

## Pastor and People.

### ALL I CAN DO

There is care in the heart of my loved one.  
There is grief in her burdened soul;  
I am far away from my dear to-day,  
I cannot lift a stone from her way,  
All I can do is to kneel and pray  
That the Lord will make her whole.

All? But how much I am doing,  
When I plead for my friend at the Throne,  
Asking the best, and leaving the rest,  
Putting the strength of the heavens to test,  
And bringing sweet heaven to be her guest,  
When I pray to the Lord for his own!

Dear house in the distant country,  
Dear voice that I cannot hear,  
There's a tug at my heart, and the quick tears start,  
I am faint of your sorrows to bear a part,  
Each ache of yours has for me a smart,  
Yet I pray for you, void of fear.

I know that his swiftest angels  
Will haste to you while I pray,  
That whatever you need will be your need,  
That your faintest sigh the Lord will heed,  
Your wish unspoken his grace will read,  
In your dark and cloudy day.  
—Margaret E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

### THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. W. C. DUNN, D.D.

The law and the gospel, Sinai and Calvary, these words express a strong contrast which is constantly present in our thought. As we turn back now, in our Sabbath school lessons, after a year's study of our Saviour's life, to the history of the old covenant we are forcibly reminded of this contrast. The "Ten Words" are a series of stern strong commands which do not reveal all at once the truth that "Love is the fulfilling of the law," that prohibitions which lay the foundations of, and provide fences for our moral life have a different tone to the positive invitations and promises which are so freely given to us in our Lord Jesus Christ. There is no need to deny the validity of this contrast or under-value its uses. But we may point out the fact that it is possible to push it too far. "The Law" is the gospel in seed and in symbol. The legal way of seeking salvation or rather the Pharisaic way against which Paul argued so eloquently, when once he was delivered from it was not a use of the law but an abuse of it. Abraham was saved, as we are, by the promise to which faith clings in childlike simplicity and hope. It is not possible in these few lines to define the meaning and discuss the uses of "The law." Certainly no institution or teaching of the Bible ever suggested that man could attain perfection by a meritorious performance of ceremonial requirements. Every law-giver and prophet held the conviction so beautifully expressed in the words

"For merit lives from man to man,  
But not from man O Lord to Thee."

These reflections suggest the question as to whether we realize the importance of Ex. xx. 1-2, in relation to the following 15 verses of that wonderful chapter. Without abolishing the contrast before mentioned is there not a suggestion that the God of Sinai and of Calvary is one God? Here we have God the Revealer; God speaking to His people. "God spake these words," and the revelation goes forward until it culminates in the sacrifice of love, and is not that sacrifice a manifestation of God's zeal for righteousness? Here we have also God the Redeemer. God who brought His people out of bondage gives to them these commands, not as a condition of salvation, but as a guide for that new life which He has created. We must not separate these commandments from the thought of the redeeming God who gave them to a people just delivered from slavery. The ten commandments which are so simple, so broad and unsectarian must be received by the Christian disciple as the warnings and instructions of the everlasting Father who has redeemed him. Then they also become "Wonderful words of life." The Phariseism which trusts in works instead of in God seeks to find a place in all our

hearts and can fasten itself upon any form of religion, pagan or Christian. But it bears down on the great crises of life, in the face of life's uncertainty, of death's reality, and of God's strong presence. In the great hours of life the need of man and the mercy of God must come into living contact.

O not to-day, think not upon the fault  
My father made in composing the crown.  
I Richard's body have interred new  
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears  
Than from it flowed forced drops of blood.  
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay  
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up  
Towards heaven to pardon bloods; and I have built

Two charities where the sad and solemn priests  
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do  
Though all that I can do is nothing worth  
Since that my penitence comes after all  
Implored pardon."

### SAVE THE CHILDREN.

Christ is the Saviour of the world, and therefore the Saviour of children. Half the world's population consists of children, and the other half, men and women, had their character formed while they were children. It is of comparatively little use to try to modify the character of grown people. The character is generally fixed; but the character of children is plastic and easily molded. If we want to help our Lord save the world, the most important thing for us to do is to help him save the children.

The children are placed in families, under the charge of parents. It is the first duty of Christian parents to make their children Christians. No other duty is comparable with this. It is something to make them healthy; it is something to make them rich; it is everything to make them Christians. And parents can secure this; indeed they are responsible for it. If children do not grow up Christians from their early youth, it is almost certainly the fault of the parent quite as much as that of the child. We wish to press this point very closely on the heart of every Christian parent. If your child is not a Christian, where does your fault lie? Did you teach the child as soon as he could lisp a prayer, that there is a loving God who must be loved and obeyed? Did you tell him the story of Jesus Christ so as to draw out his heart's affection? Did you have him bend at your knees and teach him to say, "Our Father," and to frame his own petitions? Did you kneel and pray with him and for him? Did you show your own dependence on the divine favor by gathering your household about you in family prayer? Did you pray yourself often and earnestly and secretly that your child might be a child of God? Did you take your children with you to the house of God and command them after you to walk in his ways? If you have done this lovingly, leading them to the loving Father, then they will themselves find your Saviour.

But not all children have such parents, and therefore the necessity of the Sunday School for our children. The Sunday School is the church's school, its chief work, more important than the prayer meeting, not less important than the chief Sunday service. The season has now come for putting fresh vigor into this branch of service; and we would press its importance on pastors and people. It is important that our children who have had the best Christian nurture should attend the regular Bible lessons of the Sunday School; but even more important is it to secure the attendance of those children who are not taught at home how to pray. If they are not taught in the Sunday School they will probably grow up irreligious, very likely vicious and ungodly. They will be enemies of the church and of all good. From them will the armies of the saloon and of Satan be recruited. We can in no other way so cripple the saloon as by stopping the inflow of our youth. If there be a child anywhere that is not taught in the home or in the Sunday School, it is the grievous fault of the local church. In Germany every child's name is enrolled, and the public schools keep an

account whether or not he is in attendance and how long, and he is carefully accounted for on the ledger. Is there one town in this country, the churches in which keep such a list and can account for every child as receiving religious training? Such ought to be the case everywhere if we would educate for the Lord as faithfully as Germany does for the state. — *Presbyterian Banner*.

### A SCOTTISH SABBATH.

Blessed are they that were born to the heritage of a Scottish Sabbath. Blessed to wake in the morning to a sense that all things are not now the same—to a primeval stillness as of a land "where no man comes or hath come since the making of the world." Hushed without the sounds of labour. Hushed the shriek of wheel, the clatter of horse. From the field hardly the bleat of sheep, for to-day the flocks are driven farther afield. All the steading sleeps in a calm that is of the other world.

Men and women go about their tasks, but it is with a stillness and reverence that tell of a day with a difference truly. The very birds sing an unkenked song. For there is silence over all the face of the land. The glint of the dew on the flowers is an altar song. There are those who scoff at the Scottish Sabbath—we need not wonder. There are that would laugh in the face of God Almighty, and think the folly a patent of nobility. For of fools there is no end while this world lasteth.

Within the house there is a peace that brings no sense of straitness—an enlarged heart, rather; and as the years roll on a great thankfulness to the men of other times whose teachings make such a hallowed day possible in many a plain moorland home throughout the lowlands of this Scotland.

Then the family gathering—the lift of the voices of men and women in an unskilled melody. Harken to them crying out as their fathers and mothers have done before them by many a moss hagg, that "God is their refuge and their strength, in straits a present aid. Therefore, although the earth remove, they will not be afraid." So they sing, and they mean it. For behind the words lie Airds Moss and Drumclog, the weary Brig of Bothwell.—*S. R. Crockett*.

### A STORY FROM THE ARABIC.

A missionary contributes the following interesting incident to the *Presbyterian Messenger*:—It was his wedding day and we were climbing the narrow little mountain road that led toward the Lebanon village where the bride was awaiting us. He had asked me to perform the marriage ceremony, or as he poetically expressed it in Arabic, "Crown her my bride to-day."

We were a merry party and the bridegroom's friends did their best to honor the occasion. Now and then they would all dash off over some little plateau into the fields and make mock cavalry charges at each other, stopping suddenly or turning aside as they approached too near. They sang queer songs and now and then someone would tell a story. One of these stories was told by the bridegroom himself. He knew the road well and as we approached a little fountain, high up in the top of the mountain, he said, "That is called the Fountain of the Partridge." It received its name from the following incident: Years before the massacre of 1860, when Mt. Lebanon was still poorly governed, a Druze and a Christian met at this fountain for rest and refreshment. It is a lonely spot and far from any human habitation. The Druze was fully armed, but the Christian had no weapons. They ate in silence from the food which they had with them. The Druze then remarked, "We are far from the sight or hearing of any living thing. Should I kill you, who would witness against me?" "God," replied the Christian. The Druze sneered and repeated his question, at the same time covering the man with his musket. Just then a partridge hopped up upon the rock above

the fountain and gave his shrill, quick call. "That partridge will witness," cried the Christian in his extremity, but his words were finished by a shot from the brigand Druze.

The crime was a mystery to the mountaineers and the criminal went unpunished. Years afterward when a Christian governor had been placed over the mountain villages, that same Druze chanced to pass by the fountain again and this time he was accompanied by his wife. They ate their lunch and drank the refreshing water, but ere they had finished their meal a partridge hopped up upon the rock above them and called. The Druze could not help thinking of the last time he had been there and his victim's words troubled him still. He shouted and cursed the partridge with such an exhibition of spleen that his wife asked the reason. He at first was silent, but as she insisted he told her the story of his crime of many years ago.

Not many days had passed when the Druze and his wife quarreled. The Druze said to her, "Go to your father." That phrase divorced her forever. She went home and sought some way for revenge. She thought of the man's confession at the fountain and, having reported it to the governor, saw summary justice meted out to the criminal. And so they called it the "Fountain of the Partridge."

### MAN IMMORTAL.

Observe that belief in a future state does not by any means begin with Christianity; it is as deeply rooted in the human soul as the belief in a God. It is found here in considerable strength, their faint and indistinct, but in some sense it is pretty well universal. The honour so widely paid to the graves of ancestors is a natural expression of belief in their survival after death. Those tombs in Etruria, upon which the earliest art of Italy lavished its best, they did not merely mean that the dead lived on in the memory of the survivors; they meant that, in the belief of the survivors, the dead actually lived in another world, and had, according to the rude notions of the time, to be honored and provided for. It was this belief which made an ancient Egyptian deem the due embalming and preparation of his mummy the most important thing that could happen to him; it was this belief which built the Pyramids, which conferred its strange power on the ancient Egyptian priesthood, who were much less active ministers to the living than accredited guardians of the dead. It was this faith in immortality which rendered the Greek mysteries of Eleusis so welcome to those upon whom the old popular religion of the country had lost its power, and which made great thinkers, such as Plato, at least in their higher moods, capable of thoughts, capable of aspirations, which Christians in all ages welcome as anticipations of their own. For without a revelation man suspects, cannot help suspecting, if he does not always certainly know, himself to be a undying being. He has, to begin with, this idea of immortality in his mind. Whence did he get it? He sees all around him the incessant energy of death; he knows that he is on the road to die; he calls himself in nearly all the known languages of the race a mortal, just as if this predestination to death was his governing characteristic; and yet he has within him a consciousness of which he cannot divest himself, that he is also something that will not, cannot die with the death of the body.—*Liddon*

Rev. Wm. Ritchie, D.D., of Longforgan, died on the 3rd inst, in the 91st year of his age and 57th of his ministry. Licensed in 1838, his first appointment was to St. Martin's in Perth Presbytery. He was translated to Longforgan in 1843, and here he remained notwithstanding many offers of change.