

The present cry is, give us popular men for the pulpit, the platform and the parlour. Deep strong-toned piety may be tolerated or taken for granted. Men are wanted who will fill the pews, there is too seldom the wise outlook for men who will fill the heart.

The chiselled sentences of the essay elocutionist may be admired for a pastorate beautifully short, but where are the spiritual giants going forth from the churches.

No doubt it is easier to raise mushrooms than veteran Christians. But souls in blood earnest must helpful have ministers; men whose every sermon is an inspiration to the man longing for better life; men whose whole life is a benediction. Unless our pulpits are filled with such helpful pastors, what is to be the destiny of the weak, the tempted, the fallen. Wisely we honour the power and the experience of our gray-haired judges, physicians and statesmen, but over many a pulpit may it be written, no gray hair need apply. I have heard many a soldier tell the story of his life in the long winter nights, but it was always the story of the veteran that moved the most. And this I know as a verity, that Christ's ministers who have been most helpful to my own soul and life, were fathers who had grown gray in the Master's work.

The young minister full of consecrated enthusiasm has his own place and power, but in the saintly life behind the words, there lies the secret of far reaching helpfulness.

The glory of the ministry lies not in its power to please, to fascinate, but to mould Christ-like, to help Godwards. The brilliant sermons may be admired and then forgotten in a week, but the men saved by the strong grip of their minister's hand and life, look up in his face and feel "but for him I had been an utter wreck."

'Tis like a breeze of ocean air to read the helpful words and deeds of the men and women who have gone before? What young man can forget the story of how the generous Jonathan strengthened David's hands in God. It was an hour dark as midnight to David, but there a fresh start was taken in the upward life. No wonder that Jonathan's memory was peculiarly dear and helpful.

Does the eloquent Apollos need the curtain lifted and the glory of Jesus revealed, then God will bring him to the warm fireside of Aquilla and Priscilla. No harsh criticism, no iceberg isolation, nay but the yearning heart, willingly and lovingly revealing all the sublime wonders of Calvary and of Pentecost. Would he ever forget those humble helpers, never, no never.

And have not many before them the memory of some precious book which has been specially helpful in life's dark past? Has not the weary pilgrim found his progress wondrously helped, and has not the venerable patriarch enjoyed many a saintly hour of rest ere he heard the chimes from the farther shore? Have not souls stricken with doubt and apathy found in still hours, on the Mount of Olives, faith and triumphant hope? Does not the enormous proportion of novels taken out from all our public libraries awaken gravest thought. Does not the wretched trash, scattered broadcast on every railway ever sadden you by its profligacy and scoundrelism? Whatever men of the world may demand from their literature, Christian literature imperatively needs to be fascinating, pure and helpful. I know of no nobler use for Christian wealth and talent than to gather such a literature in every shape and form, and scatter it broadcast over the land, so as "to clamp the enemies guns and sweep the field with the bayonet."

Has any mortal helped you to a nobler life, then speak out your thanks, be it to mother, father, friend or minister. It may cheer some darkly brooding hour, when men are tempted to ask, "What good have I ever done? Hear a woman's tersely ringing words.

"What worth in eulogy's blandest breath,
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death
No, no, if you have but a word of cheer,
Speak it, while I am alive to hear."

Whatever you may aspire to be, to do, have the ever glowing ambition to leave the world better than you found it. And then living here, or glorified hereafter, some human being may look back and say, "Thy memory is very dear and helpful."

SCRIPTURE CONFIRMATION.

The Biblical Archaeological Society of England has recently brought to light another confirmation of the accuracy of the Book of Daniel which it may be well to notice as a satisfactory reply to those infidels who foolishly assert that it was written by some one who lived not long before the Christian era; as if it were possible for a Jew of that age to relate history involving Babylonian customs of the time of Nebuchadnezzar or Darius, without being liable to fall into grievous errors:

The Book of Daniel records the punishments common at Babylon, of such extreme cruelty, such as Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego being cast into a burning fiery furnace, and Daniel and his enemies into a den of lions, that some have been ready to deny the authenticity of Daniel on this ground alone, forgetful or ignorant of the well known fact that Rome, whether Pagan or Papal, has been guilty of the very same crimes towards faithful Christians who "loved not their lives unto the death," and for which she will one day be deservedly and finally punished. In the days of Assurbanipal, son of Esarhaddon, King of Assyria, we have the contemporary evidence that both these punishments were in use at Babylon a few years before the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. Saulmugina, brother of Assurbanipal, King of Assyria, was made by his relative King of Babylon, where he reigned prosperously for several years. Afterwards, for some unknown reason, he ungratefully rebelled against his elder brother, but after a severe contest was defeated and taken prisoner. The Assyrian monarchs appear to have been always animated with an implacable spirit of revenge. Hence we are not surprised at finding among the inscriptions containing the annals of Assurbanipal one of this ominous nature, which reminds us of a somewhat similar event in British history in the closing scenes of the great Plantagenet dynasty: "I ordered Saulmugina, my rebellious brother, who made war with me, to be cast into a fiery burning furnace." Of Saulmugina's followers it is related that many perished with him in the flames, and those who escaped, but were subsequently caught, it is said of them: "The rest of the people I threw alive among the bulls and lions, as Sennacherib, my grandfather, used to throw men among them."

If we turn to another subject we have equally sure evidence of the Sabbath rest, as practised among the early Babylonians. The cuneiform text of the first and fifth of the Creation Tablets published by the late George Smith, which belong to the reign of Assurbanipal, but which were copies of earlier inscriptions supposed to be as old as B.C. 2000, after speaking of the upper region before it was called heaven, and the lower region before it was called earth, and the abyss of Hades, and the chaos of waters, proceeds as follows. "God appointed the moon to rule the night, and to wander through the night until the dawn of day. Every month without fail God made holy assembly-days. In the beginning of each month, at the rising of the night, the moon shot forth its horns to illuminate the heavens. On the seventh day God appointed a holy day, and commanded to cease from all business. Then arose the sun in the horizon of heaven."

The reign of this same King of Assyria is proved by some of the recently discovered inscriptions in the Isle of Cyprus, which are of peculiar interest to us at the present time. These inscriptions being in characters entirely different from the cuneiform, presented at first a great difficulty in their decipherment, but they have now been solved by the skill of Oriental scholars, on this occasion chiefly Englishmen. An inscription on the gold armlets found at Kurion, in Cyprus, reveals the name of Ithyander, King of the Island, who rendered homage to Assurbanipal B.C. 620, during his march against Egypt, and only a few years before the termination of the war in which the pious Josiah, King of Judah, lost his life, as the Book of Kings relates it: "In his days Pharaoh-nechob, King of Egypt, went up against the King of Assyria to the river Euphrates, and King Josiah went against him, and he slew him at Megiddo when he had seen him." We have also some Babylonian cylinders dis-

covered by General di Cestola at the same place in Cyprus, and inscribed with cuneiform characters in the Accadian tongue, though the proper names are all Semitic; some of these are supposed to be of the time of Esarhaddon's reign, the eighth century B.C., while others belong to the reign of Naram Sin, King of Babylon, son and successor of Sargon I., who flourished before the sixteenth century, B.C. The following inscription belongs to the former period, and seems to display evidence of Egyptian influence, as a priest is represented holding up his hands with two sp^h axes above him. The inscription reads thus. "The moon god, the good —, the Judge of the world, the fortune completer of heaven and earth, the giver of life to the gods. O, Master, who givest thy precious head, thou Prince of the dead." These are remarkable sentences for a heathen seven centuries before the Saviour of the world rose from the grave which could not contain Him, thus proving Himself alike Lord of the living and Prince of the dead. It is interesting to remember that 1000 years before this inscription was engraven, when we are brought back to the time of Moses, the inhabitants of the Isle of Cyprus are represented on the famous historical tomb at Thebes, as paying homage and tribute to Thothmes III., the builder of our recent arrival on the Thames embankment, which two centuries ago was known at Alexandria as "Pharaoh's Obelisk," but which latterly has borne the misleading title of "Cleopatra's Needle." —Record, London.

QUALITY OR QUANTITY?

One church member may be equal to ten others. One church member is very often equal to ten others. In fact it is the rule in most churches, that there are some half-dozen members who are equal for efficiency to all the rest put together. The drones in the church constitute the majority in the membership. Their names are on the roll, but they do not even respond with regularity at roll call. As to doing any work in the church, it never occurs to them. They have really not thought of it, or if they have, they are too busy with other matters.

The object of going into the church is to secure one's salvation; but what if it shall not prove sufficient to accomplish that end? The mere fact of belonging to a church is not by any means a guarantee on that point. If it were, the Christian army would be a large one. God's commands do not by any means terminate with the reception of baptism. The Christian makes certain vows. He vows before high heaven to make the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth his chief aim. But what if the new member stops right short, and never strikes one lick of work in that vineyard? What becomes of his own salvation? Shall he be adjudged faithful who has never toiled one hour for the Master? But He exacts more than one hour; He demands that your dominating purpose shall be to serve Him, and to build up His kingdom. You are required to make this your primary business. Are you doing it? Are you doing any Sabbath work for Him? Are you doing any work during the week for Him? Are you giving your substance freely in His cause? Are you spending your time in His work? Are you consecrating your talents to promote His interests?

If not, and if you persistently refuse to do it, after your attention is called to your duty, you are not merely a drone in the church—you belong to the class of "false brethren" who ought to be out of the church. If you have no purpose of serving the Master in the church, you have no business to wear his livery, and He will tell you in that day, "I never knew you."

What a tremendous power the Christian Church would be if all its members were workers! If all were animated by the burning zeal which characterizes a few! The world would look on in amazement at that army of Christian veterans—every one of whom was a stalwart soldier. The powers of hell would be shaken by the tremendous energy which would accompany the assault of that determined and impetuous column.

But what shall we think of an army in which only