

Apostles of Missions.

BY REV. R. OSGOOD MORSE, M. A.

Introductory.—To know how the Holy Spirit uses men as his agents is a stimulus to faith. God specially qualifies and consecrates some men, and sending them to the heathen gives them mighty victories in His name and for His Son's Cross. These we designate—

APOSTLES OF MISSIONS.

It is our purpose as the months go by to outline the work of some of these. The history of missions really begins with Abraham. David, Nehemiah and Ezra might claim our attention. We might write of Jonah who, when ordered to go east, attempted to go west, only to learn very emphatically that when God said east he had no business to go west. All these missions were designed to prepare for the coming of Christ and the establishment of that kingdom which shall gather its subject from every people under heaven. Any exhaustive treatment would press the footsteps of the apostles in their heroic labors to fulfil Christ's last request. But we purpose to deal with worthy successors of these heroic men—men as spirit-led as Paul himself.

I. Patrick, the Apostle to Ireland. For eight hundred years Ireland was the missionary school of Christendom. Under God, this is due to the first and greatest of Kettle missionaries, Patrick. The exact dates of his life are uncertain. Some writers place his birth as early as 336; others, as late as 395. The dates given for his death range from 455 to 493. But that his work lay in the fifth century we are certain. His probable birthplace is Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, Scotland. He was the son of Deacon Calpurnius, and grandson of Preacher Potitus. Compare his ancestry with Timothy's believing mother Eunice and grandmother Lois.

Patrick has left us his auto-biography in his "Confessions to the Irish People." At sixteen he was taken to Ireland by Pirates and kept as a herdsman for six years. During this time he was converted. Finally, escaping, he returned to his father's house. Again he was carried off and again he escaped. At length he was called to work for Christ in Ireland much as Paul was in Macedonia. He saw in a vision a man bringing a letter to him headed "Words of the Irish People." As he read them he seemed to hear the sound of many voices from the Irish coast, "We beseech thee, child of God, come and walk among us." Joyfully he responded to the summons, beginning his work, probably, about 430.

For more than one-third of a century he labored incessantly, evangelizing and establishing schools, where for five hundred years missionaries were trained and sent forth. All over Ireland he and his disciples preached the gospel with such power that Ireland became a Christian land. The native Irish were fire worshippers. One Easter morning they were about to kill Patrick. But he witnessed so powerfully for Christ before them that a fire of grace was kindled which burned mightily in Ireland and even throughout Europe.

Patrick's methods were Protestant,—we had almost said Baptist,—rather than Romanist. Indeed his doctrines were Baptist. He taught a regenerate church membership, and personal faith as essential to baptism. He knew no baptism except immersion. But his church polity and organization were more of the Presbyterian type. Amid the savagery of the times, the married missionaries gathered together in brotherhoods, and the unmarried women in sisterhoods, whence they went forth, the men to evangelize, the women to care for the poor and the sick. He opened many schools where boys and girls were given the rudiments of an education. The results were stupendous. The whole island was evangelized. The Scoto-Irish church shone with a brighter, because purer, light, and spread that light more extensively through Europe than any of the centres of Romanism. For hundreds of years the most learned teachers came from Ireland to Britain, France and Italy. Hence Ireland was known as the Isle of Saints, the University of the West.

Whence the Ireland of today! In 1172 Henry II, conquered Ireland and forced Romish priests upon the people. Had not this Scoto-Irish church been subjugated to Rome we would have had another Waldensian church, though with greater missionary zeal, which might have won much of Europe to a pure gospel.

The greatest theft ever Rome made was when she stole Peter and made him for twenty-five years Bishop of Rome. Next to that is her theft of Patrick, the Apostle to Ireland. At the time the Druids threatened to kill Patrick, he wrote a poem, the closing passage of which shows the faith by which he lived and which he spread among the people.

"May Christ I pray,
Protect me this day
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding;
That so in His grace abounding,
I may earn the preacher's hire.

"Christ as a light,
Illumine and guide me!
Christ, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me! Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me,
On left and on right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me!
Christ, this day, be within and without me!

"Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ, the All-Powerful, be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me, or hear me!

MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

"At Tarah today, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements—Father and Son,
The Paraclete Spirit—which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity.

"Salvation dwells with the Lord
With Christ the omnipotent Word,
From generation unto generation—
Grant us, O Lord, Thy grace and salvation."
Guysboro, N. S.

The Oil that Lubricates.

BY REV. S. E. WISHARD, D.D.

There is a large amount of cross purpose and grind in this rickety world. It seems to be the grand mission of some folks to throw sand on the spindles of the turning wheels. They are both industrious and skillful in producing friction. The social machinery drives heavily and often cuts to the quick as the movement goes on. Caustics have their uses and also their abuses. The Christian life is not exempt from the care and canker of irritation. Two or three persons on the wrong side of every forward movement in the church can easily manufacture a large amount of inertia and possibly turn back the machinery of church life.

It is a relief, however, to know that there is a remedy for all the social and ecclesiastical friction. There is an oil that lubricates the grinding wheel of our daily toil and trial. It is divinely provided and abundantly furnished, and is labeled "patience."

"Ye have need of patience," said the Holy Spirit, "that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise"—the fulfillment of the promise. We have need of patience with ourselves. Our mistakes and failures are so numerous, they spring up and multiply so unexpectedly, that we are in danger of being angered and driven into hopeless despair with ourselves. Everyone who knows himself knows what that temptation is, how repeated failures almost drive one into irritated contempt of himself, which is a very different thing from humble repentance. It is one of the wiles of the devil by which he leads men into despair and plots for their moral or physical suicide, or both. When we have written bitter things about ourselves, the old enemy underscores every word and says: "Now it is time to stop, to leave off trying and let things drift." He has pushed off so many lives on the drifting tide that he has great skill in the business. He can easily turn preacher of righteousness, preach the law, wake the thunder of Sinai. He can join you in self-denunciation and abuse until he would make you believe that God cannot be just and justify such a sinner. You have need of patience with yourself. This does not mean that we ignore or cover up our failures nor that we are not to repent of them and stoutly resist the tendency to them. We need to call to our aid the Helper of the helpless, the wisdom that cometh from above, and patiently fight the battle of life with the old self. We may well despair of the old self and thrust it out, dealing courageously with it. But the new self is to be cared for with all the kindly patience which God has shown us.

We need to have patience with this wicked world—not that we compromise or fall in with its wickedness. The whole life is to be set in contrast with and opposition to the carnal life about us. Our prayers and service are to know no relaxation in the fierce struggle with this world power. And yet all this conflict is to be carried forward with the patience of love. We are to have the trial of our faith, which is the divine method of working patience within us. Our privilege in this trial is to "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

We will be helped to patience with the ungodly world about us when we remember that it is on the other side—that, so long as it is what it is, we cannot count on its friendship. The world is ignorant of and blind to the precious things of vital godliness. We may as well set out expecting to meet with the opposition of the world spirit, and yet it will not be wise to forget that deep down in every godless life there is a longing, either conscious or unconscious, for something better. Sometimes that very restless longing breaks out in resistance to God and his truth. The unrest of soul is a sort of madness that leads men to plunge more deeply into the current of opposition to God. It was this that led our Lord to pray: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."—Herald and Presbyter.

"The Matter of a Day in Its Day."

BY ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

The margin of our Bible gives the literal reading of the Hebrew; the sense but not the vigorous idiom of which is conveyed in the paraphrase in our version. "At all times, as the matter shall require," is, literally, "the thing of a day in its day;" and that is the only limitation which this prayer of Solomon places upon the petition that God would maintain the cause of his servants and his people Israel. The kingly suppliant got a glimpse of very great, though very familiar truths, and at that hour

of spiritual illumination, the very high water mark of his relations to God,—for I suppose he was never half as good a man afterwards—he gave utterance to the great thought that God's mercies come to us day by day according to the exigencies of the moment.

Of course, obviously—and I need not say more than a word about that—we find it so in regard to the outward blessings that are poured into our lives. We are taught, if the translation of the New Testament is correct, to ask, "Give us this day our daily bread," and to let tomorrow alone. Life comes to us pulsation by pulsation, breath by breath, by reason of the continual operation, in the material world, of the present God's present giving. He does not start us, at the beginning of our days, with a fund of physical vitality upon which we thereafter draw, but moment by moment he opens his hand, and lets life and breath and all things flow out to us moment by moment, so that no creature would live for an instant, except for the present working of a present God. If we only realized how the slow pulsation of the minutes is due to the touch of his finger on the pendulum, and how everything that we have, and the existence of us who have it, are results of the continuous welling out from the fountain of life, of ripple after ripple of the waters, everything would be sacred, and solemn, and fuller of God than, alas! it is.

But the true region in which we may best find illustrations of this principle in reference to God's gifts is the region of the spiritual and moral bestowments that He in His love pours upon us. He does not flood us with them; He filters them drop by drop, for great and good reasons.

God gives us gifts adapted to the moment. "That matter of a day," the thing fitted for the instant, comes. In deepest reality, it is all one gift, for in truth what God gives to us is Himself; or, if you like to put it so, His grace. That little word "grace" is like a small window that opens out on to a great landscape, for it gathers up into one encyclopaedic expression the whole infinite variety of beneficences and bestowments which come showering down upon us. That one gift is, as the apostle puts it in one of his eloquent epithets, "the manifold grace of God," which word in the original is even more rich and picturesque, because it means the "many-variegated grace"—like some rich piece of embroidery glowing with all manner of dyes and gold. So the one gift comes to us manifold, rich in its adaptation to, and its exquisite fitness for the needs of the moment. The rabbi had a tradition that the manna in the wilderness tasted to every man just what each man needed or wished most. You might go into some imperial city on a day of rejoicing, and find a fountain in the market-place pouring out, according to the wish of the people, various costly wines and refreshing drinks. God's gift comes to us with like variety—the "matter of the day in its day."

He never gives us the wrong medicine. Whatever variety of circumstances we stand in, there, in that one infinitely simple and yet infinitely complex gift, is what we specially want at the moment. Am I struggling? He extends a hand to steady me. Am I fighting? He is my "sword and shield, my luckier and the horn of my salvation and my tower." Am I anxious? He comes into my heart, and brings with Him a great peace, and all waves cease to toss, and smooth themselves into a level plain. Am I glad? He comes to heighten the gladness by some touch of holier joy. Am I perplexed in mind? If I look to Him, "His coming shall be as the morning," and illumination will be granted. Am I treading a lonely path? There is One by my side who will neither change, nor fail, nor die. Whatever any man needs, at the moment that he needs it, that one great Gift shall supply "the matter of a day in its day."

Peter is lying in prison. Herod intends, after the Passover, to bring him out to the people. The scaffolding is ready. The first watch of the night passes, and the second. If once it is fairly light, escape is impossible. But in the gray dawn the angel touches the sleeper. He wakes while his guards sleep. There is no need for hurry. He who has God for his deliverer has no occasion to "go out with haste." So, with strange and majestic leisureness, the escaping prisoner is bid to put on his shoes and gird himself. No doubt, he cast many a scrutinizing glance at the four sleeping legionaries whom a heedless movement might have awakened. When all is ready, he is led forth through all the wards, each being a separate peril, and all made safe to him. The first gate opens, and the second gate opens, and the iron gate that leads into the city opens, and quietly he and the angel go down the street. It is light enough for him to see his way to the house where the brethren are assembled. He gets safe behind Mary's door before it is light enough for the gnomes to discover his absence, and the pursuers to be started in their search. The Lord did help him and that right early—"the matter of a day in its day." We shall find if we leave our times in His hand, that the old faith has yet a talismanic power to quiet us. His time is best, so be patient, and be trustful in your patience.—Watchman.

"There is one thing," it has been said, "which everybody can find, and that is—fault." But whoever finds it has the responsibility on him of showing a better way of things. If he be not prepared for this he ought to leave the fault for someone else to find.—Selected.

Christ

BY REV. THRO

If Chesterfield has etiquette for the fashion yet, and furnishes the dress. Brotherly love graces; this dwells in the does not come out in the says the apostle Peter ye kind to one another grand old Paul, and that that "the servant of the must be a Christian ge To illustrate the tru our Lord told that fast by repetition. A Jew Jerusalem and Jericho waymen who strip him dead by the wayside.

looks like a gentleman garb. Presently a Lev humbug as his saintly- of very different stripes neither of those two because he is a Samaritan kind heart; he knows hired some one to go to the inn, but he do the poor Jew upon his beside him. When he day, he does not put the hands of the wounded ed his pride. He delie not our pennies) into th him "take care of him more, when I come aga

Now there was Bible heart kindly expressed. essential. A person m and yet show no suavit would pick up a poor s carry her to his home, other objects of his cha for rough speeches, and of social etiquette. Be veneer of smooth wor people were rather sho less dress, unempt h he was the farthest po while he disdained al perfect gentlemen that

He had the infallible which is the only basis

Our incarnate Lord a respect, that he looked lofty or lowly, in the the nobleman and the he was their "elder Br by in his blindness an washed his feet with he is a social outcast. He the hollow hypocrisy rebuke the failings of ineffable courtesy in ev is no derogation of his the beautiful perfection a new and sacred messa The Bible commands. There are certain exte requires that may have mands, "be courteous," this from a godly mot "as unto the Lord, and would add mightily to more than one Christian into the hearts of the save him from woundin all blades, neglect.—Th

The Fa

The faith that cures faith that "recognizes recovery and man's part the eminent French mil and great medical discov in the sixteenth centur ered, was won't to say: him." He recognized t God, having placed wit possessing medicinal vir wrought nerves and relie a living, intelligent faith God constrains us to u within our reach, and th honestly, and with con means and restore the af that simply sits down an at all, but only a mocke objection to the Christia God to do all—both man might the farmer dema corn without his plowin Religious Telescope.