

have proof. For man is prone to receive much on hearsay, and the world of to-day is not unlike the Athenians and their strangers who spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. When new things are broached, let us ask candidly and seriously, are these things so? What is worthy of belief is worth the labor of proof. Nor let us judge harshly of the theorist whose theorem will not stand. He was doubtless honest in his conclusion. It was the child of his love, the labour of his life, and the pillar of his fame. How could he think evil of it, or put himself in the cold position of the outside critic in estimating its power to carry conviction? He is guilty indeed when his conclusions point in an opposite direction to revealed truth, which has such strong proofs of its own that no man, scholar or simple, can disregard its authority without sin. But there he stands to be judged only by Him who is the Truth and the Searcher of the human heart, and who knows if the intellectual disregard of the Word be a greater sin than the practical neglect of the whole duty of man which it contains. Many believers in evolution and development, in the non-unity of the human race and its great antiquity, still profess faith in God and in revelation. We do not argue the question of inconsistency. It is unnecessary to do so, for none of the theorems have been demonstrated. When they are, the lover of God and His Word will gladly accept them and reverently bow to their authority; for all truth is of God, and he that is of the truth heareth His voice, whether He speak by apostles and prophets of old or by the science, philosophy and history of to-day. But it requires no great logical powers to see that some scientific men are not science. Generations of them may pass away, like the coral insect in southern seas, and still the broad ocean of uncertainty with its ever-changing waves may roll over their labours. And like the same untiring succession of workers, spite of all their theories, these scientific investigators are laying deep and sure the foundation of the science that is to be. It is sad that so many of them should dwell ever in the depths, far from the true light that now shineth, content to know nature without a knowledge of nature's God; but this is no fault of science. Men know all about business and pleasure, and works of charity and churches too, without seeking to know Him whose throne is over them all. The laureate understood the relations of science as it is and the revealed will of God, when he wrote these lines of his greatest poem that philosopher and theologian alike may study.

Who loves not knowledge—who shall rail  
Against her beauty? May she mix  
With men and prosper! Who shall fix  
Her pillars! let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:  
She sets her forward countenance  
And leaps into the future chance,  
Submitting all things to desire.

Half grown as yet, a child, and vain,  
She cannot fight the fear of death,  
What is she, cut from love and faith,  
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of demons, fiery hot to burst,  
All barriers in her onward race  
For power. Let her know her place:  
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild  
If all be not in vain; and guide  
Her footsteps, moving side by side  
With wisdom, like the younger child.

For she is earthly of the mind,  
But wisdom heavenly of the soul,  
O friend who camest to thy goal  
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,  
Who grewest not alone in power  
And knowledge, but by year and hour  
In reverence and in charity.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL Convention will be held in Allahabad, India, some time in December.

In the province of Shing-hui, in Japan, a Church, which has now forty communicants, has grown up without the aid of a missionary.

John Bull is informed that the Society of the Holy Cross will in future admit none but beneficed clergy to membership of the Society.

THE missionaries in Calcutta are at work. They propose "house to house visitation" and desire to give a gospel and tract at each dwelling and converse with the inmates on the subject of religion.

THE Hindus worship the monkey. The Chinese and Japanese consider the fox sacred. There is near Monkden, China, a famous fox temple. It is said the worship of the fox is of great antiquity.

PROTESTANT Missionaries went to Ceylon about sixty-five years ago. There are now about thirty European and American Missionaries in the island and ninety native ministers and about thirty thousand native Christians.

THE Church of Scotland has received \$8,715 toward its proposed mission in China.

THE leaven of the truth is working. An educated native recently said: "It is impossible for Hindus to remain idolaters. Atheism could never satisfy a people for any length of time. I have little hope of Brahminism. I myself could be a Christian if I could believe in the divinity of Christ."

THE natives in one of the New Hebrides Islands have this

past year contributed 2,860 lbs. of arrowroot. All of the best quality, toward their share of paying for the Old Testament, which has lately been translated, and will soon be printed in London by the British and Foreign Bible Society, in the Aneityum language.

THE native Christians of South Africa are learning the lesson of self-support. At Healdtown they raise \$1,000 a year toward the support of their ministers, \$500 for missions, and \$250 for church purposes. They have erected a memorial chapel to the chief, Kama, for the building of which they raised \$10,000.

A CONGRESS of "Old Catholics" is at present being held at Mayence. At the opening ceremony Professor Huber was voted in the chair. Letters expressive of sympathy on the part of various religious communities anxious for the reunion of Churches were read, one of which, written in Latin, is from the pen of the Bishop of Lincoln. The most noteworthy among the other writers are Bishops Heykamp, of Utrecht, on behalf of the Dutch Jansenist Church; Bishop Herzog, on behalf of the "Old Catholics" of Switzerland; and M. Zihos Rhosas, professor of divinity at Athens, on behalf of the Greek Church. The Russian priest, M. Tatshakoff, attended the opening in order to present friendly and sympathetic messages from the "friends of enlightenment" at St. Petersburg. The number of delegates present at the congress is about one hundred.

THE DEATH OF DR. JOHN SMITH.—Respecting the recent death of Dr. Smith, of the Nyanza Mission, the *Free Church of Scotland Monthly Record*, says:—"While the Free Church mourns over the loss of Dr. Black, she also deeply sympathizes with the Church Missionary Society, which has been sorely tried by the death of Dr. John Smith. Dr. Smith was the medical head of the Mission sent out rather more than a year ago to Lake Victoria Nyanza. Though connected with an English society, Dr. Smith was a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian. He was the son of the respected Free Church minister of Half-Morton, in Dumfriesshire. He was well known to many in Edinburgh, and held in high esteem as a man of deep piety and untiring zeal. Thus two admirable men have fallen at the very commencement of the assault on Satan's stronghold in Central Africa. Their high example will stimulate other noble hearts to follow in their footsteps; and we doubt not the vacant places will speedily be filled up. The Lord will raise up men."

## WORDS OF THE WISE.

JUDGMENTS are prepared for scorners, and stripes for the back of fools.

MAKE it a rule never to utter any unnecessary complaint or murmurs, but in patience to possess your souls.—*Mrs. Cameron.*

"WE must not make conscience of our duty by fits and starts; but in the whole course and tenor of our lives and actions, Religion should be a constant frame and temper of mind."—*Burkett.*

"WHEN the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a ringing in your ears, but it's best to have a bit of silence, and out of that maybe a psalm 'll come by and by."—*Edward Garrett.*

A MAN that loves his own fireside, and can govern his house without falling by the ears with his neighbours, or engaging in suits at law, is as free as a Duke of Venice.—*Montaigne.*

THAT peace is an evil peace that doth shut truth out of doors. If peace and truth cannot go together, truth is to be preferred, and rather to be chosen for a companion than peace.—*Tillinghast.*

WORDS are little things, but they strike hard. We utter them so easily, that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken they act like the sunshine, the dew and the fertilizing rain, but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail and devastating tempests.

A REVEREND sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding hare. "If I were a hare," said a Quaker who was present, "I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last day of December." "Why, where would you go?" "Into thy study."

AN illustration of the truth that if the mills of God grind slowly they grind sure is found in the fact that eighty-nine descendants of the Huguenots banished from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, returned to that country in 1870 as officers in the German army. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you again."

It was said that old John Brown, of Haddington, used to address his divinity students of the first year to this effect, "Gentlemen, ye need three things to make ye good ministers, ye need learning, and grace, and common sense. As for the learning, I'll try to set you in the way of it; as for the grace, ye must always pray for it; but if ye have na brought the common sense with ye, ye may go about your business."

A VERY beautiful rainbow was lighting up the clouds; every one who saw admired it, and so much praise made it vain. "I am much handsomer than the sun," it said, "for bright as he is, he has only one colour, and I have so many." The sun heard this, and, without entering into a dispute with the conceited rainbow, he quietly smiled. Then, hiding his beams in a cloud he concealed himself for an instant, and the rainbow also disappeared. Persons who are vain and ungrateful forget whose hands it was that made them prosperous. It is not just that He in his turn should dry up the sources of their prosperity?

THE man who concerns himself with the outer forms of religion only, is like the vine-dresser who erects a magnificent fence about his grounds, but never gets far enough to set any slips within. On the other hand the individual who neglects outward means on account of his interest in the interior life, is like the gardener who sets his grounds with

all precious plants and then leaves them open to the cattle of the street or to the ravages of the wild beasts of the field. To complete his work, he needs both to plant and fence. In religion you want the life and form.—*Zion's Herald.*

SAYS Mr. Moody, "When my little girl is playing on the floor, and comes to me and says, 'Papa, I want some water,' and then goes right on with her playing again, as if she didn't care anything about it, I don't go and get it. She may come to me the second and the third time, but so long as she acts in that way, I am in no hurry to put down my book to go after it. But when she leaves all her playthings and comes to me and insists on having it now, then I know she really wants it, and I do not delay getting it any longer. By delay God tries both our faith and our earnestness."

"IT is not so mean a thing to be a Christian as we think; it is a holy, an honourable, a happy state. Few of us can esteem it, or do labour to find it so. No; we know not these things, our hearts are not on them, to make this dignity and happiness sure to our souls. Where is that true greatness of mind, and that holiness to be found, that become those who are *kings and priests* unto God? that contempt of earthly things, and minding of heaven that should be in such? But surely, as many as find themselves indeed partakers of these dignities, will study to live agreeably to them, and will not fail to love that Lord Jesus who hath purchased all this for them, and exalted them to it; yea, humbled Himself to exalt them."—*Archbishop Leighton.*

THE Book of Job is a didactic drama, with an epic introduction and close. The prologue and the epilogue are written in plain prose, the body of the poem in poetry. It has been called the Hebrew tragedy, but differing from other tragedies by its happy termination. We better call it a dramatic theodicy. It wrestles with the perplexing problem of ages, viz., the true meaning and object of evil and suffering in the world, under the government of a holy, wise, and merciful God. The dramatic form shows itself in the symmetrical arrangement, the introduction of several speakers, the action or rather the suffering of the hero; the growing passion and conflict, the secret crime supposed to underlie his misfortune, and the awful mystery in the background. But there is little external action in it, and this is almost confined to the prologue and epilogue. Instead of it we have here an intellectual battle of the deepest moral import; mind grappling with mind on the most serious problems which can challenge our attention. The outward drapery only is dramatic, the soul and substance of the poem are didactic, with all the Hebrew ideas of divine Providence, which differ from the Greek notion of blind Fate, as the light of day differs from midnight. It is intended for the study, not for the stage.—*Dr. Schaff in International Review.*

"IN a village near Warsaw, there lived a pious man, by name Dorby. Without any fault of his own, he had fallen into arrears with his rent, and the landlord determined to turn him out. It was winter and evening, and the next day he was to be turned out, with all his family. As they sat in their sorrow, Dorby knelt down in their midst and they sang:

"Commit thou all thy griefs  
And ways unto his hands."

Just as they came to the last verse:

"When thou wouldst all our need supply,  
Who, then, shall stay thy hands."

there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dorby's grandfather had taken from the nest and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dorby opened the window: the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious stones. Dorby thought he would sell the ring; but again he thought that he would take and show it to his minister, and he, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him, and related the story. The King sent for Dorby and rewarded him so that he was no more in need; and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house door there was a tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath, the verse:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,  
And all things show thy might;  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path, unsullied light!"

"REMEMBER was what a dying sinner said to the Saviour of sinners. Both were being crucified. The one 'indeed justly,' but the other had 'done nothing amiss.' He was sinless among men; He was spotless before God. He did no sin, He was wounded, crucified, slain, for ours. One of the vilest of the great sinner-train of human kind hung in the agonies of death by the side of Jesus. He looked upon our dying Lord. He was the only one in all the world just then who called Him Lord. He had been taught by the Holy Ghost. Taught to believe, to trust Jesus. And his heart spoke out its faith—Lord, remember me. Oh, if only that dying, sin-atonement Lamb, remember me, all will be well. Jesus never disappoints a sinner's faith. Reader, you may be the very worst. Think of that bleeding form. It was all for you. Trust Him. Leave yourself in his hands. He will not cast you out. The thief's 'Lord, remember me,' was met by a blessed answer—an answer which goes down through all the ages, to comfort penitent sinners who believe on Him—'Thou shalt be with me in paradise.' 'Remember—this is what Jesus said to his disciples. 'Remember Lot's wife.' Lot's wife came out from Sodom, but she looked back. It is a word to those who profess to be the followers of Christ. You have been 'delivered from this present evil world' by Him who 'gave himself for our sins.' Beware lest you look back. Lot's wife did not go back. She only looked back. And she became a pillar of salt. Keep your eye fixed on Jesus, in whose blood every looker has continual cleansing, in whose life every opened eye sees a perfect example, in whose person every spirit-taught soul feels a strong and loving attraction. Look only, look always, to Jesus. Look away from