

"LET ME GO, FOR THE DAY BREAKETH."

REV. J. MAY, M.A.

The day may break; the blazing noon,
The night, their light and shade repeat;
Yet here I hold Thee till the boon
I ask is mine—Thy blessing sweet!
Yea, the day breaketh, Lord, I know;
And yet "I will not let Thee go!"

Behind I hear the tramp of feet,
The feet of sins I fain would flee;
And powers of darkness press to meet,
And smite, and wound, and vanquish me:
And Thou wouldst leave me, Saviour? No!
I cannot, "will not let Thee go!"

Have I not wrestled all the night?
Nay, touch and lame me as Thou wilt,
Thou shalt not vanish from my sight
Till Thou remove this load of guilt,
And hedge me round, and crush the foe!
Till then "I will not let Thee go!"

The day is breaking; but the chain
Of rooted sins I may not break.
I halt, I stumble, yet I fain
Would step right onward for Thy sake.
Till strength to conquer from Thee flow
To me, "I will not let Thee go!"

"Prevailed!" Now change this name of mine!
Have I not held Thee fast, and won?
The night is past. A light divine
Breaks on me brighter than the sun!
Weak, halt, Thy power I feel and know;
Victory! Now "I let Thee go!"

NAAMAN AND THE ARCHDEACON.

The Ven. Archdeacon Farrar was mounted, on Sunday morning, September 19, on a very high rhetorical horse, and he pranced about and flourished away, charging full tilt and with brilliant effect against a "human network of mechanical observances." He bombarded and battered on the head "a grandiose and imposing mummery," dealt slashing blows right and left against "a bristling and elaborate theology;" made short work of "pomposities, complications, imposing ceremonies," also of rituals, theologies, beggarly elements, external acts and observances, gay religions full of pomp and gold, an arrogant hierarchy; and, in short, made havoc of "all the paraphernalia of ecclesiastical garniture." The sermon must have been a great treat, i.e., to all priest haters. One learns that after the destruction of the Jewish temple, there was to be no temple more, no altar more, no sacrifice more, no priest more. All which sounds very simple and clear. The sermon started with the comparison of two ways: one a very simple way, which his hearers were invited to follow.

But did the Ven. Archdeacon mount a logical horse on that occasion? In the storm and tempest which his rhetoric stirred up, things true and false, good, bad, and ambiguous, appear mixed up in a wonderful confusion. Any "person who calls himself a priest" would appear to be relegated to the same doom with "relic worship, saint worship, Virgin Mary worship, monkery," and with "the crusades, massacres, assassinations, the racks, and stakes, and dungeons, and gibbets." His way is a simple way, for the same method and weapons that strike down the priest would, if logically applied, strike at the presbyter also. The alleged intervention between the soul and Christ applies as much to the presbyter as to the priest. Presbyter is but priest writ large. If "no temple more," why any presbyter more? and why any ordination "with mechanical observances?" Why any cathedrals and archdeacons?

One may ask, how in the world is Archdeacon Farrar aided in his vehement tirade against some things false and some things true by the lessons read last Sunday morning (2 Kings v.)? Logically, not in the least degree. The whole chapter points in a direction exactly opposite to that which the preacher on his rhetorical horse was pleased to imagine. He refers to "the Abana and Pharpar of outward action;" but was not the washing in Jordan an outward action? and a mechanical observance? and why seven times?

But in the first instance why did Naaman permit a person calling himself a prophet to come

between him and the Source of all healing? And when he did, surely Naaman's way was the simple way, i.e., for the prophet to call on the Lord at once to heal his leprosy. Why should one do anything in order to be healed? Why go to any river? What efficacy can there be in that? What virtue can there be in Jordan? Why wash seven times? What can such a "beggarly element" as water avail?

To mix up this chapter with a tirade against "rituals, theologies, the beggarly elements of bondage to external acts and observances," is a strange device for a preacher to adopt, especially on the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity, when that chapter, which seems to point all the other way, occurs in the English Ritual.—*Family Churchman*.

SAINT.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—*Job*.

Most people (and many of them very good people) are perfectly willing to trust God, as they say, provided it is not too expensive, either of their time, their means, or their affections; but when it comes to the push, as was the case with poor Job, lose your children, lose your wealth and consequently your friends, and finally your health, and so all—ah! then to sit down in the midst of sores and mental troubles almost too onerous to be borne, and say with the patriarch, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him," this indeed requires a living and abiding faith which literally almost moves mountains; indeed mountains of trouble, mountains of evil are removed by a faith so perfect as this, and again as in the case of the faithful Abraham.

But we say, "O this is a different age," etc. etc. What, is God not the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, not the God of the faithful Job and of the beloved Daniel? "But we live in a different age," etc.; that is, God does not require of us such rare and extraordinary sacrifices. Then is God changed? Why, do we forget His own words, "I change not," "With me there is no shadow of turning?"

So then we must change, we must order our lives so that, whatever happens, we can truly say, "In God we trust," "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him," that is to say, though I part with everything but His love I am happy, I will return His affection and trust in Him.

There are many ways in which we can do this—by resignation to His will when He deprives us of our dear ones, when He takes away our money and our friends, when He deprives us of health and comfort, yet Himself is still left to us if we do not degenerate, and we can truly say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord"; so by imitating Job we shall be as happy as he was at last: it is a question of patience. "In your patience," saith our Saviour, "possess ye your souls."

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground," (Gen. ii. 16). How strikingly this text is illustrated in nature was made the point of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Cosens, vicar of Dudley, at the harvest festival of St. Matthias, Earl's Court, on Sunday. In the course of a very able sermon on spiritual growth, in which he canvassed the views of the author of "Natural Law in Spiritual Life" and those of the Positivists, he stated as instances of the principle of vitality that not only had old Egyptian corn found last year in a mummy sprouted and grown after being confined for 8,000 years, but that, in a London hospital, a patient being operated on for agony in the cheek from some unknown cause, it was found that a corn of wheat, which he remembered long previously having been blown into his eye, was sprouting in his cheek.

—Grant Allen in the October *Fortnightly Review*, at the conclusion of an article on "Falling in Love," asserts: "Marriage for money may go marriage for position may go, but marriage for love, I believe and trust, will last forever. Men in the future will probably feel that a union with their cousins or near relations is positively wicked."

AT THE ALTAR.

BY JOCKLYN JOHNSTON.

Half-silent music float
Around this home of Prayer,
As though celestial notes
Were trembling on the air;
And we sin-wounded, steal,
O Saviour Christ, to Thee,
Assured that Thou canst heal
All sin's deformity.

O Light of life's dark days!
O Hid from sight and sense!
O Worthy of our praise
And hush of reverence.
Beside Thine Altar-throne
Our souls would fain abide;
Our pardon—this alone—
That Thou art crucified!

Thus only may we hope
To see at length Thy face;
For nought with sin can cope
But thy prevailing grace.
The sacred stream that flowed,
O Jesu, from Thy side,
Hath borne away sin's load
On its empurpled tide!

—For constipation take St. Leon Water before breakfast.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Vinegar will remove the disagreeable odor of kerosene from tin ware.

To TELL GOOD NUTMEGS.—Prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Gas house coke burned for a few days, occasionally, in fireplaces where wood or soft coal are habitually burned, will clear the chimneys so effectually as to make other cleaning unnecessary.

SNOW BALLS.—Two cups of sugar, one and one-half cups of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, three teaspoonful of baking powder, whites of five eggs. Bake in deep square tins. The following day, cut in two inch squares, cut off crust to leave it white, take each piece on a fork and frost upon all sides, then roll in freshly grated cocoa-nut.

DELICATE PIE.—Whites of two eggs, four table-spoonful of cream, large spoonful of flour, one cup of white sugar, one cup of cold water, flavor with lemon. Line a pie plate with pastry, pour in the above mixture, and bake at once.

To PREVENT POLISHED STEEL FROM RUSTING.—After cleaning, and when not in use, take a cloth, with a very little sweet oil on it, and wipe the articles over so as to slightly, but evenly, oil the surface.

If your lamp burners become clogged and dim, boil them in water in which a good-sized lump of saleratus and a small quantity of soap has been dissolved. When well boiled, rub quickly while hot, and you will be pleased with the effect.

BEEF LOAF.—Two pounds of chopped (round) beef, one egg, two teaspoonful of salt, one of pepper, one of sage, one of cinnamon, three quarters of a cup of bread or cracker crumbs, one cup of milk. Butter a baking pan, and after thoroughly mixing the ingredients pour into the pan. Bake one and a half hours. This will be found extra nice, sliced cold for tea.

ENGLISH MUFFINS.—One cupful of bread dough which has been rising all night, one cupful of sweet milk, or enough to make a batter a little stiffer than that for griddle cakes. Let the batter rise an hour, and then bake on a well greased griddle, allowing a good table-spoonful of the mixture for each muffin. They must be at least half an inch thick, and may be served warm, if desired. They are better, however, if they are left until cold, then split open, toasted lightly on the inside, and eaten hot with butter.