

from which they were induced to desist only by a promise of songs from 'missionary.'

"In the vine-covered church with its tasteful pulpit arrangements more than a hundred of my dark-skinned sisters gathered about me in our 'women's meeting.' Did not my heart burn within me while I heard them speak of their love to Christ.

Squire Jack and the Parson.

BEING A SHORT STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS, WITH A CONCLUSION AND A MORAL.

CHAPTER II.

How Squire Jack's Chickens Came Home to Roost.

It happened about this time, that there moved into Hickorytown a new pastor of the Hickorytown Church,—the Rev. Solomon Sly; a quiet, unobtrusive kind of man, with nothing remarkable about him but his poverty and a queer kind of merry twinkle in the corner of each eye. With wife and three children he moved into,—not the parsonage, for Squire Jack had set his foot on that,—but into the last house on the village street, which was to be had at a low rent, partly because it was in a dreary and unhealthy locality, a common being on one side of it, and a duck pond on the other; and partly because it was commonly reported to be the favorite resort of "spooks." Here the Rev. Solomon and family lived, or tried to live. They all came very near dying of fevers before all was over; and though they saw no ghosts, they got much ghostly advice and counsel during their afflictions, and from no one more than from Squire Jack himself. So that it was no wonder that after a year's residence, the Rev. Solomon determined to seek another field, nor need any reasonable person be told with what gratitude he discovered that another field was awaiting him.

But before making his purpose of leaving known to the people, Squire Jack's chicken, the famous, high-stepping, long-spurred game cock, came over one day, as he often had done before, to scratch up the Rev. Solomon's peas. It was in the village store, the scene of many a victory for Squire Jack, that the Rev. Solomon was again assailed by the usual exegetical battery, winding up with the usual *coup-de-grace*.—"Now, what I'd like to know is, is preachers now-a-days better'n the apostles was?"

The Rev. Solomon said he did not think they were; acknowledged there was great force and much truth in what the squire had said. It was, he confessed it with shame, a subject he had never thought much about before coming to Hickorytown, and which he had never certainly seen in this strong light before meeting with his good friend Squire Jack. He promised the good company to examine the subject carefully and prayerfully, and let them know the result, if at all possible, in some way or other. Whereat they were all right well pleased.

A few days thereafter, all early in the morning, while Squire Jack was yet lingering over his pipe in the kitchen, there was a loud, sharp rap at the front door; on opening which the squire beheld standing on the porch the Rev. Solomon Sly with his wife and three children. Before the squire could say "good-morning," and without, indeed, waiting for any invitation to enter, the Rev. Solomon, reverently uncovering his head, and solemnly stretching forth his right hand, said, in a grave and impressive voice,—"Peace be unto this house!"—and walked in, followed by wife and children. Now, although the squire could not help but notice something unusual in the manner of his reverend guest, a strange, self-confident air, as it were, amounting almost to boldness, yet still he regarded this visit of the reverend family as only a matter of usual occurrence, a pastoral visit, as it were, on a large scale. And such, indeed, it eventually turned out to be. Only, before all was over the whole occurrence presented itself to the mind of the squire rather in the light of a pastoral visitation than of a pastoral visit.

For the Rev. Solomon and family had evidently come to spend the day. The morning was spent in pleasant conversation by the old folks, while the children played and romped on the lawn. Dinner came, and a right royal dinner it was, to be sure; for the good squire, however he might praise fasting as a

pious practice befitting the successors of the apostles, never once thought of numbering himself among the herb-eating weaker brethren, but believed in good beef as profoundly as the best Englishman that ever carved a roast. After dinner, the Rev. Solomon excusing himself on the plea of pastoral work to be done in the parish, left wife and children to the care of Squire Jack and family, remarking as he put on his hat in the hall, that he would be back to tea at five o'clock. After tea, they stayed, and stayed, and stayed, until it became seriously evident that the parson's whole family had come to spend not only the day but also the night! Such, indeed, was the solemn and unavoidable truth. They did spend the night, and a right comfortable night it was, to be sure, under the roof of Squire Jack's commodious mansion. Prayers and breakfast over, the next morning, the Rev. Solomon asked to be shown to some quiet room, some "prophet's chamber," where he might devote the morning hours to meditation, prayer and study. "To be sure," said he, "I have no books or library with me; nor indeed, do I need any. None of the apostles had a library, nothing in fact but a Bible, if even so much as that; and after due consideration I have arrived at your conclusion, Squire Jack, that preachers now-a-days are not a wit better than the apostles were; and it is now my fixed and settled purpose to follow their example to the very last letter." With which words the Rev. Solomon ascended with slow and solemn tread, to the upper chamber of the prophet.

Squire Jack was too thick-skinned intellectually to see the full drift of all this at once; and it was not until two, three, four, five days of pastoral visitation of this sort had elapsed that he began to suspect, as he remarked to Mrs. Jack, "that this pastor of our'n hasn't got his name of Sly, for nothin'," and so, wondering what all this strange procedure might mean, and when and where it was all going to end, and after sundry spirited internal debates with himself, to say nothing of frequent scoldings when alone with his wife, he determined at last to seek an interview, and ask an explanation from the Rev. Solomon himself. Which, accordingly came off, on the front porch, on the morning of the sixth day; when and where, after many ineffectual hints, the worthy squire managed after much clearing of the throat, to ask in plain English how long the Rev. Solomon and family were going to tarry at this house. To which honest inquiry the Rev. Solomon replied with a merry twinkle of the eye, which he could not for the soul of him repress, that he purposed to abide under the shelter of good Squire Jack's mansion until he took his journey hence—in short so long as he remained pastor of the Hickorytown Church. "What! hev ye giv' up livin' in the parsonage?" said Squire Jack. Yes; the Rev. Solomon had given up the parsonage, and never would occupy it again, for he intended to adhere rightly to the practice of the apostles, "none of whom, you know," said he, "ever had any parsonage." At which Squire Jack expressed his wonder, and asked whether his salary was not sufficient to enable him to live without going around in this way, the parson interrupted him with, "Salary, sir! I have given up my salary, and shall never receive another cent from the Hickorytown Church, as it is my solemn purpose to inform all the people in open meeting to-morrow (Sabbath) morning. For none of the apostles ever had any salary, and ministers now-a-days are not one whit better than the apostles were. If they had no parsonage, then I will have none. I am about to sell off all my little household furniture; have already given away all the coats I have, except the one on my back, and I mean, so long as I remain here in Hickorytown, to do precisely as the apostles did."

"Well," said the squire, "to be sure, that was all right. But if he was going to take to boardin' round, he would see Deacon Smith and neighbor Boggs whether they wouldn't keep 'em a week or so." "Alas good squire," said Parson Sly, "I am positively forbidden to do anything of the sort, much as I desire it. For on this point my instructions are very positive and plain. I am not to go from house to house. 'Into whatsoever city or town ye enter, inquire who in it is worthy, and there abide till ye go hence.' This is Matthew. And Luke says, 'And

in the same house remain eating and drinking such things as they give. . . go not from house to house.' I should indeed desire to relieve you of the burden of keeping me and mine by having others share the burden equally with yourself; but my instructions on this point are clear; here under your ample and hospitable roof I must remain till I go hence!"

What was to be said or done? Turn the parson out of doors he could not and dare not, lest he shake the dust off his feet for a testimony against him. There was nothing for it; he was caught in his exegetical trap, and twist how he might, and grit his teeth as he would, he could not escape. He had a practical and quite uncomfortable application of his own doctrine which he had preached for twenty years past, that "preachers now-a-days wasn't a bit better'n the apostles was." His chickens had come home to roost.

The next day the Rev. Solomon resigned, and shortly left Hickorytown for good and all. People often wondered but never quite discovered, why Squire Jack never agsin preached in the village store from his favorite text that "he'd like to know whether preachers now-a-days was better'n the apostles was."

CONCLUSION AND MORAL.

Firstly—Exegisis is an edged tool, sometimes very sharp, and often cutting both ways.

Secondly—Never keep a flock of moral fowls to scratch up the parson's peas, lest,

Thirdly—They might come home to roost.—*Christian Statesman.*

The Life of the Happy Man.

THE HAPPY MAN was born in the city of Repentance, in the parish of Repentance-unto-Life. He was educated at the school of Obedience, and now lives in the plain of Perseverance; he works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the country of Christian Contentment, and many times does jobs of Self-Denial. He wears the plain garment of Humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called the robe of Christ's Righteousness. He often walks in the valley of Self-Abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountain of Spiritual-Mindedness. He breakfasts every morning upon Spiritual Prayer, and sups every evening on the same. He has meat to eat which the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere Milk of the Word. Thus happy he lives and happy he dies.

Happy is he who has the gospel submission in his will; due order in his affections; sound peace in his conscience; sanctifying grace in his soul; real divinity in his breast; true humility in his heart; the Redeemer's yoke on his neck; a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy is the life of such a one. In order to attain which, pray fervently; believe firmly; wait patiently; work abundantly; live holy; die daily; watch your heart; guide your senses redeem your time; love Christ, and long for GLORY.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Luthardt's Apologetic Discourses.

Translated from the German for the Christian Messenger, by Professor D. M. Welton, Acadia College.

FIRST DISCOURSE.

THE CONTRARIETY OF THE CONTEMPLATION OF THE WORLD IN ITS HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT.

II.

When Christianity came into the world a new way of contemplating the world entered with it. First of all, indeed, it was the preaching of the cross, the word of reconciliation, the gospel of the grace of God in Christ Jesus, the doctrine of repentance and faith as the way of salvation to man and of everlasting blessedness. Christianity is first of all the doctrine of redemption. But this doctrine of redemption supposes a comprehensive contemplation of the world, and this contemplation was altogether a new one. It had, indeed, its preparations; it linked itself to previous knowledge, to philosophy, and still more immediately to the love of truth in man and to his conscience; still in its nature it was plainly new.

In the first place the fundamental truths of the unity of God and of the human race necessarily caused a complete revolution of thought. For these were altogether new conceptions. Very differently would a person look upon the world, if he came to recognize it as the work of a Creator, as the free benev-

olent work of a Father, who upholds and governs all things by the might of his wisdom and love, who sees everything however far off or diminutive, who has not particular favorites among men, but regards them all with equal affection, who cares not merely for their external life in its minutest wants, but above all seeks the welfare of their souls and the love of their hearts. These were wholly new thoughts of which the old world knew nothing. And that one blood flows in the veins of all men, that they are all brothers and should be clasped in one bond of love, that the stranger is no enemy but our neighbor, that we should seek not our own welfare, but that of others, that our life should be one of service and sacrifice for others, that selfishness is the ground-sin of men and sacrifice, love, the ground-virtue—Who had ever thought of these things before? And now, moreover, that one thought governs the destiny of nations and states as well as of individuals, that it leads forward one history of all mankind from one beginning to one goal—the goal of the kingdom of God; that it shall produce a kingdom of God upon earth, to which all shall be gathered, which shall unite all in itself; and that this kingdom is already founded in Him who is the centre of history, the end of the old dispensation, the beginning of the new, both announcing and establishing the same, the revelation of God himself, the revelation of life, of light, and of the love of God in history, and in humanity:—Jesus Christ, in whom all the lines of previous history meet, from whom all the lines of subsequent history diverge, who is the end of every individual soul, in whom every individual reaches the true end of his being as also the whole race itself, becoming thus a member of this great kingdom of God, which is established in righteousness and mercy, upon the deepest and truest moral foundation:—what luminousness did Christianity shed upon all history, upon the general course of mankind as over that of individual souls, grasping both, the greatest and the smallest, the universal and the particular, in a wonderful unity! Neither the greatest philosopher, nor the most widely-comprehending and loftily-soaring genius had previously had any presentment of the like, much less clearly thought, recognized, spoken of it, and been able to bring it entirely within the range of the general contemplation of the people, making it a popular matter, for the strengthening of the heart and life. In a word: Christianity entered the world as a new world—contemplation.

To ourselves now these are all familiar thoughts; now the christian understanding accepts as elementary truths what were formerly new, surprising, unheard-of. The thoughts have lost nothing of their greatness; they are the same now as at first, just as true, just as sublime, just as enlightening and strengthening; only we have lost the lively perception of their greatness, grandeur, and beauty; we are too accustomed to them—they have become too common with us. Such is the fate of all great truths.

It was to be expected that this new world-contemplation of christianity would not immediately prevail. Between it and final victory lay the most stubborn opposition. There stood opposed to it, indeed, not the strength of united thought. The world of ancient thought was dissolved. The disintegrating process began with the rise of philosophy, some six centuries before Christ. For philosophy wrought upon traditionally received religious contemplations, and put the world of its own conceptions in place of the spiritual forces which had ruled the life of society. Indeed the old philosophy wished to supplant religion entirely. It was not simply a speculative theory, it had a practical nature and tendency. The greatest statesmen went through its school, in order to prepare themselves for practical life. It dealt with moral and political questions as well as with scientific. But it became no power among the people as a whole. It remained ever somewhat aristocratic and confined to a narrow circle. It could not take the place of religion. For in place of the facts required by religion it could put only its self invented notions. And it became weak in various directions. The principal characteristic finally was the doubting of all truth, the undermining of all conviction and assurance.

Yet men cannot dispense with certainty. On this account, at the side of philosophy came in all manner of mysterious doctrines, and the more mysterious they were, the more eagerly were they embraced. The old religion and its fables were allegorically interpreted and made the symbols of wisdom and morality. A whole world of ideas and notions had accumulated as the result of the preceding development. But it was a world of ruins. The best minds gathered these fragments of former times and sought to erect a new structure with them. The severest intellectual labor was employed upon the work. This attempt was the Neoplatonism of Alexandria. Here fantasy and profundity united in restoring a fabric which, in fulness of thought should far surpass the christian edifice, and by its philosophical depth conquer the miserable teaching of these "barbarians," as the christians were called. It was indeed a wonderful medley. All religions and nations were obliged to furnish their contribution thereto. Still it was a splendid attempt, defended by the noblest minds, and not by the meanest. And the general culture, with which the heathen mind was closely interwoven, stood at its side. Yet this attempt necessarily failed. The heathen contemplation of the world was vanquished by the christian. Since that time the christian mind has ruled in the world of culture.

The conquered intellectual forces of Judaism and Paganism retaliated, indeed, by seeking to plant themselves in the form of heresy within the church itself and on the basis of Christianity. Especially did they endeavor to give the doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ a Jewish or Pagan sense. In the spirit of Judaism they narrowed down the glory of Christ's nature to the dignity simply of a prophet, although of the highest, or, in the spirit of Paganism, they volatilized his historical reality to a simple idea; they denied the truth of his divine nature, or they disparaged the truth of his human; they did proper justice neither to the union of his two natures, nor to the distinction between them. In the main it was not simply the question of a particular dogma, but of the existence of christianity itself. For this is bound up with the Person of Jesus Christ. It was ever, however, the Jewish or Pagan spirit which forced its way from the non-christian sphere into the Christian, and in the latter, under a Christian garb, carried on the old conflict. But this opposition to Christian thought, within the church was also overcome, and this thought became completely dominant.

The period of this exclusive domination was the middle ages.

For the Christian Messenger.

The First Epistle.

Dear Brother,—

You will ask, "to whom?" To the churches, or all whom this may concern. What?

(1.) The first epistle, or, *Be kind and attentive.* Call on the strangers who may move into your community. Invite them to church, and sabbath school. And if they would rather be door-keepers in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of sin, don't let them sit at the door, or they may think that they have strayed into an ice-house. Never put a poor stranger under your foot-stool. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers. Appoint one of your best looking, and most polite young men to conduct them to a front seat. Be kind and attentive to strange ministers too. They are not at home every where. Never look daggers at a "supply," or an "exchange." If you do, you may spoil his sermon. Always wear your prettiest and sweetest face in the House of God, and look at the preacher as if you expected to receive the grace of God through Christ, and through the servant of Jesus. Don't get behind a post so that you may peep at the strange minister through the corner of one eye. Don't lean your head on "the back of the next pew." (Even the office of a Deacon does not give you authority to do this.) Don't gape. If you must, don't open your mouth wide enough for a coach and four to pass in. Keep the gates of your eater with all diligence. If you don't the strange preacher may think that your wife is a bad cook, or that you have eaten too much. When he says,