

thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called." And elsewhere the same apostle declares his own method of dealing with the sceptical culture of his day: "The Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, to the Greeks foolishness."—*Dr. Stuart Robinson in Princeton Review.*

BELIEVING AND LIVING.

The telling sneer of the man of the world is directed against the want of consistency on the part of Christians. The question he asks is not so much, "Who will show us any good?" as "Who is any better than we?" He demands that the professor of religion show a better life, and prove by the way of his living that he is moved by something different from mankind in general. Unless he assumes that his own life is what it ought to be, the flimsiness of his assumption and the inconsistency of his reasoning are easy to show. But, at the same time, it is well that his question receive due consideration, his demand due recognition. It is well, we say; it is, indeed, essential to the efficient influence of our Christian profession, that we have constantly in mind the fact that we are in every particular of our lives to be different from the world. The Christian's watchword should be, "Christ in me;" his motto, "Whose I am and whom I serve." "We believe, and therefore speak," said Paul. What did he believe, and what did he speak? How can Christ be shown as living in us, save as we live like Christ? If we are the Lord's, are we not bound to do only that which will please Him? Ho do we serve Him, save as we do what He has commanded us? What is the object of our true faith, save what He has told us? What do we speak for Him but the truth He has taught us, and taught us to feel in our hearts? And how do we speak? Is any language so clear, or loud, or eloquent, as that of our daily endeavour to do what we call duties but should delight in as privileges?

Let our works be those of a heart given to God, of hands exercised because of a desire to honour God; and the gainsayer's questions, the unbeliever's sneers, will be silenced. To live as in view of the day of judgment, as knowing the fulfilment of God's promise of the light of His countenance, as trusting only to the blood of Christ, and yet as though, by our holy living alone, we were to win heaven, is to show our faith by our works, to "walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit."—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

THE HEBREWS.

No race of men upon the earth are a more interesting study than the Jews. With an ancestry dating back to the very dawn of history, their life, biography and religion have been woven into and become a part of the past. Along the banks of the Euphrates, the Nile and the Jordan, from Ur of the Chaldees and Palestine, two thousand years before the coming of Christ, we gather the connected and well-authenticated history of the Jews, and the world in which they moved, and which but for them would have been a blank, or the records left at least in great doubt. They were known as Hebrews for over a thousand years after the emigration of Abraham. The name of Jew was applied after the dispersion of the ten tribes, and the house of Judah became the loyal representation of the people separating as they did from their brethren who gave themselves to idolatry.

As we glance at the history of the persecutions, bitter, malignant, and unrelenting, which followed this people in almost every land and every age, we are struck with amazement that they exist at all. But this wonder increases when we see them closely allied with every tongue and every nation, driving in the marts of trade, and shaping the policy that rules, yet at the same time clinging to the characteristics that mark them as unerringly to-day as when they took possession of Palestine, thousands of years ago.

But half a century has elapsed since they began their emigration to America; now they are in every State and every city. For years they did not buy real estate, but kept all their wealth in money; but during the war they became purchasers of a large amount of realty, and in every city are now to be found some of the most solid business firms among the Jews. Their churches or synagogues, have rapidly multiplied—notably so in New York, which has the largest Jewish population of any American city. In that city, we believe, they have fourteen synagogues and temples, a Jewish hospital or orphan asylum, and

a home for the indigent. A recent writer remarks that "there are more Jews in the city of New York than remain in the whole land of Palestine." The largest Jewish population in the world is in Russia, and the next in Austria. "According to the census, the Cis-Lethian provinces contain 821,200 Jews, and Trans-Lethian nearly 600,000." In 1875, according to the records of the Austrian army, there were enrolled in its list 16,617 Jews. In all Palestine, including Jerusalem, there are only about 25,000.

THE PSALMIST'S LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

In the days of King David the Bible was a scanty book; yet he loved it well and found daily wonders in it. Genesis, with its sublime narration of how God made the world; its glimpses of patriarchal piety, and dark disclosures of gigantic sins. Exodus, with its glorious marching through the great wilderness; its thrilling memorial of Jehovah's outstretched arm, and the volumes of the written law. Leviticus, through whose flickering vista David's eye discerned the shadows of better things to come. Numbers, with its natural history of the heart of man. Deuteronomy, with its vindication of the Laws of God. Joshua and Judges, with their chapters of providence, and stirring incidents, and peaceful episodes. The memoirs of Job, so fraught with spiritual experience; and the domestic annals of Ruth, which told her grandson (David) such a tale of divine foreknowledge, and love, and care, all converging on himself, or rather on David's Son and David's Lord—(Rev. xxii. 16)—these were David's Bible; and brethren, whatever wealth you have, remember David desired his Bible beyond all his riches; so thankful was he for such a priceless treasure that he praised God for its righteous judgments seven times a day. But you have got an ampler Bible—a Bible with Psalms and Prophets in it—a Bible with Gospels and Epistles.

How often have you found yourself clasping it to your bosom as the man of your counsel? How often have your eyes glistened over a brightening page as one who had found great spoil?—*James Hamilton.*

PAUL'S SLEEPY HEARER.

One of the comfortable incidents mentioned in the New Testament history is that of the young man who slept while Paul preached, and who slept so soundly as to fall from the window into the crowd below.

It is to be remembered that Paul was preaching. Paul the learned, the mighty, who had seen Jesus in a vision at Damascus; who had been caught up into the third heavens; who had heard words it is not lawful to utter with human lips; who had conferred upon him the dignity and responsibility of opening the Gospel to the Gentile world, who was to influence the generations after him more than all other thinkers and philosophers of his time. This Paul was preaching; he was preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ; he was preaching the glorious Gospel of the Son of God; he was making known the mystery which had been hidden from the ages.

It was Paul, and—he was preaching.

In his audience was a person who was a man, not a woman; who was a young man, not an old man; and while Paul was preaching this young man fell asleep. His name has been preserved. It was Eutyclus.

If now and then a modern preacher sees a lid-covered eye, a drowsy face, or a nodding head, he goes back with comfort to the incident recorded in holy Scripture, that while Paul preached a man slept.

The comfort to the hearer seems to come in this wise; he says to himself, "There never was an age in which somebody did not sleep in church; there never was a preacher under whose ministrations some one did not slumber. Is it not, therefore, with me a singular infirmity; it is common to hearers; and that I am sleeping is no reflection upon the minister in the pulpit, because he will console himself with recollecting the young man, Eutyclus, who slept while Paul preached."

But why should either party be concerned about this sleeping? Is it a shame or a sin to sleep in church? Certainly in the abstract this cannot be answered in the affirmative. The moral quality will depend upon the cause of the sleeping.

If a man has been drinking too much or eating too much, the sin is not in sleeping, it is in the intemperance or the gluttony of the sleeper. If the man has been at some place of amusement Saturday night, so that he did not get sufficient sleep for Sabbath, the sin

is not in the sleeping; it is in the failure to have slept in the right time and in the right place.

It is always good to sleep. It is God's provision in nature for the restoration of our wastes. But we ourselves may push it into wrong seasons. If a man has been out on duty the night before; if a woman has been watching by her sick child, and neither feels willing to miss the church service, but goes for what can be enjoyed, and sleep comes, there is no ground for trouble of conscience. It was the duty of the hearer to be awake the night before. It is his duty to be in church in the morning if there be nothing to prevent. If he fall asleep during the sermon, it is his infirmity. If he bumps his head against the pew in front, or tumbles from the window, it is his misfortune. But there is no sin in sleeping.

Speaking of sleeping reminds us of an incident in our ministry in this city. The service was held in what was then the large chapel of the University. It was mid-summer, and the day was extraordinarily hot and close. The people looked very drowsy. So, when the time for the delivery of the discourse arrived, we made substantially the following address to our audience:

"Many of you have been hard at work during the week, and the day is exceedingly warm, and you may not feel wakeful through the entire discourse. Sometimes hearers have distress of mind because they sleep in church. They seem to think that sleeping shows a want of either reverence for God, or respect for the clergyman, or both. Now, I desire to ease your minds by telling you that if you put yourselves in comfortable positions, and there be anything in the matter of the sermon or the manner of its delivery to soothe you, I shall feel that my calling to-day is to soothe you; and if I put you to sleep it will be a great success. If I see you sleep I shall know that you are doing well. I shall go through the discourse to the best of my ability all the same as if you were awake."

Now, what do you think was the effect of this speech? The whole congregation faced the pulpit, and gazed at the preacher with the most intense attention. Every man, woman and child of them kept distinctly awake, with eyes looking as if they were hungry; and as for "ourselves" we never felt more called upon to feed a hungry flock than we did that day. The exertion was exhausting, and at the close we discovered that an audience may be obstinate, and go by the rule of contraries, being then most wide awake when you are most willing that they should slumber and sleep.—*Rev. Dr. Deems in Sunday Magazine.*

"IF THY RIGHT HAND OFFEND THEE."

Cut it off. Why. It is a good hand. It might even prove to be a very useful hand. Why not keep it, restrain it, regulate it, use it—in "moderation?"

Because "it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire."

That is Christ's doctrine about anything that tempts to sin. It may be as harmless as a hand, as useful as a hand; cut it off if it is a perpetual temptation. It may be as harmless as an eye, as useful as an eye; pluck it out rather than let it lure you to hell.

This glass of wine—what harm in it? Is it not one of God's good gifts? Is it not a "fruit of the vine?" Is it not that which "cheereth God and man?" Shall I cut it off? Ay! cut it off, though it were as bright as the hand, if it tempts thee to evil.

But it does not tempt me; I am strong. The withes that bind other men have no power over me. I can sleep in Delilah's lap and wake and laugh defiance at the Philistines. It only tempts my brother, my child, my friend; or the poor, weak-willed creature that cites my moderation as an excuse for his self-indulgence.

"It were better for one that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

Till the wine-cup neither tempts you nor your weaker brother to sin, it is surely Christian to cut it off. Is it not?—*Christian Weekly.*

PEACE is such a precious jewel that I would give anything for it but truth.—*Matthew Henry.*

THERE are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could govern their tongues.—*Prentice.*

THE great man loves the conversation or book that convicts him, not that which soothes and flatters him.—*Emerson.*