


THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1878.

Editorial.

A VERY CROOKED STICK.

 ABOUT three thousand years ago a very competent authority, Solomon, the wisest of men, asserted in a famous aphorism, (that which is crooked cannot be made straight), that there are sometimes found in society customs and institutions so deeply, radically, and thoroughly bad that all attempts to regulate, restrict or reform them is a foolish task always ending in disappointment and failure. Our own times are not unfamiliar with such crooked things, nor are the men of this generation strangers to the "vanity and vexation of spirit" that comes from thoughtlessly and persistently trying, to straighten that which is by nature crooked. Long ago Britain discovered that slavery was radically too crooked ever to be made straight, and, therefore, thanks to the men who bore the opprobrium of the task, she resolved to *destroy* what could not be reformed. The United States, listening to other counsellors, imagined she could straighten the crooked stick, and we all know how she came out of that foolish endeavor. The German States, in such places as Baden-Baden, strove for years to regulate and turn to profit the art of gambling, but that attempt led only to shame, misery, and failure, and now gambling is unlawful,—a forbidden and broken stick in every country in Europe, excepting one miserable spot on the Bay of Genoa. The blood of the Crimean war, the gold sunk in Turkish Bonds, the present unsettled state of East-

ern Europe, is the result of a belief held, not by the people, but by the governing class in England, that Mahometanism can be reformed; but the massacres of Bulgaria is the startling rebound of the crooked stick that the politicians of England had tried with much pains to straighten. Paris thought it could regulate licentiousness by putting all its houses of bad fame under government license and inspection, but it is now, after thirty years of experience, sick of the abominable business. The old Catholics thought they could reform the Church of Rome; they too are beginning to find they have on their hands in that very crooked stick, a very hopeless task.

Side by side with the above bundle of "crooked things" ought to be placed, in the estimation of many people, the modern traffic in distilled liquors and poisonous chemicals, a business so crooked that all the churches and parliaments in Christendom cannot, by legislation and restriction, make it straight. Is this opinion, this classing of the liquor traffic with things irreclaimable and irremediable an exaggerated view of the evils of the traffic, or is the opinion founded on fact and can it be justified in the ears of good sense and calm reason:

STATE OF THE QUESTION.

Now, in approaching the calm and dispassionate treatment of this important enquiry let the reader remark that our business at present is not with the wine traffic of the vine-growing countries of Europe, nor with the wine traffic of the country and times of the Bible, but with the traffic in distilled and fermented liquors and chemical compounds, as that traffic exists to-day in Anglo-Saxon countries, as it exists to-day, coming nearer home, in our own Dominion. It is wise and well to narrow thus the field of discussion. Just as in discussing the merits and demerits of the theatre as a practical question, or the merits and demerits of slavery, it is best to exclude from the enquiry the theatre and slavery as they might exist in some Utopia, and narrow down the enquiry to these institutions as we see them existing now and here in society, so

must we, to arrive at a true conclusion, deal with no other liquor traffic but that one here present as a very palpable and portentous reality among ourselves. Having thus defined and narrowed the field of enquiry we are very safe in charging the traffic in strong drink as it exists in this country, with four faults of such a radical and serious character that to attempt the regulation or reformation of such an institution is like trying to make straight that which is in its nature crooked. We assert, therefore, that the modern liquor traffic is at fault, or crooked in its first foundation, in its further adulteration, in its common administrations, and in all its applications.

ITS FIRST FOUNDATION.

There are many excellent people who, temperate themselves, or it may be even abstainers, yet cannot altogether condemn the liquor traffic, because it is associated in their minds with Bible approval and Bible example. They reason that what the Bible praises, what Christ drank, what Christ made at the marriage feast, what Christians use in commemoration of their Saviour's death, cannot be, *per se*, or in itself, sinful, and, therefore, that it is its *abuse* and not its *use* which is the sin. So completely, indeed, have men been governed by this fallacy that we find many Christians reasoning (with this fallacy as one of their premises) that because our liquor traffic is bad therefore wine should not be used in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We are not going to enter here on the question of Bible wine, its character and varieties. All that is necessary for our argument is simply this assertion, which is indisputable, that while the liquor of Bible lands and Bible times consisted, without exception,* of the juice of the grape, the liquors of our time and land consists mainly in spirit distilled from grain. And, further, even on the assumption that their wine was fermented, the proportion of alcohol in the common wines (*vin ordinaire*) of the vine-growing countries is only three or four per cent., while in

* We are aware that the juice of the pomegranate is mentioned in the Bible as a wine, but with this single exception, the only material ever in use for a beverage in Palestine, in Bible times, was the juice of the grape.

common whiskey it is often over 50 per cent., and generally not much under that proportion. And yet, further, the small modicum of alcohol in these common wines was accompanied by a large percentage of the nutriment of the grape, whereas in our liquor if anything but water accompanies the alcohol it is more poisonous than nutritious. Taking into consideration that threefold difference, it is just as fallacious to justify the traffic in whiskey as carried on in our day and in our cities, from the traffic in wine as carried on in Nazareth in the days of Jesus Christ, as it would be to justify the abominations of American slavery from the modified and mild slavery permitted to Israel under the theocracy, or from the fact that Abraham owned slaves.* There is such a complete distance between the mild wines of Eastern countries, and the fiery liquors of the Western world, that it is altogether unfair to reason that because the Bible allows the former it would allow also the latter. Would we, therefore, argue for the importation of these mild wines, and the substitution of them for our alcoholic drinks. No, indeed; because, first, these mild wines are suited for these climates, not for ours; second, they could not be exported and carried any distance without spoiling, unless alcohol was added; and, third, our liquor-drinkers would not be content with them, but would with their vitiated tastes cry out, as drunkards do in eastern countries, for additional strength, till they become what our wines now are,—a decoction of alcohol flavoured with the juice of the grape.

* The contrast between the juice of the grape as a beverage, even when fermented, and alcohol from grain, is shown by Mr. Lunier in observations communicated to the *Académie de Médecine*. In his report he says that "The departments which consume most alcohol are those in which the vine is not cultivated. The contrast between different regions in this respect is very striking. Very little is consumed in any vine-growing district, even in that of Cognac itself. M. Lunier's conclusions, from the documents he has collected, corroborate those which are now generally recognized, that the prejudicial effect of spirits on the health of the population is far greater than that of wine. Sudden deaths, the consequence of drink, are most frequent in those departments in which spirit is drunk; they are rare where wine only is consumed. Cases of intoxication, sufficient to bring the drinker under the notice of the law, are also five times more frequent in the departments which consume much alcohol than in those in which wine is consumed. So, also, with respect to alcoholic delirium, the number of cases stands in almost direct relation to the amount of spirit consumed, and particularly to the amount of manufactured spirit which is taken. Vendée and Charente present the only exceptions to this rule, and there a large quantity of white wine is taken,—almost as dangerous in this respect as brandy.

But, further, our liquor traffic is crooked in

ITS ADULTERATIONS.

Let us suppose that we are not able to convince our reader that any difference exists between the juice of the grape and distilled liquors, and that, therefore, the approval by the Bible of a kind of drink called *Wine*, vindicates also a kind of drink called *Whiskey*, let us suppose this, yet hereby is not our modern liquor traffic vindicated nor justified. Supposing that the common wine of Palestine (which for the sake of argument we allow to be fermented) and which contains three or four per cent. of alcohol with a large proportion of nutritious juice is just the same as whiskey which contains fifty per cent. of alcohol with nothing additional but water, let us, for argument's sake, allow them both to be the same, still, our liquor traffic is not yet on inassailable Scripture ground. Alcohol, it is true, is generally allowed to be the basis of all the drink sold in the Dominion under varied names and flavour and colour, such as wine, gin, rum, brandy—the basis of all is alcohol, but what is the superstructure? It is an undoubted fact, established by advertisements, as well as by chemical analysis, and its effects on the drinkers, that to the pure alcohol of our intoxicating drinks is added, by the manufacturer, by the wholesale dealer, and by the retailer, chemical ingredients so various and so poisonous that the traffic is to a large degree really and truly not a traffic even in alcohol but in deleterious *chemical compounds*. You see, reader, that we are getting further and still further from Bible drinks; and that it is, in the face of these facts, very ignorant or very wicked for any one to say that because Christ made and drank *wine*, whose properties we cannot strictly define, therefore, we are warranted to make, sell, drink, and license the stuff that forms, under the name of wine, whiskey, and brandy, the staple drink in all the bar-rooms of the Dominion.

But yet again our liquor traffic is bad in

ITS ADMINISTRATION.

Let us suppose that the liquor traffic, such as we have described it, is a necessary institution in this land; let us suppose that men must have this alcohol, or these chemical compounds; then, on the common admission of their advocates that such drinks are not to be tampered with, on this admission it is dangerous and bad to have the traffic in the hands of men who keep houses of public entertainment. If these drinks create intoxication, if the craving for them becomes an insatiable appetite, if undue drinking is created by sociality, if the use of them should be regulated as a man regulates doses of strong opiates such as opium, and laudanum; if all these things are so, then, the very first place where these drinks should be forbidden is the "public house," or tavern. In the "public house," as the name implies, crowds meet as they travel; there they are away from the restraints of home and friends; there, if at all, money is ready to hand as men go to market to buy, or return, having sold. In these places, therefore, first of all, drink should be forbidden. But it is a notorious fact that it is in these public resorts the most of the drunkenness is carried on, that it is in the public houses the young are initiated into drinking habits, and that there begins mostly all the cases of drunkenness that come up for judgment. So strongly indeed has this fact been felt that it has been for some time a law in the Dominion that on days of public elections no liquor can be sold in places of public resort. What has been the effect of this limited prohibition? The effect has been to introduce order and sobriety instead of riot and drunkenness that were wont to disgrace election days when bars were open. Bad though the stuff be that is drunk among us, bad in its foundation and adulteration, it would not be half as bad in its effects were the sale of it only forbidden in all places where men congregate, as is now the case in the waiting-rooms of our Legislative halls and in Legislative halls in Washington.

But to fill up and complete the indictment against our liquor traffic we assert lastly that it is bad in

ITS APPLICATION.

There are many compounds dispensed by the druggist that are dangerous to dally with, but which, for all that, are beneficial in their applications. There are probably cases in which alcohol is a good medicine, though even that is now denied by physicians of high standing; but in its common popular applications it has been proved by arguments written in tears and blood, to be a snare and a delusion. In every single instance in which it has been relied on for anything good or useful it has been found a deceitful reed, breaking and piercing the hand of him that leaned on it.

1. Has it been called on to impart health and vigour to the body? Listen to the report of several hundred physicians in Britain as given to a Committee of the British House of Commons:—

“Intoxicating drinks are *never* necessary to men in health, but, on the contrary, are *always* hurtful; that they are in fact poisonous, like opium, arsenic, nux vomica, prussic acid and other substances which God has given to be used in small quantities for medical purposes, and which, if so used, may be productive of wholesome results, but which it would be preposterous to think of using as a beverage.”

2. Has alcohol been relied on to cheer the heart and enlarge its sympathies? Listen to the experience of Charles Lamb:—

“The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my de-olition and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is, when he shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with the last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feeb'or outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.” *

* The popular opinion that the man who gives way to alcoholism, may be coarse, and rough, and selfish at times, but that he is “a good fellow at bottom,” is a shallow judgment, reminding us of one of Archbishop Whately's stories about a gentleman who was riding in a remote Devonshire lane, and seeing a swampy-looking place before him, called out to a rustic who was near, “I say mister, is there a good firm bottom here?” “Oh, yeas, sir, that there be.” He rode on, and soon plunged up to the horse's girths. “Hilloa, you rascal! didn't you tell me there was a good firm bottom?” “So; there be, sir, when you comes to it; but you beant half ways to the bottom yet!” It takes long sounding poles to get to the “bottom goodness” that is nourished and cherished by strong drink.

3. Is the traffic in liquor resorted to and defended as a respectable calling to afford men and their families "a means of living"? It is a respectable and rapid "means of dying." So notorious is the mortality among the men engaged in the liquor traffic in Britain that several life assurance Societies, and notably the Scottish Widow's Fund have resolved not to entertain the proposals of publicans on any terms whatever. "I have lately," says Rev. Dr. Taylor, of New York, "gone over in my mind the histories of all the spirit-dealers who were in a provincial town in Scotland of about 20,000 inhabitants, some ten years ago, and, so far as I can remember them, there are only three or four of the whole number who have not, themselves or their wives, or their sons or their daughters, fallen under the curse of strong drink."

4. Does our Dominion look to it for a source of revenue? "On this point we are very much in the position of a certain rich nobleman in Great Britain who died a few years ago, who was very particular in looking after little things, and was penurious in regard to small sums of money. One day in driving he accidentally dropped a shilling down the slit of the carriage window; he at once drove round to his coach-maker and asked that the shilling be taken out for him. A few days after he received from the coach-maker a bill to this effect: 'To extracting coin from the slit of the carriage window, five shillings.' That was a poor financial transaction. But that is just what, as a people, we are doing in sanctioning the liquor traffic. We are paying five shillings in order to get one shilling. Nay, worse than that, we are paying *forty-one millions* in order to raise a revenue of *five millions*. And what return does the traffic yield us for this vast outlay? You see the return in the indolence, irreligion, profanity, quarrels, fights, murders, suicides, with which our daily papers are almost constantly filled. You have it in the broken hearts, impoverished homes, diseased bodies and lost souls of which the world never hears." *

* We are indebted for this anecdote, with its application, to a forcible pamphlet on the liquor traffic from the pen of the Rev. Mr. McKay, Baltimore, which contains stout facts and strong arguments in favour of the abolition of the traffic in strong drink.

This traffic, instead of being a source of strength and wealth and weal to the country is from its monetary and political influence a source of utmost peril. In Britain, quite recently, a high Government authority has stated that one hundred and seventeen millions sterling were invested in the traffic, and that nine hundred thousand persons were engaged in its prosecution. So great was its monetary power that in certain cases it had overawed ministers and kirk-sessions, and by its political power it largely controlled municipal elections, and had in a great measure contributed to the overthrow of one Government and to the setting up of another more in accord and with its interests.

So imminent is the peril indeed from the very universality of the traffic that we find Bailie Lewis, of Edinburgh, in a recent lecture uttering the following words, very significant as coming from a man of his standing and ability: "If the drink curse of Britain be not removed in mercy, it will ere long be removed in judgment. Already the elements of a mighty revolution lie ready to the hands of the Almighty. Millions of working men all over the kingdom amid privation and suffering, are restless and dissatisfied with the arrangements between capital and labour. Millions more, the victims of the drink curse, are divested of all sense of law and order, and seem prepared for any emergency. Millions more of widows and orphans, the innocent victims of the traffic, are pouring their ceaseless prayer into the ear of Him who has promised to hear the cry of the destitute and oppressed, and avenge the wrongs to which they have been so long subjected."

Here is, therefore, as crooked a business as ever was in the world. An old missionary tells us that the Hindoos have a saying among them to the effect "That though we should soak a dog's tail seven days in oil and bind it with seven splints, it still will retain its crooked inclinations." This is the character of our traffic in strong drink. It has been soaked in the oil of mistaken Christian charity, and we are sure it has been bound with legal splints twice seven times, and yet it is to-day as crooked as before. It is crooked

under every aspect and in relation to every useful function. It is a traffic which is bad in its beginning, bad in its progress and bad in its issue. Its foundation is bad, its adulterations make it worse, the persons and places where it is administered intensifies the evil, and its total failure in all its applications settles its character in the opinion of people whose judgment is not biased by interest or prejudice. What is to be done with such a traffic? Shall we continue the futile attempts to regulate, restrict and guide it by a system of government license? It would be as sensible a question to ask shall we tame the wild ass? "whose house is the wilderness and the salt places his dwelling, who scorneth the multitude of the city, nor regardeth the crying of the driver." It would be as feasible a project to harness the unicorn. "Will he harrow the valleys after thee? Will thou believe that he will bring home thy seed and gather it into thy barn?" It would be as likely a business to subdue the Leviathan whose "heart is as firm as a stone, yea as hard as a piece of nether millstone: which esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. Will he make a covenant with thee? wilt thou take him for a servant for ever?"

Living Preachers.

MARY ANOINTING JESUS.

BY THE REV. C. DUFF, M.A., SPEEDSIDE, ONT.

Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head as he sat at meat. But when his disciples saw it, they had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor. When Jesus understood it, he said unto them, Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me. For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial. Verily, I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.—Matt. xxvi. 6-13.

WHAT deed is this which must henceforth "be told, wheresoever the gospel of Jesus Christ shall be preached in the whole world?" What merely human action is this which is to stand side by side in deathless fame with that "Name which is above every name?" What are the circumstances under which it was

performed; and what the inspiring causes which produced it in a frail, sinful mortal? It does not take place in Rome, the world's capitol, by the Emperor on the throne, by the statesman in the senate, or by the crested warrior in the tented field; by orator, poet, or philosopher; not in Jerusalem, within the precincts of the sacred Temple, by priest or by "leader of the Jews;" neither in the marts of trade nor in the wakes of commerce; in crowded thoroughfare nor amid rugged wilds of barrenness. It occurs in the quiet little vilage of Bethany, in the house of a "leper," by a woman of humble life.

After raising Lazarus from the dead Jesus retired to a city in the wilderness called Ephraim, situated a few miles west of Jericho: John. xi. 54. From this place he is passing on his way to Jerusalem to attend the feast of the Passover. Bethany lying on his route, and all having quieted down since the raising of Lazarus, can he do other than tarry awhile with his friends there to afford the opportunity of a final affectionate interview ere the tragic events transpire which await him on his coming visit to the Holy City?

How, or at what time of day he comes to Bethany we are not told; "he walks no more openly." He does not go, even as has been his wont, to the house of Mary and Martha; the least unusual stir about it might create suspicion of his presence. But a few days (John says "six," Matthew and Mark "two") before the passover we find him in the "house of Simon, the leper," (Matt. xxvi. 6.)

There is, however, evidently no sign of *jealousy* on the part of any of his friends as to the abode which he has chosen in which to meet them. All are satisfied to see, to eat with, to hear and to serve the blessed Master. His *presence*, and not the circumstances of its place, is that which fills their hearts and occupies their being. His comfort and convenience they are glad to consult rather than their own. And probably out of anxiety to minister to him, "There they make him a supper," (John xii. 2.)

How much of genuine Christianity has been developed around the social board in the hallowed retirement of the Christian household! The life of Paul, as that of Jesus, would be dismantled of half its power, were the associations of its cherished sanctities stricken from the inspired record. And to sup with Jesus and Jesus with them, on the present occasion, was no doubt deemed by the divine Guest, if not by his hosts themselves, a final and never-to-be-repeated event. He had plainly made it known, while yet in Galilee, that he "must go up to Jerusalem and

suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed and raised again the third day," (Matt. xvi. 21.) And on the very date of the event under consideration, Jesus said to his disciples, "the Son of man is betrayed to be crucified" (Matt. xxvi. 1, 2.) These declarations with the known desire of Jesus for retirement from public observation, necessarily throw over the hallowed company at "Simon's house" a darker shade of foreboding and reflection than is even usual to this circle of sacred friendship. The very social atmosphere is surcharged with a consciousness of terrible commotion and conflict. The spiritual instinct of loving friends, and the intuitions of consecrated womanhood, need not the utterance of words to teach them something of the portent of that gathering sadness which is to burst forth so soon in the agony of the Garden and the Cross.

Into the countenances of at least *four* of the disciples, one naturally feels desirous of looking: that of the impetuous, yet true-hearted, Peter; that of the divinely insighted and beloved John; that of the naturally doubting and astute minded Thomas; and, finally, that of the evenly balanced and practically minded James. With what curious eye Thomas looks at Simon and Lazarus? How complacently John beholds both them and Jesus? And how, so diverse in disposition and temperament, Peter and James alike admire the active, busy, and practical Martha?

Eating at this board is the merest thing of necessity and compliment. Each takes what he needs, but in such a manner as will least interrupt the deep, darkly flowing current of thought and emotion which is tiding through every faculty of that company's being. The past, the present, and the future occupy them.

Under these circumstances, would the nation interest them as a subject of conversation? It would, but for the fact that to all save One, it is as yet a subject of darkness and mystery; for, here is its Messiah and King hiding from the Jews, having "not where to lay his head," and on his way to be crucified. Would the temple? Yea, verily; but here in their very midst, is that Temple of humanity in which, more than in that temple of stone which crowns the brow of Mount Moriah, absolutely all nations are to meet with God and have access to him. Literal nation and temple are but types of that "multitude which no man can number," (Rev. vii. 9,) and of that *divine presence* (1 Kings viii. 12, 13) into which its tribes of every kindred and nation and tongue shall eventually be drawn, (John xii. 32.) Could we by any possibility of imagination bring the event to our own times (and we can its moral truth,) would party

politics as they now exist, "Church and State," the race for denominational aggrandizement; still less would stocks, or bonds, or gold, fashion or fame, woman's gossip, or man's garrulity be apt to occupy them in such a presence? It is not difficult to give the answer. Every thing in its proper place and time. Other themes best befit farewell, private, social gatherings marked with such heaviness of atmosphere and portentous of so much coming gloom. Such a circle, however with Jesus in their midst shall in no way prove inimical to any legitimate department of human occupation, secular or sacred. Jesus and his friends are touching evil at the core; men begin reforms on the outward, Christ, on the inward; men, with the nation and the mass, Christ, with the individual and the family.

The guests who are here met in the house of Simon to express their love to their divine Guest, are all the subjects of his individual and personal favours. Even Martha has been the subject of his educating and tender rebuke, as well as of the benefit of her brother's resurrection. Simon has been cured of leprosy; Lazarus has been raised from the tomb, having been buried four days; and she who is the most humble and the most honoured of the number has received untold good at the Saviour's feet. Nothing is reported of their conversation; deeds more than words are emphasized by the New Testament. Probably as yet no conversation has taken place but such as is necessary for the bare courtesies of the hour. He who has done them so much good by word and deed, and all men as he has had opportunity, is pale and sad and silent. He who spake as never man spake is hushed and sombre. Judas, an exceptional character, is occupied with thoughts of gain and the cash value of things. Whereas, she who, on another occasion modestly waited till the Master called for her, is now drinking all her heart can gather from the mien and countenance of him she so deeply and tenderly loves. And thus in heart, if not in physical position, she stands, of the whole company, nearest to Jesus, and at the moral and spiritual antipodes of him who "is a thief and carries the bag" (John xii. 6.) Her thought and emotion have deepened as the time passed by which she has spent in her Master's presence. "Here," she has pondered, "is the man of all others who has done good unto all men. He has sought *men*, and not their substance. He has brought life and immortality to them by the Gospel (2 Tim. i. 10.) He is greater than Abraham, than Moses, than David or any of the prophets. He has condescended to teach even *me*. He has often been a guest at our humble family board. He raised our

brother to life. He has wept with us in our grief and has pitied and enlightened us in our ignorance; he it is who has filled all my heart with joy and heaven. And yet he is on his way to betrayal and crucifixion."

And Mary's heart is too full for utterance. Language is bald and insufficient, deeds—noble deeds—only serve as channels for the on-flowing tide of gratitude, adoration and service which now o'erfloods her soul. What single offering will be sufficient for an outlet? What service can adequately vent the ocean of thought and emotion which now heaves and tosses her breast for expression?

In tolerably well-to-do circumstances, she is the possessor of an alabaster box of very precious ointment (Matt. xxvi. 7) "Spikenard" (Mark xiv. 3), "a pound weight" "very costly" (John xii. 3). This, her choicest treasure, suitable to the occasion, she takes and pours upon his head, (Matt. xxvi. 7), and anoints his feet and wipes them with her hair, and the house is filled with the odor of the ointment, (John xii. 3).

As *worship*, Mary's act is humble, reverent, devout; not a stereotyped form, but a beautiful, generous and costly offering. In the language of Pressense, "It is neither Romanism, on the one hand, nor Puritanism on the other." It covers not the Saviour in formal drapery nor leaves him naked of the garments of beauty, costliness and sweet perfume. It recognises, too, the worship of the fathers—the anointing of the head with oil (Ps. xxiii. 5), and "the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments," (Ps. cxxxiii. 2). As adoration, it is spontaneous, complete. There is no thought of reserve; the box is broken, the costly oil is all poured upon the Saviour and all her heart with it is poured out.

Then, as now, such an act was variously viewed and estimated; and being essentially in an atmosphere of freedom, it was exposed to criticism. Paul subsequently declared to the Corinthians (2 Cor. iii. 17) that the Spirit which gives life is the Lord himself; and "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." He had certainly sufficient ground for the assertion in the event before us. The Lord is in the bosom of the disciple family. Mary is perfectly unrestrained to follow the hallowed impulses of her deep devotion. Judas is as perfectly unrestrained to express his indignant, penurious spirit at the costliness and method of the act. And whoever will is at as perfect liberty to follow even his evil and contagious example in finding fault. Decided and plausible in his opinion, he probably influences the whole eleven (John says "Judas," Mark, "some," and Matthew, "they," the disciples). Like many another evil-

minded and shortsighted person, he "destroys much good," either on account of ignorance or the contagion of a bad example, or which best accords with his character, on account of feeding on the evil which it spreads. Yet Jesus does not check him! He is allowed to finish his statement. He fully expresses his view of the matter. It even amounts to an accusation of wasting what belongs by right to the poor; and the Master knowing all the time the dark purpose of this leader in evil.

Where Christ is in the midst of his people, it can well be afforded to let deep rooted alienation and sin fully manifest themselves, and fully exert their baneful influences. The true hearted will spring back to their right position, like the bow unstrung, when they hear their Shepherd's voice.

In the market, Mary's offering is worth 300 pence; anointing the head and feet of Jesus as an expression of devout affection for and gratitude to him for what he has done for her, her family, her country and the world, who shall estimate its value? It may befit the young man in the gospel, to sell all that he has and give it to the poor; but what is the duty of one is not the duty of all, in the vineyard of the Lord. And one, without injury, may not interfere with the plain and hearty dictates of an affectionate sense of duty in another. Even Ananias and Sapphira are not *compelled* to take what is their own and lay it at the Apostle's feet. They have the course of keeping, and using it according to their individual sense of duty, or of bringing it and putting it into the common lot. This very freedom in the presence of the Lord, strikes concealment and deception dead. Mary did what she did with all her heart and held nothing back. They, like Judas, were robbers of God and they met a similar fate.

Civil laws to tax God's people, and bonds of restraint on thought and action in the Church of Christ, find no countenance here. Where the devout heart is left to its own promptings, the deceiver and the thief are taken in their own net—they become the victims of their own folly.

Seeing what awaits Judas, doubtless, the Lord is mild and patient with him:—"I shall soon be away, but the poor will remain. Besides 'in that she hath poured this ointment on my body she hath done it for my burial' (Matt. xxvi. 12). Even you, Judas, do not count the cost or regard as belonging to the poor that which affection lavishes upon the dead. Then, my value to men is in my death as least as much as in my life; and she is honouring my burial by pouring out her heart in appre-

ciation of my deepest humiliation. And though you see not the beauty, or appropriateness, or value of this act, ' verily, I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall this that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.' "

Legitimate fruit of the gospel, it shall evermore be associated with it, as the grape is associated with the vine, the effect with the cause. Love producing love ; the love of God bringing forth its own likeness in wayward fallen humanity ! I am glad this fruit is here, in such a distinguished manner, represented in the character of a woman. Our mother in the garden did not seem to be drawn so much upward as downward, not so much Godward as earthward and lower ; but in the redemption age it is womanhood that rises first and climbs highest. Man is short-sighted, avaricious, cold and dull, in the presence of the divine disclosures of gospel light and mercy ; and it is left for woman to sight the riches of rarest faith in Jesus, and seize unbidden, unprompted, with singleness of purpose, and dauntless enthusiasm, the choicest fruit of the tree of Life ! How reversed ! Eve, the forerunner of humanity, fallen and depraved ! Mary of Bethany, the earnest of humanity, renovated, sanctified ! In Adam humanity dies ; in Christ it lives !

Poetry.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

Go work to-day ! the fields are white to view,
 The harvest truly great, the labourers few ;
 To you the call is given, reapers obey !
 Work mightily, while yet 'tis called to-day !
 For night approacheth when no man can work,
 And sin and vice do in the darkness lurk.
 The fields are many, and the world is wide ;
 O'er trackless forests, deserts, stormy tide,
 Proclaim THAT LOVE which makes all mankind kin,
 And saves the soul though steeped in direst sin ;
 Which frees the captive, gladdens the opprest,
 And leads the erring to the Saviour's breast ;
 Where pardoning mercy, love, and joy are given,
 To make this earth a sweet foretaste of heaven !—*J. Imrie.*

A LETTER.

I've been thinking of you, Mother,
Though the while my lips were dumb,
Thinking that you know so little
Of the woman I've become.

When I left you, it was morning,
Blush of dawn was on my cheek;
Now the dust and toil of noonday
Check the words I fain would speak—

Words of love's full recognition
Of your faithful, earnest care,
And a knowledge of your patience
That goes with me everywhere.

When I left you, such a difference
Lay between your life and mine:
Old you seemed, and calm and quiet;
I, so full of youth's bright wine.

Now up to your soul's full stature
And your very thoughts I've grown,
As I listen, e'en my footstep
Seems an echo of your own.

Flash my worn and busy fingers
Like your hands before me cast;
And my voice, in song or laughter,
Seems a sound from the sweet past.

Ah! the years, like dropping water,
Wear and shape us every one;
Till we seem to be but strangers
To the selves of years ago.

Only memories of each other,
Like to memories of the dead,
These are all we have, my mother,
When the best has all been said.

Strange that such a world-wide distance
E'er should come between us two—
Twixt a mother and her darling,
Once so near—and yet 'tis true.

Years have crowded in between us,
Stretch of plain, and mountain swell,
And we have no heart communings,
Though in the same world we dwell.

Seems it not you might be nearer,
Were you in that other land,
Where we both must be, dear Mother,
E'er I clasp again your hand?

Salem, Oregon.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—*Song of Solomon ii. 17.*

UNTIL the day break and the shadows flee away,
 Guide of Pilgrims! Light of Earth! leave me not I pray;
 For the road is dark and dreary,
 And my feet are sore and weary,
 Friends and lovers from me straying;
 Through the darkness hear me praying.
 Jesus! tender Jesus! oh! leave me not, I pray,
 Until the day break and the shadows flee away.

Until the day break and the shadows flee away,
 Comforter and Counsellor! leave me not I pray;
 As the nights with sorrow lengthen,
 Be thou near to soothe and strengthen;
 As my griefs grow stronger, clearer,
 Draw Thou nearer still, and nearer.
 Jesus! tender Jesus! oh! watch with me, I pray,
 Until the day break and the shadows flee away.

Until the day break and the shadows flee away,
 Gentle Shepherd of my soul, oh! still near me stay;
 Till the doubting, fearing, straying,
 Feeble praise and trembling praying
 Till the weeping and the sighing,
 Till the mortal pain of dying

Is all over, past and over, and I hear Thee say:

"Waken! for the day has broke and shadows fled away!"

—*Lillie E. Barr.*

SPIRITUAL SCULPTURE.

FAR up on the mountains, a block of granite rests,
 The winds frolic over it, but ruffle not its breast;
 Aloft, in rugged roughness, it rests every hour,
 Not warmer in the sunshine, nor cooler in the shower,
 But now the miner comes, and with repeated blows,
 He drills a hole within the stone, and therein powder throws;
 Then with a blast so mighty, the mountain's made to rock,
 The granite's blown asunder and crushing falls the block.
 The miner saws and cuts it to a fashion of his own,
 Then bears to some great city this adamant stone.
 Here skilfully 'tis chiselled, and polished; till at length,
 Fresh forms of beauty lendeth new graces to its strength.
 And then the block is tackled, and rais'd into the air,
 As a crown stone to some monument, to honour genius fair.
 Thus, God our Heavenly Father doth deal with every son;
 He chisels hearts of granite that graces may be won.
 Our troubles are His tools, each stroke in love is given,
 To polish our rough natures, and perfect them for heaven.

—*The Homilist.*

Christian Thought.

JOSEPH COOK'S LECTURES ON BIOLOGY.*

BY REV. A. W. WILLIAMS.



ON opening this remarkable series of lectures on the "Science of Life," the reader is at once struck with the impression that he stands before a mail-clad warrior in the field of thought; one who can wield the mighty hammer of a Son of Thor in smiting to the earth every system of philosophy, and every theory of evolution or materialism which does not stand on the everlasting pillars of self-evident or axiomatic truth, and inductive reasoning. If ever a man was compelled to give a reason for the belief, or unbelief, that is in him, he will be when brought to the bar of common sense, and cross examined by this master of Aristotelian logic.

He brings before you Huxley, Tyndall, Bain and Hackel, the leaders of materialistic thought in England and Germany, and out of their own mouths convicts them of most absurd and violent self-contradiction. With keenest scalpel he lays bare the skeletons of their theories and exhibits their gross malformations. In the face of the public who sneer at the incompetency of the clergy because they have not made a specialty of scientific investigation, he defends his right, the right of every theologian, "the right of every mind, to look into the logic of whatever touches immortality, the soul, and all that is highest in human endeavour."

Given the facts of biological investigation, verified by the most elaborate and exhaustive study of specialists of diverse schools of philosophy, and every logician has then an equal right to examine, to criticize, and to judge the theories built up from those facts. As Mr. Cook says, "The scientific method existed before Bacon's time, and it had received its elaboration chiefly in the schools of theology. But, now, since Bacon's time, we hear the scientific method spoken of as if it never had a mother. We are told that religious science must borrow from physical science the scientific method. Religious science will not borrow what is her own. Aristotle affirms that it was in the search after moral truth that Socrates

* BOSTON MONDAY LECTURES. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. We extract this paper from "Christian Voices," which we are glad to welcome as an exchange from the city of Philadelphia. It is an excellent family monthly, in whose columns we are glad to see the Rev. David Winters a contributor.

discovered definition and induction. Theology demands in this age what she has demanded in every age, that we should be loyal to the scientific method. We must have definition; we must have induction; clear ideas and spiritual purposes conjoined are the only deadly intellectual weapons. Where a haughty attitude is assumed by physical science in the name of scientific method, all that religious science has to do is to show that she was the mother of that method, to adhere to it herself, and to hold to it, a little mercilessly, physical science also."

Accepting now as a fact—the nebular hypothesis, a part of the great evolution theory, which asserts that all the worlds were once in a gaseous state, we have this remarkable concession in Huxley's latest and most deliberate opinion, in his article "Biology," *Encyc. Brit.*; "If the hypothesis of evolution is true, living matter must have arisen from not-living matter; for by the hypothesis the condition of the globe was at one time such that living matter could not have existed in it, life being entirely incompatible with the gaseous state." But just here is the fathomless abyss between living matter and not-living matter which must be bridged over by spontaneous generation before this theory of evolution can be true. He stood on the verge of this chasm and gazed across and downwards till his head grew giddy; and yet, while lamenting the lack of eyesight which would enable him to peer into the dark distance whence he expected living matter to emerge from not-living matter, he ventured confidently to affirm spontaneous generation to be a fact; until, at last, driven by relentless criticism, he has confessed in that same last article on biology that "the present state of knowledge furnishes us with no link between the living and the not-living," that "at the present moment, there is not a shadow of trustworthy direct evidence that abiogenesis (or spontaneous generation) does take place, within the period during which the existence of the globe is recorded." Thus his theory of evolution falls into the grave that yawns at his feet, and he finally affirms that we can know absolutely nothing of the cause of life: but, from this last retreat of agnosticism, or know-nothingness, he with all that school of materialists, is now forced by the grandest, clearest arguments that modern philosophy has framed.

It is Mr. Cook's favourite expression often reiterated and enforced, that every change must have a sufficient cause. Men never can give up belief in causation.

As the result of the most recent microscopic investigations there is

found a glue-like, colourless, wholly structureless substance called bioplasm, a word far preferable to protoplasm as it is of distinctive signification, absolutely the same under every test that can be applied, which is universally present in every form of life, plants or trees, birds, beasts, fishes or men. Life invariably precedes organization, it precedes even bioplasm. These living masses, often very minute, possess the power of changing the nutrient matter brought them into living matter—tissue, nerve, brain or bone. As the bioplasm in the oyster builds up the shell as well as the body itself, so in the human form it weaves the tissues of the body, it forms the delicate nerves, the sensitive brain, the minute blood vessels—the whole material man. Silently it weaves without loom or shuttle the most delicate, mysterious, complex forms—itsself formless. From the first faintest beginning of life there is no mistake, no hesitation; one particle weaves the eagle, one [the lion, one the man. The whole plan must be known with the first throw of the shuttle; but what knows it? Who knows it? Who guides the work? Every change must have a sufficient cause. What then, is the cause of the movements, the skill, the wonders of bioplasm? and whence its power? [For certainly matter does not contain within itself “the power and the potency of all life;” or, if it does, who placed it there? Every form of life is in exact accord with its plan; the plan is the result of intelligence; that intelligence must be in a person; that person is God.

Having shown clearly, conclusively, that God is the source of all life, in several following chapters of great interest, and full of the latest microscopical researches into the mechanism of the human body, he proceeds to prove the existence of the human soul as distinct from all material substances.

Mind and matter are declared by the very attributes universally given them to be separated by the whole diameter of their being; so that it is simply absurd to talk as Professor Bain does, in “Mind and Body,” (p. 196) of “one substance with two sets of properties, two sides—the physical and the mental—a double-faced unity which would appear to comply with all the exigencies of the case.” In the name of Plato and Socrates, and Aristotle and Leibnitz, and Kant and Hamilton, Mr. Cook affirms that “two irreconcilably antagonistic sets of attributes must belong to two substances.” “This proposition is as venerable as the sword Excalibur defeated of King Arthur. With it materialism of the older forms has been on many a Waterloo of philosophy; with it materialism in its newest form has no battle but that which consists in flight from its deadly edge.”

Another argument of the immateriality the soul is derived from a field of investigation which to many will be entirely new; the division of the nervous system into automatic, and influential nerve arcs. The automatic nerve arcs are such as are stimulated from without and convey sensation to the brain. These nerves can be set in motion, also, by electricity, and made to produce very similar, or exactly equivalent results. The influential nerves are thus under the control of our will by which we can originate force, or motion, without any physical cause: AND THESE NERVES CAN NOT BE EXCITED TO ACTION BY ANY ELECTRICAL STIMULUS.

Their action, then, indicates the existence in man of an immaterial principle entirely distinct from the material organization; as the organist who fingers the key-board is neither the organ nor the music. The soul is the invisible musician who remains the same whatever the changes in the organ, or in the anthems that grandly roll through the arches of the magnificent cathedral.

In this soul is founded lofty aspirations, holy desires, deep pathetic longings after another and a brighter world, toward which it turns its gaze, as the birds turn to the sunny south from the first frosty winds of the northern seas. As God does not implant instinct in animals to deceive them, neither can we believe that he intends to disappoint us; hence we receive the gospel of salvation as true to our nature, and embrace with gratitude the revelation of a resurrection unto eternal life.

The book contains, also, a chapter on Emerson's belief in a personal immortality; and one on Ulrici's theory of a spiritual body identical with the material one in form, invisible, ethereal, not atomic, and hence indestructible, which passes from the body at death and is the home of the soul. But this theory is not a new one, for Swedenborg held it, and defended it, to the destruction of the generally accepted Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body at the last day; and we are disposed to call a halt from an enthusiastic following, for we feel as if here we were stepping off from the mountain peaks upon the thin air.

No brief review can do justice to this work, the freshest and most original, the clearest and most satisfactory, examination of the present state of biological science.

From the first page almost to the last, you feel that you are listening to a man who is thoroughly conversant with his subject; whose belief is a part of his very soul, and is so sharply defined that no cobwebs can remain in the brain of one who studies him.

Christian Life.

REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

BY REV. DAVID WINTERS, PHILADELPHIA.

WE have just finished reading the life of this distinguished man of God. We experienced some disappointment as we read its pages. It is not so full of interesting incidents as we had expected to find it. We do not think it does justice to so eminent a life. Some one has said that the best times to live in are the worst to read about. As few changes take place in them the materials out of which the historian has to construct his narrative do not afford enough variety to enliven his story. Perhaps, to some extent, at least, the same thing may be said of the lives of the best men. Notwithstanding, however, this critique upon the memoir before us, we would advise all who can command the time to read it. It consists of two parts—the first an autobiographical sketch, which occupies the first eighty pages of the book, and which, we think, is by far the most interesting portion of it. In it we have an account of the life of its author from his infancy to the period of his entering regularly upon his studies at the University of Glasgow.

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

William Arnot was born at Scone, in Scotland, on the 6th of November, 1808. He was the youngest of seven children. His mother died when he was born. She was a woman of faith, who loved the Bible, and walked with God. He says the most characteristic note which has reached him of her habits is this: "When employed in spinning she was wont to have her Testament lying open upon the body or framework of the wheel, within sight, and would catch a verse from time to time without interrupting her toil. 'Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'" After reading this note we are not surprised at finding him writing thus, "I believe I have gotten blessings unnumbered all my life, in answer to my mother's prayers. 'I never saw my mother, but I know that such a mother would, when her flesh and heart were failing, cast her helpless infant on an almighty arm.

Being the baby of the family, William seems to have been made a pet of, if not a little spoiled. On account of a habit of whining and mak-

ing complaints, which was a strongly developed feature of his childhood, the older children "made quite a business of vexing" him; "and when challenged for it, deliberately told that they did it to hear him complaining." "When my father returned after a day's absence," says he, "there was generally a regular court held, and the causes pleaded in due order. I always appeared as a principal. Very frequently the deliverance was, 'I see Will never meddles with any of you until-you meddle with him.'" A famous trial his father often used to relate for the entertainment of his friends when they visited him. One after another entered his complaint and related his grievances. Every one bore hard against Will. He remained silent till all had made their accusations. When all had given their testimony, "and the case for the prosecution was closed," his father turned to him, and said, "Well, Will, what have you to say to all this?" He replied, with the most "martyr-like simplicity," by repeating the words, "Blessed are ye when all men shall revile you and persecute you." This piece of wit, though it involved a grave misuse of Scripture, brought the accused off victorious.

At seven years of age he was sent to the nearest parish school, at which he remained for some time, till the health of the master failing and rendering him incompetent to discharge properly the duties of his office to his pupils, Mr. Arnot thought it best to send his son to another school at a greater distance from home. He pursued for some years the elementary studies usually taken up in country schools. On becoming big enough to be useful at home he was taken from school, during the summer of each year, and employed in taking care of his father's cattle, but in the winter months he returned to his studies.

At the age of fourteen years his father decided that he was too old to be kept longer at the employment of a herd-boy. He was forthwith sent to a school at Perth, in which he made considerable progress in penmanship and "counting." His course of study here was cut short by a severe illness, from the effects of which he did not recover for a considerable period. He was sent to live with a farmer, a cousin of his father. In his employment, with kind attention and not over work, his health was thoroughly restored.

At the age of sixteen years he returned to his father's house, and soon after became an apprentice to learn the trade of a gardener. To this his father was not at first favourable, as he wished him to take up a more remunerative profession. Indeed, he wished to educate him for the law. For this calling William had no liking. His choice of a trade

appears to have been determined, to some extent, if not wholly, by his love of nature and his fondness for exercise in the open air. In this employment he continued regularly till he completed his apprenticeship, in the year 1828.

RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

About these we have but very meagre information. He informs us that he had himself but an indistinct recollection of them. At an early date the prayers and the reading of the Scripture in the parish school made a good impression upon his mind. "I am sure of this," he says, "that the influence of prayer and the Bible at school was good. I never experienced dislike to the Bible because it was a lesson-book. The whole tendency of its use on my mind was in favour of a right religious impression."* This is a testimony worth bearing in mind in these times, when such powerful opposition is being made to the reading of the Bible in our common schools.

The next account we have of his religious convictions occurs in connection with the sickness already alluded to. For some days the family was apprehensive for his life. In an interval of consciousness, when they thought he was insensible, his father said to some one in his hearing, that Will had always been attentive to the Bible and his duties. This he remarked by way of comfort to himself in case the youth would not recover. That remark brought before his own mind very vividly how unfit he was to die. "If I had heard," says he, "some one charging me with my sins at that moment, it would not have brought such a conviction to my conscience as the laudatory remark of my kind father. Very distinctly did I perceive that his good opinion depended on his not knowing my heart. I knew that in God's sight the sentence would be different." Farther on he says, in this connection, "The great ruling event of my youth—the event which, by sovereign wisdom, was made the pivot on which my life and character turned, was the long illness and death of my brother." He had often talked with his brother about devoting himself to the ministry. In this he always encouraged him; but during the latter part of

*Very cheerfully, and in all humility, in connection with such a name as Mr. Arnot's, does the Editor bear similar testimony to his indebtedness for a knowledge of the English Bible to the time-honoured practice in the Scotch Parish Schools of causing the pupils to peruse with unflinching step the grand old Hebrew Classic from Genesis to Malachi, and from Matthew to Revelation. Lessons on "Chemistry," "Introductions to the Sciences," have been of little account in the stern battle of life, but Joseph and his brethren, David and Saul, Daniel and the tyrants of Babylon, Jesus and His miracles, Paul and his heroic speeches—these stories read verse about loudly and distinctly seem still in one's ears.—Ed. C.C.M.

his illness he seriously advised him. "Nothing, however, was determined until the purpose ripened in the sad solitude immediately after his departure. The purpose, at least the final and effective resolution, may be said to be a fruit that sprang from his grave."

HIS EDUCATION.

Mr. Arnot had serious difficulties to encounter in obtaining the necessary education for entering upon the ministry in the Church of Scotland, and bravely did he surmount them. When about seventeen years of age he began the study of languages. This he kept up, at intervals, in his spare moments, till the termination of his apprenticeship. Most of the time he had to prosecute his studies without any one to aid him. But difficulties had to yield to his indomitable perseverance. Starting from home at half-past five in the morning, he sauntered slowly along to his place of employment, conning his lessons all the way. At the meal hours, and in the evenings, he always managed to accomplish a little study. Even during the hours of labour he contrived to learn a "conjugation," or a rule of syntax without interfering with his work. He carried his elementary books of Latin or Greek in his pocket, and during the moments of rest he snatched them out, "ran over a tense or a portion of whatever might be in hand," and put the book into his pocket again when it was time to move on with the rest of the men. When his time of service expired in November, 1828, with a mind panting for expansion, he devoted himself regularly to his studies, with the aid of a teacher, and in October of the following year we find him a matriculated student of the University of Glasgow. Although he won a number of prizes at the University, he did not attain to very high distinction as a student. This is easily accounted for. All through his college life he had to teach several hours every day in order to earn the means of subsistence. This was a heavy tax upon his time, and placed him under a great disadvantage in competing with young men who could give their entire attention to the regular work of their classes. In popularity, however, no student excelled him. His genial temperament made him the favourite of all who became acquainted with him. This was an important element of his power and success all through life.

LICENSURE AND MINISTRY.

On the 4th of October, 1837, the Presbytery of Glasgow licensed Mr. Arnot to preach the Gospel. This was the beginning of a ministry

of thirty-six years, filled up with faithful work for Christ, and distinguished by great usefulness. He spent the first year after his licensure as assistant to Rev. John Bonar, then minister of the united parishes of Larbert and Dunipace. Here he soon became a favourite with both the minister and the people of his charge. Before the close of the year he received, and accepted, a unanimous call to the pastorate of St. Peter's, Glasgow. He entered upon the duties of this new and important sphere of labour on the first Sabbath of January, 1839, and continued there in faithfulness, with great acceptance, and with blessed results, for more than twenty years, although many a tempting inducement was held out to him to remove to other fields of usefulness. Few pastors were ever more beloved by their people, and few seem to have been more deserving of the love and confidence of the members of their flock.

At the time of the Disruption in the Established Church of Scotland Mr. Arnot was comparatively young in the ministry. He did not take any prominent part, as a leader, in the discussions which prepared the way for that important event in the religious history of Scotland. But, when the separation took place, he and his people cast in their lot with the Free Church party. For some time they were allowed to occupy their old church edifice, by paying a rent for it; but they were finally ejected from it. He, in addition to this regular parish work, did valuable service for the Free Church in different parts of Scotland. In the spring of 1845 he was sent on a mission to Canada. During a visit of a few months he preached in many places, strengthened and encouraged his brethren, and formed friendships which were kept up till the end of his earthly sojourn. At the same time he made his first visit to the United States. Familiarity with the published productions of his fruitful mind made his name fragrant with affection in both countries, so that his visits to them in after years were hailed with unbounded joy by thousands.

In 1863 he was translated from the pastorate of Free St. Peter's, Glasgow, to that of the Free High Church of Edinburgh, where he laboured with great success to the close of his life.

SPECIAL CAUSES IN WHICH HE TOOK DEEP INTEREST.

While a student at the University he took deep interest in the discussions which then agitated Britain on the subject of the abolition of negro slavery. All through his ministry he did excellent and untiring service in the interests of Sabbath school work. He was also a fearless champion of the temperance cause till the last, although he got many a

hard rap from some of his brethren in the ministry and from the public journals for the decided stand which he took against the use of wine at installation dinners. He uniformly declined invitations to public dinners at which wine was to be used. He lectured, preached, and wrote in the interests of total abstinence.

PREFERMENTS OFFERED AND DECLINED.

He was repeatedly urged to accept a professorship in the Presbyterian College in Toronto, Canada. He was also solicited, and pressed by the most urgent appeals, to become Principal of the English Presbyterian College in London. Towards each of these he was favourably inclined; but neither the people of his charge, nor his Presbytery would consent to his release from his pastoral relations.

We have often heard the question asked, "How did it happen that a man so eminent for talents and learning never obtained a degree in divinity?" The answer is: he would not consent to be dubbed Doctor of Divinity. He did not believe in useless appendages to his name, and positively declined them—first from the University of Glasgow, and, afterwards, from the University of New York—notwithstanding that in the latter instance the degree of D.D. had actually been conferred upon him.

FAILING HEALTH AND DEATH.

During the spring of 1875 he found his strength rapidly waning. In declining requests made to him from various quarters to preach or lecture, he said, "I feel my strength leaking out." He was engaged in the active duties of his calling until within two weeks of his death. His mind retained its strength and clearness till the very last moment of his earthly existence. One the morning of the 3rd of June he passed away to his rest, gently as an infant falling asleep. So ended a most lovely and beneficent life. The spot where his dust now lies is marked by a monument, erected jointly by the two congregations among whom he he lived and laboured for so many years. It bears the following inscription:—"William Arnot, Born at Scone, 6th November, 1808; Died at Edinburgh, 3rd June, 1875. 'He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.'"

Christian Work.



HE position of the earth to-day is like a stage on which there is a pause in the progress of the drama to allow the stage to be changed for a new scene.

A new Pope ascends the chair of the Vatican with a flourish of trumpets, before the multitude, but with jealousy, chagrin, triumph and vexation among the cardinals behind the scene. It is plain that one step more must be taken to make the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope consistent. If the Pope is infallible ought he not to be entrusted with the duty of electing his own successor? If this was the rule then no doubt the late Pope would have named as his successor one who would continue his policy, and the idea of infallibility would be complete. Otherwise, it is not, for the cardinals may have in the person of the present Pope put in the papal chair a man who may reverse the policy of Pio Nono, and where is infallibility? It is an essential part of despotism to name its successor, and so infallibility, its twin sister, to be consistent, ought to claim this privilege.

The Turks are conquered. The waters of the Euphrates are about to retire from the continent of Europe and to flow henceforth with diminishing force. The vast plains of Bulgaria will open to the "sower that goes out to sow seed."

Africa has now, as Stanley's Arabs said, "a hole pierced through," by which we trust the cross of civilization can enter in. Such are the circumstances in which we invite our readers around the quiet of our own beloved and peaceful Dominion to take a rapid survey of mission-work.

TURKEY.

The work of the American Board in the Ottoman Empire, when considered in bulk, is really very extensive. The missions of the Board have been more successful than those of all other societies combined. There are in all 255 stations and out-stations, ninety-four churches, 5,855 members, and 11,786 pupils in schools.

The American Methodist Missionary Society reports that their work in Bulgaria has been seriously interrupted by the war. The foreign missionaries are all necessarily absent from the field. In some cases entire

congregations, it is feared, have been slaughtered. In other places the congregations were never so large as now, because of the attendance of refugees from other parts. The work was never in so prosperous a condition as it was at the outbreak of the war. The society hopes to be able to prosecute its labours vigorously in the near future. Russian intolerance is not feared, as Russia is believed to be mainly intolerant toward Roman Catholics in that country, and there is no probability that, if victorious, Russia would attempt to administer the government in Bulgaria. The *New York Independent*, referring to this mission, says: "No other nationality in the Turkish Empire is making such advance as the Bulgarian. The missionaries of the American Board south of the Balkans have separated their converts from the old Church. Those of the Methodist Board north of the Balkans have pursued the contrary policy. They have their separate worship and ordinances, but they do not call themselves Protestants and withdraw from the Bulgarian Church. If with the Bulgarians their Church is but their nationality. They care nothing, as a church, for religion. Their bishops are appointed not for their religious character, but for their political influence, and he who withdraws from the Bulgarian Church is regarded not as a religious heretic, but as a traitor to his nationality. The policy of the Methodist Mission has certainly been successful in influencing not merely their own converts, but the Church, which is glad of its educational influence; and we think it is a question deserving serious consideration whether the missionaries of the American Board ought not to reverse their policy."

CENTRAL ASIA.

The Moravian missionary at Poo writes as follows: "In January a kushog came here from the villages down the river. A kushog is a man who, according to Buddhist notions, has been born again, a second time, in human form; that is to say, whose soul, on account of his good works in a previous existence, for the second time inhabits a human body. He is, therefore, held in high veneration. To this man old and young went to perform 'angshuwa,' that is, to ask of him power to be preserved from the influence of bad spirits, and to live a long life. Thereupon the priest made an 'Ang-kurwa,' that is, he read prayers, poured holy water on the heads of the suppliants, gave pills to be swallowed and amulets to be worn by them. For these his good offices he received in Poo alone 200 rupees, and valuable gifts in woolen cloth, sheep, goats, butter, etc. An-

other kushog from Tibet followed in the autumn, and offered to remain through the winter for the benefit of Poo and its people. When the measles broke out, and he was called upon to cure one of our elder school-girls, he boldly promised by incantations to drive out the illness. On his invitation several lamas appeared and commenced a religious ceremony, the object of which was to drive the evil spirit out of the girl and into the kushog. The man of second birth was soon apparently seized with delirium, on recovering from which he gave the sick girl a kick in her neck, assuring her that she would now be restored to health, and that no one else would be attacked by the epidemic. In spite of all this the girl died two days afterwards, as did also two other patients whom he had pretended to cure in the same manner. These deaths inspired the people of Poo with much distrust of the kushog's treatment of the sick; they had recourse to me, and it pleased God to bless the simple means which I administered, directing the patient to Him in whose name I laboured among them; not one of the sick entrusted to my care succumbed. Now there is great indignation manifested towards their kushog, as they see they have been imposed upon by him, and they purpose sending him away as soon as the roads are passable."

BURMAH.

The Rev. Mr. Cushing, of Bhamo, Burmah, of the American Baptist Mission, has been doing for the Ka-Khyens what has been done for the Karens and Burmans—forming a written language for them. He has not been long among these people, but he has collected quite a vocabulary of Ka-Khyen words, "so employing letters and signs connected with them, that I have a system that expresses all sounds in the Ka-Khyen, and yet will require the casting of only a few forms." The value of the contributions made by missionaries to philology cannot be estimated.

CHINA.

It is encouraging news which Mr. Partridge sends to the American Baptist Missionary Union from Swatow, China. On September 3rd, 184 candidates presented themselves for baptism, and of these fifty-nine were baptized on that day, thirty-eight being men and twenty-one women. The youngest was sixteen, the eldest nearly eighty. The total increase for the year has been 120. At some of the stations the people are raising money to build churches.

The China Mission of the Church of Scotland has, after much difficulty, been successfully launched, and five young men, of whom leave was taken in Glasgow a few days ago, will shortly set out for that distant land. These are the first missionaries from the Church of Scotland to China. The missionaries have, it is stated, been well trained and educated.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

The Baptist Missionary Society have conferred with some experienced traders of the Congo River districts, and have made final arrangements for a mission to that part of Central Africa. The entire charge of the missionary expedition has been entrusted to the Revs. C. Grenfell and W. Comber, who have for some months past been labouring in the Cameroons. They are to proceed *via* San Salvador into the interior, a route by which, according to Mr. Stanley, they will meet with a much larger population than in any other direction.

Dr. Laws writes from Livingstonia, Lake Nyassa: "I am sorry to say there can be now no doubt regarding the suspected fly being really the tsetse. All the cattle I bought when down the Shire in January, and which were brought up here, have died. All our dogs have perished, mostly from the same cause. This is to us a sad calamity, the results of the presence of this insignificant-looking insect being these: (a) no domestic animals, which can be used as beasts of burden, can live here; (b) industrial operations are seriously impeded—many quite obstructed; (c) our usefulness in advancing the civilization of Africa is much curtailed; and (d) a new site for Livingstonia must be sought for."

The Rev. Roger Price, of the London Society's Mission on Lake Tanganyika, reports his safe arrival at the coast, notwithstanding serious losses from disease and death among the oxen and their Kaffir drivers. After leaving the coast, the oxen continued to die in large numbers; and the climate, together with the severe work, had told considerably on some of the members of the mission; but Mr. Price writes: "Considering the immense disadvantages we have laboured under, our success has, I think, been perfectly marvellous—far beyond my most sanguine expectations."

SOUTH AFRICA.

A Moravian missionary in Kaffraria mentions his having been present at the opening of a fine new church at Kokstadt. "This town,

which has rapidly increased during the last few years, derived its name from Adam Kok, the late chief of the Griqua Hottentots residing in that district; it is in direct communication with Natal, and also our market town, although about 100 miles off. Only five years since lions and other beasts ranged through this country, and now churches are rising in all directions for the worship of the true God."

A Moravian missionary at Shiloh states that Mr. Macdonald, of Lovedale, "is about to undertake the direction of a seminary for natives in Fingoo territory; a second Lovedale is being established for the district. As another seminary is to be opened at Clarkebury, and one for girls at Shawbury, the time is drawing near when this part of the earth will be full of knowledge, to which may the Lord grant His blessing; without this the work of education is of questionable value; and there is some truth in the opinion of the man of the world, that 'a rough, rude Kaffir is better than a corrupted school Kaffir.'"

MEXICO.

Dr. Butler, of the American Methodist Mission in Mexico, says the Roman Catholics of that country are aroused now as never before. They appear to be alarmed at the progress of Protestantism, and to see the necessity of doing something to stay it, if possible. Their papers are full of appeals to the faithful to be constant to the Church, and not allow themselves to be led out of the fold. The organ of the Woman's Catholic Society of Mexico gives a horrible picture of Protestantism. Its system is a "licence for sin," its churches are "pigsties," its ministers "wretches," its services "the worship of the devil," and its orphan children, it is predicted, will "burn in hell to all eternity."

NEW BRITAIN AND DUKE OF YORK ISLANDS.

The "John Wesley" mission vessel arrived in Sydney upon October 21st, after a long voyage in the different groups of islands in the South Pacific. The Rev. George Brown and the mission party sailing in the "Wesley" had to contend with severe and trying weather. Mr. Brown, with some of the teachers, landed first at Port Hunter, Duke of York group. They found that Silas and many of the teachers were living together at Port Hunter, where they had formed a small village of their own. There had been no attack or attempt to injure the mission party, which had been left by Mr. Brown on his previous visit; two of the

chapels had been burnt down, but it was tribal spite which had caused this. But Silas, instead of locating the teachers in the places assigned to them by Mr. Brown, gathered most of them around himself at Port Hunter, and patiently awaited the missionary's return. Mr. Brown says: "None of the teachers have been injured or threatened by the natives, and there was nothing whatever to prevent the location of the teachers and the native minister in the villages to which I had appointed them." At Port Hunter the teachers have done absolutely nothing. "New Ireland has been entirely abandoned for some months." Mr. Brown says Silas is a good man, and may work very well under direction, but has proved himself quite unequal to the charge of a difficult mission. "The three appointments which are carried out were to places in no respect different to the others, and the teachers in them have been as comfortable and successful as we could hope for. They have all been well supplied with food during the year, and all look very well." Mr. Brown reports having paid a visit to New Britain, "just to look at the stations." The captain of the "Wesley," Captain Mansell, set the first block in the new mission-house "in a regular ship-shape manner." This house was taken in the "Wesley" from Sydney. New life and vigorous action will be thrown into the work of the mission now that Mr. Brown is once again upon the spot.

LABRADOR.

On the evening of October 14th, a few hours before a devastating storm swept across a large part of England, the Moravian mission ship "Harmony" was safely berthed in the West India Dock, and the 108th missionary voyage to Labrador was successfully accomplished. "We have again to thank God," says the official record of the missions, "for the preserving mercies which He has vouchsafed to our little missionary vessel and those on board. Although leaving London almost a week later than usual (June 26,) and making the usual stay at Stromness, the Harmony reached Hopedale on July 31st. The whole voyage was remarkably bare of incidents worthy of record. One severe gale occurred soon after leaving Okak on the homeward journey, but neither icebergs nor flocs were permitted to imperil the ship in her dangerous course. The tidings from this mission field, are, on the whole, decidedly favourable. The spiritual life of the Eskimoes has been in a more pleasing condition than we have often had to report, although every missionary

longs for an outpouring of God's Spirit on each flock, that words and works might be framed more after the model of our Lord's, and manifestly reflect the indwelling mind of Christ. Brother Ritter gives a cheering and hopeful account of his work among the settlers, although severe illness had prevented him from undertaking his intended tour to the South during the winter; and Brother Weitz has had encouragement in his distant and lonely little station, Ramah, where he has been privileged to baptize five adult persons and four children. All the brethren and sisters in Labrador write in expressions of sincere gratitude to many friends in Great Britain for a large supply of useful and valuable gifts for their own use and the Eskimoes. They are very welcome."

Practical Papers.

NEED OF AN ETHICAL REVIVAL.



HE Jewish revival under Hezekiah was wrecked because it was not accompanied by a great reformation in morals. With all the religious zeal which the king had created, the private and public life of the people still continued terribly corrupt. How is it with ourselves? Has the religious movement of the last forty years produced any considerable ethical reform? The theological aspects of the movement, which are ominous enough, may for the moment be disregarded.

As far as I am able to form any judgment on the question, there has been a positive improvement in Christian morality during this period; there has, at least, been an improvement in some directions. But I fear that the improvement has been only partial.

That the Sunday-school and the "Missions" of all churches have done very much to rescue large numbers of persons from a grossly vicious life is certain. What has happened within my own observation in connexion with the work of Mr. Moody, and in connexion with other evangelistic work of which I have a personal knowledge, has happened all over the country. Violent men and women have become gentle and quiet, the profane have become reverent and devout, and drunkards have become sober. Wherever the Church has reached those who were living in flagrant vice, it has reformed them.

But it is possible that while there has been a genuine reform among those who were guilty of gross sins, and while on the part of Christian people generally there may have been a new earnestness in the discharge of some duties, the ethical revival has not kept pace with the religious, and the greater zeal for the building of churches and the celebration of religious services may not have been accompanied with any considerable and general improvement in Christian character. When there is a great religious excitement there ought to be (1) an elevation of the *moral ideal* of the Church; and there ought to be (2) a nearer approach to that ideal in the lives of Christian men. Apart from these two results of a religious revival, the excitement may soon disappear, and may, in the long run, prove to be mischievous rather than beneficial. The most earnest and zealous evangelistic work—the most successful evangelistic work—ought to be accompanied and followed by a patient endeavor to discover more perfectly, and to obey more faithfully, the will of God in relation to our common life. If we insist exclusively on God's infinite mercy, and suppress the recognition of his august authority, our "solemn assemblies" will be an offence to Him that loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity; our worship will be an "abomination" to Him; when we "spread forth our hands" in meetings for imploring the manifestation of the power and mercy of the Holy Spirit, He will "hide" his eyes from us, and when we "make many prayers" He "will not hear"; Christ will refuse to be a Saviour if He is not acknowledged as a Prince.

We are watching with anxiety the drift of considerable numbers of men towards religious unbelief—with anxiety, though with less alarm than we once felt; for, if I am not greatly mistaken, the faith of the Church is firmer and its courage higher than they were a few years ago. But though the alarm is less, the anxiety remains. We see clearly that we are involved in a grave struggle. No matter how noble may be the churches that we build, no matter how solemn may be the religious services which we celebrate, no matter how earnestly we may preach the Gospel, no matter with what fervour we may pray to God to grant us a great religious revival, we shall fail utterly if, in our ordinary life, we show no practical proof that in the kingdom of heaven, to which we profess to belong, there is a loftier type of character than in the world outside.

Men may fairly say to us, "You are requiring us to acknowledge the authority of God—of the living God. You tell us that he abhors evil and loves righteousness, and that his 'commandment is exceeding broad,' and

covers the whole extent of human life. But where is the proof that you yourselves are ruled by his authority? What are the laws which you keep and we do not? What nobler virtue does God require than is required by the common opinion of society? You say you have a revelation of his will concerning human life; but where is the trace in your business that God's laws are better than the laws which we discover for ourselves? Where is the trace of it in your homes? Where is the trace of it in your discharge of public duty?

"You working-men who profess to be Christians—do you work harder when the foreman is out of sight than the men who do not profess to live in the eye of God? Are you more careful of your master's property. Are you less selfishly set on serving your own interests?

"You masters who profess to be Christians—are you less reckless than other men in speculation? Are you more careful to give to your customers the precise quality of goods which they expect? Are you more careful not to take advantage of their ignorance? Do you care less about making a fortune rapidly, and more about carrying on your business honestly? Do you really bring all your business transactions under the eye of God? Do you submit your ledger to Him, and your price-list and your bill-book? If you do, has God's judgment on your transactions any effect? In your relations to your workmen are you more just and more merciful than other men, remembering that you have a Master in heaven?

"Of what use is it to tell us that *we* ought to acknowledge the authority of this God whom you profess to obey, when it does not appear that his authority makes any difference to you? Show us by practical proof that there is a Divine kingdom in the world, governed by Divine laws, and that through Christ you have found your way into it, and we shall begin to believe that this kingdom is real; but if you are just like other men, we shall conclude that it is a dream."

They say to us again: "Why do you ask us to believe in a judgment to come? Do you believe in it yourselves? Is there any proof that you are restrained by it from sins which you would commit if you did not believe in it? Has it any greater influence on *you* than the dread of public shame has on *us*, or than the authority of our own consciences? if the judgment to come will be all that you say it will, you, who believe in it, ought to be constantly under its control.

"And the future life of glory of which you Christians speak—what manner of persons ought you to be, what manner of persons *would* you be

if you thought that life was real? Would it be possible for you to be so ambitious of winning the poorest earthly honours, if you believed that you had within your reach crowns that will never lose their lustre, thrones whose foundations will never be shaken? If you believed in the heaven which you sing about, would you care so much for wealth, and pleasure, and social consideration? Would you be as disturbed as the rest of us by earthly troubles? Do you believe in the glory of heaven? If you do, where is the proof of it.

“And the supreme fact—the death of Christ as the atonement for the sins of the world—if your faith in this were real, you would be unselfish, filled with universal charity, eager for every generous act of self-sacrifice. A love so great, manifested in a way so august and awful—if you believed in it—would reproduce in you, and in all who profess to have received forgiveness through the death of Christ, its own noble and wonderful perfection.”

This kind of reasoning, though it may not be expressed, is being silently carried on in the minds of many who reject the Christian revelation, or who look upon it with indifference. There may be much injustice in it and much uncharitableness. We may know that the great facts in which we profess to believe really exert a powerful influence on our practical life, and that we are different men from what we should be if we did not believe in them. But it remains true that the Church of Christ in our time is menaced by the same kind of peril under which the supremacy of the Church of Rome fell in the sixteenth century. The Church of Rome, as it has been well said, lost her doctrinal pre-eminence because she had first of all lost her pre-eminence in righteousness.—*From the Congregationalist for January.*

Christian Miscellany.

"MENDING THEIR NETS."



CHRIST called men whom he found doing something. James and John he found mending their nets, and called them. Simon and Andrew were in the very act of casting a net into the sea when he called them to be "fishers of men." He found Matthew "sitting at the receipt of custom," where he was busy attending to the collection of taxes, and told him to follow him. It is not probable that he told any to follow him who were idle; at least while anything was to be done. The parable of the idlers who were "found standing all the day idle," seems to be an intimation that such persons might have been as acceptable as any other. But the parable represents the great vineyard where all are employed. The special work of the apostleship wants men of keen activity. Paul when he was suddenly and peculiarly called to that great work was far from being idle. He was hot on the track of Christians whom he was persecuting. He was breathing out slaughter against the Christians, and was journeying for the purpose of making "havoc" among them, when the Lord changed his career, and made of him a most influential servant in the work of the ministry.

It would seem that God would not now, more than then, call a man to preach who is waiting for something to turn up. The undecided lazy man, lounging around, neither following any useful business nor preparing himself for usefulness in life, will likely not receive a call to preach. The call is apt to come to some one who is pushing some work with vigor and activity. Mending the intellectual nets is very good work for anybody, and Jesus is apt to take a walk by those thus engaged, in quest of disciples and apostles. Mend your nets, young men, whether you are called or not. If Jesus wants a preacher he may call you from the college or the seminary. If you are preparing to be intellectual fishers in worldly matters, he may make you fishers in heavenly things. It is worth while to take time to mend your mental nets. Even after you are called, it may be necessary to stop and mend the net. Jesus wants not only active men who will push any kind of business, but men also who are wise and calculating. An unwise fisher will dip in his net whether it is in good order or not. A wise one will take time to mend the broken

meshes. The indiscreet harvester will pull away with a dull sickle, while the wise one will take time to whet his sickle. Which of the two kinds of workers does Jesus prefer ?

Paul was wise in his persecutions. He had an eye to the greatest success. He went to the high priests and got "letters to Damascus to the synagogues," so that if he found any Christian men and women in these places of worship he might have authority to bring them bound to Jerusalem. But when he was the most ingenious, God seized him for his special work, making Christians. The Lord does not want dullards and mopes to preach the Gospel. Hence he often calls upon men who are considered very wicked. It is not surprising. Simply turn the course of such men's affections, and they are the very men for the accomplishment of the greatest good. They have activity and ingenuity well developed as traits of character. They will succeed in anything. A man who cannot farm well, or succeed in business of any kind, is not the man for the Gospel ministry. It is often thought that the Lord thwarts men in their secular business in order to drive them into the ministry. This may be true if they were for a reasonable time successful, or have business ability to succeed with average favorable circumstances; but if they have no business ability it is a little doubtful whether God even wants them to preach, let alone thwarting them in business to drive them to sacred work.—*Selected.*

UNFATHOMED DEPTHS.

"NOTHING must take the place of the book of God, or divert our attention from it. Our rule is, 'Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.' There is this difference between the works of nature and those of art: the works of art strike us most with wonder at first sight, but the more we contemplate them the less wonderful they appear, as by degrees we begin to grasp the compass of wisdom which contrives them. Nature, at first sight, may not strike us so forcibly; but the more we contemplate her, the more wonder will be excited by fresh discoveries of the most perfect and varied wisdom. It is so in a similar degree in reading the Bible and reading the most perfect of the compositions of man. With the most finished productions of the human intellect we grow tired, but with the Word of God, when read under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, it is far different—new beauty and glory are still unfolding."

Passages that we have read an hundred times, flash out with new and jeweled beauty as we gaze upon them. Words that have been studied and expounded for ages, have secrets yet unknown for those who patiently search for their deepest treasures; and we can only "comprehend with all saints" the fulness of that sacred truth which no one finite mind has yet been able to sound and grasp. Unfathomed and unfathomable, it is only "in the ages to come" that we shall clearly comprehend the "manifold wisdom of God," and the "exceeding riches of his grace," revealed to us in his abiding Word.

ABOVE OUR THOUGHTS.

THE man who should attempt to measure all celestial distances with a two-foot rule, or who should seek to investigate the mysteries of space by the aid of a tape measure, would only be laughed at for his folly. And yet such a man would be quite as wise as those who think to comprehend the things of God by the unaided powers of the human mind. "I cannot comprehend heaven," said one man to a Christian. "Did you suppose you could?" was the reply; "that would be a poor heaven that *we* could comprehend now." When blind men come to be regarded as judges of paintings; when deaf men are reckoned skilful in music; when dumb men become famed for eloquence, then we may expect that poor, ignorant, erring, short-sighted mortals can comprehend the glory of our God.

The apostle says: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child; I understood as a child." Our present life is child-life; and a condition of glory which we could comprehend, would be no more adapted to our real needs hereafter than the play-house of a child would be fit for his dwelling in the maturity of his manhood.

The present, in the midst of which we dwell, is often beyond our comprehension. We, in our bodies and minds, are mysterious to ourselves and to all mankind. The world is full of unsolved problems, and riddles which we cannot unfold. There are many men whose wisdom in some directions is far beyond our own powers of comprehension. What, then, shall we say of a poor, blind, ignorant mortal, who thinks to comprehend not only man but God. We must learn our littleness before we ever can become great, and in learning our littleness we prepare for the greatness which only God can bestow.—*The Armory.*

A FATAL HABIT.

IRRESOLUTION is a fatal habit. It is not vicious in itself, but it leads to vice, creeping upon its victims with a fatal facility, the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean, and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain is poison; yet he swallows it. He knows, for the example of thousands has painted in glaring colors, that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with disease, and hurry his progress to a dishonoured grave; yet he drains it. How noble, on the contrary, is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pass through perils and dangers, trials and temptations. Avoid the habit of irresolution. Strive against it.

Learn to say *No!* and mean it and stick to it. Do not dally with sin and temptation. Have principles, and abide by them. "Be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

PRAYER MEETING TONES.

When you speak in a social meeting, speak in a natural tone of voice—that is, a tone befitting the subject, and such as you would use for a similar purpose in any other company. Not much good comes usually even from good thoughts, if they are uttered in an unusual and unnatural voice. Those who hear know that it is not the manner of ordinary speech, and they are apt to infer that what is said does not belong truly to the man himself who is speaking; and that there is the putting on of something for the occasion. These unnatural tones may sometimes be due to embarrassment, or to awkwardness, or to having accidentally fallen into a bad habit; yet even then they indicate some separation between the manner of expression and the underlying state of mind, of a sort that does not exist, or should not certainly be of long continuance.

If your religious beliefs and feelings are genuine and hearty, and if they have impressed themselves upon your common life, and have become with you as familiar things, you will express them in a simple and hearty way, without even the reality or the appearance of affectation. Put away then, your prayer-meeting tones, if you have any. Get "unction," if you need it, in your daily life, and on yourself; and then talk, wherever you are, after an honest and sensible Christian fashion.—*Congregationalist.*

REJOICE.

"The night is far spent, and the day is at hand."—Rom. xiii. 12.

Rejoice, my fellow-pilgrim, for another stage is o'er
O! the weary homeward journey, to be travelled through no more.
No more these clouds and shadow-veils shall darken all our sky;
No more these snares and stumbling-blocks across our path shall lie.

Rejoice, my fellow-servant, for another year is past;
The heat and burden of the day will not forever last;
And yet the work is pleasant now, and sweet the Master's smile,
And well may we be diligent through all our "little while."

Rejoice, my Christian brother, for the race is nearer run,
And home is drawing nearer still with each revolving sun;
And if some ties are breaking here of earthly hope and love,
More sweet the fair attractions of the better land above.

The Light that shone through all the past will still our steps attend;
The Guide who led us hitherto will lead us to the end;
The distant view is brightening fast, with fewer clouds between;
The golden streets are gleaming now, the pearly gates are seen.

Oh for the joyous greetings *there*, to meet and part no more;
For ever with the Lord and all his loved ones gone before.
Now mercies from our Father's hand with each new year may come,
And that will be the best of all—a blissful welcome "home."

DARK DAYS.

A TRUCE to frets and fumings—
A truce for a while I pray;
A truce to the weary longings
For a richer, fuller day.

Why sit still at the casement
Watching the dark clouds meet?
Better come forth to the bustle
And stir of the busy street.

Something there may reach thee,
May make thy soul forget
The terrible self that haunts thee—
The self that pains thee yet.

That Death, the true and tender,
Points to a certain goal;
Is this thy best life comfort,
O weary, waiting soul?

Yet think!—If a Form should meet thee,
And Voice of reproachful power
Shou'd say, as Death thou greetest,
'Couldst thou not watch one hour?'

—"*Joan Scott*" in the *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*.

A DEVOUT LIFE.

Devout life has untold power. Like the forces of nature, it is often hidden or obscure, but it holds and shakes the world. Men may refuse to hear you preaching; they are not able to evade the argument of a blameless and holy life. The aroma of it fills all the atmosphere; its doctrine distills like the gentle dew, or like the small rain on the mown grass; its lines go out through all the earth, its words to the end of the world; there is no speech or language where its voice is not heard. Your religion, to be of any worth, must be such a life. Profession is well, but it is only the gateway to the life—only the sign of the inward substance. The gospel was not proclaimed to give you a creed, but to render possible to you a devout life. You will be a power among men, not in proportion to your knowledge, or your natural endowment, but in proportion to the sanctity and fulness of your religious life.—*Zion's Herald.*

Children's Treasury.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
 And he inherits soft, white hands
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft white hands could scarcely earn,
 A living that would serve his turn;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One would not wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,

A hearty frame, a hardier spirit ;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labour sings ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
A patience learned by being poor ;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it ;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door.
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king would wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all other level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft, white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great :
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign.
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last ;
Both, children to the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well filled past,
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.—*J. R. Lowell.*

THE BOOTBLACK, AND WHAT HE BECAME.

MORE than a hundred years ago there lived in the city of Oxford a boy whose name was George. He was very poor, so much so that he was compelled to clean the boots of the students at the University to obtain money with which to buy the necessaries of life. His countenance was one of no ordinary appearance. His eye was keen and piercing, his forehead noble and lofty, and every feature of his face was perfectly developed. By his easy and polite manners, his obliging disposition, and his warm and generous nature, he soon won the confidence and esteem of those upon whom he waited. The poverty of clothing served better to show the richness of the mind, which needed only cultivation to make it one of the brightest in the whole country. The students of the University seeing such noble qualities in the lowly and the humble bootblack, determined to educate him, and many of them devoted no little share of their time to that purpose. They found him ready, willing and studious. He lost not a moment of his precious time, but applied himself diligently, perseveringly, to his studies, and soon became equal, if not superior, to some of his instructors.

His advance in merit was very rapid; so great was it, that numbers were unable to recognize in the gifted and talented young man the once poor and needy bootblack. About this time there was a great change in the religion of England. There arose a sect which were strict observers of the Sabbath; faithful readers of God's Word, and who had stated engagements in prayer. With this party George immediately connected himself, and soon became one of the ablest and most consistent members. The youths who once sought his company now treated him with sneering contempt.

Those who once considered him a young man of extraordinary abilities then considered him a reckless fanatic, and avoided his society as they would have done a poor drunkard. All this did not move him. He was as firm as a rock. Nothing could change him. Like Moses, he preferred a life of Christian consistency to the enjoyment of sin for a season. His unchanging conduct won for him many warm and ardent admirers, and numbers who formerly branded him as a fanatic became his best friends. I have not the time, children, to say more concerning the character of this interesting young man. It will be sufficient to add that he soon became one of the most pious and talented preachers in England,

and such numbers flocked to hear him that the largest house in London could not contain them.

He preached in the open fields to thousands upon thousands, and the great amount of good which he did eternity shall tell. Dear boys, do not mind the sneers of your companions. Do your duty, let consequences be what they may. Be industrious, energetic. Don't mind difficulties. They only make your arm stronger, your heart braver. If this poor boy could arise from the lowly position of a bootblack to that of one of the most pious and eloquent preachers England ever produced, cannot you go and "do likewise?" You have no idea of what you can do till you try. Energy, combined with earnest prayer, will accomplish the most difficult task.

Would you like to know the name of the boy who blackened the boots of the students at Oxford University? It is George Whitfield.—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

LITTLE ALICE'S PRAYER.

"I don't want to say my prayer," said little Alice. "I'm tired of saying my prayer, mamma."

And a dear little girl, in a white night-dress, with soft, golden curls, and such a bright, chubby face, stood up by her mother's side, instead of kneeling down, and looked very mischievous as she watched the loving eyes that were bent upon her.

Mrs. Macy sighed, and scarcely knew what it was best to do with her little daughter, whom she had given to God as soon as she was born and had prayed Him daily to make her His own child. And now she was tired of saying her prayers! But she was only four years old; and the mother asked gently: "And does my little Alice feel willing to go to bed without thanking her heavenly Father for taking care of her all day?"

Alice laughed, and kissed her mother on both cheeks and then on her mouth. This she called "a French kiss." Then she went to her auntie, who was lying ill on the sofa; and auntie whispered: "Who will take care of little Alice to-night, when it is all dark in the house?"

Alice dearly loved to be whispered to, and she answered in the same tone: "Mamma will take care of me."

"No," said auntie, "Mamma will be asleep."

"Papa, then," persevered the little one.

"Papa will be asleep, too."

"Then auntie will," said Alice, triumphantly.

"But auntie will be up stairs, and perhaps asleep, too," was the reply, for the invalid could not feel at all sure that sleep would come to her. "God never sleeps, though. His kind, watchful eye is over us all the time, and He takes especial care of little children."

"Will He take care of me?" asked Alice in awe-stricken tone.

"You have not asked Him to," replied auntie, "and He has told us to ask Him for what we want."

Alice's bright eyes looked steadily at her aunt for a moment, and then she kissed her and danced off to her bed. She was asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow.

But in an hour or two there was a dismal wail for "Mamma!" and Mrs. Macy hastened into the little room opening from her own, where Alice's crib stood.

"Mamma, mamma!" sobbed the little one, "I want to be taken care of."

Then auntie had to explain what this meant; and Alice knelt in the crib and repeated the childish prayer taught her as soon as she could speak. Then she went to sleep again, with a smile on her lips; and the invalid thought of the beautiful promise: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

And she felt in the wakeful watches of the night that she was "taken care of," too.
