

The Renewal of Morning.

BY GEORGE MATHERSON, D. D.

"The glory of the Lord came into the house, by the way of the gate whose prospect is toward the east.—Ezekiel xliii. 4.

There are some places which catch the morning, and some which catch the evening sun. There are gates which look toward the east, and there are gates which look toward the west. When life fronts the west, it is contemplating old age; when life fronts the east, it is contemplating youth. When Christ enters the temple of the heart, we have always an eastern prospect. It does not matter how old we are or how dilapidated the temple; the moment Christ enters the prospect is eastern. The first cry of every Christian is to get back to the morning. What do you mean by the prayer to have your sins forgiven? It is simply the cry to retrace your past—to go back to the morning sun. Why do you not merely say, "Let the dead past bury its dead; I will try to live better in the future"? It is because you want not simply a golden west, but a golden east—not merely a fine evening, but a retrieved morning. That is why you cry for the expiation of the past. You want to have the sense of beginning again, of being a child again. You want to feel, not merely that there are no blots on your present page, but that there are no blots on your past page. Nothing causes you to blot the new page like the memory of blots on the old. You seek a fresh start—a morning prospect, a window toward the east, a view of the rising sun; nothing else will give you a sense of glory.

My brother, in Christ this glory may be yours! Other masters can promise you a golden west. Other masters can point you to the hope of a new day when this day has closed; but they all leave the present day in the blackness of darkness; none point you back to a retrieved morning. Jesus does; he offers to rekindle your east. He promises to wash your past blemishes away, to erase the blots from the page of yesterday. He offers to make your badness work for good—to lift the stumbling-blocks you have left upon the highway and make them the stepping-stones of man. That, my brother, is your prospect of glory—an eastern prospect, a morning prospect. Go forth to meet it! Go forth with youth's elastic step! There is a step which belongs only to the feet on the threshold; there is a lightness of tread which beginners alone can possess. It may be yours this day. However old, broken, shaken you be, it may be yours this day—shall be yours if you will it. For you the kindling east once more is waiting. For you the star of Bethlem once more is shining. For you the garments of a child once more are weaving. For you the race of life once more is opening. A second baptism is before you; a new name will be given you; the blood of a higher birth will be the starting of your day. You will retrieve the waste of the vanished years; your glory is coming from the eastern gate.—Christian World.

Stand by Your Church.

How often the church laments the coldness of many who ought to be warmly engaged in her work. But some people become so warm that they find the church too cold, and therefore withdraw from active fellowship. Having waxed spiritually fat, they kick. To those whose consciences compel them to this view of duty, we commend the words and example of one of the most gifted men that ever adorned the American pastorate, the Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston. "Why not," said Dr. Gordon, "withdraw from a church which has become thus secularized and desecrated, it is asked? To which we reply emphatically, 'Until the Holy Spirit withdraws we are not called upon to do so.' And He is infinitely patient, abiding still in His house so long as there are two or three who gather in Christ's name to constitute a *templum in templo*, a sanctuary within a sanctuary, where He may find a home.

"What the lungs are to the air, the church is to the Holy Spirit; and each individual believer is like a cell in those lungs. If every cell is open and unobstructed the whole body is full of light; but if through a sudden cold, congestion sets in, so that the large number of these cells are closed, then the entire burden of breathing is thrown upon the few which remain unobstructed. With redoubled activity these now inhale and exhale the air till convalescence return. So we strongly believe that a few Spirit-filled disciples are sufficient to save a church, that the Holy Ghost, acting through these, can and does bring back recovery and health to the entire body. Woe, then, to those who judge before the time; who depart from their brethren and slam the door behind them before which Jesus is gently knocking; who spew the church out of their mouths while He, though rebuking it, still loves it and owns it and invites it to sup with Him. 'For the law of the Spirit of life is Christ. Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death,' writes the apostle. This is the method of the Lord's

present work, death overcome by life. 'I cannot sweep the darkness out, but I can shine it out,' said John Newton. We cannot scourge dead works out of the church, but we can live them out. If we accuse the church of having pneumonia, let us who are individual air-cells in that church breathe deeply, and wait patiently and pray believingly, and one after another of the obstructed cells will open to the Spirit, till convalescence is re-established in every part."

With Dr. Gordon this was not merely a theory. He demonstrated its truth and power. Speaking of his twenty-five years of service in the Clarendon street church, President Andrews, of Brown University, said: "Look at the way in which he administered this church, which by the grace of God he led by a gradual process into such illumination as to the mind of God and such elimination of worldly elements that it is a fitting place for the Holy Ghost to preside; and the Holy Ghost did preside here, as, I venture to say, He presides in, perhaps, no other one church in the United States. That church is itself a living epistle."

No other opportunity for constant, devoted religious work compares with the Church of Christ that holds forth the word of life in services of worship, instruction, helpfulness, and sympathy with everything that glorifies God by bringing Christ to men and men to Christ.—N. Y. Observer.

Fruitful in Works.

"Fruitful in every good work." A life that is full of the knowledge of God, and has a walk worthy of Christ, is certain to be fruitful. Such a life cannot fail to bear good fruit, and there is nothing artificial about it. It is not fruit hung upon the life, but growing out of it. The abundant life produces such fruit. I saw in an exposition some time ago apples, peaches, grapes and oranges made of papier mache, and it looked just like fruit. It was made to fool people with. There was no odor about it and no substance in it. It simply appeared to be. There is much Christian work like the papier mache fruit, not produced by internal life. The workers are like convicts in a chain gang; they have tasks which they must perform; their motive is to keep up appearances. "Fruitful in every good work" means much fruit rather than great fruit. The world is fed not by the rare specimens which we see at the fair, but by the little grapes and little grains of wheat and corn. Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." We may be two ambitious to bear big fruit. "Do good unto all men." Let no opportunity pass, and it may be that in eternity we will find that the little deeds were the great deeds in their results.

On the national arms of Scotland is the engraving of the thistle, and it means that one little thistle was the salvation of the nation. During the invasion of Scotland by the Danes, the enemy were advancing in the dark upon them, one pricked his bare foot by a sharp thistle, cried out with pain. The cry was heard by a sentry, who sounded the alarm, aroused the soldiers and gained the battle. If I can be only a little thistle, pricking the foot of evil, I may bear fruit in the glory of God.—A. C. Dixon.

The Sermon That is After a Soul.

The sermon that is after a soul is, like the Master, "filled with compassion." It will have in it what was in Christ's eyes when he looked on Peter, with the curses and denials scarce off that poor disciple's lips. It will have in it what was in Christ's voice when he stood weeping over Jerusalem, and said, "How oft would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not." The severest rebuke will get its chief severity from the deep undertone of divine compassion. And whether it be warning or entreaty, command or invitation, the terrors of the law or the forgiveness of the gospel, the pathos of a suffering and beseeching and pursuing love will bathe it all and make it clear that if the sermon does not bring the prodigal home it will be because he preferred to trample on his father's heart and murder mercy.

Brethren of the ministry, what are sermons to "the times," compared with sermons to the eternities? Sermons of instruction are indeed priceless. But the gospel is not simply food for saints. It is a cry of alarm. It is a word of rescue. It is a call to repentance. If sinners are not brought to Christ, how can they be built up in Christ? Let it never be forgotten that souls are before us every Sabbath—sinful, unsaved, perishing, lost souls. Men of God, "throw out the lifeline."—Herrick Johnson.

The Mystery of the Dew.

If clouds are necessary to produce rain, sunshine is an essential to the formation of dew. A dewy morning only follows a day whose sun has well warmed up the earth. It is necessary that the heat should readily radiate into

the surrounding atmosphere. When the surface of the earth thus cools down more rapidly than the incumbent air about it, and when the air is saturated with moisture, then, by the contact of temperatures, the air becomes unable to retain its moisture, and yields its sprays and vapors to be shaped by a natural law, the same which rounded the world out of chaos, and orb'd the universe; and then what was invisible becomes visible in drops of settling dew. So, whenever dew is seen to fall, there must first have been a flowing down of sunshine in the day, and then a responsive current of warmth uprising in the night toward the region whence it came. The earth receives and yet returns the heat the heavens gave, and as if to reward such gratitude the dew descends to refresh and gladden the sleeping and thankful heart.—A. Clark.

Looking Through the Darkness.

Looking through the darkness
Of a mild November evening,
At the lighted village windows.

At the rifts among the clouds—
Listening through the silence
To the swiftly passing footsteps,
And the murmur of a brook
That the gloom completely shrouds.
Now and then a fitful wind
Stirs the sleeping pinetrees,
Then through leafless branches
Rustles sighing past,
Slowly grim clouds brighten,
Rifts of blue grow wider,
Till the tranquil stars
Shine down fair at last.

Looking through the darkness,
Listening through the silence,
Feeling the Almighty Power
That controlleth all.
Power and love almighty,
Infinite, eternal,
Love that will not fail us
Whatso'er befall.

Looking through the darkness
Of sorrow and of trial—
From the lights of earthly happiness,
Uncertain, insecure,
Upward through the storm-clouds
To the brightness far above them,
To the joys that are immortal,
To the blessedness that's sure.
Through deep sorrow's stillness also,
We must hear swift footsteps passing—
Steps of those who know not, heed not,
Often trusted ones, and dear.
But there's One who understandeth,
Who we feel is always with us,
And his tender voice keeps whispering
Words that strengthen, soothe and cheer.

Like the fitful wind that surged
Through the sweeping pinetrees,
Memory o'er and o'er must wake
Past experiences of pain.
But the present's leafless branches
Furill with hope amid their sadness,
For the springtime nears to quicken
Them to life and bloom again.
Heavy clouds of grief grow lighter
As a glory breaks afar,
Radiant portals gleam and beckon,
And above—lo, Bethlehem's Star.

Looking through the darkness,
Listening through the stillness,
Feeling the Almighty Power
That controlleth all.
Power and Love Almighty,
Infinite, unchanging,
Love that will not fail us
Whatso'er befall.

Wolfville.

—BESSIE R. COGSWELL.

The Horse.

JOB XXXIX.

Hast thou given the horse his strength and speed?
Or hast thou clothed his neck with thunder loud?
And can'st thou smite his boiling heart with dread?
Terrible the glory of his nostrils' flames:
Rejoicing in his strength, he paweth wild,
And goeth fearless on to meet armed men;
At fear he mocketh, and the piercing sword,
The glittering spear and the quiver ring
Against his side, loud sounds the brazen shield.
In fiercest rage he swalloweth the ground,
And neigheth 'mong the trumpets pealing loud,
He smelleth blood of battle far, and hears
The captain's shout and thundering of the chariots.

Salisbury, N. B.

ARTHUR D. WILMOT.

Spring-time in the Soul.

My soul! hast thou, like nature, been asleep?
Has winter wrapped her mantle 'round thee close,
Her icy hand benumbing thee with cold?
Then learn a lesson from the springing grass,
From countless miracles around thee now.
Know, oh my soul! the scattering time has come;
Who stays his hand shall reap no harvest fair
Nor shall rejoice when bounteous fruits are stored.
Sow with a liberal hand—a faithful heart
Seeds gathered from God's planting in thy life,
While hope, attendant, whispers words of cheer,
And faith, grown stronger, walks beside thy way.
Then wait for early, and for latter rains
To change thy toils to flowers and to fruits.

ANNIE E. FITCH.