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Editorial.

A NEGLECTED DEPARTMENT OF CHRISTIAN WORK.



THE subject of this editorial may be introduced by the following story which has the merit of being, at least, true; for we had it from the mouth of an eye-witness:—In an island of the outer Hebrides there met some fifty years ago, a large congregation to celebrate the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As usual on these occasions, the gathering was held in the open air, the congregation sitting on the heather, and the minister having for his pulpit a tent made by placing sails on spars. Stretching out in a long snowy line in front of the preaching-tent was the communion table, yet unoccupied, and in a dense mass around sat a congregation of devout, sedate worshippers, waiting for the opening of the day's solemn, but glad business. At the appointed hour the preacher entered the canvas pulpit, and after silent prayer rose to give out the opening psalm. In this man of small stature and swarthy complexion, the people recognized a faithful and favorite preacher, who, years ago, died in a good old age full of grace and honour. Before giving out the psalm his sharp black eye swept over his audience in a rapid glance, and at once caught sight of a company of young people who sat on a stone wall apart from the general congregation where they could not hear to any advantage the voice of the preacher. Turning in their direction, Mr. Cook, in very kind words, asked the young people to come within reach of his voice, which was, we may remark, never very strong. To this invitation the careless group (who had come to the sacramental

gathering to see, be seen, and retail country gossip) turned a deaf ear. The preacher paused and looked in the direction of the wall with its living coping, but there was no more motion than if the coping were stone. Again he invited and entreated, but with no better effect. Then there arose from the dense crowd of the staid congregation round the tent a person well known to every man and child in the island. The humble individual (Angus, people called him) had not received from the Almighty the usual share of wit allotted to mortals, and was, therefore, incapable of anything higher than taking care of cattle; and at the moment he rose in the congregation he carried in his hand a heavy stick (the handle of a flail) the emblem of his office as some man's cow-herd. In his early days this poor witling passed from death unto life, and became acquainted with Jesus as his Saviour. The conversion of such men as Angus, while it leaves them, as regards worldly things, as helpless as ever, makes them in things pertaining to God very vivid in their perceptions and intense in their feelings, on the principle, we suppose, that the lack of one sense intensifies the capacity of the remaining sister sense. Having no capacity to deal in the things of time, all the powers of the awakened heart and soul run into the channel of God and his Christ. Young and old, rich and poor in the Island of Lewis knew the warmth of the cow-herd's heart, the consistency of his holy and lowly life, and the sharpness of his tongue on the side of righteousness. But on this Sabbath day a new instrument was to be brought into requisition on his Master's side. Carrying in his hand the cudgel with which he kept in order his herd of black cattle, Angus advanced silently toward the stone wall where sat the people who treated with scorn God's ambassador. Seeing him coming, and knowing the strength of his convictions, as well as the toughness of his ash-stick, they judged it best to move at last in the direction of the congregation, on whose outer rim they all settled down very quietly indeed.

The minister stood silently in his place, and waited for a little space in the expectation of seeing Angus return to his favourite

position near the tent. But Angus kept a standing position between the wall and the ingathered wanderers. "Come in among us and sit down; you have done well," spoke at last the preacher. To this invitation the cow-herd replied with deference, but with firmness, "No, Mr. Cook, I'll not sit down, but I'll stand right here. You hold up the gospel to them there, and while stick and strength stand good to me, I'll hold them to you." And so the work went on that day. Without distraction the preacher preached Christ to a compact body of hearers, for the cow-herd kept them together till the business was over, and the congregation dismissed with the shadows of evening around.

Now, that simple incident, grotesque though it be, is not without a lesson to us in these days. Among us there are not men exactly like that Hebridean cow-herd; nor would his offices and his weapons on the rim of a Canadian camp-meeting be acceptable to our Canadian youth. His ways and his weapons suited his character and his surroundings; but the essential features of his ministration are never out of place—indeed, are much needed at the present time on our own continent.

There is perhaps in the world no country more liberally supplied with churches and ministers than this America of ours. In every city, town, village and township churches are found, of stone, of brick, or of wood; and in their pulpits stand from Sabbath to Sabbath ministers who have been trained for the work, and who are good preachers and faithful workmen each in his own way and measure. Now, when a young man is converted and wishes at once and without loss of time to work for Christ, is there not work enough to his hand in gathering into the half empty churches the wanderers and the stragglers? The cow-herd, when he saw the minister had from his place in the pulpit failed to persuade the thoughtless crowd, did not therefore propose to take the minister's place to try his hand at exhortation. In quite another way he *compelled* them to come in. He felt that his strength lay not in speaking, but in persuading to hear those who could speak.

"Many Christians," says a London exchange, "are now employed in evangelistic work, because all the stress is laid upon 'speaking;' and as only a few are supposed to have that gift, many a one who is endued with the Spirit of God, though not with a gift of that nature, is left out, and not invited to take part in meetings which are not, after all, attended by the class it is most wished to reach, and for whose benefit the addresses are chiefly composed. Our friends will be able to recall to their recollection the trouble and expense of hiring rooms, advertising, and many other preparations, and when, after all, the gathering consisted chiefly of those who already attend churches and chapels, and those who are already within the fold, while the careless, worldly, ungodly individuals are conspicuous by their absence, an excellent and stirring address intended for them is fired off, but it does not 'tell home.'

"If the Christians, instead of getting up the meeting, had resolved in an organized manner to make an onslaught on the numbers of unconverted persons close around them and on their path on every side, by individual Gospel-preaching and speaking wherever they could be found, a far more blessed result would probably have been arrived at.

"If this duty were more cheerfully and hopefully undertaken by Christians, so much more employment would be found for those who, comparatively, idle their precious time in paying the morning visit, and in recreations of various kinds, flattering themselves that there are so many agencies at work for good that their efforts are not required. But let them go forth into the 'streets and lanes of the city,' or into the 'highways and hedges' of the country, and they will soon find their mistake. The paid agency of the London City Mission does much good, but many districts are yet vacant, and in each one occupied there are needed the frequent visits of voluntary workers, both men and women, to supplement those of the missionaries, which are necessarily few and far between, considering also the necessity arising from the abounding wickedness, and that so small a portion of the people ever attend the stated means of grace or any meetings whatever. It is this latter fact which calls for personal dealing, especially with the men, who, owing to their hard daily work, the necessity of changing clothes, the fear of each other's opinion, the dread of committing themselves to a religious course, and other reasons, cannot be induced to come to meetings except in rare cases, such as the theatres in winter and on some special occasion, and to some extent during missions. If, however, earnest and faithful and judicious workers will only find them out during the dinner-hour, late of an evening, or on a Saturday afternoon, or during Sunday, the men will willingly respond, and will often open their hearts to kindly words of truth, and offer their objections and name their difficulties. How these were met in the two great Scriptural cases referred to is an example to every Christian who will put himself in the way of the sinner or of the inquirer, for if our Lord had not been 'in the way,' and ready and kind to give an answer, as well as to seek out the lost sheep, these two souls might, humanly speaking, never have been brought into the fold.

"There is, doubtless, a temptation thus to undervalue individual speaking, for the *kudos* of the public address, and the name in print, and the talk and commendation that often greet the chosen speaker, are far more attractive to the flesh—and some say is a less difficult task—than the necessity of exercising much quiet judgment and displaying special courage, which are involved in speaking individually. Let both efforts be cultivated, and though gifts may qualify one for the former, and another for the latter work, let each honour the other, and try to promote and further the work of each. At present, however, love and preferring one another, and believing in the latter department of work, are not carried out as they should be. Crowds of Christians will flock to hear

the gifted speaker; but if individual effort be proposed to them, and they are not to be found forthcoming to enter into it, 'with one consent they begin to make excuse.' As to the results, although most cheering facts are to be found to arise from many an address of evangelists, yet, if a veteran worker be asked his experience, he will tell you of one and another brought to Christ by personal dealing. And while in the former case, of addressing numbers, it is more difficult to trace the permanent results, it will be found that the effect upon the soul of the one dealt with personally is probably far more lasting and thorough, the letter, or the after-conversation showing how the case has been followed up and prayed over."

From an intimate and personal knowledge of Canada for many years, we are persuaded that the evil from which our country is suffering at present is not so much from scarcity of men who are willing and able to speak in public and to crowds, and to speak with acceptance and power also, but from the scarcity of men who are sufficiently *humble, courageous and patient* (for it requires these three graces), to do according to their means and opportunities what the Lewis cow-herd did in his emphatic way and lowly sphere. We want, in large and increasing numbers, those who will speak personally and patiently to the careless, who will pilot their way to a seat in some Christian Church, and introduce them to some Christian pastor, saying to him, "Hold the gospel to them from that place where God has set you as his ambassador, and while strength remains to us we will not cease to see that the careless and the godless are *brought under* the sound of the gospel and *kept* there."

We need, it is true, constant additions to the number of those who work in the "public preaching of the evangel." But this is not the day when men should rush to this work without preparation. Now that education is spreading, and the press so ably conducted, it is madness for the Church to allow the work of public preaching to fall into the hands of the raw and ignorant, no matter how great their zeal, but on this point let the editor of the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* speak:

"We have a young friend, good-hearted and green, who feels that he is called to preach. He is as untrained as a Mustang colt; he does not know whether Isaiah or Malachi came first. In fact, he knows next to nothing. True, he has words and they flow freely. But he can't expound a simple text; he don't know what 'context' is; he don't know how to use a concordance. Nevertheless, he wants to preach right away; he can't wait; he thinks that

'souls are perishing while he waits.' We tell him frankly that 'some souls will likely perish through his not waiting.' We are trying to persuade him that his first call is to 'get ready to preach.' But he seems determined to preach without getting ready. We have known an impatient boy tackle a big tree with a very dull axe because he was too lazy to use the grindstone. And he never got his tree down; but he bruised it badly."

Living Preachers.

THE VINE OF ISRAEL.

A SERMON PREACHED ON BEHALF OF THE BRITISH SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE JEWS,* BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine."—PSALM LXXX. 14.

FEEL somewhat straitened on this occasion, because of the speciality of my subject. I have been persuaded by the Society to preach on the behalf of the Jews, but my mind does not run in the direction which is prescribed for it. I have been so in the habit of preaching the gospel to everybody, knowing neither Jew nor Gentile, barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free, that the very recognition of anything like nationality and speciality is somewhat difficult to me. I do not think that the recognition of the distinction is wrong—nay, I think it right, but it is so unusual, that I scarcely feel at home. I would sooner, by a thousand times, take a text and preach the gospel to sinners or to saints than discourse upon a special race; yet it is needful, and therefore let it be done; and I trust the Holy Ghost will make our meditation profitable. Assuredly, if there be any distinction which might be maintained, and I think there is none, for the distinction of Jew and Gentile seems to me to be wiped out and obliterated,—if there be any distinction, we may, at least, recollect that which lingeringly subsists between the seed of Israel and the nations, for God's election of old fell upon them, and when the whole world lay in darkness gleams of light gladdened their eyes. To them belonged the oracles. They were long the sole preservers of precious truth, which they have handed down to us; and if through their unbelief we have taken their place, we cannot but recollect who occupied it for so many centuries, and we cannot but look with extra-

*As a favourable indication that in the near future something will be done in Canada for the Jews, we notice with joy in the September number of the "Presbyterian Record," that a lady in Montreal (Mrs. Redpath) has given "fifty dollars for Missions to the Jews."—Ed. C.C.M.

ordinary tenderness and affection and earnest desire to that elder family whom the Lord loved so long, and towards whom, methinks, his love still burneth, as shall be seen when the day comes in which he shall gather Israel unto himself.

We shall view the prayer of the text in its reference to Israel. "Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine." The vine was peculiarly a type of Palestine and the Jewish nation. When this psalm was written the Gentiles were not in the psalmist's mind, but only Israel. So let us speak of Israel now, and let us pray to God that he will return in mercy, behold in pity, and visit this vine, and the vineyard which his right hand hath planted.

Let us reflect upon WHAT AN AMOUNT OF INTEREST SURROUNDS THIS VINE—this chosen people. Brethren, Israel has a history compared with which the annals of all other nations are but poor and thin. Israel is the world's aristocracy, and her history is the roll-call of priests and kings unto God. At the very beginning, what interest attaches to *the planting of this vine!* The psalmist speaks of the Lord's bringing the vine out of Egypt and casting out the nations that he might find a trench wherein he might place Israel's roots, that she might strike deep and take possession of the soil. But what wonders God wrought in the removal of Israel from the soil of Goshen, wherein her vine seemed to have taken deep root, until the wild boar of Egypt began to uproot her. Never can we forget what he did at the Red Sea. Even at the very mention of the name we feel as if we could sing unto the Lord who triumphed gloriously, and cast the horse and his rider into the depths of the sea. What marvels he wrought all through the wilderness, when he turned the rock into a pool of water, and made refreshing streams to follow his chosen along the burning sand. Neither can we forget the Jordan; our hearts begin to sing at the mention of the name,—What ailed thee, O Jordan, that thou wast driven back when the Lord's ark led the way through the depths of the river and the priests stood still in the midst, while all the hosts of his people passed over dry-shod? Neither can we fail to exult as we think of the planting of the vine in Canaan. Saw ye not the walls of Jericho tottering in ruins at the sound of the rams' horns when Israel gave her shout, for the Lord was in the midst of his people? Therefore the sword of Joshua smote the Canaanites until they were utterly destroyed; the sun stood still, and the moon in the valley of Gibeon, because the Lord hearkened to the voice of a man, working, marvellously with his people, that he might settle them in the land which he gave unto their fathers—the

land which flowed with milk and honey. When I think of such a planting it seems to me that this vine can never be given up to be utterly burned with fire after such wonders as these. It is not God's fashion to cast away a people for whom he has done so much. The commencement of Israel's national history is by far too grand to close, as we fear it must if we judge only according to carnal reason. An era brighter and more glorious must surely dawn, and the Lord must bring again from Bashan, and lead up his chosen nation from the depths of the sea. Once again he will make bare his arm, even he that cut Rahab and wounded the dragon, and the whole earth shall behold all Israel, both spiritual and national, singing in one joyous song the song of Moses the servant of God, and of the Lamb. The very planting of the nation makes us feel the deepest possible interest in its welfare. O God, behold and visit *this* vine and the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted.

Let us reflect again upon *the prosperity of Israel and the wide influence which the nation exercised for centuries*. I am keeping closely to the psalm, which is really my text, for we are told that after the planting of the vine the hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. "She sent out her boughs unto the sea and her branches unto the river." No nation has ever exercised such an influence upon the thought of the world as the Jewish people. I grant you that some other nations exercised greater influence upon the world's art and sculpture, and the like; for Israel eschewed much of art and science, not greatly to her loss, especially since the reason for it was so greatly to her gain. But the idea of one God, which the Lord had graciously written upon the hearts of his elect people, though it took many an age to erase the natural lines of idolatry which nature had imprinted there—that idea of the unity of the Godhead is a treasure handed to us by the seed of Abraham. *The grand truths which were contained in type and shadow, and outward ordinance, and given to the chosen people of God, exercised a far more powerful influence over the world than, perhaps, most of us have ever dreamed.* I feel certain that the religion of Zoroaster came from the Jews. I believe that much of whatever is pure in eastern religions might be distinctly traced to the teachings of Moses, to gleanings of the Israelitish vintage which were carried to the nations through their commerce and intercommunication; perhaps, directly and distinctly by the teachings of Jews who journeyed thither as exiles in captivity. The earth had become corrupt even in father Abraham's time, and through here and there there might have been found godly individuals like the patriarch Job, adher-

ing to the simple worship of the one only God, yet, for the most part, the whole world was sunken in idolatry, and the light came to it, and remained in it, gleaming strangely in the darkness, like flashes of lightning amidst the blackness of the tempest: that light came always, I believe, by the way of Israel. The original light of tradition grew dimmer and dimmer, and threatened to die out, for in transmission from father to son its brightness was sadly beclouded with human error. But the truth retained much of its vitality and purity in the midst of Israel, and from Israel it influenced the rest of the nations. In the days of Solomon how proudly did the temple stand upon its holy hill, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, the one Pharos of the midnight sea of humanity. That little country—we often forget what a very little district Palestine occupied—was, nevertheless, the very queen among the nations. From far-off Sheba they came to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and to other lands the rumour of his glory extended, and all his greatness connected with the worship of God, for she who came from Sheba came to hear all the wisdom of Solomon “concerning the Lord his God.” That little land thus influenced all lands, and transmitted far-off adown the centuries what was known of the ever-blessed God among the people. To me it seems so sad that she that sat over against the treasury should now be poor; that she that laid the daily shewbread before the Lord should now be famished; that she that piled the temple and brought the offering should now be turned away from the only Sacrifice, and should these many days remain without priest or temple. Alas! poor Israel. Our hearts take the deepest interest in thee, and we pray the Lord to look down and behold and visit this vine, when we remember the days of thy glory, and all the splendour of the revelation of the Most High in the midst of his people.

Nor does the interest become one particle the less when we come to the *time of Israel's decay*. She would imitate the heathen and go aside to false gods; nothing could cure her of it. She was chastened again and again, and at last it came to banishment, and the people were scattered. Alas, for the tears that Judah and Israel shed! What sea could hold them all? How were God's people made to smart, and cry, and groan! Let the waters of Babylon tell how salt they flowed with Judah's griefs. How could they sing the Lord's song in that strange land? What a history of woe has Israel's story been! And then, when they were brought back cured of idolatry, as thank God, they most effectually are, there came an equally mournful decay; for formalism, the absence of all spir-

itual life—the mere observance of outward ritual, came into the place of idolatry, and the people in whom all the nations of the earth were blessed had the Christ among them, but refused him. “He came unto his own and his own received him not.” Woe worth the day! Speak of it with sevenfold sorrow. He came for whom they long had waited—Israel’s hope—and they refused him, yea, they crucified him. My tongue will not attempt to tell what came of it, when his blood was on them and on their children. Earth never saw a more terrible sight than the siege and destruction of Jerusalem. Then did they sell the ancient people of God for a pair of shoes, and the precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, were esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter. The enemy ploughed the holy place, and sowed it with salt, and the seed of Abraham were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Alas! the evil ceased not when the last stone was overthrown, but wrath followed the fugitives. Through many, many centuries Israel was persecuted—shame covers my face—persecuted by those who called themselves Christians. The blood of Israel hangs in great gout upon the skirts of Rome, and will bring down upon that thrice-accursed system the everlasting wrath of the Most High; for did they not grievously oppress the Jews in Spain and every Catholic country? remorselessly hunting them down as if they were unfit to live; torturing them in ways that it were impossible for us to describe, lest your cheeks should blanch as you heard the horrible story? The men that were of the same race as the Christ of God were so hated by the professed followers of Jesus that no indignities were thought to be great enough, and no severities to be fierce enough, for execution upon what they thought to be the execrable Jews. Thank God, such persecution is over now—let us hope for ever, at least in the western World. The race would have been stamped out, however, if Rome’s tender mercies could have wrought their will. Go to the Ghetto to-day, in the Jews’ quarter in Rome, and see the church, as I have done, in which a certain number of Jews were compelled to hear a sermon, once in the year, levelled at their race and faith, and over the door of which is written what from such a quarter is a wanton insult to them, “Unto Israel, he saith, all day long have I stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.” Verily it would be so eternally if the hands of Rome were the hands to be stretched out, when she encouraged if she did not command the racing of Jews in the Corso, and the pouring of contempt upon them in the rudest fashion. Israel would never worship images, saints, and virgins. Blessed were they as a nation for this

thing at least, that they utterly rejected the idolatry of which Rome is shamelessly guilty. It were better far to be no Christian than to think Popery to be Christianity, for it is one of the vilest forms of idolatry that ever came from the polluted heart of man. Alas, poor Israel, what hast thou suffered! What tongue can tell thy woes? I feel, perforce, compelled to apply to Israel the language which Byron applied to Rome, when he called her "the Niobe of nations," and reckoned all sorrows beside hers but petty misery:—

"What are our griefs and sufferance? Come and see
Jerusalem in heaps, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples."

Look, too, on a princely people crushed under persecution, labouring and finding no rest. "Princes are hanged up by their hand: the faces of elders were not honoured. They that did feed delicately are desolate in the streets: they that were brought up in scarlet embrace dunghills. How is the gold become dim! How is the most fine gold changed!"

But we will not end here, my brethren. The interest which we feel with regard to Israel, and which makes us pray, "Lord, visit this vine," rises as we think of *its future*. I am no prophet or interpreter of prophecies, but this much seems clear to me—that the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the Jews, will have dominion over them, and they shall be converted and shall own him to be the Messiah which was promised to their fathers; so doth the New Testament teach us as well, as the Old. It seems to me that we may work for the conversion of Israel with the absolute certainty that, if we do not see it ourselves, yet it shall be seen,—for the natural branches of the olive which for a while were cut off shall be grafted in again, and so all Israel shall be saved. The future of the Gentiles in the fulness of its glory can never be accomplished till, first of all the Jews shall be ingathered. Ye shall have no millennial day, or full brightness of his glory, until yonder, by Jordan's streams and Judah's deserted hills, where once the Saviour worked, and walked and preached, the song shall yet again arise of Hallelujah to the God of Israel.

One thought more, and then I leave this point of the interest we take in Israel: we must forever take a special interest in the Jews, because of *them came our Lord*. He was so completely a man that one forgets that he was a Jew, and, perhaps, for the most part it is best that we should, for he is more a man than a Jew; but still "he took not up the nature of angels, but he took up the seed of Abraham," Jesus is the Son of David. The Jews have a part in him after the flesh which we

have not: and, amid all the privileges which we enjoy, we can well afford to let them have everything they can claim; and they can certainly prove a special kinship to him whom our soul loveth. Oh, if it were for nothing else but that our Saviour was of the Jews, we ought to love them and make them the subject of our prayers and of our earnest efforts. Surely the mention of that will suffice, and I need not say so much as one solitary word more. Interest in the Jews, indeed, is a very wide subject, and we have said enough for the present purpose.

NOW WHAT IS IT THAT THE JEWISH PEOPLE NEED? We have been exhorted by all these things to pray for this vine. What is it that is needed?

The answer of our text is, "Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine." A visitation from God is the one thing needful for Israel. For what purpose should God visit the Jews then? I say, brethren, it is the one essential thing in order to give them *spiritual life*. Our acquaintance with the interior of the Jewish commonwealth at the present time is not very large; but some of us have observed that there are two sorts of Israelites. Some are devout—devout men with some of whom it has been our privilege to have hearty fellowship in matters of common interest touching the things of God. When we have spoken together of the providence of God and of faith in the divine mercy, we have been much of the same mind. In the late debate brought on by Colenso we were able in comparing notes to feel the same zeal for the value of the Old Testament and for the glory of the ever-blessed God. Whether we were Christians or Jews we were equally zealous to repel the infidel assaults of the famous master of arithmetic. We meet now and then with men whose sincerity and devotion we could not doubt at all; would to God that their sincerity led them to search the Scriptures and to examine the claims of our Lord Jesus. Such men lament that many of their people seem to have no religion, or—what is almost the same—to have nothing more than the outward form. Their being of the Israelitish race is distinctly recognized and never for a moment held back; the Sabbath is almost universally hallowed, for which let Israel put to shame many so-called Christian lands; much is done that is commendable, much which exhibits high integrity and uprightness; but yet to a large extent the race is sunk in worldliness and misled by superstition.

Oh, that God would visit the Jew and endow him with an enquiring and unprejudiced heart, with a longing after the God of his fathers, with a deeper reverence and truer zeal for the glory of Jehovah. The visita-

tion of God may well be entreated that he would next grant *enlightenment* to his people, take away the veil which has been cast over their eyes, and enable them to see the true Messenger of the covenant. There are thousands of Israelites to-day who only want to know that Jesus is the Messial, and they would as gladly accept him as any of us have done. It seems to us so strange that they can read the fifty-third of Isaiah, and so many other plain passages of the prophets and of the psalms, without seeing that the man of Nazareth is the Christ; yet they do read, but the veil is on their hearts so that they do not receive Christ in their interpretations. Alas, that the sun should shine and Israel should be in darkness. With many of the seed of Abraham there is an honest desire to receive whatsoever can be shown to be the truth of God. If the Lord would touch the eye and remove the scale, what an enlightenment of the whole nation would follow! A nation would be born in a day. What joy for us, what honor to God, what happiness to themselves, if they might but be delivered from their present alienation! O God, thou alone canst do this: we cannot. All arguments seem to be in vain, but do thou behold and visit this vine.

When the spiritual life of the nation shall have been revived, and there shall be an enlightenment of the intellect, they will only need the Spirit to work upon the heart. Even as the Holy Ghost has quickened and regenerated us, so must it be with them, for there is no difference between Jew and Gentile in this matter. The same regenerating work is wanted—the same enlightening of the Holy Ghost; and, if the Lord will do this, our hearts shall be exceedingly glad.

WHAT, THEN, CAN WE DO? We are great debtors to Israel, what can we do for her? Some people are always afraid of telling Christian people to do anything. They mutter between their teeth, "The Lord will do his own work," and they are afraid that they should be interfering with God's prerogatives. Ah, my dear brethren, I am not afraid that some of you will ever do the Lord's work, for you do not do your own: that part which you can do is neglected. Do not be so mightily frightened lest you should be too active. It is God's work to visit Israel and gather out his people, and he alone can do it; but he works by means. What, then, would he have us to do?

I answer, the first thing is *praying for Israel*. You believe in the power of prayer, do you not, my brother? Why, some of us can no more doubt the power of prayer than we can doubt the force of a steam-engine or the influence of the law of gravitation, because to us the effects and

results of prayer are everyday things. We are in the habit of speaking with God about everything, and receiving replies which to us are as distinct as if he had spoken to us with words. We can speak boldly in prayer to God concerning Israel. No nation can be nearer to God's heart than the Jews. We may be bold with the mighty God. We may open our mouth wide, for he will fill it. We may plead with him urgently after this fashion—Wilt thou not glorify thyself by the salvation of the Jews? What couldst thou do that would more signally strike the whole world with awe than if thou wert to turn this wonderful nation to the faith of Christ? Thou hast taught them the unity of the Godhead; thou hast burnt this into their very souls: now teach them the deity of thy Son, who is one with thee. Bring them to rejoice in the triune God with heart and soul, and all lands shall hear of it, and say with wonder, "Who are these?" Great God, were not these thy messengers of old? When thou wantedst heralds didst thou not look to Israel? Thou didst take James and John, and Peter and Paul. Thou wilt find such as these among them now, if thou wilt call them—both boastful Peters and persecuting Pauls, whom thy grace can transform into mighty testifiers for the name of Jesus. Let us pray to God to do this. We can pray.

The next thing we can do is to *feel very kindly towards that race*. I know all that will be said about converted Jews, and I lament that there should have been grave occasion given in many instances; but for my part I have been glad of late to smart a little for the sake of my Lord. I have said, "Well, it was a Jew that saved me; and even if this professed convert should have a hypocritical design upon my purse, I had better be deceived by him than turn away an honest kinsman of my Lord." I do not marvel that there should be deceivers among the Jews, for have not we plenty of such in our churches, who, for the sake of loaves and fishes and pelf, creep in among us, pretending to be the followers of Christ when their hearts know nothing about him? In all ranks and conditions of men hypocrisy is sure to be found; but, for all that, we do not turn round and say, "The Gentiles are a bad lot. We will have nothing more to do with them, because two or three of them deceived us." The Gentiles are always taking us in; we know they are, and still we have hope for them. And so must we always have hope towards Israel, and instead of thinking bitterly and speaking bitterly, we must cultivate kindness of spirit both to those who become Christian and to those who remain in unbelief. I for one thank God that this land has now for several years swept away the civil disabilities of the Jew. He is no longer a stranger

in the land, but he settles down in the midst of us and exercises all the rights of citizenship. May the kindness of feeling which has prompted this change—and it came, I think, mainly from earnest Christians—lead the Israelites to think kindly of our faith.

Another thing we can do, dear friends, and that is to *keep our own religion pure*. I marvel not that Jews are not Christians when I know what sort of Christianity, for the most part, they have seen. When I have walked through Rome and countries under Rome's sway, and have seen thousands bow before the image of a woman carried through the streets,—when I have seen the churches crammed with people bowing down before pieces of bone, and hair, and teeth of dead saints, and such like things,—I have said to myself, "If I were a worshipper of the one God I should look with scorn upon those who bow before these cast clouts and mouldy rags and pieces of rotten timber, and I do not know what besides. No, no, good Jew; join not with this idolatrous rabble. Remain a Jew rather than degrade yourself with this superstition! If the Lord has taught you to know that there is an unseen God who made the heavens and the earth, and who alone is to be worshipped,—if you have heard the voice of thunder which saith, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God,' stand you to that, and go not one inch beyond it, if the way before you invites to the worship of things seen, and the reverence of men who call themselves priests, and the whispering of every filthy thought into a confessor's ear. No, no, no, Israel; thou art brought very low, but thou art far too noble to become an adorer of crosses and wafers, and pictures and relics."

Even in our own land there is a good deal which one would not wish a Jew to regard as Christianity. To my mind, baptismal regeneration is about as glaring a piece of popery as there is to be found in the world; and they can hear that lie publicly taught in England. Grievous, too, it is to my very heart that they may hear it among those who profess a purer form of faith than that of which we have spoken. Try, brothers and sisters, to keep Christ's religion as Christ taught it. Purify it. Let it come back to its original form.

Labour also to be Christians in ordinary life. If a Jew says, "I would like to see a Christian," do not let him see a person full of superstitions. Let him see one who believes in the triune God, and who tries to live according to the commands of God, and who, when he talks about Jesus, lets you see the mind which dwelt in Jesus, the same mind being in him. When once the Church of God shall bear a clear testimony to

the truth of God both with lip and life great hindrances will be taken out of the way of Israel. I know you say, "Well, Jews ought to know that we hold a very different faith from Romanists." I know that you think so, but I am not able to perceive how the Jews are to learn the distinction, for Papists are called Christians as much as we are. Their religion is dominant in some countries: it is prominent in every country. How is the Jew to know that it is not the religion of Christ? and as he thinks that it is so he declares that he will have nothing to do with it, and I for one cannot condemn him, but approve of his resolve. I only hope that as the years roll on we who worship God in sincerity and have no confidence in the flesh, we who are saved by the faith which saved Abraham, who is our father after the spirit though not according to the flesh, that we, I say, may be able to bring this purer faith more clearly to the knowledge of Israel, and that God will lead his ancient nation to be fellow-heirs with us. We must keep our doctrine pure and hold it individually with clean hands and a pure heart, or we have not done all that we can for Israel.

This being done, I will next say that we must *each one evangelize with all his might*. Do this not among Jews only, but among Gentiles. Wherever you are, tell abroad the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Do not live a single day, if opportunity serve you, without testifying concerning the love of God which is revealed on the cross of Calvary. Your prayer should be for the whole church of God—"Behold, and visit this vine." And as a large number of God's elect ones are as yet hidden in darkness, let us pray unto the Lord that he would visit this vine and make these branches to spring out into the light, that on them also there may be rich clusters to his praise.

Brothers and sisters, we are saved ourselves, are we not? Come, ere you go away, let the question be put to you, Are you saved? Are you really believers in Jesus? Is the Christ formed in you? Have you realized him? Are you trusting in him now? Will you live to him? Are you consecrated to him, spirit, soul, and body? If you are, that is the first thing. If you are not, I cannot ask you to pray for Israel, or for anybody else, till first of all God has put a cry into your soul for yourselves. If you are saved, then let me ask myself and you, "Are we doing all we might for the honour and love of Jesus?" Sitting on these seats, might not many say, "We have not begun to live for Christ yet as we ought?" May the Lord quicken you. There was a young man here one Thursday night when I closed with some such words as these,

who derived lasting benefit from them. He was a gentleman doing a large business, to whom it had never occurred that he might preach Christ. It did occur to him that night, and he went to the town in which he lived and began to preach in the streets straightway. He is now the pastor of a large church, though he still continues his business: and his is an example to be imitated by many. I would to God some young man might be quickened to feel that he must do something, for Israel perhaps, for Christ certainly. And you, sisters, may you feel a divine impulse upon you while you pray to God to visit the vine which he has planted. May he also visit you and make you fruitful vines unto his praise. The Lord bless every one of you for Christ's sake. Amen.

Poetry.

THE ALPINE CROSS.

It was a weary band of men
Who, at the long day's close,
Stood far up in the Alpine pass
Amid the eternal snows.

Above their heads grim granite peaks—
Around, the blinding snow—
Before, the narrow dangerous path—
Unfathomed depths below.

Yet on they pressed, and little thought
Of weary leagues they'd come;
For soon they'd reach their fatherland,
Soon they would reach their home.

But suddenly their leader paused,
Bewildered and in fear:
"The path! the path!" he breathless cried,
"It surely turns just here.

"There used to be a wooden cross
Standing, this many a day,
Just where the greatest danger is,
To mark the narrow way.

"But now I fear 'tis buried 'neath
The drift the wind has tossed;
Unless we can the beacon find,
Our only path is lost.

"To linger in this icy cold
Is certain death, you know;
But no less certain is his fate
Who trusts the treacherous snow.

"Look for the cross; perchance some sight
Keener than mine may spy
E'en but one little glimpse of it,
And then we shall not die.

"Look for the cross; for that alone
Safety and help can give;
Think of your lands, your homes, your wives,
Look for the cross and live."

They looked, and nothing could they see
Except the blinding snow;
They heard the avalanches roar
Down to the depths below.

They looked again, nought could they see
Save the white waste around;
Death on the right hand and the left,
And stillness most profound.

They look again, and now the guide
Shouts out with all his force,
"The way! the way! friends, we are safe,
I see the wooden cross!"

They look, and lo, a joyful sight,
A joyful sight and good:
There, peering up above the snow;
Stood the firm cross of wood.

O blessed cross! so glad a sight
They ne'er shall see again;
They clasp its rough arms to their hearts,
The warm tears fall like rain.

They heed no more their wearied limbs,
And in a few short hours
They tread upon the soft green grass,
And smell the breath of flowers.

Kind voices greet them everywhere,
Friends grasp them by the hand;
For they are safe once more at home,
Safe in their fatherland.

Months passed. That little band of men
Were scattered far and wide;
But one lay dying on his bed,
And one sat by his side.

More gently comes the failing breath,
More dull the glazing eye;
Will he not give them one small sign
Of hope before he die?

His friend has grasped his joy hand:
"O comrade, speak and say;
This is a dark and lonely path,
And dost thou know the way?"

His smile seemed like the coming dawn
Of the sternal day:
"I see, I see the cross!" he cried;
"I know the homeward way!"

They laid him gently down to sleep;
They knew that he had come
Safely across the hills of death
Unto his Father's home.

They laid him down with thankful hearts,
For well they knew no loss
Is *earthly* life to him who trusts,
In Christ our Saviour's cross.

Thrice happy is that faithful soul,
Nor can he ever stray,
Who seeks his fatherland on high
Along the cross-marked way.

—F——. E——

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

THE Church and the World walked far apart
On the changing shore of time;
And the World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime;
"Come give me your hand," cried the merry World,
"And walk with me this way."
But the good Church hid her snowy hand,
And solemnly answered "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way to endless death;
Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the World with a kindly air,
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there.
My path, you see, is a broad, fair one,
And my gate is high and wide:
There is room enough for you and me
To travel side by side."

Half slyly the Church approached the World,
 And gave him her hand of snow,
 The old World grasped it and walked along,
 Saying in accents low:
 "Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
 I will give you pearls to wear,
 Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
 And diamonds to deck your hair."
 The Church looked down at her plain white robe,
 And then at the dazzling world,
 And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
 With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
 Said the Church with a smile of grace,
 Then her pure white garments drifted away,
 And the World gave in their place
 Beautiful satin and shining silks,
 And roses and gems and pearls;
 And over her forehead her bright hair fell
 Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,
 "I'll build you one like mine—
 Carpets of Brussels, and curtains of lace,
 And furniture ever so fine."
 So he built her a costly and beautiful house,
 Splendid it was to behold,
 Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there,
 Gleaming in purple and gold.
 The angel of mercy flew over the Church
 To gather the children in;
 But some were off at the midnight ball;

And some were off at the play,
 And some were drinking in gay saloons,
 So she quietly went her way.
 Then the sly World gallantly said to her,
 "Your children mean no harm
 Merely indulging in innocent sports;"
 So she leaned on his proffered arm,
 And smiled and chatted and gathered flowers
 As she walked along with the World,
 While millions—millions of deathless souls
 To the horrible gulf were hurled.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,
 "Far more than you ought to do;
 If the poor need shelter and food and clothes
 Why need that trouble you?
 Go, take your money and buy rich robes,
 And horses and carriages fine,
 And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
 And the rarest and costliest wine,

My children they dote on all such things;
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."
Then the Church held tightly the strings of her purse,
And gracefully lowered her head
And simpered "I've given too much away,
I'll do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in sorrow;
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widow went weeping by.
And the sons of the World and the sons of the Church
Walked closely hand and heart,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease, and said:
"I am rich, and in goods increased.
I have need of nothing and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."
And the sly World heard and laughed in his sleeve,
And mockingly said aside:
"The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,
And her shame is her boast and pride."

The angel drew near to the mercy seat,
And whispered, in sighs, her name;
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed
And covered their heads with shame,
And a voice came down through the hush of Heaven,
From him who sat on the throne:
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said
'I am rich;' and hast not known
That thou art naked, poor and blind,
And wretched before My face;
Therefore from My presence I cast thee out
And blot thy name from its place."

—*Baltimore Christian Advocate.*

Christian Thought.

RECENT WORKS ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST.



ONE of the striking facts of the times, says the "Wesleyan Christian Advocate," of Macon, Ga., is the profound interest taken in the Life of the Lord Jesus Christ. Already it has created a specific literature. By its newness, its intense vitality, its large scope, its thorough-going criticalness, this literature has won for itself a recognition altogether peculiar. Within the last quarter of a century, books enough to make a small library have been produced on this subject; and, such is the charm of the topic, that nearly every month witnesses an addition to the mass. Nothing like it has ever occurred. Again and again, we have had revivals of doctrine and revivals of sentiment and impulse. The great movement known as the *Renaissance* was only one renewal among hundreds that have signalized the history of the human mind. This sudden and mighty quickening is a law of Providence in the world no less than of the Holy Spirit in the Church. But, whether we look at the marvels of the one or the other, we find no instance at all analogous to the one before us.

It is indeed a psychological curiosity, a phenomenon of mind. On this lower ground, it has an interest for all thinkers. Without the least concert; with no semblance of organized sympathy; men of widely-sundered positions, men of no particular affinities for one another, men of discordant tastes and isolating cultures, have been drawn by some novel gravitation to a common centre. The breadth of this strange influence has been as wonderful as the influence itself. How has it happened that Paulus, Strauss and Neander of Germany; Renan and Pressense of France; Young and Hanna of Scotland; Seelye, Farrar, and Geikie of England; Beecher, Crosby, Abbott and Deems of America, not to mention others, have been attracted to this theme? For eighteen centuries, the same sublime facts have been prominent before the eyes of mankind. The foremost nations of modern civilization, all those nations we designate as providential, have been represented by their foremost thinkers and authors in homage to Christ, and yet, until lately, scarcely any department of religious literature was so meagrely supplied with standard works as the history of our Lord's life in connection with the age, the country, the social and political and religious institutions, on which his career

made such a deep impression. "Lives of Saints," we had in abundance. But Jesus was left with the four evangelists.

All this is changed now. The hand of Providence has directed the wide-spread and concurrent action, and an infinite fund of good is in promise of realization. Harvests have been gathered; others are ripening; still others will whiten this continental field; and the growth will go on till the granaries are all filled. Certain it is, that we are in a fair way to know everything of the life of Jesus which is within reach of industry, scholarship, and critical acumen. All this has been brought about, so far as we can see, by a confluence of causes. First of all, Unitarianism gave especial prominence to the study of Christ's Humanity, and Unitarianism in this particular sphere was a power. No one doubts that. However much we deplore the Unitarian view of Christ's personality, yet, in the stress it laid on His pure and perfect humanity as set forth by Channing, Norton, Tuckerman, Dewey, and others, it would be absurd to deny that they did a great work. Despite of its defects, and, as we think, its cardinal defects, it had the effect to compel orthodox Christians to pay much closer attention to a neglected class of facts, viz.: the facts of Christ's earthly life. Next to this, the rise of Rationalism in Germany with its sharp sword of Historic Criticism, was a loud challenge to Christian students to examine the historic basis of their faith. In this case, the method demanded by the new order of research was very different from the method required to meet Unitarianism. But, nevertheless, in both instances, it turned out that orthodox believers in the Lord Jesus Christ were forced to take a stand-point before unknown. They had to meet these antagonists. To meet them, they had to master their tactics. As it took time for Europe to learn Napoleon's art of fighting when he revolutionized warfare, so the Orthodox party had to come slowly to the knowledge of the most effective way of managing their skilled adversaries. But they found it out. And as Napoleon fell, conquered at last by the very science he taught Europe, so these antagonists have had to succumb to the very method of research and criticism they themselves initiated.

Along with these operative forces, so distinctly marking an era of change, other agencies have been active. The world has been gradually welding itself into something like unity. Trade and commerce have broken through their old restrictions. Legislation has been liberalized; protective tariffs, exclusive privileges, unjust monopolies, have been giving way; sectionalism has yielded to sectionality; national selfishness has widened into the fraternity of internationalism; and we have begun to see that

the idea of Man has an element more humane and more divine than the idea of men as insulated by local adhesions. All the greatest modern inventions, overleaping the barriers of restraint, have gone forth in vast circuits of beneficence. Everything, in our day, is missionary in some shape or other. As a natural effect, the world is more of a human society than ever before, and, each year Providence is multiplying our common interests and binding different peoples in closer union. Our modes of religious thought have shared in this reaction. In this as in much else, we are unconscious debtors to a Providence that hides itself and its workings in thick darkness till the moment arrives for the disclosure of its glory in the fulness of its consummation. By a series of steady advances we have reached a new and wider outlook, and, to our surprise, we see that an increase of sympathy with the human race has led to a nearer and tenderer sympathy with the human character and human life of Christ our Lord. Like a ship ascending one of the great rivers of South America, we have been borne through the shadows of vast forests or past the cliffs of overhanging gloom, and slowly lifted to the mountain heights of the continent, insensible meantime to the lofty attitude we were so surely gaining.

Civilization is Providence in a succession of manifestations. It is Natural Law adjusted to the ever-varying exigencies of man's progress, and sanctified by the discipline of experience, by bitter chastenings, by keen sorrow, to his growth in wisdom and goodness. Necessarily, then, it reciprocated the offices of Christianity, and works evermore towards its blessed ideal. How naturally, therefore, have we been guided to our present attitude! Discoveries and inventions, expansions of industry, distant colonizations, epidemics and panics and wars, have formed us to new methods of thought, and these methods have been transferred, unawares to ourselves, to the highest theme of Christianity—the Person, the character, the offices of the Lord Jesus Christ, Son of Man, Son of God. A. D. 1878. Yea, verily, it is the Year of the Lord! And this A. D. 1878 we rejoice to see, inasmuch as it presents this fact, viz. : a large, varied, and exceedingly rich literature gathered around the central figure of this world's history, Jesus of Nazareth. A special outgrowth of our times, we bless the times for such a majestic product. It is worth more than all else we have accomplished in Science and Art. If we except Strauss, Renan, and their class of thinkers, the authors of these volumes on the Life of Christ have written with a weight of seriousness, a patience in research, and a fidelity to spiritual consciousness, that are in themselves

no feeble testimony to the divine grandeur of their theme. In vain shall we search these works for any evidence of that flippant sensuousness which abounds in all other literature dealing with topics that interest and excite men. Standing by itself in the augustness of its character, a solitary fact among myriads of other facts, a grandeur that dwarfs all other beauty and sublimity and pathos to nothingness in its presence, this infinite subject has created a spirit of thought and literary treatment kindred to its own celestial dignity. The awe that hung around the person of the Lord Jesus when on earth still invests the pages that portray what He was and how He lived and died.

Christian Life.

DR. CHARLES HODGE; OR, THE CHRISTIAN TEACHER.



HE common saying, "Happy is the country that has no history," has well-nigh attained the dignity of a proverb. Like many of our aphorisms it is, however, only partially true. It is true only when we admit that it is only wars and revolution that deserve to be recorded in the page of history.

Understood, however, in the common way, and as applied to an individual, it might be therefore said that no man of our time lived a happier life than Dr. Charles Hodge. In his life, passed peacefully, there were no "moving accidents by flood and field."

He was born in Philadelphia of Scotch-Irish parents (in 1797) as a very eventful century was drawing to a close.

As the little stranger opened those soft, beautiful blue eyes, that never lost their child-like expression, the French experiment of a republic was breaking down in Europe, while the American republic was getting on its feet. As Charles Hodge was learning, at his mother's knee, the catechism, whose doctrines he so well expounded and defended in after years, the Church of Scotland was dying of Moderatism and Socinianism, while Presbyterianism in America was only in its infancy, and in what is now the Dominion of Canada, it had not a dozen congregations between the Atlantic and lake Huron.

Attending college at Princeton, and while yet in the seventeenth year of his age, he came to the resolution of making public profession of his faith in Christ. It was in 1814 that he and a fellow-student took, what was among

students in those days, a courageous, unusual and decisive step. Their conduct awakened discussion and serious thought among their fellow-students, and the following session saw many of the students seeking, finding, and following the Saviour. For sixty-four years Charles Hodge's name stood on the communion roll of the Presbyterian congregation of Princeton, to which he then united himself.

What the home influences were that surrounded the lad who thus took up his cross so young, and carried it so long and well, we cannot say. But we are safe in concluding that we have a real picture of his own early nurture and home life in one of those famous Review articles that carried his name over the religious world. He is reviewing a book by Dr. Horace Bushnell on *Christian Nurture*, and thus writes in 1847.

"A second truth prominently presented by our author, is, that parental nurture or Christian training is the great means for the salvation of the children of the Church. We of course recognize the native depravity of children, the absolute necessity of their regeneration by the Holy Spirit, the inefficiency of all means of grace without the blessing of God. But what we think is plainly taught in the Scripture, what is reasonable in itself, and confirmed by the experience of the Church, is, that early, assiduous and faithful religious culture of the young, especially by believing parents, is the great means of their salvation. A child is born in a Christian family, its parents recognize it as belonging to God, and included in his covenant. In full faith that the promise extends to their children as well as to themselves, they dedicate the child to him in baptism. From its earliest infancy it is the object of tender solicitude and the subject of many believing prayers. The spirit that reigns around it is not the spirit of the world, but of true religion. The truth concerning God and Christ, the way of salvation and of duty, is inculcated from the beginning, and as fast as it can be comprehended. The child is sedulously guarded as far as possible from all corrupting influences, and subject to those which tend to lead him to God. He is constantly taught that he stands in a peculiar relation to God, as being included in his covenant and baptized in his name; that he has in virtue of that relation a right to claim God as his Father, Christ as his Saviour, and the Holy Ghost as his Sanctifier; and assured that God will recognize that claim and receive him as his child if he is faithful to his baptismal vows. The child thus trained grows up in the fear of God; his earliest experiences are more or less religious; he keeps aloof from open sin; strives to keep his conscience clear in the sight of God, and to make the divine will the guide of his conduct. When he comes to maturity the nature of the covenant of grace is fully explained to him, he intelligently and deliberately assents to it, publicly confesses himself to be a worshipper and follower of Christ, and acts consistently with his engagements. This is no fancy sketch."

It is indeed, we are convinced, "no fancy sketch," but a sketch having for its original the quiet home in Philadelphia where Charles Hodge as a boy first knew God and first "*learned Christ.*" While we read this sketch we see in imagination the fair-haired child praying at his mother's knee; we see him now a lad, forsaking his play and his companions to

join in the evening worship ; we see him going to the house of God with his parents, and on his return spending in his closet serious hours in earnest thought on the great problems of life and eternity. We see the young man leaving for college, and listen, in fancy, to the mother's counsel and see her tears ; we see also the parents, in parting, commending their son in prayer to God. We seem to read the letters that pass between Philadelphia and Princeton. We hear the fervent thanks that enter the ear of God when Charles writes that he has decided to take up the cross and go forth to Christ without the camp bearing his reproach.

The life of honour and usefulness that followed the pious training thus sketched, constitutes a loud call for parents to go back to the old-fashioned way of seeking in infancy and early youth the conversion of their children. It is not the Sabbath school, nor the Bible class, nor the revival-meeting, useful and blessed though they be, that is God's great ordinance for converting our young, and thereby building up the Church, but family education. "I doubt not to affirm," says Baxter, "that a godly education is God's first and ordinary means for the begetting of actual faith and other graces in the children of believers." "Family education and order," says President Edwards, "are some of the chief means of grace ; if these fail all other means are likely to prove ineffectual."

It is also interesting, in these days, to notice Dr. Hodge's views of revival meetings as a means of grace, which views were no doubt largely determined by his own personal experience and the principles enunciated above.

"As to revivals of religion, we mean by the term what is generally meant by it, and therefore it is not necessary to define it. We avow our belief that the Spirit of God does at times accompany the means of grace with extraordinary power, so that many unrenewed men are brought to the saving knowledge of the truth, and a high degree of spiritual life is induced among the people of God. We believe also that such seasons have been among the most signal blessings of God to his church from the day of Pentecost to our own times. . . . What, however, we no less believe, and feel constrained in conscience to say, is that a great and hurtful error has taken fast hold on the mind of the church on this subject. Many seem to regard these extraordinary seasons as the only means of promoting religion. So that if these fail everything fails. Others, again, if they do not regard them as the only means for that end, still look upon them as the greatest and the best. They seem to regard this alternation of decline and revival as the normal condition of the Church ; as that which God intended and which we must look for ; that the cause of Christ is to advance, not by a growth analogous to the progress of spiritual life in the individual believer, but by sudden and violent paroxysms of exertion. We do not believe this, because it is out of analogy with all God's dealings with men. Life in no form is thus fitful. It is not in accordance with the constitution God has given us.

Excitation beyond a given standard is unavoidably followed by a corresponding depression. . . . Then it makes excitement essential to the people, and leads them to think that piety consists in strong exercise of feelings, the nature of which it is difficult to determine. The ordinary means of grace become insipid, or distasteful, and a state of things is easily induced, in which even professors of religion become utterly remiss as to all social duties of an ordinary character. We have been told of parts of the Church, where the services of the sanctuary are generally neglected but where the mere notice of a protracted meeting will at once fill the house with hearers, who will come just as long as these meetings last and then fall back into their habitual apathy and neglect. How serious, also, is the lesson read to us by the history of revivals in this country, of their tendency to multiply false conversions and spurious religious experience. It is surely not a healthful state of the Church when nothing is done, and nothing hoped for, but in seasons when everything is thrown out of its natural state, and when the enemy has every advantage to pervert and corrupt the souls of men. Perhaps, however, the most deplorable result of the mistake we are now considering is the neglect which it necessarily induces of the divinely appointed means of careful Christian nurture. With many excellent ministers, men who have the interests of their people deeply at heart, it is so much the habit to lean on revivals as the means of their conversion, that all other means are lost sight of. If religion is at a low ebb in their congregations they preach about a revival. They pray for it themselves and exhort others to do so also. The attention of the pastor and people is directed to that one object. If they fail they are chafed. The pastor gets discouraged; is disposed to blame his people, and the people to blame the pastor. And all the while the great means of good may be entirely neglected. Family training of children and pastoral instruction of the young are almost entirely lost sight of. We have long felt and often expressed the conviction that this is one of the most serious evils in the present state of our churches. It is not confined to any one denomination. It is a state of things that has been gradually induced and is widely extended." It is, therefore, one of the great merits of Dr. Bushnell's book (*Discourses on Christian Nurture*), in our estimation, that it directs attention to this very point, and brings prominently forward the defects of our religious views and habits, and points out the appropriate remedy, viz.: *family religion and Christian nurture.*"

Ir. 1822, when only twenty-five years of age, he was elected to the chair of Oriental and Biblical literature in the Theological College at Princeton. To qualify himself more fully for the duties of his chair, he set out for Europe, and spent two years of hard study in Paris, Halle, and Berlin. These were years well spent. The time lost in the early hour of morning in grinding the axe is more than made up during the day to the "chopper" in the forest. His two years in Germany were of incalculable service to Dr. Hodge during fifty years of after toil in the Professor's chair and at the Editor's desk. His sojourn in France and Germany perfected his knowledge in these languages, made him thoroughly acquainted with their philosophies, theologies and neologies, so that in after years he was able, like a watchman on his high tower, to read the signs of the times, and to warn against the subtle errors that came drifting like little

clouds across the Atlantic to the colleges and schools of America (even before they settled down on England) "turning the heads of American scholars, inflating some and dementing others," as he wrote about this thing forty years ago.

Writing in 1839 on "*The latest form of infidelity*," he thus describes the philosophy that captivated many an unwary soul in the pages of Strauss, Richter, Cousin, Emerson and Carlyle :

"Stripped of its verbiage the doctrine is that men are God: there is no other God than the everflowing race of man; or that the universal principle arrives to self consciousness only in the human race, and therefore the highest state of God is man. 'We are free,' says Heine, 'and need no thundering tyrant. We are of age, and need no fatherly care. We are not the hand-work of any great mechanic. Theism is a religion for slaves, for children, Genevese, for watch-makers.' The incarnation of God, according to this school, did not occur in Christ, but is constantly occurring in the endless succession of the human race. Mankind is the Christ of the new system, and all the gospel teaches of the Son of God is true only as it is understood of mankind."

It is to be greatly regretted that so few of the admirers of Carlyle and Emerson saw in time what they perhaps see now in regard to the *spirit* that pervaded their writings, and which from them pervades now much of the popular magazine and newspaper writings of our day. "The grand danger," remarked this far-seeing watchman as he peered into the mists coming up over his country by way of Boston and its liberal clubs, "the great danger is, that this deadly poison will be introduced under false labels; that this Atheism enveloped in the scarcely intelligent formulas of the new philosophy, may be regarded as profound wisdom, and thus passed from mouth to mouth without being understood until it becomes familiar and accredited. We feel it to be a solemn duty to warn our readers, and in our measure, the public, against this German Atheism, which the spirit of darkness is employing ministers of the gospel to smuggle in among us under false pretences."

These pantheistic doctrines, against which Dr. Hodge bore a life-long testimony, and whose progress he helped no doubt to arrest, have done more to poison the fountains of education and literature, than any other error of our day. Of these subtle, but blasphemous, doctrines, a German writer (Leo) says, (and some of our readers may have met cases in point) — "Ancient chronicles relate there were watch-towers and castles for which no firm foundation could be obtained until (by the direction of the practitioners of the black art) a child was built, up in the walls. They made a little chamber in the foundation, placed within it a table with sugar and playthings, and while the poor unconscious little victim was

rejoicing over his toys the grim masons built up the walls. This is a fable; or, if true, belongs to a pagan age, and every nerve within us trembles as we think of this abomination of heathenism. But are not those who cut the people loose from the more than thousand years old foundation of their morality and faith, by teaching the rising generation that there is no personal God, that the history of his only begotten Son is a cunningly devised fable . . . are not these the most cruel masons who immure the children of Germany in the walls of the tower of heathen ideas, in the bastions and watch towers of the enemy, enticing them within with the sugar toys of their vain philosophy, that they may perish in the horrors of unsatisfied hunger and thirst after the Word of God."

The present condition of Germany, honey-combed with communistic societies, the out-come of Atheism, tells in language that startles the world that the grim masons have done their cruel work too generally and too well in Germany. The work is going on in America; but well it has been for the United States that, for forty years, class after class of the men who control the thought of the English-speaking citizens of the Republic in the press and pulpit, passed under the teaching of such a man as Dr. Hodge. In another paper we will continue our sketch of Dr. Hodge and his service in the cause of sound thought, philosophical and theological.

Christian Work.

IN view of the recent treaty between England and Turkey Christians will watch with increased interest the progress of Missions in Turkey.

TURKISH MISSIONS' AID SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held recently at Willis's Rooms, St. James's. The Rev. Dr. Blackwood took the chair. The Rev. J. G. Tipper read the report, which stated that the war had caused disastrous results to the Bulgarian Missions especially, and the Evangelical churches are materially affected by the general distress. Since the formation of this society, twenty-two years ago, £51,142 had been forwarded through its agency to the help of the various Gospel instrumentalities in Bible lands. Towards the support of native pastors and the relief of congregations suffering through the war, upwards of £1,000 had been raised.

But the committee desired to be enabled to assist native pastors and institutions more effectively, and also American missionaries. The secretary, the Rev. H. Jones, had expressed a wish to retire, but the committee felt that it would not be for the interest of the society to lose his intimate knowledge of the East and valuable services. The committee were about to organize district agencies. The financial statement embraced a period of fourteen months—the total receipts being £4,367 1s. 8d., and the expenditure only leaving a balance on hand of £4 16s. 11d. The Rev. Gavin Carlyle moved the adoption of the report. He said: "Now that the Turkish Government was depending entirely upon Christian Governments, he believed that British influence would become paramount throughout the East, and that that Government would not be able to prevent the preaching of the Gospel. He trusted that the British public would awake to a sense of sending back to the East the Gospel which had originally come from thence." The Rev. A. Gray Maitland seconded the resolution. He said that there were Protestant communities in Bulgaria banded together, and the native pastors were doing good work. They must regard them as their brethren, and look to them as future teachers. Commercial men were ready to take hold of the coming peace, and should they be less ready? The Chairman said that when he was in Bulgaria at the time of the Crimean war there was no mission whatever, but, through funds raised in this country, the Americans sent out Dr. Rigg, who learnt the language and established schools. The society's chief object had been to work through the American missionaries who occupied the field, and to help the native pastors, and good work had been done. Mr. Arthur Rainey moved a resolution inviting increasingly liberal help to the agencies for the introduction and extension of the Gospel in the ancient lands of the Bible. The Rev. Hagop Aboohaytian seconded the resolution. He was a native of Armenia, educated in Germany for ten years, and for nine years had been an Evangelical pastor in Ur of the Chaldees, his native place. He knew how the mission began in Turkey twenty years ago. When he was twelve years old he heard that there was a new religion in Constantinople, and the first American Evangelical church was established there in 1848. Now they had in Turkey five British, five American, and one German Church, all evangelizing societies. They had nearly 600 native pastors, teachers, and readers. Thirty years ago they had not a single Protestant school, now they had more than 500, with nearly 25,000 Protestant children. They had 500 places of worship, and 30,000 or 40,000 Protestant Christians, and 8,000 Church members.

Thirty years ago they had only three Bibles amongst 1,500 Armenian Christian people. Now more than 4,000 Testaments in all languages had been circulated, and 10,000 different tracts and books, especially in the Armenian language. They found Bibles and colporteurs in every city. In his native city of Ur of the Chaldees, he had a congregation of 1,000 Protestant and 250 communicants, together with four schools for girls and boys containing 270. So far had their work been blessed that they now paid for their own pastors and for their school-teachers, who were connected with the American mission. They had a little difficulty about church building, and he would be glad if they could help him to build a church in his native city, the birthplace of Abraham. The Rev. W. Porter pleaded for the Circassians, who, he said, had been oppressed both by Turkey and Russia, and had no opportunity of receiving instruction. Mr. W. R. Ellis moved a resolution urging that prayer be earnestly made for the establishment of a just and impartial administration over all the races in the Turkish and Persian Empires, and for wisdom to missionaries engaged in Mohammedan evangelization. He said that if the Mohammedans in Turkey only had religious liberty more than half of them would become Christians to-morrow. The Rev. Dr. Tien seconded the resolution, which was adopted, as was also a resolution in favor of securing liberty and equality for all religious denominations of Christians, Jews, and others throughout the Turkish and Persian Empires.

And further, in regard to this interesting field, a letter in the "Christian Union," from Harpoot (Eastern Turkey) bearing the initials of one of the missionaries stationed there, contains the following: "If there is any occasion for complaint, among the Christian races of this empire, of injustice and oppression, it can be found much more in Asiatic than in European Turkey. The Armenians, so far as I know them, are a quiet, uncomplaining people. They are a long way removed from Europe. Very few consuls or other foreign residents are found in this part of the country to act as a restraint upon local authorities or to report their misdeeds. If the wrongs of the Bulgarians are a matter worthy to engage the sympathy and intervention of Europe, those of the Armenians are still more so, but they scarcely enter into the account. The thoughts of diplomatists do not reach so far. The people of all classes are cast down and sad—the Turks because the sceptre is apparently passing out of their hands, and their country is becoming ruined; the Christians because they see no hope of relief from their social and political oppression and from their other troubles. This picture is a dark one. In

fact it is impossible to color it too deeply. But is it all dark? There are some bright spots, and I do not think it exaggeration to say that they are in the line of the missionary work. The gospel leaven, that great restorative and purifier of society, has been introduced. It has awakened thought among the masses. It has begotten a desire for education and opened schools all over the land. As an outgrowth of these, schools, high schools, and even colleges, are coming into existence. It is building up churches, setting up a true standard of morality and rectifying the public conscience. It is making men—noble Christian men. Even Turks are beginning to see that the regenerating influences of the empire, the real signs of hope, are coming in the line of Protestant Christianity. It is becoming yearly more apparent that if the land is to be saved it is by this means. Despite the war, and the distress of the people, the missionary work is unusually encouraging. It is no time for diminution of effort, but rather for a general, vigorous advance all along the line. Let not the friends of missions falter."

BURMAH.

The Baptist missions in Burmah are celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the baptism of Kothah byu, the first convert in that region. He became an active Christian, and was styled the Karen Apostle.

JAPAN.

About three years ago a system of free popular education (due chiefly to Christian influences) was established in Japan. It originated from three causes; one, the impulse given to education by the schools taught by the missionaries, and the advocacy of some such system as the present by the missionaries. The course pursued by these brethren was marked by admirable discretion and patience, by an unvarying conciliatory and tolerant spirit. The other cause consisted of the reports and desires of the students who returned from a longer or shorter sojourn in institutions in Europe and America, especially of those who had witnessed the operations of the public school system of the United States. The third effective influence was the advice of gentlemen employed as instructors in various local academies, the larger number of whom, and those most highly esteemed, had been called from the United States. There was also a general desire for knowledge among all classes of the people. After considerable discussion, Professor Murray, of Rutgers' College, was invited

to assume the position of advisory superintendent. He was most ably and industriously seconded by the gentleman who was known in the United States as Mr. Soogiwoora. Under this supervision the Empire was divided into seven grand school districts, and 45,778 elementary school districts, and the work of preparing school-rooms and engaging teachers was entered upon with remarkable earnestness and zeal. The third annual report of the Minister of Education, Mr. Tanaka Fujimaro, for the year 1877, has just been published. It is a most interesting document of thirty-six pages, printed in Japanese and English, and fairly crowded with important information, a *resume* of which we quote from the "Christian Intelligencer." It seems that the private schools are gradually disappearing before the public schools. Eighty-four private schools were closed during the year. The whole number of elementary schools last year was 24,225, of which 2,237 were private schools. The increase in the number of these primary schools during the year was 4,208—an astonishing growth. The number of teachers was 44,501. The increase in the number of teachers was 7,631. The whole number of children under instruction was 1,828,474, while the number of school age who received no education was 3,839,193. But the system is rapidly overtaking the wants of the population, for the increase of the number gathered into the schools during the year was 211,358. Above these elementary schools are what are called "middle schools." Of these 116 were maintained, taught by 265 teachers, instructing 5,620 scholars. The increase for 1877 was 84 schools, 91 teachers, and 2,467 scholars. Of normal schools there were 90, just double the number of the previous year. As instructors 588 persons were employed, who taught 7,589 male and 107 female students. The number of public school buildings erected during the year was 3,881. The finances of the department were managed with a wise economy, and at the end of the year a balance of over two millions of dollars was on hand, to be devoted to the formation of a public school fund—an object greatly desired by the Government.

CHINA.

The Rev. W. S. Swanson, of the English Presbyterian Mission, writes from Amoy: "We have just had our spring meeting of Presbytery, one of the most stirring and profitable meetings we have ever had. There were four native pastors, five foreign missionaries, fifteen native elders, and two delegates from the London Mission churches in this quarter. These

represented more than fifty separate congregations, and the sight made those of us who could look back to the past small beginning thank God with humble grateful hearts. Carefully drawn up reports on church finance and on the progress of the work were given in and discussed, and it would have done your heart good to see how heartily and intelligently and systematically the whole business was conducted. The Amoy Presbytery has now a membership of 1,270 adults under its jurisdiction, with a large number of baptized children and adherents. The total sum contributed by the church members last year amounted to 2,482 dols. (a sum, reckoning the dollar at 4s. 3d., equal to £527 10s.,) making the average contribution of each individual 8s. 4d. They are able to do more than this, and I do hope and believe that still further progress will be made."

MEXICO.

Among the Aztec population of Mexico the Methodists are making praiseworthy progress. The Rev. Mr. Drees is working among these people in the vicinity of Puebla and Los Reyes, and reports that they give him respectful and pleasant attention. The Aztecs are popularly supposed to have little or no brains, but Mr. Drees says that this is an error, and that they are as well worth labouring for as any other class of human beings.

FIJI.

The Rev. Dr. Gervase Smith, who has been visiting Australasia as the representative of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at home, sends to the "Methodist Recorder" an interesting narrative of his visit to Fiji. He thus describes the training institution for native teachers at Novaloa:—

"Walking up from the landing stage towards the institution, we were met by the Rev. Lorimer Fison, the superintendent and governor, clad in a snow-white suit, which, under the scorching sun, seemed most fitting. This place is a valuable property containing about 300 acres, which have been given by the native chiefs. Nearly every missionary in Fiji has an institution for training of young men. He gathers those in his circuit who are likely to be useful into the vicinity of the Mission-house. He gives them instruction in the mornings, and sends them to work in the afternoons for their own support. The most promising of these are periodically sent to Novaloa, where, under the care of Mr. Fison and a trained teacher, they receive instruction and also work daily. There are now about eighty in residence, in addition to the sons of chiefs who are here educated. Several of the students are married men. Eight or ten houses are built on the estate for the students, and, when it can be done, a married man has a whole house assigned to him, in which he resides with his family. There are about 150 persons of all ages connected with the establishment."


CENTRAL AFRICA.

The reinforcements for the Nyanza party now going to Uganda, up the Nile, are the bearers of a letter from Lord Salisbury to King M'tesa. The "Church Missionary Gleaner" says: "Another member of the Nyanza Mission has been removed to his heavenly rest. Mr. W. C. Tytherleigh, an excellent young carpenter, has died in the Usagara hills, from some internal injury accidentally received while pushing one of the "bullock-carts." Mr. Wilson, the surviving member of the original mission, has sent home an interesting account of his Sunday services in King M'tesa's palace at Uganda. He says: "As in all tropical countries, we are early here; so, about half-past seven every Sunday morning, I set off for the palace, the fact of its being Sunday being announced to the public by the king flying his flag from the flagstaff by his palace. This flag is a nondescript sort of thing, consisting of pieces of red, blue, and white calico sewn together. The service begins with a chapter from the Old Testament. I read three or four verses in English, and Mufta then reads them in Kiswahili—the king generally translating into Kiganda. I then explain and comment on the verses just read, and answer any questions that may be asked; then three or more verses are read and explained, and so on till the chapter is finished. A chapter is then read and explained in a similar manner from the New Testament, and I give a short address, consisting principally of a sort of summing up of what we have just read, and drawing particular attention to anything of special importance. This keeps the people's attention better than reading long portions at a time, and also gives them more opportunities for asking questions, of which I am glad to say they avail themselves pretty freely. We then conclude with some prayers from the Prayer-book, in English and Suahili, the people (except the Arabs) all kneeling and joining in the 'Amen.' The people, as a rule, are very attentive, and seem to take an interest in what is read, especially the Lord's parables; and the hearty expressions of assent which come from them, when anything comes to them with special force, are very pleasant to hear. I was much pleased last Sunday with what the king did. The passage from the New Testament was the raising of Lazarus, which was listened to with unusual attention. At the close, after speaking of our Lord's power and willingness to save all who came to Him, I urged them to come to Christ at once, while there was time. As soon as I had finished the king took it up and spoke most eloquently to them, telling them to believe in Christ now, saying they could only do so in this life; when they were dead it would be too late."

A few words in Mr. Wilson's last letter, written February near Unyan-yembe, reveals a silver lining in the dark cloud that has been permitted to overshadow the Nyanza Mission. He says: "I can already see how God is bringing good out of evil in this matter (the death of our brethren), in the favourable feeling it seems to have created towards us in the minds of many of the natives."

Practical Papers.

PEACE WITH GOD.

E want peace," said the commissioners of the Southern Confederacy, as they stood in the presence of President Lincoln, after years of fratricidal strife had drenched the land in blood.

"There is but one way to have peace," was the reply, "and that is to stop fighting." It was hard for those brave, proud men to accept the alternative, but after years of fruitless conflict it was done.

There is but one way to have peace with God, and that is to stop fighting. We must cease our enmity, our disobedience, our insults, and our sins. We must cease to doubt his Word, and insult him by treating him as a liar. We must accept his conditions, believe his words, obey his precepts; and then our conflict with our God is ended.

The first thing to be done in adjusting a difficulty between men at variance, is to bring them to understand each other. They are prejudiced, blinded, and misinformed; hence we say: "Come, now, sit down and talk the matter over." And does not our God deal thus with fallen men? Has he not said: "Come, now, let us reason together"? And what will be the result if men heed his voice, and reason with their God? "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool:" Isa. i. 18.

There is no hatred in your heavenly Father's heart, and though you have sinned, and transgressed, and grievously offended, yet the dreadful claims and judgments of God's law have been met by him who "bore our sins in his own body on the tree;" and you need not wait, nor plead, nor strive, in order to be saved. Your true course is to accept what God offers, and if you wish for peace with God, stop fighting and submit to

his claims. I once read of a man who during the American war had hid away in the mountains, that he might avoid being drawn into the scenes of bloody strife. One time he came slyly down from his hiding place to a neighboring seaport town, to see how the war progressed, and to learn the latest news. Imagine his astonishment as he was told that the war had ended two years before. The struggle was over, and in his seclusion he had not heard of it; peace had been proclaimed, but the tidings had not reached his hiding place.

There are sinners to-day who are as much in the dark as was he. They have heard of sin, of judgment, of enmity, of wrath, and of perdition; but they have never heard of the peace made through the blood of the cross, or amnesty proclaimed, or pardon offered, and salvation made free to all who will accept the gift of God. The heart of the heavenly Father harbors no malice or revenge toward you, it throbs with infinite and everlasting pity, it dilates with the unfathomed fullness of eternal love. He entreats you to turn to him and live; he makes solemn oath before heaven and earth, saying: "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, wherefore, turn yourselves, and live ye:" Ezek. xviii. 32. He warns you, O, sinner, to flee from iniquity ere it prove your ruin, and bids you escape for your life, while mercy pleads and the judgment storm delays.

Why will you defer the hour of repentance and neglect so great salvation? If you are saved at all it must be in God's way, and Christ is that way; in God's time, and "Now is the accepted time."—*The Christian.*

A DEAD SINNER.

"Wrapt in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the Christless sleep;
Above him the eternal cloud,
Beneath, the fiery deep.

"Laid in a Christless tomb,
There bound with felon chain,
He waits the terrors of his doom,
The judgment, and the pain.

"O Christless shroud, how cold!
How dark, O Christless tomb!
O grief, that never can grow old!
O endless, hopeless doom!

"O Christless sleep, how sad!
What waking shalt thou know?

For thee no star, no dawning glad
Only death's dreadful woe.

"The rocks and hills in vain
Shall be the sinner's call;
O day of wrath, O day of pain,
The lost soul's funeral!"

Dead! Dead! He lies before you, Christless in life, Christless in death, a Christless corpse. He has entered the dread unknown. He has passed beyond hope. There is for him now a fixed doom without remedy. There is for him an avenue of despair, a changeless destiny without respite. His death and burial are among the saddest things on this sad earth. It might have been different. Christ would have walked with him through the dark valley; Christ would have guided him through the deep gloom up to the realm of eternal day; but he spurned his offered hand.

Dead, dead! For him there waits no welcome on that other and mysterious shore. For him no angel will chant redemption's story, nor unbar for his weary feet the gates of light. For him there is no resurrection to glory, no palm, no crown, no harp, and no eternal song. Look upon his cold white face and think what might have been! Born to be a king and live forever, he has thrown away an eternity of bliss for a few fleeting pleasures of time; let slip a fadeless crown by a life of careless neglect. Even sweet mercy cannot change his fate. His future is unchangeable, irrevocable. Summer winds may blow, and summer flowers may bloom, but not for him. The voice of gladness will ring through the halls of home, but not for him. Never will hymns by seraphim fall upon his ears. Never will the splendour of Jerusalem the Golden greet his eyes. He will look upon the awful occupant of the burning throne, but hope will die at the sight. He must hear the King say, Depart! The abuser of infinite love must perish. The trifler with offered mercy must be punished. He has left the living no joy in the remembrance of his death. Careless of their grief, he has planted no bud of hope in the hearts of those who loved him, of ever meeting him in the land immortal. Parted,—only to part again and forever at that bar where the human family will strangely and endlessly divide asunder right and left, to life and death. Alas! "It might have been."

Now put on the shroud. Put him in the coffin. Take the last look. You may behold that face again far to the left of the Judge, but oh, there will be centred upon it the horror of a keen despair. Cover it now from

your pitiful gaze. Drop it from your agonised thoughts. All is over. Tears avail not. Lock the Christless one in his narrow house. With solemn tread bear him to the graveyard. Lower him into the cold pitiless ground. Fling in the sod. He hears it not. But the wind-swept grass sighs, and it seems as if the very heavens wailed over the sinner's burial. He is alone to-night, all alone with the clay and the worms. Alone without Christ. The midnight winds sing a mournful requiem over his lonely resting place. He lived on earth in vain. His earthly life was a failure. I hear echoed over the hills the dying words of Lincoln's assassin: "Useless! Useless!" It were better for him that he had never been born.

Reader, will you die such a death? Will you die "as the fool dieth"? (2 Sam. iii. 38.) You may die to-morrow; perhaps to-day. Have you ascertained that you will not, that you are at ease and have no concern? Are you ready *now*? Remember the dying Queen Elizabeth, who cried: "Millions of money for an inch of time!" Once lie down in the sinner's grave and no fortune can buy back your lost chances, no wealth of man can ransom you. Now you live. Now Christ's love invites you, Christ's blood avails. Oh, suffer his wide arms of love to enfold you. Will you *now* walk with the Bridegroom in white robes? or will you sink into the sinner's grave and brave the sinner's dreadful doom? Say, which?

"O Christless soul, awake,
Ere thy last sleep begin!
O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break;
Burst thou the bonds of sin."—*D. T. Taylor.*

Christian Miscellany.

SOME FRUITS OF CONVERSION.



DON'T indulge the idea that when you are saved you get a ticket out of the Bible saying you have eternal life, and then put it into your waistcoat-pocket, forgetting all about it.

No: when God saves you, He saves you from your sins, and gives you a new set of tastes and appetites. The converted man hates everything he knows to be sin. The public-house goes by the board. Fancy an heir of glory finding himself at home in a public-house!

Then the converted man loves his Bible—it is the book he likes best; and you find him continually digging in it as for hid treasure. The converted man lives for Christ in the kitchen just as brightly as in the evangelistic meeting. Follow him home, and there you find him with Jesus at the fireside, and his house a little nursery for heaven. The con-

verted man talks about Christ, instead of talking about his neighbours as he used to do. The converted man loves the company of God's people. The converted man also enjoys being alone with Jesus. The converted man loves his enemies and prays for them. The converted man is nothing behind the moral worldly man in honesty, truthfulness, and liberality—he may excel him. The converted man is genial, kindly, obliging, polite, self-sacrificing—indeed, he is just a miniature copy of his blessed Master, the Lord Jesus Christ.

“The peace of God which passeth all understanding” keeps his heart and mind through Christ Jesus, and he rejoices in the Lord all the day. These are not works—not by any means. They are fruits. Did you ever hear of anyone making an apple; or that an apple found it hard work to grow? I should think not. Well, these things I have mentioned, and many more, are simply fruits of *Christ in the heart the hope of glory.*

GOD'S WAY.

God loves to effect His greatest works by means tending under ordinary circumstances to produce the very opposite of what is to be done. God walls the sea with sand. God clears the air with storms. God warms the earth with snow. So in the world of grace. He brings water in the desert, not from the soft earth, but the flinty rock. He heals the sting of the serpent of fire with the serpent of brass. He overthrows the walls of Jericho by ram's horns. He slays a thousand men with the jaw bone of an ass. He cures salt water with salt. He fells the giant with a sling and a stone. And thus does the Son of God work in the gospel. He cures the blind man by that which seemed likely to increase his blindness—by anointing his eyes with clay. He exalts us to heaven by the stumbling block of the Cross.—*Wordsworth.*

RELIGION ENOUGH TO MAKE GOOD SHOES.

Some years ago a shoemaker in Vermont was converted, and made to know the saving grace of Christ. It does not appear that he was remarkably gifted or fluent or especially prominent in religious circles, but he used to sit on his bench and serve God by faithfully performing his daily labour. When making sewed shoes he had a way of drawing his wax ends out to their full extent, and, taking another hold with his right hand, would give the thread an extra pull, making his work firm and strong.

One day a Christian brother called in to see him, and finding him on

the bench busily pulling his waxed ends, he saluted him with: "Well, have you got any religion to-day?"

"Just enough to make good shoes, *glory to God!*" said the shoemaker, as with his extra hitch and jerk he drew the thread firmly into its place.

In these days of sham and shoddy it requires more than an ordinary amount of religion to make good shoes. A great many people have religion enough to make *poor* shoes, or poor articles of almost any description that can be named, but the men who have religion enough to make *good shoes* or good clothes, or good, honest articles of any kind, are altogether too rare. Deceit and imposition seem to be the order of the day, and people have imbibed an idea, which some of them openly avow, that a man cannot do business honestly, and succeed.

This of course depends somewhat on the business which he may undertake to do. There are some kinds of business that have no honesty about them; they are a cheat from beginning to end, and the man who pursues such occupations as these falls into the ordinary current and simply does as others do; such kinds of business Christians should get out of as Lot got out of Sodom.

But there is nevertheless a demand for honest work, if men can be found who are willing to do it. And if men have religion enough to make good shoes, in time other men who want good shoes, will find them out and give them work to do; while those who make cheating and shamming the strong points in their way of doing work, will perhaps find in the long run, as customers leave them and warn others against them, that the temporary profit of their rascality is more than offset by the lack of confidence and reputation and business which results from such a course. There is great need of a revival of that religion which qualifies men to *make good shoes* and to do all other work which their hands find to do, with their might, honestly and heartily as unto the Lord, and with an eye single to his glory.—*Christian.*

"LOOK AT YOUR COPY."

Another lesson from every-day-life, dear children! And one which I have been learning lately from my little pupils.

Some of you are now looking forward to your holidays—I wonder if any of you are looking back to see what progress you have made in your lessons in the last few months! We have been doing that, and we find everything has been going on well except the writing. How was it that, as we turned over the pages from the beginning of the copy-book,

each line was worse written than the last? Ah! I knew the reason at once; my pupils will not look at their copies. At first starting they give one glance at the top to see how the words are spelt, and then write away, line after line, without once raising their eyes to the beautiful clear writing that I want them to imitate. And so mistakes come; for they go on copying their own untidy writing, and it just gets worse and worse. Does not that remind you of how we forget to look to Jesus, our great Example? Many of you, I hope, belong to the Lord Jesus and really wish to be like him; and perhaps you are a little discouraged because you only seem to get more *unlike* Him. If so, I suspect it is for the same reason you don't look enough at your copy. I often say to my little pupils, "Never write a single letter without looking steadily at your copy to see how it is made;" and so I would say to you now—Never do a single thing without first looking to Jesus to see how He wants it done. But there—happily for us, dear children—the comparison ends. For the copy-book only shows the children *how to write*; while the Lord Jesus not only *shows you how*, but *helps you*, and is always ready to help you, to be like Him. *He not only tells you what to do, but makes you able to do it.* Then let us look more unto Jesus, more often, more steadily, more trustingly; for while we are looking to Him we are growing like Him.—L.J.L.

DANCING.

The Chief of Police of New York says that three-fourths of the abandoned girls in that city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing which, if taken under any other circumstances, these gentlemen would be reported as improper persons. I have a sister who has passed away. On a marble block is written: "Willing to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." I had rather go there with my sighs, tears, flowers and prayers, and visit that little grave as a shrine, than have her present in the body and see her one night in the dizzy and promiscuous ball-room. It requires neither brains, good morals, nor religion to be a good dancer. It leads to bad society. I never saw such a vicious crowd of young men at our college as on the night when there was to be a ball. It won't mix with religion any more than oil and water will mix. As the love of one increases, the love of the other decreases. How many eminent Christians are distinguished dancers? As certain as the atmosphere around the thermometer at zero will freeze things, as certain as the wind that is

bellying the sail will drive the boat, so certain will dancing freeze the religious sentiments out of the soul; it will drive its devotee away from the church; it is a wind that blows in that direction. No dancing is spoken of in the Bible that was done by Divine authority. In ancient times the sexes danced separately.

Alcohol is the "spirit" of beverages. Take it out, and the young men of the land would as soon seek a beverage in the swill-tub as in the saloon. So sex is the spirit of the dance. Take it away and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would shortly be out of fashion. Parlor dancing is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlor dancing leads to ungodly balls. Tippling and parlor dancing sow to the wind, and both reap the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acids, weigh it, and the verdict of reason, morality and religion is, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."—*Rev. S. J. Tomlinson, Indianapolis Journal.*

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish he sighed:

"If, now, I had these, I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

Heathen lands are getting ahead of us. We see it announced that the Bible has been introduced into the Bengal schools. This is not the first time we have been permitted to announce a similar fact in connection with the schools of the East. It is probable that there are no Catholic or German infidel voters there to object and make the authorities afraid. We are glad to see, too, that the English school boards, especially those of London, have an appreciation of the importance and value of Bible knowledge to the young. The London Board encourages the awarding of prizes for familiarity with the contents of the Bible. One member of the Board, Mr. Francis Peck, has given five thousand pounds to the Religious Tract Society, with the condition that it shall give annual prizes to the scholars who pass the best examination in the Scriptures. Last year there were 82,000 contestants, showing that a general interest had been awakened in the subject. At the award, on July 7th, in the Crystal Palace, 35,000 persons were present, and 500 Bibles, and 8,500 Testaments were given away. Other school boards throughout the country are making arrangements for Bible study on the same plan. This course will add immeasurably to the solid value of the schools.—*Observer.*

Children's Treasury.

"DUST ON YOUR GLASSES."

DON'T often put on glasses to examine Katy's work; but one morning, not long since, I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired; "this room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said modestly.

And sure enough, the eye-glasses were at fault, and not Katy. I rubbed them off, and everything looked bright and clean, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said, "I'm glad it was the glasses, and not me, this time." This has taught me a good lesson, I said to myself upon leaving the room, and one I shall remember through life.

In the evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The

cook had done so and so, and she had said so and so. When her story was finished I said, smilingly, "There is dust on your glasses, Katy; rub them off, you will see better." She understood me and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other, "Oh, there is dust on your glasses." Sometimes I am referred to; "Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses; can't he rub it off?"

When I hear a person criticising another, condemning perhaps a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person or persons, I think right away, "There's dust on your glasses; rub it off." The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses, only the dust is a little thicker on some than on others, and needs harder rubbing to get it off.

I said this to John one day, some little matter coming up that called forth the remark, "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then, said he. There is Mr. So-and-so and Mrs. So-and-so; they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint,—I don't know, I don't like them." "I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now;" he laughed and asked, "What is a body to do?" "Keep your own well rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not." "I will," he replied. I think as a family, we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of, "There is dust on your glasses."—*Observer.*

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

A Christian merchant who, from being a very poor boy, had risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend to what, under God, he attributed his success in life. "To prompt and steady obedience to my parents," was his reply. "In the midst of many bad examples of youths of my own age, I was always able to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I firmly believe that a blessing has, in consequence, rested on me and upon all my efforts."

He who would learn to command, must first learn to obey; and if he does not learn obedience in early years in his father's house, how and where will he ever learn it? Without obedience and subjection to the will and mind of God, there can be no true prosperity in this life, or hope in that to come. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right."

WHICH JUG?

"Here I come, father, *temperance* in one hand and *intemperance* in the other," said a little boy as he trudged into the hay-field with a water-jug in one hand and a cider-jug in the other.

"Now, who is for *intemperance*?" he asked, glancing at the faces of the workmen.

The question went home to the father's heart; he decided for *temperance*, slaked his thirst with pure cold water, and never sent cider into his field after that.

Carrying cider-jugs is very poor business for boys; and when jugs are to be carried, boys frequently have that work to do. The sooner the practice is abolished the better for both men and boys.

SPEAK KINDLY.

A young lady had gone out to take a walk. She forgot to take her purse with her, and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the little girl, showing a variety of book-marks, needle-books, watch-cases, etc.

"I'm sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady. "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few kind words to the girl; and then as she passed, she said again, "I'm very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day."

"Oh, miss," said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly to me, and I feel a heap better."

That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and suffering. If we have nothing else to give, let us at least give them our sympathy.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently, for 'tis like the Lord,
Whose accents meek and mild
Bespoke him as the Son of God,
The gracious, holy Child."—*Carrier Dove.*

COUNTING THE FINGERS.

Davy, dear, your fingers hold ;
Listen till my story's told.

Thumb's a rogue, and whispers "Come,
Let us steal the sweets," says Thumb.

Straight First Finger bends to hear;
She's a rogue when Thumb is near.

Second Finger says, "I'll go."
Cries Third Finger, "Count me too."

Little Finger stands alone,
Says, "The sweets are not our own."

Thumb says, "Let no Finger say
Where the sweets have gone to-day."

Finger First cries out, "No, No!
Not a word from me shall go."

Finger Second shakes her head,
"She would suffer death instead."

Finger Third is full of fear,
Lest some marks of guilt appear.

Little Finger cries, "For shame!
I shall tell where lies the blame.

If we are all made to smart,
With the rest I'll bear my part."

And I think that, through and through,
Little Finger's right—don't you?