

A Message of To-day.

Read at the Recent Meeting of the Alumnae Association of Acadia Seminary.

Again the amorous skies of June with radiant smiles
brim over,
Again the answering earth looks up as maiden unto lover,
Again Acadia's daughters meet within her stately halls
To lay their garlands at her feet, while memory swift re-
calls
The days that once seemed long enough, but now, alas!
too fleeting,
And half in smiles and half in tears we give our comrades
greeting.

And yet no backward glance we take to-night the past
to greet,
Nor care to trace again the prints of our poor erring feet.
For, fair as were the flowerets that flung their wealth in
May,

Richer by far the fruitage that crowns our autumn day,
For riper faith, and broader hope, and love's more gen-
erous measure,
We well can spare the bloom of youth, forego its fitful
pleasure.

And tho' at learning's classic shrine our homage glad we
pay,
We touch with deeper reverence yet the pulse-beat of
to-day.

For never have the years been fraught with issues deep
and vast,
As those which flood the closing age in which our lot is
cast.

For lo! the dying century in a cloud-wrapt valley lies,
And eyes—beyond the hill-tops—the hoped-for dawn arise.
Her eyes worn dim with watching at length discern the
ray
That tips the spiral splendors of earth's millennial day.

Hail to an age of truer ring—of nobler metal wrought,
Wherein the hate of man for man no longer darkens
thought.

Hail to the blossoming desert, and hills that shout with
song,
With peace among the nations, and full redress of wrong.
Incaruate Love's electric thrill the space between has
spanned,

Transformed into His image, the race united stand.

And shall we greet the vision with patient wistful gaze?
Content to know the wrath of man shall yield Jehovah's
praise,
That the welter of sin and press of pain since earth her
strife began

Are drawn within the on-sweep that marks His gracious
plan.
Nay, rather shall such gladsome thought set all our hearts
aglowing,

Make strong our hands and swift our feet, our willing
gifts bestowing.
For never can the blossom of time its leaves unfold
Till, one by one, in Adam's race the base transmutes to
gold,

Till, one by one, in human hearts God's will has found a
throne,
And earthly monarchs lay aside their crowns, that He
may take His own.

And yet the vision carries not; it clasps like air about us;
We breathe its breath, its healing glow no longer lies
without us.

For in the soul where self is slain, and love has claimed
her throne
The seed that yields the kingdom's growth, in fruitful
soil is sown.

Nor need he watch the clouds of heaven, or wait the
trumpet's pealing,
Who knows across his harp of life the Master's hand is
stealing,

And yields himself to work His will who heals the sick
world's hurt,
And takes as his badge the towel wherewith his Lord
was girt.

For the secret of living is giving—not the things that we
call our own,
But the use of the inner chambers, where the soul has
built her throne.

Our knowledge, rooted deep in love, in fruitage fair shall
stand,
But, if centered in self, shall perish like a weed in the
tiller's hand.

And art, lest she shrivel to ashes, must rear no palace fair
Where, for herself, she garners what others may not share,
And creeds, lest to dust they crumble, must yield to the
service of man

A light that can pierce the curtain which shrouds the
Maker's plan.

For the secret of living is giving—a gift no measure can
mete

Is lavished in every blade of grass, in every pulse's beat.
Aye—the secret of living is giving—the law of life's eternal
Old as Creation's birth from out the heart of love eternal,
And, from the cross on Calvary, for nineteen hundred
years

Has echoed down the ages, and yet to-night appears
As fresh as yonder dewdrops the thirsty grasses drink;
Fresh as the river's yielded life upon the ocean's brink;
Or as the falling blossoms, that leave the stem to-night,
That the fruit, in coming autumn, may gladden into sight.

Then lift your heads ye gates that shut the King of Glory
out!
Break down ye barriers of self that wall our lives about!
And neth the shadow of the cross our hands shall turn
the sod

And lay the stones whereon are built the city of our God.
Wolfville, May 31st.

MARIE W. TUFTS.

Answers to Prayer.

BY ROBERT F. HORTON, M. A., D. D.

It has sometimes seemed to me that God does not in-
tend the faith in prayer to rest upon an induction of
instances. The answers, however explicit, are not of the
kind to bear down an aggressive criticism. Your Chris-
tian lives a life which is an unbroken chain of prayers
offered and prayers answered. From his inward view the
demonstration is overwhelming. But do you ask for the
evidences, and do you propose to begin to pray if the
facts are convincing, and to refuse the practice if they
are not? You may find the evidences evanescent as an
evening cloud, and the facts all susceptible of a simple,
rationalistic explanation. "Prayer," says an old Jewish
mystic, "is the moment when heaven and earth kiss each
other." It is futile, as well as indelicate, to disturb that
rapturous meeting; and nothing can be brought away
from such an intrusion, nothing of any value except the
resolve to make trial for one's self of the "mystic sweet
communion."

I confess, therefore, that I read examples of answers to
prayer without any great interest, and refer to those I
have experienced myself with the utmost diffidence.
Nay, I say frankly beforehand, "If you are concerned to
disprove my statement, and to show that what I take from
the hand of God is merely the cold operation of natural
law, and I have no wish to induce you to pray by an ac-
cumulation of facts—to commend to you the mighty
secret by showing that it would be profitable to you, a
kind of Aladdin's lamp for fulfilling wayward desires." Natural
laws the hand of God? Yes! I unquestioningly
admit that the answers to prayer come generally along
lines which we recognize as natural law, and would, per-
haps, always be found along those lines if our knowledge
of natural law were completed. Pray is to me the quick
and instant recognition that all law is God's will, and all
nature is in God's hand, and that all our welfare lies in
linking ourselves with his will, and placing ourselves in
his hand through all the operations of the world, and
life, and time.

Yet I will mention a few "answers to prayer" striking
enough to me. One Sunday morning a message came to
me before the service from an agonized mother: "Pray
for my child; the doctor has been and gives no hope."
We prayed—the church prayed, with the mother's agony,
and with the faith in a present Christ mighty to save.
Next day I learned that the doctor who had given the
message of despair in the morning had returned after the
service, and said at once, "A remarkable change has
taken place." The child recovered and still lives.

On another occasion I was summoned from my study
to see a girl who was dying from acute peritonitis. I
hurried away to the chamber of death. The doctor said
that he could do nothing more. The mother stood there
weeping. The girl had passed beyond the point of
recognition. But as I entered the room a conviction
seized me that the sentence of death had not gone out
against her. I proposed that we should kneel down and
pray. I asked definitely that she should be restored. I
left the home, and learned afterward that she began to
mend almost at once, and entirely recovered. She is now
quite strong and well, and doing her share of service for
our Lord.

And on yet another occasion I was hastily called from
my study to see an elderly man, who had always been
delicate since I knew him; now he was prostrate with
bronchitis and the doctor did not think that he could
live. It chanced that I had just been studying the pas-
sage which contains the prayer of Hezekiah and the
promise of fourteen additional years of life. I went to
the sick man and told him that I had just been reading
this and asked if it might not be ground for definite
prayer. He assented and we entreated our God for his
mercy in the matter. The man was restored and is still
living.

These are only typical instances of what I have fre-
quently seen. Many times I have prayed for the
recovery of the sick and the prayer has not been answered.
And you, dear and skeptical reader, may say if you will
that this is proof positive that the instances of answered
prayers are mere coincidences. You may say it, and, if
you will, prove it, but you will not in the least alter my
quiet conviction, for the answers were given to me. I
do not know that even the subjects of these recoveries
recognize the agency which was at work. To me all this
is immaterial. The subjective evidence is all that was
designed, and that is sufficient, and to the writer con-
clusive.

With reference to money for Christian work, I have
labored to induce my own church to adopt the simple
view that we should not ask men, but in the first instance
God, the owner of it all, for what we want. I am thank-
ful to say that some of them now believe this, and bring
our needs to him very simply and trustfully. I could
name many instances of this kind. There is a threatened

deficit in the funds of the mission, or an extension is
needed, and we have not the money. The sound of mis-
giving is heard; we have not the givers; the givers have
given all they can. "Why not trust God?" I have
urged; "why not pray openly and unitedly—and be-
lieve?" The black cloud of debt has been dissipated, or
the necessary extension has been made.

Oddly enough, some people have said to me, "Ah,
yours is a rich church!" as if to imply one can very
safely ask God for money when one has the people at
hand who can give it. But surely this is a question of
degree. My church is not rich enough to give one tenth
of what it gives, if we did not first ask God for it. And
there are churches which could give ten times what they
do give, if only the plan were adopted of first asking God,
instead of going to the few wealthy people and trusting
to them.—Religious Telescope.

London, England.

Let Them See Jesus.

(BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.)

The great aim of true Gospel preaching is to make
men see Jesus Christ. The minister who is not content
to hide himself so entirely behind the Cross that his
audience shall "see no man save Jesus only," is not
called of God to the ministry. The Gospel contains a
system of salvation; but it is not the system that saves
anybody. Nineteen-twentieths of our average congrega-
tions believe the chief propositions of Christianity as
much as they believe that Columbus discovered the West
Indies. But that faith works no saving change in heart
or life. The only saving faith is that which sees Jesus,
and joins the soul to Jesus. It joins person to person,
the sinner to the Saviour. Christ did not formulate a
creed and ask His auditors to subscribe to that creed;
His constant call was, "Come unto Me!" "He that
believeth on Me hath everlasting life." It was not the
Atonement as a glorious doctrine, but Himself as the
divine Atoner whose blood cleanseth from sin. "I, if I
be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." What a
monstrous mistake it is to prepare the most eloquent dis-
course or to present the most orthodox discussion of
theology in such a way as to project either discourse or
discussion in front of the cross and conceal the crucified
Lamb of God.

Paul was careful never to play the theologian at the
expense of the Christ-preacher. He determined to know
nothing save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. His own
conversion had been produced by a revelation of Christ
to him. About the main thing which he tells us of that
conversion was that he "saw the Lord in the way,"
and the Christ thus manifested to him made a new man
of him. So anxious is he that everybody shall under-
stand just what his religion means, that he emphatically
declares, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Some ministers lament the fewness of conversions
under their preaching. May not one cause be that they
do not converge all the shafts of their pulpit light upon
one point, and that point the divine, atoning, loving
Saviour? People come to church on Sunday—some of
them weak and weary, others sorely tempted, others
conscious-smitten, and others hungry for comfort. Hav-
ing made a sad failure in their attempts, some of them
want a power out of themselves to lift them into a better
life. Feeling the prick of sin through their own con-
sciences, they desire to be delivered from the dominion
of these besetting sins. Others come with aching hearts
and long for a comforter; often behind smooth faces are
concealed the terrible scars which temptations or trials
have inflicted. If all these people could make their
desires known, they would cry out, "We would see
Jesus!" Oh, my beloved brethren, is not the chief de-
mand upon our ministry that first, last, and all the time
we should be holding up Jesus the Sin bearer, Jesus the
Life giver, Jesus the Intercessor, and Jesus the Centre
and glory of the Gospel of salvation? If we fail in mak-
ing our congregations see Him, then the most eloquent
discourse is a pious sham.

Perhaps there is another cause for the small number of
conversions in many communities. It is that men of the
world see to little of Christ in the daily lives of those who
profess to be His servants and "witnesses." There is no
argument for Christianity equal to that which is presented
by a pure, honest, and beautiful life inspired by Christ's
Spirit. Nothing repels and disgusts the unconverted
like the daily contract with those who profess Christian-
ity and manage to make it odious. Dr. Horace Bushnell
once said, "We preach too much and live Christ too
little." There are people who go home from Church
saying, "What a capital sermon that was!" and that is
the last of it. They devour sermons greedily with but
very little growth in godly living.

We emphasize that word living. Is it church going,
or praying, or Sunday-school teaching, or any one, or
even many, modes of special service that is the main
duty of Christ's followers? No, indeed. All these good
things ought to be done; but the weightier and more
vital things is to live Jesus Christ boldly and beautifully
before the world. The best sermon may set forth how to
live; but a noble and holy life is the actual achievement.
No words that Paul ever sent to Rome or to Corinth
have impressed the world more than the "living epistle"
in which he copied his Master so grandly every day.

Dr. Bushnell was right. There is more good preach-
ing than good practicing. The downward pull of incon-
sistent Christians during the week counteracts the up-
ward pull of the best discourses on the Sabbath. Jesus
Christ demands of us more than a formal confession of
Him; He demands conduct, He demands character. He
demands the copying of His example. "If ye love Me,
keep My commandments." Is this possible? Yes, it is
not only a possibility, but a duty, and ought to be a de-
light. We may, by our Master's promised help, so live
that when men see us, they may see Jesus.—The
Evangelist.