

The Evangelical Churchman.

A CANADIAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. VIII.—No. 46. Whole No. 410. TORONTO, THURSDAY, Mar. 27, 1884.

\$2.00 per Annum in Advance
Single Copies 5 Cents.

The Evangelical Churchman
PUBLISHING COMPANY,
TORONTO, CANADA.

DIRECTORS.

A. H. CAMPBELL, Esq., President.
HON. S. H. BLAKE, Q.C. J. GEORGE HODGINS, Esq., LL.D.
REV. SEPTIMUS JONES, M.A. N. W. HOYLES, Esq., B.A.
B. HOMER DIXON, K.N.L. J. HERBERT MASON, Esq.
W. H. HOWLAND, Esq. H. MORTIMER, Esq., Hon. Treas.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Not Silent There	565
Liberty	565
Walking in the Light	566
Suggestions	566
MISSIONARY:	
Medical Missions	566
BRITISH AND FOREIGN NEWS	567
HOME NEWS	569
BOOK REVIEWS	570
CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY ..	570
EDITORIAL—	
Editorial Notes	572
The Claims of Jewish Missions	573
Lay Work in the Church	574
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—	
St. Paul's Missionary Journey	574
CORRESPONDENCE	575
CHILDREN'S CORNER—	
Conquering by Love	576
How the Rust got out of Simeon's Knees ..	576

NOT SILENT THERE.

The following poem, by Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., author of "My Faith Looks up to Thee," was written for Mr. Longfellow's birthday, 27th February:—

Say not the harp whose matchless string,
Divinely touched was wont to pour,
Like fragrance from the lips of spring,
Its sweet enchantment thrills, no more;
What though no more to mortal ears
Its chords—to sense all silent broken—
May kindle smiles, or melt to tears,
The wonted music left unspoken!

What though that heart which lately thrilled
Respective to each human woe,
Or waking joy, now ever stilled,
No more earth's sympathies can know;
That mortal heart may pulseless lie,
Lost the keen sense of life and beauty;
Yet, throb not in that breast on high
Immortal tides of love and duty?

Ah, that sweet soul that ne'er on earth
Could blend defilement with its strain,
From death, as by a nobler birth,
Woke to renew its songs again;
"Footsteps of Angels" here it knew;
Angelic voices seemed to greet;
Be sure that, freed, it Heavenward flew,
Raptured, Heaven's shining host to meet.

In the pure home of angels bright
All forms of spotless beauty glow;
All loveliest scenes afford delight
To sense more keen than mortals know;
And spirits vital, strong and free,
Still love, by stream and vale and mountain,
To warble noblest minstrelsy,
And drink at Truth's eternal fountain.

Know, that 'tis not on earth alone
That love and friendship wake the lyre,

And high, heroic deeds are done
Which gifted, tuneful souls inspire;
No! no! In Heaven all fittest themes
The eager soul to song attuning,
Stir harmonies that come like dreams,
And lift it to divine communing.

Ah yes! the heart that breathed but love,
'Mid earth's dark scenes of sin and wrong,
Pours yet its melodies above,
In joyous measures sweet and strong,
Where Right and Truth and Goodness reign,
With seraph choirs in concert blending,
That harp, returned, in faultless train
Swells Heaven's high chorus, never ending!

LIBERTY.

"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—John viii. 36.

Our inherited and actual bondage has two sides, and there are two corresponding sides in the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free. The two sides of the spiritual slavery may be designated, Guilt on the conscience, and Rebellion in the will. These are distinct and yet united. They are wedded into one spirit, and become helpmeets to one another in offending God and destroying man. Guilt unforgiven on the conscience makes impossible a holy obedience in the life. While God's wrath lies on your soul, your life is not obedience to God's law. The greater the weight that lies on any object, the more difficult it is to move that object along the surface of the earth. If it is weighed heavily down it will not move easily forward; if you lift off its load you draw it easily after you. Like the relation between the perpendicular pressure of a weight and the difficulty of horizontal motion is the relation between guilt and rebellion. Sin, and the wrath which it deserves, constitute the dead weight which presses the spirit down; and the spirit so pressed cannot go forward in duty.

What we call conscience is a mysterious, tenderly susceptible instrument in the midst of a man's being, bringing the man and keeping him in close and conscious relation to the great white throne and the living God. Here on earth, at one extremity of the connected system, the needle quivers and beats quickly, significantly, terrifically. The still, small tick of that needle, moved by a touch in the unseen heaven, is more appalling to the man than the thunder over his head or the earthquake under his feet.

The pain is in practice deadened more or less by a hardening of the instrument, so that it loses a measure of its susceptibility; but mysterious beatings sometimes thrill through all the searings, and compel the prodigal to realize the presence of the living God. We sometimes speak of distance being destroyed by the telegraph.

A sovereign and his ambassador in a distant capital may whisper to each other across seas and continents as if they were separated only by a curtain drawn across the room. By the communication which is kept up between God's law and man's conscience the distance between heaven and earth is practically done away; and the criminal must rise up and lie down in the presence of his Judge. A man is compelled to eat and drink and speak under the eye of the King Eternal.

Am I free from condemnation? Then with a great price obtained I this freedom. I was not free-born, but redeemed from bondage by the precious blood of Christ.

In the department of life and conduct, also, there is a false freedom wherewith men delude themselves, and there is a real freedom which Christ bestows upon his own.

The essence of slavery, in as far as work is concerned, lies in the terror of the master, that sits like a heavy, cold, hard stone on the worker's heart. After the slave has spurred himself on to duty and accomplished his task, something still occurs to his memory that he ought to have done; he trembles lest he should be punished for the defect. "What lack I yet?" is the dreadful question to the worker who is striving with the load of unpardoned sin on his conscience—striving without love and reconciliation to fulfil all the law of God. There may be a good deal of work without reconciliation, but there is no liberty in it, and no love. The man is hunted forward in his toil by the lash of a master. Even to prayer the slave runs trembling, driven by the fear lest he be punished for not praying.

It is the heavy weight of sin not forgiven lying on the spirit and pressing it into the dust in dull despair—it is this burden that prevents the man from bounding forward fleetly, gladly, on the errands of his Lord.

Those who are strangers to the liberty of dear children often fall into great mistakes in regard to the obedience which true disciples render to their Lord. Here is a man who lives for present pleasure, and lives without God. He is good-hearted, in the ordinary acceptation of that word. He lays himself out for happiness, and he would like to see all his neighbors happy as well as himself. If he would not suffer much to promote the happiness of others, neither would he spontaneously do anything to injure them. As soon as one source of pleasure is exhausted, he puts his wit on the stretch to invent another. He denies himself nothing that is pleasant to his taste. Be it eating and drinking; be it luxury in things more elevated; be it the midnight dance or play—whatever pleases his palate he tastes in turn. He knows another man, a neighbor in residence or business, who denies himself all these indulgences, and prosecutes some difficult and disagreeable line of benevolence. The free liver looks on that neighbor and studies him, but cannot understand him. If the Christian were a morose and gloomy natured man, he thinks he could explain the reason of his conduct; but his character is precisely the reverse. He is diligent in business, cheerful in company, affectionate and sprightly at home, literary, it may be, or patriotic. With all this he lives strictly as a Christian. He never turns night into day in any species of revelry; he neither reads newspapers nor attends to business on the Lord's day. He refuses to associate with any who dishonor the name and day and word of God, however profitable the association might seem. The man of the world—called and counted free and easy, although he is neither free nor easy—wonders how his neighbor, being not a morose and gloomy but a cheerful man, can consent to lie under such grievous restraint; how he can deny himself so many liberties, and bind himself so steadily to a round of dull duties.

Thus one who has not entered into peace through the blood of Christ, having no experience of liberty, cannot understand liberty as enjoyed by another. He counts that it must be a dreadful dragging to follow the Christian life. It would be uphill work for himself, if he should attempt it; and he thinks