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The Evangelical Churchman

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DIRECTORS.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Coming of the King	591
Thoughts from Guthrie	591
The Message of Easter to the Sin-Burdened	591
The Lonely Christ	592
MISSIONARY—	
Waldensian Church Missions in Italy	592
BRITISH AND FOREIGN NEWS	593
HOME NEWS	595
CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY	596
BOOK REVIEWS	597
EDITORIAL—	
Editorial Note	598
The Easter Vestries	599
"Church Teaching" in India	599
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—	
St. Paul's Preaching	601
CHILDREN'S CORNER—	
Leaves Not the Life	601

THE COMING OF THE KING.

The multitude was crowding all the way,
 But yesterday,
 To see and touch the Lord as he rode by,
 To catch his eye,
 Or, at the very least, a palm-branch fling
 Upon the pathway of the chosen King.

Faded and dry those palms lie in the sun,
 Withered each one;
 Those glad, rejoicing shouters presently
 Will flock to see,
 With never thought of pity or of loss,
 The King of glory on his cruel cross.

Lord, we would fain some little palm-branch lay
 Upon Thy way;
 But we have nothing fair enough or sweet
 For holy feet

To tread, nor dare our sin-stained garments fling
 Upon the road where rides the Righteous King.

Yet Thou, all-gracious One, didst not refuse
 Those fickle Jews;
 And even such worthless leaves as we may cull,
 Faded and dull,
 Thou wilt endure and pardon and receive,
 Because Thou knowest we have naught else to give.

So, Lord, our stubborn wills we first will break,
 If Thou wilt take;
 And next our selfishness, and then our pride—
 And what beside?

Our hearts, Lord, poor and fruitless though they be,
 And quick to change, and nothing worth to see.

If but the foldings of Thy garment's hem
 Shall shadow them,
 These worthless leaves which we have brought and
 strewed
 Along Thy road
 Shall be raised up and made divinely sweet
 And fit to lie beneath Thy gracious feet.

—Susan Coolidge, in Ch. Union.

THOUGHTS FROM GUTHRIE.

Fire low—the order which generals have often given to their men before fighting began—suits the pulpit not less than the battle-field. The mistake common both to soldiers and speakers is to shoot too high, over people's heads; missing, by a want of directness and plainness, both the persons they preach to and the purpose they preach for. So did not the prophet Nathan, when, having told his story of the little ewe lamb, and kindled David's indignation, he fixed his eyes on the king to say, Thou art the man. So did the Baptist, when, recognizing in the crowd Pharisees swollen with pride and rich with the spoil of orphans, he cried, Oh, generation of vipers! who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? And, though with speech less blunt and rude and unpolite withal, as some might say, so did not the great apostle of the Gentiles, but directed his addresses, like arrows, to the hearts and habits, the bosoms and business, of his audience.

Illustrating the words of the great English dramatist—
 "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

our Lord found many a topic of discourse in the scenes around him; even the humblest object shone in his hands, as I have seen a fragment of broken glass or earthenware, as it caught the sun-beam, light up, flashing like a diamond. With the stone of Jacob's well for a pulpit, and its water for a text, he preached salvation to the Samaritan woman. A little child, which he takes from its mother's side, and holds up blushing in his arms before the astonished audience, is his text for a sermon on humility. A husbandman on a neighboring height between him and the sky, who strides with long and measured steps over the field he sows, supplies a text from which he discourses on the Gospel and its effects on different classes of hearers. In a woman baking; in two women who sit by some cottage door grinding at the mill; in an old, strong fortalice perched on a rock, whence it looks across the brawling torrent to the ruined and roofless gable of a house swept away by mountain floods—Jesus found texts. From the birds that sang above his head, and the lilies that blossomed at his feet, he discoursed on the care of God—these his texts and Providence his theme; and with gray hairs on our own head and hoary heads around, we feel that his practice justifies us in making these our text; and addressing you, as I proceed to do, from these words—"Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not."

Gray hairs, what tender authority do they add to the law, "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee"! I care nothing for the religion of man or woman who, neglecting aged and venerable parents, leaves them to the care of strangers; casting those on the cold charities of the world whom they should have protected and nourished, in return for the kindness that watched over their feeble years, and bore with the foibles and follies of their youth.

Other gray hairs besides those of parents have claims on our respect. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man," is a command that speaks to our hearts, and is in harmony with the best feelings of our nature. Nor in public assembly have I ever seen a feeble old

man, bending under the weight of years, or, perhaps, of sorrow, left standing, while stout youth and manhood sat lounging at ease, but the spectacle has recalled the words of that noble Greek who, seeing an aged man left to stand a butt for youths to jeer at, rose in indignation to rebuke the crime, and tell his degenerate countrymen how, in the better days of the republic, on an old man entering an assembly all rose to their feet to do him reverence. Gray hairs mark the decay of man; but contempt for gray hairs, and want of respect in children to parents, or in youth to age, is a sign that virtue, society, and the Church of God decay.

He taught a solemn truth who painted Time as an old man, with wings on his shoulders, scythe and hour-glass in his hands, and on his wrinkled forehead one lock of hair. All bald behind, and offering us no hold when it is passed, let us seize Time by the forelock. Be saved this hour! That hoary preacher addresses you, as he shakes a glass where the sands of some of us are well-nigh run, and points his finger to the grave which, a few years hence, shall have closed over all this living assembly.

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER TO THE SIN-BURDENED.

There is a grand old hymn that we sing at Holy Communion, which begins by joining with Angels and Archangels, as if the Veil were uplifted: "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will towards men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee; we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory." And then the Church seems to have thought that perhaps some poor soul might say, "I cannot feel that!" So she sinks into a sort of minor key, and says: "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us!" If a soul cannot say "Glory," it may at least say "Mercy!" If you cannot yet say: "Glory be to God on high," say: "Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me!"

On that first Easter Day, to whom did Christ appear? To Mary Magdalene, the greatest sinner. To whom was the first message sent by the Angel? To St. Peter! Not to St. John, who was near our Lord at the Cross, but to St. Peter, who cursed and swore on that Thursday night! "Go your way, tell His disciples, and Peter, that He goeth before you into Galilee."

And so, to-day, I speak to you, who long to believe that your sin is washed away, and that you can start afresh. To you the Easter message is sent, as St. Peter and Mary Magdalene. In His name I speak, and say: "Your debt is paid. You discover that debt little by little; but He knew it all beforehand. And He bore all upon the Cross. 'It is finished!' Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

Let us enable our Blessed Lord to see, this day, of the travail of His soul; some souls brought out of darkness into light. "Yield yourselves unto God." "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found"—now, while the Easter bells are still ringing!

O joy beyond all earthly joy, to be allowed to stand here and say to every soul: Christ loves you—Christ, Who is become the Centre of humanity, the Centre of all Creation; before Whom the Angels bow with ceaseless adoration, saying: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches,