

A Home in the Heart for Christ.

BY REV. T. L. CUTLER, D. D.
If Jesus were to live with you, other people would be sure to discover the fact. When he went into the border of Tyre and Sidon, he "could not be hid."

For the question, whether the Master will always stay with us, depends largely upon ourselves. Self-will and pride may drive him out, or he promises to dwell only with them who are of an humble and contrite spirit.

Free agency does not cease after conversion. If Christ enters our heart through faith, he must be kept there by faith. O what wondrous condescension that the Lord of glory would consent to occupy such a hut as my poor heart, yet he is kindly saying to me: "Give me room in this thy heart, and I will give thee a place in my heaven."

A practical thought not to be lost sight of is that, if Jesus dwells in our hearts, we should be carrying him with us. Let your light so shine before men that they may recognize that Jesus is within you. Show your Christ like kindness to people while they are living, and do not take it out in heaping flowers on their coffins.

Carry Christ with you to your unconverted friends. If you win their respect for you and get a hold on them, you can talk to them about their souls. Tell them what Christ has done for you, and, as it were, add your knock to his knock at their heart's door.

Biblical Criticism.
Rev. Dr. Win. Henry Green, the distinguished professor of Hebrew at Princeton Theological Seminary, recently spoke as follows to a Tribune interviewer: "What is known as biblical criticism is the careful scrutiny of all available sources of information respecting the form and contents of the sacred volume. It is currently divided into the lower and the higher criticism."

The lower criticism interrogates all existing and accessible testimonies to the text of Scriptures, with the view of ascertaining with the greatest possible exactness the precise words of the inspired penman. Ancient manuscripts, versions and quotations in early writers are diligently collated, and the variations noted, and the authority for every word and clause carefully tabulated. Many were alarmed at the outset by the astounding number of divergences discovered, and apprehended that the certainty of the sacred text was being undermined. It is just the reverse. The labors of New Testament critics have sifted and digested the immense amount of material at their command, and as a result, the text of the New Testament has been settled with a minuteness and accuracy and a wealth of details which no other production of antiquity can ever remotely approach, and which leaves little room to be expected or desired.

The lower criticism of the Old Testament has not yet been brought to a similarly definite result. The problem is here complicated with new and peculiar conditions, and the precise outcome of the whole matter still hangs in doubt. What authority is to be conceded to the Masoretic text? What liberty is to be allowed to conjecture? These questions are still warmly debated, and widely divergent answers are returned. The material that must be worked over in order to resolve these inquiries, with certainty is enormous. But elaborate investigations are in progress, which must ultimately lead to some settled conclusion. Meanwhile, there is no occasion for anxiety or alarm, and the help possible in the matter involved is one of literary exactness, rather than of religious faith or doctrine. The faith of Christendom will not be disturbed by so much as a hair's breadth, whatever relative authority shall be finally accorded to the Palæstine or the Alexandrian recension of the text.

produced, and can imagine to ourselves the circumstances that called it forth and the end it was designed to answer, and can reproduce the positive attitude of the writer and his original readers, the better we shall be able to comprehend the book itself.

The higher criticism thus understood and thus handled is not only perfectly legitimate, but eminently serviceable to the student of the Scriptures. No word, more thoroughly the foundations are examined, upon which it reposes, the firmer and more solid they will be seen to be. It is no new thing for the genuineness and integrity of the books of the Bible to be impugned in the name of Biblical criticism. False promises, and wrong methods here as everywhere else have led to un-sound conclusions. When, for example, men like R. van Keulen and Wellhausen set out with the fundamental assumption that the religion of Israel is a purely human development, that miracles must be relegated to the sphere of myths and legends, and that prophetic inspiration is impossible, and relentlessly undertake to make the Scripture square with this foregone conclusion, their results are necessarily vitiated by the falsity of their premises.

Abiding in Christ.

One afternoon, in an island city in China, feeling most impatiently despair, I was reading my Greek Testament, and in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, reading in course, I came across a verse which struck me as it had never done before. I was reading from the fifty-second verse onward; and if you will just turn to that passage, perhaps the train of thought that was such a help to me may help some one else.

In the fifty-sixth verse: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me and I in him." I had read the verse in the Authorized Version, "who eateth of me and drinketh of me," a hundred times, and never connected it in my mind with this 15th chapter, where the word happened to be rendered in that version, "abide in me." But, of course, reading it in the original, my mind was carried on by the verb from the sixth to the fifteenth chapter, and I saw at once why here is a little light on this great and difficult problem. I have evidently been making a mistake about this subject of "abiding in Christ."

I had thought that abiding in Christ meant keeping our hearts so fixed upon Christ, so constantly meditating upon Him and dwelling in Him, that we never lost the consciousness of His presence. I thought we were continually, so to speak, to realize His presence, and continually to look to Him for blessing and help and aid. Now, what I thought was, in fact, a very different thing. It was not a matter of abiding in Christ, but of abiding with Christ. Feeding in a voluntary act. We go to the table and sit down, and partake of what is there. That is a voluntary act. But the man who wanted to feed all the day and wanted to feed all the night, too, wouldn't be a desirable member of our community. What was I trying to do, and because I couldn't manage it, I would get into a sort of religious dyspepsia.

I had a little hospital and dispensary work that kept me busy. Perhaps a man would be brought into the place with an artery cut and in imminent danger, within half an hour the question whether he would live or die would be settled, and one's attention would be wrapped up in the patient, and one wouldn't think of a thing else until the result was known; and then the thought would steal over me: "Why for two hours haven't I thought about Jesus, and I would go off into my closet almost in despair and confess this sin. I was in very great distress, indeed. I wanted to be feeding at the table all the time. Now, if a man has two or three square meals every day, and perhaps a lunch or two between, he ought to be able to go to work."

Abiding in Jesus isn't fixing our attention on Christ, but it is being one with him. And it doesn't make any difference what we are doing, or whether we are asleep or awake. A man is abiding just as much when he is sleeping for Jesus as when he is awake and working for Jesus. O, it is a very sweet thing to have ones' mind resting there.—Rev. J. Hudson Taylor.

Unnoticed Labor.

Many Christians have to endure the silent but unceasing labor. They are serving God in a way which exceeds anything useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labors and successes; yet some, who are doing what they will think a great deal more of at the last, never say their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well.

Great Men Deluded by Christianity.

There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play-spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are stoning God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Oates to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him; they tried to scare it out of him; they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him into a windowless dungeon, and keeping him on small diet, and denying him a cloak and condemning him as a criminal, and bowling at him through the streets; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword; and the summer they 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of six thousand years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion.

Ab! that is a remarkable thing about the delusion of Christianity—it overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century, and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by a large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost"? John Milton, and Milton is the Bible, John Milton. Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter he wrote to Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy the "Age of Reason" in manuscript and never let it go into type; and writing afterwards in his old age, and telling us the story of Naareth in that way that the system of morals he left, and the religion he has given us are the best things the world has ever seen, or is likely to see.

Patrick Henry, the great electric champion of liberty, was enslaved by this delusion, so that David's bow, worth all the other books put together is the Bible. Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist, what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time, what did he say? "That man surrendering to the delusion of the Christian religion, cried out, 'The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel.'" David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over un-derstands the meaning of the word, said: "Oh! this religion has been a great light to me—a very great light all my days." Prentiss Thiers, the French statesman, acknowledged that he prayed when he said, "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, unable to resist the charms, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, goes to the house of God every Sabbath, and often, at the invitation of the rector, reads the prayers to the people. Oh, if these mighty intellects are overcome by this delusion, what chance is there for you and for me?—Selected.

"I Thirsted Still."

The following incident will show how God is so longed for as the true source of happiness, even by the poor Hindu. A missionary and his wife in India, tinerating among the villages connected with their station, passed a few days in an arduous and fatiguing tour. A little room, a kind of "prophet's chamber," with a cot, a stool, and a lampstick, had been prepared for them. The missionary had gone on to another village; his wife remained behind. Having spent a somewhat trying day, she went out for a walk for the night, when an old man came to her and said: "Salaam, ma'am; ma'am, I have many words to say to you; I have much to tell you, and I must tell you. Please allow Moses and his daughter to sit by while I speak to you."

So Moses and his daughter and the old man sat down on the mat, and the lady seated herself on the side of the cot to listen. The room was but dimly lighted by the tiny lamp fixed to the stick. As the old man went on with his story a light not of the earth seemed to fill the room. "Salaam, ma'am, I am an old man. Gray hairs have long been on my head, and for many years I was a sorrowful man. I worshipped idols as my fathers and grandfathers had done; but I had no comfort; I wanted something more. I thirsted for something better than my idols could give me. I went to a govt., I told him I wanted God—to see God. He told me to perform ceremonies and repeat mantras. I did this; but it was like digging in a dry well; not one drop of water came, and I thirsted still."

Then I was told to visit some holy places, and take money as a clothes to the priests; and they would show me their God. This I did, and many a weary mile I travelled, hungry and thirsty; but the hope of gaining what I wished helped me on, and after nine miles I journeyed. But, this too, was all in vain; I thirsted still.

In despair, I came back to my own village, thinking it was of no use, I must give it up. But, O ma'am, God had mercy on my weary, thirsting soul. One day I met this man, pointing to Moses, and he gave me a little brook. I read it in these words (John 4: 14): 'Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give shall never thirst.' I read, I stopped, I asked, 'Who is this?' 'I that will give this water?' 'O, ma'am, I can never tell what I felt as I read these words. He soon told me, in his own encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone; the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more how you work; never mind who sees if God approves. If He smiles, be content. You are not always be sure when you are most useful. Always be aware you are, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labor you are not alone. For God, the Eternal One, who guides the march of the stars, is with you.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The Infidel's Sheep.

Away among the hills of Northern New England were two infidel neighbors, who had lived to man's estate, sinning and blaspheming against God. One of them heard the gospel message, and hearing, believed upon eternal life. A short time afterward the converted man went to the house of his infidel neighbor, and said to him: "I have come to talk to you. I have been converted every eye, save His who seeth all in darkness and noonday. Gaining brought with it disease, and death came just as he numbered the half of his three score years and ten. During his last hours I was sitting by his bedside, when he fixed on me a look I shall never forget, and bade me listen to his dying words: 'I might have been a different man from what I am; but it is now too late. I am convinced that there is a state of being beyond the grave; and when I think of the retribution which awaits me in another world, I feel a horror which language is inadequate to describe. These were among the last words he ever uttered.'

The Junior Class of a Southern college had assembled in a student's room to spend the night in riot and debauch. Amid the crowd was one who had never recited a bad lesson since his matriculation; in his studies he was "head and shoulders" above his class. That day he had failed. A shade of the deepest gloom came over him, and he was morose. He took the valeictory, and is now president of a college.

Once!—O, on this slender point bath turned for weal or woe the destiny of a deathless spirit. Caesar paused but once on the road of his ambition; but it was a pause like that which nature makes when gathering her elements for the great tornado. Eve ate the forbidden fruit but once, and her countless posterity have felt the fearful consequences resulting from so rash an act. Reader, remember.—Once.—Times of Refreshing.

Reasons that do not Explain.
So you are not going to church this morning, my son? Ah, yes; I see. "The music is not good," that's what's wrong with your church for, to hear the music. And the less we pay the better music we demand. "And the pews are not comfortable;" that's too bad; and the Sabbath is a day of rest, and we go to church for repose. The less work we do during the week, the more rest we claim on the Sabbath. The church is so far away; it's too far to walk, and you're always crowded on Sunday. This is indeed distressing; sometimes when I think how much further away heaven is than the church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there. "And the sermon is so long, all ways." All these things are indeed to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that in a few weeks after the frost is out of the ground, you'll sit in a study with a hundred other men, breathing incense of whiskey, beer and tobacco, and hang on a strap by your eyelids for two miles, then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the broiling sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game, the band will blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right in your very ears, and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of arid paralysis about the "dandiest game you ever saw played on those grounds." Ah, my boy, you see what stays in your church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reasons for not going to church that he gives to his family every Sunday morning. My son, if you think you ought to go, you would make any excuse for not going. No man apologizes for doing right.—Robert Burdette.

"Once."

"Have you ever attended the theatre?" said a young man to a blue-eyed maiden, who hung on his arm as they promenade the streets of New York on a girl evening in October. The girl's cheeks crimsoned, as she answered the interrogatory in the negative, and added: "My mother has taught me from childhood that it is wrong to attend such places."

But your mother formed, perhaps, improper prejudices from exaggerated accounts given by others; for I have often heard her say she never attended one in her life." He spoke eloquently of the drama; comedy, tragedy, and dwell with pathos on the important lessons there to be learned of human nature. "Go with me once," he said, "and judge for yourself." "Persuasion and curiosity triumphed over maternal precept and example, as she hesitatingly replied: 'I'll go but once.' She went, and in that theatre a charm came over her like that which the serpent sent forth from his dove-like eye. She went again and again, and from that house of mirth and laughter she was led to one from the portals of which she never returned.

Around the center-table, where an astral lamp was shedding its mild light, sat three girls, one holding in her hands a pack of cards. At the back of her chair stood a young man who, for years, had successfully resisted every effort made by his companions to induce him to learn the character of cards. "Come," said she, "we want one to make out our game. Play with us once, if you never play again." Her eye, cheek, and lip conspired to form an eloquent battery, which sent forth its attack on the fortress of good resolutions in which he had long stood secure, until it fell like the walls of an ancient city when jarred by the fearful battering-ram. He learned the cards and played. A few weeks afterward I was passing his door at a late hour, and a candle was shedding its dim light through the window. Since that time I have looked from my chamber nearly every hour of the night, from the close of day till early morn, and seen the light faintly struggling through the curtain that screened the inmates of that room. He has converted every eye, save His who seeth all in darkness and noonday. Gaining brought with it disease, and death came just as he numbered the half of his three score years and ten. During his last hours I was sitting by his bedside, when he fixed on me a look I shall never forget, and bade me listen to his dying words: "I might have been a different man from what I am; but it is now too late. I am convinced that there is a state of being beyond the grave; and when I think of the retribution which awaits me in another world, I feel a horror which language is inadequate to describe. These were among the last words he ever uttered."

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