

land among those stranger dead. The names in many instances were as familiar as those of my boyhood. Gavin Hamto, Mary Morrison, Holy Willie and Domine Auld need no introduction to a student of Burns.

The village Green was also a place which I wished to visit. Tradition has made it romantic as the scene of the poet's first introduction to his bonnie Jean. I asked a native to direct me, but strangely enough he did not know where it was. Finally he reached a vacant lot where they held the county fair, and that must be the place. Such proved to be true; a wretched little common, unfit for love making or romantic reminiscence. My attention was attracted to a modest stone shaft near by, and I asked my native friend what it was. But his knowledge was limited to the fact that there were names upon it.

On closer inspection, I discovered that it was one of those martyr monuments so common throughout the kingdom. It was the first I ever saw, and I confess to a sentiment never experienced elsewhere. There I stood face to face, not with the picture, but the literal burning bush, with its flash and flame. It was erected to the memory of Peter Gilles, John Bryce, Thomas Young, William Piddison and John Bunnell buried here on the spot where they were hanged on the 6th of May, 1685, for adherence to the covenanted work of the Reformation. The conventional "poet" had also been there, and left the evidence of his genius in the following lines:

"Bloody Dumbarton, Douglas and Dundee,  
Moved by the devil and the Laird of Leith,  
Dragged these five men to death with gun and sword,  
Not suffering them to pray nor read the Word;  
Doing the work of God was their only crime,  
1685 was a saint killing time."

Poetry is the expression of a fact, and according to this definition the writer was a poet. Be this as it may, that monument stands for a heroism worthy the pen of a Milton or an Isaiah. It is fashionable to speak of the fathers as narrow men; perhaps they were, but these five graves were so many mounds on the face of earth. Those men were intelligent in their death. They knew what they were dying for. They were the Puritans of Scotland. Without them England had been an absolute monarchy and America a slave at her footstool.

Sir Walter knew that the Solemn League and Covenant was the Magna Charta of Scotland's liberty, but was ashamed to confess. Burns also knew it, and was proud to acknowledge the fact. Once he heaved a scyphand sneer at the worth of that mighty generation. It awoke the wild passion within him:

"The Solemn League and Covenant  
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears;  
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause,  
If thou art a slave indulge thy sneers."

Those men revived the apostolic age. They gave us the church which we are honored to call ours. The purchase coin was slippery with blood, but they hesitated not at the price. I had gone to Mauchline to hear a song; but instead of that I heard the voice of God speaking from the burning bush of our martyred dead.—The Presbyterian

John's Last Words.

That the first Epistle of John was written in view of certain errors then springing up in the church cannot be doubted. That its main purpose is polemic may well be questioned. The apostle by no means confined himself to the refutation of errors that have long ago become obsolete. Had he done this, the interest in the epistle would have disappeared with the extinction of the errors which it combated. Its value lies in the fact that it presents positive and permanent truth in opposition to errors that are constantly re-appearing in one form or another, and which, whatever their form, are fatal to the existence of Christianity.

Irenaeus, in his great work "Against Heresies," written between A. D. 182 and 188, speaks of the apostle John as encountering Cerinthus in a public bath in Ephesus, and as rushing from the bath-house without bathing, exclaiming, "Let us fly, lest even the bath-house fall down, because Cerinthus, the enemy of the truth, is within." A variety of considerations make it probable that Cerinthus taught in Ephesus during the last decade of the first century. In the same treatise, the particular form of error promulgated by him is stated as follows: "Cerinthus, again, a man who was educated in the wisdom of the Egyptians, taught that the world was not made by the primary God, but by a certain power far separated from him, and from that principality who is supreme over the universe and ignorant of him who is above all. He represented Jesus as not having been born of a virgin, but as being the son of Joseph and Mary according to the ordinary course of generation, while he, nevertheless, was more righteous, prudent, and wise than other men. Moreover, after his baptism, Christ descended upon him in the form of a dove from the Supreme Ruler, and that then he proclaimed the unknown Father and performed miracles. But at last Christ departed from Jesus, and that then Jesus suffered and rose again, while Christ remained impassible, inasmuch as he was a spiritual being." From this it appears that Cerinthus distinguished between the human Jesus

and the celestial Christ; he held that the latter descended upon the former at his baptism, and continued in union with him until near the close of his earthly ministry, when he deserted him, leaving the human Jesus to suffer and die. Such doctrine, it will be seen, was entirely subversive of the gospel. It denied the divinity of our Lord, reduced his mission to one of a mere teacher, who came in order to illuminate the minds of the elect few, and whose death as a mere man had no relation whatever to any redemption from the power and guilt of sin. The real Christ could not suffer, the man Christ Jesus was only a phantom Christ. By denying the necessity of an atonement, Cerinthus denied the sinfulness of sin, and this speedily led to an abandonment of morality in life and conduct.

In opposition to this fatal heresy, John proclaimed at the very outset of his epistle, as he had in his gospel, the genuine incarnation of God in Jesus of Nazareth. He was the eternally pre-existent God, the centre of the universe, who, from the moment of his assumption of humanity, was truly God and truly man, God tabernacling in human flesh. The power, wisdom, glory, of the historic Christ was inseparably connected with the person, wisdom and glory of the pre-historic Son of God, the Word that was before all things and that from the beginning was with the Father. This was the Christ whom John himself, as well as the other disciples, had heard, had seen with their eyes, whom they had gazed upon with astonishment and wonder, and whom their hands had touched. He was no phantom man, no intangible Christ. In entering the domain of human life He had so manifested himself to every avenue through which men acquire knowledge as to leave absolutely no room for the false doctrines of Cerinthus. "Those who read his (John's) letter could have no doubt that he saw the face of Jesus Christ, when he heard his discourses, when he grasped his hand, when he leaned upon his breast." This personal knowledge of the Incarnate Word was also a knowledge of the Eternal Life, which, having from eternity existed in the bosom of the Father, was now manifested in the bosom of humanity. This was the personal God-man, concerning whom John and the apostles testified with the absolute confidence of eye-witnesses. The purpose of this testimony was that the readers of the epistles might enter into fellowship with the apostles the fellowship of the redeemed in the church, as other believers had; and this fellowship one with another is also a fellowship with Jesus Christ. This testimony of the apostles to the person and work of Christ supplements that which the Father had already given, and which is greater than any which men can give. God's testimony is conveyed through three channels, the water, the blood, and the Spirit. Through Christ's baptism, through his passion, and through the divine Spirit, God bears witness to the Messiahship of Jesus. These combined testimonies constitute the refutation of every anti-Christian spirit in every age.—Zion's Advocate.

The Edmonton District.

DEAR EDITOR.—Your excellent paper makes its weekly visit to this home, and has done so now for a long time. Although it speaks of many persons and places with which the writer of this, has no personal acquaintance, never having visited the people and places "down by the sea," yet it always contains so much that is good, helpful and edifying to the stranger, that it always is a welcome "MESSENGER AND VISITOR" here. It is now well nigh a quarter of a century since this correspondent began to write for your columns, and the pleasure of doing so was never greater than it is today, there is so much that is cheering and encouraging to write, notwithstanding, now and then, there is a dark cloud in our sky to speak of, and things to try our faith and patience, and perseverance as laborers together with God. It is very difficult indeed, for some of us to be reconciled to the mysterious providence that so very suddenly and unexpectedly, removed our energetic and excellent Bro. A. Grant, just when he seemed to us to be so much needed; but the great teacher, still says to us, as he did to the impulsive and confident Peter, of old: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Doubtless there is a silver lining to this inauspicious cloud, although our defective, dim, shortsightedness, cannot discern it. Behind this frowning Providence there is, doubtless, the divine love and wisdom, with smiling face." Little did anyone think, when seven months ago, our brother with such keen eye, strong arm, and commanding utterance, guided the direction of the good work in this great North West, his work was so nearly done and the reward on the further shore so near at hand! How completely it broke up our plans! But true it is as He tells us through Isaiah: "My thought are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways." Ours soon perish, His are imperishable. O what a happy cheering thought that, although even the most honored workmen cease and sleep, the great worker ever remains, and the work goes on. Since the last correspondence from this quarter, through the medium of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, there has been some progress in the good work in this remote corner. Both the pas-

tors of the Edmonton and South Edmonton churches, have been cheered by the privilege of visiting the baptismal waters with rejoicing believers, and more are soon expected to follow. Several additions have been made also to our numbers by letter and experience, and more are also coming, through this channel.

Settlers are moving in, with the dawn of business prosperity, in the district and we get our proportion, even though it be small. The work among the German brethren is also looking up. Bro. F. Mueller has been relieved of a part of his large field by the advent of Bro. Hagar from the coast to take charge of the Otokwan church. This brother, who is a native of Switzerland, but who speaks German and French as well as English, seems a man of an excellent spirit, as well as an effective worker, and convincing and able preacher of the word. There may perhaps more be said of him in the next letter, from this scribe. Our German brethren have dedicated two places of worship also on their broad field during the last few months, one near the town of Wetaskiwin and the other near the village of Leduc. They have now in this district four good substantial houses of worship; free from debt; they will soon have four churches organized, there being three now, and a fourth about ready to "swarm." Brother Frederick Mueller, the Missionary pastor, who came from Russia, with this interesting people, some four years ago, deserves great credit for the way in which under God, he has directed this good work. With a family to support, a very poor people in this world's goods to minister to, and with comparatively little aid from the Mission Boards; he has labored bravely, and God according to promise, has richly blessed him in His own work.

Just lately, this worthy brother has met with a (to him) heavy loss, in the sudden unexpected death of his faithful, strong, swift and trusty horse, to the poor Missionary here, this is nothing less than a calamity, even in this country, where horses have till lately, been very cheap, such a horse as Bro. Mueller's could not be replaced for less than seventy-five dollars. I wonder if some good brother or sister in the east, who has the handling of a good deal of the Lord's money, would not deem it a privilege to send Bro. Mueller that amount, so that again with cheerful gait and glad heart, he might make his long trips to his appointments? Such a donation would be real, genuine, mission work, and that for the Lord and master, Himself, (see Matt. 25: 40). Our brother's address is, Leduc, Alberta. Brother, sister, "what thou doest, do quickly," and let me say, should two send the above amount it will not be amiss as Bro. Hagar also needs a horse. A. McD.

"Why Don't They Do Something?"

"Pray what are they doing?" the woman asks,  
Who toils for home alone;  
"And what do they do!" says she whose life  
Is into society thrown.  
If you wish to be only a critic, then  
You'd far better stay away,  
But if you are honest, and wish to know all,  
Why come, and be one of the "They."

You must see that they've belted the earth with a band  
Of women pledged, and true,  
That they've lent the drunkard a helping hand,  
And brought weak laws to view,  
That they've given to temperance sentiment aid,  
That the wretch who pockets pay  
For the ruin of men's immortal souls,  
Is hating and fearing this "They."

When matters look dark—ineffective their plans  
Satan's strong, subtle weapons to foil,  
Who feeleth it more? And why should these  
Bear the blame, and the scorn, and the toil?  
If you can do better, its certainly mean  
Your powerful arm to stay,  
If more you'd have done in twenty-four years,  
Why were you not one of the "They?"

But when the recording Ages of Time,  
Forever have rolled away,  
You'll find that all will responsible be—  
You'll find you are one of the "They."

A. J. C.

Ye are My Friends.—John 15: 14.

It takes a great many new friends to make one old friend. Friendship is not like asparagus—a plant that shoots up in a night and is then ready for the knife. It is rather like the hickory or the oak, of gradual growth and solid fibre. As it is the wood which has been "seasoned" by long exposure to wind and weather that emits the hottest fire, so the friendships that have been seasoned by many years of sun and storm produce the warmest glow. An eccentric old man in London hung out an auctioneer's red flag over his front door; he said that he did it to "weed out the false friends who would make off if they thought that he had come to bankruptcy." A rather sharp stroke of humor was that device; and there are quite too many who are ready to halt their carriages before the door of a fine mansion, but who have very few by-streets and back-lanes on their visiting lists. Prosperity breeds friends; adversity tests them.—Theodore L. Cuyler.