HEAVEN AT LAST.

Angel voices awvetly singing, Echoes through the blue dome ringing. News of wondrous gladness bringing: Ah, 'tis hee ven at last!

Now, beneath us ell the grieving, All the wounded spirits heaving, All the woo of hopes deceiving; Ah, 'tix heaven at last!

Sin forever left behind us, Earthly visious cease to blind us; Fleshly fetters cease to bind us; Ah, 'tis heaven at last !

On the jusper threshold standing, Like a pilgrim safeiy landing, See the strange bright scene expanding Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! what a glory! Far boyond the brightest story Of the ages old and heary Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Softest voices, sliver pealing, Freshest fragrance, spirit-healing, Happy Hymns around usstealing; Ali, 'tis heaven at last!

Gone the vanity and folly. Gone the dark and melancholy, Come the joyous and the holy; Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a broken blessom yender, Not a link can snap asunder, Stayed the tempest, sheathed the thunder: Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a tear-drop over falleth, Not a pleasure over palleth, Song to song forever calleth Ah, 'tis hoaven at last !

Christ Himself the living splender, Christ the sunlight mild and tonder . Praises to the Lamb we render, Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now at length the voil is rendered, Now the pilgrimage is ended. And the saints their thrones ascended;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Broken death's dread band that bound us, Life and victory around us; Christ, the King, Himself hath crowned us , Ah, 'tis beavon at last!

Select Sermon.

THE PARTING OF ELIJAH AND ELISHA.

(From short-hand notes of Sermon by the Rev R. C. Moffat.)

The last grip of the death-cold hand! He was your father. Son, can you for-

That last look of intense love; thy wife's. Dare you doubt the heart's affection ?-No, never.

That last whisper! Mother, it was thy child as she nestled in thy bosom for the last time ere God took her. Can you ever forget it? I know you

To-day we look on the last journey of Elijah and Elisha. One glance and the scene lies before us-Gilgal, Bothel, Jericho. What memories of devotion and heroism, of omnipotence and mercy, linger among their ruins. But the visit of Elijah concerns not sacred ruins, but living men and national destiny. These schools of the prophets were near to Elijah's heart, and once more he must

Somehow they have learned that Jehovah is about to remove their great teacher, and with wrapt gaze and hushed solemnity they listen to his parting counsels. The nation's God and the nation's need; and the few living words about blessing, duty and aspiration are burned into their memories for ever. Amid bowed heads he passed out and on, and they feel that eternity is before him; and stern life work before them. Following our text we see,

PIRST-THE TWISTED MANTLE.

These last words will cheer these young men in the darkest hours in their vnen, ama worktiiness and idolatory, they contend for the God of Israel.

But the speaker passeth on; he is eastward and homeward bound. You have heard of the lordy eagle painfully reaching its rocky eyric only to die. Then why should not the prophet long to reach Gilead? Life's great work is in its last hour, but that hour can only come in his native Gilead. They reach the Jordan, but how cross it? To-day, neither bridge nor ford nor boat is needed. The man whose public life so nobly opened, must leave one more memorial of God-given power behind him. Mark that strange mantle, in a moment taken from the shoulder, then twisted as a staff. With sinewy force he strikes, and lo! there is a passage for these two men. 'Twas faith teaching the sublime, and then passing calmly on. In these Biblo telegrams we learn little about the means, but this we can learn, that any weapon is a mighty power in the hands of a true man of God. Areyou nearing the end of the valley of death? Look up and say, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Shrinking soul, are you saying, Oh, how can I cross the dark deep river? Smite it with the robe of Christ's righteousness, and in a moment you stand safe on the heavenward

SECOND-THE DISCIPLES PAR-REACHING

PRAYER.

How like Elijah that parting counsel, ask what I shall do for thee. It was a

man who had been so true and loyal. Twas a strange answer that of Elisha too, and it has often been as strangely understood. Not lordly wealth, not twice the power to work miracles, not doubly to excel Elijah in speech or power or deed. The worldly heart is over judging by its own standard, by its own stereotyped prayers. Oh God, give me success, is the prayer of the worldling every day in the year. And when prosperity swells the bank account, then there is the yulgar ostentation. Yea, God, Himself is patronized once a week with studied affectation. Elisha had slain every such thought long ago. Yonder among the charred remains of plough and yoke on his father's farm be the ashes of selfishness. But he prays that before the court and nation he may be the recognized heir and successor of the departed prophet. He prays that he, the weaker, may have deable grace given for his arduous work. And this age specially needs such prayers.

Young men, are you conscious of your weakness to face temptation and sin? Then pray as Elisha did for a double portion of God's grace. Trust in God and do the right. Elisha must now stand in the front rank. Truly it was a perilous place, but his was the noblest chrice, the wisest prayer, the true man

THIRD—THE CHARIOT OF FIRE FOR THE PROPHET OF FIRE.

They have left the Jordan far below. As heart is unbosomed to heart they ascend through many a darkandrugged They reach at length you noble height; for life and living it must have been a marvel of over changing beauty and for death, with every battle-ground and every victory full in view, how fit the spot. But suddenly they are separated. Not by some foul sin, not by some bitter estrangement, not by yawning chasm, but by a heaven-sent chariot of fire. And whose eye can follow that chariot? Ah, not ours. One adoring glumpse, and then gone for ever. One moments transformation, and mortality is swallowed up for life. Yes, life; but life eternal, hid with Christ in God. Here, below, some part at the Church door, and never meetagain; others part on the railway platform for the last time; some part by a hallowed death-bed, and never meet till at the bar of God; others are torn apart amid the horrors of the battle-field; or yonder in the harvest field you see the father stricken by the lightning's flash, and the poor son mercifully spared, staggering home with ashen face, with the sore, sad news: Mother, Fa-Father is—is dead.

But behold Elisha! Yonder he stands. spell-bound; sonly reverence can only adore; my Father, my Father. But when the glory is past and the calm blue heaven above is seen, then a living faith takes absolute possession. Elijah may be gone; the chariot of fire may be gone, but Jehovah the Lord of Israel

Prayer is answered, and that doubly. There is not only the one wondrous glimpse, but lo, there falls the very mantle of the prophet itself. To the one, the mantle is exchanged for the robe and the palm and the crown. To the other, prayer is answered beyond the fondest hope; and thus accredited, back he journey's, God's ambassador to fallon

Finally, two lessons may be hastily gleaned from the prophet's life. First-What a comfort to the much afraid. Did Elijah never flee from duty? Never tremble upon the verge of despair? Yet he was saved, so as by fire. Second-What hope to the traveller near the journey's end. One may pass into heaven God knows how, another by the cloud, another in angel's bosom, another by the whirlwind; but no matter where, no matter how, if only aved at last. Safe at home by Jesus Christ, the only one able to save the uttermost. - Walkerton Telescope.

AN INFIDEL AGREEING WITH PAUL.

An admirable reply was once made by a careful reader of the Bible to an infidel, who attacked him with such ex-pressions as those: "That the blood of Christ can wash away sin is foolishness; I don't understand or believe

The Bible student remarked, "Von and Paul agree exactly.

The infidel replied with surprise, "How is this, that Paul and I agree exactly?"

Said the student, "Turn to the first chapter of Corinthians and read the eighteenth verse.' The infidel rend, "For the preaching

of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness: but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God."

The infidel hung his head, and ever after studied the Bible, and soon believed it to be God's power of salvation.

Men who see into their neighbors are very apt to be contemptuous; but men who see through them find something lying behind every human soul which it is not for them to sit in judgment on or strange suggestion to make; but his attempt to sneer out of the order of great soul yearned for the welfare of the God's manifold universe.—Helmes,

THE GREEK CHURCH.

The annals of man offer few more varied, more magnificent, or more touching records than that of the Eastern Church; and from its dim yet hallowed origin, through its long career of worldly triumph and of spiritual joy, of bitter overthrows and of swift decline, of fresh revivals and unprecedented strength, until to-day it rules over half Europe, and threatens the subjugation of Asia from the Indus to the China seas, a surpassing interest has ever followed the only Christian body that can claim a visible descent from the companious of its founder. A cloud of doubt, of fable, or conjecture, rests unon the pretensions of the Church of Rome; the legend of St. Peter relies upon no contemporary proof, and belongs to the domain of faith rather than of history; nor does any Protestant communion profess to trace its origin through an unbroken line of presbyters and bishops to the apostolic age. the Oriental Church seems possessed of a well-authenticated genealogy. language is still that in which the Gospels were written and Polycarp and Ignatius preached; its melodious ritual reaches back to the days of Constantine and Athanasius ; its great patriarchates, that sprang up in the veritable homes of the Apostles, are yet faintly delineated in the feeble churches of Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Constantinopie; along the fair shores of Syria and Asia Minor the shatttered ruins of the Christian Church have out-lived the fallen shrines of Antioch or Ephesus; and from the city of Constantine, the capital of the Christian world, has flowed a regular apostolic succession, whose members still minister to devout congregations from the Kermlin to Solovetsky.

Scholar as well as theologian will find much in the annals of the Greek Church to touch his sympathy and startle his curiosity. The genius of Attic civilization seems often revived in its teachings; the humane and liberal spirit of philosophers and poets the gentler impulses of Plato or Socrates, are renewed, together with their names, through all those barbarous races that were educated from the brilliant schools of Constantinople. While the Latin Church, under its illiterate popes, inculcated persecution, and grew into a fierce and aggressive political despotism, the Greeks, looking ever to the teachings of Nice and of Constantine, have preserved a humane toleration. As if in tender recollection of their high intellectual ancestry, the monks of Mount Athos and the priests of the Kremlin have painted on the walls of their cathedrais the venerable faces of Homer, Pythagoras, or Plato, and admit to the catalogue of the just the sages and heroes who prepared the path of Christianity. In Moscow or Norgorod the Mohammedan, the Letheran, and the Roman Catholic are permitted to enjoy their faith and religious rites undisturbed. No St. Bartholomew's, no dragonnades, no raging Inquisitio:., no hecatombs of martyrs, no strange and cunning tortures, such at those devised by the keen invention of Jesuits and Romish, priests, have ever defiled the venerable ministry that traces its origin

to Ephesus and St. John. Along that hot but luxuriant shore reaching from the falls of the Nile to the lower borders of the Euxine, still fertile at that momentous period in the richest productions of nature and art, the land of Homer and Herodotus, Scopas and Parrhasius, of stately architecture and perpetual song, the Eastern Church, at the opening of the Council of Nice and the triumph of Constantine, had fixed its immutable foundations. Its mighty bishoprics—seats of learning as well as of abundant faithseemed the corner-stones of Christianity. Alexandria, Antioch, and the seven churches were flourishing with such outward vigor as to overshadow the feeble Church of Rome and the missionary stations of the barbarous West. Rome, in fact, had long remained a Greek congregation. Its bishops employed the Greek language in their writtings or exhortations; its presbyter, Anicetus, admitted the superior authority of Polycarp; its members were obscure, uncultivated, and humbled by frequent persecutions. But in the great cities of the East Christianity already bad invested itself with material and intellectual splendor. At the famous schools of Alexandria the keen faculties of the heretic Arius, and the resolute genius of his young opponent Athanasius, had been prepared for that vigorous contest that was to divide Christendom. In all the Syrian cities Christianity became the religion of the intellectual classes. Learning and philosophy were blended with a faith: the Eastern bishops were volumminous writers, poets, orators, even novelists; while all along the sacred shore stately cliffs of the Grecian coast were converted into pious strongholds, the abode of the gay processions of the classic creed were borrowed to enlarge and corrupt the Christian ritual; and the Greek Church had already assumed something of its mobern form.

At length (825), with cries of victory and peace, the Council of Nice assembled. Martyrs and confessors, maimed bishops and eyeless hermits, cultivated scholars from the learned seminaries of Egypt and Alexandria, monks from the Thebaid, and anchorites from the desert, gathered at the call of Constantine to decide the doctrines and the usages of the triumphant Church. Amidst its eager and clamorous throng wandered the inspired dwarf Athanasius, deformed, with glittering eyes; or the tall, emaciated Arius, wasted with penanco and conscious of defeat, summoning his followers to that intellectual combat whose decision was to fix the opinions of half mankind. Yot the decrees of first, perhaps the only, general council deserving of a lasting veneration are observed alone by the obedient Greeks. Imperious Romo has long neglected its injunctions and interpolated its creed. Protestantism has preferred to revive the simpler usages of the apostolic age. But the Eastern Church has remained immutable. Its clergy are married; its creed is still that of Constantine and of Nice; the worship of Mary has never been allowed to overshadow the purer rites of a cultivated age; the priest has never aspired to a temporal supremacy; the Scriptures are still read in the national language in its churches; the authority of the sultan or the czar is admitted in the selection of its patriarches and bishops. The mild genius of Constantine founded an ecclesiastical system that for fifteen centuries has obeyed his precepts and reverenced his fame .- Eugene Lawrence, in Harper's Magazine for August.

HEATHEN EARNESTNESS.

The Rev. S. H. Kellogg, of the American Presbyterian Mission in Northern India, relates the following incident, as occurring on a missionary tour. It shows that the Spirit, when it works on the heart, giving a man a knowledge of himself as a sinner, defiled with sins, leads him to put away at once all side issues, and to seek earnestly an answer to the question of questions, What must I do to be saved?

"On the evening, going out into the mela to preach. I was accosted by two men, a Mohammedan and a Hindoo, who asked me to show them the way of salvation. As I began, the Mussulman interrupted me,-

"First of all, explain how we come to be sinners.

" No, no! impatiently demanded the Hindoo; 'not that! I know I am a sinner; that is enough; I only want to know how to be sared from sin.

"And as I preached Christ's cross to them, it was a most pleasant thing that whenever any one might interrupt me by any irrelevant question, not this Hindoo only, but many in the crowd who had gathered would silence him, nor willing allow anything but that I should answer this one question:-How may we be saved from sin?' The Hindoo drank in my words like water, as I told him of Christ dying in the sinner's stead.

"'Yes,' he broke in at last, 'so we are saved from hell; but how shall we be saved from the power of sin.

" Such a degree of individual interest in a promiscuous audience, I had never seen. It was the old Pentecostal question, 'What must we do?'

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.

The language of the religion of Christ truly in the heart is that of rejoicing. "I will joy in the God of my salvation," said Harbakkuk. Joy and peace are the fruit of believing. "Believing," said Peter, "ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Paul, too, closes one of the best of his epistles with the charge to all saints' saying, "Rejoice evermore." All these, and the multiplied similar expressions in the Holy Scriptures, show in the clearest forms Scriptures, show in the clearest terms that cheerfulness and joy are divinely intended to be among the most marked characteristics, and should be regarded as among the most constant of the privileges and duties of every true Christian.

Yet how far is all this practically from many that bear the Christian name? Their countenance looks as if it were seldom or never lighted up with the comfort and bliss of a joyful heart within. Their very coming into the social circle is not unfrequently the signal for every sign of cheerfulness and joy to flee away as dangerous or forbidnen things.

But why should such things be? If a man has truly had his sins forgiven, been reconciled to God, and made to writers, poets, orators, even novelists; have a good hope of its being certainly, while all along the sacred shore stately and in the best of all senses, well with churches grew up above the ruins of him, both in this life and in that which the pagan temples, the Nile was lined is to come, has he not of all persons with monasteries and cathedrals, the some ground upon which he may have joy, and if he has it, and has it as the fruit of his faith in Christ and through cultivated eremites; the soft music and his religion, ought he not to show it to others.

> What can we say more for ourselves in our prayers than He has said for us in His promises ?-Henry.

ANTIOCH AND THE ORONTES.

Whatever may be said of the diminu. tive size of Syrian streams, the Orontes, at least, is ontitled to respect. From its principal source, Ain-el-Ansy (latitudo 84 ° 22), a copious and beautiful fountain 2118 feet above the sea, it is vigorous and self-reliant. While not disdaining the contributions of tributaries, such as the Lebweh and the Kara-Su, it is not dependent upon them. Like Minerva from the front of Jove, it loaps forth from the mountain fully armed for the struggle - as struggle the Orontes must, in its tortuous course of about 200 miles through various geological formations, in its effort to reach the sea. This river is no mere poetic fletion,

but is a brave reality. It can not boast,

like the waters of Damasous, of fertilizing that " Pearl of the East; the Jordan, of birth at the base of Hermon, and a career through the waters of Merom, the Sea . Galilee, and the Holy Land; yet the liver of Northern Syria has merits of its own. The Abana and Pharpar exhaust themselves in the easis of Dumascus, and are lost in the desert in a vain attempt to reach the Euphrates or the Persian Gulf. The Litany (Leontes), springing from a small lake six miles southwest of Baalbee, reaches the sea through a ravine of the Lebanon about five miles north of Tyre, without doing any thing to boast of beyond a little irrigation of the narrow plain of Cale Syria, and the still narrower strip of coast. Jordan boasts of no city or town from its source at Dan to Tiberias on the lake, or from the lake to the Dead Sea,) except poor, wretched Jericho, once a city, but now a mere mud hamlet. But the Orontes, while fertilizing great plains, is also the life of towns like Riblah and Shogre, and of cities like Homs, Hamath, and Antioch, "The Queen of the East," whose inhabitants are numbered by thousands, and whose wealth is estimated at millions. Except the Euphrates, which barely touches the northeast boundary, the Orontes is the only river of Syria susceptible of navigation. And Antioch was no mean city. Favorably situated for commerce, being 800 miles north of Jerusalem, and about 25 miles from the sea, it was of easy access from Damascus, the valley of the Euphrates, and the Cilician Plain. Founded and occupied by the successors of Alexander the Great, 800 "the beautiful Antioch" contained a population of half a million. Its walls inclosed a space f nearly seven miles in circumference, and sustained four hundred lofty square towers, each containing a staircase and two or three rooms. This "Eye of the East," although called God's City, was rather the city of the gods. Bacchus ruled the city, and the adjacent grove of Daphne was the seat of pleasure.— Lucius Verrus, the dissolute noble, once lavished \$190,000 upon a single supper at Antioch when it was the third city of the Roman empire.

But pagan and Christian Antioch has been equally famous for its misfortunes. It was captured in turn by the Persians, Romans, Suracens, Crusaders, and Turks, and was frequently pillaged; but its greatest foe has ever been the volcanic character of the country. Rocked and shaken for centuries, shattered, overthrown, and sometimes ingulfed, poor Antioch is now but the shadow of its former self; and now again its population of 6000 has been more than decimated by the earthquake of 1872, which has also proved very destructive to the neighbouring villages, causing the death of 2000 people. The name Christian, first used at Antioch 1800 years ago, now applies to a very small number of its people; but the spirit of apostolical Christianity is being revived by the noble little band of American missionaries, whose church and schools are gaming favor with the inhabitants.

One of the many earthquakes which have devastated this once noble city. the sixth recorded by the historian occurred in A.D. 526, and destroyed 250,000 persons who were gathered here in celebration of one of their great festivals; in 1822 one-quarter of its population were killed. Safed and Tiberias, in Galilee, were overthrown in 1887, and it seems probable that these convulsions, traces of which may be seen in the depression of the Jordan Volley and the Dead Sea, will continue to afflict these Bible lands until there shall be a new heaven and a new carth -From " On the Orantes," by J. Augus tus Johnson, in Harper's Magazine for August.

Opportunities are running to waste everywhere, like the golden fruit of the overburdened orchard. They are not confined to parallels of latitude. In running after them, we are perpetually running away from them.

Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside; they may be light or accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that, and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without one care as to which is the largest or blackest .- Ruskin.