

and found shelter from the torrid heats. The Psalmist when he fled from his foes found refuge there, and sang, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock!" Devout Hannah in her prayer exclaims, "Neither is there any rock like our God." Homeless Peter felt as if he had thrown off his pilgrim pack from his shoulders when he sat down under the noon-tide shelter, and cries out, "I have cast off all care; for he careth for me."

John, the beloved—happy in his Patmos exile—is overheard talking to himself, and we listen to his cheery words, "Now, little children, abide in him; he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him and he in us. Hereby we know that he abideth in us by the Spirit which he hath given us."

Good friends, let us abide in the shadow of the great Rock, and cultivate the grace of quietness. A Christian life is not all work, or all seed sowing, or all conflict; much less is it all bustle and worry. We must find time to think—to pray—and to commune with our Master. A soldier cannot always be on the march; he must renew his strength in rest. Life would sometimes wear us out if we did not sometimes find that "our strength is to sit still." Some of you are tired out, and want to bathe your aching heads in the cool stillness beneath the everlasting Rock. Some of you are footsore, and need a bit of rest. Many of you, with weary limbs and weeping eyes, have struggled along up a hard and flinty pathway, and are ready to cry out, "O blessed, loving Master, just let me come in under the rock!"

The Evolution of Confession.

The Rev. R. B. Tollington, M.A., examining chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon, dealing with the subject of confession in *The Church Gazette*, says: "Confession of some sort there must, of course, always be in every acknowledgment of sin. It is not confined to Christianity. The Jews of old confessed their offences. Those who came to the preaching of John were baptized 'confessing their sin.'"

"In the early Christian Church there arose a certain practice of public penitence for great offences. This public confession was originally restricted to such sins as idolatry, murder, and adultery; but it seems that in time there grew up also a wider practice of people coming forward to confess voluntarily before the Church the offences of which they felt themselves guilty."

"The thing was done in public. Clergy and laity alike were present. The penitents came often bare-footed, clothed in sackcloth, with ashes sprinkled upon their heads."

"Little by little this custom of public confession was changed into that of private confession to the priest. There were, of course, obvious risks and dangers in the earlier practices of confession in public. Sometimes by acknowledging his misdeeds the penitent laid himself open to the action of the law. Sometimes he aroused his neighbor's vengeance. Sometimes the publicity acknowledged sins of Christians brought scandal on the Church. Sometimes people shrank from the pain of acknowledging the offences that lay heavy on their souls."

"But originally confession was a public act; originally, too, except in cases of notorious sin, it was voluntary. Then there comes a time when, little by little, confession became private, secret, and no longer public, though it still remains a voluntary act—a thing done by the penitent persons of their own accord. We have now to see a still further stage in its development."

"Among the many additions which the Church of Rome has made to Apostolic Christianity, one is the Sacrament of Pen-

ance, which takes us back for its origin to the middle ages. Private auricular confession at least once a year has been obligatory on every member of the Roman Church since the Lateran Council of the year 1215 A.D."

"Mark how completely the custom of the Church has been inverted. You begin, in the New Testament, with such precepts as that of St. James, 'Confess your faults one to another,' but there is absolutely no trace of any recognized system or rule. All is voluntary. Then the Church provides a public service of penitence for great sinners and such as may desire it. Then, for good reasons, there comes in the practice of confessing in private. But it is voluntary still; there is no obligation, no rule. Then at length you have in its full development the Sacrament of Penance; you have the absolute rule of the Latin Church that everyone must confess in private; you have the unnatural, unscriptural, and purely ecclesiastical doctrine that forgiveness is certain for those who receive the absolution of the priest; you have what seems to me the monstrous corollary of this doctrine, that without auricular confession and without priestly absolution God Himself does not—unless one ought to say cannot—pardon sin."

Slumber Song.

Lo, in the west
A cloud at rest—
A babe upon its mother's breast
Is sleeping now.

Above it beams
A star, that seems
To shed the light of holy dreams
Upon its brow.

But cloud and star,
Though nearer far
They seem, my babe, more distant are
From heaven than thou.

—John B. Tabb.

My Brother's Keeper.

By Rev. Thomas Nield.

Oh, for the grace that wills to bear
The burdens of a weaker brother!
The grace that gladly shuns whatever
Might prove a pitfall to another.

Though I should have a giant's might
To stand where weaker ones would
stumble.

I would not exercise my right,
But walk in safety with the humble.

Lord, save me from the weak conceit
That scorns to practice self-denial,
Lest my example tempt the feet
Of others into deadly trial.

Engrave the fact upon my heart—
Yea, every day engrave it deeper—
That I must act a brother's part,
And so become my brother's keeper.

"He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts
and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the
tangled maze
Of sin and sorrow and o'erclouded days
We know His will is done;
And still He leads us on."

Christianity is the one eternal force in the world. Every ethnic faith save Christianity is on the road to the graveyard. Not one has the power of expansion. That means that the chill of death is coming. The so-called ethnic faiths are dying faiths, sorrowing sisters clad in black, for whom there is no to-morrow.—Rev. Bishop Hurst.

Music and Matrimony.

Luther declared that it was no more possible to do without a wife than to do without eating and drinking; but there have been a good many unmarried musicians for all that. Still, they have for the most part given assent to the theory so far as to make some effort toward attaining the blissful state. It is usual to represent Handel as a cold-hearted misogynist, because he was a bachelor. But Handel was certainly more than once engaged to be married. First it was to an Italian lady with whom he fell in love while a young man in Venice. Afterward he would almost certainly have married an English lady but for the rude way in which the mother interposed; and finally he was engaged to a lady of large property, who insisted as a condition of the union that he should give up the practice of his art, which Handel would as soon have thought of doing as of going without his dinner. It is indeed curious to note how frequently the musicians have escaped matrimony owing to the absurdly mean view taken of their profession by prospective fathers-in-law. Bellini practically died of a broken heart because the father of his enamored, a Neapolitan judge, declined his suit on account of his social position. Beethoven, again, certainly had desires toward matrimony. "Oh, God!" he exclaims, "let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue." But Beethoven had none of the arts and graces of the lover, and to the end he remained wedded only to his art—which was perhaps just as well both for the art and the woman.

Gluck, the founder of the modern opera, had also to contend with the Philistine father, in this case a rich banker and merchant who had no very high opinion of the financial resources of musicians. Fortunately for Gluck, however, the banker died while the composer's love was still fresh, and consequently there was a Mme. Gluck left to mourn him when he said farewell to the world. Chopin's "sentimental amenities" with George Sand have been the subject of more speculation than the love affairs of any other musician who has ever lived. It was a heartless business altogether on the side of the lady, who not only left the composer to his cough and his piano after winning all the affection he had to give, but represented him to the world as a consumptive and exasperating nuisance.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

You cry, "O Lord, solve me this problem!" and the solution does not come. "What! must I walk in darkness?" your poor soul cries out; and then He comes and takes your hand and says: "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life." In place of the answer to your prayer comes He to whom you prayed. You have not got the solution of your problem; it still floats in doubt. You have not got the sure prophecy of the future; it is hid behind the wavering and trembling veil. You have not got the brother's dear presence for whose life you cried and wrestled; he is walking beside the river of Life in the new Light of Heaven. You have not got what you prayed for, but you have got God! You have the source, the fountain, the sun! You have taken hold of the essential meaning and essence of all these things for which you prayed, in taking hold of Him to whom you prayed. In His silence you have pressed back to Him. . . . Not in the word He speaks, but in the word He is, you have found your reply.—*Phillips Brooks*.

A holy life has a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.—*Rev. J. H. Clinton*.