

are told of her saintly bishop, well known to those who take the trouble to read the history of their own religion, the undaunted and heroic Polycarp. If all that suffered in Smyrna were like him there were many crowns of life won in her street for the streets of glory in Heaven. "I will give thee a crown of life."

These words, no doubt, were in the ears of the good old Christian, when he was led to the place of death. He stands before the Proconsul: the instruments of death are before and around him.

"All that thou hast to do is to deny Christ."

"Eighty and six years have I served Him and He never wronged me. How can I blaspheme my King who has saved me?"

"I will throw you to the wild beasts."

"Call them, I am ready."

"I will tame your spirit by fire."

"Your fire can burn but for a moment; you know not the fire of eternal punishment reserved for the ungodly."

The good old bishop was bound to the stake and burned to death, a grand specimen of what the Church of Smyrna, whom the Lord had so solemnly warned beforehand, could do. The test in those days was *fidelity* not "*success*."

Visitors to the City of Smyrna are still shewn the tomb of Polycarp. There it is said to stand, surrounded by a white wall. Is there an inscription on it? If not there should be one, and that inscription should be, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Polycarp was the last that suffered; the persecution with him came to an end. No poverty, no reproach, no cruelty, no death could stamp out the spirit of the early Christians. Have we that spirit with us now; the spirit which would lead us to die for our Lord, if necessary.

But the message to the Church in Smyrna closes with a solemn warning: "He that overcometh shall not be hurt by the second death."

What could be more solemn than the thought of a second death? When we stand by the graveside of a departed friend we pray most earnestly in the language of our burial service that God "Would be pleased to deliver us from the bitter pains of eternal death." Let every man study what that may mean. Surely it is that overwhelming trouble which must overtake those who blaspheme God or who neglect Him. For let him observe how completely a man who is dead falls away from the walks of life. He is completely gone. The ways of life know him no more. Somebody takes his place and the world goes on as before. Let him look again at this thought. Christ Jesus came here to give us *eternal life*. The opposite of eternal life is eternal death. Those who die the second death fall away from the ways of eternal life just as one dead has fallen from the ways of life here. What the condition

of the eternally dead may be we know not; but they are dead. They have fallen for ever from the ways of eternal life.

Surely then we must all be warned. To oppose Christ is to throw a life away. With Him we shall never be hurt by the second death. Here is the warning, than which nothing could be more solemn; and it stands side by side with the promise, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a CROWN OF LIFE."

"He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WM. E. M'LAREN, BISHOP OF CHICAGO.

PROPHECY without inspiration cannot be regarded as prediction. But premises well established may justify conclusions which are as true when they await fulfilment in the future as when they have already been realized. In the sense of deliberate conviction of what is to be, built upon what is, I feel myself safe in assuming the prophetic mood in regard to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

The inspired prophets were either foretellers of doom or of deliverance. Promise and penalty were the light and shadow of their messages. It is more pleasant, however, to listen to Isaiah when he sings, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come!" than when he cries, "Woe to Ariel, to Ariel, the city where David dwelt!" My prophecies shall be "comfortable words."

It is generally accepted as a fact that the Brotherhood is one of the most striking developments of the new life of the Church. Its creative *afflatus* was from heaven. It came as a divine idea to the minds of some who were watching the signs of the times. The idea crystallized in Chicago in the mind of one to whom it was given to see that deathly indifference to individual souls, who did not nor could not rent a pew, was not that for which our Lord established His Church. The only credentials which can commend that divine organism to modern society are catholicity of love as embracing inclusively all classes and conditions of men, and catholicity of obedience as bringing the truths and sacraments of the Gospel to bear upon all to whom Christ sent the Church—therefore quite as much to the spiritually homeless and fatherless as to the children of the kingdom, the latter too often spoiled with excess of luxurious food and much deficiency of exercise. The hour was ripe. The field was white to the harvest. The reapers have heard the call of the Master. That splendid convention at Boston was a sort of harvest home, showing what can be done, what has been done, and, none the less, what shall be done. Its sign-ā-