

honest mind exactly this method. The apostles went out into the heathen world, evangelized, planted churches, and went on. But as they went out, lengthening the cords, they now and then returned to strengthen the stakes by strengthening the things that remained. This was common sense. It was divine philosophy. It was heavenly wisdom, taught by prophets and apostles. Every departure from this model has been disastrous.

It is the glory of Scripture that it submits itself constantly, and always, to the supreme test of experience. The modern school of science, called the experimental school, is God's old school. One asked a great English author in a sceptical age, if he could prove the truth of Christianity, and if so, how. "Yes," said the humble disciple, "try it." That was God's method. "Taste and see that the Lord is good." Mr. Moody's Bible had written along the margin in many places, "T. and P.," which meant, tried and proven. Every word of God may be actually lived. It yields itself to the experimental test, and unbelief can only live by a flat refusal to put the Word of God to a practical test.

How does the divine model for expansion appear in the light of actual tests? With its never-ending shortsightedness and perversity, human nature according to its inwardness, has tried both extremes and then tried God's plan as a whole. Enough experiments have been made to demonstrate the truth.

Without number we have had churches which lingered by the stakes. They have said, "Charity begins at home," meaning really that it stays at home. They have been for doctrine, for fine meetinghouses, for elaborate equipments, measuring themselves by others and discarding the divine rule. They withered, God judging that no stake was plenty strong to tie nothing to. Before Carey's day English Baptists made this fateful mistake, and were a feeble folk. Carey faced them out and started them on a new career. Then they neglected sound doctrine, and are limping. The Hardshells made the same mistake, stuck to it, and are rapidly passing away. These are experiments on a large scale. There are innumerable small ones going on all the time. Which are the strong, growing churches to-day? Certainly not those giving all their thought to themselves, and certainly not those putting all the emphasis on doing and doctrine. Which are they? They are the ones holding the doctrines and pushing out for spiritual conquest. The strength of a church is not in a great meetinghouse, not in large numbers and wealth, but in the soundness of its doctrines, and life, joined always to a burning missionary zeal. Every such church in the world is a conquering church. Like a live trolley car, it is on God's track, and in living connection with the source of all power. The whole question of church prosperity lies at this point. All human devices are shams. That charlatan, who took upon himself to rail over the demonized, the name of Jesus, whom Paul preached, is the Scripture type of many a modern preacher doing tricks to keep things going.

The same divine philosophy holds in general missionary operations. Here again we meet the two extremes—the home missionary, the foreign missionary. Each have right and each entirely wrong. The first cuts off the further parts of the earth, the second the nearer parts. One will not help a man because he lives thousands of miles away; the other will leave men to die, because they live in his country. One makes home missions pre-eminent; the other foreign missions. They divide the garment of Christ, even though it be seamless, and was meant to cover the naked human race.

Missions is one and indivisible forever. Wherever, on the face of the whole earth, a church is planted, it stands for what Christ stands for, the truth of God, all of it, and that truth for the whole world, every soul in it.

To bring the churches back to this divine conception is to save them. It is to put them in the way of usefulness and prosperity. It is worth our constant labor, our most earnest prayer, our united efforts. A church standing for less than the whole truth and the gospel preached to every creature is a maimed and impaired church.—Baptist Standard.

Christ in the Daily Life.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

There is in the world to-day the same Christ who was in the world eighteen hundred and more years ago, and men may go to Him and receive His life and the inspiration of His presence and the guiding of His wisdom just exactly as they did then. That is the Christian life, the thing we make so vague and mysterious and difficult. This is the Christian life, the following of Jesus Christ.

Who is the Christian? Everywhere the man who, as far as he comprehends Jesus Christ, so far as he can get any knowledge of Him, is His servant, the man who makes Christ the teacher of his intelligence and the guide of his soul, the man who obeys Christ so far as he has been able to understand Him. There is no other test than this, the following of Jesus Christ. So far as any soul deeply consecrated to Him and wanting the influence that it feels He has to give, follows Christ, enters into His obedience and His company and receives His blessings, just so

I cannot sympathize with any feeling that desires to make the name of Christian a narrower name. I would spread it just as wide as it can possibly be made to spread. I would know any man as a Christian, rejoice to know any man as a Christian, whom Jesus would recognize as a Christian, and Jesus Christ, I am sure, in those old days recognized his followers even if they came after Him with the blindest sight, with the most imperfect recognition and acknowledgment of what He was and what He could do.

But we ask ourselves, is it possible that I should get from Him a guidance of my daily life here? Can Jesus really be my teacher, my guide, in the actual duties and perplexities of my daily life and lead me into the larger land in which I know He lives? Ah! the man knows very little about the everlasting identity of human nature, little of how the world in all these changeless ages is the same, who asks that; very little, also, of how in every largest truth there are all particulars and details of human life involved; little of how everything that a man is today, at every moment, rests upon some eternal foundation and may be within the power of some everlasting law.

The soul that takes in Jesus' word, the soul that through the words of Jesus enters into the very person of Jesus, the soul that knows Him as its daily presence and its daily law—it never hesitates. There is no single act of your life, there is no single dilemma in which you find yourself placed, in which the answer is not in Jesus Christ. He comes in your life and mine, into our homes and our shops, into offices and on our streets, and there makes known in the actual circumstances of our daily life what we ought to do and what we ought not to do—that is the wonder of His revelation; that is what proclaims Him to be the Son of God, and the Son of man.

A Minimum Christian.

He is the Christian who is going to heaven at the cheapest rate possible. He intends to get all the world he can and not meet the worldling's doom. He aims to have as little religion as he possibly can without lacking it altogether. He would keep good friends with the devil, with the intention of meanly cheating him out of his just dues at last. The minimum Christian goes to church in the morning and sometimes in the evening also, unless it rains, or is too warm, or too cold, or he is tired and sleepy or has the headache from eating too much at dinner. He listens most respectfully to the preacher, and joins in prayer and praise. He applies the truth very judiciously, sometimes to himself, but much oftener to his neighbors.

So too, the minimum Christian is very friendly to all good works. He wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. He regards Sunday School as an admirable institution, especially for the neglected and ignorant. He has also great admiration for the various organizations for Church work, and they are just what are needed. But it is not convenient for him to take any part in any of them. His business engagements are so pressing during the week that he needs the Sunday as a day of rest. Neither does he think himself qualified, at least so he quite modestly puts it, to act as a teacher in the Sunday School or take any prominent part in any of the meetings or enterprises of the church. There are so many persons better prepared for these important duties that he must really beg to be excused.

Another characteristic of the minimum Christian is that he is not clear on a number of points. He cannot see any particular harm in this or that, or the other popular amusement. There is nothing in the Bible against any of them. He does not see but that a man can be a Christian and dance, or go to the theatre, or play euchre, or even poker and rake in an occasional jack pot, or visit a race course where the training and development of that noble animal, the horse, are exhibited. He knows several most excellent persons who habitually indulge in these things. Why should not he? Is he any better than they? Well no. In this, at least, we fully agree with him. He is, indeed, no better than they are. He stands so close to the dividing line between the people of God and the people of the world that it is hard to say on which side of it he is actually to be found.

This is all a most perilous business. In trying to get to heaven with a very little religion, it is possible to miss it altogether. The minimum Christian dishonors God more than even the sinner does, for he knows so much better. He is a hindrance to the progress of the gospel, a drag on the wheels of Christian.—Selected.

An Answered Prayer.

Mr. Jennings had passed his threescore and ten and had come to a time of enforced inactivity. A long illness kept him for months in bed, and when he recovered he had dropped out of the procession; everyone recognized his breakdown as the unmistakable sign that his days of work were over. Mr. Jennings was not altogether happy. He almost resented the fact that the church and the community could get on so well without him, and it seemed hard that his manly vigor, carried so finely into old age, should waste in unwilling idleness, with nothing to look forward to but helplessness and death.

to answer my own prayers. I can't get out to meeting, and I have little to influence any one for good. The world has gone by while I have been resting by the way, and I can't catch up."

Mrs. Jennings comforted him, and the aged pair sat down together, making the most of each other's companionship and daily praying for the Lord's work, which was going on without them.

One morning the two old saints finished their breakfast read their chapter in the Bible, and knelt down, according to their custom, to thank God for their blessings, to ask his guidance and care for the grown-up and scattered family, and his benediction on the work which others were doing and in which they no longer had a share.

While they were on their knees a ladder rose against the open window and a man began to ascend. The old couple were a little deaf, and prayed on. The carpenter, who had come to repair the roof by the bay window, ascended two rounds and stopped. He stood for a minute, at least, undecided whether to go up or down or to stay where he was; then he descended quietly and stole away.

A little way from the house the carpenter sat down in the shade and waited. The prayer was not a short one, and its tones still came to him. He recalled the words which he had heard on the ladder and his eyes filled with tears; he brushed them away, but they came again; he thought of another gray-haired couple, now dead, who never failed, while they lived, to pray to God for an absent son.

He remounted the ladder at length, but the accents of that prayer rose and fell in his ears with the tapping of the hammer; and when Mr. Jennings came out and leaned on his staff and inquired about the repairs which the roof needed, the carpenter felt as if he had received a benediction.

All this was eight months ago, in Chicago. A few days ago Mr. Jennings doorbell rang and a man entered, and said: "I am the carpenter who repaired your roof last spring. I had godly parents, but I entered the army and led a hard life. I had not been to church nor heard a prayer for years. I heard your prayer when I put up the ladder. For eight months, by the help of God, I have lived a new life."

Then Mr. and Mrs. Jennings knelt down again and thanked God for an unexpected answer to their prayer.—Ex.

Art's a service,

—Mark.

A silver key is given to thy clasp,

And thou shalt stand unwearied night and day.

And fix it in the word, slow-turning words,

To open, so, that intermediate door

Between the different planes of sensuous form

And form insensuous, that inferior men

May learn to feel on still through these to those,

And bless thy ministrations. The world waits

For help.

And breathe thy fine keen breath along the brass,

And blow all class-walls level as Jericho's

Past Jordan, crying from the top of souls,

To souls, that here assembled on earth's flats,

To get them to some purer eminence

Than any hitherto beheld for clouds!

What height we know not,—but the way we know,

And how by mounting ever, we attain,

And we climb on. It is the hour for souls

That bodies, leavened by the will and love,

Be lightened to redemption. The world's old,

But the old world waits the time to be renewed;

Toward which, new hearts in individual growth

Must quicken and increase to multitude

In new dynasties of the race of men,—

Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously

New churches, new economies, new laws

Admitting freedom, new societies

Excluding falsehood. He shall make all new.

—from "Aurora Leigh."

The Voiceless.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest

Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,

But o'er their silent sister's breast

The wild flowers who will stoop to number?

A few can touch the magic string

And noisy fame is proud to win them

Alas for those that never sing,

But die with all their music in them.

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,

Whose song has told their heart's sad story—

Weep for the voiceless, who have known

The cross without the crown of glory!

Not where Leucadian breezes sweep

O'er Sappho's memory haunted billow,

But where the glistening night dew weep

On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign

Save whitening lips and fading tresses;

Till death pours out his cordial wine

Slow dropped from misery's crushing presses.

If singing breath or echoing chord

To every given pang were given

What endless melodies were poured,

And sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.

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