

# THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIA

## WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST.

The great heart of the world is just, and turning from the ignorant and rancorous men who fight with the poisoned weapons of savages or slaves, I cry across the ages to the mighty spirits of the Christian centuries, "What think ye of Christ?" The poets, led by the great Florentine, the man of sad, lone spirit, of face so beautiful, yet so full of wondrous thought, who imagined the strange circles of the "Inferno," and yet saw as in open vision the celestial "Mount of Light;" while Chaucer, in his quaint English guise, and Shakespeare, "Fancy's sweetest child," and Milton, whose voice had a sound as of the sea, and Cowper and Coleridge and Wordsworth, and many another bright spirit following in this train—make answer. "He was the soul of our poetry, our inspiration and our joy."

"What think ye of Christ?" we ask the men of thought, and out of the Middle Ages rise the School-men, whose mighty intellects made light in its darkness, the founders of modern philosophy, Descartes and Bacon and Locke, the fore most minds of the eighteenth century the century of unbelief, Leibnitz and Newton, and Berkeley and Kant; the thinkers, too, that in sheer intellectual force transcend all the other men of this century of conscious wisdom, Schelling and Hegel; and they altogether confess and acknowledge "the Christ stands alone, pre-eminent, only Son of God among men."

"What think ye of Christ?" we ask great philanthropists, the men who have made our laws kinder while more just to the criminal, our prisons more wholesome while more deterrent of crime, who have accomplished the liberation of the slave, who have made us conscious of our duties to savage people abroad and to our lapsed at home, the men who in these centuries have been the foremost in doing good and in guiding to nobleness the mind of man; and Bernard and Francis of Assisi, John Howard and Mrs. Fry, Wilberforce and Livingstone, surrounded by the noble band of all our good Samaritans, answer with one accord: "Without Him we should have been without our inspiration and our strength, the love of man and the hatred of wrong, that have constrained us to our work."

"What think ye of Christ?" we cry to the great masters of music and song, who have woven for us the divine speech of the oratorio, and filled the ear with harmonies grander than any nature has known; and they for answer bid us read the names of their supreme works, "Messiah," "St. Paul," "Redemption," and know that but for Christ, the one art in which the modern has far transcended the ancient world had never been.

"What think ye of Christ?" Ask painters who have made the canvas live with their ideals of love and holiness pity and suffering; the sculptors who have chiselled the shapeless marble into forms so noble as to need only speech to be the living man made perfect; and their great leaders, from famed Giotto through Fra Angelico to Angelo and Raphael, to Rembrandt and Rubens, send forth the response: "He has been the soul of our art, our dream by night, our joy by day; to paint Him worthily were the highest, though, alas! most hopeless, feat of man."

O, yes; Thou Christ the Redeemer, Son of God, yet Son of man, stand forth in Thy serene and glorious power, leader of our progress, author of all our good, ideal and inspiration of all our right and righteousness, and reign over the hearts and in the lives of men!—Principal Fairbairn.

Just where you stand in the conflict, there is your place.—Rutherford.

## THE INVISIBLE STRING.

By Rev. Prof. R. E. Welsh, D.D.

Paderewski is a master of the ivory keys, but few know about the invisible string of his music. That he should have some "secret" will be credible to every one who knows human nature. For it is a familiar fact to those who know the inside of human life, that most men of influence have something intensely personal as the secret key of their work or character.

I observed a number of years ago that the great pianist had lost his only son. Few of those who read the bald mention of the fact in the papers knew how it stood related to his career. "You are not aware," he once said to an acquaintance, before his re-marriage, "that my wife died some years ago, and that my only child is an incurable cripple. He is all in the world that I have. My only motive in studying for the career of a public artist was, that I should be able to obtain the best medical advice possible for my poor boy. When the public applauds me, I think of the little fellow lying on his couch in the house by the sea which I have taken for him." The public naturally assumed that he lived only for his art, for mastery over his instrument and over human emotions, or for fame and its golden harvest. Doubtless these incentives animated him in his profession. But a finer inspiration lay behind—the vision of his suffering boy, who might yet be cured.

In our Christian service, have we some such deep and sacred inspiration to give vital power to our work? Without it we cannot reach and strike the heart strings of those for whose benefit we are working. To penetrate and quicken others' souls, our words must vibrate in answer to some hidden chord, some fine and ardent motive. If Christ has become the centre and ruling force in our lives, "for My sake" will animate and energize us, and will draw around it other high inspirations. And these will become the secrets of our power with God and men.

There are practical human reasons, standing at the front of our minds, for carrying on our work—perhaps the argument of our imperative wants, or the pleasure of being associated with friends in a good cause, or the natural wish to be useful. Men and affairs crowd and press on us; the business of our post calls forth the ordinary prosaic incentives; and we cannot always be keeping up a conscious whispering communion with the Holy One. Yet all the time the deep undertone of our life may be, must be, a holy devotion "for the sake of Somebody," an urgent love, or the high calling to win the Christlike character and make our lives fruitful of good in the lives of others.

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## A COMPLETE LIFE.

Every young man and woman should strive to make his or her life a complete life. Many people only half live. Health without usefulness, intellect without unselfishness, pleasure without duty, business success without growth in service to God and man—these are incomplete and unsatisfying elements of living.—Forward.

## LOOK UNDER FOOT.

The lesson which life repeats and constantly enforces is "Look under foot." You are always nearer the divine and the true sources of your power than you think. The lure of the distant and the difficult is deceptive. The great opportunity is where you are. Do not despise your own place and hour. Every place is under the stars, every place is the center of the world.—John Burroughs, in the April Atlantic.

## WORK AND PLAY.\*

### Some Bible Hints.

God is the world's great Worker, unceasing, unshifting, unfretting; and His work is the basis of all our work (John 5: 17).

Work done with our might is done in the easiest way, and the best (Ecc. 9: 10).

The only work we know about surely is our work in this world, and our chance for that is soon over (Ecc. 9: 10).

Work is expensive, it wears away. Recreation is to restore what has been worn away. That is the sum of the philosophy of play (Prov. 17: 22).

### Suggestive Thoughts.

Being a Christian at work means that we do not overwork, or underwork. That is no work or play for a Christian into which he cannot easily imagine Christ entering.

The ideal for both work and play is that we get the play-spirit into our work.

Choose your life-work for life—for your eternal life!

### A Few Illustrations.

Play is the fallow land of life, and fallow land is the condition of continued product.

All tools, as the saw, hammer, auger, are means of concentrating one's power upon a point of resistance. Make your mind such a tool.

Play is the springboard from which we leap into work. Keep that as your end in view.

Overwork is the twisting of the spring of life so far that it breaks; overplay is the untwisting of the spring of life so far that it breaks.

### To Think About.

Do I let Christ choose my work and my play?

Does my play leave me stronger for my work?

Can my work be fittingly continued in the next world?

### A Cluster of Quotations.

The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.—Carlyle.

It is not work that kills men. It is worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.—Beecher.

Pleasure soon exhausts us and itself also; but endeavor never does.—Richter.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much, and cost little.—Fuller.

### DAILY READINGS.

M., May 4.—A servant who was dear. Luke 7: 1-10.  
T., May 5.—Conscientious work. Titus 2: 8, 10.  
W., May 6.—Patient under abuse. 1 Pet. 2: 18-20.  
T., May 7.—Expecting rewards. Matt. 6: 30-34.  
F., May 8.—Ministering to the mind. 1 Sam 16: 16-23.  
S., May 9.—Playing in Jerusalem. Zech. 8: 1-6.  
Sun., May 10.—Topic—Being a Christian. 1. In our work and our play. John 5: 17; Ecc. 9: 10; Prov. 17: 22.

Whoever is not in him as the way is out of the way and lost; whoever is not in him as the truth is in fatal error; whoever is not in him as the life is dead in sins.—John Hall.

Y.P. Topic, May 10, 1908.—Being a Christian. John 5: 17; Ecc. 9: 10.