

to show that in the conviction of representative religious men, the divided state of Christendom is wrong.

As to the best remedy for this unscriptural and deplorable state of affairs, there was a great variety of opinion. Bro. F. D. Power, Pastor of the Church of Christ, in Washington City, struck the key-note of the problem when he said—"For the present abnormal, distracted and unholy state of Christendom, the remedy is restoration—the restoration of the Church, with its doctrines, ordinances, and life. As in the beginning, there must be one body, with no name but the Master's; one Spirit, and its teaching the one creed; one hope, the inspiration and life of the body; one Lord, the Lord Jesus Christ, as head over all to His Church; one faith, simple, trusting, obedient faith in Christ, and not in human opinions; one baptism, baptism into Christ, burial with Him in baptism, the ordinance, as he yielded to it and commanded it, and as the Apostles taught it, and not a human substitute, one God and Father over all."

Williamsport, Penn., Aug. 17, 1885.

THE ACCOMPLISHED DISCIPLE.

BY E. C. F.

The disciple is not above his Master; but every one, when he is perfected, shall be as his Master.—Luke vi. 40.

A disciple is simply a pupil, or scholar, in any certain school, hence we read of the disciples of John, and of the Pharisees, and also of the disciples of Moses. These were the followers of their respective leaders, after whom they were called. A disciple of Christ is one who has entered the school of the Great Teacher. This school is looking to the spiritual education and perfection of every soul that enters it.

The great commission is, first, go and make disciples—gather the people into the school, then teach them to observe all things whatsoever the Master has commanded, that they may go on unto perfection, or become accomplished scholars in the school of Christ. In order to become a disciple we must learn to believe with all the heart on Christ the Great Teacher, and to have a love strong enough to lead us to submit to all His will, for without this consecration of heart we never can make the necessary progress in the Christian life. But with a strong faith in our Saviour, and a love that makes duty a pleasure, we are ready to sit at the feet of our Master and learn His will concerning us.

But it is not enough that we learn the will of God; for we are perfected only in the practice. It is not those who hear only that are blessed, for such are the forgetful hearer: "But he that looketh into the perfect law, the law of liberty, and so continueth; being not a hearer that forgetteth, but a doer that worketh; this man shall be blessed in his doing." James i. 25.

From this it is evident that we are blessed in the practice of the things we have learned; not because we have learned them only, but because we have both learned and practiced them, that we become perfected. We are only complete disciples when we are as our Master. When we enter His school we are very weak, and know but little; but we have a Teacher who knows all things, and who is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him.

To be perfected in our calling there must be a growth in all the graces that adorn the Christian life. Hence the Scriptures speak of increasing in knowledge, in love, and in good works. These are graces in which we are to grow in order to be accomplished disciples of our Lord. The accomplished disciple is not above his Master, but an imitator of Christ; and not until he can say with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ, yet I live, and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me, and the

life I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself up for me," can he begin to live the life of Christ, or imitate the example of that life. It was because the Apostle had followed the steps of his Lord so closely that he could say to his brethren, "Be ye followers of me," even as he was an imitator of Christ.

From these Scriptures we learn that the perfected or accomplished disciple is one who, with strong faith in Christ, and with his heart imbued with the spirit of the Divine nature, is trying to the best of his ability to follow the teachings and imitate the example of Him whose disciple he professes to be. In this way he is reflecting the light that Christ has placed in his hand, and commanded him to let it shine before the world. This light is the life of the world, and if we become accomplished in causing it to shine, we will be an honor to our Master and a blessing to the world. The lessons to be taught are those taught by our Lord, and the life we are to live is the example he has given us.

Let every one, then, who professes to be a disciple of Christ study to know the will of his Master, and do that will continually, that when the Master comes He will say to us: Well done; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

Westport, Aug. 23, 1885.

THE FAMILY.

WAITING.

With waiting and wishing our courses we pave;
We wait for the port as we battle the wave;
'Tis waiting forever from cradle to grave.

Waiting for morn, so serene in its light;
Waiting for noon-day, so brilliantly bright;
Waiting at eve for repose in the night.

Waiting for zephyrs, in Spring-time that blow,
Waiting for Summer, and flowers that grow;
Waiting for Winter, and swift falling snow.

Waiting is ever the bosom's refrain,
In moments of pleasure and moments of pain;
Waiting, though stricken again and again;

Waiting in childhood for youth's joyous time;
"I'm waiting," says Youth, "but I'll certainly
climb

The top of the ladder on reaching my prime."

In manhood waiting the time when he may
Find rest on a calmer, a happier day,
When age shall relieve from the worrying fray.

Waiting when Fortune sheds brightly her smile;
When choice are the pleasures the pathway beguile,
There always is something to wait for the while.

Waiting in poverty, anguish and grief,
Waiting for Heaven to send us relief,
Telling the heart that the trial is brief.

Aye, waiting for joys that will never appear,
Waiting for voices we never shall hear;
Waiting for moments that never are near.

Waiting when, sinning and worn in the strife,
With penitent throbbings the bosom is rife,
Waiting the dawn of a holier life.

Waiting at last for the spirit's release;
Waiting a rest in the Dwelling of Peace;
Where waiting and longing forever will cease.

—Selected.

Children would be miserable and disobedient, if they regarded their parents only as rulers. Why should Christians bury every thought of God in the idea that he is only to be obeyed and feared? Why not view him as one who provides for and protects all his children? In him they may trust and with him there is safety.

JACOBS SERMON.

"Had a good sermon, Jacob?" my wife asked me last night, when I came home from church. "Complete, Rachel," said I.

Rachel was poorly, and couldn't go to meeting much, so she always wanted me to tell her about the sermon and the singing and the people.

"Good singing, Jacob?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you."

"Many people out to-day?"

"I don't know."

"Why, Jacob, what's the matter? What are you thinking about?"

"The sermon."

"What was the text?"

"I don't think there was any. I didn't hear it."

"I declare, Jacob. I do believe you slept all the time."

"Indeed I didn't. I never was so wide awake."

"What was the subject, then?"

"As near as I can remember, it was me."

"You! Jacob Gay!"

"Yes, ma'am. You think it is a poor subject. I'm sure I thought so, too."

"Who preached? Our minister!"

"No. He didn't preach—not to me, at any rate. 'Twas a woman—a young woman, too."

"Why, Mr. Gay! You don't mean it, surely? Those woman's right folks haven't got into our pulpit?"

"Well, not exactly. The minister preached from the pulpit, but I could not listen. I was thinking about my sermon. I will tell you about it. You know that young woman at the post-office, Mrs. Hyde's niece. She and I were the first ones at meeting, and we sat by the stove warming. I have seen her a good deal in the post office and at her aunt's, when I was there at work. She is pleasant spoken, and a nice, pretty girl. We were talking about the meetings. You know there's quite a reformation going on. She was speaking of this one, and that one, who was converted. There was quite a silence, and then she said, sort of low, and trembling in her voice, and with a little pink blush on her cheek, and the tears just a starting:

"'Oh, Mr. Gay, some of us were saying at the prayer-meeting, last night, that we did so want you to be a Christian.'

"Her cheeks flushed redder, and the tears fell. I knew she felt it, and it was a cross to say it. I never was so taken back in all my life.

"'Why, bless your soul,' I said, 'my child, I have been a member of the church forty years.'

"My tears came then, and I guess my cheeks would have been redder than hers, if they warn't so tanned.

"'Do excuse me, Mr. Gay,' she said. 'Excuse me for hurting your feelings, but I didn't know you were a Christian. I never see you at prayer-meeting or Sabbath-school, and I never noticed you at communion. I'm sorry I've hurt your feelings.'

"'Tut, tut, child,' I answered. 'No harm done. I'm glad you thought about an old man. I'm a member, as I said, but I haven't worked at it much, I'll allow. I don't go to prayer-meeting or Sunday-school because—well—I made the excuse to myself and other folks that Rachel was poorly, and needed me to stay with her, but I'm afraid the Lord wouldn't accept it.'

"Just then the people began to come, and I took my seat, but the looks and words of that young woman went to my heart. I couldn't think of anything else. They preached to me all the meeting time. 'To think that some of the young folks in Wharton didn't know I was a member, and were concerned for the old man. I said to myself, by way of application, 'Jacob Gay, you've been a silent partner long enough. It is time you woke up and worked for the Lord; time to let your light shine so that the young folks can see it.'"—Golden Rule.