

Sunday Reading.

Example.

We scatter seeds with careless hand, And dream we ne'er shall see them more: But for a thousand years Their fruit appears, In weeds that mar the land Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say, Into still air they seem to fleet; We count them ever past; But they shall last— In the dread judgement they And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by, For the love of brethren dear Keep, then, the one true way In work and play, Lest in the world their cry Of woe thou hear.

A good Stayer.

Here is an account of a pretty little fix for a cargo of passengers by a mail coach. The anecdote may be found in Anthony Trollope's 'Editor's Notes,' in the chapter devoted to the literary adventure of 'Mrs. Brumby':— "There is, however, nothing more difficult to achieve than the expulsion of a woman who is unwilling to quit the place she occupies. We remember to have seen a lady take possession of a seat in a mail-coach to which she was not entitled, and which had been booked and paid for by another person. The agent for the coaching business desired her with many threats to descend, but she simply replied that the journey to her was a matter of such moment that she felt herself called upon to keep her place. The agent sent the coachman to pull her out. The coachman threatened with his hands as well with words, and then set the guard at her. The guard attacked her with inflamed visage and fearful words about Her Majesty's mails, and then he set the ostlers at her. We thought the ostlers were going to handle her roughly, but if ended by their scratching their heads, and by a declaration on the part of one of them that she was 'the roughest he'd ever seen.' She was a woman, and they couldn't touch her. A policeman was called upon for assistance, who offered to lock her up, but he could only do so if allowed to lock up the whole coach as well. It was ended by the production of another coach, by the exchange of the luggage and passengers, by a delay of two hours, and an embarrassing possession of the original vehicle by the lady." We give the above because it has its parallel in certain ministers who cannot be induced to move although everybody is eager to see them gone. One by one, donors, subscribers, and friends withdraw, but the ministerial old ladies stick to the empty coach, as if it were part and parcel of themselves, as much as its shell is an integral portion of the snail. Hence the new chapel, which springs up, and makes two churches where one would have been quite enough if it had not been for the adhesiveness of an individual. It is a great sorrow that churches should be ruined because worthy men cannot see that the time is come for a change. But what is the use of our writing this? We shall only get removing into the head of some brother who ought to stay where he is, while those whom it behoves to move will stick like limpets.—C. H. S.— Sword and Trowel.

Written Prayers.

The venerable Thomas Williams in conversation with a devoted Ritualist, was discussing the subject of written prayers. This gentleman claimed that the whole Bible did not furnish one unwritten prayer. "No, sir, not a single one, sir." "Do you really think so?" "Yes, sir, I defy you to point to a single Scripture prayer that was not written. You cannot do it." "Well, can I ask you a question?" "Certainly you can." Tell me, then, who held the candle when Jonah read his prayers in the whale's belly.

Self-love is a medium of a peculiar kind; it magnifies everything which is aimed in others at the same time it lessens everything in ourselves.

A New Broom.

BY REV. C. H. WETTERBE.

I hear that you have a 'new broom,' deacon, said Mr. Ensign, to a prominent official, in the Rosewood Church, which had recently settled a pastor.

'Yes, I am quite pleased to say,' replied the buoyant deacon, 'we have not only a new broom, but one of the best material.'

'It is almost superfluous, then,' said Mr. Ensign, 'to ask if he sweeps well.' 'He sweeps superbly,' said the deacon with a satisfaction which he did not attempt to conceal. 'His sermons,' he continued, 'are of a high order; being not only eminently Scriptural, but soundly and severely logical, and yet so transparent, that they may be comprehended by all. He also has the rare faculty of imparting a freshness and vividness to each sermon, by a wise and discriminating selection of illustrations, which are drawn from nature, history, and biography.'

'Is his delivery in keeping with the ability of his sermons?' asked Mr. Ensign.

'His voice is singularly sweet, his enunciation faultless, and, frequently, there is such a pathetic fervor to his utterances, that many of his audience are visibly affected. No pastor could wish a more responsive audience.'

'I suppose, then,' said Mr. Ensign, 'that your congregations have increased since Dr. Hanson became your pastor.'

'Oh, yes, they are much larger than they were, when our last pastor closed his labors with us. If the rate of increase keeps on, we shall be obliged to either enlarge our edifice, or build another.'

'How does he take, among the people generally, as a man and pastor?'

'He is winning golden opinions among all classes, both as a gentleman and pastor. He manifests a gentle and forbearing spirit towards the weak and erring, and has a word of timely counsel for those who are out of the way. He puts everyone at ease in his presence, whether it be the poorly dressed, or richly clad. In him, they all find a sympathetic friend.'

'Well,' said Mr. Ensign, 'it really does seem that you have a 'new broom' that sweeps everything clean; and I hope that he will continue to wear well.'

Taking his departure, Mr. Ensign, soliloquized thus: "Ministerial new brooms are as necessary perhaps as those of a thrifty housekeeper; but, the wear of a ministerial new broom, is very much like that of the housewife's; it depends, very much, on how it is used. It matters not how well liked a new broom is, when first obtained. It may sweep as clean as a polished mirror, and be as faultless as any human instrument can be; yet, if it be not properly and prudently used, the 'new' will soon become 'old.' And then, I have observed, that brooms, now-a-days, do not last as long, anyhow, as they did in the olden time. Modern churches enjoy the sweet privilege of getting hold of a new broom, quite often. Their hands soon tire of sweeping with the 'old one.' It is amazing, how soon they detect the dust and dirt, which is left behind the comparative new broom! That which was, at first, but fine dust, and little specks of dirt, soon gets to be remarkably magnified. I wonder if it will be so with the Rosewood Church!"

Two years after Dr. Hanson settled over that church, Mr. Ensign learned that the 'new broom' had become an old one—so old that he thought it best to resign, and be a 'new broom' somewhere else, and let the Rosewood Church get another 'new' one. The people pined for a change, so used to it had they become.

A GOLDEN STATEMENT.—Remember John Trapp's golden statement: "God respecteth not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are; nor the rhetoric of our prayers, how neat they are; nor the geometry of our prayers, how long they are; nor the music of our prayers, how melodious they are; nor the logic of our prayers, how methodical they are; but the divinity of our prayers, how heart-springing they are. Not gifts, but graces prevail in prayer."

The less men think, the more they talk.—Montesquieu.

For the Christian Messenger.

Fundamental Truths of Christianity.

LUTHARDT'S APOLOGETICAL DISCOURSES.

Eighth Discourse, translated from the German by Prof. D. M. Welton.

THE HISTORY OF REVELATION.

HEATHENISM AND JUDAISM.

IV.

This was the morality of the noblest in the later time of the old world. The other morality, which was most influential among the cultivated, was the Epicurean, whose principle was pleasure, and for which consequently all virtue consisted in the measure of enjoyment, which had to be judiciously shared, in order not to spoil the pleasure. You will concede a somewhat doubtful round-about way to reach virtue! The practical effects of such a philosophy can easily be imagined.

Such was the ethics of philosophy. What of its practical fruit? We have a succession of descriptions of the moral reprobateness of the later philosophers, who come before us in the contemptible light of servile hypocrites and flatterers. "In many instances," says Quintilian, "the greatest vices are hidden under the name of the old philosophy." Or at least they are weak characters, as even a Seneca, who, indeed, especially in his later writings, utters sentiments resembling those dictated by the christian spirit, so that the christians of the following century regarded him as one of their own number, whose morality, however consisted too much of simple rhetoric, who used his pen for avaricious purposes and showed indulgence to Nero's crimes which called forth the indignation of the Roman people of that time.

And now, as to the morality of the multitude! In the best times it could not escape the notice of the attentive observer that a germ of decay lay in the innermost pith of the ancient nations. As time passed, it became more and more manifest. The pictures which the Roman writers, Juvenal, Pliny, Tacitus and Seneca have sketched of the moral condition of their time, are known. They show us a prevalence of shamelessness, of which, thank God, we have at the present time no foreboding. The best persons of that time knew of no help for this state of things. As matters could not be further proceeded, they looked to the end of the world without hope, despairing for humanity.

The eternal love could alone bring help.

From the olden time the voice of prophecy goes through the old world, announcing a better time, a future deliverance.

Partly, it is a dim memory of an ancient time which still projects itself into the present, as the last remaining evening glow of a declining day which yet adorns with its golden streaks the gradually darkening heavens; partly it is a presentiment of its own yearning, seeking heart, like the stars which fleetly illuminate the night and foretell the coming day.

Among the most diverse nations we find such vague old traditions of a golden future. A time will come, so the Persians hoped, a messianic time, when Abrhman will be destroyed, the world renewed and freed from all evil, all men turned to the law, and the happy condition of the first time again restored. The Hindoos have the expectation that at the end of the present period of sin, as the tenth Avatar, that is, incarnation (Buddha is reckoned as the ninth) Vishnu will appear under the name Cali, all evil destroyed, and the happy age restored, as it was at the beginning of the world. The Chinese also cherish the messianic expectation. In their sacred writings mention is often made of the coming of a great Holy one in the west, who will not only open up the way of perfectness but also overthrow the old idols. Nor less common are similar expectations with other oriental nations. They have received a profound expression among the Greeks in the myth of Prometheus. Chained in daily torment to the rock, Prometheus gives utterance to the revelation known only to himself, that some day the dominion of (the false god) Jupiter will cease through a Son of God, who will be mightier than Jupiter, and he even beholds his de-

liverer in the distant future in Hercules. But not without a vicarious suffering shall this deliverance take place. So Hermes announces to him:—

From such affliction hope not for amend, until As substitute to expiate thy pain a God appear, Prepared for thee in Hades, unless realm To descend to the dark gulf of Tartarus.

This is accomplished by the son of Chromos, Chiron, the justest and wisest of the Centaurs, who offers himself for him (Prometheus), while Hercules slays the eagle at his breast and thus frees him from his torment.

Æschylus has made this profound matter the subject of a dramatic trilogy, of which indeed only one part, "Prometheus Bound," has been preserved, but which in this fragment shows us how in it are poetically reflected the deepest thoughts of the Greek world concerning guilt, expiation, and the redemption of mankind. The poetical legend becomes almost a prophecy of the real Redeemer, Christ.

In the old German mythology, utterance is fully given to the expectation of a future golden age, when the whole world shall be renewed, and all evil banished from it. Baldr, the good, the holy, the wise, the favorite of gods and men, is put to death through the malicious cunning of the wicked Loki. The gods and all creatures mourn over this; men and animals, trees and stones weep. Thereafter it goes worse than ever on earth, strife and bloodshed increase, and in the battle of giants and gods Odin with the Aeser (the good gods) fall, and the world is destroyed by fire; but Vidar, the victorious one, will restore the golden age; a new earth will arise, adorned with perpetual spring and full of blessing; no Loki will any more be upon it, and Baldr will return from death; newly arisen from their ruin gods and men will then dwell peacefully together upon it. And similar traditions were common in Mexico and the South Sea. In short everywhere in the heathen world, from a very ancient time, the prophecy and hope were common, that this iron age of sin and misery, when wickedness should have reached its highest stage, would find its end, and the gods which ruled the human race would be overthrown. For this purpose a royal hero should descend from heaven to crush the head of the demon and bring back the first age of blessing and innocence.

Even the idea of a vicarious suffering is not wanting, as we see in these pictures of a future deliverance. There is here an illusion to the thought of the suffering just one, as the bearer of the highest perfected righteousness which Plato has so wonderfully expressed, that we are involuntarily reminded of the great old Testament prophecy of Isaiah liii., and the church fathers saw prophetic words therein. "Let us now," to quote that remarkable passage, "place by the side of the unrighteous man, the righteous one, an upright man and of a noble nature, who strives not to appear good but to be good. In the first place he must be deprived of his good reputation; for if he appears as a just man he is honored and rewarded as such, so that it then remains uncertain whether he is such on account of justice or for the sake of the honors and rewards. After this he must be spoiled of all his possessions but justice, and come into conflict with the government, so that he, while he has done nothing unjust, is regarded as the most unjust, that he may be fully certified to us in his righteousness, since he is not disturbed by evil report and whatever arises therefrom, but remains unchanged till death, while he is life long deemed unjust and yet is just.

They say, moreover, that the just man, as thus constituted, should be scourged, bound, blinded, and after he has endured all torments, tied to a stake, that he may desire not to seem to be just but to be just.

But really, this picture which Plato here sketches—it is an unsubstantial shadow to the realization of which the old world had the consciousness that it would be very difficult to come. "I, at least," says Cicero, "have not yet found a perfect wise man, but philosophy has taught me how such an one must be constituted if he ever shall appear on earth at all."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

From England.

BY REV. JOHN BROWN.

In these days of religious sensationalism, the following extract which I am glad to see in the widely circulated Christian World and also the Freeman, is from The Outlook, and which I should like to have the benefit of a place in the Messenger, is deserving of attention:—

"Sensationalism is debilitating the churches. We hear on all sides not so much a complaint as a lamentation that congregations are becoming more and more shifty and capricious. They can no longer be satisfied with nourishing doctrine and orderly, reverted services such as a former generation would have valued. It appears as though the length to which the "special service" system has been carried, and the injudicious encouragement given to rhapsodical preaching and religious hubbub, were pushing quiet, modest piety out of existence."

These are wise and weighty words. There are "Special Services" being held in our town in a large tent by a young man connected with the Evangelization Society. His preaching is happily free from the style just described. In preaching on the one thing needful the other evening, he told a good story which will bear telling again. Some ministers were once quietly discussing the character of Martha and Mary, when one of them asked "Which would you prefer for a wife, brethren?" Both had their admirers. An elderly minister who took no part in the conversation, was asked which he would choose. He replied, "I should prefer Martha before dinner and Mary after."

One of these evangelists was preaching in another part of the county some time since, at which the parson of the village took offense, and spoke out strongly against him on account of his pretending to preach without being lawfully ordained; when the evangelist heard of it he took his turn, preaching from Isaiah lxvi, 10, 11: "His watchmen are blind; they are ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber, yea they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand; they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter." Any one acquainted with the State Church system here, will readily see what a whip of stout cords might be prepared from the text for the unfortunate back of the state paid watchman, especially with what I have italicized; and he did not fail to apply it.

The gigantic trees of California have their rivals in Australia. A tree has lately been discovered called eucalyptus amygdalina, or almond-leaf gum which measures 380 feet, or more than 126 yards of clear trunk without a single branch, and measuring to the top 430 feet, or over 143 yards, with a diameter of about 30 feet at some distance from the ground. This tree stands 100 feet higher than the clock tower at Westminster. This clock, by the way, is a huge affair. It is about the same size as that in the tower at the Crystal Palace, the dial of which is forty feet in diameter, or nearly one thousand three hundred square feet in area. The hands weigh nearly quarter of a ton; the minute hand measures nineteen feet, and moves half an inch at every beat of the pendulum. The distance the point of the minute hand travels in a week is nearly four miles, and so correctly does it keep time that during seventeen days of observation it varied only eight seconds.

"Wonders never cease" is a common saying, and a true one, as the following clipping from a Bristol paper will show:—

"A striking development in the new philosophy, thought-reading, has just been made by Mr. Stuart Cumberland. To read blindfolded the number of a bank-note has always been looked upon as impossible; yet Mr. Cumberland has succeeded in accomplishing the feat with no less a personage than the Lord Mayor. The experiment took place at Sir Benjamin and Mrs. Sarah Phillip's residence, 46 Portman Square, on Saturday night, when many distinguished ladies and gentlemen had assembled to witness illustrations of the thought-reader's powers. Not only did

Mr. Cumberland succeed in telling the Lord Mayor the number of his note, but he afterwards correctly described the date of a coin thought of by Baron de Worms. Several other very extraordinary experiments were likewise performed with the member for Greenwich. The Right Hon. A. J. Beresford-Hope, M. P., Sir William Fraser, Bart, M. P., Mr. Howard Vincent, and several other eminent persons, had their thoughts read, to their intense wonderment, the demonstrator being immediately successful in all his attempts with them. But perhaps the most extraordinary exhibition of divining another's thoughts was that of finding a person in the room thought of by a well-known leader of fashion, and handing to her a rose which he had mentally expressed should be taken by him from this gentleman's coat."

Should the power which Mr. Cumberland seems to possess become general, society would be revolutionized from centre to circumference, and so it would be if men did but thoroughly and sincerely believe that "all things are naked and open to the eyes of him with whom we have to do," and that "there is not a thought in the heart, nor a word in the lips, but lo, O Lord thou knowest it altogether."

The "Brethren" who claim to be entirely unsectarian, but who, according to any judgment, and not mine only, are the most sectarian of all the sects, who split and divide among themselves, and are more fruitful of sectarianism than any sect I know, have been lately very much disturbed over the question of baptism. Some are for infant baptism, others for believers only. A Mr. Kelly, one of their foremost men, has "gone out" from them holding to the latter, and strongly opposed to the former. Babies are responsible for a good deal of disturbance, but in nothing more, perhaps, than in the question of baptism. Begging their babyships' pardon, they are not responsible for it either, but those who take the traditions of men instead of the revealed and infallible word of God for their guide in this matter.

Melksham, G. B., Aug. 1, 1882.

For the Christian Messenger.

Baptist Vineyard Camp Meeting at Cottage City, Mass.

Dear Christian Messenger,—

Allow me to greet you from this delightful spot, and send a few notes of the doings of our brethren at this popular sea girl resort. The weather is very warm, the land suffering for the want of rain; but we don't mind the heat, for cool winds come from every quarter, and refreshing baths in the Atlantic ocean make us forget the heat. Here we greet weary pastors from all parts of the country, with their good deacons, wives and daughters. Here we hear our best preachers, and learn new methods of labor. Mr. — is here with his family of 60 "little wanderers" children from the streets of Boston, spending a few months, and enjoying the bathing. Cottage City, the older part of this resort, is where the Methodists have their gatherings in a large wooden tent. It is composed of hundreds of cottages, artistically situated among the oak trees, with courts and concrete streets, stores, post office and roomy hotels, which when illuminated by the hundreds of lamps in the evening, presents a charming picture. Now every hotel and cottage is full and all is life and gaiety. Across the bridge that spans the pond in Vineyard Highlands, a most charming spot sacred to the hearts of our brethren who have built an immense temple and offered large inducements to invite the weary pastors and their churches for a week of meetings. On this hill, among the oak trees and out on the bluff that overlook the ocean, many of our New England ministers have built neat, pretty cottages, whither they bring their families to spend the month of August. Almost every day there is an excursion either to Nantucket, the great whaling seaport of 100 years ago, to Newport, R. I., Clayhead; or some other wonderfully attractive place, or a day can be enjoyed at the delightful and exciting sport of blue fishing, a fish that frequents these shores in great numbers and are as lively as the salmon, and about the same size. Then there is skating rink, where hundreds enjoy every evening the pleasures of winter amid the surroundings of summer.

Don't think that the religious meetings are the only or primary attractions of this popular resort. They are rather the artful scheme of our noble deacons and laymen who are interested in the spiritual and bodily welfare of their pastors during the prevalent vacation period, and so induce them here to combine