

the opening chapters of this lost work. But learned critics, led off by Mr. Renan, made haste to deny the genuineness of this fragment. In the spring of 1889 Prof. Reudel Harris, of Pennsylvania, during what he describes as "a delightful visit to those majestic solitudes," was happy enough to discover in the library of St. Catharine, upon Mount Sinai, the whole of this ancient apology in a Syriac translation. It was contained in a book of extracts, chiefly from authors of much later date, and hence had escaped the eye of the few Syriac scholars who may have visited the monastery in times past. While Prof. Harris was preparing the text and a translation of this work for the press, a Cambridge scholar, J. A. Robinson, of Christ's College, discovered that this very apology in the original Greek text, had been ready at hand all along in several printed volumes, and amongst the rest in the well-known *Patrologia* of Migne; but as it was embodied in the works of another author, without any indication of its separate origin, there had been hitherto no suspicion of its real character. When we add to this that another fragmentary copy in the Armenian language has been found, it will be seen that within a very short space of time not only has a precious relic of early Christian thought been brought to light, but also considerable amount of material for the correction of the text. That such discoveries should be made in ways so unlooked for and in such unexpected places, opens out an almost unlimited hope of hidden treasure yet to be unearthed.

Of the points of interest contained in this treatise of the old Christian philosopher we have only space to mention one. Prof. Harris says: "It is especially interesting to observe that in the time of Aristides the Church already had a symbol of the Faith, and we may reconstruct a good many of its sentences." He then restores the fragments of Aristides' creed as follows:

We believe in one God, Almighty,  
Maker of heaven and earth;  
And in Jesus Christ His Son,

Born of the Virgin Mary.

He was pierced by the Jews.  
He died and was buried:  
The third day He rose again;  
He ascended into heaven.

He is about to come to judge.

The close connection and sequence in which these expressions occur, and the words indicating quotation which accompany them, make the conclusion irresistible that they are portions of a fixed formula by which Christian people were taught to express the main substance of their belief.

Aristides is particularly explicit on the subject of the Virgin Birth. "The Christians," he said, "reckon the beginning of their religion from Jesus Christ, who is named the Son of God most High, and it is said that God came down from heaven and from a Hebrew Virgin took and clad Himself with flesh, and in a daughter of man there dwelt the Son of God." This is the Syriac version. The Greek is as follows: "The Christians reckon their beginning from the Lord Jesus Christ, and He, the Son of God most High, is confessed to have come down from Heaven, by the Holy Ghost, for the salvation of men [compare the Nicene Creed, 'For us men and for our salvation'], and being born of a holy virgin, without human seed and uncorruptibly, took flesh and was revealed to men." And in both the Armenian versions the same stress is laid upon this Article of Faith as a matter of the first importance.

This ancient apology evidently presents new obstacles to those who suppose the Christians of the first age to have had only very vague and general notions of the facts upon which their religion was based, and especially gives us ample proof that the supernatural and miraculous birth of our Lord was held as no matter of poetical imagination, but as a fundamental fact, one of the foundation stones of faith.—*Living Church.*

## Family Department.

### "SEEK YE THE LORD WHILE HE MAY BE FOUND."

Isaiah Iv. 6.

Come in the morn of life to Christ.  
He loves to see the youthful heart  
Seeking Him early, loving Him,  
And choosing thus the better part;  
Therefore ye children come to Him,  
He'll not despise the feeblest prayer,  
He takes the children in his arms,  
And they have constant safety there.

Come in the noon of life to Christ,  
Young men, your childhood's past away;  
Have you so soon forgotten God?  
And do you seldom kneel and pray?  
But turn to him; no longer wait,  
He will the prodigal receive,  
Fear not, Christ never casts away,  
Those who repent and who believe.

Come at the close of life to Christ,  
Old man the night is coming fast;  
Come, though with crimes your life is stained,  
And dark and terrible the past;  
Repent, while yet your God in love  
Delays the outstretched hand of death,  
It must be near, thy hours fly,  
Turn now on Christ the look of faith.

The Saviour calls beseechingly—  
Yes, even till the eleventh hour,  
And though the time be very late,  
We must not doubt His saving power;  
The thief repenting on the cross  
Turned to the Lord his dying eyes,  
And Jesus in his latest hour  
Received him into Paradise.

How blest are they who hear Christ's voice,  
Though only in their dying days,  
And angels sing sweet songs of joy  
When the repentant sinner prays;  
But far more blest are they whose youth  
And manhood's prime to God are given,  
And even from their earliest days  
Were sons of God and heirs of Heaven.

GERTRUDE MCCLINTOCK.

## THOSE BOYS.

### CHAPTER IV.—I CANNOT TELL A LIE.

(Continued.)

Mike went up and touched his shoulder.

"Ted, you've got to do something for me."

Ted raised his head, very tenderly replaced Fluffy's six little ones in their nest, shut the hutch door, and turned to his brother.

"Well, Mike."

"You've got," said Mike, speaking harshly, as the best means of intimidating Ted—"you've got to keep that in about Dan, you know."

"I can't tell a lie, Mike."

Ted, as I said before, was a very timid little fellow; he had not a tenth of Mike's physical courage, but now the moral courage which God gives to his children came into his heart, and enabled him to raise his eyes and look Mike full and bravely in the face.

Mike was astonished. But his own little heart was growing harder and harder, and he could not afford to admire his brother's courage. He continued, still speaking harshly—

"Then you'll tell mother all about me?"

"Mike, if she asks me, I must tell. I don't suppose she ever will ask me, but if she does, I can't tell a lie."

"She'll be sure to ask you what you know about Dan."

"If she does, I'll say, 'Please, mother, I do know about him, but I'd rather not tell you; and I'd like to add, 'Ask Mike, mother.'"

"And you'll do this?" said Mike, coming up close to him.

"No, Mike, unless mother asks me, or unless you give me leave, I'll not speak of you. But, oh!" he added very sorrowfully, "I never did think you'd ask me to tell a lie; I never, never thought you'd tell a lie yourself."

And the little boy burst into tears.

Mike stamped his foot impatiently, though in spite of himself Ted's tears touched him.

"Look here, Ted," he said, coming up and, putting his arm round his brother's neck. "Look here, Ted, darlin'. I'm very sorry I said that lie. I never meant to, it just seemed to burst from me. But, Ted, if I told mother now, I should lose our birthday treat, and oh! I must go to Glengariff. I have wanted for so long to drive on that mail car, Ted; and then think of sleepin' at the hotel, and fishin' for our own selves in the lakes! Oh, Ted! you couldn't care to go without me, could you?"

"No, indeed," answered Ted.

"So you see, Ted, 'twould be 'dicolous to confess now, and give up all that delicious fun. But I'll tell you what I'll do; if you stand by me and don't tell, as soon as ever the treat is over, I'll go to mother and confess all, every bit. So you see I will do right in the end. All you 'as to do is to tell no lie, but just keep out of the way and hold your tongue, and I'll love you more'n ever, Ted. Why, Ted, 'twould be very unlovin' to tell."

"Would it?" asked Ted.

"Course it would; and you know our verse the verse you ran back to read this mornin'—*Little children love one another.* Why, Ted, that wouldn't be lovin' me."

Mike looked very triumphant, and for a moment his little brother's sense of right and wrong was confused by his words, but only for a moment. Clearly the good Spirit of God whispered to him that no sin was love; that by committing sin he should show no true love for Mike.

But though he saw what was right to do, yes, and resolved to do it, yet the agony of refusing Mike, the greater agony of seeing his own Mike, whom he so cared for, and had hitherto looked up to as to a stronger nature than his own—the agony of seeing him sin deeply, and then resolve to hide his sin, was so great, that the soft roses on his little face quite faded, his lips trembled, and in his turn he threw his arms round Mike's neck, and almost lay in his strong brother's arms motionless and speechless.

"Look up, Ted, darlin'," said Mike, who thought he had conquered. "Look up, and say you'll stick by me just for a fortnight—only for a fortnight. You'll say this to save me, Ted."

At these words Ted did raise his head, but the words that came from his white and quivering lips were not those Mike expected to hear.

"Mike, I does love you. I'll give you all my rabbits, all but my dear Fluffy, and the little new rabbits. It might kill 'em to move 'em into your hutch to-day. But you may have my dear, darlin' Spot, and Long-ears, and Beauty, and you may have my share of Dan. But, Mike," and now the child spoke in a brave and fearless manner, "I'll never, never, not for nobody, tell a lie."

Mike was amazed, first, at his brother's courage; second, by the tremendous sacrifice he was willing to make for him. Ted gave up his cherished rabbits! Ted part with Spot, and Long-ears, and Beauty! those much prized little animals, about which he dreamed by night, and with which he spent nearly all his play hours.

To supply them with rare and delicious food, the lettuces in his garden were growing up, to add to and improve their dwelling house, every farthing of his weekly penny was carefully hoarded. And now he offered to give them up to him. Then undoubtedly he loved him. But