

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

When we come to the relation between Christianity and the social problems of the time, we find cause for greater activity in disseminating the principles of Christianity, but no cause for distrust in its divine claims, noble achievements or practical possibilities. When socialism assumes the form of anarchy there can be no relation between it and Christianity but one of "irrepressible conflict." Christianity favours liberty; but liberty is not license. Liberty is obedience to just law; the highest liberty is submission to God and conformity to His will as revealed in His Word. Anarchy is un-American, unmanly and ungodly. It is a plant of foreign production, a satanic exotic which can never become fully rooted in American soil. When socialism becomes anarchy it is fit only for destruction. When men come to America with a red flag in one hand and a dynamite bomb in the other they must be quarantined for their natural lives. An examination of the lives of the Anarchists recently hanged shows that they never had any Christian training. Had they been educated in its doctrines they would never have made, certainly would never have hurled, the fatal bomb. They learned to think of Christianity as their enemy; they, in turn, became its enemies. These facts are worthy of careful consideration by all Christians and all other good citizens. We cannot afford to neglect the Christian training of any of our people; we must do our part toward training all the nations of the earth, especially those whose representatives are likely to come to us. Atheism is anarchistic. Sow infidelity and you reap anarchy, impurity, death. Every atheist is at heart an anarchist. Anarchism is the flower and fruit of atheism. No consistent infidel, or can be, a good citizen. True Christianity alone is the harmonizer of all the conflicting interests of society. It is the true anti-poverty and the true temperance society. It alone can elevate the "masses"; it alone can reclaim the fallen. Dr. Alexander MacLeod, in his *Christus Consolator*, says that "when Oersted first exhibited to Frederika Bremer the beautiful and now familiar experiment of sand-grains upon a glass plate arranging themselves, under the influence of musical notes, in symmetrical and harmonious figures, this reflection passed through the mind of the lady; 'A human hand made the stroke that produced the note. But when the stroke is made by the hand of the Almighty, will not the note then produced bring into exquisitely harmonious form those sand-grains which are human beings, communities, nations? It will arrange the world in beauty, and there shall be no discord, and no lamentation any more.'" This woman is right. All that is true in communism is the offspring of Christ's religion; all that is evil in communism is opposed by His Gospel. His religion is the cure for all the evils existing between employer and employed. Put Christ into the hearts of both, and injustice, oppression and strikes will be impossible. Count Tolstoi is feeling after Christ. There is a Christian communism. It furnishes the only truly noble fellowship. Religion now, as in all the past, lifts nations and races out of barbarism into civilization, out of sin into holiness, from earth to heaven. So-called reformers and humanitarians who are infidel to Christ and His Gospel are the enemies of the poor, the enemies of the Republic, the enemies of the race. Those who would lift their hand against the Bible, against the Sabbath, against Christ, are the enemies of the best interests of all classes for time as well as eternity.—R. S. MacArthur, in *March* New Princeton Review.

JOHN FRASER, LATE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

He was on his way to preach in the neighbourhood of Bolton-le-Moors, a wild moorland, tenanted by mill hands and colliers, rough and uncouth, the pit-brow women very unlike what they were pictured in the *Illustrated London News*. So, as the Bishop strode along, he came to some by-roads and lost his way. Overtaking a collier returning from the pit, black and grimy, with his Davy lamp in his hand, he accosted him: "Can you tell me the way to Bolton, my man?" "Oy, mester," not looking up: "aw'm bound part o' th' way mysen (self), and if tha' doant moind walking on wi' me, aw'll show thee a shorter cut." Then he surveyed the Bishop from head to foot, gaiters, and shovel hat, took his pipe out of his mouth (a sure sign of Lancashire politeness), and said, "Hand o'er thy bag, mester, aw'll carry it for thee." The Bishop handed it over, when this conversation ensued: Collier—I reckon fra yore cut, mester, yore summat high up i' th' church. Whw (who) may ye be, if aw may makken sa bold as ta ax? Bishop (smiling)—Why, yes, I am, as you say, somewhat art ta, mon? Collier—Whaw may ta be? Whaw side o' a common chap loike me? Bishop—And why shouldn't I? Collier—Aw sees no reason, but aw reckon thou art Lord Bishop, thou canst tell me th' road to heav'n. Bishop—I hope I can. Collier—Aw'm none so sure; aw rather misdoubt thee; thou wouldst not be axing me th' road to heav'n? Bishop—Thou know'd th' road to heav'n. Why, you talk as if heaven were a long way off. Heaven, my friend, is within you. You and I are making our heaven what we are striving to fear and serve and love God and to hate sin. Did you never feel happier because your conscience was at peace—because you had spent a good day? Collier—N one so oft as aw ought. But thou must be a vey happy mon if all aw hears o' thee be true. Bishop—Don't believe all you hear; we none of us do what we ought. So come to a turn in the road, when the collier handed back the bag and the two parted, but not till he had asked: "Where art ta going to preach, my Lord—aw reckon aw'm ca' thee, my Lord—aw doant mind if aw go and hear thee." The Bishop told him; so the collier went home and told himself up, and not only came to chu'ch himself, but brought a good many of his chums with him. His Lordship took the conversation for the subject of his sermon, and preached a most telling one.—*Temple Bar*.

INDIAN LEGEND OF CREATION.

The ancient legend of creation has the most natural and complete explanation ever given of the origin of Lover's Leap. The red Adam was driven from the island by an evil-minded angel who was enamoured of the red Eve, and she, having denounced the angel as "devil," with whom she could not be compelled to remain longer than to express her hate of him, "fled like wind as it wantons down from far Waughoshance" and leaped from the cliff. Her banished mate, who was paddling sorrowfully along the shore and saw her fall, urged his canoe forward and saved her life: and Manitou restored them to the island and banished the angel from heaven. He fell to the underworld of bad spirits and there became a great leader and the father of the white race of beings called men, who, filled with the hatred of their father towards their red Eve, have never ceased to work for the ruin of her descendants.—*Charles Ellis, in the American Magazine for March*.

"BROKEN-ARM" AS A PEACE-MAKER.

About the year 1865 (before Mr. Flett became a missionary), I was, he says, stationed at Victoria, on the North Saskatchewan, in the Hudson Bay Company's service, when the Blackfeet came northward and stole horses from the Cree Chief, "Broken Arm." This chief, who was a Christian, set out soon afterward, for the Blackfoot camp, intending to negotiate a peace, and, if possible, recover the stolen horses. He had with him one of his sons, a lad, and only a few of his people. His constant travelling companion, a copy of the New Testament in Syllabic, was with him also, in his bosom. Moving on southward, near Battle River, the little band were climbing a high hill, one day, when they descried a body of Blackfeet coming toward them. It was a joint surprise. Neither party knew of the approach of the other, until they were almost face to face near the brow of the hill. The Cree Chief, who had no notion of fighting, stood in the road where he was with his son.

Immediately on getting sight of the Crees, the Blackfeet threw off their blankets, got ready their guns and rushed on to fight. To their amazement there was no one to fight with. The Cree chief, whom they did not recognize, was in the road, with his son on horseback by his side, but so far from making any warlike demonstrations, the old hero had taken out his New Testament, which he appeared to read with great composure. He was as cool as a cucumber. This unlooked for event—so entirely out of accord with Indian practice—struck the impetuous Blackfeet with astonishment, which caused them to halt suddenly, and then, seeing the unaltered bearing, fearlessness and peaceful attitude of the chief, they became awed, believing that this must be a great medicine man who was under the protection of the spirits. Seeing that he was not in the least afraid, and that he declined either to fight or fly, they at last called out to him, "who are you?" "Nas-ke-pe-toun" (Broken Arm), was the reply. Hearing the name of this famous chief, and seeing that his old time courage had not abated, the Blackfeet could not but admire him, and at once changing their mood to one of conciliation, they laid aside their guns and giving up to Broken-Arm and his son, gave them a most friendly greeting. The storm cloud had disappeared! He told them how his followers had vanished on the first appearance of danger, and calling to them, they sneaked out of the bushes one by one, to the great amusement of the Blackfeet, who contrasted the cowardice of runaways with the bravery of their leader.

Peace-making followed. The Cree camp being nearer than that of the Blackfeet, Broken-Arm invited his newly-made friends to his quarters, where peace was formally concluded. He also took them to the neighbouring Indian village near Fort Pitt, and to a band of Indians east of Victoria and south to the Snake Hills, or Saddle Lake, where there were further ceremonious peace-makings. The proceedings were brought to a fitting close by the Blackfeet taking with them, on their return home, the Cree chief and some of his Indians, to whom all the stolen horses were restored.

The amity thus established remained unbroken for some two or three years, until the Blackfeet renewed the horsethieving. The old chief with a small escort essayed once again to recover the property and renew the peace. But that peace-mission proved his last. The Blackfeet met them en route. Again Broken-Arm's men all deserted, leaving him alone with his eldest son; and father and son were shot down together.—*W. Caldwell, in Manitoba Free Press*.

THE CLASS IN SCRIPTURE.

Aljady asked one of the children in her Sunday school class, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels." "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" questioned a teacher of the stolid-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," was the quiet response. "What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" asked a lady of her Sunday school class. There was silence for some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with, "The baby, please, ma'am." "Do you know, mamma, I don't believe Solomon was so rich after all?" observed a sharp boy to his mother, who prided herself on her orthodoxy. "My child!" she exclaimed in pious horror, "what does the Bible say?" "That's just it," he answered. "It says that 'Solomon slept with his fathers.' Now, surely, if he had been rich he'd have had a bed to himself." A teacher in trying to explain to her scholars the meaning of repentance, used this illustration: "Suppose a bad boy were to steal an orange, and his good mother should catch him with it, and take him by the hand gently and tell him how wicked it is, and how very, very grieved she was; don't you think, now, that the little boy ought to feel sorry?" One of the scholars eagerly replied: "Yes, mum." "And why, Marmaduke?" "Cause," "Because, why, Marmaduke?" "Because he hadn't et the orange befo' his ma catch him and tuck it away from him!"—*Chambers' Journal*.

British and Foreign.

DEAN BRADLEY says Westminster Abbey is in peril of decay.

MR. BLAIR of Cambuslang proposes the formation of an Elders' Union in Hamilton Presbytery.

DR. CAMERON LEES is engaged on a history of the church, college and cathedral of St. Giles.

THE Rev. H. M. Davidson of Dundee regards football as the noblest and manliest game ever invented.

MR. MARSHALL, pastor-elect of the Scots Church, Melbourne, sails immediately for his new charge.

THE Rev. Mr. M'Askill, of Dingwall, is likely to accept the call to Hope Street Gaelic Church, Glasgow.

THE Gordon Highlanders, stationed at Guernsey, have contributed \$305 toward the purchase of a new organ.

MR. GEORGE MULLER, of Bristol, after holding services in Hobart, Tasmania, proceeded to Perth, West Australia.

A COMMITTEE of old students of St. Andrew's and other friends of the late Professor Spencer T. Baynes are raising funds for a memorial portrait.

A MEMORIAL bust of the late Dr. Fraser was unveiled in Bolton town hall on the 29th ult. It was at Bolton he earned the title of the "people's bishop."

MARECHALE BOOTH-CLIBBORN says that during the past year 2,233 souls have sought salvation at Salvation Army meetings in France, and 2,716 in Switzerland.

PROF. ELSMLIE, the brilliant occupant of the Hebrew chair in the London College, has received the degree of D.D. from Aberdeen, of which he is a graduate.

DR. MARSHALL LANG's first sermon in the Scots Church at Melbourne was delivered on the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which the first Presbyterian minister arrived in Port Philip.

THE anonymous patriot who gave \$150,000 to build the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, has intimated his desire to bear the cost of completing the east and west wings of the building.

THE Rev. James Stewart Russell, M.A., of London, author of the masterly work on "The Parousia" has received the degree of D.D. from Aberdeen, of which he is a graduate.

THE bishop's palace, which is to be a feature of the Glasgow Exhibition, will contain relics of the Stuarts and such of their adherents as Claverhouse and also memorials of the Covenanters.

THE Rev. James Langwill reports that \$250,290 was contributed for charitable and religious purposes by the churches in Edinburgh Presbytery last year. The previous year's total was \$246,120.

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND is to be one of the Carew lecturers at Harford Theological Seminary, United States, this year and he will be succeeded by Dr. Francis L. Patton, the new president of Princeton.

THE crofters and cottars of several Ross-shire townships have passed a resolution to the effect that "preaching at" the people from the pulpit is not a legitimate mode of directing attention to secular matters.

THE Rev. Robert Smith, M.A., of Corsock, formerly for a long time engaged in mission work at Buda-Pesth, and who has gained prominence as a linguist, has received the degree of D.D. from Aberdeen.

DR. SNODGRASS, of Canonbie, failed to appear in answer to the Duke of Buccleuch's action against him concerning the right of salmon fishing in the Esk opposite the glebe, and hence decision has been given against him.

THE Melbourne theatre managers lately resolved to follow the lead of Sydney in having advertised concerts on Sunday evening, but the authorities promptly frightened them out of their purpose by threatening to cancel their licenses.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Meharry elected to accept the call from Crouch Hill, the Newcastle Presbytery were so much impressed with the value of his services to the north that they refused to sanction the call. The case has been appealed to the Synod.

MR. JOHN MACKINTOSH, of Aberdeen, author of that remarkable four volume "History of Civilization in Scotland" which he has written in the scanty leisure of a business life, has received the degree of LL.D. from the university of his own city.

THE late Mr. Alexander Ramage, of Robertson, who had entered on his ninety-fourth year when he died, was the last of the pre-Disruption elders in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire. He was the author of a small collection of sacred verse, printed for private circulation.

THE increasing use of the Sabbath as a day of amusement by fashionable society in London has been formally condemned by the bishops in the upper house of convocation. Bishop Temple declared that Sabbath desecration was much more excusable in the lower classes.

THE Rev. J. A. Hogg, B.D., who was ordained to Galsston last November, has suddenly resigned his charge, much to the regret of his flock, because he cannot conform his preaching to the Confession of Faith. His resignation is coupled with his secession from the Established Church.

MR. HUBBARD, who for the last fifteen years has been connected with the Nazareth Street Mission Sabbath School, was last week presented with an album containing photographs of many of the teachers, the occasion being his return to Scotland, where he proposes permanently to reside.

MR. WATT, of Anderston, formerly assistant to the professor of humanity at Aberdeen, has received the degree of D.D. from that university. The same honour has been bestowed on Rev. William L. Baxter, M.A., of Cameron, Fife, and Rev. Henry Cowan, B.D., of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh. The degree of LL.D. has been conferred on the Rev. W. L. Davidson, of Broutie, author of "The Logic of Definition" and other works.