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THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost? Because we miss them from our outward road. God's unseen angel o'er their pathway crossed. Looked on us all, and loving them the most. Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door. That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing— With angels bright, and loved ones gone before, In their Redeemer's presence evermore, And God himself their Lord, their Judge, their King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow! O selfish hearts! O we of little faith! Let us look round, some argument to borrow, Why we in patience should await the morrow That surely must succeed the night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary desert path, The thorns and thistles wheresoever we turn; What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath, What struggles and what strife the journey hath! They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done, Who, with his treasure strove the earth to reach, While with the raging waves he battled on, Was it not joy, there every joy seemed gone, To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand A little child, had halted by the well To wash from off her feet the clinging sand, And tell the tired boy of that bright land, Where, his long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the lord, who many mansions had, Drew near and looked upon the suffering train, Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad; In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad, I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong— "Nay, but the woe I feel he too must share!" Or rather, bursting into grateful song, She went her way rejoicing, and made strong To struggle on, since she was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach In love and sympathy, in hope and trust; No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach; But there's an inward, spiritual speech That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dumb.

It bids us do the work that they laid down— Take up the song where they broke off the strain; So journeying till we reach the heavenly town, Where are laid up our treasures and our crown, And our lost loved ones will be found again. —Christian Guardian.

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.

A SERMON By Bishop Simpson, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church.

"He shall not fail, nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law."—Isaiah xlii.

That these words apply to the Lord Jesus Christ is indisputable, because they are quoted by one of the angels as fulfilled in the person and mission of Christ. We have in them presented for our thought three things: first, the great purpose which our Saviour has in view; secondly, the fact that there are discouragements and difficulties in the way of accomplishing that purpose; and, thirdly, the assurance that, notwithstanding all these difficulties may exist, He shall not fail or be discouraged until his great work shall be performed.

The purpose which He has in view is to set judgment in the earth, and that the isles shall wait for his law. By the expression, setting judgment in the earth, we understand that the object of Christ was to promote the spread of truth throughout the entire earth—the reign of righteousness. His mission will be performed only when the truth which He came to reveal shall be diffused to the ends of the earth; when the gospel shall be proclaimed in the hearing of every human being; when all the institutions of the earth shall be conformed to the principles of the Gospel; when the laws by which men are governed shall be founded on justice and equity; when those who administer those laws shall administer them in the fear of the Lord; when there shall be security for person and property, and liberty and happiness in all parts of the earth; when the associations of men shall be based on right principles; when men shall be loved each other from a consciousness that God loves them, that they are members of one family, that there is one great brotherhood, not confined to towns or cities, or the limits of the kingdom or state, but existing throughout the whole earth; when the sons of men shall be one family, who shall acknowledge one Father and Lord Jehovah, and they shall be united in their love and reverence for God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

His mission thus is to remove all evil from the earth, to spread abroad peace and truth and happiness; and to intensify the expression, it is said that he not only sets judgment in the earth, but that "the isles shall wait for his law." There shall not be a rocky island in the bosom of the deep on which a lonely dweller shall pitch his tent, but he shall bear the name of Jesus; there shall not be a valley or a deep gorge that shall not be penetrated by the light of the Gospel. And if there be any day some island surrounded with polar ice, which the adventurous navigator has not yet found, or it there be a small islet in the far off South Sea, detached from the clusters that are known, it shall be visited; for He has come to set judgment in the earth, and the isles are waiting for his law. This is his mission; this is the work to be performed.

But there are difficulties which lie in the way of the performance of this work. How shall the kingdom of Christ be extended to the ends of the earth? How shall it so permeate society as to subdue the hearts of men and make them willing to form all their associations on the principles of righteousness—to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God? How can the wild passions that agitate the human bosom be subdued? How shall the grasping hand of avarice be restrained? How shall the selfishness and corruption of the human heart be removed? How shall we submit to the law of God? Is it possible to mould the hearts of the people to love the living God? See the persecutions, and the combinations of men to spread infidelity. Look abroad to-day. Take the literature. How obscene it is, and how poisoning! See the issues thrown off every week. Read the scoffs and sneers at evangelical piety. See how deeply entrenched in all that affects the public mind, is a hatred to pure Christianity—so much so that if a man dares to stand out on the platform of evangelical Christianity, he is thought to be singular; and the man who will be a true Christian, a living, earnest man in his store, his shop, his business, everywhere, who talks of Jesus and the triumphs of his cross as he talks of business and trade, he is a singular man, and the world wonders at him. He may sing in his own house, or in the church of God; he may pray in his closet, or in his family; or he may try to carry thoughts of religion into business life, and to mingle them up in the associations of men, the world will not bear it. "That they will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

Now, amidst all these things, is it any wonder that the world should be discouraged, and that good men sometimes think Christianity is a failure, or that some new appliances must be used, some change made—some change of base or front—something done in order to give fresh power and influence to Christianity? Under this influence, men are trying to see if they cannot eliminate the offensive doctrines of the cross out of the Bible. Here we have them telling that it is not necessary to believe that Christ died to take away sin, that that man is great is not so very sinful after all; that there is a heart of love in man, and that all we need is just to develop that goodness, and God is so merciful that He will accept it. They take away the offence of the cross, or try to do it; and wherever it is done, it is found to take away the power out of the gospel. There are others who would accommodate by avoiding some of the usages of Christianity—dressing it up in something like fashionable attire, making it less antagonistic to all the interests and passions and feelings of men, hoping that thereby it may gain power and strength.

This feeling of discouragement is nothing new. I feel and I share it, it is nothing more than has been from the beginning. When Abraham had the promise that his seed should be as the sand of the sea, as the stars of heaven for multitude, long, weary years had passed; he had been called from Mesopotamia, had wandered in Canaan, had gone down into Egypt, and when one hundred years had rolled over his head, there was then only the young heir in his family. Doubtless he sometimes felt discouraged. Time is an element with men, but not with God. Moses was often when he led the Israelites. Oh! how often did he feel like giving up the undertaking! "Blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book," he prayed, when he pleaded for the Israelites; "they must not be destroyed." See, at the very base of Sinai, while yet the cloud lingered on the top and the voice of God ceased to fall upon their ears, they make the golden calf, and cry out, "These be the gods of Israel, which brought thee out of Egypt!" No wonder Moses was discouraged, and cast the tables from his hands as though the whole plan of God were a failure; but God led the Israelites onward. A generation might die; the strong men who put their strength in swords might fall, but the little children should grow up and go forward to possess the land. It was God's purpose, and he led the Israelites forward amid discouragements. Sometimes they fled before their enemies, and Moses was alarmed, but God gave them victory again. We trace the lives of the prophets, and we find that some of them were called weeping prophets. "Oh! that my head might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"—ready to give up, the cause all gone. See Elijah hiding himself, discouraged, and crying: "They have killed Thy prophets, digged down Thine altars, and I alone am left." He felt that the world was gone astray; but God said: "I have seven thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal." So, too, the disciples of Christ were discouraged. Oh! how often their hearts were despondent! and how, when Christ was taken from them, they fled! When He hung on the cross, some of them stood afar off. When He was laid in the sepulchre, how they mourned! And even after His resurrection, they gave up to their former occupations, and were fishing on the bosom of the Sea of Galilee again. Trace down the history of the Church from that period to this, and age after age, what discouragement! Men have said: "The cause is gone." Difficulties, failures, have been all around on the human side; men have been discouraged; and if there is anything but the human side, men ought to be discouraged. There is nothing in the appearance, there is nothing in the system, there is nothing in the influence of human associations that can, acting on human principles alone, cause Christianity to triumph in the world.

But while men may be discouraged, it is said of Christ, "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged till he hath set judgment in the earth." There is presented to us the sublimer view—I love to think of it—of One on the throne, by the right hand of His Father, sitting down, expecting until His enemies be made his footstool. Could our vision penetrate the courts of the Almighty, our eye see the Lord Jesus, sitting on his throne, and waiting calmly for the conversion of the earth, sure of the result. Is there any thing strange in this? Can He not wait?

the city can be conquered! Vice is running down our streets; degradation has its home in our garrets and cellars. Ah! well, if it were confined to garrets and cellars; but vice, in its most hideous form, has its home in your brown-stone houses and palatial residences. Where is there a taint that this can be changed?

Then there is so much opposition to be overcome—in barren lands the opposition is headstrong; in Christian lands, the opposition that arises out of the selfishness and corruption of the human heart. Men are not willing to submit to the law of God. Is it possible to mould the hearts of the people to love the living God? See the persecutions, and the combinations of men to spread infidelity. Look abroad to-day. Take the literature. How obscene it is, and how poisoning! See the issues thrown off every week. Read the scoffs and sneers at evangelical piety. See how deeply entrenched in all that affects the public mind, is a hatred to pure Christianity—so much so that if a man dares to stand out on the platform of evangelical Christianity, he is thought to be singular; and the man who will be a true Christian, a living, earnest man in his store, his shop, his business, everywhere, who talks of Jesus and the triumphs of his cross as he talks of business and trade, he is a singular man, and the world wonders at him. He may sing in his own house, or in the church of God; he may pray in his closet, or in his family; or he may try to carry thoughts of religion into business life, and to mingle them up in the associations of men, the world will not bear it. "That they will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

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When He gave the promise that He would come, He waited for four thousand years to fulfil it; He waited for fullness of time; waited till men had exhausted all their plans; waited until the world was weary with trying to conquer human evils and human errors; waited until the wisest philosophers had planned, until the most eloquent had spoken, until the strongest governments had tried their influence; waited until Egypt had risen in science, and then sunk toward ruin; waited until Babylon and all her glory had perished, until Greece with all her philosophy and arts was a failure; waited until Rome, seated on her seven hills, the image of iron, grasping in her arms the known world, had gathered her poets, painters and philosophers, and, yet in the midst of her power was rushing headlong down to ruin, and poor humanity was uttering the cry, "What shall we do to be saved?"

When man could do no more, Christ came—came not in regal pomp, came not as men would expect—came a babe in Bethlehem; laid himself in the lowest form of human society—sent up his infant cries from where the children of poverty might be heard to utter their complaints, identifying himself with the vast mass of humanity, that he might be ready to take them all in his arms, and lead them toward God. And if He waited four thousand years, till man had tried all he could do, it is strange that now having prepared for the elevation of man, He should wait to see this earth redeemed, as He waited from the yet he lesser God, I come," and Getsemane and Calvary were ever before him? There is something sublime to me in the thought of Christ waiting calmly on the throne. The sun that shines in the heavens rises over scenes of horror and woe. No matter what may be here, the sun shines on, calmly, perpetually, radiating its light; and so Christ, the great Sun of Righteousness, sits on his throne, and there come from Him the beams of light that are shining upon humanity.

But then He is waiting thus calmly and confidently, because there is an agency at work that is adequate to bring about the great results. "Behold my servant whom I uphold, mine elect in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him; he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles." God has given the Holy Spirit, an unseen influence, that is to perform the great work. Men are loath to estimate the invisible and yet what lessons God has thrown around it! We measure by what we see, by what we hear; we are governed by material forms, exhibitions of material power; we want something to move the world; we think of the earthquake's tread, the streams of lava, the waves of ocean, the tornado or tempest, the shock of armies; something like these we are waiting for, some appearance, but God works in his great works invisibly. When we look through the universe the greatest power is always the invisible power, and the most efficient power is that which works beyond human vision. Look at those large bodies that move through the world. There is a power that propels the cannon-ball, that causes those vast bombs to take their elliptical flight, and then to explode. We calculate the power that propels them; but oh! the power that sends worlds like arrows whirling through the heavens! Why it is said to-day that our largest telescopes give us such a sweep of the sky that the light might have been travelling from the most distant bodies for three millions of years, and some say more, to reach our eyes. The universe is full of these bodies. Where is the power that moves them? How came they to time without missing a hair's breadth for thousands or millions of years, it may be? It is an unseen power; it is the power of God working invisibly that can keep all these vast globes in their places of motion. Look around us. What is it that makes that cannon ball fall to the ground; that shell to go down in their flight; that ship by all the human power you can combine the vast rocket into the air—what is it that pulls it down again? What is it that raises the sea and makes the tide flow around the world? What is it that keeps that moon making her ceaseless flight around the earth? You call it gravitation. What is it that gives firmness and stability to all that is of the earth? It is invisible, but it is potent. It is so all around us. Why the morning sunbeams that fall so gently on the eyelids that they scarcely awaken the sleeper, have power to raise the largest pile of rocks. The monument of Bonker-hill was thought to be a foundation, so He went down in sorrow and agony in the garden; He had fathomed the very depth, He went down to the bottom and laid the cornerstone for our salvation in the presence of all the enemies of earth and hell, and when He had laid it, He said: "It is finished." There is the cornerstone. Thank God, it stands for ever. Earth and hell cannot prevail against it. He was not discouraged. His plans had not failed. Not a single thing in all He had arranged had given way. The work was done, and yet man was discouraged. But the third morning was coming. I have sometimes thought, if there was a monument of discouragement in the universe deeper and darker than others, it was just before that morning dawned. But God looks down. He who was dead rises—the great eternal God. He brought himself life and power; He bursts the bars of the tomb, and rises triumphant. What a triumph! Christ had not failed. He grasped the power of his eternal Godhead, and conquered death and hell, and the earth caught the sound of joy which the angels sang, and glory to God and peace and good-will among men have been re-echoed through the earth ever since.

Now that He is gone up to heaven, now that all power is given Him, now that all thrones are subject to Him, now that He sits on the circle of the heavens, He cannot fail. He cannot be discouraged, and He sees how all things are moving to bring about that mighty triumph of his kingdom. And if He is not discouraged, should we be? There may be dark hours, but they precede the light of the morning. There may be periods of weakness, but they precede the exhibition of strength. There may be perfect calm, but they precede the breath almost of the whirlwind. There may be times when all human resources seem to fail; it is that God may be honoured and glorified. Oh! we need more faith. We should not be discouraged. Our Saviour is to conquer this world—to subdue the world unto himself

I should have lost faith in men; but when I see that, of twelve men, the picked men of the world, the chosen men, the men that the Father gave to Christ that he might found his kingdom and carry on his great work, his counsellors, prime ministers—if I might use the phrase, his cabinet officers—and when I see them such weak, frail men, of like passions with ourselves, making mistakes, having all the jealousies of the human heart, and all the weakness of the human bosom, my heart is comforted, and I say: "If Christ saved such men, He is able to save me; and if He used such men for his glory, he may, in his infinite mercy, use me; and if a man who yesterday denied Christ, and cursed and swore, can, to-morrow, or even in forty days, stand up and preach a sermon under which three thousand shall be cut to the heart, may not I?"

Christ thus shows his glory in the weakness of men. He has the residue of the Spirit. He sends men to work, but He leaves them not alone; He sends out spiritual influences that make up for their deficiencies, and men, though not eloquent, may preach with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

Infidelity has been trying its power, and scepticism and wickedness have combined together, to have seen Christ sitting on his throne. "The Lord shall laugh at them; he shall have them in derision. He shall break them in pieces like a potter's vessel." These attacks against Christianity but show its power. Let the hurricane come—the tempest that prostrates the hills, the Church still stands. Let the overflowing biliousness that sweep away all else come with their violence, the rock on which the Church stands is unmoved, and from the midst of the Church we sing: "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved. God shall help her, and that right early." We can look over the world and see how God has been using infidel writers to prepare the material the Church is using. He has been using the minds and efforts of infidel navigators to make the ends of the earth known. Men have been combining and fancying they were going to overthrow the Gospel of Christ. He has suffered them to gather all their artillery, and then has simply taken it and used it for spreading his own cause. It is thus he is laughing at the calculations of men, and he does not lay for us. He discouraged, but he is bringing forth judgment to truth, and the isles are waiting for his law.

He allows men to be marshalled, lets the armies come, lets all the means wicked men can gather and combine unto to meet Him. Calmly he waits for the onset, knowing He can break them. He lets men rally their opposition; let them try all forms of civilization and philosophy; let them combine in every possible mode against his kingdom and power, and yet he can sweep them away as in a moment. "There probably was not a family in all Judaea that had not some relative healed. Yet, when He was arrested in the garden, and taken to the judgment-hall. He had not a friend left on earth; not one to drop a tear of sympathy in his behalf. He was left alone. The people were discouraged. Those who, to some extent, loved Him—His disciples—were discouraged. The earth was discouraged, and the sun was discouraged, and covered his face with a veil. The great recess of the temple was thrown open as the curtain was rent. Darkness settled upon the earth. All hell was preparing for a jubilee. Then Christ said: "It is finished." He had laid the cornerstone. He was about to build the grand edifice of salvation, and as men dig down to lay a foundation, so He went down in sorrow and agony in the garden; He had fathomed the very depth, He went down to the bottom and laid the cornerstone for our salvation in the presence of all the enemies of earth and hell, and when He had laid it, He said: "It is finished." There is the cornerstone. Thank God, it stands for ever. Earth and hell cannot prevail against it. He was not discouraged. His plans had not failed. Not a single thing in all He had arranged had given way. The work was done, and yet man was discouraged. But the third morning was coming. I have sometimes thought, if there was a monument of discouragement in the universe deeper and darker than others, it was just before that morning dawned. But God looks down. He who was dead rises—the great eternal God. He brought himself life and power; He bursts the bars of the tomb, and rises triumphant. What a triumph! Christ had not failed. He grasped the power of his eternal Godhead, and conquered death and hell, and the earth caught the sound of joy which the angels sang, and glory to God and peace and good-will among men have been re-echoed through the earth ever since.

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and it is ours simply to go forward, to take His word, perform His will, to put forth the agencies, to speak, to live, to labour, to love for Christ, and love shall subdue all things. Oh! there is a glorious day; it is a little in advance; you and I may not live to see it. I know not how, but He will set judgment in the earth; the isles shall wait for his law.

"FOR TO-MORROW"
Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield,
Hark to Nature's lessons given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

Say, with richer crimson glow,
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor loaded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily:
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
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LARGE LITTLES.
Did a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds—some signal specimens of doing, or enduring, or suffering—we might account for the failure, reckon it small dishonour to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of small things of the hour, and not the great things of the age, that fill up a life like that of Paul or John, like that of Rutherford, or Brainerd, or Martyn.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, or slovenliness or cowardice, little equivocations or abstractions from high integrity, little touches of abstinence or meanness, little bits of covetousness or puerilities, little exhibitions of worldly gaiety, little indifference to the feelings or wishes of others, outbreaks of temper or crossness and selfishness or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour in public transactions; or private dealings, or family arrangements; the little words, and looks, and tones; little self-denials and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulness; little plans of kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; to punctuality and method and true aim, in the ordering of each day—these are the active developments of holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.

What makes you green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of slender grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great, save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible character to admire or copy.

REVELATIONS OF THE CATACOMBS.
ANTIQUITY OF INFANT BAPTISM.
In looking over the many interesting inscriptions which have been copied from the catacombs in Rome, I was struck with one which reads thus: "Flavia Iovina, who lived three years and thirty days. A NEOPHYTE—in peace." And what is there remarkable in this inscription? Much every way, but chiefly because the word "Neophyte" is to be examined in the light of history. A Neophyte, according to the united testimony of the earliest Church fathers, was a convert from heathenism—i. e., one that was "born again." Now we all know that Dr. Neander says in his Church History, vol. I, page 198) the Church fathers, especially Irenaeus, use the words, "born again," or "born of God," to denote baptism. Baptism and the new birth are used synonymously. So, then, this simple word Neophyte, as applied to a three year old child, speaks in thunder tones in favour of infant baptism. The fact is, it raises to the dignity of a demonstration that infants were baptized in the II. century. Neander says: "In Irenaeus the new birth and baptism are intimately connected, and it would be difficult for one to imagine anything else than baptism as meant by the new birth. That the baptism of infants was practiced in the Christian Church within fifty years, or even less, of the year A. D. 96 (the year of St. John's death) there can be no reasonable doubt. We all know that before the middle of the III. century, Cyprian, the famous bishop of Carthage, who was born A. D. 190 was the first who objected to infant baptism, and we all know the grounds on which he opposed it. His views of baptism were wrong; he did not want persons baptized young for fear they might relapse into sin, and as he knew no other way to secure remission of sins than baptism, the relapsed sinner would be lost!"

But however important the corroborative testimony of the epitaph of a child buried in the II. century may be in favour of infant baptism, we have other and even more direct testimony to the fact in the writings of Irenaeus. This good man, with Tertullian, was a catechizing man, with Ignatius, was a catechizing man of Polycarp, who was a disciple of St. John. The probability is that he was baptized in his infancy, for there is no information of his baptism in adult age. Let us see what he says on the subject of infant baptism. Speaking of Christ, he says: "He came to redeem all, all I say who are born again into God through him, (i. e. through baptism) infants, children, boys youths, and the aged. Where-

fore he passed through every age; he became an infant to infants, sanctifying infants; he became a child among children to sanctify those of his age, giving them at the same time an example of piety, of justice, of obedience, and for young men he became a young man, to set them an example, and to sanctify them to the Lord." Here we have the clearest evidence that not only children (Parvuli) but infants (Infantes) were baptized early in the II. century, and that by those who had received their theological instructions from the inspired apostles of our Lord. What stronger historical proof do we need? The single inscription we have referred to alone is taken from the Catacombs of Rome; a book published by the American Sunday school Union. Bishop Kipp has published an account of a visit he paid to the catacombs, in which he gives a number of inscriptions of baptized infants, some under a year old.

As our baptism brethren are constantly declaring that we have no antiquity for Infant Baptism, I thought it my duty to direct attention to these inscriptions in the catacombs.—Lutheran Observer. R. W.

THE YOUNG BANKER IN NEW YORK.
I have just come across a letter from an eminent clergyman to his son who was then in college, and is now one of the most successful business men in New York.
"It is easy my son, to tell you how to be happy. Set your heart on God. Say to yourself, God made me and has a right to me, and shall have my whole heart. Make it your business to prepare to be useful. Do nothing merely because you love to unless it will be right, and wise, and good. Do nothing that you will have to deny of having done. Do right to the unto others as you would that they should do to you. Be the best scholar you can be. Lose no time; time is money."
"Read your Bible daily, and every day pray for heavenly wisdom. Refuse to be found in the company of vile men. Remember that character is made up of morals; and every look and gesture, word and smile and frown constitutes each its distinct moral and character."
"O my son, you cannot cease to be till the sun goes out, and time runs out, and eternity wears out, and God shall cease to be. Now one that must live so long, and whose happiness through all that long life depends wholly on character, cannot take too much pains in forming that character just right. I embrace, religion, of course, in my calculation respecting character. What will render us estimable in the sight of God as well as in the sight of men, is above all price."
"It will soon be too late. The college character is fixed the first year; and the character for life fixed in college and the character for eternity, fixed in early life. Now you must love your Maker, or what can you love? Must care for what he says, or whom can you care for or what? How tremendous are the months that are now rolling over you—months that will tell on your character and destiny, when myriads of ages have rolled away."—American Messenger.

HOW ALL MAY PREACH.
All cannot preach from the pulpit, or deliver long and eloquent orations; but there is a kind of preaching that is permitted to all men; this kind is most effectual. Offices of kindness to the bodies and souls of those around us; words of encouragement to the weak; of instruction to the ignorant; of consolation to the troubled; of brotherly kindness to all, spoken by the free side, the wayside, or bedside; or devotion to the service of religion in our families and our closets, as well as in the sanctuary; in a word, all tokens of earnest action, self-denying love to our fellow-beings, springing from our love to God, will form a most impressive sermon, a most convincing proof to the world around us, that we have been with Jesus. All Christians are called out in this way to preach the Gospel. Woe to them if they neglect the call, and blessed are they who fulfil the ministry, and in their humble sphere prove themselves to be workers together with God.—The Christian.

FALSE PEACE.
Your peace, sinner, is that terrible prophetic calm which the traveller occasionally perceives upon the higher Alps. Everything is still. The birds suspend their notes, fly low, and cower down with fear. The hum of bees among the flowers is hushed. A horrible stillness rules the hour, as if death had silenced all things by stretching over them his awful sceptre. Perceive ye not what is surely at hand? The tempest is preparing; the lightning will soon cast abroad its flames of fire. Earth will rock with the thunder-blast; granite peaks will be dissolved; and all nature will tremble beneath the fury of the storm. Yours is that solemn calm-to-day, sinner. Rejoice not in it, for the hurricane of wrath is coming, the whirlwind and the tribulation which shall sweep you away and utterly destroy you.

AN EDITOR'S REBUKE OF THE PRESS.
I write with a firm conviction that a reform is absolutely necessary in the manner of conducting secular newspapers, in order that they may retain the respect which they have gained in the years gone by. A careful examination of the complexion and character of the diurnal and the journals of the United States shows them to be strikingly deficient in the matter of useful instruction. Murders and executions, attempts at arson and burglaries, pilferings and brutal dog-fights, assaults and batteries, counterfeiting and swindling, adulterations and raps, horse racing and trotting matches, vulgar anecdotes, petty frauds, and a tiresome issue of other privacies and follies, many of them so utterly low and contemptible as to be unworthy of notice in a great measure their contents. To trace the influence of these things upon the public mind is next to impossible. But imagination and sober reflection make us see their natural offspring to be numberless mischiefs.