

the King's country," are. This healing creative power by the given as unto thee." powers, shall be able

the power of time, to come," is the tent to disunite us al arrangement of ing not only on its affecting its force, and then a triplet; ies and powers." "things present, triplet," height "the effect of this is throw the first and also the third and mysterious ideas, love are powerless

which the whole of loses of the name, the verbal revelation and unconsumed, It appears wholly ons, which are ever same truth which e meaning of that taken as being, the e fiery furnace of of Israel, but the ng of that flaming name of the Lord self-derived, self-being. And what and yet not burning those life there is no no pit of weariness none the poorer, ending, no extinction

mere metaphysical God is love. That s own very inmost deep fountain from breadth in its pure

cannot die. They fabric of the soul long as two threads We have to thank er than death, which the unchanging durance that can change, rt. Few of us have ooking back, see our ons of dead friend- ing," waving green dened by footprints and leaving us the

love which cannot and the future are usand years," that re in their power to y," which can hold ove, may be as a and richness of the contain. The whole He is to us today. All these Old World may be repeated in

of all the past into ty future, sure that footed time, ding sweets."

stayed on His love, things to come, can e flow of ceaseles eation and cooling, y affection, we can y the contrast, the church: "Oh, give , because His mercy erywhere.

with a singular trio of pth, nor any other e of the enumeration e outside boundaries ings, as it were, with e whole that it can

the powerlessness of al life which we call not. That diffusive ctions. Up or down, n the center is equal

Here, we have the same process applied to that idea of Omnipresence as was applied in the former clause to the idea of eternity. That thought, so hard to grasp with vividness, and not altogether a glad one to a sinful soul, is all softened and glorified, as some solemn Alpine cliff of bare rock is when the tender morning light glows on it, when it is thought of as the Omnipresence of love. "Thou, God, seeest me," may be a stern word, if the God who sees be but a mighty Maker or a righteous Judge. As reasonably might we expect a prisoner in his solitary cell to be glad when he thinks that the jailer's eye is on him from some unseen spy-hole in the wall, as expect any thought of God but one to make a man read that 139th Psalm with joy: "If I ascend into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in Sheol, behold, Thou art there." So may a man say shudderingly to himself, and tremble as he asks in vain: "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?" But how different it all is when we can cast over the marble whiteness of that solemn thought the warm hue of life, and change the form of our words into this of our text: "Nor height, nor depth, shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

In that great ocean of Divine love we live and move and have our being, floating in it like some sea flower which spreads its filmy beauty and waves its long tresses in the depths of mid-ocean. The sound of its waters is ever in our ears, and above, beneath, around us, its mighty currents run evermore. We need not cover before the fixed gaze of some stony god, looking on us unmoved like those Egyptian deities that sit pitiless with idle hands on their laps and wide open lidless eyes gazing out across the sands. We need not fear the Omnipresence of love, nor the Omniscience which knows us altogether, and loves us even as it knows. Rather we shall be glad that we are ever in His presence, and desire, as the height of all felicity and the power for all goodness, to walk all the day long in the light of His countenance, till the day come when we shall receive the crown of our perfecting in that we shall be "ever with the Lord."

The recognition of this triumphant sovereignty of love over all these real and supposed antagonists makes us, too, lords over them, and delivers us from the temptations which some of them present us to separate ourselves from the love of God. They all become our servants and helpers, uniting us to that love. So we are set free from the dread of death and from the distractions incident to life. So we are delivered from superstitious dread of an unseen world, and from craven fear of men. So we are emancipated from absorption in the present and from careful thought for the future. So we are at home everywhere, and every corner of the universe is to us one of the many mansions of our Father's house. "All things are yours, . . . and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

I do not forget the closing words of this great text. I have not ventured to include them in our present subject, because they would have introduced another wide region of thought to be laid down on our already too narrow canvas.

But remember, I beseech you, that this love of God is explained by our apostle to be "in Christ Jesus our Lord." Love illimitable; all pervasive, eternal; yes, but a love which has a channel and a course; love which has a method and a process by which it pours itself over the world. It is not, as some representations would make it, a vague, nebulous light diffused through space as in a chaotic, half-made universe, but all gathered in that great Light which rules the day—even in Him who said: "I am the Light of the world." In Christ the love of God is all centered and embodied, that it may be imparted to all sinful and hungry hearts, even as burning coals are gathered on a hearth that they may give warmth to all that are in the house. "God so loved the world"—not merely so much, but in such a fashion—"that"—that what? Many people would leap at once from the first to the last clause of the verse, and regard eternal life for all and sundry as the only adequate expression of the universal love of God. Not so does Christ speak. Between that universal love and its ultimate purpose and desire for every man He inserts two conditions, one on God's part, one on man's. God's love reaches its end, namely, the bestowal of eternal life, by means of a Divine act and a human response. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." So all the universal love of God for you and me, and for all our brethren, is "in Christ Jesus our Lord," and faith in Him unites us to it by bonds which no foe can break, no shock of change can snap, no time can rot, no distance can stretch to breaking. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor power, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Selected.

Better Than the Westminster Confession.

O. P. HACHERS.

Two hundred and fifty years ago the Westminster confession was given to the world. The Presbyterian

bodies are rejoicing over this confession, that has been their creed for a quarter of a thousand years. It is the outgrowth of an assembly that met in 1643 and adjourned in 1652. Concerning the man who formed it, Dr. Briggs writes: "Looking at the Westminster assembly, as a whole, it is safe to say that there never was a body of divines who labored more conscientiously, carefully and faithfully and produced more important documents or a richer theological literature than that remarkably learned able and pious body who sat for so many trying years in the Jerusalem chamber of Westminster Abbey." In many respects it is a remarkable confession, the work of very able and pious men; presenting the fundamentals of the faith with great clearness. As Baptists we may glory in a confession of earlier date, clearer in Scriptural statement, not weighted down with metaphysical terms and discussions, and presenting certain great truths that are diametrically opposed to the teachings of the Westminster. It was framed by humble and humble-minded men, not known to the world as great scholars, not moving on high social planes, worshipping in barren meeting houses. It is known as the confession of the seven churches; formed in 1643. It recognizes, as the Westminster does not, the fundamental teaching of the spiritual character of the Church, and the rights of the individual conscience.

President Elliot, of Harvard, declared lately that the finest discovery of the recent ages was the right for a man to think for himself, the discovery of the right and the worth of the individual soul. This teaching these Baptist men understood clearly two hundred and fifty years ago. It was not a novel doctrine for them; it was not a revolutionary doctrine or seditious. It was a part of the inalienable right of each man to think and to make confession for himself. They write: "So it is the magistrate's duty to tender the liberty of men's consciences, which is the tenderest thing unto all conscientious men, and most dear unto them, and without which all other liberties will not be worth the naming, much less enjoying. And as we cannot do anything contrary to our understandings and consciences, so neither can we forbear the doing that which our understandings and consciences bid us to do. But in case we find not the magistrate to favor us herein, yet we dare not suspend our practice because we believe we ought to go on in obedience to Christ." Much more may we find in the utterances of these old-time men who were living two centuries ahead of their times. What the Westminster men and Calvin and Knox and Luther thought were fire brands among men and in society these men regarded as the treasures of the soul, the right of individual thinking subject to the only place of appeal, the New Testament and the Judgment Day. When the Westminster men issued their confession it had this teaching on that same subject. It declared that dangerous heretics may lawfully be called to account and proceeded against by the centuries of the church and by the power of the civil magistrate. It assigned to the civil magistrate the power and duty of preserving unity and peace in the church, of suppressing all blasphemies and heresies, of preventing or reforming all corruptions and abuses in worship and discipline. In 1787 the confession was changed by the American Presbyterians so as to make it correspond with the free religious atmosphere of this country and the fixed separation of Church and State. We may fittingly to-day honor those Baptist men who, living in the days of restricted ideas, of narrow horizons, of intolerance and persecution, could openly proclaim the rights and privileges of all to own themselves and their thoughts. Had it not been for men like these, who were willing to be accounted as dangerous men and willing to suffer for their principles, we today would beholding our New Testament beliefs only by the suzerainty of the civil magistrate. In the presence of obloquy, loss of standing in business and society, they wrote these words, showing what it cost to be a Baptist and to stand by an open New Testament: "But if any man shall impose upon us anything that we see not to be commanded by our Lord Jesus Christ, we should in his strength rather embrace all reproaches and tortures of men, to be stripped of all outward comfort, and, if it were possible, to die a thousand deaths rather than do anything against the least tittle of the truth of God or against the light of our own consciences." The spirit of the martyrs is in these words. Back of these words were visions of the jail, the stake, the loss of goods, the ostracism of society. In so far as the Westminster represents the Scriptures and stands for the truth, in so far we may embrace it and glory in its utterances. But in the confession of 1643 is a confession that for Scripturalness, for simplicity of expression, for clearness of thought, for beauty of style, is both older than the Westminster and better than the Westminster. It would require no revision to-day to fit it for the use of that man or that church that makes the New Testament alone the source of authority and appeal. It was born in an atmosphere of freedom. It held unflinchingly to one thought, without which life would not be worth living, the right of the believer to think. This right the Westminster denied to a man. But in time the humble confession compelled the more illustrious confession to alter its statements.—The Commonwealth.

Glory Only in the Cross.

BY REV. J. G. GREENHOUSE.

What have you brethren in your own lives to be proud of? What is there in you and in your thoughts, endeavors and possessions for which one can heartily and unreservedly congratulate you, if it be not this: that you have the cross? Do you plume yourselves on your fine houses replete with all modern comforts and luxuries, or on the wealth and treasures which your thrift and energy have gathered together, or the little stock of knowledge you have acquired by reading and experience, or the honors and reputation you have attained, or the friendships your character and temper have secured, or on the loved ones—dearer than friends—who make your home and daily joy? Perhaps you do—perhaps you are lifted up by the thought of all these things at times. But not in your best hours—not when you think most seriously and truthfully. When you measure and survey these things with honest, fearless eyes, it is not to glory in them. Houses are but dust, after all; there are a thousand wounds to which wealth cannot minister, and wealth is very precarious, especially in the present time; your honors are very uncertain, for the public which confers them is fickle, and speedily changes its idols; your friendships and relationships are subject to all manner of accidents and changes; your knowledge, be it great or small, is only as a narrow rim of light round a vast region of darkness. Apart from the cross, there is no promise of durability in any of them. Apart from the cross, the end of them is a tragedy, a heap of dust, and a few tearful memories. You cannot glory in these things.

But if the cross is in your lives, in your thoughts, in your hopes, there is a radiance which nothing can dim; there is the splendor of an inspiring and lovely promise thrown over all the path you tread. It is the cross which makes you forgive men and women, walking with the sunlight of heavenly love upon your faces. It enables you to think without sickness and despair of all the evil of the past, and to look forward with untroubled confidence to the way to which you have to tread. It makes memory bearable and hope infinitely uplifting. It exalts your nature, reveals you to yourself as a spiritual being, capable of all growth into the very image of God. It transfigures all your earthly affections, showing them in the pure light of love divine, and assuring you that the changes and accidents of life will not impair or rob you of them. It is as a haven of rest to you in all weary and oppressed moods, and all times of disappointment and dejection. It is the light which shines forever: which shines when every other light goes out; which shines most clearly when the last darkness comes on.

I hear men asking the question, and I find it written in books, "Is life worth living?" and I am disposed to answer, "Apart from the cross, I do not know, I hardly think it is; but with the cross it is all beautiful, full of hope and divine." And when I think of all this I can say these words with as much depth of meaning as St. Paul put into them, and so can you. Let us say them together once more: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—From "The Cross in Modern Life."

Begin Each Day With Prayer.

I begin my day's work some mornings, perhaps wearied, perhaps annoyed with a multiplicity of trifles which seem too small to bring great principles to bear upon them. But do you not think there would be a strange change wrought in the petty annoyances of every day, and in the small trifles that all our lives, of whatever texture they are, must largely be composed of, if we began each day and task with that old prayer, "Rise, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered?" Do you not think there would come a quiet in our hearts, and a victorious peace to which we are too much strangers? If we carried the assurance that there is one that fights for us into the trifles as well as into the sore struggles of our lives, we should have peace and victory. Most of us will not have many large occasions of trial and conflict in our career; and, if God's fighting for us is not actual in regard to the small annoyances of home and daily life, I know not for what it is available. "Many littles make a mickle," and there are more deaths in skirmishes than in the pitched field of a great battle. More Christian people lose their hold of God, their sense of his presence, and are beaten accordingly; by success of the little enemies that come down on them, like a cloud of gnats in a summer's evening, than are defeated by the shock of a great assault or a great temptation, which calls out their strength, and sends them to their knees to ask for help from God.—Alexander McLaren, D. D.

We are growing old. Let us treat the aged now as we will want to be treated, should we be spared to reach their age.

The heart of Christ alone can enlarge the heart of man. His selfishness is the best cure of our selfishness.—Dr. A. J. Gordon.