

to be moved from the heritage our fathers have left us; neither by the smiles, caresses, nor policy of those whose frowns and exorcisms we formerly had to endure. There lies between us and Rome a continent of denominationalisms, in fact we are her antipode. But once the landmarks that separates us are removed, her policy and expediencies will soon invade our sanctuary.

More about this matter of ordinations later.

"Forward to the Wreck!"

Some years ago, while conducting evangelistic services in Cornwall, England, I happened to be preaching in a little chapel in a fishing village facing the sea, and was fast drawing near to the close of the evening's service, when suddenly the door flew open and a man holding a lighted lantern in his hand shouted, "A wreck! quick, boys, quick!"

Of course the service came to an abrupt termination, and all was hurry, bustle and excitement. Hastily following an old fisherman, who acted as guide, I was led through a dense fog, mud and rain until we reached the life-boat station, about a mile away, and arrived there in time to see the life-boat safely launched.

After this I followed my guide up the steep and rugged cliffs, but this was no easy task, for the wind, which was blowing in from the sea, a perfect hurricane, drove the rain in our faces, making it very difficult for us to see where we were going. But presently we arrived almost to the top, and crouching down under the shelter of the cliff, tried to peer through the darkness and, if possible, see something of what we knew was going on around us.

The booming of a gun, the shriek of a shrill whistle, together with the roaring of the wind and the crashing of the angry waves as they came thundering in and dashed themselves upon the rocks below, all helped to fill us with dread forebodings, as we thought of the vessel away out there in the darkness with its helpless crew, and maybe passengers, fast driving on the rocks.

Presently my companion led me, for said he, "I may be of some use down there," pointing to the shore, and promising to come back for me.

Left to myself in this wild, dark scene, my thoughts turned instinctively to the doomed vessel and pictured to my mind's eye mothers with little ones clasped to their bosoms, strong men and women terrified and panic-stricken at the thought of the terrible fate that apparently awaited them. And it seemed to me watching and waiting there in the darkness, and so helpless withal to give them any aid, that I would have given anything I possessed to have been able just then to stretch out my hand and to have saved but one.

How long I waited thus I cannot tell. A long time it seemed to me, when suddenly my companion returned and said, "Come along, They are coming in." I knew what he meant, so I asked for no explanation, but followed him down to the shore as fast as I could.

There is no need that I should attempt to describe the scene that was enacted there in the darkness. 'Twas one of confusion truly, but of indescribable joy, as one by one, first a woman and two children, then the crew of the lost ship, and last of all the captain—fortunately it was not a passenger, but cargo boat—stepped out of the life-boat into the sands—men cheered until they were hoarse, and women wept and audibly thanked God for his goodness, and so all thoroughly drenched to the skin by the driving rain and sleet, wended their ways home with glad hearts.

In the early morning I went down to the beach, and there I beheld one result of the storm's work of the previous night, for right ahead of me with her bows on the jagged rocks and her stern under water, lay the noble ship, fast breaking up.

Many thoughts flashed through my mind as I stood there contemplating the scene before me. I thought of the ship a few hours before tossed about in the raging sea and compared it to this old world of ours with its precious cargo of immortal souls fast surging on to destruction. Of the brave men who faced the tempest, if by any means they could save some, as types of the gospel messengers, striving with might and main "To rescue the perishing and care for the dying, snatching in pity from sin and the grave, weeping o'er the erring ones, caring for dying ones, telling of Jesus the mighty to save," while the incoming of the life-boat served to bring very vividly before my mind's eye, "The scene in Heaven when 'tis known that a sinner has turned from the error of his ways."

Church of the living God, ministers and people, young and old, rich and poor, awake to your privileges, awake to your duty, "To the wreck! to the wreck!"

Of the 1,500,000,000 human beings who are supposed to constitute the earth's population to-day, over 1,000,000,000 are practically heathen, and commenting on this fact we feel assured that the words of Jesus, when He said "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few," are as true now as on the day they were spoken. While there is one Christian minister for every nine hundred of the population in Great Britain, and for North America the proportion would be about the same, there is but one for every 114,000 in Japan, one to every 166,000 in India, one to every 222,000 in Africa, and one to every 437,000 in the Chinese Empire. Add to this knowledge the fact that in China 1,000,000 souls pass into eternity every six weeks, in India 23,000 die every day, and in Africa there would be nearly, if not quite as many, and surely we shall need no further stimulus to immediate action. It is not only Ethiopia that stretches out her hand to God, but a sin-cursed, lost, perishing world. The cry has reached the eternal throne, and was answered when on the cross, with His life ebbing away, Jesus cried "It is finished." But of what avail is this to those who are living in darkness if they never heard the word, if they never saw the light. Like Bonner we should cry:—

"Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a light to cheer the gloom.
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights night's thickest gloom."

We cry again, Church of the living God, awake from your sleep of death and "Forward to the wreck."
FREDERICK T. SNELL.

Four Companions of Grace.

Let prayer
Go with thee everywhere,
To voice for thee thy soul's desire,
To bid faith grow and hope aspire;
Amid the silences to speak
Of joy when troubled, strength when weak;
For burdens shrink, mists disappear,
Flowers live, and skies are blue and clear,
And glory lights up care
Through prayer.

Take peace,
To keep when joys increase;
She will lead on to tranquil ways,
Her gentle love will bless thy days;
She, when through leaves and sunshine gleams,
Will give thee rest by gentle streams,
Will guide thee to the paths of light,
Will sing sweet songs to thee at night,
Will make all discord cease;
Take peace!

Let trust
Go wheresoe'er thou must;
For trust will teach thee how to trace
The love upon thy brother's face;
Trust will reveal to thee the best
In shower and sun, in work and rest;
When thou art sad and fain to weep,
Kind trust will kiss thee into sleep;
To keep thee wise and just,
Take trust!

Take love,
All other friends above;
For love will change the darkest day
To summer noon and flower-filled way;
And love does more than crowns of gold
To gladden hearts of young and old;
And who walks with love beside,
On lonely moor, by swelling tide,
Finds earth like heaven above—
Take love!

MARIANNE FARMINGHAM.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

It is better to be right than to be self-satisfied. But the latter is much easier and much more common.

The pastor may exert a surprising influence by remembering special classes in public prayer. Prayer for the stranger is common, and should not be omitted, but how uncommon it is to hear the choir, or the sexton remembered in petition.

We suppose it to be one of the not insignificant triumphs of Christianity for men to be able to differ radically from one another in opinion and yet maintain a Christian spirit of brotherliness and refrain from imputing unworthy motives. The impartial temper, with a bearing always to the side of mercy and charitableness, is a rare and priceless product of Christlikeness in character.

It is easy to believe the Bible in spots; but unless one takes it all—what does not suit as well as what does—none of it can be lovingly taken. Take it all. All or not at all, is the practical result.

When truth hits you it is slander; but when it hits your neighbor it is wit.