

o Saviour." Then
d's law and "made
He bore the curse
de your reconcilia-
the dead that you
you might be "kept
on his Holy Spirit
tify your life, and
new life. Yes, he
is made unto us
and redemption."
to be your own
" you have been
a great difference
osing to be one.
a purpose. You
you greatly desire
e Jesus Christ as
Christian. You are
with reference to
inner, more than
a of salvation as
until you cast your-
ad begin to really
ed.
an act. "I will
rose" is the act.
"too simple," or
heard related by
It is God's way of
received Him to
children of God, even
May God bless
points,
our only Saviour.
ce for salvation.
W. S. M.

HOUSE," NEWTON

ies, so I shall not
me of us had such
was not much in
thing; for we went
de la Garde which
the whole city, the
e and back again
Miss Long and I
could see it, but
when we got into
for the houses.
ld hide, still beats
en how I racked
ed to know! All
"Ov est?" and so
we gained a new
a church (in good
ns poured out for
as of directions in
and whenever we
ligerly grateful,
perhaps after all it
ed on.

wn a hill from one
y other and to us
whereupon I in-
t meant go down
e decided for our-
came to a lovely
a public garden.
are refreshed; but
d a veritable will-
p of the garden,
ed on, on! So on
lucky and pebbly,
arked on the ex-
d up to worship
and then, though
s and French ears
universal sight was
ous scene, and we
We could see and
The sun was just
a the harbor, and
olors of the houses
are pink or terra
the walls and the
beautiful effect to

way, inquiring as
his store of la belle
labors. When we
ought to take one,
looked easy, but
tter. The names
e determined to
an the attempt to
wanted to go on

the S. S. Arabia. Talk as we would, his eyes answered nothing but blankness; but after much consultation he was brought to the point of enlightenment by the kindness of a French bystander who was just aching to show off his English. This man looked at Mr. Dowd knowingly and interrogated "Sheep." Then with a turning of his palms, and a rolling of his eye-balls that plainly said to all around, "How simple it is when one understands English," he said: "sheep" again and again, and began a volley of explanations to the driver. Mr. Dowd said, "Arabia, Peninsular and Oriental," but was it superfluous to our knowing friend. He was impatient of explanations. Did he not know the word for "ship"? He wanted the glory. I got into the carriage with a keen sense of my brotherhood with the man who could say "sheep." Had I not led our party, and admiring one, I felt, all the way to Notre Dame by the aid of my brilliant French? Nothing but the sense of the proprieties prevented me from shaking hands on the sly with the Frenchman of one English word.

The rest of the party had very sensibly hired a carriage on leaving the steamer, and been driven the rounds. We had seen them at church, and they had commiserated us. But things you can buy are tame to experiences you can earn. They had a ride and the sights for five francs, while we had a good scramble, exercise enough to last a week, a fine view, a ride to top off with, and our fun and an appetite for supper thrown in—all for three francs, the four of us. Which party was the richer? Judge ye! (But all the same I wouldn't want to see the whole world our way, would you?)

After leaving Marseilles the sea was rougher and many were sick—me too. By the time we were past the Strait of Messina, I was myself again, and rather happy, but I should never be joyful beyond bounds on board of a ship. Give me land! This in D—'s phraseology, simply means that I am a Britisher and want the earth.

S. S. Arabia, Nov. 6. LILLIAN R. BISHOP.

What is Wrong in Card-Playing?

Card-playing seems to pervade every class of society. Card-parties for playing whist, euchre, and cinch, in various styles, are among the most popular evening entertainments in many parts of the country. Newspapers of wide circulation dignify the play by establishing a special department for it under an editor learned in the craft. Noble men and women of mature years, as well as young people, indulge in the recreation to such an extent in some communities that it may fairly be termed a "craze."

All admit, that there are serious evils connected with the play under some circumstances, but some maintain that they are not inherent. A common expression is "There is nothing wrong in cards, *per se*." It is contended that, when played by respectable people in a respectable place, cards are harmless and free from evil, except, perhaps, that the play is frivolous, and leads to a waste of time, a common characteristic of all recreations.

Notwithstanding all this, is there not a prevalent feeling—a sort of instinct, even among its devotees—that there is something wrong in the play? Strip it of its vile associations, ignore its temptations to cheating,—"nigging,"—and its proneness to provoke quarrels, and yet there is a residuum of distrust which points to some hidden miasma to be feared. Parents dread to have their children learn to play, and tolerate it at home to prevent the greater evil of a stealthy knowledge in bad surroundings. Educational institutions forbid the play because of its vicious tendencies. The conclusion is inevitable that there must be something wrong "*per se*." What is it?

The play at cards is founded upon deception. That is the essential fundamental principle of the play. By the rules, the player who deceives his opponent most adroitly, overreaches him the most cunningly, and misleads him most thoroughly, is esteemed the best player. This reverses the ordinary rules of morality by turning the vice of deception into a virtue, and crowning the arch deceiver with honor. By such ethics the moral nature is debauched, for the mind is made familiar with a species of deception deemed a virtue, and therefore justifiable under certain conditions. The conscience is made to recognize a legal deceit, established as a rule of conduct. Thus the habit of card-playing undermines the character, destroys the altruistic spirit, and so blunts the moral sensibilities that it becomes easy for the card devotee to carry the card-table ethics—where any tactics, not in violation of the law, are justifiable—over into social and business life, a practice quite common. A business man said quite recently, "I have noticed that when I have dealings with a card-player, I must look on all possible sides of the matter, or I am sure to be cheated." This is one insidious poison of the play.

Then again, card playing is a vicious recreation, because it is not a true game. It is merely a contest in deception, supplemented by chance. It leaves little or no room for brain power. It substitutes the pernicious principle of deception for the element of strategy, which is the only foundation of a genuine game. It confounds

deception with strategy. This may seem to be a mere play upon words, but the difference between the two is radical in giving character to contests. A play founded upon deception has no uplift, no creative power, but it is of necessity "*per se*" and philosophically harmful. On the other hand, the true game founded upon what—for want of a better word—is called "strategy," is uplifting, stimulating the mental faculties, and invigorating the physical powers. A clear apprehension of this vital distinction will compel every thoughtful mind to condemn, even on this ground only, the play at cards.

But it may be said, "There is deception in all games. In chess, or checkers, a move may be made having no other purpose than to deceive an opponent as to the real point of attack. In blind-man's buff the captive uses every possible ruse to make the captor believe that he has caught some other person than the captive. In base-ball the pitcher does his best to mislead the man at the bat by throwing the ball in curves, or in some other peculiar way. All these are recognized as games the ethics of which moralists generally do not condemn. Is not the root-principle of deception practiced the same as that used in card-playing?"

Most assuredly it is not. The artifice to secure an advantage in these and in all true games is always such as can be successfully met by an opponent who adequately uses his rational and physical powers, knowledge, and skill.

The purpose of the move on the chess-board needs only keen perception, quick discernment, and sound judgment to forestall it. The power of protection is left, by the rules of the game, in possession of the player who is attacked. He can meet the assault by the use of his wits. Hence the game is a species of mental gymnastics which trains the faculties for service outside of such games.

In like manner, the game of blind-man's-buff calls for the exercise of brains, though in a somewhat different direction. The captor must make careful observations, and grasp every identifying feature of his captive.

In the game of baseball, if the batsman exercises properly his judgment, is quick of eye, prompt in decision, and duly skilful, the pitcher will put forth his curves in vain.

Such artifices serve as tests of faculties, skill, agility, and strength. They call forth the powers of mind and body to meet emergencies, and are here called strategy to distinguish them from the practices put forth in card-playing.

On the contrary, in card-playing, by the concealment of the cards, by the element of chance, and by the rules of the play, the false pretense, the cunning finesse, and the misleading ruse, constitute a deception against which there is no protection whatever. No penetration, no foresight, no perception however quick, no judgment however sound, no astuteness of brain nor ability of any kind, can ward off an attack. Even should the victim, by a happy guess, conclude that a card was played to mislead, he would be helpless to defend himself, unless chance had furnished him with a certain card. His mental powers cannot assist him, for the rules do not call them into play. There is therefore here no battle of brains, nor trial of mental force or physical prowess. It is simply a play of "make believe" or "lying,"—perhaps rather a harsh term,—in which the most competent deceiver has the advantage. This is brought out glaringly in the so-called game of poker, where it is frequently the case that the most audacious make-believer or "bluffer," although holding what is called the poorest hand, wins the money. I might add that, to be a true game, the cards should be played with the faces up so that the players could see them. Then they could exercise their foresight, make calculations, and provide for attack and defense, with such intelligence as they might possess, instead of being, as now, victims of chance, and helpless in spite of their wits.

The distinction drawn between strategy and deception as the underlying principles of the true game, and the mere play of cards which is ranked as no game, may seem finely drawn. The difference between ozone and malaria is also slight. But one is invigorating and life-giving, while the other is baneful and death-dealing. So the true game is healthful, building up and developing mind and body for the serious work of life, while card-playing is degenerative, leading to a false standard of conduct, and to a dependence upon the hazard of chance. It is essentially and "*per se*" demoralizing, with an influence akin to the play of "stealing" and "picking pockets," sometimes practiced by the "hoodlums" of the street. These plays cultivate, like card-playing, undesirable qualities, but as they are not quite analogous, so they are not quite so vicious in principle; for they are not wanting in the deleterious element of chance, and leave the victim some room for defense by the exercise of vigilance.

For these reasons it is evident that the common feeling of distrust as to the ethics and moral influence of card-playing does not rest upon prejudice nor bigotry, but upon deep philosophical principles. The instinctive dread of the moral and corrupting influences of the play has sound reason for its basis, and it should be cherished until it becomes a positive fear.—S. S. Times.

Dr. Hovey as Theologian.

BY G. D. B. PEPPER, D. D.

"Comparisons are odious." It were foolish to say of this or of that man in our denomination, or in any other, "He is in theology the greatest of all." It is, however, quite within the truth to say that we Baptists have no man whose teaching of religious doctrine is, or deserves to be, more trusted. It is solid and safe. The foundations are well laid, and the superstructure well built.

In the introduction to his "Outlines," briefly Dr. Hovey states the principal qualifications for success in this study. He divides them into four classes, mental, moral, religious, and educational. But one who has ever been his pupil, or read his works, will get his impression of those qualifications rather from what Dr. Hovey is than from what he says.

The sanity of his mind is obvious. His mental health has always been perfect. He never mistakes fancies for facts, or dreams for waking perceptions. He is careful and cautious. He asks for evidence before making up his mind, asks for all available evidence when there is chance for error, and what he asks for he gets, at whatever cost. He has mental balance, largeness, and many-sidedness such that he can fairly weigh and estimate evidence the most diverse in nature. He is too philosophic to distrust the normal action of the human faculties or to regard as normal that action which finds in one's self the seat of authority, the measure of the universe, and the only valid revelation. The full recognition of all available facts, and the most rational explanation of them, is to him the true course of a true philosophy. Recognizing truth as a self-consistent whole, he cannot rest until the relations of truth are seen and the truths are perceived in their organic unity. Systematic truth is alone adequate truth, and one of the clearest, most satisfactory evidences of an individual truth is its harmony with all others. To be successful in theology, one needs to love it with a love which begets enthusiasm, devotion, and a tireless prosecution of its study. Such a love comes in part of mental, and still more of moral and religious, qualities. There must be the love of truth for truth's sake, candor, fairness, honesty, the subjection of all preferences to the one demand of truth. To know God, to understand Him as revealed in one's inner life, in human history, in nature, in holy Scripture, in Jesus Christ as made known in the Scripture, one must be in the most intimate, loving fellowship with God. Any radical failure at this point will work perversion in the whole theological process of thought, and in the conclusions. God must live in the man to whom his external revelations are intelligible, and he who will bring to just statement the truth of theology must also live in God. How largely this rational, sane, childlike, unbroken fellowship with the heavenly Father has contributed to Dr. Hovey's success as a theologian he best knows who has been most intimate with him. "*Pectus theologum facit*."—"The heart makes the theologian."—Zion's Advocate.

A Christmas Hymn.*

1. O Royal Babe of Bethlehem,
Of lowly Virgin born,
For Thee no earthly diadem
But that bestowed in scorn.
2. The kings of earth with cruel hate
Hear of thy natal hour;
But angels watch before thy gate,
And vain is all their power.
3. Lo, from afar the wise men seek
Thy glory to behold;
And offer with their worship meek,
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold.
4. With them shall nations come and see,
And from their tumults cease:
With gifts and worship honor Thee,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace.
5. O Royal Babe of Bethlehem,
Now as Redeemer known,
Thine, thine, shall be the diadem,
Our hearts shall be thy throne.

—ISRAEL W. PORTER.

Bear River, N. S., December 21, 1900.

*Sung at the Christmas service, Bear River, December 23, 1900.

Count nothing small. The smallest thing may be a link in the golden chain which binds a man to the divine Master himself.—A. F. Schaffner, D. D.

Prayer for others is never lost, is never in vain; often by it we may draw down blessing upon others, but always and without fail it will return in blessing upon ourselves.—Richard Chenevix Trench.

The world is what we make it. Forward, then, forward in the power of faith, forward in the power of truth, forward in the power of friendship, forward in the power of freedom, in the power of hope, in the power of God.—H. Vincent.

All treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hidden in him. It must grieve him to see us filling our minds with passing things, worthless things, dying after the fashion of the world, while Christ is crowded away into some bare and paltry place in our lives.—Robert E. Speer.