

the work which His Father had given Him to do. The expression, "Remove this cup from Me," does not imply a desire on Christ's part to refrain from drinking to the very dregs the cup of death which was in store for Him. The more likely rendering is: "Let this cup—the agonies of the present hour—pass over to another period of time." "Oh, My Father, if it be possible, alleviate now the burden of the world's guilt which weighs down my soul. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

GOD IN NATURE.

James Russell Lowell.

The love of nature in and for herself, or as a mirror for the moods of the mind, is a modern thing. The fleeing to her as an escape from man was brought into fashion by Rousseau; for his prototype Petrarch, though he had a taste for pretty scenery, had a true antique horror for the grander aspects of nature. He got to the top of Mount Ventoux, but it is very plain that he did not enjoy it. Indeed, it is only within a century or so that the search after the picturesque has been a safe employment. . . . The author of the book of Job is the earliest I know of who showed any profound sense of the moral meaning of the outward world, and I think none has approached him since, though Wordsworth comes nearest with the first two books of the "Prelude."

The Christian who knows and loves God best loves and admires His creation most. Whoever can look upon the picturesque and the sublime in nature or upon a manifestation of the migratory instincts of the lower animals, without one thought of a Supreme Being, must surely be callous in heart. Yet how many there are who are thus blind to the sweet inspiring influences of dame nature.

WISDOM'S ROOT.

Burns.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
Let him draw near;
An' owre this grassy heap sing dool,
An' drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowd among,
That weekly this arena throng?
Oh, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave?
Here pause, and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name!

Reader, attend, whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flight beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control,
Is wisdom's root.

Poor Robin himself was sadly deficient in "wisdom's root." He was his own worst friend. Let young men and women engaged in sowing life's "wild oats" study well these lines of Burns, inscribed upon the tombstone of a fellow-bard, and learn therefrom sin's reflex tendency: "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." Wordsworth's comment upon this poem is as follows: "Here is a sincere and solemn avowal—a confession at once devout, poetical and human—a history in the shape of a prophecy."

ATHEISM.

Bacon.

I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud and the Alcorn, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for, while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity—nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion; that is the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus. For it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds implaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The Scripture saith: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God;" it is not said "The fool hath thought in his heart." So, as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded by it. For none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God.

These words are healthy and pronounced and well worthy being quoted. Atheism is on the advance; but it is the atheism of "the fool who says (without thinking) in his heart there is no God." "A little learning is a dangerous thing." "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." Our neighbours' democratic sentiment, "Jack is as good as his master," is proving hurtful even in loyal Canada. Our youth delight in the liberty wherewith they think they are thereby made free. Parental authority is being unblushingly disregarded—pastoral oversight is regarded by many as akin to a good joke, Presbyterianism is rapidly sliding into congregationalism, and Congregationalism into chaos. The fancied inference from all this laxity in the world of sense and time is, since there are no dominating spirits amongst men, there can be no Divine controlling Power in the world, there can be no God.

A CASTAWAY.

Longfellow.

O blessed Lord! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way!
So many hands that, without heed,
Still touch Thy wounds, and make them bleed,
So many feet, that day by day,
Still wander from Thy fold astray!
Unless Thou fill me with Thy light,
I cannot lead Thy flock aright;
Nor, without Thy support, can bear
The burden of so great a care,
But am myself a castaway.

We have here a word of especial warning to preachers of the Gospel. It is an endorsement of Paul's fears, thus expressed: "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself, should be a castaway."

THE PROFESSING CHRISTIAN VIEWED FROM TWO POINTS.
Macaulay.

It is altogether impossible to reason from the opinions which a man professes to his feelings and his actions; and, in fact, no person is ever such a fool as to reason thus except when he wants a pretext for persecuting his neighbours. A Christian is commanded, under the strongest sanctions, to do as he would be done by. Yet to how many of the twenty-four millions of professing Christians in these islands (Great Britain and Ireland) would any man in his senses lend a thousand pounds without security? A man who should act for one day on the supposition that all the people about him were influenced by the religion which they professed, would find himself ruined before night, and no man ever does act on that supposition in any of the ordinary concerns of life, in borrowing, in lending, in buying, or in selling. But when any of our fellow-creatures are to be oppressed, the case is different. Then we represent those motives which we know to be so feeble for good as omnipotent for evil. Then we lay to the charge of our victims all the vices and follies to which their doctrines, however remotely, seem to tend. We forget that the same laxity, the same disposition to prefer the present to the future, which make men worse than a good religion, make them better than a bad one.

The actions of men are frequently at variance with their words. Impulse loosens the tongue to the utterance of charitable promises which oftentimes fall flat in process of calm reflection. A man who is successful in life has many friends, the poor man feels the world's cold shoulder. Religious profession is one thing, applied Christianity is another and frequently a different thing. "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven."

TRUST IN MAN IS VAIN.

Shakespeare.

O momentary grace of mortal man,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Forcible indeed is this metaphor relative to man. Man is mortal; his favours are therefore necessarily momentary; his hopes are changing as the aspect of the human countenance. A drunken sailor with nerve unsteady, and brain stupefied, and eyes bleared, falling asleep in the mast-top of a ship which staggers in the trough of a drunken sea is in an awfully helpless and dangerous predicament. The sailor is unstable, the mast is unstable, the ship is unstable, the sea is unstable. In such a position, says Shakespeare, is the man who slavishly courts the favours of his fellows. He is ready to fall into perdition. If saved at all he is "saved as if by fire," by the grace of God; yet in his blindness he hunts more for the momentary grace of mortal man than for the grace of the omnipotent, unchanging, everlasting God. So it is. Man is more worshipped than God is. He is often cowed before his fellows, and puts on a bold front in presence of his Maker. He seeks the applause of men rather than the approval of God. Truth and uprightness he sacrifices to mean motives and grovelling selfishness.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

BY REV. E. WALLACE WAITS, D.S.C., OF KNOX CHURCH, OWEN SOUND.

CAMBRIDGE—(Concluded).

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF CAMBRIDGE.

Great cities are great fountains of social influence; their streams run through the world; these great fountains are generally polluted, and require above all places the cleansing influence of Gospel truth. Hence, we did not visit this ancient seat of learning merely to observe its buildings, to note its arts and letters. We had another and higher end in view—to see something of the religious life which throbs in the heart of this great university. The religious life of Cambridge has always been intimately associated with the religious movements of the Episcopal Church, although the town, and even the university, is very far from being ritualistic or completely under the control of that ecclesiastical hierarchy. Cambridge had the honour of educating those celebrated Protestant bishops whom Oxford had the honour of burning. Ever since those days she has been evangelical in the main, with here and there a tendency to broad Churchism. We are struck with the diversity of the religious opinions which mark the rise of the various colleges. Some of them, like Jesus' College and Corpus Christi and Trinity Hall, were of monastic origin; others sprang from the Reformation—one at least—Emmanuel College was closely connected with Puritanism. Antagonistic in their sources, how are they united in their results! Does not the fact teach us that in things human there is no finality? Hence "Non progredi est regredi." Except where there is

death there must be growth; except where there is torpor there must be progress; except where there is stagnancy there must be storms.

Cambridge has a long roll of theologians and eminent preachers who have been educated in her halls. Here we may honour and reverence and love alike such Romanists as Fisher and Morton; and such Protestants as Ridley and Latimer, and such Anglicans as Andrewes and Cosin, and such Puritans as Milton and Baxter, and such latitudinarians as Whichcot and Tillotson, and such preachers as Charles Simeon and Archdeacon Farrar, and such theologians as Isaac Barrow and Jeremy Taylor, and of the present day the late Bishop Lightfoot, Westcott and Howson. What shall we say of William Paley and John Pearson, of William Wilberforce and Thomas Clarkson, the liberators of the slave; and Henry Martyn, the fervent missionary, the glory of St. John's! And the long line has not failed. May we not see in them all the beauty of holiness, and pray God that He would make us mindful to follow their good examples!

When Moody was in Cambridge some ten years ago, his evangelistic work took a great hold of the university. Many of the collegians received spiritual good at that time, and have since given themselves to Christian work. Several have gone out as missionaries under the auspices of the China Inland Mission; and others have devoted themselves to the "Toynbee Hall Mission" in Whitechapel, of which we shall hereafter have occasion to give a sketch.

The Nonconformist Churches of Cambridge have, in time past, been able also to boast of a long line of illustrious men; from Oliver Cromwell down to many earnest evangelists of our own times. In fact, Spurgeon may be said to hail from Cambridge, for there he received his early education, and his first pastorate was at Waterbeach, only six miles from Great St. Mary's Church, in the centre of the town.

The dissenting churches of Cambridge are not as vigorous as they were twenty years ago. They seem to have lost a good deal of their Puritan fervour and simplicity, while, on the other hand, the Episcopal Church is giving voice to the spiritual renaissance and to some of the practical aspects of the heavenly kingdom. This was quite manifest in the recent Church Congress held at Hull. Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, London, said, a few weeks ago: "The Church was never doing more work, or securing for itself more golden opinions as a spiritual agency, than it is doing at this moment. It is supreme in all kinds of ability. It is making the life of Nonconformity more and more difficult. I am glad of it. It is time that we studied the age more deeply and more practically. The Church Congress has a magnificent programme to discuss. I say this without bating one jot or tittle of my Nonconformity, and with the distinct conviction that were she thrown more completely on her own resources the Church of England would surprise herself by the happy possibilities connected with untrammelled action."

Our Church in Cambridge is a mission supplied by the Presbytery of London. The congregation is small; and having as yet no building they worship in one of the rooms of the "Guild Hall." They have, however, a handsome church edifice in process of erection on Downing Street. The Rev. Mr. Hutton, of Birkenhead, was the preacher on the Sabbath we were present. From all we could ascertain a great effort is being made to bring the Presbyterian Church to the notice of the University. In fact we were impressed with this feature as a source of weakness to our cause in Cambridge. The very best men, from a scholastic point of view, are appointed to supply, and they go and preach learned dissertations adapted to collegians, who are not there to hear them, giving little or no attention to mission work in the town itself. It would be unfair to make a comparison between our own Church, whose existence there is only of yesterday, with Churches which have been there for generations; nevertheless, we could not resist the thought that Dr. Dales' remarks, in his preface to his new work on "The Living Christ and the Four Gospels," would apply to our Church in Cambridge. It is as follows: "About twelve years ago as he was walking home from Augustine Church, Edinburgh, where he had been preaching, a deacon, who accompanied him, made a complaint about the ministers who had been supplying the church since Dr. Alexander's resignation. 'Sir,' said he, 'they have preached to us as if we were all Masters of Art.' The need of adaptation to the masses is a subject to which the Church of England is now giving their most earnest and careful attention in Cambridge. And the Presbyterian Church must devote itself to the same style of ministry or it will never be a spiritual force in this ancient town. Dr. Farrar said at the Church Congress: 'Not five per cent. of our working men are communicants; not ten per cent. are regular worshippers.' The Church offers them very often what they do not want and what they do not understand."

May we not close our sketch of this interesting place by a brief reference to a Cambridge man. Beside the western door of Westminster Abbey is a little-noticed slab of marble to a youth of twenty-one, who died a poor curate at Hoole, and yet who in so short a life had detected the long inequality in the mean motions of Jupiter and Saturn, discovered the orbit of the moon to be an ellipse, determined the motion of the lunar apse, suggested the physical law of its revolutions and predicted from his own observations the transit of Venus, which he witnessed with a friend on November 24, 1639. He observed it in one of the intervals between three full Sunday services. Not for a moment did he neglect his humble parish duties for his high philosophical researches. Putting in the forefront the simple service for rustics in the poor country church, and far below them the discoveries which were to immortalize his youthful name, he wrote in his journal that he could not complete his observations. "Ad majora avocatus quae ob haec parerga negligi non deuit." Could there be a nobler example of "high humility?" Did he enjoy the beatitude of the poor in spirit—this Cambridge boy—clergyman and boy-philosopher, to whom that modest tablet was not erected till two hundred years after his death, but who died the year before Newton's birth, or might have rivalled great Newton's etherial self.

Our next sketch will be of London, whither we proceeded from Cambridge.