

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

GOD'S SABBATH SCHOOL.

HE care God takes of the little seed whence comes the future plant is a fact familiar to every person. It is a fact equally interesting and familiar that the young of the lower animals are not launched on the world for a living till their parents have trained them for their life-work. What child is there who has not been, at times, amused with the ways of the household cat in training her kittens to ways and acts becoming their future mission as beasts of prey? The writers of the Old Testament, those inimitable naturalists, were not unobservant of the fact to which we refer. "A Lioness: she lay down among lions; she nourished her whelps among young lions: and she brought up one of her whelps; it became a young lion and it learned to catch the prey; it devoured men." To the same purpose is the beautiful reference of Moses to the habits of the eagle, which, as we were informed by a man familiar with its habits in the lofty *scurrs* of the Scottish Hebrides, builds its nest of twigs lined with softer materials, which soft lining is torn away and the harsh rough stuff of the nest exposed to the breasts of the phlegmatic eaglets when the parents think it time for them to leave the nest. Pushed over the inaccessible ledge on which the nest is built, the young birds must needs use their wings or sink into the sea; but the parent birds are there, to rush in beneath, when the young wings falter in the flight, to support on their broad back the inexperienced learner, till he gains breath and heart; again to be launched out over

the abyss; again to be succoured, till at last the rough but welcome nest is gained. All this once described to us by a frequent eye-witness of the scene, was familiar to Moses in his shepherd-days in Midian and embodied in the beautiful figure no doubt familiar to our readers: "As an eagle stirreth her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead Jacob. . . . He made him ride on the high places of the earth that he might eat the increase of the fields."

The wise and good Creator who made such wondrous provision for the protection of seed of plant, and young of animal and also for their growth into the ways and habits of their kind has not left out of his far-seeing plan for the welfare of his creatures, some specific arrangements for the training of the young of that being that was made in his own image, and whose chief end is to glorify and enjoy him.

The instincts of the race, and its more matured reasonings, indicate with the clearness of noon-day that HOME is the true school for training youth in correct views of God and duty, and that godly parents are the very best of teachers in these high and holy themes.

In complete harmony with these instinctive sentiments and sober reasoning are the practice of the patriarchs and fathers and the dictates of the word of God on this subject. In Abraham, God recognizes and rewards the principle and practice of home and parental training. "And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do; seeing that Abraham shall become a great nation and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him; for I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment." One of the leading features of the national polity established by Moses—a polity which has conserved, in spite of dispersions and persecutions, till this day, the Jews in the religion and worship of their Fathers,—is *family instruction* in divine things by the parents, around the fireside, enjoined on the nation in words like these:—"And these words that I command thee this day shall be in thine heart; and

thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up." In full harmony, still further, with the old dispensation, on this point is the new dispensation which, speaking through Paul, enjoins in the exact spirit of Abraham and Moses, "And ye fathers . . . bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Thus from the instincts of our race, from the dictates of reason and from the command of Holy Writ we are forced to the conclusion that God's institution for teaching religion and morality is the *home-circle*, and God's appointed teachers in His Sabbath School are the *parents of the pupils*.

From this simple principle, from the God-given, sacred, inalienable duty and privilege of parents, "to train up their offspring in the way in which they ought to go," from this principle, we say, springs the right of Christian parents to delegate a *share* of their high calling to the teachers whom they may employ for five days of the week to teach to their children secular knowledge, and also to the church with whose communion they are connected. The delegation of religious teaching by Christian parents to the public schools of the country constitutes the true, solid unassailable basis on which the Christian majority of a school section can demand, that to their children, at least, their delegate (*stantem in loco parentis*) during school hours, *i.e.* the teacher, shall read and if need be explain and apply as far as practicable and wise, for a man in his position, the Word of God. This right of delegating the work of religious teaching, on the part of a Christian congregation, which is the foundation, indeed, of the pastoral office, is, also, the foundation of our Sabbath Schools, which ought not to usurp therefore, as one of our contributors in a recent number of our magazine has well said, all the functions of the parents.* The Sabbath school is therefore in this view

* "The Sabbath School should be regarded only as the auxiliary of that domestic nurture and admonition of the Lord which surrounds every Christian home . . . The Sabbath School can hardly be more than a meeting for parade and review, to exhibit the progress made by the home-drill during the week."—Mr. JOHN CAMERON, B.A., Winnipeg, in Dec No., 1877, C.C.M.

subsidiary to the home school, and no good can come to the Church or to the community, to old, or to young, from putting last what God has put first, and first what he has placed last. In these days, when such a thing as a public conference or convention to promote *Home teaching* is unknown in a land which is full to overflowing with all manner of talk, wise and otherwise, about our public Sabbath schools, it is refreshing to find an influential body like the Presbytery of Toronto standing up, by a recent resolution, in favour of throwing, but not to the entire neglect of Sabbath Schools, more of the energy of its pastors, henceforward, into the promotion of fireside teaching and training, strengthening that time honoured school, where were taught patriarchs and prophets, apostles and evangelists, in the good days of old. The resolution to which we refer, was in these words:

1. That instead of holding special meetings for parents and teachers, to be addressed by members of the Presbytery, it would be preferable meantime, and would make sure of reaching a much larger proportion of our people, were an exchange of pulpits throughout the bounds of the Presbytery arranged for, and the ministers occupying the pulpits on that particular Sabbath to press upon parents the responsibilities and duties resting upon them—1st to read the Word of God daily with their children; 2nd, to read carefully, and in all cases possible to explain to their children the Bible lesson to be taught in the school on the following Sabbath; and 3rd, that while striving to discharge home duties to their children, they also avail themselves thankfully of the assistance of the Sabbath School teacher.*

While we give, let us say frankly, to the modern Sabbath school all the praise due to an institution that has done the Church and the State some good service, yet we cannot be blind to some serious evils connected with unduly pressing its claims. It is in danger of shifting the main burden of the work of teaching the young, from the shoulders of their parents, to the shoulders of strangers: it is in danger of blinding parents and the Church to real facts in the case, causing them to imagine that the work of educating the young is going on well, when, from the youth, etc., of the teaching school it is not going on at all, or to any deep or solid degree; it is in danger of cultivating in the young a love for sen-

* We cannot see the necessity, or even wisdom, of asking ministers to exchange pulpits so that a stranger should once a year press on a congregation great and solemn duties which can be pressed by no one more efficiently than by the pastor of the congregation, not once, but often during the year.—Ed. C.C.M.

sation and excitement to the dislike at length of the quietness and restraints of home life. These dangers are beginning to be noted and felt so generally, that it would not at all be a matter of surprise should we see, ere long, an effort made by the churches to transfer to two hours on the Saturday—when all our public schools are closed, and when the pastors could do most of the work—the work now done on the Sabbath, so that the Sabbath should be left entirely for *public worship* and *home instruction*.

To many of our readers the Home school—God's institution as much as the Sabbath and Marriage—calls up the holiest and happiest years of childhood in a picture, more perfect, it may be, than the immortal scene of "Burns' Cottar's Saturday Night." The home school meets without noise or confusion. No distracting sounds or scenes, or frivolous talk, so inevitable in a mixed company of young, disturb the serious thought engendered by the forenoon's public service. The class is but one family, and therefore it is easily kept in order; the teachers are the father and mother, and therefore they know their pupils well, and can suit their teaching to their varied capacities: all the week the scholars are under the eye of their teachers, and therefore the dry lessons may receive many a pungent illustration from the incidents of the preceding week, and solid application in the duties of the following week. And, in all this work, the father who sees, it may be, but little of his children and his Bible, during the work days, learns more than his scholars; he learns to know his Bible better by his efforts to teach; he learns to know his children, and the working of their minds; he learns also to love his children better; and they, too, learn to know and love him; and thus (beautiful ideal) will the parents, in a sense, realize towards their children the mission God claimed for himself towards his children;—"He led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye: as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him." Go to the eagle, ye parents, consider her ways and be wise.

Living Preachers.

LITTLE FOXES.

BY THE REV. WM. MOORE, OTTAWA.

“Take us the Foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.”—Song of Solomon, Chap. ii. verse 15.



RAPES fitly represent the fruits of righteousness which we, as branches of the living vine, should bear to the praise of the living God. As the purpose for which a vineyard is planted is to obtain fruit, so holiness and integrity is the end of redemption.

They are called tender grapes—because choice and valuable. In Paul's instructions to Titus, (iii. 8) he strenuously exhorts him to insist upon the maintenance of good works by those professing faith in God; because, says he, “These things are good and profitable unto men,” and elsewhere women are exhorted to put on “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.”

In Palestine and other eastern countries, vineyards are carefully walled or fenced, and guarded to keep out the wild boars, jackals and foxes, which do much damage by trampling down and destroying the vines and devouring the fruit. The little foxes, though individually less able to do serious damage, are more difficult to keep out. They easily make their way through openings which would not admit animals of larger growth. I therefore take them to represent the several insidious moral influences which silently infect the spiritual life with decay, which hinder its wholesome growth, which lessen the abundance and richness of the fruits, and thus weaken and obscure our testimony to the oversight and culture of Divine grace. I shall therefore to-day not refer to the grosser sins, such as profanity, Sabbath breaking, dishonesty and drunkenness, into which Christians sometimes unfortunately fall. The vineyard is in a deplorable condition when such animals as these can find entrance and roam about at will. I direct attention rather to those little things which, partly, because of their commonness, and partly, because of their mixed character, are perhaps less matters of conscience than they should be. They thus form so many covered ways through which the enemy is able to advance to the attack, and take us by surprise before we at all suspect

his presence—greatly to the hurt of our own souls and the scandal of the cause of Christ.

I. *Unkindness.*—By unkindness I mean the disregard of the comfort of others, which is due more to thoughtlessness than to hardness or cruelty. Children are so often taken up with themselves and their schemes and companions as not to notice the fact that the mother's strength is failing, or that the father is over-burdened with anxiety. They do not take in the meaning of the weary look, the abstracted manner, the heavy sigh, and the deepening care-lines on the face—rather I shall say, they do not notice them at all—or if occasionally they are visited with a painful suspicion, they too easily turn to something else. Sons and daughters increase the embarrassment of the father by thoughtless extravagance, when a little economy would be an immense relief and assistance. They intensify the care and weakness of the mother by monopolizing public meetings, social gatherings, and the means of grace, largely depriving her of the change and social influence necessary to her freshness and vigor, and thus in sheer thoughtlessness making heavy drafts on the health and strength and love of parents whom they fondly love, and for whom, if once their conscience and affection were fairly roused, they would gladly lay down life itself. It may be asked, why do not the father and mother speak out? Speaking out lays them open to the suspicion of hardness. In their love they would bear all cheerfully for their children's happiness, and their own fondness makes them anxious to do more than they are really able. But children ought to see and think, and act for themselves. They ought to be sharp-sighted enough to see, and sympathetic enough to understand the signals which nature hangs out before their eyes, and which neither art nor affection can wholly conceal. This ought to be whether Christian or not. But how much more if Christian? The spirit of Christ is one of unselfish, self-denying, helpful love. The spirit of Christ delights to deny itself in order to promote the comfort and welfare of others. He gave himself a ransom for many, and himself bare our sicknesses.

There is no where under the sun so much room for quiet heroism as in the privacy of home. But it is heroism in little things, heroism in self-restraint, heroism in denying one's self, heroism in bending one's self to what may be sometimes the whims of others. And one must be content to do and suffer in silence, be satisfied with knowing that God knows all. It is the privacy and lack of recognition which make the task so hard. If it were some great thing—if only *somebody* recognized our effort

and helped us on with their sympathy and applause, there would be something to rouse our energy and to stir the blood; but to work and suffer and watch and wait, and no one to know but the silent unseen God, is hard—and hard just because we forget his presence. The thought of years of unknown, unrequited labor sometimes pierces the soul like the keen blade of the stiletto. And yet herein lies the test and trial of our faith. If we have no living faith in God, we will float with the tide and drift wherever a corrupt nature may carry us—whereas if faith is strong, we shall hold out against the temptations of selfishness, even though we should sometimes taste the bitterness of death. If you can live like Christ in the home, the spirit of glory and of God rests on you, but if you fail there, all the rest goes for nothing.

II. *Levity.*—By levity I do not mean anything that has the slightest shadow of immorality, but simply the love of gaiety and excitement. I have not a word to say against innocent recreation; within proper limits mirth and laughter invigorate and strengthen the spirit and give it snap and fire. What I do most earnestly condemn is an everlasting giggle, the tendency to turn life into a holiday, an incessant straining after wit and cleverness, and the habit of saying and doing everything in such a way as to provoke a laugh. This peculiar mental intoxication is unfortunately too common. And what is the result? A ceaseless round of excitement and pleasure-seeking—a tendency to look out for the ludicrous and grotesque, even in connection with the most sacred things; while everything that tends to soberness and quiet, whether it be the sober duties of home or the sacred duties and pleasures of the hour of prayer, are voted as something of a bore. Hence, also, the demand for magnificent churches, for artistic singing, for eloquent sermons, and for the whirl and bustle of conventions and revivals. Levity is growing into a frightful curse; it is filling the Church with leprosy; it is sweeping thousands of souls into perdition; it is an opiate always at hand to stupefy the conscience and drive away those pains of earnest thought and rational penitence which dignify the soul and are the sure precursors of a peace the world can neither give nor take away.

The soul cannot live on excitement any more than the body can live on stimulants. We must get back to the solid bread of life, or we shall die of starvation. This world is not a play-house. Time is heavy with eternal issues, and God has put us here, not to play the part of mountebanks or court-fools, but to work out our salvation with fear and trembling. Even now we may reach the awful glory of being temples of the living

God; and shall we throw away this royal dignity, this glorious destiny, for the mere counterfeit of joy—for pleasures which glitter for a moment and then fade into the ghastliness and misery of eternal death?

III. *Extravagance.*—Extravagance has many forms. Sometimes it is seen in the effort to keep a finer house, a larger number of servants, and a more expensive style of living than is warranted by one's income and actual position. This form of extravagance is one to which women are peculiarly tempted. The house is their domain, and they don't like to be cast in the shade by ambitious neighbors. I have known women to make perfect slaves of themselves and worry themselves to death for the sake of keeping up appearances. And for what? Only to keep a footing somewhere on the outer edge of what they call society. To get their sons and daughters eligibly settled. With what result? The children's heads are stuffed with vanity, their hearts with pride. They cannot be mechanics or servants, but must be ladies and gentlemen, and the city is filled with ambitious but discontented clerks and sewing girls, who live from hand to mouth, when with a little less pride and the same amount of labor they might be comparatively happy and independent in those very walks of life which they so heartily despise.

Another form of extravagance is, trying to do a larger business than the actual capital warrants. We see it in large showy buildings, heavy unpaid-for stocks, and the deceptive appearance of a large business. That is the outside; the inside looks rather different. Heavy bills coming due with very little to meet them;—renewals at the bank;—endorsing for other people to get similar favors in return, thus enormously increasing the risk;—debts running up;—creditors put off with promises which are only make-shifts to gain time;—weary days and restless nights, crowned at last with the shame of bankruptcy, or scarcely less disgraceful compromise,—accompanied, perhaps preceded, by efforts to escape the pinch of poverty and to save a little from the wreck by making over something to be held in the wife's name. This process which I have now pictured is not squeezed into a few months, but sometimes runs through years. Do these things look like secular topics more fit for a week night lecture? That is because we have only looked at the secular side. Let us now turn to the other. Even if there were nothing worse than the hurry and fret, the case would be sufficiently serious. The load of debt, the incessant planning and scheming to make ends meet,—these fill the heart and cast out all thought of God. The mind is in such a ferment that it cannot settle down to the quiet study of the word of life.

The prayers are hurried, sometimes almost agonized, sometimes cold as ice,—but the agony is for money, the ice for spiritual blessing. The sanctuary itself is haunted with 'visions of duns and protests, and there are people in the church whom one is ashamed to meet. Is there no wrong in all of this? Does the soul get no damage from it. Is it any wonder that religious experience is shorn of its brightness and glory? The children of Israel never travelled through a more desolate wilderness.

But this is not all. The shifts and evasions to which men in such straits feel themselves compelled to resort have a large tincture of falsehood and fraud in them; they are sins against God—sins punished by deadness of conscience; sins punished by more embarrassing entanglements, until the man who at first only kept back the truth can tell a downright lie—can lie to gain a day's time, and perhaps for the same reason rush with open eyes into the crime of forgery. Is it any wonder the soul is at times torn with an agony of remorse—that the Church of God is deserted—that nothing but rum and gambling with its seathing excitement can give a momentary relief? And even this is not all. A spotted or broken reputation throws one much in the way of doubtful company, and to the same extent cuts one clear of the company and influences most needed to steady the soul. I find that when people are most in need of a kind word they are least disposed to give one a chance to speak it. I do not say that such things in every instance utterly damn the soul, but I do say that they often entangle a man in habits and associations which blacken his reputation, blast his prospects, and destroy his constitution—that they throw the soul into an awful lethargy, from which it may waken only on the brink of eternity, and the poor man dies, trusting feebly in God's infinite mercy, but crying sadly over a mis-spent life.

But, perhaps, you think this is scarcely a "little fox." It is more like sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind. True, and yet all this wreck and misery had its beginning in small things. It seems a small thing, a thing in which there is no serious harm to pinch a little for the sake of appearances. One does not like to dress more meanly or live more closely than their neighbors who are no better off than themselves. But what is at the bottom of all this? We call it a desire to be respectable—far too often it is senseless pride, and pride is the spawn of hell. If you are a Christian, you must check the first motions and flutterings of this wicked spirit. You must bend your spirit to the limits of your income, whether that be large or small. You must try to be satisfied with

plain clothes, with modest home, with humble fare. You must not be ashamed to work. It is a thousand times better to have rough, black hands and a clean conscience, than to wear the most exquisite kid gloves and have villainy coiling round the heart.

IV. *Want of Fidelity in the cultivation of spiritual affections.*—Excellence is nearly always the result of long and patient culture. Skill in manual labor is acquired by a painstaking repetition which educates both eye and hand. Rapidity of consecutive thought comes only, if it ever comes at all, as the fruit of incessant application. This is so evidently a matter of fact that any one who expects to reach even a moderate degree of excellence in any department when almost his entire strength and enthusiasm are given to something else, and only mere fragments devoted to it, would be set down as lacking common sense.

And yet, somehow, men are disappointed if they do not reach a high level of attainment and religious experience without the use of the means, which for other purposes they know to be indispensable. A hasty prayer in the morning,—a hurried, incurious reading of a portion of scripture,—a formal attendance on public worship,—a visit to the meetings of the week of prayer and an occasional attendance at the prayer-meeting shortly before the communion—this is about the sum of the effort made to be religious. The rest of the time is given to business, to household cares, to the luxurious enjoyment of the comforts of home life, or to a round of pleasure-seeking and fashionable dissipation. And then while sucking the fatness of the world and filling the soul with its delight, but scarcely more than catching the odor of holiness and religion, people complain of being cold and dead, of having no satisfaction in the exercises of religion—of knowing nothing of fellowship with God. In fact they have to take all the supreme delights on trust. There may be such a thing as joy unspeakable and full of glory; Christ Jesus may be fairer than the sons of men; but as for them, judging from their past experience, they can scarcely hope to catch more than the faintest glimpse of His beauty, or to get more than the merest taste of the Wine of the Kingdom until the whole journey is finished. Now, sometimes people are vastly puzzled to find out why things are so with them. It never seems to enter their thoughts that their own careless absorption, their own luxurious indolence their own levity and self-indulgence are at the bottom of all their trouble. And sadder still, there are those who having eyes to see how far down they are in the scale of religious life, instantly jump at the conclusion that in their circumstances it is all they can expect, and then settle down

to this miserable existence, as if they had no further responsibility, as if no suspicion of the wickedness of such spiritual suicide ever flashed across their minds.

Such conduct in any other connection might provoke a smile, but when it touches the glory of God, the culture of the soul, and the everlasting issues of eternity, it is enough to provoke indignation, mingled with profoundest pity. Oh, that a human soul can be so lost to its own glory, so blinded to its own interest as thus to play the fool by grasping at shadows, to the neglect and hazard of the eternal substance! You would not do it in anything else. You know that the "soul of the sluggard desireth and hath not;" you know that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich;" you know that laziness never thrives, and yet you neglect the most necessary precautions for the salvation of the soul. If Christians, you keep beyond the range of those associations, exercises and influences which nourish and invigorate the spiritual life. And what else can you expect but hunger and thirst and barrenness? Do not suppose that a change of minister will mend the matter. The most thrilling eloquence could only galvanize you into a spasmodic activity. Do you suppose that some great wave of revival can do the work for you. Religion is not a matter of impulse and excitement; it is a matter of conscience, and those have most of it who for conscience toward God try to make the best use of their advantage, whether they feel like it or not.

Do not say you cannot find time for this and that duty. You are undoubtedly busy, but you can be, and may have to be a great deal busier than you are now. If you cannot find time to think of God and care for your soul now, with a small family, what will become of you ten or twenty years after this with a large family?

If a small business now takes your whole time and strength, how will you manage with ten times as much to look after? But I shall not insist. You know the trouble is not want of time, but want of will. You know that the secret of your spiritual weakness and discontent is just that you have not yet overcome the reluctance and restraints of a corrupt nature, and thereby reached facility and comfort in the way of holiness. How long shall these things be? It may seem a small thing to omit morning prayer or stay away from the prayer-meeting on a stormy night, or to absent yourself from church because you have a head-ache or a fit of indigestion. One such omission is undoubtedly a small thing, but the causes of such omissions if due to bodily infirmity, have a strange ten-

dency to a chronic recurrence on Wednesdays and Sundays, and the weather has a similiar unfortunate regularity in its variations. The neglect multiplies itself so fast and so unconsciously that when roused to a sense of our condition we can hardly realize the extent and rapidity of our decline.

And if no one was hurt but yourself, it might be less matter. But such influence is frightfully infectious. It spreads with marvellous rapidity. It must hurt your own children, they will grow up in a chronic scepticism as to the reality of your faith in Jesus. It must hurt your ungodly neighbors, they will be confirmed in their belief that religion is only a decent formality. It must hurt your Christian brethren; if one member suffers, the whole body suffers with it. It must hurt your minister; it discourages the bravest to see their labors have no more effect than water spilt upon the sand. I beseech you, as you hope for God's mercy here and hereafter, to awake out of sleep, to be no more faithless, but believing, and from this time forward to seek for the glory of God by patient continuance in well doing.

Poetry.

SUDDEN DEATH—SUDDEN GLORY.

Three eminently good ministers in England, Mr. Hall, father of the celebrated Robert Hall, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Christian, attended a ministers' meeting at Sutton, Leicestershire. After a day of interesting services, they passed the evening together in social fellowship. Among other subjects of profitable conversation one of them proposed the passage in Job ix. 23: "If the scourge slay suddenly, he will laugh at the trial of the innocent." When it came to Mr. Christian's turn to give his views, he spoke with unusual feeling. He regarded the passage as referring to the sudden death of the righteous, and was dwelling largely on the desirableness of such an event, and the happy surprise with which it should be attended, when, amid a flood of rapturous tears, he was seen to falter, and while the words were passing from his lips he expired, and that "happy surprise" was his own experience.

Edmeston, the poet, availed himself of the profound impression produced by the event to write the following beautiful lines:

WHICH is the happiest death to die?
"Oh," said one, "if I might choose,
Long at the gates of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit ere it fly,
With bright celestial views.
Mine were a lingering death without pain:
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet would be
The victory I should gain!

"Fain would I catch a hymn of love
 From the angel harps that ring above,
 And sing it as my parting breath
 Quivered and expired in death ;
 So that those on earth might hear
 The harp notes of another sphere,
 And mark, when nature faints and dies,
 What springs of heavenly life arise ;
 And gather from the death they view,
 A ray of hope to light them through
 When they shall be departing too."

"No," said another, "so not I ;
Sudden as thought is the death I would die ;
 I would suddenly lay my shackles by ;
 Nor bear a single glance at parting,
 Nor see a tear of sorrow starting,
 Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
 Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
 Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,
 Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking.

"So would I die!
 All bliss without a pang to cloud it ;
 All joy without a pain to shroud it ;
 Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
 To meet my Saviour in the air !
 Oh, how bright were the realms of light
 Bursting at once upon my sight !
 Even so I long to go—
 Those parting hours, how sad and slow !"

His voice grew faint, and fixed his eye,
 As if gazing on visions of ecstasy ;
 The hue of his cheeks and lips decayed ;
 Around his mouth a sweet smile played.
 They looked—he was dead !
 His spirit had fled,
 Painless and swift as his own desire ;
 His soul undressed, from her mortal vest,
 Had stepped into her car of heavenly fire,
 And proved how bright
 Were the realms of light
 Bursting at once upon the sight.—*Christian Era.*

‘SAY ‘YES’ TO JESUS.’

A minister asked a dying Sunday scholar if she had not a message to send to her fellow scholars. The child replied, "Tell them to say 'Yes' to Jesus."—*Mrs. Bradstock's Service, March 14, 1875.*

SAY "yes" to Jesus when He calls ;
 He'll ask for nothing but His due ;
 Yea, listen to His soft footfalls ;
 No truer friend will call on you.

Who can do more than He has done?
Who can show greater love for thee?
Who, for thee, greater blessings won,
Or who can offer them more free?

Ah! if you knew what He endured
For thee, His sufferings how great,
What by His death for thee procured,
You would not keep Him at the gate;

But, hearing His approaching feet,
Wouldst throw the portal open wide—
Nay, eager thy dear Lord to meet,
Wouldst hasten to the highway side.

What comes He for? To calm thy fears,
The fears of conscience for thy sin;
To speak thy pardon, dry thy tears,
And breathe a holy calm within.

To cleanse thy heart, renew thy mind,
Give love for Him a fuller flow;
Reveal Himself that thou may'st find
A foretaste of heaven's joy below.

What for all this are His demands?
Wouldst thou not for this from life part?
Yet fear not—trust thee in His hands;
He only asks thee for thy heart.

WAIT.

BY W. DE WITT WALLACE.

As child in glee
Its picture-book would see
At once, all through,
Nor heed its mother's voice to wait,
View well one leaf and then its mate,
So may not you,
Or I, in scanning God's great book
Of Providence, as foolish look.

How often we
Complain presumptuously
Of heaven's decrees
As laws unjust, or criticise
Dogmatic'ly, as if our eyes
Saw all he sees;
Unheeding, though he bids us hold
And judge not till his plans unfold.

When earth was young
 Had some true prophet sung
 What now we see—
 Men talking 'cross great oceans vast,
 Upheaved by storm, by tempests lashed,
 As easily
 As face to face—how loud, how quick,
 'Twould been denounced a pious trick.

Ah! foolish man!
 Thy utmost wisdom can
 But glimpses catch,
 Now here, now there, of things profound;
 Nor hope the truth, full orb'd and round,
 From heaven to snatch.
 Wait! mortal, wait! in stronger light
 All will in perfect whole unite.

SOWING SEEDS.

We are sowing, daily sowing,
 Countless seeds of good and ill,
 Scattered on the lovely lowland,
 Cast upon the windy hill;
 Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,
 Soft with heaven's gracious rain;
 Seeds that rest upon the surface
 Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
 Of the lowly mountain glen;
 Seeds cast out in silent places,
 Trodden under foot of men;
 Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
 Flung at random on the air;
 Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
 Sown in tears and love and prayer.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
 Lifeless on the teeming mould;
 Seeds that live and grow and flourish
 When the sower's hand is cold;
 By a whisper sow we blessings,
 By a breath we scatter strife;
 In our words and looks and actions
 Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
 Leave us not to sow alone!
 Bid thine angel guard the furrows
 Where the precious seed is sown,

Till the fields are crowned with glory,
Filled with yellow ripened ears—
Filled with fruit of life eternal
From the seeds we sowed in tears.

Check the froward thoughts and passions,
Stay the hasty, heedless hands,
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
Mar our fair and pleasant lands.
Father, help each weak endeavour,
Make each faithful effort blest,
Till thine harvest shall be garnered,
And we enter into rest.

Christian Thought.

THE BIBLE IN HARMONY WITH NATURAL SCIENCE, AND IN ADVANCE OF ITS DEMONSTRATED FACTS.*

BY THE REV. MR. WHIMSTER, MEAFORD, ONT.

[The following lecture is one selected from ten preached on the *Evidences of Christianity*. "With the hope" as the author says in his preface, "that they would counteract the leaven of unbelief which is working among those who have not yet come to decided convictions as to Christianity, and their duty in relation to it." Happy is the land whose village and town pastors are able to preach in the ordinary course of their ministrations, such discourses as we find in this little volume.—Ed. C. C. M.]

OD has given us two revelations of Himself—one in His works, and the other in His Word. His handwriting, ever since His almighty fiat went forth calling creation into being, has been seen in bright and legible letters in all the works which his fingers have made. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

"What, though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What, though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found!

* J. B. McLaren, Meaford, Ont. Thirty cents free of postage.

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 'The hand that made us is divine.' "

Ever since that first morning, "when all the sons of God shouted for joy" have "all the morning stars sung together," and raised high to heaven one unwearied psalm of praise to Him to whom they owe their being.

God's truth, then, is seen in His works, and unfolded in His Word. These two volumes reveal to man all he now knows of God. The volume of Nature is an immense one, and its contents are interesting, marvellous, and profound. He who studies this volume finds ample scope for the exercise of all his intellectual powers. But not less interesting, marvellous and profound, are the contents of that other book, emphatically called *THE BOOK OF GOD*. And he who studies this volume finds ample scope for the exercise, not only of his intellectual powers, but also of all his moral and religious capabilities.

He studies either amiss, or to small advantage, who studies it apart from the light of the other. The latter is the sequel to the former. Shall I call it a continuation of the former? Shall I call the former Vol. I. and the latter Vol. II? Very well. Vol. II. assumes the existence of Vol. I., and also some knowledge of its contents, and thence proceeds to subjects to which no reference is made in the other—to unfold mysteries of which the other contains no intimations.

Such being the character of these two revelations, this thing can be postulated—must be granted as soon as stated—*they are in perfect accord with each other*. If we are satisfied that Vol. I. is the handwriting of God, and if we find in Vol. II. contradictions of statements in it, or things which (to use a mathematical phrase) are not in a right line with things in the former, then two conclusions, and only two can be arrived at. Either Vol. II. is not the work of the same author, or it has suffered injury by the hands of others.

And thus the one is pitted against the other. Some of those profoundly versed in the former have made light of the latter, belittled its teachings, and denied its claims to have been written by the same Divine hand. Those who study the former, proudly call themselves *Scientists*. They are students in the school of Science. What Nature teaches they call Science. What they understand of the contents of the Volume of Nature, and have ranged into systematic order, they denominate Science.

They have turned over a few leaves of this great volume, and along the margin thereof, have written their theories. No doubt, many of these theories are true, and worthy of all respect and consideration. But others, notwithstanding the great names attached to them, are nothing more or less than vague guesses at the truths of Nature. All Nature's mysteries have not been disclosed to these men of science. The fact is, these men only stand at the threshold of the knowledge of material things—have scarcely entered the great temple wherein all things are gilded with the radiancy of the Divine glory. The world's mastermind (Sir Isaac Newton) has well said, "I do not know what I may appear to others; but to myself I seem like a boy playing on the sea-shore and diverting myself with, now and then, finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me." O, how vain that scientists should lay down, as a settled fact, that their marginal notes, their theories, must be the infallible teachings of Nature's God. I have seen children, while driving rapidly in a carriage, and seeing the apparent motion of surrounding objects, conclude that these objects did move in the direction contrary to the one in which they were going. But by and bye they grew out of that theory, and discovered that they themselves were in motion, and that these objects were standing still all the while. And so, my hearers, have theories which, for ages, pleased the world of science, been set aside as childish dreams. The men of science have often outgrown their own theories and changed them for others. How many of their pet theories, now engrossed on the margin of the leaves of Nature's great volume, they may yet have to change, remains yet to be disclosed. Do men say that the Bible conflicts with the teachings of Natural Science? I reply, are you sure? Might not the conflict only be between the Bible and the teachings of the *teachers* of Natural Science.

But here we would also be reminded that theories are written out, not only along the margin of the leaves in the great volume of Nature, but also along the margin of the leaves in the Book of Inspiration. Scientists may err, and do err, at times, in their interpretation of Nature. Theologians may err, and do err, at times, in their interpretation of the Book of Inspiration. We find the theories of the men of science, at times, at variance with the theories of theologians; we find the interpretations which men give of certain passages in the Book of Nature conflicting with the interpretation which men advance for certain passages in the Bible. But we should remember that, after all, whilst the interpreters

may disagree, yet the books may be in perfect accord—whilst the views of scientists, and of theologians may be as wide asunder as the poles, yet the handwriting of God in His Word may be in the most perfect accord with that in His works.

The Bible, in ages past, has suffered much in the attempts men have made to bring its statements into line with their peculiar ideas of Natural Science. Notably was this the case with the Ptolemaic system of Astronomy, which, down to the days of Copernicus and Galileo, obtained belief among men. Hence the Bible was made to teach that our world was flat, that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the heavenly bodies revolved around it. When David, the inspired Psalmist of Israel, sang, "O give thanks to Him that stretcheth out the earth above the waters," (Psalm cxxxvi. 6) and when we frequently meet in the Bible with the expression "the ends of the world," men asked, is it not plainly taught that our earth is an extended plain? How can the earth be a sphere, and the Bible remain true? When it is said, "The world is established, that it cannot be moved" (Psalm xciii. 1) men asked, how can the earth revolve around the sun, and the Bible remain true? When "the sun" is represented "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race;" when it is further said, "His going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit" (or established path or course) "unto the ends of it," (Psalm xix. 5-6) men asked, how can it remain a scientific fact that day and night are caused, not by the sun daily marching round our earth, but by our world merely turning on its axis once in twenty-four hours, and the Bible be true? When Joshua commanded, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon," men asked, is it not implied in this command that the sun revolves round the earth? How can the Bible be true, if the sun does not?

Since these questions have come before us, let us look at them. We must bear in mind that the grand object of the Bible is not to impart scientific truth. With all deference to, and respect for, Science, the Bible has a far grander object. Its design is to impart to fallen man a knowledge of God, of our ruined state, and of the Salvation which God hath wrought for us in Christ Jesus. These are the central thoughts of the Bible. And if it uses similes or metaphors borrowed from the realm of Natural Science, it usually employs language as understood by men in the ages in which the Bible was written. The Ptolemaic system of Astronomy obtained throughout the world at that time. If the Scripture

had, at that day, addressed men in the scientific phraseology of our day, it would not have been understood by the men whom it addressed. The phraseology, which arose during the long reign of that system of Astronomy, has not been rooted out of our mode of speech, even to this day. Take up an almanac, even one made for scientific purposes, and you will find "the sun rise" and "the sun set" still in it. You find Astronomers, in their books, write about the *ascension* and the *declination* of the stars still. You find them describing (what seems to be a contradiction in terms) *the motions of the fixed stars*. And yet forsooth, the Bible is denounced for addressing fallen man in the intelligible language of men. As long as the world lasts, these expressions, which cling to human language from the former system of astronomy will remain. And even men of science must use them when they want to be understood by their fellows. If any body would only translate these expressions into modern scientific language, he would soon reduce this argument against the Bible to an absurdity.*

When geology was reduced to a science, and the geological theory of creation was propounded, it was vigorously assailed, because it came into conflict with the prevailing interpretation of the Mosaic account of creation. But by and bye, men began to study the first chapter of Genesis, and the difficulties vanished like smoke. Men found the Bible and Geology in beautiful accord. I need not occupy more time with illustrations on this point. Their name is Legion. But this much we may venture to say. From the long protracted conflict, not between the Bible and Natural Science, but between scientists and theologians, it is now undoubtedly established, as a settled fact, that THE BIBLE NOWHERE OPPOSES DEMONSTRATED SCIENCE. Mark you, I draw a sharp distinction between demonstrated and undemonstrative science. Men may propound theories. They may lay down what seems to them to be truths. But let it ever be with modesty until they are able to give something more convincing than conjecture. And let us, who peruse their works, and

* Says Dr. Gladstone, see "Faith and Free Thought," p. 140. "To make this clearer I have tried to put 'The Sun knoweth his going down' (Psalm ci. 19) into scientific language. The best I can make of it is this: 'There is a law by which is determined for any particular day the precise time at which a line drawn from the sun to a given point on the globe will be tangential to its surface, and in what azimuth that line will fall.' It would, I suspect, be hard to put that into old-word Hebrew; but supposing it had somehow been achieved, surely it would have sounded sheer nonsense to those who first listened to the psalm. It would have remained unintelligible for more than 2,000 years, while it would seem pedantic now, and perhaps a piece of antiquated folly in another century.

benefit by their labors, be ever careful to distinguish between *conjecture* and *demonstrated fact*.

Another remark we would make here is, that since the translation of the Bible, in the days of King James,—the translation which we now use, and which, on the whole, is a most admirable and faithful one—Science has made rapid progress. Things are now as clear as noon-day, which then were never dreamed of. Old theories have been exploded, and new ones have taken their place. Now, it so happened, that certain pages in which the Sacred Scriptures have anticipated the results of science, were not comprehended by the translators, and consequently were mistranslated. At least there are passages which, when literally rendered, illustrate the facts which science has but recently found out. Long before science had discovered that our earth is round, Isaiah (xl. 22) had been saying, century after century, God "sitteth upon the circle" (literally the sphere) "of the earth." From the days of Moses, the Bible has been proclaiming that the creation of matter preceded the arrangement thereof into an organized world—that our world was first chaos, "without form and void," and enveloped in the "darkness" of Ancient Night, that God "divided the waters from the waters," "made the firmament," and "divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament." Long, long centuries after these words were penned, science found out that at some period in the forgotten past, the submerged land was elevated by means of great upheavals, probably volcanic—that thus our earth was brought to its present diversified condition of surface, (or, to use the words of another) was "moulded, shaped, stratified, mountained and valleyed." Men of science have recently learned that the mountains were once covered by the sea, and that many of the strata of the earth were formed by the action of the water under which they were submerged. But had they listened to the Bible, they would have heard the Psalmist sing, (Psalm civ. 6) "Thou coverest the earth with the deep as with a garment; the waters stood above the mountains. At Thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away. They go up by the mountains, they go down by the valleys, unto the place which Thou hast founded for them."

Ancient Astronomers tried to count the stars of heaven. They numbered them until they grew weary. The telescope has since been invented, and celestial regions have been explored, which the eye of the ancient star-gazer never penetrated. Men have found millions upon millions of stars in a single system; and they have found scattered over the fields of

immensity, as far as they have been able to survey, systems upon systems, each containing millions of stellar worlds. As the eye of the devout astronomer peers out into the boundless regions of immensity, literally studded with stars "like glittering dust," he exclaims, "O the infinitude of the number of Abraham's seed, which is as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand upon the sea-shore, INNUMERABLE!" (Hebrew xi. 12) Oh! the greatness of that God, whose prerogative it is "to number all the stars, to call them all by their names," and to hold them all in the hollow of his hand.

Science has made known to us, not long ago, that the sun, around which the planets in their courses roll, himself, with all his revolving attendants, performs an immense circuit around a central spot in a definite term. During a long march of eighteen millions of years, he pursues his course around the Pleiades as his centre. And he ever rolls on with inconceivable velocity and unfailing precision. David sang in the 19th Psalm the sun's "going is from the end of heaven and his circuit" (or established course or path) "unto the ends of it." While science was ignorant of this truth, men sneered at this statement of the 19th Psalm. Ignorance does sneer, though it can ill afford to do so. Men, to this day, refuse to know that the Bible is wiser than science, that IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN FAR IN ADVANCE OF THE ATTAINMENTS OF SCIENCE.

Pleiades, around which our sun and his system, in eighteen millions of years, revolve,—around which suns and systems "innumerable" in solemn silence roll—whose influences bind all together in one vast universe—is thus referred to in the Book of Job, by God Himself, when He asks of the patriarch, speechless and confounded, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" Surely the influences of the Pleiades must indeed be "sweet," when thereby is firmly and safely held and controlled a universe consisting of millions of suns and their attendant worlds. And, my friends, are not humility, reverence, fear and love due unto Him who doth bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades. When we think of these influences, and of Him who binds them, we cannot but remember how little is puny man, and pour contempt on all our pride.

Other facts of science, discovered long after the Bible was written, might be noted and dwelt upon, *e. g.*, that the air has weight, (Job xxviii. 25;) that the winds and weather are under fixed laws which they obey,*

* "The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually; and the wind returneth again according to his circuit" (established courses). "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come thither they return again."

(Ecc. i. 6-7;) that the centre of the earth is in a molten state, (Job xxviii. 5;) that the rocks and stones of the earth might be melted, (Psalm xcvi. 5;) that fine gold may become transparent as clear glass, (Rev. xxi. 18)—all of which, when science was ignorant of them, drew forth the sneers of sceptics.*

But time bids me hasten to a close. We may here, before doing so, remark that the Bible and science view the operations of God in Nature from different standpoints. The Bible is ever eager to recognize God's presence and power everywhere, and to proclaim Him as the GREAT FIRST CAUSE. Science does not point out the supernatural. It is not her province to do so. She only points out the natural. She deals with secondary causes, and endeavors to connect physical effects therewith. In the words of Dr. Gladstone, "The world is not viewed from the same standpoint by Science and Religion, but each is correct in itself. They may be the opposite poles of thought, but like the two poles of a magnet each is a necessary part of an entire system. There are, no doubt, scientific men who, entering the very presence chamber of the Most High, turn their backs upon the throne; but there are others who, in pursuing their studies feel themselves treading

"Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God;"

while others again, believe that for a full conception of the universe, it is necessary to gain even a clearer insight into the action of physical laws, and at the same time to trace in them the thought, and feel the presence not of a Great Unknowable, but of an ever-bountiful Father."

What is the history of Science but the history of contradictions? Indeed there is hardly an established truth in Science to-day, concerning which men have not uttered many erroneous opinions. Opinions have been given forth with an air of certainty, and by and bye some penetrating genius has shown their absurdity, and so they have given place to others. The Bible usually uses the language of men, in the ages in which it was written, to convey its truths. Yet it has wonderfully

* To the instances, given above of the Bible anticipating the discoveries of Science, might be added another remarkable instance in the matter of the circulation of the blood which is plainly foreshadowed in the words of the preacher, the Son of David—who describes death as "the pitcher broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern," (Ecclesiastes xii. 6). The emblem employed here is the water-wheels of Egypt, which by a chain of pitchers carried over them and into the river Nile, raise the water which runs in a trench cut through the fields. Such, Harvey said in his great discovery, is the heart and its action.—ED. C. C. M.

anticipated the discoveries of Science, and passages, which, until those discoveries were made, had been perplexing, became clear as sun-light. It need scarcely be noted that there was a difficulty felt in translating these passages into our language, when the minds of the translators had not advanced sufficiently far in scientific knowledge to understand them—that there would naturally be the danger of mis-rendering them until scientific discovery had come abreast with the declarations of Revealed Truth. Remembering the fact that the Bible was written in the ages of ignorance of the sciences of to-day, and, for the most part, by unlearned men, it would simply be an impossibility for them not to have woefully misstated the facts of science as they are known to-day, unless they had been under the guidance of infinite wisdom. When one reads the Jewish Targum, and the Apochryphal Books, especially II. Esdrás and the Book of Enoch, or the Apochryphal Gospels, or the works of some of the early Christian Fathers, or even some of the commentaries on the Bible, written not more than a hundred years ago, he cannot but be impressed with how sadly they come in conflict with demonstrated science of to-day, and how wonderful that the Bible is in accord therewith and even in advance thereof. That the sacred penmen could avoid error proclaims that God was guiding all their writings. How much more must this appear, when we find the Bible always in advance of Science and discovery? Surely a higher intelligence than that of man has presided over the composition of this wonderful Book.

Amidst all the wondrous evidences of the superhuman origin of the Bible, one is almost tempted to think it strange that so many men reject and hate it. Men, who can calmly debate every other question, will fall into angry words when the authority of God's word is mentioned to them. Why? Because it probes the wounds of sin and guilt in their souls. Because it reveals a sink of deep and vile depravity in the heart of man. Because it proclaims man a sinner and needing Divine pardon. But O the folly of hating and denying the truth! What can be gained by it? Is it not infinitely wiser to sit down and ask the question earnestly and humbly, *IS THIS BOOK TRUE?* to sift the evidences of its Divine origin? and if convinced of its truth, to heed its warning voice by seeking God, the Saviour, while He may be found?

Christian Life.

ELIEZER; OR SUFFERING FOR CHRIST.*

IN the productions of some writers truth and fiction are so interwoven that the ordinary reader must use all his wits to discover where the one merges into the other. The preliminary observation the story is "founded on fact" leaves the bewildered reader altogether in the dark as to which is the narrative of sober truth, and which the creation of imagination. We confess to a growing dislike of this kind of literature, as it tends to lead the young to regard even veritable history as doubtful, and to treat a genuine piece of biography as little better than a work of fiction. When men blend truth and fiction in their reading, they are too apt to do the same thing in their speaking: in fact, both the writers and readers of novels are often to be listened to with caution in their ordinary talk. Our dislike of stories "founded on fact" is no mere whim, but an earnest conviction. Nor is the undermining of the love of truth the only charge we prefer against the pseudo-historic narratives of the present day, for we are compelled to add our belief that the style in which they are written creates a morbid craving for exciting adventure, and spoils the reader for the simple records of an ordinary life; ay, and in a measure for that life itself. Fill the head with amazing tales, and life at the fireside grows dull and despicable.

The authoress of "Eliezer" declares her book to be "*a true story*, to unfold a page of persecution and suffering nobly borne for the Saviour's sake—a page which may, perhaps, induce others, now wavering and staggering in their faith, to come boldly forward and undauntedly to avow their conviction that Christ crucified is he of whom Moses and the prophets spake." We wish she had not been compelled to add, "such alterations and additions have been made as were necessary to reduce the whole into a consecutive and readable form." Why not tell the story as it happened without addition or coloring? There would have been no need for our former paragraphs if only the truth had been stated, and

* By Charlotte Elizabeth Stern. London. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9 Paternoster Row.

even now they may not prove to have been deserved in the present case. In the absence of any indication, of course, we are at a loss to discriminate, and what we set down as history may be only romance, and what we dismiss as fiction may belong to the world of fact. How much or how little of imagination enters into the biography we cannot tell. This is a very unsatisfactory state of things, and greatly dilutes our commendation of the book.

The hero of the story is the youngest son of Jewish parents, who reside in the south of Russia. At an early age he began "to study the mysteries of Talmudical and cabalistic lore," and "at the age of thirteen, he delivered his first sermon in the synagogue to a large and attentive audience," and "in the course of time, a wealthy Jewish land-owner who had marked his career with an eye of satisfaction and pleasure, bestowed on him the hand of his daughter, and a worthy marriage portion." These simple facts compass the history of Eliezer from infancy to manhood. Having been nominated to the sacred office of rabbi, he practised the most rigid pharisaical rites, and lived in an atmosphere of outward sanctity, but, like Nicodemus, his heart was unsatisfied. It is the old story over again, and proves that religion, however sincere, if it does not emanate from the life and love of Christ in the soul, is an empty delusion, and that the religion of externalism is little better than a shroud to hide a dead soul.

The next phase in the history of Eliezer reveals the device of the arch enemy to divert the earnest seeker from the object of the soul's quest. Of how many is it true, as of the poor demoniac, "As he was yet a coming, the devil threw him down, and tare him!" In the case of Eliezer, there was presented the temptation to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. This, it was suggested, would set his heart at rest, and restore peace to his troubled conscience. As yet he only faintly heard above the confused din of the entreaties of friends, and the threats and arguments of his bigoted co-religionists, the invitation spoken eighteen hundred years ago, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. He was the subject of that undefined consciousness of need which, while it suffices to break the fatal slumber of the soul, fails to discover the means by which it can be satisfied. This border-land between the two kingdoms is a dreary territory, from which, if not speedily traversed, a return to the place from which we came out is almost inevitable, for the memory of the flesh-pots of Egypt is often more potent than the hope of the clusters of Eshool. In the

case of this young rabbi we see another illustration of the poet's dictum—

"There's a divinity which shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will."

for the projected pilgrimage to Jerusalem was only partially accomplished when he found the object of his unconscious search.

Arrived at Constantinople, his Hebrew brethren, with whom he staid, warned him against the missionaries at Stamboul, lest he should fall a victim to their influence, and embrace the Religion of the Nazarene. The warning only increased his insatiable yearning for more light, and awakened his curiosity to see a missionary. His questions for information provoked from his brothers nothing but curses, for superstition cannot argue, and bigotry forecloses discussion with anathemas. Eliezer was not in the frame of mind to be satisfied with irrational revilings, or to postpone enquiry by the expedient of time-serving Felix. He resolved to seek an interview with the missionaries, and not to credit the unchallenged testimony of their enemies; At their invitation he attended the daily Bible classes, and soon became convinced of his need of a Saviour. His Jewish prejudices yielded to the convictions inwrought by the Spirit of God, and he "flung himself with groans and entreaties at the foot of Christ's cross, and there, with tears of humble contrition and heartfelt sorrow, implored forgiveness." Soon the prostrate mourner rose a rejoicing believer, and attested his faith by publicly professing Christ in baptism, (or what his instructors called by that name), To avow the fact of his conversion to his friends demanded a courage equal to that displayed by the martyrs when they marched to the stake, but he was too honest to resort to compromise, and too intensely earnest to conceal his light under the bushel of expediency, and hence he promptly confessed his Saviour.

His father-in-law, on receiving the intelligence, resolved to exhaust every artifice to force him to return to Judaism, and, should he fail, he resolved to visit him with every possible indignity and reproach. The remaining chapters of the life-story of this Jewish convert read like a modern edition of the history of the early Church. The same spirit of hatred, intolerance, and malice which impelled Saul of Tarsus to seek the extermination of Christianity by the destruction of the Christians, inspired his bigoted father-in-law with a fanatical perseverance in persecution. He sought out his son-in-law in Constantinople, and for four months strove to induce his recantation by threats and promises. Not succeeding in this, he resorted to foul means. Under the pretext of

learning something of Christianity, he persuaded Eliezer to accompany him for a walk, and, having decoyed him to a lonely spot, he had him arrested and carried before the Russian Consul, before whom he charged him with quitting his native land without a passport. He was accordingly placed on board of a vessel about to leave for Odessa. Acting out the spirit of Christianity, "to weep with them that weep," many of his new-found friends came on board to express their sympathy and to commend him to the loving care of the Saviour. On reaching Odessa, and failing to produce a passport, he was marched off by gendarmes to "answer before a court of justice for this breach of the laws." The judge, when about to consider the case, suddenly left the bench for a while, and received a bribe to seal the prisoner's doom, without hearing the evidence one way or the other. Poor Eliezer, without being able to claim the protection of Habeas Corpus, was forced into a cell where he shared common quarters with a deserter and two murderers; but, ere the escort arrived, at nightfall, to convey the murderers to the place of execution, Eliezer had brought them to their knees, through the Spirit's power, to seek for mercy. Verily

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Eliezer was visited in his cell by his father-in-law and other equally bigoted Jews, who pointed out to him the consequence of his persistent refusal to recant, but he nobly replied, "My Saviour has released me from everlasting bondage, and a few years of suffering, and martyrdom here below will be nothing in comparison 'with the eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed.'"

Resigning their task as hopeless, Eliezer was now left to his fate, which was determined by Jewish gold, and not by the principles of justice, and, forming one of a party of sixty prisoners, chained two and two, he was marched off from prison to prison towards Siberia. The commander of the party, hearing the story of his wrongs, gave him liberty to move about amongst the other prisoners, an opportunity which he turned to good account, preaching unto them "Jesus and the resurrection." At the various halting places he bore his testimony to the grace which had saved him, and besought Jews and Gentiles alike to seek the Saviour. The incidents of their journey are too numerous to narrate here, but, told with graphic power, they add a charm to the narrative, and while arousing our sympathy for the sufferer, compel our indignation for out-

rages which recall some of the darkest pages in our own national history. If such things are possible under the sway of Alexander II., he had better leave his self-imposed task of freeing the Christians of Bulgaria and turn his attention to the wrongs of his own subjects at home.

As love is stronger than death, so it survives the estrangement of an alien creed, and consequently his wife was soon upon Eliezer's track, and, at one of the prisons, she succeeded in obtaining an interview. Her father, moved by passionate entreaty, now relaxed his opposition and sought Eliezer's release. The petition was granted, but Eliezer was conducted to a lonely inn under the command of four Jewish soldiers. Instead of walking out a free man, as he expected, he was besieged by some of his bitterest opponents, who came to dispute with him and to insist upon his return to Judaism. Snatching his Bible from him they threw it on the fire, and proceeded to ill-use him. "My Bible," he exclaimed, "you have indeed destroyed, but you cannot deprive me of the treasures I have stored up in my memory." With that rage which seems peculiar to the Jew and the Catholic towards those who have renounced their faith, they exclaimed, "Return to Judaism, or we will burn thee also!" This threat was modified, however, and they sought to drown him, at night, in the Dnieper, but were foiled in the attempt; and once more he was forcibly carried off. "His relatives spared no pains to find him out, to ameliorate his condition; and even his father-in-law, the author of all his sufferings, when he beheld him lying on the floor of his miserable compartment, one mass of bruises, and literally bathed in blood, could not restrain his tears." He was now brought before one of the chief rabbis, when it was resolved to compel him to enlist in the army. Having received a bribe, the military officials declared that "an order requiring his immediate services had been received from the government." He was duly enlisted, and, after undergoing a period of drill, he was despatched to a garrison town in Poland as one of the surgeons to the military hospital. On the way the regiment halted at the town in which his father-in-law resided, and here he narrowly escaped being poisoned. Failing to compass his death, his father-in-law betrothed his wife to another, and thus severed a tie which, while it lasted, was made the pretext for persecutions little short of diabolical.

The military garb which he so reluctantly assumed, proved to be an advantage, for while it secured him immunity from the vengeance of his foes, who had long thirsted for his blood, it guaranteed his safety when he stood up in the synagogue on the Sabbath and "declared that Jesus

was the Christ." Thus God, who "maketh the wrath of man to praise him," overruled the designs of his enemies.

At St. Petersburg, where his regiment was afterwards quartered, his energies found free scope for their exercise, until, at length, he was discharged from the army. We are not informed by the writer as to which society he is now united, but we are told that he is "preparing to go forth, ere long, into the world's wide field and proclaim to his Jewish brethren, still groping in darkness and superstition, the message of redeeming mercy through the crucified Saviour, the Messiah of Moses and the prophets."

As a photographic likeness of Eliezer is given, the narrative is to be received on the whole as a truthful record of facts; what else does the photograph mean? But then there should have been no "alterations and additions." The story would have interested us more deeply if we had felt sure of our footing.—*Sword and Trowel.*

Christian Work.

[We are indebted to the columns of the "Evangelical Christendom" for this glimpse of the work going on now in Europe.]

FRANCE.

THE GOSPEL FOR FRANCE.

WITH all the turmoil of politics and conflicting prejudices and new ideas, with all their sufferings and hopes delayed, nevertheless it is a fact that the French people are opening their minds to the reception of the Gospel. Wherever it is presented, free of ecclesiastical and other vexed questions, the people show their thirst for it. It commends itself to their longing, helpless souls, which have been deceived so long by Rome and other worldly systems, Although, for prudential reasons, we cannot give names, we can mention a place where three-fourths of the population have broken off from the church of Rome. At the hour of Protestant service the majority of the houses are closed in consequence of whole families going to divine worship. Among them are at least eighty men. In another place, where the priest was rejoicing that, by the death of a faithful Protestant Christian the people would be left a prey to fanaticism, they have been on the contrary,

aroused, and many are studying, prayerfully, the Word of God, while others have found peace to their souls.

THE PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

in Paris was opened on November 8th, by prayer and an address by Pastor Lichtenberger, in the presence of nearly 300 persons. The decree ordering the Strasburg students to Montauban has been rescinded. Another decree grants eight scholarships of 800 francs each, besides half scholarships. About twenty students are expected. Several, however, have given notice of their intention to withdraw from the College on account of the appointment of Rationalistic professors and other officials, and prefer Montauban.

THE NATIONAL EVANGELICAL CONFERENCE

is now sitting at Montauban. The subjects are "Justification by Faith according to the Scriptures," "Religious Liberty in a Legal Point of View," and "The Reformed Churches and their Colleges in the Sixteenth Century."

THE FREE CHURCH SYNOD

has been held in Lyons. Sixty-eight members, delegated from various parts of France, were present. Scotland and Switzerland had several representatives. Edmond de Pressense^c preached two sermons, which cheered and warmed all hearts. There was great solemnity and deep feeling and unity manifested. The secession of three prominent men from the Free Church lately gave an earnest tone to all the proceedings, and the most complete harmony prevailed.

ITALY.

OPENINGS FOR THE GOSPEL.

As an indication of the preparedness of the people in the towns and villages of Italy, both in the North and in the South, to receive the Gospel, the following notices of itinerating work will be found most encouraging:—

From the North of Italy we learn that Signor Turino, the Waldensian pastor in Milan, having been provided by an English lady with the means of purchasing a Bible carriage and horse, has been travelling through many of the towns and villages, accompanied by a colporteur, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel, and selling at the same time Bibles and

religious books. He describes the carriage as a waggon with a top which opens and shuts, the interior having a lower and upper compartment; the lower filled with books, the upper containing the bed of the colporteur. The back, when opened, falls down and forms a table from which the books are sold, an awning protecting them from the sun or rain; while from the box-seat in front, the evangelist addresses the people who assemble. On arriving at a town, he first goes to the Mayor and obtains permission to occupy a spot in the principal square, for which a small sum is charged, and this gives the right of occupation during his stay. The curiosity of the people is quickly attracted, and they are addressed on the value of the Bible, or other kindred subjects. The evangelist meets the opposition of the priests by showing that the Gospel is neither Protestant nor Greek, nor Roman, but for all people; and when points of controversy are forced upon him, he is prepared to lecture on them in some suitable meeting-place in the evening. Many incidents of a most encouraging nature have occurred in these journeys, and the plan has met with very marked blessing.

From the South of Italy we are informed that Signor Pons the Waldensian pastor in Naples, has been travelling for a month in the Neapolitan provinces with a colporteur, preaching the Gospel and selling Bibles and tracts. Among other places, he visited the town of Benevento. In the inn where he put up, two meetings were held, where twenty-five people were present on the first occasion, and on the second the room was crowded, while the adjoining apartment was filled by the innkeeper, his family, and boarders. Among those present was a judge, who had been opposed to the evangelists, but whose son had received the Gospel last year. He came to seek for his son in the meeting, but not finding him (as he was concealed), the judge sat down to listen and at the close came up to shake hands with Signor Pons. Numerous visits from students, soldiers, and others, to ask questions, followed, and continued till near midnight, when, after seven hours of consecutive speaking, the evangelist was perfectly exhausted, and his hearers, observing this, retired, after exacting from him the promise of an early return. In a neighboring village a similar interest was awakened, so that Signor Pons returned home greatly cheered and encouraged by the remarkable openings he had met with.

PORTUGAL.

MISSION WORK IN LISBON.

The last Occasional Paper of the Spanish and Portuguese Church Mission states that the reports from the three mission stations in Portu-

gal continue to be of a very hopeful and encouraging character. The schools are promising, and the congregations afford evidence of real and spiritual progress.

A letter from James Cassells, Esq., an Oporto merchant and Wesleyan, who devotes all his spare time to mission work in Oporto, in connection with a flourishing Wesleyan mission in that city, contains valuable testimony as to the reality of the work of the missionary, the Rev. J. N. Chaves. The San Marcal station at Lisbon, of which Senhor Chaves is the missionary, is the most recently established of the Church missions in Portugal. Mr. Cassell's writes to the Rev. L. S. Tugwell, giving his independent testimony to the value of the work carried on by this missionary at San Marcal. "Having had occasion to visit Lisbon," he writes, "I took the opportunity of calling upon our mutual friend, the Rev. Godfrey Pope, the British Chaplain there, who received me with his usual kindness, and took me to see Senhor Chaves. I had made the acquaintance of Senhor Chaves before, but I was now especially struck with his earnest Christian conversation, and I think it impossible to be in his society without feeling that he is a man of God, feeding on Christ by faith and prayer." Mr. Cassells was asked to preach for him on the following Sunday evening, which offer he accepted. The room seats 150 persons, and is plainly but nicely fitted up as a church. "Senhor Chaves read prayers slowly and reverently; the church was quite full, and a good many were obliged to stand. Considering that this room has only been opened a few months, I was very pleased to see most of the congregation kneel down as they came in, join so well in the responses and hymns, and so very quiet and attentive. After my sermon, and concluding prayer, many of the congregation stopped to shake hands, and to assure me of their sympathy; and as almost all were strangers to me, I could not help feeling that we were brethren in Christ. I am more than ever convinced that a liturgical service, if not too long, and not excluding free prayer, also the decent and impressive order of worship, and of the administration of the sacraments as practised by the Episcopal Church, is most calculated to touch the sympathies of Portuguese and Spaniards. The Methodist churches both in Spain and here not only follow the same order and form in the administration of the Sacraments, but also to some extent the Liturgy. Our second chapel (Methodist) was opened in Oporto a fortnight ago. It will seat about 200 persons, and was full at the opening services. On Easter Sunday there were seventy-five communicants."

THE REV J. N. CHAVES

was the last of the Roman Catholic priests who renounced the errors of Romanism in our mission church of San Paulo, Lisbon. He is a man of great intelligence, and of real and deep piety. He longs intensely to be the means of leading precious souls to the Saviour. When Mr. Tugwell was last in Lisbon, Senhor Chaves said to him, as they returned for the morning service at San Marcal: "My dear friend, I cannot express to you the intense joy I feel in proclaiming the Saviour's great love to poor sinners. I want every member of my congregation to experience the blessedness of being saved by the Lord Jesus Christ. Alas, that so many years of my life should have been spent in preaching the soul-destroying errors of the Church of Rome! Pray that what little of life remains to me may be faithfully spent in the service of the Master, and that I may have the joy of seeing many of my countrymen saved by Christ."

THE SCHOOLS

in connection with Senhor Chaves' church, as well as those of San Paulo and Rio de Moura, are in a very hopeful state. In both Portugal and Spain the Christian education of the young is of the greatest importance. It is, in fact, the great hope of the Reformation movement in those two strongholds of Popery. The priests of the Church of Rome are well aware of this, and hence their untiring and fanatical opposition to our Protestant schools.

[We regret to learn that the Spanish and Portugese Church Missions are now in a state of financial difficulty. For several months past the receipts have been very much below the regular expenditure, and their conductors have been obliged to borrow from friends, to enable them to pay the agents' salaries, rent of mission premises, etc. The offices of the Missions are at 8 Adam Street, Adelphi.]

GERMANY.

THE FIRST CITY SYNOD OF BERLIN

met on the 31st of October, the anniversary of the Reformation. According to the new church constitution, the four District Synods of Berlin are to meet once a year, as one body, to discuss questions common to them all. The right to levy church taxes in Berlin is especially reserved to this City Synod. It was perhaps rather hazardous to convene this assembly at the present moment, when the case of Mr. Hossbach still keeps men's minds excited. Mr. Hossbach, and the Liberal members of

the congregation, have protested against the decision of the Consistory, and the Supreme Consistory will now have to decide the question once more. But, as General Superintendent Dr. Eruckner mentioned in his opening address, the convocation was according to law, and it would not be justifiable to postpone it. He requested all whom he addressed to cherish a spirit of moderation, and to avoid all religious strife, in order that their whole attention might be devoted to practical church work. The results of the first session do not seem to afford much hope that the different parties will be brought into peaceful co-operation. The majority of the Synod was "Liberal," thirty-four members belong to the joint Lutherans and Evangelicals, and about an equal number to the Middle party. The rest of the two hundred are Liberal. The first proceeding—that of choosing a vice-president, was used as a demonstration. Mr. Hossbach was elected. All the committees were exclusively composed of Liberals. One member expressed a wish that the minority should also be represented in the committees; but the reply was: "We must first see whether the Orthodox leave us some seats in the General Synod." Whereupon Mr. Heffter, in the name of the believing members, said that they required no such act of courtesy. As far as we can judge at present, the General Synod will have a majority of men standing in the faith of the Church; but the absolute rule of the Liberal party in the Church representation of Berlin, will always render many desirable reforms in our capital impossible; and it will, therefore, be a danger to the religious life of the nation. One of the members openly said, that the majority would never give its assent to church taxes until the right of "Liberal theologians" to the use of our pulpits, was secured. The majority also tried to obtain for the Synod the right of fixing the subjects of discussion. Dr. Bruckner practically gave way in the one case, by coming to an agreement on the order of the day for the next meeting. Finally, the majority expressed a wish that all members of the Synod should enjoy, like our members of parliament, the right of being irresponsible for their speeches.

If religious Liberalism should ever succeed in obtaining the rule in our Church, we should have a similar state of things to that which exists in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where, last term, not one single student of theology offered himself as candidate for examination. The secularization of the schools has also a very bad influence in Baden.

Practical Papers.

TO-DAY, OR TO-MORROW?

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—Joshua xxiv. 15.

IF it had been written, "Choose you *to-morrow* whom ye will serve," most persons would profess themselves ready to obey. "Certainly I will," they would say; "to-day I am too busy, and have so many plans to carry out that I can think of nothing else; but to-morrow all these tasks will be finished, and I shall be at leisure to think of better things. To-morrow I really will begin to read my Bible, and think about my soul."

But, dear reader, if you are one of those who determine thus to put off till to-morrow the consideration whether or not your soul is safe, first ask yourself, "But am I sure that I shall live till to-morrow?" Surely you who ask this question must have seen many instances in which death came suddenly upon some one who had as good a prospect as yourself of living for many a year to come. And now, in addition to the cases you already know, suffer me to tell you of some instances I have met with in my own experience. I will write them just as they occur to my memory, without arranging them in the order in which they took place.

In the north of France, upon the sea-coast, a pretty chalet was taken for the summer by an English clergyman and his family, with two English servants. The Chalet was built among the sandhills, and in so retired a spot that hardly a sound reached it but the murmur of the waves as they crept along the sands. One evening the mother heard one of the children crying, and she and the nurse went up to see what was the matter; like the Swiss chalets, the stairs were outside the house, and only in this way could the upper rooms be reached. The child was soon pacified, and the mother and nurse descended the stairs, but, in so doing, the nurse stumbled, and slipped down, though not the whole flight, as her mistress caught her before she fell quite down. She complained that her side was hurt, and her mistress made her come into the sitting-room at once, and laid her on the sofa. Almost immediately a change passed

over her countenance—a deathly change; she never spoke again; convulsions came on, and in less than an hour her soul had passed into an eternal world.

Early one morning, while living in Worcestershire, I heard the sound of many voices singing in unison, and, on looking from my window, saw an open waggon full of hop-pickers, who, having finished their work, were on their way to the station to return to their homes in “the black country,” and were singing, as is their wont, while going along. About half an hour afterwards, two girls came to our house, it being the only one near, crying bitterly, begging for help, and telling us that, at the top of the hilly road on which stood our house, the outer seat of the waggon, being overloaded, had given way; four or five of the hop pickers had been thrown out, and one of them, a young girl, had died within a few minutes of the accident. Her home, we afterwards heard, was in Staffordshire, and she had joined some friends in this hop-picking excursion; she came, full of life and happiness, to enjoy the free, out-of-door life, which was such a change from the smoky atmosphere of the manufacturing district where she lived; she accomplished her share of the work, and was within a few hours of again seeing her home, when, on that bright, sunny autumn morning, she was laid down to die beneath the shelter of a hedge by the road-side.

One summer evening I was watching a gardener who had been arranging the flower-beds, and otherwise making tidy the garden. He little thought it was his last day's work, but so it was; before the morning he was dead.

In a retired part of a public garden a gentleman was fishing in the river which flowed through the grounds. Wondering at his long absence one of his family went to seek him, and found him lying lifeless on the bank.

A happy party—a father, mother, and their two little boys—set off for a pleasant drive into the country; the horse took fright and ran away; the mother, to save herself as she thought, jumped out of the carriage, fell, and was killed on the spot.

One evening a gentleman, accompanied by his servant, drove a little way into the country to fetch his daughter home from a visit. In returning, he got down to open a gate, and when he regained his seat on the box he heaved a sigh, his head fell on the servant's shoulder, and in a few minutes he breathed his last.

I could have amplified these events, and have told you more instan-

ces of the kind, but this will suffice, even if you did not know it already, to show how near death may be when you least suspect it. "Do they not tell us to "make our calling and election sure?" It is not *now* too late to wash our robes, and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. "Now is the accepted time," before you are either suddenly cut off or laid on the bed of sickness. *Then* is not the time to seek a Saviour, and make your peace with God, when your aching head is confused with pain, and you can think of nothing but your sufferings.

These words "Choose you this day whom ye will serve," were spoken by Joshua to the children of Israel; and let us see under what circumstances he uttered them. He was a hundred and ten years old, and knew that he was drawing to the close of his long life, so he called together the elders of Israel, and set before them all the mercies they had received from God. Their fathers had been brought away from the land of bondage, and they themselves, when pursued by the Egyptians, had been marvellously saved, for a dry path had been opened before them through the Red Sea. Then the victory was given them when the Amorites fought against them. When Balaam tried to curse them, he was prevented, and a blessing fell on them instead. Other nations besides the Amorites were delivered into their hands, and they came into possession of lands for which, as Joshua reminded them, they did not labour—of cities they themselves had not built, and they ate the produce of vineyards and oliveyards which they had not planted. Having summed up all these proofs of God's love to them in times past, he puts it to them whom they will serve—whether the Lord, who has done these wonders on their behalf, or the gods of the Amorites. With one voice the people answered, "God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods." "Choose you this day," said Joshua; and they declared that from that day their choice was made.

And are not *we* equally bound by every tie of gratitude to serve our heavenly Father? We do not now worship idols of wood and stone; our choice now rests between God and the world: by the world, as spoken of in Scripture, is meant whatever is opposed to God and Christ. Can we really hesitate for a moment between the two? What has the world done for us? Nothing; and it *can* do nothing, for it passeth away. What has our heavenly Father done for us? Everything, both for our present life and the life to come.

If the children of Israel were so impelled by gratitude to begin to serve God that very day, how much more ought *we* to lose no time in

declaring ourselves to be on the Lord's side. They determined to love and serve the God whose voice they had heard amid the awful terrors of Sinai, and whose unseen presence had been with them in the pillar of fire; but they knew him not as a 'God of love, except under types and shadows, they knew nothing of a Saviour. They had no record of the life and sufferings of Christ; they never heard of Gethsemane and Calvary; they did not know of the "many mansions" prepared for the followers of Him whose advent they could not hope to see.

And shall we who hold in our hands the precious history of redemption, and have before us the high and holy example of our Saviour's life on earth, be less ready than those of old to choose whom we shall love and serve—whether our Lord and Saviour, or the world? While our lives are spared, the choice rests with ourselves; but let us not forget that, according to which we choose, we fix the fate of our souls for eternity.

Let us lose no time, then, in accepting the salvation so freely offered through the atoning blood of Christ. Let us not be of those to whom He said, "Ye will not come to Me that ye may have life." We cannot come to Him too soon, for it may be that the soul of some of us may be required as suddenly as in the cases we have spoken of; and then, if ready—that is, if in Christ—we shall only leave this world of sin to be "with Christ, which is far better."

But now, time is hastening on; you know not that you will see tomorrow's sun; therefore, for your souls' sake, "Choose you *this* day whom you will serve."—*H.P.*

A TRUE AND SCRIPTURAL SOCIETY OF ST. ANDREW.

THE Apostle Andrew is called the Patron Saint of Scotland. What he did for that country is only a matter of conjecture. The term "Patron Saint" implies that he watches over it. To say that he does, is, however, alike unreasonable and anti-scriptural. The only authority for calling him the Patron Saint of Scotland, is the fact that the Pope of Rome has appointed him to that office. When Popery had almost unlimited power in Scotland, the Scotch wished to have a Saint. To please them, the Pope gave them Saint Andrew, who, he thought, would suit them as well as any one else. On the same principle, he has in our own day, given the French Canadians John the Baptist for their Patron Saint, though he has no more connection with them than St. Andrew has with the Scotch. But that, by the way. Well, from the relation in which, as I have

already stated, the Apostle Andrew is supposed to stand to Scotland, a "St. Andrew's Society" is usually one to which only Scotchmen and their sons belong.

In this paper I shall speak of a St. Andrew's Society which has a nobler foundation and can have a larger membership than the other.

Dorcas Societies are so called because those who belong to them follow the example of the good woman of that name who made garments for the poor (Acts ix. 39). The St. Andrew's Society of which I now speak, is made up of all who follow the example of the Apostle Andrew in an instance which I shall presently mention. But—unlike a Dorcas Society—it has no officers, neither does it hold meetings. I now proceed to describe it.

The particular part of Andrew's conduct of which I speak, is recorded in John i. 41, 42. He was one of the disciples of John the Baptist—as we learn from the foregoing part of the chapter. One day as he and a fellow disciple were with their master, Jesus passed by. John pointed to Him and said, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." When they heard that, they followed Him. In compliance with His invitation they spent the night with Him. Of what He then said to them, nothing whatever is recorded. They, however, had the clearest proof possible that He was the Messiah whose coming had been so long foretold, and for which their nation had so anxiously looked. This was news too good for Andrew to keep a secret. His discovery was to him like "a fire in his bones." He must tell others of the Pearl of great price which he had found, that they might find it too, for, unlike a material thing, however many might be sharers with him, his own share would not be lessened in the least. Accordingly, as was very natural, he went first to his brother Peter, and brought him to Jesus. The latter became a far more famous apostle than the former, but, for aught we know to the contrary, had it not been for Andrew, Peter would, to the end of his days, have remained a fisherman.

Here then is the point at which I have hitherto been aiming. It is the duty of every professing Christian to labour to bring sinners to Christ, in other words, for their conversion. Every one who does so, follows the example of Andrew. All, then, who are engaged in this blessed work, form in effect, what can truly be called a St. Andrew's Society. This Society has the noblest of all foundations, and knows nothing of nationality.

That professing Christians should seek the salvation of others is plain.

(1.) *Conscience says so.* There is a very great deal of selfishness in the world. Yet, even the most selfish man condemns selfishness in others, when he suffers thereby. The Bible speaks only in harmony with conscience when it says, "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth," that is, merely his own, but also another's welfare (1 Cor. x. 24). "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others" (Phil. ii. 4). Now, if it be the duty of professing Christians to seek the good of their fellow-beings in things pertaining to this life, still more is it to seek the eternal welfare of those who are yet in their sins. (2.) *Christ commands them to do so.* He bids them work for Him. But, if seeking to increase the number of His army be not working for Him, what is? (3.) *They are blessed who do so.* They are so in this life. He who watereth others, is himself watered. They shall be so specially in the life to come. Glory unspeakable shall be theirs. They who turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. Joy unspeakable shall be theirs. Sweet shall be their fellowship with their spiritual children. The Apostle Paul expresses in one passage, both of the ideas just stated. Writing to the Thessalonians he says, "For what is our hope or joy or crown of rejoicing? are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming? For ye are our glory and joy," (1 Thess. ii. 19, 20). Many were converted through the instrumentality of Peter, for example about three thousand on the day of Pentecost. But his less famous brother Andrew who brought him to Jesus, shall, therefore be a sharer in his glory and joy.

Some professing Christians are angry when they are asked to labour for the salvation of others. They are, therefore, in reality, angry at being asked to do what is for their own good. Such may be termed "mere bread-and-wine Christians." As the late Dr. Burns, of Toronto, used to say, they think that all they have to do is just to eat a little bread and drink a little wine on certain occasions in the church, and conduct themselves with outward propriety. As passengers who have paid their fare, leave in ordinary circumstances the management of the ship to the captain and sailors, and enjoy themselves as they think proper, never, for a moment, intending to help, so it is with those referred to. They leave it to the minister and the spiritual office-bearers, to labour for the conversion of sinners. Such are Christians only in name. If the sun could speak, it would say if asked why it sheds abroad light and heat, "They are in me, and I cannot but do so." If a tree could speak, it would say if asked why it brings forth leaves and fruit, "I do so because

of the life that is in me, I cannot do otherwise." As impossible is it for a man to be a true Christian, and yet be careless as to whether others be saved or lost. The true Christian would take all the world to heaven with him if he could.

Learning and eloquence are not at all essential to soul-winning. Let then, no one refrain from labouring for this end, because he is destitute of them.

It is sometimes said that one ought not to ask an unconverted professor of religion to labour for the salvation of souls. The fact of his being unconverted, does not free him from the obligation to do so. If one, of his own free will, put himself into a certain position, he is bound to perform all the duties pertaining to it. A father is not, because he is an ungodly man, freed from the obligation to attend to family worship, and in other ways train up his children in the fear of God.

Professing Christian reader! if thou have not yet begun to labour for the salvation of souls, begin at once, and thereby join thyself to the St. Andrew's Society which forms the subject of this article. The night is coming in which thou shalt not be able to work (John ix. 4).

Metis, Que.

T. F.

Christian Miscellany.

A RETROSPECT OF THIRTY YEARS.

IT has been my happy lot during these thirty years to have seen a steady and wide spread increase of Christian influence in the public life of the country. The remarkable events which have taken place in the ecclesiastical world—the public and frequent assertions of Christian principles to which those events led, and the almost universal quickening of pulpit teaching throughout the land which accompanied and followed them—having heightened the conception of the aims of life, and led public men to serious thought regarding their obligations to Christian truth. And it was our great good fortune as a nation to have had a succession of upright men pledged to Christianity in prominent places in our Parliaments. The late Earl Derby committed himself early to the side of Christianity by an exposition of the parables, which he wrote for his children. Earl Russell was known as a Bible

reader among his poor neighbours, and more recently, by his writings, as a defender of Christian truth. The Earl of Aberdeen, who was for some time Prime Minister, was a Christian. Earl Shaftesbury has taken the lead in all the Christian benevolence of the country. The late Lord Glenelg was the author of the beautiful hymn, "When gathering clouds around I view." And the Duke of Argyle, at a very early age, cast his crown at the feet of Jesus. In the House of Commons we had the solid Christian profession of the late Sir Robert Peel. We had for long Sir William Heathcote, the personal friend of Keble. Mr. Gladstone proved his Christianhood in books and letters, which were an attempt to solve the difficult problems a statesman has to consider, and in the high-principled, unhalting Christian life he has led. Some of the most distinguished law members of our day—Page Wood, and Roundell Palmer, and Coleridge—have been very earnest Christians. And it was an unspeakably important thing for Christian influence, that the two most advanced Liberals in the House were so entirely and sincerely Christians—both in thought and life—as the lamented Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. The time was, in days not so far behind us, when a word of Christ's, quoted seriously in a debate, would have been followed by cat-calls. That time is gone; and a word so quoted would be welcome now, as bringing the greatest light there is into any discussion bearing on the deeper interests of national life. This influence has permeated the entire life of the land. It is visible in our public doings, in our thoughts, feelings, sympathies, and literature. Every thoughtful observer is aware of its presence. Every worker for Christ can calculate on its aid. It is a great reserve force diffused through our national life, which supplies strength to Christian enterprise and makes it fertile beyond its fondest dreams.

—*Rev. A. Macleod, D.D.*

AN UMBRELLA CHURCH.—At Rowland Hill's chapel one day, when the attendance was thinner than usual, it suddenly filled during a shower of rain. He said, "I have often heard tell of religion being used as a cloak, but never before as an umbrella." In his latter life he used to come to his chapel in a carriage. He got an anonymous letter rebuking him for this, because it was not the way his Heavenly Master travelled. He read the letter from the pulpit, said it was quite true, and that if the writer would come to the vestry afterwards with a saddle and bridle he would ride him home.

COMPLETE SALVATION.

Christ is a Saviour who saves his people from their sins, and the salvation wrought by him is perfect and complete. "Can it be," said one, "that Christ has forgiven *all* my sins?" "Yes, certainly, he has forgiven all if he has forgiven any." There is no half way work in God's salvation. "You hath he quickened, . . . having forgiven you *all* trespasses." Col. ii. 13. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin." 1 John i. 7. When washed in that blood, the foulest stains disappear. He whose sins have been as scarlet and crimson, becomes whiter than snow.

Sometimes persons greatly desire deliverance from some of their sins, but have no desire to be free from others. They wish to escape the dominion of certain sins which are disgraceful, and which lead them into shame and trouble, but they do not surrender themselves to God, nor heartily and unreservedly renounce the devil and *all* his works. God will not save a man from one sin and allow him to indulge in others. The man who would be saved from intemperance must be willing to be saved from *everything else that is wrong*. God will not save a man from drunkenness, and allow him to live in transgression of other divine precepts. Hence it is important that it be fairly understood by all that look to God for help, and wait on him for salvation, that their self-surrender must be complete; that they must accept Christ as a perfect Saviour, and his salvation as a complete salvation; that they must be workers together with God, and in the great fight with the world the flesh and the devil, they must have no secret turning back to the world, no inward treachery against the God whose grace they have sought. And when they are thus wholly given up to God, they will find his salvation great and complete, all-sufficient and eternal.—*Common People*.

THE most happy of English parishes cannot present records so spotless and bright as those of the commune of Koenigsfeld, one of the homes of the Moravian brethren. Of this Acadie, the *Tour du Mond* says:—"Koenigsfeld is in that portion of the Black Forest which adjoins the Grand Duchy of Baden, and its population is 410. For the last half century no crime of any kind has been committed within the territory. During that period there has been no offence against police regulations, no sale by warrant, no illegitimacy, no application for divorce, no law process of any kind. For fifty years not a single case of drunkenness has occurred, or of asking alms; and not a beggar in this happy community."

A, THE, OR MY?

A GREAT QUESTION.

A—THE—MY. Three words all short, but each implying very different meanings, and having a vastly different result.

A is the indefinite article, very indefinite indeed.

A Saviour, but not mine.
not for me.
for some one else.
whose I know not.

THE is the definite article.

THE Saviour, that is the only one, there is no other.
no other helper or refuge.
the world has but one Saviour.

MY is a personal pronoun.

MY Saviour, I have a personal property in Him.
an appropriation of the only one for myself.

A Saviour shows the need.

The Saviour shows there is but one.

My Saviour shows He is mine.

Personal salvation lies, *not* in the fact that there is a Saviour, but in the fact that "HE HAS SAVED ME." Christ loved ME, and gave Himself for ME.

It is for ME He bleeds,
All wo thless though I be,
He bows His sacred Head
In shame and agony
For me! for ME!

Cross of my dying Lord,
I bow, I yield to thee;
Oh, the o'erwhelming word,
"Christ gave Himself for me."
HE did for me!

It is hard to believe good news! "A fortune has been bequeathed to So-and-So," is a statement easily credited. "A fortune has been bequeathed to you" is more difficult of belief, but when it is believed it produces very different emotions! Our *personal relation* to Christ is the all-important thing. Oh! it is glorious to be able to sing in faith, "My Saviour, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,"

Children's Treasury.

ROOT UP THE WEEDS.



WO boys, John and Will, were employed by a gentleman to keep the paths of his garden weeded. John contented himself with taking off the top of the weeds. He soon cried, "I have cleared my path;" and, having swept away the leaves he went off to play.

Will was much longer at work, for he stopped to take all the weeds up by the roots, and he was well tired when he went home.

But the rain came down in the night and all the next day, and, when the boys' master went a few days after to look at the two paths, John's wanted weeding as much as at first, while Willie's was clear and only needed a few turns of the roller to make it quite neat. So John was sent back to do his work properly, and very tired he would have been had not Willie good-naturedly helped him to finish his task.

Only *thorough* work is worth doing. Faults only half uprooted will appear again and again, and we shall almost despair of cutting them. Will you remember this?

A BOY'S THOUGHT.

"Now, I suppose I will have to be very good, grandmamma, because we have got this baby, for mother won't want her to be naughty, and she will be if I am." So said a little fellow, looking earnestly up into his grandmother's face; and everyone will allow what his grandmother says, "that it is a very good little piece of reasoning." It is well for all young folks to remember that they cannot be good or naughty for themselves alone, they will always influence somebody or other to be like them.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE things and little people have often brought great things to pass. The large world in which we exist is made up of little particles, smaller than the sands on the sea-shore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather!

Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines brightly in the sky in a dark night, and may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from a shipwreck; and a little Christian may do a great deal of good, if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying, and there is always some good for boys and girls to do.

A WOMAN forgot to send home some work on Saturday. On Sunday morning she told her little niece to put on her things and take the bundle under her shawl to the lady's house. "Nobody will see it," she said. "But is it not Sunday under my shawl, aunt?" asked the child.

"I KNOWS more than the blessed Angels of God, I does," said an aged gipsy. "I know's I'se a sinner, and they don't." "And do you know how to be saved from your sins?" he was asked. "I does! Ryoh!" (i.e. Sir). "I trust in the blessed God, and in the Lord Jesus Christ, I does. Didn't the blessed Lord Christ die on the cross for me?"

"WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF ME?"

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"Who will take care of me?" darling you say,
Lovingly, tenderly watched as you are;
Listen! I give you the answer to-day,—
One who is never forgetful or far.

He will take care of you! All through the day
Jesus is with you, to keep you from ill;
Working or resting, at lessons or play,
Jesus is near you, and watching you still.

He will take care of you! All through the night
Jesus the Shepherd his little one keeps;
Darkness to Him is the same as the light;
He never slumbers, and He never sleeps.

He will take care of you! All through the year,
Crowning each day with his mercy and love;
Sending you blessings, and shielding from fear,
Leading you on to his bright home above.

He will take care of you! Yes, to the end;
Nothing can alter his love to his own.
Darling, be glad that you have such a Friend
He will not leave you one moment alone.—"Day of Days."