

pose, in the completeness and beauty of his humanity, he is immeasurably greater than any of his critics. His writings have been one of the life pulses of the nation, having purified the air, glorified life and exalted humanity; and as if the catalogue of his excellencies could not be exhausted, it is summed up thus: "As he lay dead, too early for himself and for his country, all unworthiness fell away from him, and left pure nobleness;" and who could believe that any one would cap the climax by saying: "To the wretched there is no such solace out of the Bible as the poetry of Burns?" Is such a statement a piece of blasphemy or burlesque?

If such things were so, it seems a growing marvel how they did not mature in his own being, and "bring forth fruit unto holiness" to the end of his life? True, he could poetically paint the lovely in nature, sympathize with a daisy, and all but shed a tear over a mouse, sing the praises of virtue and point out the path of rectitude to others, while practically he could unscrupulously seduce a maiden or exultantly swamp a hale fellow in strong drink, quarrel with his best friends who would dare to point out his imprudencies, warn him of their consequences, restrain and rescue him from evil and advise and encourage him to good, as an impertinent invasion on that "noble independence" of which his flatterers so loudly boast, and hold up as a masterly model to their fellow-men, while to cap all, he was not slow to fling his failings in his Maker's face, and impiously demand, if so, why made so? Impoverished by the lack, alike of prudence, industry and economy, and embittered by what he felt to be injustice, in his failing to occupy the position which he envied in others, but could never attain, he hurled his soured sarcasms against them, and dipped the deeper into those dissipations which led the respectable to shun him, and proved the ruin of his life. While in Edinburgh and in his meridian glory "he talked loudly of independence of spirit," yet he could at the same time lounge about from month to month in the hopeful expectation that some of his noble patrons might procure him some permanent income which would free him from the necessity of further exertion, while at the same time "he suffered himself to be surrounded by a race of miserable beings who were proud to tell that they had been in company with Burns, and had seen him as loose and foolish as themselves." As he never loved labour, his connection with the excise led him to neglect his farm and associate with the gross and vulgar, thus exposing him to drunken excesses he had not now the power to resist; hence home became less pleasant, even the endearments of "Bonnie Jean" were fast losing hold of his heart, and he sought more and more to drown in dissipation those gathering sorrows he could not subdue. Such was his character and course in Dumfries till even in his "houffs" more liquor was denied him, and when he was wont, especially on market days, to go from tavern to tavern and tapping at the room doors, inquire if they did not wish the company of the poet, Burns, and all to share their social glass. Thus on, till on "one fatal frosty night he fell in the close leading from the tavern to the street, and lay there for some hours; that noble head of his froze to the ground, and there he contracted that disease which soon after carried him off ere he had lived out half his days."

Thus have I written out, far from all, yet far more of Burns' frailties and follies than I could have wished to record, not for the purpose, far from it, of exposing his weaknesses or his wickednesses, but to face the fulsome pictures of his flatterers with "stubborn facts that wonna ding and downa be disputed," in order that "orating" servants of Jesus Christ may solve the problem and present the proof as in his presence, how far they are called upon to "orate" on such occasions, and in order, as far as I can, to prevent any such one, how ever he may see fit to demean himself, from degrading his sacred office and dishonouring the great Master he professes to serve, "who went about continually doing good."

It is somewhat significant that in looking across the lines some of the largest cities such as New York, Philadelphia, Boston etc., failed to find a cleric to "orate" to them at their last celebration, and in looking across the ocean to the land of Burns, and at the report of some thirty celebrations, even there only five or six ministers attended, while but three of them "orated," and while several of the gatherings were held in club halls, fully two-thirds were held in taverns in full keeping with their character. It is to me, and many besides, a great and ever-growing marvel that men, and especially ministers, who would have shunned the very shadow of Burns while he lived, should meet together to celebrate his glories when he is dead. Ah! but, says one, do you not see in all this the fulfilment of the old proverb, "like draws to like," and "birds of a feather flock together?" X. Y. Z.

THE *Mid-Continent* says: Every Science has its axioms or first principle. So has Christianity. There are truths which lie at its foundation; and the whole of it is a system of truth. A knowledge of this system controls our religious experience and regulates our Christian practice, for truth is in order to goodness. As a brief outline to Bible truth, there is nothing of human composition superior to the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. It is comprehensive and yet full. Its definitions are brief and to the purpose. Multitudes have found for life and for eternity the blessings of committing to memory this excellent and adorable Catechism. It is an excellent plan for parents to have their children commit an answer to a question each day in the week, and then on the Sabbath day have them repeat all they have learned during the preceding week, and also review what may have been learned in weeks preceding. In this way the whole 107 answers may be learned in eighteen weeks, and the whole may be gone over about three times every year, and thus be kept constantly in the memory; and it will be of inestimable benefit all through life.

Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

LAZARUS.

BY T. K. HENDERSON, TORONTO.

Lazarus come forth.—John xi. 43.

CHILD of the grave, awake!
Shake off the dust of death,
And let the spirit's breath
Kindle the darkened coal of life again!
Those gloomy fetters break,
And bid that well-known voice
Thy weeping friends rejoice,
Once more to mingle in the haunts of men!

Child of the dust, arise!
He said, at whose high word
The sealed stone disturb'd—
The portals of the tomb were rolled away!
But why those tear-fraught eyes?
Said I not unto thee,
Believing thou should'st see
The vanquish'd grave resign his captive prey?

Lo! at that monarch call
The wond'ring crowd beheld,
The sightless eyes unveiled,
The circling torrent thro' his mansion ran!
He starts from death's enthrall!
The life was at his heart,
The mists of night depart,
And from the tomb he walks a living man!

He came, th' uncoffin'd dead,
Forth in that victor hour,
Won from corruption's power,
Where now, O Death! thy boasted victory?
For thou art vanquish'd,
And from the soulless clay,
The worm hath fled away—
Unloose his bands and set the Captive free!

THE SERVANT OF MAN A MESSENGER FROM GOD.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., GALT.

One of the distinctive peculiarities of the religion of Jesus is this, that in reference to its proclamation, it is no respecter of persons. It may be preached by any one who by experience is acquainted with its saving power. It accepts as its herald the saved man or woman, it matters not to what class or rank in society they belong. They may be highly cultured or they may be ignorant of the wisdom of the ancients or the moderns—they may be rich in this world's goods or wanting in them—they may be among the better class or among those who are lowly—the outward circumstances are of no moment, nor are educational advantages, in order to the telling forth of the experiences of the heart.

The story of a great change may be related by any one who is the Christian, and that, too, effectively. There is no weapon that is keener than personal experience in spiritual warfare. None wears better or wins more victories. And none is more feared by the devil. "I know" is what neither he nor any of his emissaries can withstand or overturn. It is a bossed buckler that they cannot pierce. Hence, our Lord commanded the man out of whom he had cast a legion of demons, and who wanted to be with him, to return to his own house, and show how great things God had done unto him.

The life is to witness to the great change as well as the lips. Therefore we have this injunction laid upon us, "Let your light so shine before man, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The reason given for this is, "Ye are the light of the world." Godly men are stars set in the moral firmament to light up the darkness. They may be of different magnitudes, but all shine by the light of the Sun of Righteousness which they reflect. And they are all to illumine the region in which they are set. In this way the whole world is to be lighted. The ruler in his place, the member of parliament in his place, the professional man in his place, the master in his place, and the servant in his place, are to let their light so shine as to be seen, that God may receive his meed of glory. Pains are to be taken to make known the change that has come over all within, by a new life without. And in the doing this—in the faithful discharge of Christian duty all men are on an equality. "One is your Master, even Christ and all ye are brethren." Here as in the ordinary work of life—

Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act your part well, there all the honour lies.

It is not seldom the case that those in lowly life are more zealous and devoted Christians than those in better circumstances and higher station. How sadly true it is that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and the base things of the world, and the things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, the things which are not to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence."

We may count on our fingers the outstanding great and noble ones who are consecrated to God as the followers of Jesus. How few they are? But who can count the great host of lowly ones who are labouring for the good of souls, unknown to fame? Caring nought for human applause or temporal reward. Telling the old, old story of Jesus and His love, because they delight to tell it, and love the Christ of whom they speak. The exhilaration, the pleasure, the gladness the rich have

in the use of their wealth, and in the fellowship of congenial spirits and society, is made up to the godly poor by the privilege of being permitted to speak of Jesus and to make known His mercy to sinners and His saving power. This is to them their superior and gracious compensation.

Moreover, not infrequently the very knowledge those in high stations have of Jesus is communicated by the lowly—by the sewing girl, or by the nurse, or by the workman. The servant of man becomes to him a messenger from God. Instances of this kind are not few. Count Leo Tolstoi is indebted to his old nurse for that which no science had been able to teach him—the import of life and death. The old peasant woman to whom he was entrusted had a faith that knew no doubt. And so the idea became impressed upon his mind that in order to understand life it is necessary to go to school to the simple, and so he began living as the peasants do, and found among them the revelation he sought. How much he has learned may be seen in his books, "My Religion" and "In Pursuit of Happiness." But how much has he yet to learn? Deeper study will disclose "wonderful things" to him yet. We, however, praise God for what he now sees and lives.

Charlotte Bremer, in the "Life of Fredrika Bremer," tells us that it was a governess who laid the foundation of all that was good in them. "In 1806," she says, "when I had completed my sixth, and Fredrika had not quite attained her fifth year, we had a governess whom we have to thank, not only for all that we have learnt, but also for her motherly tenderness and kindness toward us. The name of this friend so dear to, so beloved by us, was Sara Eleonore de Frumerie; she was descended from a French immigrant family. . . . Just and truthful and God-fearing, she laid the foundation of all that was good in us. The late Earl of Shaftesbury acknowledged that it was to his nurse he owed his first religious impressions, and his early instruction in the truths of the Scriptures. She laid the foundation for the beautiful structure of his afterlife of Christian activity on behalf of the poor, the lowly and the distressed. He stood in the very forefront of self-sacrificing endeavour in every good cause, so that now his memory is blessed, and his name is as ointment poured forth. He wears no longer an earl's coronet, but a kingly crown.

Nor may we forget the little Hebrew maid who had been carried away captive by the Syrian raiders. She, seeing the sad look of her mistress, as she thought of her leprous husband, sympathizingly said, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him out of his leprosy." The faith in God's power through His prophet was a faith without doubt, or fear, or hesitancy. And it set in operation a train of actions that brought Naaman back to his wife, cured.

The Rev. J. J. Bonar, of Greenock, has written a memorial of a domestic servant, named Elizabeth Gow, under the title "A Hidden one Brought to Light," which gives her spiritual history and Christian service. She entered the family of the Rev. J. Bonar, of Perth, and there her beautiful character was revealed. Mr. Bonar lost his wife, and his children were left motherless. "Influenced, says Dr. Bonar, 'not less by gratitude to the dead, than affection for the living, she agreed to remain with the children of her lamented mistress—now orphans indeed, and all still unprovided for—and for several years she continued to discharge among them the duties of a single servant with exemplary disinterestedness. . . . All day long she superintended the concerns of the household, and often would she spend half the night in intercession for the spiritual welfare of her charge.' That is a noble testimony to highly honourable character.

Let us thank God that the very humblest may be the means of doing good. The soul made free may declare the message God gives it wherever it is. The Gospel is glad tidings to all people. And whoever knows it is commissioned to tell it abroad. "Let him that heareth say, come!" "Son, go work to-day in My vineyard." Nothing is to withhold us from making known the way of life, the love of Jesus, the mercy of God, the saving power of the Gospel. We are not to say, "It is not my place." It is the duty and also the privilege of every one to embrace every opportunity of preaching the good news.

Minds are dark, and hearts are breaking, and lives are full of bitterness for lack of it. And ye who are in service in homes where there is no Christ, are to carry Him there. Your path of life has taken this turn that ye might become a messenger of the Lord of Hosts. Appreciate, then, your opportunity. Obey the loud call that comes to you out of your circumstances. You carry a light that is sweeter than the light of the sun. You have in your heart a love that is deeper and more tender than a mother's love. You can tell a story that is more winsome and thrilling than the most lively romance. You can tell how the heart may find rest, and the soul rejoice in a satisfaction perfect as the nature of God. Then do not, on any account, miss the opportunity. It is yours now.

SELF-EFFACEMENT IN WORK.

A quantity of consecrated power is indicated by the wings with which in the Vision of the Seraphim, each seraph covered his feet, or, indeed, his whole person. This quality of self-effacement, or self-forgetfulness, enters into all good work, and most of all into the best. A great work apparently does itself. Some day the humble doer awakens, and behold, the work is done, and he is famous, and he is himself astonished. He only knew there was a good work to do, or a great wrong to resist, and he had no choice but to be at it. So men have conducted themselves in battle; the fortress must be taken or the sally made, and it was done without thought of glory. The loss of this quality of self-forgetfulness spoils a good work.—Dr. Phillips Brooks.