

and inspired Messianic idea, presented by Matthew, condemned that political and carnal view of the church which is the very soul of false Judaism. The sanctified and divine Romanism of Mark condemned the Caesarism of mere brute force. The heavenly Atticism of Luke took the place of the frivolous and corrupt Hellenism encountered by Paul at Athens. Lastly, humanitarianism—the divine humanitarianism of John—stands as an eternal witness against the humanitarianism, profane and anti-divine in its nature, of a world dazzled with its own greatness, and lost in evil.

Our Gospels are at once magnets to draw to themselves whatever is left of divine in the depths of human nature, and, as it were, winning machines to sift out from it whatever is sinful. Hence the power both of attraction and repulsion which they exert upon the natural heart of man.

It has been sometimes asked why, instead of the four Gospels, God did not cause a single one to be written, in which all the events should have been arranged in their chronological order, and the history of Jesus portrayed with the accuracy of a legal document. If the drawing up of the Gospels had been the work of human skill, it would no doubt have taken this form; but it is just here we seem able to lay a finger upon the altogether divine nature of the impulse which originated the work.

Just as a gifted painter, who wished to immortalize for a family the complete likeness of the father who had been its glory, would avoid any attempt at combining in a single portrait the insignia of all the various offices he had filled—at representing him in the same picture as general and as magistrate, as man of science and as father of a family! but would prefer to paint four distinct portraits, each of which should represent him in one of these characters—so has the Holy Spirit, in order to preserve for mankind the perfect likeness of him who was its chosen representative, God in man used means to impress upon the minds of the writers whom he has made his organs, four different images—the King of Israel (Matthew); the Saviour of the world (Luke); the Son, who, as man, mounts the steps of the divine throne (Mark); and the Son who descends into humanity to sanctify the world (John).

The single object which is represented by these four aspects of the glory of Jesus Christ could not be presented to the minds of men in a single book; it could only be so in the form under which it was originally embodied—that of a life; first, in the church—that body of Christ which was destined to contain and to display all the fulness which had dwelt in its Head; and then again in the person of each individual believer, if that is true which Jesus said: "Ye in me, and I in you;" and we are each of us called to make the personality of Jesus live again in ourselves in all the rich harmony of his perfection.

In the Church, then—in you, in me—we behold the living syntheses which were to be the result of that wonderful analysis of the person of Jesus Christ which produced our several gospel narratives. The harmony of the four Gospels is something better than the best written book; it is the new man to be formed in each believer. From the earliest times, the Canonical Gospels have been compared to the four figures of the cherubim which support the throne of God. This comparison has given rise to many arbitrary and puerile exegetical fancies. We would rather compare them to the four wings, continually growing, with which the cherubim more and more cover the whole extent of the earth, and upon which rests the throne of the majesty of Jesus.

Let criticism beware: to destroy one of these wings is to mutilate the holiest thing on this earth.—Godet's "Studies on the New Testament."

IN THE CAMP: MISSIONS TO MINERS AND LUMBERMEN.*

(By Rev. J. W. Kidd, B.D.)

Those who have had their education in any of the public schools of Canada, will remember that on the west coast of our Dominion there is a large island called Vancouver, separating this island from the mainland are Johnston's Straits, the Gulf of Georgia and Juan de Fuca Strait. On the mainland there are several long inlets such as Knight, Bute and Jervis, reaching far inland, with mountain walls often more than one mile high on either side. At one point on Jervis Inlet there is an almost perpendicular wall of rock more than one mile up from the water's edge, and going straight down into the blue water to a depth of one hundred fathoms. Between Vancouver Island and the mainland there are many beautiful islands such as Texada, Cortes, Valdes Thurlow, Hardwick, Cracroft, and many others.

On Vancouver Island, on the mainland shore, all along those great inlets, and on the smaller islands, for a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles north and south there are logging camps, accessible only by boats. The year 1902 was spent by the writer on a mission field, the centre of which was Denman Island, situated over beside Vancouver Island, about opposite Texada. This was a lovely place; to the east, the Gulf of Georgia, with the ships of the northern run, and the snowy peaks on the mainland on the other side of the Gulf.

The effect of this year's work was a longing, when the college session was over, to get back to a newer and harder field somewhere on the coast. Luckily, the appointment was to just such a field, the Logging Camp, which had never had any regular missionary, although some 3,000 men were camped in the logging district between Vancouver City and Alert Bay.

The centre of the district was Rock Bay, a point on Vancouver Island about 120 miles from Vancouver. This was made headquarters. There was a logging railroad and several large camps. I was told that no missionary or priest had been seen in the place for years. Many good men were here working, men who maintained a strong Christian character, but on the whole I was forced to the conclusion that the missionary has a work to do which is as important as the value of the souls of men.

A steamer visited the camps twice a week, carrying men, mail and supplies from Vancouver. By using this steamer, only about two camps per week could be reached, so that it became necessary to have a boat. A five dollar Indian dug-out was found suitable to the means of a missionary on six dollars a week. This little craft, with a heavy boulder in the stern as ballast, made good weather of many a storm and tide trip. It was finally supplanted in August by a fine big row-boat. This boat was the means of teaching some thirty-six camps, many of them several times. In December the cold rains and snow made open boating rather a hardship, especially as one had to camp out at night, when the distances between camps were too great to cover in one day.

In the spring of 1904, my brother, now Rev. C. E. Kidd, of Union Bay Institutional Church, was appointed with me to the united fields of Van Anda and the Loggers' Mission. We made Van Anda our headquarters. Once a month an Episcopal minister relieved us at Van Anda, so that we had two whole weeks free. Accordingly, we rowed together to the northward or away up Jervis Inlet. Services were held every night that we could reach a camp, and when the distance was too great, we camped on the beach and rowed ahead again the next morning. When the two weeks were nearly up, my brother took the steamer back to Van Anda, while I continued alone the following three weeks.

Much good was accomplished that summer, and much happiness came to

us, as we bent to the white ash oars all day, or slept beneath the stars at night. Well I remember rowing alone from early morning till ten at night, and sailing then till morning.

Another incident I remember was, when sailing all night in a lovely breeze, the moon was shining on the water, a big star casting a glittering ribbon across the water, and all was still in Lewis Channel. Far up on the mountain of Cortes Island, the long-drawn howl of a wolf broke the stillness, and ran across the spaces between.

These were the great days of the mission, so far as I was concerned. I lived near the men in the camp, sleeping in their bunk-houses at night, preaching to them in the evenings, and saying good-bye the next morning as they were going to their work. And what nice services we had. Men bowed in reverent prayer who had not been in church for years, and how they sometimes sang the grand old hymns of their youth!

The next spring Mr. D. A. Smith, now of Central India, and Mr. M. Munro, now of Alberta, took up the work. They were supplied by the good Presbyterians of Vancouver with a steam launch, the *Psyche*. As a result of this summer's work, I know of at least one changed life, and who can estimate the effect of the Word that "shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please."

In the year 1905, the writer was appointed as ordained missionary to the Logging Camps. Space will not permit me to tell of the work of that year. Before the year ended the mission was presented with a splendid launch, the *Naiad*, Westminster Presbytery contributing the greater part of the cost. The mission was now on a permanent footing.

Rev. A. McAuley is now captain of the *Naiad* and missionary to the Loggers. He is carrying on the work vigorously. The mission is firmly established and will remain. The result also will remain; and much more is yet to come.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M.—Temptation resisted, Matt. 4: 1-11.
T.—The Prodigal, Luke 15: 11-24.
W.—The Macedonian cry, Acts 16: 9-15.
F.—Contrasts, Ps. 1: 1-6.
P.—God not indifferent, Ex. 3: 1-10.
S.—A great remedy, Num. 21: 4-9.
Sun. Topic—In the Camp: Missions to Miners and Lumbermen, Matt. 13: 1-9.

WORKING THE CORNERS.

At a mission meeting one preacher said to another: "Where have you been lately? I haven't seen you or heard of you, nor have I once seen your name in the papers." "No," was the reply, "I've been working the corners the past year." "What do you mean?" Well, I found there were plenty of preachers in the city and towns, but the outlying districts where they were most needed were almost without them. So I left the city work and have been going from house to house, gathering people in little groups in farmhouses and school houses, preaching to them and teaching them there. There seemed to be nobody to do that work, so I took it up. I call that working the corners, and I guess my name hasn't been in the papers for a year."

THE LESSON OF SERVING.

Every human life that fails to hear its message and learn its lesson, or fails to speak it out, keeping it locked in the silence of the heart, leaves this earth a little poorer.

We can not live unto ourselves. We belong to him. We are the servants of every man we meet. This is our privilege, and if we do it unwillingly, it is a duty. We must use or lose the truth. Our service is the world's claim on us, but we owe it to ourselves to serve. The bread we break for men is twice blest, and ours is the greater blessing.

* Y. P. Topic, May 30, 1900: Matt. 13: 1-9.