

The chemist can analyze a flower and tell its various parts, but he cannot tell how it grows. There are theories about it still. We hail Jesus as the self-sacrificing substitute for the sins of the world, "who magnified the law and made it honorable." Who shall declare the influence of this motive power? A New England select school became unmanageable. It became demoralized. Punishment availed nothing. At last the master resolved to try the gospel plan of substitution. One of the boys rendered himself liable to chastisement. The teacher called the boy to him, and there, before the school, said, "My boy I am sorry for you; you ought to be punished, but I will bear your punishment." And, handing the rod to the boy, he said, "Now strike me." The boy's arm was powerless, his lips quivered, his eyes filled and he was conquered. The proudest elements of his nature were evolved. The school was reformed. This is the doctrine "God has in Christ, reconciled the world unto himself." In the science of the schools there is what is called the "unknown quantity," which can never be measured. The father seeks to save his son, a man his property, but the grandest thought of this atoning work is that Jesus seeks to save the world. Take this intelligence abroad to the ends of the earth, burn it into the human hearts. Would it not fill the world with joy?

The testimony of Jesus is to proclaim him as the fountain of all spiritual force from God. It is interesting to observe the beneficial tendencies of nature. When the fire sweeps over the prairie land, have you not observed that the clouds hang dependent and drop their dew contents on the earth, and weep things into beauty and life. Look at the grandeur of divinity that manages thousands of worlds in their mighty sweeps, and brings them to him to the tenth part of a second. "He is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him." Here is the unknown quantity. The testimony of Jesus is the source and subject of all experimental testimony in the church. It is the order of God that wherever there is life it should testify of the forces therein contained. When the life of Christ is put into the human heart it is only for it to testify "I live my life for Jesus." In this Apocalypse we are told that the saints overcame by the blood of the Lamb. Why is this testimony so beneficial? The humble Christian testifies of faith in Jesus. Take faith in its most ordinary application, and it commands the resources of all knowledge, and the very universe comes to its feet. I have never seen the mighty places in the world, yet I have no doubt of their existence. I know it by faith in testimony. We have never swept up into the unseen world, but by faith we know that it exists. Ye philosophers and men of telescopes, the lowliest Christian can sweep up beyond you all, and can look into heaven and say, "My name is written on His hands."

The Christian testifies of love, and what a charm and inspiration there is in love! Love in its highest significance as a moral quality is the grandest affection of which the soul is capable. Some things are alike in all worlds—light and gravitation. Some things are alike in all beings, and love is one of them. The love of God is the same love that trembles in the believer's heart. I stand upon the shore of your island home, where the mighty waves roll and break upon it, and the sea is composed of the same substance as the gentle dew. The quality the same, the quantity different. Love that trembles in the heart of a Christian this morning is the dew drop, the love of God is the great ocean. In my earliest manhood, I knew a man in the city of Montreal whose time was occupied in mending shoes. The muscles of his body, the optics, the mind, all were employed at this lowly occupation. Yet, when he would, on Sabbath or week day, speak of the love of God, he appeared grander than the sovereignty of earth, and ennobled one's belief for this power.

The Christian testifies of hope. The hope of the inheritance of the Christian is incorruptible and undefiled. Look at the hope that lies before you. What is life when gray hairs are upon us. What is it but the memory of loss and

of sorrow; the time when the light of our eyes went out into darkness, and nothing was left but

The locks of hair, and an infant's prayer, And the garments she used to wear.

What, I say, is the Christian's hope? It is this—that what is lost on earth is regained in heaven. Whatever are your sorrows, prophecy of hope.

The application of my discourse you will see. Like old Moses, I will not say, "Would to God that all the Lord's people were prophets." All are prophets. And this is to be the power of the church in the future; not by the simple ministers of the sanctuary, but by all the people of the Lord witnessing of him as the light and instructor of his people. Let me ask the unconverted to come into the company of the prophets. Come as best you can. Come, join the band of Jesus' witnesses, and it shall be happy with you in time, and you shall be happy with him in eternity.

These notes fail to convey any adequate conception of one of the grandest pulpit efforts ever enjoyed in Charlotetown. From first to last it was one well sustained burst of eloquence, containing truths simple enough to be understood by children, and yet far enough advanced to teach philosophers. Perhaps it would be impossible to leave out a single clause without destroying the completeness of the whole. And it would be very difficult to substitute one word that would convey the meaning better than the words used. To catch an idea of the sermon you want the imposing physique and flashing eye; the wonderful voice of magnificent compass, and, above all, the Divine uncton that attended every part. G. S.

ROMANCE: ANTIQUE AND MODERN.

(REV. S. B. DUNN, ST. JOHN'S, N. Y.)

"Parent of golden dreams, Romance." Solitary Saturn has its ring; the cold polar sky its aurora; the dark morass its Jack o' lantern; and life its romance. History, science, literature, love, all wear a glamour that is pleasingly illusive. Mythology is the romance of history; alchemy the romance of science; poetry the romance of literature; and chivalry the romance of love; these with the day-dreaming in which not a few are apt to indulge, constitute the various genii of the romance of life.

The seat of this faculty is the mind. Every mind, perhaps, has a shadowy realm of superstition, a fairy land of fiction and enchantment, which the romantic faculty rules and peoples with phantoms such as the bright visions of childhood and the fancies of a dream and the illusions of lunacy. This romantic faculty is the imagination; and it is no mean power either; for it throws its shifting colors upon the canvas of the mind with the faculty of magic. Indeed it is the magic-lantern of the mind, creating, grouping, exhibiting its fantastic images, cajoling even the judgment with its sorcery. It has the wings of Pegasus and the spear of Ithuriel, while its spell creates the phantasmagoria of superstition, kindles the inspiration of the poet, colors the rainbow, of hope, and paints the camelion romance of life.

The spirit of romance pervades the vagaries of mythology. Is not the entire system of ancient Grecian and Roman mythology a fluttering between illusion and reality—a vacillating between the true and the false? Have we not reason to suspect that sometimes, at least, the imagination throws its colors where truth and reason ought to draw their lines?

"They wove bright fables in the days of old, When reason borrowed fancy's painted wings, When truth's clear river flowed o'er sands of gold, And told in song its high and mystic things."

When the images of mythology are not pure creations, they are sometimes the personification of abstractions, as is evident from its nomenclature, e. g. Venus, Mercury, Apollo, Hercules, etc., names standing for ideas—persons for things. But perhaps the greater part of the images of mythology are the mere shadows and reflections of history—the ghostly semblances of real facts and actual events. Mythology, therefore, may be the dim outline—and crude conception of truth running vagrant in tradition through the ages, and at last

crystallized into historic narrative highly colored by a poetic imagination until it has become truth distorted and extravagant. As Moore says:

Even in here in this region of wonders I find That light-footed fancy leaves truth far behind.

Yet the rich mythology of Greece and Rome, as it is, is not to be despised. It has its uses: for it has furnished the poet, the painter, and the sculptor with materials for their art, and they have not been slow to improve them. It has its lessons too. It has this pleasing trait about it: it traces in every operation of nature the agency of Deity, peopling all the regions of earth and sea and heaven with divinities, to whose agency it attributes those phenomena which our philosophy has taught us to attribute to the intelligent laws of nature under God.

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony, This everlasting frame began; From harmony to harmony Through all the compass of the notes it ran The diapason closing full in man."

The romance of chivalry needs no comment. The mere mention of it recalls those fantastic images of enchanted castles, encounters with giants, solemn exorcisms, fortunate surprises, knights and wizards. You are told how Sir Adolphus Robertspire armoured, and spurred and mounted, won his lady-love by extraordinary feats of horsemanship and chivalry.

It is an easy transition from this theme to the romance of love. What pretty thing has not been said of love? And who has not tried to add another to the bright galaxy? It has been moulded into marble and woven into song, and Genius has done her best to stud the coronet of love with blazing diamonds. Love is romance's paradise. It is delightfully refreshing to hear this goddess softly whispering the name of Venus and Cupid and Hymen. She is as familiar with the gods of Olympus and Parnassus as if they were confederates and companions. Put her to work in Colenso's arithmetic, and you banish her to Botany Bay. Give her a problem in Euclid to solve and you put her within the polar circle at once. But give her Waverley and she asks no more, for she breathes spices and feeds on roses and basks in the sunshine of a Ceylonian summer!

Romance, then, is not confined to childhood when it is said we "sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope;" nor yet to dreams, where the fancy exercises its architectural skill in constructing "castles in the air," nor yet to lunacy, when one struts about as if he were a king arrayed in all the peacock's crescent splendour; but it is found that even the most prosy pages of life are illuminated by the spirit of romance.

The spirit of romance shows itself in a lauguid, supreme exquisite sentimentalism. The very romantic young lady of these days of fashion, is refined to the most mincing delicacy. She quotes Byron with the utmost ease. She devours the latest novel with an appetite like that of Erisichthon, who the more he ate the more he craved. She fondles her poodle with an affection that makes one suspect she has been pierced with Apollo's golden dart. She tortures the piano if only to escape the sad fate of Midas who was distinguished for his aspiring ears! In short her life is mere romance. The kitchen with its mysteries is as much a "terra incognita" to her as Central Africa it self, and it would tax her ingenuity too much to define the difference between a frying pan and a fire-shovel a broom-handle and a rolling-pin!

The romantic young man is quite as sentimental in his way. He wears his gold-trimmed eye-glass. He twists his waxed and pointed moustache, like the horns of a milch cow. He flourishes his wry-topped fancy cane with an occasional rotary motion. It is delicious to hear him talk with a sort of aristocratic lisp about "the first circles of society," "the aesthetic qualities of things," the "ergo" and the "non-ergo!" He is familiar with the various "walks of literature." More than this he is an author of no mean pretensions, having actually written, if on a published, a jingling ditty "on love," and a whimpering elegy "on disappointment." He is a professional critic too, and like Jupiter he is always flinging his thunder-bolts, or like Vulcan forging them! Finally, according to

his own testimony he is an Ajax in stature, an Achilles in valor, an Ulysses in counsel—all three and more in one and the same man. No wonder that such a prodigy should be enamoured of his own marvellous feats of genius just as Pygmalion was with his own statue of ivory.

There is just a little romance too, in the affected depreciation of the age we live in, which has become fashionable among those that lament the degeneracy of these times. "Imitators of imitations," it is said "we live at the far end of time, without great thinkers, or great thoughts, or great deeds to inspire either. It is forgotten by these romantic croakers that nature is not prolific in her prodigies. It takes an era to generate a giant. It is not every one that can

"Make an epoch with his lyre And fill the earth with feats of chivalry." as Byron says Homer did. Besides, it is not every Achilles that has a Homer to sing and celebrate his valor, not every Johnson that has a Boswell to echo his wisdom to the world; consequently there may be more great men than "our philosophy dreams of."

"Many are poets who have never framed Their inspiration and perchance the best." But, is it true that we have no poet while the sad and subtle Tennyson continues to pour forth his flood of euphonious song? Is it true that we have no great thinkers while Carlyle lives to snarl his cynical illustrations and to speak daggers against the gilded, sugar-coated, effeminate follies and venerated errors of the day? Is it true that the age of chivalry is gone while the names of Sebastopol and Cawnpore, like magic call up a troop of heroic memories? No; there are names of living men—"familiar as household words" that cannot die—love and honor will not let them die—men that have sought the golden fleece of their nation's good, and have found the meadow of an immortal fame!

The spirit of romance manifests itself in the means by which many men hope to attain success in life. Their faith rests on chance, or magic, or mystery. Fortunatus' cap will make them lucky; the philosopher's stone will make them rich, and Aladdin's lamp will make them wise. Fate is their god and polestar. In their estimation he is superior to Jupiter. And this opinion is by no means new. Napoleon I. believed in destiny. The Greeks believed in the intervention of the gods. Venus and Minerva it was believed, mingled in the battles of the Greeks. The Romans thought that the heavenly twins, Castor and Pollux, mounted on white horses, fought for them. And in recent times the Ashantees hung charms before the rifles of our soldiers and brought mumbo jumbo into the battle. All these are different forms of faith in fate. But they are only so many romantic superstitions. It is not in this way that success in life is to be won or lost. "The fault dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves." Fortune sat on the sword of Antony, and it sits on ours too. Success sleeps in our brains and muscles. It was Hercules' strength that won Cornucopia, and it is our strength and industry and perseverance that shall secure for us peace and plenty and happiness. Man is not

Blown by the blast of fate, like a dead leaf, Over the desert."

A man is lord of his own fate and moulds his own destiny. Hurrah! for the man that is "orbed in independence," and mailed in a purpose of steel and fired by a quenchless enthusiasm. Success to such a man is sure.

Success is not to be achieved by a poetical omnipotence, whose incantations are supposed to dissolve or defy the rigid laws of nature; nor by that prolific sorcery of the imagination which deals in happy casualties and lucky chances; nor yet by the feat of mental gymnastics which is a mere vaulting from place to place, until it stumbles upon success. Success is neither a necromancy nor an accidental concurrence of fortuitous circumstances. It is a natural result of rational effort. Instances may be cited of men who have risen to opulence or popularity, or power, by a freak of fortune or a jerk of chance, but this "modus operandi" cannot be depended on. It is not every stray horse-shoe that develops into a princely fortune, nor every rag-gatherer

that evolves into a "successful merchant," nor did the Minerva of wisdom ever leap full grown, and armoured from the head of Jupiter more than once "The heights by great men reached and kept Were not attained by sudden flight; But they, while their companions slept, Were toiling upward in the night."

Romance is well enough in its place. It is the gilding of life's picture, but not the picture itself. It is the delicate tint of life's flower, but not its fragrance; and while it paints to the imagination a noble ideal to be realized, the wise man is he who shall beat out and mould his own destiny in the forge of virtue.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN LONDON.

BY MRS. M. BOTTOME.

I have attended, this afternoon, a very remarkable meeting held on the lawn of a relative of the lady whom I am visiting. About 4 o'clock we drove to the lovely home of Mrs. B. and on the lawn a table was spread and every guest on arrival was handed a cup of tea, etc. After this came the arranging of chairs, and Mr. —introduced Miss Weston, who has done such a wonderful work in the Royal Navy. I was glad she told us of the beginning of this work. Like many other great works, it commenced by a very small thing—the writing of a letter.

She had always felt an interest in the sailors, and hearing of a sailor that a friend of hers was interested in, she acted on an impulse that came to her, to write him a little letter of sympathy and counsel. When the letters were taken from the bag, this sailor told her afterwards, he looked on and thought how pleased one and another of his shipmates would be at receiving letters. Not one thought of a letter for himself crossed his mind, and when one was handed him, he could scarcely believe his eyes; but there was his name, and he said when he read that letter—the first he had received in ten years—he felt he had one friend in England, and he went below and found a dark corner where he could kneel and thank God. That was the commencement of Miss Weston's work.

She soon after this added a monthly printed letter which at first had a circulation of two hundred, but now has reached eight thousand, a month. The sailors call these letters "blue backs," and value them exceedingly. They are sent monthly to ships in all parts of the world, and many have been converted through their instrumentality. But her heart was set on the establishment of a home for the sailors, instead of the dreadful public houses where, through the influence of drink, they were stripped of their money. And in answer to the prayers of faith and work, God has given her the desire of her heart. In the midst of the public-houses where rum is sold, now stands "The Sailors' Rest and Institute." A bright, cheerful bar, in the coffee-palace style, with swinging doors, colored glass, bright coffee fountains and comfortable settees greets the eye. In this bar at least three hundred enjoy daily the good things provided, at a very small scale of payment—a good cup of coffee with Devonshire cream for one penny. I thanked God when I heard this, for since I have been in London and looked at the gin palaces that are lighting up the way to hell, I have said to myself, "When will places be brilliantly lighted where the poor can go for cheerfulness and warmth, and have that which will not intoxicate?"

Miss Weston told us they had a Gospel Hall in the building, which was crowded nightly; free tea for sailors at 5.30, with singing and speaking afterwards. She said they never omitted the noon prayer-meeting or the evening meetings, so that all might be sure of the meeting, and many are being converted.

As I looked at her while she was telling us so simply and lovingly of God's work through her feeble instrumentality (and I have given but a small part of it here), I said to myself, what could not be accomplished if women would only obey the command, "Work in My vineyard!" and if we would say, "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" determined to do. Surely God would accomplish wonders, through the simply doing what our hand finds to do. May we all be up and doing!