

(2) *Made the children of grace.* God no longer angry with us; the sin has been removed. He now gives us His favour, His blessing and His love. What have we been made in baptism? (Members, etc.) What do we say in the Nicene Creed respecting baptism? "I believe in one baptism for the remission of sins" (Acts ii. 38).

Next week we shall see on what conditions we receive the full benefit of the Holy Baptism.

Family Reading.

Poisoned by Scrofula

Is the sad story of many lives made miserable through no fault of their own. Scrofula is more especially than any other a hereditary disease, and for this simple reason: Arising from impure and insufficient blood, the disease locates itself in the lymphatics, which are composed of white tissues; there is a period of foetal life when the whole body consists of white tissues, and therefore the unborn child is especially susceptible to this dreadful disease. But there is a remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its powerful effect upon the blood, expels all trace of the disease and gives to the vital fluid the quality and colour of health. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not accept any substitute.

Peace.

The sun is sinking in the West,
And glory crowns the dying day,
All nature sinks to peaceful rest,
All daylight gently fades away.

The birds' sweet voice, the insects' hum,
No more are borne upon the wind.
Peace, all is peace, for night has come
And sorrow's day is left behind.

Now one by one the stars appear,
Like diamonds glistening in the night,
And the pale moon from out her sphere
Sheds o'er the world a mellow light.

Fair, silent night! thy peaceful hour
Steeps every sense in tranquil balm,
Soothed by the magic of thy power,
I sleep beneath thy pensive calm.

I sleep and for awhile forget
The joys and sorrows of the day,
And happiness or vain regret
For a brief space resign their sway.

So when life's sun sinks in the West,
And toil and sorrow all shall cease,
Calmly may I lie down to rest
And wake to Heaven's eternal peace.

Religion and Science.

"How does modern science affect the Scripture records of Creation?" If you listen to the replies given to that question during the past fifty years, I am afraid that very often there is not much that is satisfactory in the answers. On the one side, we have hasty conclusions, and, on the other, faithless misgivings. On the one side we find statements that all theology was contrary to Scripture, and we often find men of science, whilst laughing to scorn the idea that all men have sprung from one pair, yet, at another time, ready to affirm that all organized life, whether in plant, animal, or other form, have sprung from one primordial cell. If we turn to the other side, I am bound to say it is not a matter of surprise that some men of science have said they had been confirmed in their unbelief of the theories of Christian men from the fact that when Christians were confronted by the testimony of the fossils, they had said they were not what they pretended to be, fossilised animals of the past, but simple stones. Amid the conflicts between science and theology it seemed to be feared that they would be regarded as two distinct fields of thought. The wall of difference between science and Scripture was broken down when, at the British Association meeting in 1865, a manifesto signed by 617 eminent men of science was published, in which Sir David Brewster, Professor Balfour, and others stated that the time would come when Scripture and science would

be seen to agree in every particular. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since the publication of that manifesto, and I think we may safely affirm for ourselves, and, so far as theologians are concerned, that not only is that wall broken down, but the path which lay between has been marked out and well trodden. To that new domain we frequently repair, eagerly and confidently, knowing that we shall find confirmation of Scripture records, elucidation of Scripture statements, and illustration of Scripture truth. If evidence of harmony between Scripture and science is wanting, we have only to wait till it is forthcoming. We can point to former difficulties which have now passed into our possession and become points of defence. When we argue with men of science as to the creation of the world, we must go back to the beginning; we have to account for matter, and, as Lord Beaconsfield said, "Sooner or later we have to face the insuperable."—*Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Bardsley).*

A Confession by Napoleon.

The confession made by Napoleon concerning the Kingdom of Christ (to which one of our correspondents refers in another column) is so little known that we think it may interest our readers. "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?" Napoleon asked Count Montholon. The question being unanswered, it is said that the great soldier proceeded: "Well, then, I will tell you. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded great empires; but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him . . . I think I understand something of human nature; and I tell you, all these were men, and I am a man! none else is like Him; Jesus Christ was more than man . . . I have inspired multitudes with such an enthusiastic devotion that they would have died for me . . . but to do this it was necessary that I should be visibly present with the electric influence of my looks, of my words, of my voice. When I saw men and spoke to them, I lighted up the flame of self-devotion in their hearts . . . Christ alone has succeeded in so raising the mind of man towards the Unseen, that it becomes insensible to the barriers of time and space. Across a chasm of eighteen hundred years, Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy; He asks for that which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother. He asks for the human; He will have it entirely to Himself. He demands it unconditionally; and forthwith His demand is granted. Wonderful! In defiance of time and space, the soul of man, with all its powers and faculties, becomes an annexation to the empire of Christ. All who sincerely believe in Him, experience that remarkable supernatural love towards Him. This phenomenon is unaccountable, it is altogether beyond the scope of man's creative powers. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish this sacred flame; time can neither exhaust its strength nor put a limit to its range. This it is which strikes me most; I have often thought of it. This it is which proves to me quite convincingly the Divinity of Jesus Christ."—*Liddon's Bampton Lectures, Lect. III.*

Naturalness.

Nothing so makes a man or woman as naturalness. In accomplishments we talk of one as being a "finished" person; but one having the gift of naturalness has what is better than finish. Not that this need be loved less, but that more. Its prime quality is unconsciousness. A child in health and allowed proper freedom is an expression of naturalness. Some children grow up, and do not grow away from childhood's estate. We see people now and then with the boy's or the girl's atmosphere about them. We love to follow them with the eye, and we talk to ourselves, if not to others, and say, "What a charming boyishness or girlishness there is in them!" For the moment we perhaps catch the infection, and get a glimpse of what it is to be natural. Good health, facile nerves, and a bright disposition are the mainsprings of this attribute.

The True Aim of Life.

Perfection is being, not doing; it is not to effect an act, but to achieve a character. If the aim of life were to do something, then, as in an earthly business, except in doing this one thing, the business would be at a standstill. The student is not doing the one thing of student-life when he has ceased to think or read. The laborer leaves his work undone when the spade is not in his hand and he sits beneath the hedge to rest. But in Christian life every moment and every act is an opportunity for doing the one thing—of becoming Christ-like. Every day is full of a most impressive experience. Every temptation to evil temper which can assail us to-day will be an opportunity to decide the question whether we shall gain the calmness and the rest of Christ, or whether we shall be tossed by the restlessness and agitation of the world. Nay, the very vicissitudes of the seasons, day and night, heat and cold, affecting us variably and producing exhilaration or depression, are so contrived as to conduce towards the being which we become, and decide whether we shall be masters of ourselves, or whether we shall be swept at the mercy of accident and circumstance, miserably susceptible of merely outward influences. Infinite as are the varieties of life, so manifold are the paths to Christian character; and he who has not found out how, directly or indirectly, to make everything converge toward his soul's sanctification, has as yet missed the meaning of this life.

A Bargain.

In one of the wars on the continent of Europe in the last century, in which England and Spain were allied, George Hazlewood, an English soldier, was taken prisoner by the Dutch, in company with twenty-three Spaniards. Prince Maurice, who was in command of the Dutch, ordered that eight of the prisoners should be put to death in retaliation for a like sentence passed upon eight Dutch soldiers not long before. It was ordered that it should be decided by lot upon which of the prisoners the death-penalty should fall. When the Englishman's turn came, he drew a lot which told him that his life was spared. He said nothing, but stood by to see the rest of the dreadful ordeal. Presently, two or three fatal lots having been drawn, a Spaniard stepped out to put his hand into the helmet, and showed a great reluctance to do so. He drew back once or twice, and seemed to be under a great mental strain. "Are you afraid?" asked an officer. "No," said the Spaniard: "but I fear it is wrong to make my own hand the instrument of my own death. I can die willingly, but I fear the guilt of suicide." George Hazlewood, the Englishman, here stepped forward. "Have you any money?" he asked the Spaniard. "Yes," said the latter: "I have twelve crowns." "Very good," said Hazlewood: "if you will give it to me, I will stand the chance in your place." "He is a fool or a madman," said the officer in command; he does not deserve the life he has so providentially obtained. Let him take the chance in the other's place." Hazlewood put his hand into the helmet and again drew himself safe. "After you had escaped once," the officer asked him, "what made you risk your life again?" "Because," said he, "I thought I had a bargain. You see, I risk my life every day for sixpence, and here was a chance to risk it for twelve crowns. I couldn't let it go by, sir."

Economy.

It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means—not up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured when it can be by the practice of economy and self-denial to a fairly reasonable extent. It should be secured not so much for others as to secure for ourselves the consciousness of independence and the constant satisfaction which is received from its acquirement and possession.

Joseph Ruby, of Columbia, Pa., suffered from birth with scrofula humour, till he was perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.