

ETERNITY.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A circle infinite art thou;
Thy centre an eternal now.
Never, we name thy outer bound,
For never end therein is found.
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A little bird with fretting beak,
Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came;
Yet thou wert then, as now, the same.
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
They who lived poor and naked, rest
With God, for ever rich and blest;
And love and praise the highest good;
In perfect bliss and gladsome mood
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Lo! I, Eternity, warn thee,
O man, that oft thou think on me,
The sinner's punishment and pain;
To them who love their God, rich gain!
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

WULFFER, 1648.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

Opening of the Boston Monday Lectureship—Labor Troubles—A discourse on Conscience.

The Boston Monday Lectureship opened its third year in Tremont Temple to-day at noon. The house was not crowded as might have been expected from the success of last year's course but only comfortably full. The distinguished lecturer, Rev. Joseph Cook, was greeted with hearty applause as he stepped upon the platform precisely at the appointed hour. After a short invocation and singing the speaker began his preliminary talk upon the topics of the day, selecting the subject of the late railway troubles for comment. He said that in the year 1877 America had seen her first, but probably not last, insurrection of hunger. Low paid labor had, at least occasionally, not had enough to eat, and at last a thin flame of fire broke across the continent, from Baltimore to San Francisco. Cities gathered to themselves tramps and criminals by natural attraction, and the flame from the volcanic crevice lighted this inflammable material. In the events which followed, and in their causes, was food for thought. We had a strike for low-paid labor, and a riot of sneaks and thieves, and a grand-motherly self-defence. The trouble was not altogether with the workingmen, who for the most part remembered that it took two to make a bargain. The trouble was in great part from second-rate business men who had not brains enough to make a fortune by any other than a cut throat policy—by grinding the rate of wages. It was becoming a gigantic question of how to prevent in America the grinding of the faces of the poor. The speaker did not know that Thomas Scott had ground the faces of his poor laborers, but he believed he paid a large salary not for his knowledge of legitimate railroad-ing but for his knowledge of illegitimate railroad-ing. A family of five, parents and their unproductive children, could not live respectably on less than \$12 per week. As John Bright has said the nation lived in the cottage, and the price of skilled labor, that resided elsewhere, had nothing to do with the labor question. The speaker would lay down the heretical proposition that, if a family received no more wages or income than twice the bare cost of uncooked food consumed by it, they were upon starvation wages. He announced that he would hereafter continue the consideration of this topic.

After the singing of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the speaker began the lecture proper. He said that when the poet Coleridge was a poor boy at a charity school in London, he once walked the crowded Strand throwing out his hands right and left. One of them came in contact with the waist-coat of a portly gentleman, who immediately accused the lad of attempting to pick his pocket. "No," said Coleridge, "I am swimming the Hellespont." The poet boy had that morning, at school, read the story of Leander swimming from Europe to Asia. Now, in discussions of cases of conscience the difference to be marked is the difference between swimming the Hellespont and picking the pocket; the external act may be the same in both cases. The man who feels injured by the act of another inquires for the motive, and judges the action accordingly. **Motive was everything.** Kant lays,

down the proposition that "an erring conscience is a chimera," and other famous philosophers nod assent to this proposition, while some few dissent. The fog in discussion upon the moral sense begins in the definition of conscience. After four years of theological instruction the speaker had found himself with no clear ideas concerning conscience. And only after line days of study at the Andover library he had arrived at definite conclusions upon the subject. These propositions he had tested before many scholars, and that successfully.

1. Conscience, according to the loose popular idea of it, is the soul's sense of right and wrong.
2. Conscience, according to the strict, scholarly idea of it, is the soul's sense of right and wrong in motives.
3. Defined in the loose, popular way, as only the sense of right and wrong, conscience implicitly includes the action of the judgment as well as of the moral perceptions and feelings.
4. Thus defined, therefore, conscience is fallible and may justly be spoken of as blinded, erring and seared.
5. The loose popular definition makes no explicit distinction between the outer act and the inner motive.
6. The conscience, is supposed to be the faculty by which we decide on the rightness or wrongness of external acts, is doubly fallible, and may with perfect justice be pronounced erring, vacillating, and often self-contradictory.
7. On the other hand, if conscience be defined, in the strict, scholarly way, as the soul's sense of right and wrong in motives, the judgment or purely intellectual activity of the soul is distinguished from the moral perception and feelings.
8. A man does infallibly know whether he means right or wrong in any deliberate choice.
9. If therefore, conscience be supposed to be, as the strict definition describes it, the soul's sense of right and wrong in motives, and in those only, conscience is infallible within its field.
10. In this sense and in that field conscience is not educable.
11. It follows from this definition that right and wrong belong only to motives, and that external acts have expediency or in expediency, usefulness or harmfulness, and that their character in these respects is ascertained by the judgment and not by the conscience.
12. But conscience not only perceives the difference between a good motive and a bad; it feels that the good motive ought to be and that the bad ought not to be chosen. Conscience, therefore, may be briefly and provisionally defined as a sense including both a perception and a feeling—a perception of right and wrong, and a feeling of what ought and ought not to be, in motives.

The propositions here outlined would be elaborated in future lectures. He hoped that, building upon these axioms, conclusions would be deduced that would blanch the cheek of unscientific thought. The distinction between right and wrong is perceived by conscience; that the perception of right and wrong and the meaning to do well and to do ill are different, was clear to every man. Conscience might also be defined as "the tongue that tastes the flavor of intention." Behind the definition of conscience lay the word "ought." Did his hearers ever try to measure that word? They might weigh against the word "ought" everything but God, and it would outweigh all. The speaker could not image God weighed against "ought" and there was the explanation of a mystery. God was in "ought," and therefore it outweighs all.

Conscience includes—

1. A direct and intuitive perception of the difference between right and wrong in motives.
2. A powerful feeling that what is right ought to be, and that what is wrong ought not to be, chosen by the will.
3. A sense of one's own approval or disapproval, according as what ought to be is or is not chosen.
4. A sense of an approval or disapproval from a divine Somewhat or Some One not ourselves, according as we choose good or bad motives.

5. A bliss or a pain, each perhaps the acutest known to the soul; the former arising when what ought to be has been done and the latter when what ought not; and when a sense of self-approval or disapproval has arisen, together with a feeling of our approval or disapproval by a divine Somewhat or Some One not ourselves.

6. A prophetic anticipation that both our approval or disapproval by ourselves and by a divine Somewhat and Some One not ourselves is to continue and to have consequences affecting us as personal existences beyond death.

The speaker defied any candid and clear person to deny, in the name of the inductive sciences, either of these six propositions, and there were behind each one of them unexplored remainders, and in those unexplored remainders would be found that "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," for God was in conscience.

The subject of the next lecture was announced as "Physical Facts concerning the Moral Sense," in which, probably, some notice will be taken of Darwin's views of conscience.

THE EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONVENTION.

We give extracts from a leading article in the *Boston Post*, showing the importance attached by American papers to this great gathering of Episcopal clergy, now being held in Boston. We have reason to believe that in the United States the Episcopal Bishops are more disposed to enter upon hard, practical work than the foolish system of introducing innovations among their people.

If Cotton Mather, the noted Puritan, and the defender of witchcraft a century and a half ago, could rise out of his grave this week and walk down to Trinity Church to-morrow morning when the Episcopal Convention holds the opening service of its triennial session, his surprise would far exceed his disgust at the change in the tide of affairs. It was over fifty years after his day before Bishop Seabury was consecrated as an English Bishop for America. The Episcopal Church was then represented by only a few congregations in the chief cities, and had, in fact, been nearly broken up in the war of the Revolution on account of the loyalty of most of its clergy and people to the British Crown. There was little expectation that it could ever thrive in a soil sown thick with democratic ideas; but the pendulum now begins to swing the other way, and what has been supposed to be the most aristocratic denomination in the country is rapidly becoming thoroughly democratic in the spirit with which it is reaching out to the great middle class.

SUGGESTIVE TO FAULT FINDERS.

Nearly sixty bishops, nearly two hundred of the picked clergymen of different dioceses, and almost the same number of laymen, will be present to-morrow morning at Trinity Church, and the bishops, clad in their episcopal robes, will present an imposing spectacle, not often seen in the United States, as they enter the western doors and march up the central aisle to the spacious chancel. We do not believe in ecclesiastical pageantry, but there is something thrilling in such sights, and, in a country where the religious traditions seldom strike the heart with awe, it will do no harm to make the most of them. Even Cotton Mather would not turn away in scorn from such a modest display of what in his days used to be called prelatical trumpery.

What the special business of this convention may be, it is impossible yet to say. There has been a singular absence of warlike demonstrations in the Episcopal ranks since the late Bishop Cummins took his departure, and high and low churchmen lie down like the wolf and the lamb of the prospective millenium. It seems as if the Episcopal Church were about taking a departure as significant as that which marked the year 1835. Then the question was how to bring the Church to bear effectively upon the American people, and then the missionary system, which has been found to be too cramped for the working energies of a live body, was substantially put into its present shape. Now, if we read aright the drift of feel-

ing and opinion in this denomination, the bishops, clergy and people are taking much the same position as the Methodists used to take in their pioneer days. The stories told of the Western Bishops—men like Tuttle of Utah, and Morris of Oregon—read more like a leaf out of the early church history than almost any religious acts of recent days; and the facts which have come to hand about Bishop Lay, of Eston, Md., that he leads his clergy as their chief missionary, radiating from his cathedral with his helpers into all parts of his diocese, and sharing the burdens of the work with his clergy, recall the labors of the British bishops before the Norman conquest of England. It is evident that the American bishops are willing to be tested by the practical utility of their office, and that the respect paid to the Episcopate, within and without the Episcopal Church, depends greatly upon its actual efficiency in preaching the Gospel and renewing society.

BAPTISM WITH WATER.

"Baptism with water," the phrase of John the Baptist, carries with it the force of instrumentality, and implies, therefore, the application of the baptismal element to the subject. It has been claimed, in discussion upon this question, that the words in the Greek text: *en hudaia*, ought to have been rendered in water. The preposition in this connection, however, governs the dative of the instrument, and has been rendered in our version with propriety and with grammatical accuracy. Sometimes the preposition, *en*, governs the dative of locality—as in Matthew, the first verse of the second chapter: *en Bethleem*, in Bethlehem. The preposition also in other passages governs the dative of time—as in the fifteenth verse of the tenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel: *en hemera kriseos*, in the day of judgment. Very frequently, however, as in the passage under consideration, the Greek preposition governs the dative of instrumentality. We have good example of this in 1 Cor. iv. 21: *en rhabdo eltho pros humas*, "am I to come to you with a rod?" The same construction we have in Luke xxii. 49: *en machaira*, with the sword. The difference between the dative of locality, and that of time and of instrumentality will be sufficiently obvious to any inquirer. We do not need any vindication of our version, "I indeed baptize you with water," except what the structures of parallel passages clearly exemplifies. This rendering is not only grammatically correct, but it is that which, carried through the passage, harmonizes with the historic facts of Pentecostal baptism: with the Holy Ghost and with fire.—*Rev. J. Lathern, in "Baptisma."*

SUGGESTIVE TO FAULT FINDERS.

"Now, deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't bear your preaching! I get no good. There's so much in it that I don't want, that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains."
"Mr. Bunnell, come in here, There's my cow Thankful—she can teach you theology!"
"A cow teach me theology! What do you mean?"
"Now see! I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has found a stick—you know sticks will get into the hay—and see how she tosses it to one side and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it to one side and goes on eating. And there! She does not relish that bunch of daisies, and she leaves them, and goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a stick or a weed which she leaves. But if she refused to eat, and spent the time in scolding about the fodder, she, too, would 'grow lean,' and my milk would be dried up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. Get all the good you can out of it, and leave the rest. You will find a great deal of nourishment in it."
Mr. Bunnell stood silent a moment, and then turned away, saying, "Neighbor, that old cow is no fool, at any rate."—*Dr. Dodd.*

THE BOY WHO SANG HIMSELF TO SLEEP.

He lived in London. His mother loved him, but she was not a Christian, and his father was a drunkard. Poor, poor little boy! What was to become of him, with a swearing, drinking father, and a godless mother? Perhaps he never thought. But God who sees and knows everything, and who loves to save poor sinners, whether they be old or young, had thought of this little boy. One day God put it into the heart of some one to ask this boy to hear the Gospel preached to children.

The little boy went away, thinking of what he had heard. He did not stop to look into the great shop windows, nor did he notice the people or things in the street, but all the way home, if you had been near him you might have heard him singing over and over again the words,

"I can believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me."

When he reached his home he told his mother where he had been and what he had heard, and then went on singing as before. By and by the time came for his father to come, and his mother, fearing his father would beat the boy if he heard him singing a hymn, sent him to bed. But the little fellow's heart was so full of good news that from his little bed in the dark his voice was still heard singing,

"I can believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross he shed his blood,
From sin to set me free."

The sound reached his father's ears, who angrily asked, "Where has the boy been? why is he making that noise?" Then he said to his wife, "Go up and tell him to be quiet, or I'll give him something to make a noise about." She did so, but added, "You shall sing as much as you like in the morning, only don't let your father hear you." Then the mother left her son. However, the little boy went on singing, only he covered up his head with the bed-clothes to keep the sound from reaching his father, and at length he fell asleep.

In the morning as the child did not get up, his parents came to awake him, and what was their sorrow and surprise to find that he would never wake again! The Lord Jesus had called him away in the night, and the mother's words, "You shall sing as much as you like in the morning," came strangely true.—*Walsman.*

DEATH OF DR DUNCAN.

Most of our readers will remember the interest created by a speech made by one of the Southern representatives before the Baltimore General Conference. Dr Duncan was the speaker. His death is thus feelingly recorded by the *Richmond Christian Advocate* :—

REV. JAMES A. DUNCAN.

With a sorrow that no words can express we announce the death of Dr. Duncan.

The stroke that laid him low has smitten the hearts of thousands. It was so sudden that we can hardly realize our loss.

A few days since we learned that he was suffering from an abscess in the jaw, supposed to be caused by a slight fracture of the jaw-bone produced by the drawing of a tooth. In less than three days after, the startling words came to us, "Dr. Duncan died on Monday morning at 4 o'clock A. M."

We are not in a mood to write.—We are sitting in the shadow of a deep eclipse Dr. Duncan we knew from the earliest years of his ministry, and have worked side by side, with him in hard fields of Christian toil. He was a man highly endowed with rare gifts, and with unsurpassed zeal and devotion he gave them to them to the Church of God. We have often been with him at Camp-Meetings, and the last at which we met was that on the Eastern Shore only a little over a month since. He was in fine spirits, and apparently in full health. His preaching on that occasion will never be forgotten by the thousands of silent hearers. The last discourse was, we are informed, one of unsurpassed power and spirituality. It was on the text, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost," &c. At its close, mourners rushed in crowds to the altar, while the deepest awe rested on the hearts of the vast multitude that covered the ground.

It was remarkable, in the case of Dr. Duncan, that as a preacher after he became President of the College, he never fell into the lecture style of preaching.

In the chair he was the lucid lecturer, in the pulpit he was the preacher, clear, strong, eloquent, reaching the conscience and the heart and lifting his hearers with him into the high and pure regions of truth.