

Our Contributors.

Christ's Dwelling Place.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

This is a wonderful promise Jesus makes when he offers to come into our hearts and "make his abode with us." Paul must have had this gracious promise in his mind when he prayed for his Ephesian brethren that "Christ might dwell in their hearts by faith." At the door of every heart house Jesus knocks, and conversion signifies the opening of that door and giving him a welcome. When he first enters, he finds the house fearfully filthy and disordered. It needs cleansing, and the more thorough the work of purification, the better. Pride must abdicate its throne, and covetousness surrender the key to its treasure-closet. The foul pictures that sensuality may have hung upon the walls of many an apartment must go out of the window. "Behold I make all things new," saith the new Master, and a blessed house cleaning doth he work when his searching spirit is given free range from garret to basement.

Memory is one of the apartments of the soul which the divine Spirit renews for a holier use. Many of its accumulations were sorry rubbish. Christ does not destroy the faculty itself; he appropriates it and stores it with new truths and experiences, so that by and by it becomes a treasure house of joy. Happy the Christian whose memory is piled up with tiers of Bible texts and precious promises, and with grateful recollections of God's mercies and wonderful interpositions and answers to prayer. Memory is a frightful prison house to the man who sees nothing within him but the ghosts of his guilt, and is haunted by the spectres of lost opportunities and lost hopes. But to the pardoned believer the recollection of past transgressions brings the solemn joy that all these have been swept away by atoning love. To such a man as Spurgeon, memory must have been a marvellous cabinet of curiosities and a jewel-room of rich and rare experiences accumulated through a life time.

We cannot describe all the apartments of that heart-house which our King condescends to make his dwelling place. There is a cupola or watch tower where conscience keeps guard to espy the approach of spiritual foes. Woe be to us if the sentinel falls asleep on his tower, or is drugged by the devices of the devil! Over the door that leads up to this turret the Spirit has written "watch unto prayer" and again "I say unto you all, watch!" From that lofty coign of vantage Faith looks out through her spy-glass and catches enrapturing visions of the Celestial City with its jeweled battlements and streets of shining gold.

"For glimpses such as these
My willing soul will bear
All that in darkest hours it sees
Of toil, or pain, or care."

We must not overlook one room in a converted heart, though it be a small and secluded one. It is that sacred closet of devotion where faith holds sweet fellowship with God. That room is fragrant with the presence of him who saith, "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love." The mercy seat stands in this little hallowed chamber; and on it is

carved the golden assurance that whatsoever we ask in faith it shall be given unto us. On the walls are records written in hours of happy intercourse with the Master, when our meditations of him were sweet, and when his right arm was under our heads, and his words of love were like the droppings of the honeycomb. That inner room is the sanctum of the soul. It is there especially that "Christ dwells in our hearts by faith." That is the vital stronghold on which everything depends. If the heart of our heart is deserted, and its door rusts on its hinges, and its mercy-seat is abandoned, then the whole house soon goes back into the possession of Satan. But as long as Christ is kept enthroned there, our whole soul is full of light, and we are the "habitation of God through the Spirit." All this is not a poetic fiction, nor a dream of enthusiasm, nor a pious delusion. It is a solid and a sublime reality. Jesus Christ offers all that I have described, and more too, when he says, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; and if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him." Reader, art thou still locking the Lord of life and glory out?

"Admit Him; for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest.
Admit Him; and you'll not expel,
For when He comes He comes to dwell."

Prehistoric Civilization.

Prof. Flinders Petrie recently completed at the Royal Institute of London, says the Congregationalist, a series of lectures on The Rise of Civilization in Egypt. In these lectures he reviewed his wonderful researches of the last ten years. By a comparison of the inscriptions and contents of tombs and of pottery found in excavations he has arranged a scale of fifty divisions, each approximating a generation of prehistoric time. In many instances the sequence of burial is plainly that of father and son. He believes that flint weapons and tools discovered were in use 11,000 years ago, and that the materials of personal and household use which have been found enable us to understand the people of the valley of the Nile 8,000 years ago as intimately as those of the days of Charlemagne.

We have before us a necklace which Prof. Petrie says was taken from a tomb of an Egyptian woman who was buried 4,500 years ago. But there are combs and pendants for the support of veils, and carved ornaments for the hair, which were worn by maidens of Egypt more than 2,000 years before the necklace was made. Jewels, linen, ivory draught boards, sets of ninepins, balls and counters, all of exquisite workmanship, with inscribed tablets, stone vases and seals with royal names, indicate a refined life, a high degree of civilization and, perhaps, an ancient society existing before the date which we used to regard as that of the creation of the world. Pictures and images show also that complex races mingled together in that far off time. The Egyptian, the Negro and the European had already produced types of the mulatto. The mystery of the being of human life and of the transition from savagery to civilization is apparently as far from solution as ever, but the curtains that hide the past are being lifted, and greater discoveries than have yet been made no doubt await us, soon to be revealed.

Watts Can Stand the Storm.

BY W. W. DAVIS.

"The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!"

Triggs of the University of Chicago, who delivered the first blast against the hymns, has been joined by two congenial spirits. Birds of a feather! Dr. Andrews, (former president of Brown, quotes the familiar revival song, "Oh, to be nothing!" as a proof of his position, and Prof. Lewis of Yale believes that while there are some good hymns, the most are doggerel.

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed that he has grown so great? What specimens of rhetoric do these professors of English literature study? By what models have they formed their taste? Do they read Dr. Chalmers as well as Lord Macaulay, Jeremy Taylor as well as Edward Gibbon, John Bunyan as well as Thomas Huxley? Have they read Keble's Christian Year? Have they studied the hymn book? Do they go to church?

Some of these college professors have a lurking prejudice against the literature of the church. They see no beauty in Christian poetry, they hear no music in sacred song. Christopher North was of a different opinion:

"Oh, how divinely sweet
The tones of earthly harp whose chords are
touched
By the soft hand of piety!"

In court a man must prove his charge, or the case is dismissed. These professors cite a few weak hymns, and forthwith assert that all are doggerel. Let us see.

Some rogues in United States, hence the citizens are a bad lot. One black sheep in a family, hence all are worthless. Motley wrote a trifling novel, hence the Dutch Republic's a wretch performance. Daniel Webster was occasionally dull, hence his reply to Hayne is not among the masterpieces of American oratory. Napoleon was beaten at Waterloo, hence Jena and Austerlitz were not decisive victories.

How do we judge artists and poets, by their poorest or by their best productions? When Wordsworth in an early poem wrote

"A household tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes"—
the "Edinburgh Review" went for his scalp in a most savage criticism. To day we judge Wordsworth, not by Peter Bell, but by the Excursion.

In the first edition of the charge of the Light Brigade was this couplet:

"Long will the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old."

But this was too tame, and was soon replaced by the present spirited lines:

"When can their glory fade!
Oh, the wild charge they made!"

Tennyson kept improving, and we form our estimate of the poet laureate, not by his Queen of the May, but by his monumental In Memoriam.

Now let these hymn iconoclasts be logical. Instead of selecting the poorest verses of the sacred collections, let them take the best. Let them show that the best hymns of Watts and Wesley, Cowper and Doddridge, Heber and Keble, Palmer and Montgomery, Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Prentiss, are inferior in thought and expression to the standard lyrics of secular