

SAINTS AND SAINTHOOD.

No term employed in Scripture to denote the true people of God, is more familiar to the Bible student than that of saints. It occurs nearly one hundred times in its substantive form, and most frequently in the New Testament, all the Churches being addressed as composed of those to whom the title belongs. Yet no designation has fallen into such disuse or become less popular than this, scriptural and expressive as it is. The Church, except in rare instances, fails to claim or employ it, unless as applied to "the spirits of the just made perfect," or contained in formal and time-worn creeds; while the world for the most part uses it as expressive of derision and reproach.

A correspondent, referring to the clause in the so-called Apostle's Creed, "I believe in the communion of saints," asks us where they are to be found, and says he knows no community of people willing to so speak of themselves; all of every section whom he has spoken to on the subject disown the title as suited to their state. It is by no means an unimportant question to raise, why a title so glorious, significant, and Biblical, should be in these days so widely ignored?

What does it denote? In the Hebrew the word most often used (*qadosh*) signifies one set apart, separate, holy. The other word employed (*chased*) means kind, pious. In the Greek the word (*hagios*) again means holy, either as separate and set apart, or in actual character. There is assuredly in these meanings of the words nothing to make a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ hesitate to accept the title, and wear it as his chief adornment and honour. "Know ye that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself." Although in reference to the most ungodly and evil among men, it may be said of believers, "Such were some of you," yet with no less confidence may it be added, "But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the Name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

Practically also the word is true of all who are really indwelt by the Spirit of Christ, and actuated by faith in Him. "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil, whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother." There can be no true justification where there is not a consequent sanctification. Everyone born of the Spirit is therefore a saint both as accepted and sealed of God, and as living a life of conformity to his will in proportion to the light received and grace bestowed. There is nothing implied in the Word which ought to be regarded as special or beyond the attainments of each and all of those who are Christ's.

The hesitation to adopt the term which so many show is attributable to various causes. By some it is *misunderstood*. They regard it as indicative of absolute perfection, applicable only to such as are sinless. They say: "We are sinners as yet; traces of the old nature remain with us; our hearts wander from God, and are often cold and dull; we come short continually of what a saint should be." To some extent this is true of the best among the people of God on earth, but it is no reason for disowning the name of saint. The same was true of the Christians of Apostolic times, and must be of all so long as we are in the flesh. Conflict and temptation, infirmity and defect, are inseparable from mortal life. But here the preciousness of Christ to the believer is seen: covered by his grace and righteousness, cleansed by his blood, justified through faith in Him, we are accepted before God, and realise with humble, thankful joy the truth that "by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." In the confidence of holy faith the soul can sing:—

"O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!"

Yet is there no licence for sin, no making provision for the flesh, for in proportion as faith realises the grace of God in the propitiatory work of Christ sin becomes hateful, and the believer look upon it with abhorrence and resentment. Others disown the title because *they are conscious that although they profess to be Christians they are not really consecrated to Christ*. There is an alarming amount of half-hearted profession in these days; multitudes delude themselves with a form of godliness while they deny its power. Church and chapel going, sectarian zeal and party spirit, are made to take the place of true Christian living, and earnest, prayerful devotion to God. In all such cases the idea of sainthood is, of course, at war with the whole tenor of the life, and its adoption out of the question. Probably to this more than anything else is it owing that the speaking of Christians as saints has so fallen into disuse. In proportion as the standard set up by the great Teacher has been lowered, and the leaven of corruption has been mixed with the meal of righteousness and truth, the glory of saintliness has been dimmed, and its very name deprecated.

In others *lack of holy boldness to enter into the holiest, and to lay claim by faith to the full privileges of a child of God*, may account for hesitancy to accept the name. But whatever reason may be assigned for its discontinuance, there are far stronger reasons why it should be employed as it was in the Early Church, and as it is in the inspired Word as characterizing all true followers of our Lord. If they are not saints they ought to be, and one advantage of a frequent use of the word would be that it would serve to keep before us the fact that we are called to be saints, and that only as we are so is the great end of our calling of God answered. Were it more commonly applicable to the various communities of believers, hasty profession, insincere avowals of faith, and inconsistent claims to be regarded as Christ's, would be less likely to be made. Separation from the world would be seen to be binding on all who bore the name, and the distinction between the Church and the world would become more apparent.

WHERE DO YOU SPEND YOUR EVENINGS?

A PLAIN TALK WITH YOUNG MEN.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

If I were a merchant, and a young man applied to me for employment in any responsible position, one of the first questions that I should ask him would be, Where do you spend your evenings? The answer to that question would go very far toward determining whether he were the man to be trusted or not. In the rural regions evening commonly signifies a quiet fireside after the labors of shop or farm. With what swift and eager foot my memory runs back to the cheerful joys of my boyhood in the old hospitable farmhouse, and beside a roaring hickory fire! A book and a game of "fox and geese" and a row of sputtering apples and chestnuts on the hot hearth, made up the usual round of indoor entertainment. Whittier tells the whole story in that most delightful of American idyls, "Snow-Bound."

It is of young men in the cities and the large towns that I am thinking now. Some of them are living under a parental roof; tens of thousands are in boarding-houses; legions of them are "on the road" and lodging in hotels. For those who still reside at home, the parents are still responsible. The primal duty of every father and mother is to make home attractive to the boys and girls. Some godly-minded fathers, who are very regular at prayer-meetings, and some mothers who never miss their "Dorcas Society" make shocking blunders in the management of their own children. Their "own vineyards" are badly kept, and yield only sour grapes. When a boy begins to dislike his home and seeks to escape from it, he has very often

reached the first milestone on the road to "the bad"; and for this dislike his parents may be more than half responsible. I entreat every father and mother to see to two things. The one is that their own dwelling be made just as attractive as possible (and a bright open fire will pay ten-fold more than it costs as a "means of grace" to your family). The other is, be careful how you trust your boys with a night-key. If you *know* where he is, very well; if you hand him a night-key, and do not know or care whither he goes with it, you may find out one of these days to your sorrow. A sagacious father said to me yesterday: "The anchorage of my children has always been a bright, happy home." That man has never seen one of his sons wrecked on the rocks of ruin. Thousands of young men really have no home, except the parlor of a boarding-house, and no domestic property, except a trunk up in a third-story bedroom.

But, however a young man may be situated, the evening hours bring to him certain temptations and perils. The day's work is over and nature craves recreation. No one understands this natural necessity better than the Devil; and he makes the most of it. The evening is his harvest time; then he opens his numberless doorways of temptation. Then he lights up his places of enchantment—brings out his dice-boxes, and cards, and champagne-bottles, and billiard tables, and roulette-boards; then he tunes his horns and violins, and flings wide open his crimsoned and chandeliered gateways to sensual indulgence. It is in "the black and dark night" that the shameless wanton prowls the streets in quest of "the young man void of understanding"—yes, and of some gray-headed fools, likewise. How many a one (while father and mother are in their unconscious sleep) "goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, and knoweth not that it is for his life." So successful are these various baits of the Tempter that, if all the young men who have spent any one evening in dangerous places could be mustered the next morning in a mass-meeting, its size would be appalling and the composition of it would strike many a parental eye with horror. After thirty-one years of close observation of city life, I am not surprised that so many a mother's son is led astray; I only wonder that so many escape destruction.

About the specific evil ways of seeking amusement I have already spoken, in my previous articles on the "Perils of the Playhouse," (which has had a wide currency in tracts and reprints) and on wine-drinking, card-playing, and gambling. But the best antidote to all dangerous places and pleasures is to find safe ones. Where and what are they? A wholesome home, of course, stands first. As long as you are tethered there, you may live in happy ignorance of manifold things which a pure heart should not wish to know; for blessed is the youth who does not know *too much*. No matter how plain or cheap your boarding-quarters may be, my young friend, if you have plenty of good books, you may spend many an evening in company fit for a king. Secure a ticket in a public library, and then bring to your room such authors as you can afford to be intimate with. You need never be lonesome, while Shakespeare will take his seat beside you, or while Macaulay, or Dickens or Scott tell their enchanting stories. In these days of ubiquitous travel, you can go all over the world with Bayard Taylor and Du Chaillu and Stanley. Shun every book that stirs lewd passion, or that shakes your faith in your mother's God, as you would shun a rattlesnake. Some of the best educated men—Horace Greely, for example—never went to college; but they had eyes in their head, and books well studied brought a university up into their scantily furnished rooms. Don't ask to be everlastingly *amused*; it is the mark of a baby-mind, when a young man cares for nothing but fun and frolic.

Music is one of the most thoroughly wholesome of evening recreations, if it is only the enjoyment of a violin, a banjo, or a flute in your own room. Put aside a dollar often out of your wages or your