

The Bishop of Marseilles finding that certain images in his church were becoming objects of adoration, caused them to be removed and broken to pieces. Gregory thereupon wrote, commending his zeal "in preventing the work of men's hands from being adored," but regretting that the images should have been broken, as he considered them instructive to ignorant people. In the year 601 he sent a number of monks to aid Augustine in England. He also instructed Augustine to establish twelve bishoprics, subordinate to the See of London; and to appoint an Archbishop at York with other twelve bishops for the northern portion of Britain.

Gregory interested himself greatly in the psalmody of the church, and selected certain melodies to which each portion of the service should be sung. He also instituted an academy of singers, and taught them sometimes himself. He established a vast number of even when confined to his bed by the gout. He established a vast number of rules regulating the service and discipline in the churches, and enforced the observance of the Sunday rest. His death occurred on the 12th of March, 604.

(To be continued.)

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because it is suffering and waiting for the day of judgment, and the woman who was a sinner. And they suffer greatly—they endure torments. But others go on and on : year in and year out they gratify their lowest passions, without so much as a thought of duty or of God. They die in their sleep. They have lived in sin, but had no sorrow on account thereof. But death awakes every sleeper. It comes in silent thunder, and the sleep is over. Dives has fed himself, and let his brother man die at his gates, but death awakes him : brings him self, "to himself." His eyes have been closed : all the spiritual faculties have been wrapped in slumber—death did but lay a finger on him, and he awoke—a sinner, and a sufferer. Thank God for death. It breaks a way into the citadel—it opens an avenue to the soul—it tears the veil from the eyes—it destroys the fatal tyranny of the bodily senses—and *then*, the Spirit enters in to convince of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." Man begins to live, and then begins to suffer. And all of life is God's, and is for God. Pain is a sign of life, and life is proof that God has not departed from the soul. If that were so, the man must die : nay, he *is* dead—utterly, entirely, irrevocably dead, for apart from the loving Creator there can be no life. While a man has life he belongs to God. Is a man suffering on account of his sins—is he enduring fiery tortures because of his apostacy from God, and the wrongs he has done to men ? Then that man is not dead, but living. He has a sense of God, of justice, and of truth ; he has a desire for holiness, and be he in time or in eternity, *he lives*. And be it in time, or be it in eternity, while there is life there is hope.

And what is more—all the world over, as far as we can find, pain is remedial, always remedial. The animal goes in some nonnatural way—suffers pain, and goes that way no more. Pain is to the animal a natural warning against ruin. The child by pain is taught to avoid sharp corners, or the fire. The boy at school is pained because the sum in arithmetic won't come right; he rubs it out and tries again, and by and by succeeds. The man as merchant blunders in his calculation, loses greatly and

* This is the last of the articles by "Christian." We have received several letters on the subject, but have kept them over until "Christian" had completed his say. Now we invite criticism, and a defence of the orthodox doctrine, so that the public may have all sides of this question before them.—EDITOR.

suffers pain. He sets to work again with all his might and new experience, and makes a fortune. The man as poet is tortured by the halting of his verses, the thought and rythm, like Jacob's thigh, seem out of joint ; the torture drives him to his pen again, and he sends them forth in better form. Men suffer pain from the loss of friends, and that drives them to study the laws of health. The pain of hunger makes sloth impossible ; the pain of weariness drives him to rest, and so he is saved from dying of rust or over exertion. So nations are preserved and made to advance. Men begin to suffer from the oppression of tyrants ; the question passes from lip to lip, "Shall it continue?" and is answered "No." In a great hour they rise, and by great deeds achieve their freedom. France is working its salvation out that way. Italy felt the grinding bondage of the Pope, silently filed its fetters off, and rose up calm, but free. England spent her blood and money on the snow-fields of Russia ; but she learnt not to meddle, and not to try and keep alive what God had doomed to decay. England will not do that again. So development goes on. So progress is assured. Pain teaches men where they have blundered, and how to correct it ; pain goads men on toward the goal of life.

But that is to speak of sin as a negative thing, as an error; and there is another side to it. Sin is a positive thing—an intentional violation of God's just and holy law. Then it is a crime, and the punishment is greater. Yes, punishment is greater; that is to say, the pain is greater. But still I insist that the pain is not from the sword of vengeance, but while from God, from His anger, is from the Father God, and is remedial. Do parents punish their children to appease their own anger and to satisfy their vengeance? Yes, when they are in evil mood; not at all like God, but quite like the devil. When in their right mind they inflict pain upon them for their own good alone. Does this nation punish men with prison and hard fare to gratify and appease vengeance? No; barbarism does that, but we do not. It is done in the interest of each and all in the land, even the prisoner himself. And is not that the way God deals with us? Is not pain for wrong done the first step in the new life? We fall into evil, suffer for it, and learn to avoid it in future. The higher we get in holiness, the more appalling does sin appear. And shall all that cease when death has done its work upon us? Why? Only the body falls; a thing that does much here to shut out the light of God and fetter the soul with passion. There is Dives, the name signifying rich; he is clothed in purple and fine linen; he fares sumptuously every day; he cares nothing for the starving multitudes that sweep through the streets; he cares nothing, perhaps knows nothing, of Lazarus, who lies at his gate, covered with festering sores, and dying for want of a crumb, getting kindness from none but the dogs. Look again. Dives is dead, and Lazarus also is dead. That man who upon the earth was a fat and lazy fool, an animal, a beast, with none of the thoughts or aspirations of a man, is greatly changed now. He is in torment, he is on fire, but what is this? Listen, "Father Abraham." So he claims to be of the household of faith now. "Send Lazarus." So he has learnt humility, the pride is gone out of him, he begs of the beggar. But listen to this, denied the longed for drop of water, he has yet a greater prayer. "I pray thee, Father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment." He wants to save his brothers. Which do you like best, Dives feeding in animal ease or Dives in torment, and praying for his brothers? Which position shows him as the better man? To my thinking Dives in hell is far better than Dives on earth. What? is that man utterly alienated from God, utterly lost to all good and truth and heaven? Is that man a self-elected foe of God forever, where he is inspired by the divinest passion which can move a soul, the longing for others to be saved? I believe it not. The pain is remedied, the punishment is not to appease divine vengeance, but to recover the soul to God. He has done evil, and he must suffer. But the evil is not infinite, and cannot be absolute. Evil is partial, and pain is corrective. The sin-burnt soul learns to dread the consuming fire. Suffering shames men from conscious wrong, and stings them from efforts after goodness. There is retribution everywhere and for every sin. In youth, let a man violate the laws of his being, God by animal excesses, in manhood turn to selfishness or ambition, sacrifice Christ and all that is Christian to the riot of debauch, and there will come, there must come, a time of awaking; and then, a sense of falseness, of shame, a deep loathing of self, a feeling of uncleanness, of separation from God and goodness, and then, in the mind a fiery remorse, at the heart a worm. And so by suffering each man must learn to master himself, and keep the conditions of his higher life. Do I make light of sin by saying this? Will it give more liberty to the profligate? No, if we would hold this and teach men so, I believe it would bring about a great and true revival. Not a revival marked most of all by hysterics, but a revival of pure and undefiled religion. Tell men that according to their sin must their suffering be, that here, or hereafter, they must pay the penalty, and they will fear to do evil. Tell them of a place which burns with everlasting fire, but which must be escaped at any moment by a penitent prayer, or an act of faith, and they will go on in sin, keeping their finger well on the pulse of time, to watch for the right, that is, the last possible moment for conversion. They are not afraid of sin, are only afraid of hell.

In teaching this doctrine I declare the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and warn men "to flee from the wrath to come." And I honour the great and loving Father of every soul, believing that for the blackest of sinners there is salvation, not only possible, but sure ; for a Cain who slew his brother, and an Iscariot who sold his Christ, for the loving God knew the frame of man, and the power of evil circumstance ; and if the good influences that bear upon him here fail to lift him up in holiness, then in the greater hereafter, other circumstances will surround him to waken other faculties and lead him home. And I honour Jesus Christ, who bore our sins in his own body on the tree ; He has been lifted up, and will draw all men unto him. In Him God shall gather all things together into one. By Him all men shall live.

CHRISTIAN.

The craze for first editions continues unabated. At a recent sale in London the first editions of Milton's "Comus," "Lycidas" and "Paradise Lost" produced respectively \$250, \$390, and \$170; an original set of Byron's poems, \$85; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," \$67; Ruskin's "Modern Painters" and "Stones of Venice," \$146; and the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's poems, \$310.