

for me. The secret of my distress was this: I did not know the Gospel. I was in a Christian land, I had Christian parents, but I did not fully understand the freedom and simplicity of the Gospel.

I attended all the places of worship in the town where I lived, but I honestly believe that I did not hear the Gospel fully preached. I do not blame the men, however. One man preached the divine sovereignty. I could hear him with pleasure; but what was that to a poor sinner who wished to know what he should do to be saved? There was another admirable man who always preached about law; but what was the use of ploughing up ground that wanted to be sown? Another was a great practical teacher. I heard him, but it was very much like a commanding officer teaching the manœuvres of war to a set of men without feet. What could I do? All his exhortations were lost to me. I knew it was said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," but I did not know what it was to believe in Christ.

I sometimes think I might have been in darkness and despair now had it not been for the goodness of God in sending a snowstorm one Sunday morning, when I was going to a place of worship. When I could go no further, I turned down a court and came to a little Primitive Methodist chapel. In that chapel there might be a dozen or fifteen people. The minister did not come that morning; snowed up, I suppose. A poor man, a tailor, or something of that sort went up into the pulpit to preach.

Now, it is well that ministers should be instructed, but this man was really stupid, as you would say. He was obliged to stick to his text, for the simple reason he had nothing else to say. The text was, "Look unto me, and ye shall be saved, all the ends of the earth." He did not even pronounce the words rightly, but that does not matter.

There was, I thought, a glimpse of hope for me in that text. He began thus: "My dear friends, this is a very simple text indeed. It says, 'Look.' Now, that does not take a great deal of effort. It ain't lifting your foot or your finger. It is just 'look.' Well, a man need not go to college to learn to look. A man need not be worth a thousand a year to look. Any one can look; a child can look. But this is what the text says. Then it says, 'Look unto me.'"

"Aye," said he, in broad Essex, "many of ye are looking to yourselves. No use looking there. You'll never find comfort in yourselves. Some look to God the Father. No; look to Him by and by. Jesus Christ says, 'Look unto Me.' Some of you say, 'I must wait the Spirit's working.' You have no business with that just now. Look to CHRIST. It runs: Look unto Me."

Then the good man followed up his text in this way: "Look unto Me; I am sweating drops of blood. Look: unto me; I am hanging on the cross. Look! I am dead and buried. Look unto Me; I rise again. Look unto Me; I ascend; I am sitting at the Father's right hand. O, look unto Me! look unto Me!"

When he had got about that length, and managed to spin out ten minutes or so, he was at the length of his tether. Then he looked at me under the gallery, and I dare say, with so few present, he knew me to be a stranger. He then said, "Young man, you look very miserable." Well, I did; but I had not been accustomed to have remarks made on my personal appearance from the pulpit before. However, it was a good blow struck. He continued: "And you will always be miserable—miserable in life, and miserable in death—if you do not obey my text. But if you obey now, that moment you will be saved."

Then he shouted as only a Primitive Methodist can, "Young man, look to Jesus Christ!" I did "look."

There and then the cloud was gone, the darkness had rolled away, and that moment I saw the sun; I could have risen that moment and sung with the most enthusiastic of them of the precious blood of Christ, and the simple faith which looks alone to Him. Oh, that somebody had told me that before!

TRUST CHRIST, AND YOU SHALL BE SAVED.  
It was, no doubt, wisely ordered, and I must ever say: "Ever since by faith I saw the stream Thy wounds supplied for me, Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall forever be."

**Our Lord's Self-Restraint.**

BY W. H. WOODS.

The silences of the Bible have often been remarked upon, and are, indeed, one of the minor evidences of its superhuman origin. The same inspiration that directed Moses in the beginning directed John also in the end, and is responsible as well for the concealments as for the disclosures which the Scriptures make. John, as we know, and Moses, as we may well suppose, could have told a longer story if it had been permitted.

Now here is this reserve of the Bible more noticeable than in the Gospels. We find it here, not only in what the evangelists say, or, rather, what they do not say, about their Lord, but in the eloquent pauses in Christ's own speech as well. This is something more than mere reserve. It is a repression, a self-restraint that marks all our Saviour's utterances to his friends and to his enemies alike.

It is seen in the first place in his intercourse with his disciples. There is here an entire absence of the terms of endearment usual in familiar intercourse between friends. Jesus had friends, we know, personal friends in the narrowest sense of the word; and he loved them with exceeding tenderness. Moreover, it is impossible not to believe that his love toward them was far more discriminating, separating, and individualizing, than the love of ordinary men. He loved the Jews more than the Gentiles, the Apostles more than the Jews, the three more than other Apostles, and John more than Peter and James; but not the Jews, nor the Apostles, nor John does Jesus himself anywhere call the "beloved." That title they freely gave to each other, and to John pre-eminently, by their Lord's authority; but his own best name for them is friends.

Perhaps there is here for us a lesson of reciprocal duty. Something of the same reserve should characterize our approaches to our Saviour. The familiar adjectives of endearment that are often applied to Christ in public prayer have little warrant either in divine or inspired example.

Again, there is in our Lord's speech almost an entire absence of humor. Personally, the writer would be willing to leave out the almost. His public ministry began, and may almost be said to have ended, with a feast; and the consummation of all his work for men is set forth under the image of a wedding supper. Jesus was no kill-joy. Who doubts that it was the smile of his face that won the little children out of their mothers' arms into his own? The world saddened him, not he the world. The final darkness round his cross was, in a sense most true, neither of his own nor his Father's making. It was the shadow of men's sins across the skies, an eclipse of God by his own creatures, even as the moon puts out the sun. God has no shadows.

And yet all this may perfectly consist with the gravity of the gospel story. Whatever, even of gentle playfulness may have been in the private speech of our Lord, has been repressed, we maintain, in the recorded Word. And in our own more thoughtful moments it is so that we would have the record left. Humanity can lack a laughing Christ. One that can weep for us and with us is still the Redeemer who draws all men to himself.

Finally, there is in our Lord's speech nothing to wound the self-esteem of his hearers. It is not meant that Jesus for an instant tolerated human pride, or allowed to human guilt the qualified approval of his silence. No man ever disclosed the human heart to itself with such utter and terrible faithfulness as did Jesus of Nazareth. But he neither belittled it with ridicule nor stung it into fury with sarcasm. He humbled men, but he did not humiliate them. Even his denunciation of the Pharisees in all its stern severity lacks one element so difficult for mere men to keep out of their rebukes—the element of contempt. There is no effort on his part to make the culprit feel mean as well as guilty. Denounce sin as he does, and faithfully warn men of the certainty of punishment for sinners, he nowhere professes to despise them. This is one of the characteristics that makes approach to Christ easy for men, easier far than approach to any mere man. It was in part, no doubt, this very absence of contempt and scorn, even in his severest rebuke, that brought the outcasts of his time in crowds around him. Moved as he could be, and was, by a holy indignation at what he saw around him, his anger, unlike ours, did not sting and harden; and it is this, we repeat, that makes it easier to confess to him the greatest sin than it is to acknowledge what is, in comparison, a mere foible, to some other sinner like ourselves.—Interior.

**Missions in the Twentieth Century.**

A Forecast.

BY REV. W. R. L. SMITH.

The plainest indications are that the Twentieth is not to be a theological century. Not that all of our doctrinal problems should have been settled, or that theological inquiry should have lost its zest. Theology is the queen of the sciences, and shall ever be, so long as the nature of God and man and their relations to each other, remain the supreme subject of human thought. Venturing to forecast its distinctive religious characteristic, I think the coming century will be intensely practical. Christian ministers, Christian people and their churches, will be in esteem more for their good works than for the professed soundness of their creeds. The sounding brass of the controversialist is destined to fall into innocuous desuetude! The heresy-hunter will have to change his vocation, and the heresy trial will go to the museum of antiquities. For some people, it will be a time of walling and gnashing of teeth, and yet for all that, we hail with joy the dawning of the century of immense Christian beneficence.

Our Lord worked for men. He served humanity in all of its interests. He fed the hungry, healed the sick, and taught the ignorant. There was a wideness in his mercy, like the wideness of the sea. His ideas of comprehensive service to all men have never been fully grasped. Their larger apprehension is certain to be one

of the chief glories of the age just before us. The ministry of practical love is going to brighten the lives of the poor and the needy, and him that hath no helper. Its solacements are to touch the sad hearts of the widow and the orphan, and skeptical men are to be silenced by the demonstration that Christianity is a life as well as a creed. Amelioration, the betterment of all human conditions, will mark the fuller entrance of Jesus' views of service. We are going to have better schools and colleges, better laws and purer politics, better homes and churches. For God's unfortunate ones, we shall see multiplied asylums, hospitals and orphanages. Christianity is here to serve men. She was born to carry on the broad beneficence which Jesus Christ began.

The Providence of God has greatly stimulated the practical enterprise of the church, by the example of science. Every scientific discovery is mustered instantly into the service of men. Steam has laid a network of railroads over our country, and has plowed, with the keels of ten thousand vessels, all the paths of the ocean, in order to enrich and bless the multitudes of men. Electricity draws us in swift carriages, lights us, carries our conversation to friends far and near. Science is an angel of help sent from God. She works for all. And, thanks for a growing intelligence, it is now well known that there is no warfare between this angel and the archangel of religion. The Twentieth century will not be much disturbed by the clamor of antiquated scientists and theologians, who stupidly insist on putting eternity between these two radiant daughters of God.

Christianity is his pre-eminent servant. She works for man, for the whole man. It follows, inevitably, from these anticipated facts, that the next hundred years is to be filled with an unparalleled missionary activity. The Ecumenical Council in New York City is the best index, in the history of the church, of deepening sympathies and arousing energies. The whole Christian world will hear that trumpet call to duty. Truly may we sing with a holy exaltation:

The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

One of the incidental results of this widened view of Christian ministration is going to be the pacification of jarring sects. In the great work of the Master, the servants of God shall have their vision purged to behold the incompleteness of His doctrine, and the glorious unities of a vast redeemed brotherhood. Theological rancor and insincerity will droop and die. Christian charity and truth will flourish under the sun. The prospect is thrilling. The Baptist position and the Baptist brotherhood, if we do our duty, will come increasingly into honor and power.—New Baptist Argus.

**"The Gospel Outside the Gospels."**

PROF. S. C. MITCHELL.

Whenever our faith is disturbed by the analysis to which the four evangelists are at times subjected by scholars, we should do well to remember that our Lord "shewed himself by many infallible proofs."

I. We are not dependent solely on the record of the four evangelists for our knowledge of the facts in Jesus' life. "If our New Testament," says Prof. Gilbert, "began with the Book of Acts, we could still form a tolerably complete outline of the life of Jesus." In most instances these statements in Acts and the Epistles were written earlier than the earliest of the four gospels, and hence have the utmost significance. Any Bible reader who wishes can easily piece together this biography of Christ embraced in the letters and Acts.

II. There are, moreover, beside the New Testament, many writings which confirm our knowledge of what Jesus said and did. So numerous are these authors that we cannot mention even all their names. Passing over Tacitus and Josephus, we find in the writings of Justin Martyr a pretty complete summary of Jesus' life. Justin was born at Plavia Neapolis, near the site of the ancient Sichem. About 147 A. D., he addressed two apologies to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, and he also published a dialogue with Trypho, a Jew. This Justin does not refer to the four gospels by name, though he draws from Memoirs of Jesus, a term borrowed from the title given by Xenophon to his reminiscences of Socrates. One will find in Fisher's "Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief" (p. 191 f.) an outline of Jesus' life compiled from Justin's works.

III. Turning aside, however, from all references to particular writings and questions of their authenticity, what shall be said of the proof which a transformed world gives to the central facts in Jesus' life? The living epistles from Paul and John to the present day are perhaps the best witnesses of the divine force that dwell in our Saviour. A blazing track of light is seen and felt in all history subsequent to Calvary. Manners have been softened; laws have been improved; international rights established; hospitals and orphan's homes founded; science immeasurably advanced; freedom secured; education brought to the door of the humblest; slavery abolished; literature and art permeated with the noblest conceptions of life and duty; home made the citadel of the individual's security and the fountain of all holy inspirations; missionary enterprises animated by the most unselfish beneficence, encircling the globe; and untold millions of men alive whose supreme aim in life is to fulfill the law of love. Christendom is an effect whose cause is Christ.—The Baptist Argus.