THE COMING OF NIGHT.

The loitering Day looked backward smiling,
And slipped out through the west,
Where rosy, misty forms beguiling
Besought her for their guest;
"Oh, follow, follow through the west!

"Our golden portals wide are swinging
For thee alone, for thee,
And wistful voices clear are ringing
Across the darkling sea,
In eager welcoming to thee."

Aloft her silver censer holding,
The star-eyed Night drew close,
Her mantle round the hushed earth folding,
More sweetly breathed the rose,
As Night with tender tears drew close.

Her dusky sandals often gleaming
With wandering threads of gold,
Broidered by vagrant fireflies, seeming
Beneath each wing to hold
A fairy spinning thread of gold.

With silent footfall, weaving slowly
A mystic, slumbrous spell,
She came; and something sweet and holy
The weary earth befell
When woven in the slumbrous spell.

—*Celia A. Hayward.*

THE PLEIADES--IS HEAVEN THERE?

On clear nights the starry heavens with the various constellations circling their courses in their bewildering beauty is a sight more fit for those who dwell beyond them than for sinful mortals. In the presence of such passing magnificence and splendor, well might David ask, 'What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

Among the many objects of interest in those distant regions, the Pleiades or as it is sometimes called, "The Seven Sisters," is one of the most fascinating. What millions since time began have viewed it with delight, and millions will again ere time shall be no more.

It is all the more interesting because God speaks of it in addressing Job, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?" the meaning of which is difficult to discover. The Septuagint renders it "Canst thou bind the chain or bond of Pleiades?" while the Vulgate has, "Canst thou bind together the glittering stars of Pleiades?" Delitzsch gives it, "Canst thou join the twistings of the Pleiades?" and Luther, "Canst thou bind together the band of the seven stars?"

The Rev. Thair Davidson (*Quiver*, Jan. 1883) paraphrases the verse thus, "Canst thou arrest the gentle yet all powerful gravitating force which, issuing from the midst of the Pleiades as from the axle of a wheel, holds all those mighty suns, and polls them in majestic order round it?"

In "Biblical Things not Generally Known," vol. 1, p. 158, is the following, "The attention of astronomers had for years been directed to the sun's stationary or movable condition, and it is now received as an ascertained truth that the sun itself has a central point around which its system revolves. This central point has been ascertained by M. Madler of Dorpat, after many intricate calculations and laborious observations, to be Alcyone, the brightest star of the Pleiades group, and that it is the centre or axle of our solar system, and drawing our system round it at the rate of about 17,333 miles an hour in an orbit which it will take many thousands of years to complete."

Might not the question put to Job mean what Dr. Davidson suggests? Canst thou stay the power of this central star?

The learned doctor continues, "In the midst of the heart of the Pleiades it may be argued that there must be an enormously massive sphere . . . . . a world incomparably larger than any known globe. Indeed such a sphere must exist to account for the prodigious force of gravitation issuing from that centre." He then asks, "Is it a monstrous and extravagant conception that that mighty sphere in Cimah, that central world in the bosom of the Pleiades, the very pivot of the starry universe is the peculiar residence of Jehovah, the metropolis of creation, the palace of the King of kings?"

He then points out a curious and interesting fact, that among the wonderful celestial photographs recently taken by the brothers Henry of Paris, there is one of the Pleiades that reveals an unique and mysterious sphere. This body appears in the photograph with a remarkable glory or luminous haze around it.

Since this photograph was taken another arrived from America presenting this sphere with the same peculiarity. Having quoted Isaiah 30: 26, "The light of the sun is sevenfold, as the light of seven days," he asks, "Can this remarkable glorious sphere be heaven?" "May it not be that spot which appears to be the central fountain of gravitation, and around which millions of worlds and solar systems in silent obeisance roll? May we not believe that that spot is glorious beyond all that eye has seen, or ear heard, or heart of man conceived? that there, in a manner of which we can now form no conception, God the Father manifests Himself in all His glory? that there in the heart of all worlds, cherubim and seraphim continually adore Him crying, 'Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.'"

He adds, "It is possible that the heart of many devout persons will instinctively recoil from so materialistic a view of the subject," and that "difficulties no doubt will readily present themselves in opposition to such a view of the locality of heaven as I have offered; it is enough to say that no solution of the problem which can be suggested will be free from this objection."

Yes, many devout persons might recoil and difficulties will present themselves, and notwithstanding the interesting information given us about that glittering cluster and the luminous body within it, we cannot dare to say of heaven, "It is *there*, it is *there*" we dare not even say it is probable, all we can say is it is possible.

One thing is certain; heaven is somewhere, and almost as certain that it is a place, or city, or country, or whatever we please to call it, of certain dimensions and occupying a certain space in God's universe. And it is reasonable to suppose that some worlds are nearer to it than others.

Why then might not this world be one of those near the Better Land? Of course it cannot be affirmed, nor on the other hand denied. "Might be," is as far as we can venture towards an affirmation. If but we knew heaven were situate in Pleiades, how often would our eyes look at that lovely cluster, even as it is one cannot and does not try to resist the temptation often to look at it and wonder whether one is looking straight towards the Father's house, where the many mansions be, "where the angels sing, and the saints of God behold their King." In any case that bright company of stars, has through recent discoveries, a thousand fold more interest than before.

And if we but knew—*if we but knew*—that our world was comparatively near, "the city of the great King," one would begin to hope that by and by telescopes of such power might be made as to make it visible.

What if the reflecting telescope now being made in France with a reflector nine feet ten inches in diameter, should when first turned towards the Pleiades reveal, however dimly, the outlines of a city! It might be as well not to expect that it will, nor that any instrument will ever be constructed which will give to mortals a sight of the city of God. Enough that such a place as Heaven is, and however near or far away, it lies in God's boundless universe, even if more remote than those far off stars whose light takes centuries to reach our earth, when the silver cord is loosed, the spirit will outstrip the swiftest nightmare in its flight heavenward, and with the speed of thought I shall enter in through the gates into the city." "Absent from the body and present with the Lord." Then at least Heaven's locality will be known. "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter." We know something of far more importance than even the knowledge of the whereabouts of Heaven. "We know it to be the most delightful region in Jehovah's boundless empire, and the glory of His illimitable dominions." "It is the place 'He hath chosen for His habitation.' It is the perpetual residence of Jehovah. 'This is my rest forever,' saith the Lord, 'here will I dwell, for I have desired it.' We know that there is 'fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore.' We know that the pure in heart shall see God." Beyond this what need we ask? what need we wish to know?

Why Did Christ Not Eat the Lord's Supper With His Disciples?

We find the institution of the Lord's Supper whereby regenerated and immersed men and women in church fellowship do "show forth the Lord's death till He come," recorded in Matthew, Mark, and Luke's Gospels, and as we read the narratives of three evangelists who give evidence to what they saw in their own peculiar manner, we are impressed with their harmony.

Jesus knowing that the hour was close at hand that He should offer up Himself as the sacrifice for sin, summoned His twelve disciples for the last time before His decease to a Jerusalem guest-chamber. They had convened in this chamber for the purpose of celebrating the Jewish Passover with Jesus; and as they were no doubt reminded of that memorable night when the first born in Egypt was slain and how the arm of Jehovah was made bare for the deliverence of His chosen people Israel from Egyptian bondage, that Jesus interrupts the hallowed influences of the occasion by informing His disciples that one of their number should betray Him.

Having excluded Judas, His betrayer, from their midst and the Passover Supper being ended, He discoursed with the remaining eleven on the subject of His death and for the first time do we find mention of the Lord's Supper being observed by the disciples, and which Jesus strictly commanded to be perpetuated by His true churches throughout all ages until He comes again to be supreme Ruler over all the earth, when it will be the blessed privilege of both Jew and Gentile to unite in crowning Him Lord of all.

Saint Paul's account of the Lord's Supper is very beautiful and convincing. We must remember that he received a special revelation of what took place on that night when the disciples communed together with Jesus in their midst. For I received from the Lord, what I also delivered to you, that the Lord Jesus, in the night in which He was betrayed, took a loaf, and having given thanks, He brake it, and said 'This is My Body, which is for you: this do in remembrance of Me. In like manner also the cup, after they had supped, saying: This cup is the New Covenant in My Blood, this do, as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye show the Lord's death till He come." 1 Cor. 11: 23-26.

From the statements of these witnesses we learn one very important lesson and that is that while Jesus brake the bread and gave to His disciples to partake of, and in like manner He passed the cup to them that they might all drink of its contents, still He declined for some reason to partake of the elements Himself. The question at once suggests itself: Why did Jesus not eat of the Lord's Supper with His disciples?

In the first place it is plain Jesus could not celebrate the Supper in the same sense His followers can. We are to remember Christ our Passover slain for us. That He by the grace of God tasted death for us, and by His sacrificial death and shedding of blood we are brought nigh unto God and adopted heirs of His kingdom. He become our substitute so that the chastisement that was our due fell upon Him, and we have the assurance by accepting of His finished work on Calvary, that we shall not come into judgment, because He took our judgment place on the Cross.

The sacrifice for sins was necessarily to be a lamb with out spot or blemish. Jesus, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, in types and shadows was now to really offer up Himself for the sins of the people. He was the only one that could take this place and He voluntarily took upon Himself, although innocent, the penalty that was to have been meted out to us, and suffered the Just for the unjust that He might bring us to God."

It is quite evident then if Jesus had have eaten of the emblems of His broken body and shed blood, that it would loose all its significance as far as He was concerned, because we remember His dying love to us which He could not in the nature of things have done towards Himself, hence His assertion: 'I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in the kingdom of my father." Then again there is another quite conclusive argument why Christ refrained from eating.

Paul reasons with the Corinthian church on this wise: "The cup of blessing which we bless is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" 1 Cor. 10: 16. The idea conveyed here is not the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, whereby the elements are believed to be converted into the real body and blood of Christ nor that the bread and wine undergo any material change, but it is strictly emblematic of our relationship with Christ, that we profess before men and angels that we are indeed by faith "Partakers of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust," 2 Pet. 1: 4; or as Jesus personally said to the Jews, "Verrily, verrily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." John, 6: 53.

We see right here that it is not the literal eating of the flesh and drinking of the blood of the Son of God that our Saviour has reference to, but the importation of a new nature, a divine life principle whereby the child of God is enabled by faith to feed upon the Son of God, and in surrounding the table of the Lord with our dear brethren and sisters in church fellowship we show that we are in vital connection with our Lord and feeding upon Him day by day, so that in this respect He cannot have the same attitude towards this divine ordinance as we have.

There are other reasons that could be discussed to advantage on this same subject which the Bible student will no doubt think of, that find their place here.

There is no duty so sacred that brethren and sisters of the same church can engage in as to remember their Lord in this heaven appointed ordinance; apart from the traditions of men, we see the beauty of its symbolic lessons when Scripturally observed. On the divine side we have the one loaf typical of the one body that was pierced, and the one cup showing forth the one blood shed, while on the human we are reminded of the language of Paul to the Corinthian church: "For we being many are one bread, and one body; for we all partake of that one bread."—1 Cor. 10: 17.

H. S. COSMAN.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

He was about seventeen years old. He was taller than an ordinary Telugu. I remember the first day he came to my tent. I did not know then that the last day was so near. K. Appalaswanny had gone home to behold his new son, and I was left on tour alone. As soon as word came from Bimli that this tall young man had arrived from Chicacole I sent for him to come to my assistance.

He soon appeared on the scene with his box of rice and other necessaries for camping out. We sat down for an introductory conversation in the tent, and he told of his conversion and baptism. His home was somewhere on the Chicacole field. His eldest brother had been a christian for some years; but all the rest of the family were heathen. About a year and a half ago this Christian brother came home, and through his personal efforts this younger brother was led to Christ. He came to Chicacole, and in the Nagavali River, which flows behind the Mission bungalow, he was baptized by Mr. Higgins. His name—a name now sacred to our ears—was Appala Narsiah.

Since his baptism he had been attending the Mission school at Chicacole, and came to us through the kindness of Mr. Archibald. We were greatly in need of helpers at Bimli, and his coming was hailed with joy. He seemed to be a humble and honest youth and out of the fullness of a grateful heart I wrote Mr. Archibald, "We thank you for him and thank God for him." He appeared to be in excellent health, then, and looked like one who would like to honor his Lord for many years.

The first time that we went out together to preach, was the last Sunday morning in January. South-east of Polepilly, across two miles of meadow, loomed up the bare hills that for centuries have walled out the foaming billows. The ground around the bottom of the hills was wrapped in a mist, which the low sun had not yet cleared away. In a recess of those heights, beneath the palm-trees, we were told, there was a village which we could see if it were not for the mist. So, where our own sight failed us, we walked by faith in the words of a heathen and started across the moor, toward that shoulder of the mount beneath which, he said, the village lay. We walked the little dikes across the rice marsh, talking all the way. At length we came to a narrow muddy canal, which he waded and I jumped and we stood in the presence of the hills. Two boys who were playing there showed us the way, and we soon saw before us the black smoke of a village mingling with the grey mist, and bending around a rocky eminence we ushered ourselves into the alleys of a hamlet, beneath whose cone-shaped roofs of faded thatch, dwelt hundreds of immortal souls, in mortal guise like the beasts that perish. We sat down under a tree on the rocks; but two Rajah young men from across the road called us over to their house. There we told them of Him who was born of Rajah David's line and laid in a manger and crucified for us upon the cross. A crowd gathered around the steps. Appala Narsiah drew down upon himself much argument, and seemed to prefer to be left to fight it out for himself. He was in excellent spirits this day, and little we knew how soon the light was to fade from his eyes.

On another occasion we walked nearly four miles to a grove where every Friday morning, from far and near, the people come to buy and sell. For some reason I went ahead, and as I was sitting under a tree in the market place resting after the long tramp, Appala Narsiah came up bareheaded. I thought what a nimble, brisk young fellow he was; he seemed as lithe as an eel from head to feet. He appeared to be built for walking; and good pedestrial muscle is an excellent possession for the evangelist, who must scour on foot broad plains from village to village. But now those "active limbs" are "mouldering back to clay."

A few days afterward he was taken with a pain in his side. It was not bad and we thought it would soon pass off. But day after day he seemed to grow worse. Miss Gray took special charge of him and tended him with extraordinary care and tenderness. The apothecary visited him several times daily. (We have no doctor in Bimli.) The Christian brother came many miles to see him. His name is Lakshmi Narayana. Sometimes Appala Narsiah seemed to be getting better, and we hoped that his life would yet be spared to preach Christ to his countrymen.

He had a little book which he loved to read. After he became too weak to read it himself, he got his brother to read it to him. It was "The Caristian's Victory over Death."

It would take long to tell the story of his getting better and getting worse. Last Tuesday morning about seven o'clock, a boy came running to tell that Appala Narsiah was dying. I hastened over to his room and found his brother bending over him weeping. One glance at the still face upon which the brother's tears were falling, was enough to tell that all was over. I trembled in the presence of that Death which should one day call upon me. We could almost feel his chill breath upon our cheeks. I seemed to be looking into my own cold face. I saw the weeping of my friends on the shore of time and the summoning of my soul 'before the judgment seat of Christ." Were it not for what Jesus Christ is to me, how could I stand in that day? It was an overwhelming thought to think that Appala Narsiah had just gone along to meet his God! My heart gathered up each memory of all that had gone to prove that he was really a new creature in Christ Jesus. Nearly all night he had been praying for his mother, brothers and sisters, who were not Christians: "O God, grant to each of them a new heart!" The same day a Brahman cied, and with trembling we believed that between his soul and Appala Narsiah's there was fixed an impassable gulf. That awful gulf begins in this life. Between the true Christian and the boy who is not a Christian there is a black gorge. It grows deeper and broader with the years until at length it sinks down into that horrible, impassible gulf, which shall separate many schoolmates and play-mates forevermore. In this life, boys, by the grace of God, we may cross this gulf and live on the Lord's side here, and enter the world to come on the Lord's side there, and march and sing with Jesus amidst the living fountains and happy multitudes of eternal years.

A stanza taught to us by a beloved teacher in the old school house is still ringing in my ears:

"Then come to the Saviour dear children today;
"'Tis folly to wait till your older.
"The heart is now tender; but if you delay,
"'Twill surely grow harder and colder."

Very truly yours,
L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, Mar. 24.

Lord Beaconsfield and Youth.

"Almost everything that is great has been done by youth. For life in general there is but one desire. Youth is a blunder; manhood, a struggle; old age, a regret. Do not suppose that I hold that youth is genius; all that is genius, when young, is divine. Why the greatest captains of ancient and modern times, both conquered Italy at five and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five — the greatest battle of modern times. Had it not been for the jealousy of Phillip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only 22 when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravernia. Every one remembers Conde and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains: that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirthy-six when he died; Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive—but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not; I worship the Lord of hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his statecraft, Ferdinand, of Aragon, himself; he was Pope as Leo X. at 37. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at 35. Take Ignatius Loyala and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only 30 when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, the greatest of the Frenchmen, and died at 37. Ah, that fatal 37! Was it experience that guided the pencil when he painted the palaces at Rome? He died at 37. Richelieu was secretary of state at 31. Then there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at 24. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was general of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe and colonized America before he was 37. What a career. It is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth."

A Great Good Fortune.

Mr. C. Leonard, South Boston, Mass., writes: "I have suffered a great deal from dyspepsia the last five years; have tried about everything but with little benefit. Having the good fortune to hear of K. D. C. I thought I would try it; it worked wonders in my case, and I am now as well as ever. I earnestly recommend it to all those suffering from Dyspepsia or indigestion Try it and you will be convinced."

The Princess of Wales has one accomplishment which has commended her warmly to her royal father. He says with pride that she can connect a more tempting Welsh rarebit than any other woman in England. She is an excellent housekeeper and her mother's right hand in such household management as falls to the lot of Her Royal Highness.

Bessie H. Bedlo, Burington, Vt. had a disease of the scalp, causing her hair to become very harsh and dry, and to fall so freely that she scarcely dared to comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, removed the dandruff, and made the hair thick and glossy.

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SUNDAY, May 13th—Baccalaureate Sermon in the Baptist church, at 10 30 a. m., by Rev. N. E Wood, D.D., of Brooklin.

MONDAY, 14th—From 2 p. m. to Wednesday noon, Examinations in Colby Hall.

WEDNESDAY, 16 h—Class Meetings; 3 p. m. Anniversary of the Society of the Alumni. Address by Rev. T. W. Ryder, of Lawrence. 7.45 p. m., Anniversary of the Rhetorical Society. Address by Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

THURSDAY, 17th—Graduating Exercises at 10 a. m., in the church.

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