

nothing, that we stand only in the mercy of God, seeing that in ourselves we are altogether wicked. Let us not contend with God for our right, as if anything attributed to him were lost to our salvation." I think that few now-a-days take time to go to the bottom of things as these old masters did. But if, in silent night watches, a man will look into his own nature, and scan his own thoughts and doings, he will find that Calvin is not too hard on us. Alas, it is the truth, however unacceptable to the lordly old man in us.

"The fairness and reasonableness of the great expositor are seen in such an expression as this: "I do not ask that man should voluntarily yield, without being convinced, or that, if he has any powers, he should shut his eyes to them that he may be thus subdued to true humility, but that, getting quit of the diseases of self-love and ambition, under the blinding influences of which he thinks of himself more highly than he ought to think, he may see himself as he really is by looking into the faithful mirror of Scripture."

It is in this last respect that our modern Christian is lacking. "To see oneself as he really is"—how many of us maintain that vision without magnifying glasses? Hence our flippancy, self-assurance, and domination of others.

He has an argument that "human nature possesses none of those gifts which the elect receive from their heavenly Father through the spirit of regeneration," and quotes Deut. 29: 2, 3, 4; Jer. 27: 7; John 6: 44, and 1 Cor. 2: 14; "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually diseased," in support of his statement.

How would it do for us to take a few homeopathic doses of this excellent medicine? Our fathers, perhaps, too frequently applied to the bottle of bitters; we are clogged by too much sweetness. A wine-glass of the juice of the grapes of Eschol would be a good tonic. For instance, how stimulating a decoction from this saying of our Lord, "No man can come unto me, except the Father which sent me draw him, and I will raise him up at the last day."

This form of Christian faith—this belief in an absolute Sovereign, ruling all things according to the counsel of his own will—overruling all things, great and small, good and bad, for his own great purposes and for the good of his chosen—is in open contrast with that other formless thing that goes by name of religion, in which the multitude seem to place their reliance; a God who has no particular design from the beginning; who may or may not be absolute Sovereign over all; who may be turned aside from his purposes by the determination of men, who will allow himself to be thwarted by individuals, or by combinations of men; who regenerates people and adds them to his church, and then lets them go to destruction; who seems from their representations to be One who can be led to change his purposes to suit our conscience or comfort.

Such a God, such a belief, will issue in a weak, colorless Christianity. Its professors will belong to a lower order of religious being; like the Medusæ, in the natural world which have no true body, but which consist of two membranes only, one forming the outer integument, the other doing duty as stomach lining, a different and much lower form of life than the vertebrate, or animals with a true body, containing a proper stomach, and other viscera and blood-vessels, and beyond all the rest, a back-bone. By as much as the eagle is above the sea anemone, by so much is the Pauline Christian above the jelly-fish professor of Christianity.

There is much to admire in these lower types; we have watched them over the vessel's side as they gaily floated past; and so we see virtues of many hues in any one who is simply a Christian of the lowest possible type. But for back-bone, for the strong skull, and heavy brain, for the great-heart, and for all-dominating confidence in God Almighty, we go to the man who, under whatever name, Presbyterian, Huguonot, Paritan, Baptist, has really taken for his Divinity a Being infinite in every perfection, who not only sees the end from the beginning, but who has a plan comprehending everything, which must be carried out.

The ideas which saved Europe in the 10th century must always save, because of their divine potency. It may be under another name, but nothing else will stand the shock of opposing forces. There is the cavalry of agnosticism; the searching artillery fire of denial of the supernatural; the rifle fire of free thought of all phases. There stand the foe, arrayed in all sorts of uniforms, like our Boer friends, tatter-demolitions in rags, and gentlemen in kid gloves, Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Indians, Japs and German Professors, as asking hard questions, and denying the first principles of our faith. And then there is that worst and most demoralizing thing, when our own men, on whom we are relying to help us, fire into us from behind. Preachers in pulpits, and Professors in Seminaries, do more damage perhaps, than direct opponents.

We must know what the foundations are, and we must stand on them. God Almighty can do anything, he will carry out all he has promised to do. We are safe to build on that.

This, it seems to me, is Paulinism, as well as Calvinism. We know what this has done for the world. This doctrine has given us men like William of Orange, who withstood the whole might of Rome and the Spanish Inquisition; like Oliver Cromwell, who had a 'clear recognition of Calvinistic Christianity,' 'believed in God not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases,' who taught England the grandest lesson she has ever received; like Whitfield, the burning and shining evangelist of the 18th century; like John Bunyan, who gives us the figure of Christian perseverance, the fire kept burning by an invisible hand pouring oil on the fuel; like Havelock and Stonewall Jackson, who fought their foes, material and spiritual, confident that they must live until their work was done; like Cowper the Calvinist of poets, who wrote even in his despondency:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;"

like Watts, the easy chief of Christian hymnists, not only for the majesty and dignity of his rhythm, but for the doctrine of the Divine Perfections with which all his hymns are saturated, as witness:

"Zion enjoys her monarch's love
Secure against a threatening hour;
Can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power."

I conclude these observations, suggested by the strong book of Dr. Kuyper, with a simile used by himself:

"Even as a grain of wheat from the sarcophagi of the Pharaohs when again committed to the soil bears fruit a hundred fold, so Calvinism still carries in itself a wondrous power for the future of the nations?"

D. A. STEELE.

The Attractions of God's Presence.

What is the best gift which the church has to offer to the world—the attractive quality which will win men to its fellowship? It is not art, which is no longer exclusively the handmaid of worship. It is not eloquence, which at best is rare and is perhaps more common on the platform than in the pulpit. It is not gain—for the church is in the world and must ask its members for support. If it depended upon any of these attractions the church would have been dead and forgotten centuries ago.

Christian life, so far as it is genuine, is a manifestation of God. His spirit witnesses through men of the beauty of holiness. It is imperfect witness, for Christians are imperfect men, but in so far as it is genuine it is effective. God himself is the supreme attraction for those who are made in his image. Where he is known and manifested men will be drawn together as iron is drawn to the magnet.

The increase of machinery counts for little where abundance of power is wanting. Do we not often make the mistake of elaborating worship, enriching art, multiplying attractions, studying advertisements and forget the power of God's presence with his people? The life of the church is the indwelling of God in the hearts of his children, manifested to men in holy, cheerful, fraternal, helpful lives. Have we anything better than this to offer to the world? Is there anything which can take the place of this in mere diligent use of the many inventions of our modern church activity?

The church is attractive when men feel that God is with its members—meets with them in their worship, goes with them to their business, is invited to be a sharer of their pleasures. God, as of old, is revealed through man to man. There is no better way of revelation. The measure of our power with others is the measure of our clear transmission of the light that God has put within our spirits.—Congregationalist.

Thoughts and Things.

MAN'S PELLOW HIS RESIDENCE.

Where does a man live when he is on a boundary? The old problem has cropped up again in the revision courts. One revising barrister solved it by ruling in two cases that a man lives in that parish where his front door is situated. But what if the imaginary line run under the middle of the step and come out at the back of the house? Something very like this actually exists at Norwich, in Cheshire, and as a consequence the occupier of a small cottage has for many years claimed, and, we believe, actually exercised the right of voting in two Parliamentary divisions. Perhaps the best general rule for settling boundary disputes is one which was formulated at the Clerkenwell sessions in 1816. A man who "lived in two parishes" became a pauper, whereupon a dispute arose as to which should maintain him. Models of the house and the bed on which he slept were laid before the court, that it might ascertain how much of his body lay in each parish. In the end it was held that he was "settled" where his head (being the nobler part) lay.—London Chronicle.

"TIME-THIEVES."

Time-thieves in public meetings are commonly not bad men. They do not intend to steal from those who are to follow them, the time that has

been allotted, or to take from the audience the pleasure anticipated in hearing those who are crowded out. The crimes they commit are so open and so unconscious that they evidently are unaware of the offences they are probably committing. An amusing instance occurred not long since in the case of one who, because of his over-sensitiveness, took less than the time given to him in the programme. The chairman, with his watch before, was keeping time and enforcing the rule. This speaker, when he began, naively took the chairman's watch and placed it under his own eye, saying that he was going to keep within the time. Glances were exchanged among experienced observers, which said, "He won't remember." Sure enough in fifteen minutes after a flight of interesting oratory, the speaker looked at the watch, and, after a pause, with a puzzled look, he said: "I looked at the watch when I began, but I have forgotten when it was." Speakers frequently have this experience. Two things betray those who are speaking. For them time fairly flies away. Three minutes to a speaker seem no longer than one minute does to the hearer. Let any one test himself by holding a watch silently for a minute, and then note the lapse of a minute while he is speaking aloud. Then, again, an address that one can read silently in five minutes will take seven if read aloud without an audience, and ten or fifteen according to the size of the room in which it is delivered and the intention of the speaker to be heard by every person in it.—Christian Register.

"I Shall be Satisfied When I Awake With Thy Likeness."

The artist stands at his easel painting the portrait of one before him; and I go and look at it, and scowl and shrug my shoulders and say: "It is not like him; I can see the ghost of an appearance looking out through the lustreless eye and the untrue features, but it is not my friend." And the artist says: "Wait! When I have finished the picture, and put the purpose—the soul—into it, then judge, not before." So Christ sits for his portrait, and God takes me as a canvas, and paints, and ever and anon I grow foolish enough to look at myself, and shake my head in despair, and say, "That will never be a portrait," and then I come back to his promise: "You shall be satisfied when you awake in his likeness," and I am satisfied beforehand in this hope that he gives me.—Lyman Abbott, D. D.

Love in Search of a Word.

The difficulties of missionary pioneer work, especially in learning languages and reducing them to writing, were recently described in a thrilling manner by Willis K. Hotchkiss, an American missionary of the Society of Friends, who has just returned to his work in Central Africa among the Wakamba. He first built his own house assisted by two coast men, as the tribe was hostile and suspicious. Gradually they became friendly and he began to learn their language. Willis Hotchkiss said in a missionary address in England:

"The first word I secured was 'Ni-chau,' meaning 'What is it?' Day and night I pestered every man I met with that question. In the brick-yard muddy hands and pencil added to muddy paper the swelling list of words. In the garden, hoe and spade were dropped for pencil and note-book, as some new word dropped from the lips of the black fellows at my side. So it went through the day with its varied duties, and then at night, by candle light, the day's treasures were gathered up, classified, and made ready for their blessed service. For two years and a half I searched for the word 'Saviour.' As each day and week and month passed by, it grew bigger with meaning in the light of the frightful need which faced me—a need which I knew I could meet if I could bring that word to bear upon it, but before which I was powerless until that golden key was discovered. But it finally came, and the toil of years was recompensed. Around the evening camp-fire I sat with my men, listening to their stories and watching eagerly for the coveted word. Finally my head man, Kikuv, launched upon a tale which I hoped would bring it. He told how Mr. Krieger had some months before been attacked by a lion and badly wounded, and how he had been rescued. But to my great disappointment he did not drop the concrete word for which I was looking. Sick at heart, I was about to turn away, when in a modest way he turned to me saying, 'Bwana nukuthaniwa na Kikuv!' (the master was saved by Kikuv.) I could have shouted for joy, for having the verb I could easily make the noun; but to prove it beyond the shadow of a doubt, I said 'Uauthani Bwana?' (you saved the master?) and he replied, 'Yes? Why, Kikuv!' said I, 'this is the word I have been wanting you to give me all these moons, because I wanted to tell you that Yesu died to Ku—' I got no further. The black face lit up as in the lurid light of the camp-fire he turned upon me, exclaiming, 'Master! I see it now! I understand! This is what you have been trying to tell us all these moons, that Yesu died to save us from the power of sin! Never did sweeter word fall from mortal lips than that word 'Saviour' as it fell from the lips of that black savage in Central Africa.'—The Bombay Guardian;