;
And the touch of a clinging hand
And the flash of a parting smile
May brighten the dim night-land
And 'company us awhile!

But ah! for the heart that goes
Unbenisoned to its rest!
And ah! for the bird that knows
No mate in its lonely nest;
Not even the kindly fluttering
By night of a passing wing,
Only the wind's low muttering
And no other neighborly thing.

So, encompassed about
By the city's worry and din,
By its wine and wassail and shout,
Like a lonely isle shut in
By the heart of a storm, yet strange
To that tempest, as isles can be,
And midst silence that cannot change
For the clamors of sky and sea,

Lives the lonely heart of me,
That stifles its passionate cry;
For if I am bond or free,
For if I shall live or die,
What is that to the great,
Unrestful soul of the city?
It walls me in with my fate,
But it hath no space for pity.

Shall I sicken of faring apart?
Shall I die of keeping alone,
And of bruising my living heart
On the cold, unanswering stone?
The city seems so amiss,
As I shivering sit and mutter;
In a soil as barren as this
Can my life take any root?

There is a little rift
Of blue above the roofs,
And away in its peaceful lift
There are stars that shine like proofs
That I shall not miss the folding
Of God's arms warm about
The lone life he is holding
Safe, in the dark of Doubt!

"ON THE OTHER SIDE."

BY THEODORE L. CUTLER, D. D.

ONLY one-half of the matchless parable of the "Good Samaritan" is apt to be heeded. We are so attracted by what the one noble stranger from Samaria did for the wounded traveler that we do not think enough about the two Jews who are damned to eternal infamy by simply passing by "on the other side." Their sin was the oft-repeated sin of doing nothing at all. The parable might in homely phrase be named the Story of the Good Samaritan and the Suckers—the story of the man who simply performed his duty and of the two selfish churls who dodged their duty.

With neither of these two was it probably a premeditated wrong. The priest and the Levite did not set out from Jericho with the determination to play the poltroon. They did not say to themselves that morning: "This is a dangerous road, and if on the way we meet any one whom the robbers have handled roughly, we will hurry along up to our temple service and leave him to die like a dog"; but when the opportunity was given them to do a humane act, worthy of them as professed servants of God, they simply neglected it. Their sin belonged to that class which fills up the left-hand pages of the ledger of life—the sins of omission. By dodging off to the "other side" they lost the opportunity to honor their profession as priests; they lost the gratitude of the wounded stranger; they lost their own self-respect; and they lost the solid satisfaction of doing a noble act, which the Samaritan secured. It is a sad truth that the priest and his brother, the Levite, have quite as many imitators (perhaps more) than the Good Samaritan.

The most mortifying memories in life are the memories of neglected duties. "Leaving undone what we ought to have done" makes as ugly a record against us as the doing of things that we ought not to have done. Who of us cannot recall some friend who was as veritably an object for sympathy as was that poor traveler on the highway to Jericho? We could not remove his sorrows, perhaps; but we could pour in the oil of sympathy. We could not lift the load off from his back; but we could lift off a part of the heavier load on his heart. But selfishness hinted to us: You have enough else to do; or, Some other time will answer; or, If you say too much, you will be bound to do too much for him. So we kept along "on the other side," and have been ashamed of ourselves ever since. We ought to have known that nothing is so wounding to a sensitive spirit as sheer neglect. That cuts to the marrow. Sometimes it is the refinement of cruelty. The selfish priest could not have done an unkindlier thing to the suffering traveler than to have come up and looked at him, and then slipped away, without even offering him a drink of water. The bandits who stripped him and wounded him did not cut so deep as that.

The keenest regrets that I have felt through my whole ministry have been born of neglected duties, of neglect to do all I might have done for the sick and the sorrowing, to help those whom I might have helped, and (saddest of all) of neglect to warn or plead with immortal souls who have now passed beyond the reach of either warning or entreaty. Because the service of love demanded a sacrifice of time, or patience, or some strain upon the sensi-

bilities, I may have found too ready an excuse to pass by "on the other side." As for those ministers who refuse to visit the bereaved and the heart-broken, on the ground that one hour of sympathy with the suffering consumes more of their nervous vitality than the preparation of a discourse, they have mistaken their calling. God calls no such Levites to the sacred office of healing the broken-hearted and setting at liberty them that are bruised. If nothing costs so much as a ministry of sympathy, nothing pays so well. I reproach myself the more for every shortcoming in pastoral duty because I have found that the best services I have ever rendered have been those which cost the hardest strain on the nervous sensibilities. Pulpit-work has its stimulating excitements; but the "Samaritan" offices of love in the lonely chambers of poverty or sickness bring no audiences and no applause. Shame on us, that we ever forget that a single soul is a great audience and the Master's smile is a great reward.

If the neglect of his own duty is a pastor's keenest self-reproach, so the neglect of his flock to do their duty is the cause of his keenest sufferings. The parishioner who comes to church every Sabbath, and often goes home to scold or abuse me, doth not so "try" me as the pew-owning tramp who passes by the church-door "on the other side." I had rather preach God's Word to a pew full of scoffers than to one whose orthodox owners are either nursing their indolence at home or tickling their itching ears by gadding about in search of new sensations. The surest way to kill a minister's usefulness is not to censure him, for censure often corrects faults and spurs on to exertion. It is not by opposing him, for a certain kind of opposition breeds friends. The effectual way is to stop the ears to his heavenly message and to pass by on the other side.

If this is the surest method to kill a pastor's influence, so the surest method of killing a church is for its members to neglect it. The most evil-doer is the one who does nothing. My friend, if you want to starve out the charities of your church, just withhold your gifts. If you want to destroy its prayer-meetings, just stay away. The obituary of more than one prayer-meeting might read after this fashion: "DIED, from chronic neglect, the Prayer-meeting of the 'Church of the Seven Sleepers.' But a handful were present to close the poor sufferer's eyes. One hundred church-members were living in the neighborhood, and not one of them came near it on its dying bed. It is feared that the slow disease which carried it off will prove fatal to the Church, which has long been in a comatose condition." This is too solemn a theme, perhaps, for travesty; but it is no exaggeration of the outrage often committed on the most vital institution of Christ's Church. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that the sharpest wound which a professed Christian can inflict on his Lord is to neglect his service and to pass by on the other side. The very gist of the condemnation uttered by the Judge in that scene of the final Judgment (in the xxvth chapter of Matthew) lies in the sins of omission. "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." The retribution falls on those who knew their duty and failed to perform it. Here lies the peril of every impenitent

sinner. Forasmuch as salvation is a positive thing, to be secured by penitence, faith, and obedience, so perdition will be the inevitable doom of impenitence, unbelief, and disobedience. What you do not do, my unconverted friend, is as effectual in destroying your hope of Heaven as any voluntary and defiant transgression. The neglect to swing a signal-lamp was the crime that caused the fatal horrors of a late railway collision. The neglect to stop the leak has sunk many a ship. And how can you escape perdition, if you neglect so great a salvation as Jesus offers? This will be your condemnation: that light came to you, and you chose darkness; life was offered to you, and you strangely and persistently and wickedly let it alone. As you treat the infinite, loving, patient, beseeching Saviour, so will he treat you in the last great day. While those who accepted and obeyed Him will be ranged on his right hand and arrayed in the white raiment of the glorified, your doom will be to be left on the other side.

BROOKLYN, L. I.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT CRUSADE IN SCOTLAND.

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER B. BRUCE, D. D., OF THE FREE CHURCH COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

THE agitation for the Disestablishment of the Scottish State Church, to which I alluded in my last communication, is in full swing. In every presbytery of the two leading Non-conformist Presbyterian communions in Scotland—the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church—the subject is being taken up. The aim of those who are moving in the matter is to press the question on the attention of the Government and of Parliament, advantage being taken of the fact that in his Midlothian campaign Mr. Gladstone stated that he would be prepared to consider the question seriously when it became apparent that the people of Scotland desired Disestablishment. The purpose of the present movement is to show, if possible, that a sufficient number of the Scottish people is in favor of it to make it dangerous for the Government, or the members of Parliament representing Scotch constituencies, to trifle with the question. It is intended to bring a pressure to bear on the political situation at what is deemed an opportune moment, when a Liberal Government, not unfriendly to the claims of Dissent and fully aware how many of their supporters are Dissenters, is in power. The immediate occasion of the movement is an impending discussion on the question in the Parliament in connection with a notice of motion by a Scotch member, belonging to the United Presbyterian Church, Mr. Dick Peddie.

Of the earnestness of this new movement for Disestablishment so far, at least, as the clergy are concerned there can be no doubt. The great bulk of the ministers of the two Churches abovenamed are throwing themselves keenly, even passionately into it, and it is probable that by the time when the Assembly and Synod meet there will scarcely be a presbytery in either Church which has not unanimously or by majority given its voice in favor of immediate Disestablishment. Every nerve will be strained, every means used to make the agitation successful. Members of Parliament will be interrogated on the subject by their constituents, and, should a general election occur soon, every effort will be made to induce electors to make Disestablishment the turning question, so as to insure that none but can-