

duce the highest and best type of Christians? Is the tendency not rather to dwarf Christianity?—to limit the Christian religion to “repentance from dead works?” This question is best answered by consideration of what are the characteristics of a true Christian. Paul, writing “to the saints and faithful brethren in Christ which are at Colosse,” says: “Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.” The Christian is dead to the world. This is a fitting analogy. A dead man may be in the world, but to him it has no existence. The world to man is not so much a place as a principle. Where the heart is there is the man; his affections decide his abode. The soul lives where it loves. If it loves the world, the world is its home; if it loves those things that are above, heaven is its home, and earth is but a resting-place in the journey heavenward. A true, devoted Christian is a quiet, persevering worker. He works, not because he desires to be seen of men; and yet his influence in the world cannot be restrained. He is like “a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid.” The city has no choice of its situation. Devoted Christians are the lights of the world; they are the lighthouses in life’s ocean; they are like revolving lights, casting their benign rays all around them. The ocean lights perform a great mission; they save many a sailor from a watery grave. Yet the lights are unconscious of the good they do: the salvation which they effect must be attributed to the mind and intelligence that devised the lighthouse and placed it upon the rock. So should every Christian worker exercise an influence upon humanity. The rays of the gospel of peace and Christian love should shine forth from him on every side across earth’s dark and troubled sea of guilt and crime, so that sinners, seeing the light of truth, might be saved. Neither must the Christian boast of the good results of his shining; for he is not the light, but only the lighthouse, the apparatus through which God “sends forth His light and His truth.” Again, the Christian must be the salt of the earth—to all appearance dead, yet having a hidden life which manifests a marvellous preserving influence upon all with whom he comes into contact. His influence ought to be felt in society, not because he wishes to appear to his fellow-men to be good, but because, like the salt, he cannot act contrary to his nature. In our large cities many noble workers for Christ ply their daily task of self-sacrificing love in behalf of fallen humanity. They are unknown to the world, they are dead to its pleasures and gaieties, but “their life is hid with Christ in God.” They shed around them in the dark and squalid alleys and homes of the poor the bright and cheering rays of Christian benevolence and love. The world looks upon such as lost, as dead; but they are not dead: “their life is hid with Christ in God,” and they work on and work cheerfully, blessing others and being themselves blessed by God in return: in “feeding others they themselves are fed.” The true Christian, then, lives; though the world sees not his life and its outcome, God does, and that is enough for him. He

cares little for the world’s plaudits or good opinion. Can we say this of our red-shirted Christians or of our noisy, demonstrative evangelists? They claim the honor of evangelising the masses, the people’s praise and money are lavished upon them, but we hear not a word from them about the unselfish efforts of that noble army of Christian workers whose labor of love carried on for years, unknown to the world, has, in a great measure, made it possible for the masses to be reclaimed with so much apparent ease. Evangelists do a noble work, but let the people not be so carried away by apparent results as to disparage the more quiet and hidden, but none the less effective, labors of the settled pastor. A restless spirit is in our churches, the ordinary institutions of grace are not appreciated as they ought; there is a cry for excitement, and ministers are rising, or rather sinking to the occasion. Their policy is to please the people rather than to please God. In places where people deny themselves a stated preacher, an evangelist has no difficulty in getting a handsome salary for two or three weeks work. The sum of these remarks is this: that while “repentance from dead works” is good and necessary, yet it is far short of the ultimate standard of a real Christian. Evangelists aim at laying the foundation of Christian life: let the people not despise the earnest builders and embellishers of their characters—the Christian ministry.

#### NOTES ON THE FIRST PART OF GOETHE’S FAUST.

A POEM so rich and deep as Goethe’s *Faust*, expressing as it does the multifarious thought and emotion of sixty years experience, cannot be readily explained in terms of the intellect, to be appreciated it must be read and re-read, brooded over and enjoyed. Into it Goethe has poured the whole wealth of a richly endowed nature. The first scene of the First Part was written in 1773, when the author, a young man of 24, felt within him the unweakened force and impetuosity of the revolt against a blind traditionalism; the finishing touches were put to the Second Part by the venerable hands of a man of eighty-two. *Faust* is thus in a sense the work of Goethe’s whole life, and to understand it fully we must understand Goethe himself.

The *Prologue in Heaven* was written in 1797, twenty-four years after the composition of the first scene of Part I. It was expressly added to explain the meaning of the poem, which had been declared to be obscure even by so competent a critic as Herder. The three archangels advance, in the order of their dignity, and celebrate in marvellously melodious verse, the glory of the sun and stars, the swift revolution of the earth, and the desolating flash of the lightning.

The first note of discord is struck by the entrance of Mephistopheles, who addresses the Lord in a tone of impudent banter, and whose very words contrast in their harshness and dissonance with the melody of the archangels’