

## Family Department.

## I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

I dare not idle stand,  
While on every hand  
The whitening fields proclaim the harvest near,  
A gleaner I would be  
Gathering, dear Lord, for thee,  
Lest I with empty hands at last appear.

I dare not idle stand,  
While on the shifting sand  
The ocean casts bright treasures at my feet,  
Beneath some shell's rough side  
The tinted pearl may hide,  
And I with precious gift my Lord may meet.

I dare not idle stand,  
While over all the land  
Poor wondering souls need humble help,  
Brighter than brightest gem,  
In monarch's diadem.  
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

I dare not idle stand,  
But at my Lord's command  
Labor for Him throughout my life's short day,  
Evening will come at last,  
Day's labor all be passed.  
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

## THE LANGUAGE OF CHRIST.

What language did our Saviour speak? Greek? or Hebrew? or both? and in what proportion? As the Son of man and Saviour of the world, He was above the limitations of race, nationality and language. He was absolutely perfect, the model for universal imitation. Nevertheless He was a historical person, and as such had a well defined individuality. He was a son of David and Abraham, born and raised in Palestine, and could not have been born anywhere else, either in China or in Italy or Greece, or among the savages in Germany or England, where no preparation was made for his reception and appreciation, and where the seed of the Divine Word would have fallen on ice. He was a Jew of the Jews, had a Jewish physiognomy, dressed, ate, spake and lived like His countrymen. How could He have been understood by them if He had not addressed them in their own tongue? What then was this tongue?

He wrote nothing. He is Himself the Book of Life to be read by all men. He stamped His image upon the world's history and upon every human heart and life that yields itself to His transforming and sanctifying influence. But some of His disciples wrote books,—the New Testament. And they all wrote Greek. Only one of them, Matthew, is said to have written his Gospel first in Hebrew and afterwards in Greek.

Even James, the brother of the Lord, who spent all his public life in Jerusalem, as far as we know, addressed his Epistle to the twelve tribes of Israel in the Greek language.

Did, then, our Saviour likewise speak Greek? There is something pleasing in the idea. There never was a nobler, richer, more flexible language spoken or written, than the language of Homer, of Plato, of Sophocles, of Aristotle, and all those immortal Poets, Philosophers, and Historians, whose works are to this day studied as models of style all over the civilized world. And the noblest of all uses to which it was put is this,—that it became the organ for the Everlasting Truth of our Religion, the silver picture for the golden apple of the Gospel.

The Greek was the language of Civilization, and of international intercourse. Since the conquests of Alexander the Great into the Orient; and still more since the conquests of Rome, which united all the nations from the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile to the banks of the Rhine and the shores of the Atlantic, the Greek had become the cosmopolitan language, as the French was on the Continent in the last century, and as the English is now in the British Colonies and in North America. This was one of the Providential preparations for the introduction and spread of Christianity.

The Greek penetrated into Palestine two or three hundred years before Christ. This is evident from the numerous Greek names of Jews, and of

places of Palestine, from coins and inscriptions, from the Greek version of the Old Testament which was used by the Apostles and Evangelists, from the large number of Greek-speaking Jews, called "Hellenists," from the writings of Philo and Josephus, who wrote in Greek, and from the New Testament itself. For it need not be supposed that the sacred writers learned the Greek language miraculously on the Day of Pentecost. They had abundant opportunity to learn it naturally in their youth, on the street, and in common intercourse with their fellow-men, especially in Galilee, their native Province, which was full of Greek-speaking Gentiles.

From all these facts we may safely infer, that our Lord, too, knew the Greek language, not indeed from books, nor from school, but from ordinary intercourse. Why should he have been ignorant of a language which was known to his Disciples, the unlettered fishermen of Galilee?

We have no doubt that he used the Greek language when speaking with strangers, and with heathens, with such persons as the Syrophenician woman the heathen Centurion, the "Greeks," who called on him shortly before the Passion, King Herod, and Pontius Pilate. For a Roman Governor appointed for a short time would hardly learn Hebrew, and no interpreter is mentioned.

But we cannot agree with those scholars who maintain that Christ used the Greek language exclusively or even chiefly. We must distinguish between the common everyday language of the people, and the occasional language of the higher classes and of business men. Palestine was at the time of Christ a bilingual country, like the frontier countries on the continent (Alsace, Lorraine, Posen, some cantons of Switzerland), or like Wales in England, or Eastern Canada, or the German Counties of Pennsylvania. The popular language was the Hebrew, or rather Aramaic, a cognate dialect which supplanted the Hebrew after the Babylonian exile. In this their native tongue our Saviour would address the people.

We have the positive proof of that in several words which have been preserved to us in the Gospel of Mark, which is the faithful echo of the original impressions of St. Peter. When our Saviour was to call the daughter of Jairus back to life, he addressed her in the Aramaic words *Talitha cumi*; that is, "Damsel, arise." When he opened the ear of the deaf and dumb man in Decapolis, he said to him *Ephphatha*; that is, "Be opened." And when he reached the height of his Vicarious Suffering on the Cross, he exclaimed, again in Aramaic, *Eloi, Eloi*, (the Hebrew would be *Eli, Eli*); *lama sabachthani*? that is, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

It is very significant, that the inscription on the Cross was in three languages: in Hebrew, the language of Religion; in Greek, the language of Culture; and in Latin, the language of Empire—thus proclaiming that Jesus of Nazareth died for all nations and all classes of men.—*Rev. Dr. Schaff in S. S. Times.*

THOUGHTS FOR FIFTEENTH SUNDAY  
AFTER TRINITY.

## No. XV.

"No man can serve two masters."

ONE is our Master, even Christ, and if we would do loyal service to Him we must be WHOLE-HEARTED and never yield willing obedience to the world. It may appear possible to divide our allegiance—nay, some live as though it were an easy thing to do so, but self-deception alone can make us imagine this, for the Truth itself hath said, "No man can serve two masters." Occasions are constantly arising in our daily lives when the two ways lie open to us—the way of obedience to our Master Christ and the way of obedience to the world, the flesh and the devil, which latter is the way of self, and therefore always hard to shun. The battle has to be fought daily, perhaps hourly; it is never to be decided once for all, for those most desirous of being faithful to Christ our King are the very ones to whom the strongest temptations are offered to forsake Him. Over and over again the choice has to be made, and at times it is so hard a choice that all our faith and all our love are needed to help us

choose the RIGHT; but then the voice of Jesus utters those words of solemn warning, of unalterable certainty, "No man can serve two masters"; and the faithful soul, conscious of its own weakness, will implore the guidance of Him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Never until we shall have come to the end of our earthly pilgrimage will it be an easy thing to serve our one true Master, Christ, even though we may fully know how sweet and blessed a thing it is to live in obedience to Him, even though we may already have a foretaste of that time when He will be all in all, and we shall look back with pity and wonder upon ourselves as we are now, so prone to be drawn away from the eternal good by the perishable things of earth.

Until the rest of Paradise there can be no perfect rest of absolute obedience, and we shall have need through every hour of our imperfect lives to repeat to ourselves that brief but all-comprehensive saying, "No man can serve two masters." And can we be so blind, so miserably blind, to our own good as to choose as our master him whose wages are death rather than Him in whose right hand are pleasures for evermore, and whose gift is Life Eternal?

## HOW MOZART DIED.

Wolfgang Mozart, the great composer, died at Vienna in the year 1791. There is something very touching in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last he sang—the "Requiem." He had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his "cyrcean strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber.

At length the light footsteps of his daughter awoke him. "Come hither," said he, "my Emilie. My task is done—the 'Requiem'—my 'Requiem' is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, with tears in her eyes "you must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow on it. I am sure we shall nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father; "this wasting form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for help in this, my dying hour. You spoke of refreshments, my Emilie—take these my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight.

Emilie obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sang the following stanzas:

Spirit! thy labor is o'er!  
Thy term of probation is run,  
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,  
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife,  
Or the pleasures of earth with regret—  
Pause not at the threshold of limitless life,  
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,  
No wicked have power to molest;  
There the weary, like Thee—the wretched, shall find  
A haven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road,  
For which thou art now on the wing,  
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,  
Their loud hallelujah to sing.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low melancholy notes of the piece; and then, turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still and passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit left—with the seal of death upon those features.

THE love of Christ is fixed in its objects, free in its communications, unwearied in its exercises, and eternal in its duration: here stands the believer's comfort.

## CORRIGENDA.

In communication on St. Bees' College, August 30th, for "Queens and Pembroke Colleges, London; read Oxford;" for "Dr. Amiger read Ainger.