

often the case, they became narrow and bitter and hard in time. True religion almost died out among them, and left them the champions of empty ceremonies, irrational traditions, vain superstitions, and formalism in every department of life. Their hearts grew hard and their spirit unlovable. They flocked around the externals and symbols of religion when its inner spirit, which these are only to quicken and strengthen, was dead.

The other great party in the Jewish community was that of the SADDUCEES. The origin of the term is somewhat in doubt. Some think it derived from Zadok, the name of one of its earliest representatives. Dean Stanley thinks it is from a word meaning "righteous," and signifies *the righteous ones*. As the leaders of the Pharisees were the rabbis or scribes, so the leaders of the Sadducees were the priests. They were, in the first place, less rigid formalists than the Pharisees. The latter had developed a great body of tradition pertaining to almost every department of daily life, and supposed to have come down from Moses and the early fathers of the Jewish nation by an oral tradition, but recently reduced to writing. It had about as much foundation in fact as the tradition of a certain church of Christian times. This the Pharisee scrupulously followed, making it equal to the sacred Scriptures. The Sadducee, on the contrary, was satisfied with the written law, and cared for no oral tradition. He laid no claim to the exclusive superiority and sanctity of the Pharisee. He was content with being just, and mixed more freely with Greek and Roman. With regard to a future existence he had no definite belief, holding that such a thing was not mentioned in the law. If there were a future, nothing was to be known of it. He therefore closely resembles the agnostic of our day, and may be called a Jewish rationalist. It is strange that to this party the priests should have belonged. Another feature of the Sadducees was their extreme worldliness. Their interests were often far more political than religious. They were the politicians and the intriguers of the nation, their head, the High Priest, being virtually the ruler of the people. The bent of the Pharisee's mind was religious, although with him religion came to lose all its spirituality, and descended to a mere external routine of duties. As time went on the spirit of the parties degenerated more and more, until, when Jesus came bringing His sweet Gospel of the kingdom of heaven, He

found the people as sheep having no shepherds, their leaders, who alone could instruct them, being lost to the essence of religion, and absorbed in open or veiled worldliness.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THEY brought the little children,
Who came all unafraid,
For His smile was like the sunshine
That with the shadows played.

His voice, as softest music,
Thrilled the enchanted air,
And reached the hearts of the children,
Gathered about Him there.

With gentle arms enfolding,
He bade the children come:
Of such the Kingdom of Heaven,
Heaven the children's home.

Forbid them not—but suffer
Them all to come to Me—
For in the sight of My Father
All must as children be.

So they thronged close about Him,
As clinging tendrils twine,
In loving caresses returning
Love for love divine.

Saviour, friend of the friendless,
Like them, help us to be
Sheltered, forgiven, accepted—
Thine for eternity.

—Annie D. Darling, in *Episcopal Recorder*.

KEEP THE SUNDAY

It is one of the most remarkable facts of our time that those older nations from which some of us propose to borrow our habit of disregard for the Lord's day are striving at this very moment with most impressive earnestness to restore the early sacredness of that day. In Germany, Switzerland, and in France there are already organizations of serious and thoughtful men who are seeking to banish the Continental Sunday. They have seen, on the one hand, as any one may see in France to-day, that the removal of the sacred sanctions, which, with us, hold the first day of the week in a kind of chaste reserve, have eventuated not merely in degrading it to the level of a vulgar holiday, but also of degrading and enslaving him for whom its privileges were, most of all, designed—the wearied, overworked, and poorly-paid laboring man. They have seen that in such a capital as Paris it has already come to pass that the working-man's Sunday is often as toilsome a day as any other, and that since the law no longer guards the day from labor, the capitalist and contractor no longer spare nor regard the laborer. He is a person out of whom the most is to be got, and if

he can work six days he may as well work the seventh also, so long as there is nothing to forbid it. Such a condition of things may not directly threaten those of us who are protected by wealth from the necessity of daily labor; but, if ours is this more favored condition, all the more do we owe it to our brother man who is less favored to see to it that he shall have every sanction with which the law can furnish him to guard his day of rest from being perverted and revolutionized into a day of toil. And if he himself does not see that the more we assimilate Sunday to other days by the amusements, the occupations, the teaching, and reading, and thinking with which we fill it, the greater is the danger that ultimately we shall lose it altogether, the more earnestly are we bound to strive to disseminate those sounder ideas which set this first day of the week and its devout observance before our fellow-men and women of the laboring classes in its true light, and so help and teach them how not to lose, but to keep it. —Bishop Potter.

CHARACTER.

SAINTS are not made saints by doing extraordinary or uncommon things, but by doing common things in an uncommon way, on uncommonly high principles, in an uncommonly self-sacrificing spirit. Be sure that this is the only substantial thing. The bits of knowledge that we call our learning, the bits of property that we call our wealth, the momentary vanities of delight that we call the conquests of social life—how swiftly they hurry to their graves, or are lost in forgetfulness! Nothing, nothing else but character survives, and character is Christ formed within. The proof of the true man—where is it found? Not in the size of his performances, but in the fibre of his manhood; not in the quantity, or occasions, or noise of his actions, but in the uprightness of his soul. You will not have to wait to see how large the trusts are which are committed to his keeping, or how he will behave himself in some signal emergency. The world is a safer and stronger place on account of him, and heaven is more real. "I will show you to whom he is like. He is like a man which built a house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock."

"Whate'er thou lovest best,
E'en that become thou must;
Christ, if thou lovest Christ,
Dust, if thou lovest dust."

—Bishop Huntington.