THE EMPTY TOMB.

While lances of the dawning light
Begin to pierce the gloom,
Their eyes behold a wondrous sight—
The Master's empty tomb.

With costly spice from distant land
And balm of rich perfume,
This sad, but ever faithful band,
Approach the empty tomb.

But vain is all their loving care!
For Death could not consume
The holy form that lingered there
And left the empty tomb.

The victory's won, and Death his slain
Within that silent room:
Immanuel comes forth again—
And empty is the tomb.

So we shall rise in sinless life
Of sweet immortal bloom.
Victorious in the final strife—
And leave the empty tomb.

—*Addison F. Browne.*

GOD'S HELP.

God give to us the Patience,
To await His own good-will;
That in His Holy pleasure—
In time He will fulfill.

Teach us *thy* Holy precepts,
To fully understand;
Help us to keep *thy* mandates,
And guide us by *thy* hand!

Give to us a Faith abiding—
With Wisdom in our prayer;
Let us in Thee confiding—
But gain a dwelling there.

Where Angels serve to praise
Thee,
Beyond this changing shore;
There let us, Heavenly Father—
Dwell with Christ forever-more.

Edgar E. Mann.

FAITH AND SIGHT.

BY REV. J. BROWN, WINCANTON, SOM. G. B.

"We walk by faith, not by sight," says the Apostle, clearly implying that sometime we shall walk by sight and not by faith, and towards that bright blissful sometime the believer is daily pressing onward,

"And nightly pitch our moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

Whether awake or asleep, time on its untiring wing bears us onward, upward, homeward, heavenward, when faith will give place to sight, and earth to Heaven. The Christian life from beginning to end is a life of faith, at the end of which, that which faith had seen till then, becomes actually visible. "Faith is the substance of *things* hoped for, the evidence of *things* not seen." When faith's work is done, the "things" hoped for, the "things not seen," will no longer be hoped for, or unseen, but realized and visible. A voyage across the sea may serve as an illustration. When twenty years ago I set out for Nova Scotia, to me an unseen, unknown country, of which I had heard and read only, I went to Liverpool, paid the fare, went on board, sailed away away out into the broad Atlantic. On, on went the gallant ship by day and night, through calm and storm, now climbing the mountain wave, and now in the deep trough of the sea; amid howling tempest and rolling waves she steers her way, leaving England farther and farther behind, and getting nearer and nearer the country for which we had set out; a country the existence of which is a matter of faith; but though a matter of faith, we had no more doubt of its existence than we had of England which we had left.

Can we say the same of the unseen country we call Heaven? Is our faith in its reality as strong as in some earthly country which we have not seen? After some ten days of seafaring life, we know by the distance traversed that it is getting on time to see land; faith is still on duty; to sight, the country does not yet appear. It is as if it were not; but as we sail on we think we see its dim outline, but whether the outline of a cloud or of land is uncertain. As yet it is a matter of faith. As we still sail on,

"We strain our eyes to see
If its shores are drawing nearer"

gradually we begin to conclude it is land and not cloud, and faith which hitherto did duty for sight begins to retire. As we still sail on, the conviction grows upon us, till we are sure we see land, for there, though dimly seen is the coast and the hills and woods and fields beyond. Faith, having introduced us to Sight, vanishes. In due course we enter the harbour of Halifax; on the wharf are many gathered awaiting the ship's arrival. As she draws up alongside, there is waving of hands and handkerchiefs and a warm welcome by many on shore for many on board who had safely escaped the perils of the deep. I leave the reader to note possible points of analogy between sailing to an earthly port, and to the heavenly the arrival at the desired haven, and the welcome awaiting the christian mariner; calling attention to one point only, namely, faith giving place to sight. *As we drew nearer the country what faith believed, our eyes saw.*

Is it not so in christian experience? Setting out for Heaven is a matter of simple faith. As the believer sails life's sea, by faith he sees what his sight does not; and as he draws near the end of his voyage he sees what he could not see before. Does he not begin to see Heaven? For is it not a *place*? A place, a country, as real as any place or country familiar to us? There is such a thing as faith, and there is such a thing as sight; and there must necessarily be a time when faith gives place to sight, and when is that time if not when the believer is nearing the heavenly land?

"The chamber where the good man meets his end,
Is privileged beyond the common walks
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of Heaven."

Instances might be multiplied of believers when dying seeing what those around them could not, and what they themselves never saw before. What else is it but beginning to walk by sight and not by faith? The Rev. B. Abbott when dying, said, 'Glory to God, I see Heaven sweetly before me."

Dr. Payson said, "The celestial city is full in my view; its glories beam upon me; I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering with unutterable wonder why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm."

A young woman in Bristol, well known to the writer, said to a friend the morning of the day she died, "I am going to be with Jesus," and pointing up said, "and there he is." Two hours later another friend said, 'You will be with your Saviour today Mary;" she replied, "I shall be with him this morning," and again pointing in the same direction as before, said, "There he is." Shortly after she entered Heaven. Did she see him, or did she not? Was it fancy or fact? Stephen when near his end saw him, why should not Mary Starr?

'Mary," said a man also known to the writer, in Teignmouth, Devonshire, to his wife on the morning of his death, "come here, come here." "What is it," she asked. Lifting his feeble arm and pointing upward said, "Look, look, look." She looked and said, "I do not see anything." "Oh, don't you," said he, "look again," but she had again to answer as before. "Oh dear," said he, "I wish you could see it." "see what?" she asked. He could only answer, "Oh look, look, look." He then became somewhat exhausted and lay in a quiet state for some hours, when he again called her, and again looking up said as before, "Look, look, look, Oh, look Mary." She replied, "I cannot see anything my dear," when he said, "Oh can't you, I wish you could, oh, look, look" and soon after passed away.

Did he like Paul see things not possible for a man to utter? And can we deny that in these cases faith was giving place to sight?

My friendly reader, you may or may not be known to the writer, but he desires for you that if you have set out for the Better Land your faith, and hope, and love may grow stronger and stronger as you sail life's sea, till faith gives place to sight; till you exchange life's treacherous seas for the port of Heavenly rest.

If you have not set out, why not? If you would go to a foreign land, you know what to do. If you do not start you will never get there. If you would get to Heaven you must fulfil the conditions. "Repent and believe the gospel." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Do that, and some glad day you will be safely landed on the Heavenly shore. Neglect it, and you will be eternally lost.

If you believe in Jesus Christ you are among the "Homeward Bound," and day by day as you sail along you may sing,

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home in Heaven to-day,
Than ever I've been before.

And in due course you will sight land, and reaching the desired haven will receive a glad "Welcome Home," and, the voyage over, all danger's past might say,

"Adieu, adieu to sin around,
I'm safe within the harbour found;
Temptation, sorrow, sin and pain,
Shall never interrupt again."
Then strike aloud some heavenly string
In shining realms where seraphs sing
Worthy the Lamb.'"

Wincanton, Eng., G. B.

THE EARLY BRITISH AND IRISH MONASTERIES.

The true history of these ancient institutions has so long been buried beneath the rubbish of Rome, as to almost obliterate their truly catholic, Irish and christian character. In a recent scholarly work by the Rev. William Carthcart, D. D., (who is one of the best historians of our day) entitled: 'Ancient British and Irish churches," the writer has removed the mark of Rome from the face of these schools and revealed them to us in their true light. When thus seen they are none other than Christian Universities; Theological seminaries, great Home and Foreign missionary societies. In later times the Institutions were either completely destroyed by the influx of Anglo-Saxon paganism or corrupted by Romish influence. That there were strong and influential schools and churches in a high state of culture and civilization in Britain and Ireland, centuries before the time of Augustine, is a well supported fact. As to the exact date of the founding of these institutions it is difficult to fix. Bingham states that the University of Bangor in Ireland was founded about 520 A. D., there was also a British monastery (University) in Wales called Bangor. This is clear from the writings of Bede and others. Of Bangor in Wales, Bede says: "So great was the number of Monks that the monastery was divided into seven parts, with a ruler over each; and none of the parts contained less than three hundred men who lived by the labor of their hands." Here then we have a great university with hundreds of students in attendance. That these schools had reached a high rank in learning is also declared by Bede, who while a devout Roman Catholic, was also a man of letters, a superior scholar of his day. He tells of a delegation that met in conference with the celebrated Augustine A. D. 603. "There came," he says, "as it is asserted, seven bishops of the Britons, and many most learned men; particularly from their most noble monastery of Bangor." The testimony of Bede to the scholarship of these men and the proficiency of the University of Bangor (Wales) should have weight. Dr. Johnson speaking of the Irish monasteries said: "Ireland was the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature." And Cathcart adds: "To most readers this declaration even from Samuel Johnson appears almost incredible, and yet historical students everywhere repeat it." Michelet writing of the seventh century said: "All the sciences were at this period cultivated with much renown in Scotch and Irish monasteries." Archbishop Usher, who has gathered many testimonies regarding the proficiency of these early institutions remarks: "Our monasteries in ancient times were the seminaries of the ministry; being as it were, so many colleges of learned divines, unto which the people did resort for instruction . . . . . yea this was the principal means by which a knowledge both of the Scriptures and all other good learning was preserved in that inundation of barbarism wherewith the whole West was in a manner overwhelmed." We have good historical proof that many such theological seminaries or colleges with thousands of students were scattered over Britain and Ireland before the days of Augustine. In these colleges the Bible was the chief text book, as it should be in our day. Hundreds of these students were engaged in copying the sacred page, and the artistic skill unto which they attained has never been reached by pen or brush in our day. "That delicacy of handling," says one writer, "and minute but faultless execution, the whole range of palaeography offers nothing comparable to these early manuscripts." That these ancient schools were early embued with the missionary spirit is clear also. The great Scottish missionaries and their associates, who with open Bible led the majority of our Anglo Saxon ancestors to the Saviour, were instructed in these christian schools. All over the destitute parts of the country, and in the regions beyond, the University of Bangor sent out christian preachers and teachers, who read and prayed in the huts of the mountaineers and the homes of the poor fishermen. This great Home Missionary society was the mother of many colleges that did similar good work for God and humanity. In the sixth century when Bangor was established in Ireland no society existed as purely missionary, so the colleges took up the work. That these early Christians were equally enthused by the Foreign Missionary spirit is also plain, or St. Patrick, himself a Briton, would never have gone to Ireland to save the stranger; nor Columbanus, who chose France as his mission field and took with him twelve students from the Bangor University. "Columbanus was the William Carey of his day." And Carthcart says: "Patrick the missionary, who brought the Irish to Christ; Columba, his religious descendant, who evangelized a large part of Scotland; Aidan, Finan and Colman, disciples of Columba and Patrick's churches, who under God, converted hosts of the Anglo Saxons, and Columbanus and his multitudes of missionary associates and successors, who laid the foundations of many gospel triumphs among European pagans, deserve the admiration and love of the Christian world."

When we brush the whitewash of Rome from these ancient institutions they stand forth as Christian Universities, colleges, theological seminaries, wherein a knowledge of God and His word were given unto the peoples of those early times. A divine mission had they, and well did their leaders perform the task assigned. That these christian schools, which served so faithfully their day and generation, were finally turned aside from their divine mission by pagan worship and Romish idolatry is too clearly told in the history of the "dark ages," across which darkness, in the fulness of time, God flashed the light of the *Protestant Reformation*.

G. R. WHITE.

"THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL."

In a recent sermon by the Rev. Dr. Talmage with the above title, the Dr. counsels this: "Let me say to the hundreds and thousands of educated and splendid young men about to enter the gospel ministry from the theological seminaries of all denominations, on this and the other side of the sea, that there is no drawing power like the glorious Gospel. "Him hath God lifted up to draw all men unto Him." Get your soul charged and surcharged with this Gospel, and you will have large audiences, and will not have to announce in order to assemble such audiences, a Sunday night sacred concert, with a brief address by the pastor; or the presence of "Black Pattie" or Creole Minstrels, or some new exposure of Tammany or a sermon accompanied by a magic lantern or stereopticon views."

Again: *On the 'Higher Criticism.'*

"The theological dude unrolls upon the plush of the exquisitely carved pulpit a learned discourse showing that the garden of Eden was an allegory, and Solomon's Song a rather indelicate love ditty, and the Book Job a drama in which Satan was the star actor, and that Roman was three-quarters right about the miracles of Jesus, and that the Bible was gradually evoluted, and the best thought of the different ages, Moses and David and Paul doing the best they could under the circumstances, and therefore to be encouraged, Lord of heaven and earth, get us out of the London fog of Higher Criticism!"

G. R. WHITE.

Two Clergymen Agree.

Rev. P. C. Headley, 697 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass: "Although I have not given testimonials of so called Proprietary Medicines, I can fully endorse the one written by my friend, the Rev. George M. Adams, D. D., of Auburndale, Massachusetts, which gave me confidence in the remedy before using it. Of all the preparations for dyspepsia troubles I have known K. D. C. is the best, and seems to be entirely safe for trial by any one."

Dr. Adams' statement is: "I recommend K. D. C. very strongly; in my case it has proved singularly efficient; when I could find nothing else to give relief, it was a prompt remedy. I should be unwilling to be without it."

The "moderate drinker" is in great danger. He is indulging a sinful habit; and, like all other sinful habits, it has wonderful power over its victims. It is a habit which strengthens as it is indulged, and he who thinks he is not endangered thereby underestimates the power of an enemy which is exposing him to ruin and death.

For nervous headache use K. D. C.

K. D. C. for heartburn and sour stomach.

Horses and Cattle thrive and fatten much easier if fed occasionally the GRANGER CONDITION POWDER

A PASTOR'S DUTY TO THE RICH.

It requires courage on the part of a minister to talk plainly with a man of means about giving. A pastor once made two unsuccessful efforts to enlist a wealthy member of his church in an important enterprise. He labored with him privately till he felt nothing could be done to move him. He then said to his wife, "I am going to preach a sermon just for that man." She advised against such a course, but the pastor was determined in his purpose. He therefore prepared his sermon for that one stingy man. He preached with all the earnestness he could command, and then waited quietly for the congregation to retire. He did not want to meet the man to whom the sermon had been preached, thinking possibly by his great plainness he had offended him. At last, the people having retired, the pastor went out into the vestibule, where he met his friend, who came up to him cordially and said: 'I want to thank you for that sermon. I could not go home without telling you how I liked it. I just thought while you were preaching how well what you said applied to several stingy men in our congregation. If it don't help them, I do not know what will."

Thus the pastor was rewarded for his pains in trying to reach that one man. He took no offence at what was said; for he did not apply it to himself, but to his neighbors. This shows how private and public efforts to reach men and induce them to give their means for God's cause will sometimes fail. The preacher, however, should be faithful and courageous in laying on the consciences of rich men their duties with respect to the use of their wealth. Many have not learned to give. They know nothing of the joys of true liberality. They must learn to use their means for the glory of God, or die and leave all they have with no consciousness of having wisely used the talent of earthly goods with which he endowed them.

"What a pity it is that many people never know the joy of giving. They get and keep, but they do not give. By and-bye, when they can keep their property no longer, they make a will that after they are dead it may be given to some good purpose. Often this will is broken; rival claimants quarrel over it; lawyers revel in the spoils, the property wastes or depreciates, and little good comes of it; and the one who toiled so hard to gain, and tried so hard to keep, the property has missed the blessing of giving and of seeing good done by the gifts, and loses the reward that might have been won if the treasure had been duly laid up in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

Then let pastors do their duty toward the rich who are devoting themselves to getting, and have not learned the holy delights of giving. It will take courage to discharge wisely and faithfully this duty.

Literary Notes.

THE ARENA FOR MARCH, 1895.

The March *Arena* is a good representative number of this alive and progressive magazine, which, whatever may be said of contemporary literature in general, is certainly showing no decline in vitality and virility with the progress of the New Year. The *Arena* has thrown itself into the van of the new political and social and literary movement of our day. The March number is as up-to-date as any of its precursors in the field. It opens with a fine autographed portrait of Lady Henry Somerset, who contributes a paper on "The Welcome Child"—a study in the movement for social purity and equal standards of morality for both sexes. The place of honor in the number is given to "Japan: Its Present and Future," by Midori Komá's. Frances E. Willard is represented with a paper on "Scientific Temperance Instruction in the Public Schools," and Prof. James T. Bixby, Ph. D., contributes a solid and scholarly discussion of "Mohammed and the Koran," from the advanced liberal point of view of comparative philology and religion. A timely and interesting feature of the number is a bright and breezy descriptive paper, by Richard Lindheim of the editorial staff of the Chicago *Times*, on Judge Lyman Turnbull, who has just re-entered public life, with some notable utterances on the existing industrial and political situation. The article is accompanied with a fine portrait of this old political veteran. The editor, B. O. Flower, contributes racy reading in a paper on "Some Fatal Figures of the Renaissance," in which he draws certain parallels between the old Italian republics and the existing political United States. Margaret B. Peeke writes on "True Occultism: Its Place and Use." Prof. Thomas E. Will, M. A. describes the methods for "The Organization of the Union for Practical Progress." George W. Peppercil continues his trenchant series of political pen portraits in "An Open Letter to the Hon. John G. Carlisle." Helen E. Gregory-Fiesher tells of "A Day with Joaquin Miller." Col. Richard J. Hinton gives a stirring and enthusiastic picture of John Burns, the English labor leader and his work. T. E. Allen contributes a striking paper on "A Theory of Telepathy." Henry Wood, author of "The Political Economy of Natural Law," writes on "Auto-Suggestion and Concentration." B. O. Flower also writes on "The Prophetic Faculty and Dreams," and S. Millington Miller, M. D., reverts to the question of "The Ascent of Man." Walter Blackburn Harte contributes the purely literary element of the number in a vivid and fanciful paper called "The Autocrat at the Old Fogies' Club"—which pictures and describes the introduction of Dr. Holmes to the circle of Dr. Johnson Goldsmith, Boswell and the wits at The Mitre in Elysium. It is altogether a bright, varied and entertaining number, showing judicious and skilful editing.

Haste trips its own heels, and fetters and stops itself.—Seneca.

The mind is its own place, and in its self can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.—Milton.

THE PEERLESS CHRIST.

Peerless is the character of our divine Lord when viewed from the standpoint of his humanity. Strauss, the author of that now completely exploded mythical theory, says of him: "Jesus rebresents within the sphere of religion the culminating point beyond which posterity can never go—yea, which it cannot even equal. He remains the highest model of religion within the reach of our thought; and no perfect piety is possible without his presence in the heart."

Ernest Renan, the French rationalist, says: "Whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will grow young without ceasing. All ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus."

Goethe, the renowned German poet and philosopher, declares that, "no matter how much the human mind may advance in intellectual culture, and to what extent and depth of the knowledge of nature it may attain, it will never transcend the high moral culture of Christianity as it shines and glows in the canonical gospels."

Napoleon the Great declared: "I search in vain in history to find one equal to Jesus Christ, or anything which can approach the Gospel. Neither history, nor humanity, nor the ages, nor nature, afford me anything with which I am able to compare, or by which I am able to explain it."

Let it be remembered that these are the testimonies, not of devout followers of our blessed Lord, but of disbelievers in the divinity of Christianity. Let it also be remembered that this peerless Christ, to whose character these great thinkers pay such high compliments, openly declared himself to be the Redeemer of the world, the Saviour of sinners, the Giver of everlasting life to all who believe on him. O blessed Christ, we glory in thee. Thou hast implanted in our hearts the crowning joy and undying hope of a blissful immortality in heaven. 'Of this God hath given us assurance, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

—Religious Telescope.

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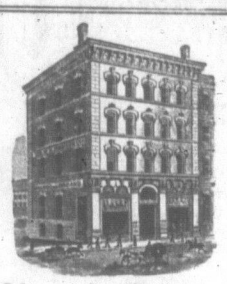

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