

sins, in the words of His commission: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," and in the words of His inspired apostle, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins."

The Baptists believe and teach as if Christ said, "He that believeth and is saved shall be baptized"—and that Peter, on the day of Pentecost, rightly understood, taught "repentance for remission of sins," and "baptism because of remission of sins"—that baptism is a declarative act, indicating that remission of sins has already taken place.

6. The Disciples are neither open nor close communionists. They say the Table is the Lord's—and the Lord invites His people—let every one examine himself and so let him eat; and if under these circumstances a good man or woman—a lover of the Lord who has not been immersed—partakes of the emblems, the responsibility is his own.

The Baptists believe that *close baptism makes close communion necessary*, that the church, made up only of baptized believers, should admit only such to the Lord's Table.

7. The Disciples believe that the Church should be called by a name that honors Christ, the living Head, and therefore should be called the *Church of Christ*.

The Baptists do not think the name important; and prefer Baptist because it has stood for God and His truth so faithfully and so long.

I think these seven items cover the chief differences; and great as they may seem, it seems to me the cloak of charity, which covers even a multitude of sins, is large enough to hide a multitude of errors. I do not think these differences will keep us apart when we come to love one another as Christ loved us all.

R. MOFFETT.

How to Cultivate a Spirit of Self-denial in Mission Bands.

Patiently and unceasingly, year by year, the tiny coral insect builds a continent under the waves of the Southern seas. The growth of character is as patient, as slow, as unseen. It was a complaint, often heard, that those engaged in service as overseers of character building, becoming impatient for the harvest, were prone to pull up the seeds of endeavor to see if they sprouted, and feeling disheartened with the slowness of nature's processes, left their work dangling at loose ends, forgetting the injunction and promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, thou shalt find it after many days."

But with better training in the school of Gospel light and discipline and privileges, and with larger opportunities, good, conscientious, patient, hopeful workers may be found, who work upon the foundation stones of this new edifice, who toil low down, doing, perhaps, what appears as drudgery, in the best spirit, laying the hidden stones and the mortar, and in time the glorious super-structure rises in the air to be revered by coming generations.

The religion of Christ embodies a principle, which revolutionizes the ordinary practice of mankind.

It is that the higher ought to serve the lower; in other words, strength, wisdom, virtue and superiority of any kind carries with it the obligation that it is to be used for the benefit of the weak. The greater our privileges and advantages, the greater is our debt to others less fortunate.

Such is the principle Christ laid down—if we have such as others have not, we are to use such for their benefit; if we are stronger, it is that we may help the weak. By just so much as we are above another, by just so much ought we to do him service.

Such are the truths that Christ would have us know; it was the embodiment of these in His own life that gave Him His power over humanity. We must enter His school, and recognize care for others a duty, and act in obedience to the law of grace, "Let every man serve another."

It is in early years that the true use and consecration of superior power has to be sought, so as to become of second nature, and for this reason children cannot too early enter the school of Christ's teaching, cannot too early study the spirit of Christianity—a necessary denial of self. The child should be taught that strength or power is given, not to oppress, but to defend the weak, "Him that is chief among you, let him be servant of all," is the chivalry of the Bible.

The organization of a Mission Band suggests the idea of "doing something for Christ," rather than "doing something for the heathen," aiming, as it should, to include all the teachings of Christ, believing that whatever brings a soul nearer to Him helps the missionary cause; whatever educates and instructs mind and heart in His life while on earth, draws out the desire for service toward his fellow creatures; whatever tends to enlighten the intellect with the knowledge of others' woe and suffering will arouse to action the already inborn love and sympathy of the heart to help and aid, and will as surely call forth the question, "What can I do?"

The true success of a worker among children lies not only in patient endeavor and steadiness of purpose, but in earnestness and conviction. A truly consecrated Christian life should be the leader of a band of little workers who are willing and ready to be taught how to be builders. Where some only see drudgery, she will discern glory; where others have met a cross, she will find an opportunity and noble experience. "Blessed are those," says Emerson, "who believe their work is necessary to the gods." How much more blessed is that one who realizes that by this work she is assisting God, the great and loving Master of the universe! for we are laborers together with God.

Upon the leader most, if not all, depends. A praying, punctual, prompt, practical person, one who is a competent, capable, clever and consecrated worker; one who is active and attentive, earnest, energetic, enterprising and enthusiastic, and who can devise and suggest simple, sensible, sparkling, spiritual stirring programmes of work.

"Knowledge is power," and as the adult Christian grows in grace as his spiritual wisdom increases, so must we look for actions in the child worthy of a helper in Christ's vineyard only when his mind has fully grasped the pitiable condition of heathendom, and when his sympathies have been awakened to a realization of the heathen's sad lot in comparison with his own happier one, and the vast contrast and difference accounted for only by the possession of the glorious light of Christian civilization.

Facts relative to the condition of the heathen world must be dwelt

upon, ere a truly self-denying or missionary spirit can be manifested. The child's mind must surely be stirred when he realizes that, were the heathen world ranged in line four abreast, and marched at the rate of four groups every minute, 127 years would be thus occupied in the march. A device, illustrating this in part, might be adopted to form a number on a programme; or if one were to count day and night at the rate of 10 per minute, one would consume fourteen years in the process of counting. Some idea of the vast multitude of darkened lives may thus be gained, and a sympathy aroused and love for the unsaved deepened into a longing desire to go, or send, or pray. The study of their lives in direct comparison with ours will bring home most forcibly the fact that nothing but the love and knowledge of Christ has made our lot different to theirs.

Dwelling continuously, by interesting incidents, upon the wonderful results of missionary efforts cannot be without its beneficial effects.

The difficulties and discouragements of the missionaries by anecdotes culled from any of the missionary publications must eventually dispel any apathy with regard to the foreign field. Do not expect a successful working band interested in the heathen, without just such knowledge being given them continually and impressively.

Leaflets for mission bands, mission band magazines containing programmes, hints and answers to questions relative to the work, are essential. Might not the column in the EVANGELIST be used for that purpose, where leaders may communicate with each other, or make enquiries for methods and programmes used by other leaders placed in more favorable circumstances with respect to the obtaining of such publications? We would suggest the plan of thus passing around news of interest gleaned from all available sources.

Methods for practical work are innumerable, and depend on surroundings and circumstances. This part of the work may be commenced too soon, ere the spiritual seed work has sufficiently germinated, and it may thus be choked out by the lighter thoughts of how to replenish the treasury. The actual practical work of a band need not necessarily begin for the first six months or year, for, with a heart full of gratitude, the hands and feet run gladly in the way of work for the Master and the purse-strings ever loosened for His creatures' needs. Given the mind such a store of interesting information and a heart overflowing with gratitude for all the mercies they realize, aroused enthusiasm will cry out for something to do, to stay the pleading cry of saddened lives afar, and means of producing funds will present themselves, and only then can the spirit of self-denial truly be called into action.

While watching for results in the daily life of the children, be content to wait for the full fruit, being assured of the promise that in due time "ye shall reap if ye faint not."

Our sincere hope is that in the coming year the children's bands may increase their efforts, enlarge their aims, diffuse still greater aspirations and earnestness into each individual member to use his talent or talents in any direction which presents itself, believing that the sowers of good will have sweet surprises when the glad harvest is gathered in, when they that sow and "they that reap will rejoice together." By

such a life of service, and such acts of loving attention to our fellow beings, we are laying up for ourselves a character of kindness and affection, which, when we rise into the presence of God and the communion of the saints above, will be ten thousand times more than remuneration for all the acts of self-denial on earth.

There is no kindness, no forbearance, no generosity, no charity, that springs from the right motive (disinterested benevolence) done in His name, which has not its reward here, for it works backward and makes one better essentially in this life, and in the hereafter the harvest of all these ten thousand endeavors for good (which spread a light and sunshine on some one's pathway) shall indeed be plentiful.

Go, make thy garden fair as thou canst;
Thou workest never alone.
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it and mend his own.

And the next may copy his,
Till all grow fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy voices His coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full,
In the garden so fair to see;
In the Master's words of praise for all,
In a look of His own for Thee
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Twisting Commands.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

Sometimes it seems to me that I get things sadly mixed, even at times when I am the most anxious to live the nearer to my Lord. And when a light begins to dawn upon my darkened mind I can see how, but for my own blindness or dullness, I might have long ago, been blessed.

We are all so much alike. Whatever our nationality, religion or color; under whatever disguise fortune or fate may hide us; still the same heart beats in every breast; the same longing, the same heart hunger, the same anxieties come to us all alike. And when I look in my own soul and see there, notwithstanding my failures, still an eager reaching after the better way, I know that this same longing beats within the breast of every one whom I may meet.

And this feeling of kinship emboldens me to doff the tone of ceremony and formality which I am expected to wear, so I enter the home of strangers and ask you to forget that I am a stranger while you grant me a nook in your cheery home circle. I think that reader and writer can draw very near each other, clasping the other's hand in sympathy and love, while each can give to the other something of strength and courage.

And, now that the ice is broken, and we are better acquainted, I am going to carry you back with me to the day when I first looked up and knew my Saviour. And I must confess to you that I could have known him long before I did if I had only read aright my Father's commands, and had not changed their beautiful import by placing my own clumsy construction upon them.

I wonder if there is one in any of the homes where this page will go who has never yet stood face to face with Jesus? If so, that is the one to whom I am talking. Ah, how I once longed to be a Christian! Not merely to be a member of the church; not just to obey the outward forms of religion. Not this. Deep within my soul I felt there was something better for me than all of that. I wanted to know Christ just as I know my daily, intimate

friend. I wanted to feel the clasp of His hand. I wanted to understand what He meant when He said, "I will go in and sup with him, and he shall sup with me."

When I read of "knowing the truth" and of the power of this truth to make me free I was painfully conscious that reference was here made to some "truth" of which I had never learned, and therefore could not be "free."

I heard happy Christians talk about "resting in Christ," but well I knew I did not "rest." I knew they held a "something" which was not mine, yet which I would give my life to possess.

The words "Look unto me and be ye saved" were read over and over again, but they brought no comfort nor light to me, yet I am glad to say I never once doubted that these words were true.

"Look unto me." Why, I had looked, or thought I had, but "looking" brought me no sweet assurance of salvation, no blessed rest of faith.

But later I found that I was not at all obeying the command, "Look unto me." Most eagerly had I been looking; but, at the time, I had been looking not at the Christ, but at myself; looking at my own sinful, selfish nature, at my own anxious, weary heart. Then did I strive to look away from myself, so full of evil, and look only upon the cross. At first I could see nothing. My eyes, so long accustomed to the darkness, could distinguish nothing in the light, and I began to be again discouraged because I could not see.

But I read of the Israelites in the wilderness dying of the plague. The command which came to them was not to see the uplifted serpent, that might, to their diseased eyes have been impossible. They were simply told to do all that lay in their power; they were to turn their eyes upon it. It was God's place to give them sight, and "As many as looked were healed." God does not command the sinner to see Christ. He only commands us to "look unto Him," and if we look we are saved.

Next, I heard and read of the blessings which followed upon those who "trust in the Lord." But even then I did not understand. "I do not feel as Christians say they feel" was my soul's sad thought. But I learned, as every child of God must learn, that His command is not to feel, it is only to "believe." I was like many another honest searcher after truth. I was trying to trust to feeling, when I was commanded to trust alone to CHRIST.

I made the incomprehensible blunder, which, perhaps, others make, of trying to feel like a Christian before I was a Christian. Of course, in no other relation of life could I have been so foolish. I would never have expected to feel like a child, sister or friend, until after I was a child, sister, or friend. I did not feel like a teacher until I had been a teacher. By no possibility could I feel like a wife and mother until I became a wife and mother.

Well, step by step, still trying to look upon Christ, though I could see but very little, I gradually realized that I had been twisting the commands of God, and had been trying to give them a meaning which He had never designed they should have. I learned that my own will was between me and the cross, and this was why I could not see my Saviour. I learned that I could not rest in Christ because I had not obeyed the commands of Christ. Jesus had said, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." I had taken my burden to Him in prayer, but, forgetting to leave it with Him, I had, as I arose from my knees, again pressed it upon my own aching, weary heart. How could I rest so weighted with my burden?