

Sunday Reading.

Saved Alone.

(Written after reading the story that a lady had saved herself from the wreck of a steamer, while her children perished, telegraphed first to her husband the single word "SAVED!" later on, the melancholy fact—"Saved ALONE!")

Saved alone—to sing lonely praise, Your dear ones wandering in sin's dark ways; Knowing that death's wide engulfing sea Severs your souls for eternity!

Saved alone—with no brother's hand To clasp your own on the golden strand, No child, no friend, who will greet you there, Welcoming you to the City Fair.

Saved alone—for no golden ray Have you shed on another's darkened way, No feet have follow'd where you have trod

The shining path to the throne of God. Saved alone—for no thankful song Has sung your name to the angel throng.

Who wondering stand, as they watch you come Alone—alone, to your Father's Home.

Saved alone—through eternity Must those saddening words be said of thee?

Shall angels whisper in pitying tone, "A ransom'd spirit—but saved alone!" —EVA TRAVERS POOLE.

Rev. Thomas Newlight, F. S. S.

Not the electric light, it is not clear enough for that, although for coldness and lack of sympathy the comparison would not be an inapt one. Nor yet the sunlight: he has long since given up his belief in that. Nor, again, the lamp-light of our forefathers; but rather the flickering night-light of our Grandmother's time with which they were wont to beguile the childish fretfulness of our parents, then in infancy. The vessel in which it floats is a little modernized, and the tin which enters into its construction is plated, but it is the same old tantalizing piece of imbecility, despite the substitution of a porcelain vase for the old teacup, and the aesthetic form and gilding of the cork segments which prevent it from sinking. Change the pronoun it to he, and you have a description of Mr. Newlight, of Ignis Fatuus Chapel. He is new, juvenile, green. His assumptions of superior wisdom, albeit he is not yet out of his long-clothes, mentally and spiritually speaking, are most refreshing, but he harps on an old string, and to a trained ear his so-called music is harsh, and sets the teeth on edge. He tries to play the "Psalm of life," but does not understand the score, and succeeds only in producing a burlesque imitation. He aims at flights of humour, and for this reason his admirers have conferred upon him a fellowship in the Satirical Society; but as yet he can scarcely be styled a "master of jibes and flouts and sneers."

He is of opinion that philosophy is his forte; but it is by no means Baconian, if philosophy that can be said to be which ignores facts, and constructs its premises of speculative whims and crochety ipse dixits. True to his patronymic, he holds that whatever is new is true, and what ever is old is not true. You may recognise him in a moment by the green glasses which he wears when scrutinizing other people's arguments and facts, or the yellow ones which he mounts when dealing with his neighbors' characters and positions. His use of optical instruments is peculiar. When viewing a body of his opponents he invariably sees them as few, small, and far off in obscure corners. While, on the other hand, he uses a glass of high magnifying power to ascertain the numbers and positions of his own adherents. In addition to his fellowship in the society before named, he is an esteemed member of the Mutual Admiration Association, the associates in which are required, as a condition of continuance in the society, to write not less than one panegyric upon themselves, and one on each of their fellow-associates during the course of every society year.

The motto of this society is, "We are the people," and its heraldic bearings are a queer compound of rampant lions, creeping serpents, and simple sheep. What they signify we must not—not being in the secret—venture to explain, lest our explanation should be other than complimentary. Mr. Newlight's library is mainly composed of the works of the leading German rationalistic theologians, carefully done into English, and which he reads very constantly, but—a little bird whispers—not always intelligently, which is perhaps, having regard

to both himself and his authors, not much to be wondered at. These books have cost him a great sum of money, which he managed in part to raise by the sale of a large and very complete collection of English critics and authors. He considers that he is a great gainer by the exchange, and quotes with much appreciation the remark of Robert Hall in reference to one of the books he sold—"a continent of mud, sir." He is specially fond of Kant—his neighbor Oldways says, in more senses than one—and he believes in "Pure Reason," as the same critic observes, along with "no faith." The rest of his library is composed of heretical authors of the patristic period expensively bound in new and highly-gilt covers. His sermons are carefully prepared and as carefully delivered, and his points—none of which are barbed, but all tipped with gall—are most beautifully polished. His sneer is considered to be perfect; but his blows are feeble. He has applied the vinegar of his criticism, of which article he keeps a cellar full, to many of the ugly old rocks which stand in his way, but to his great astonishment they are not dissolved. He has used a balloon several times in order to get over them; but although he is an influential shareholder in a large gas-making concern, he has never yet been able to secure enough to complete his task. He is not often seen by sick-beds, for he does not believe in the efficacy of prayer to produce physical results, and he has no great idea of the power of his petitions to bring about spiritual ones; but he is a great success at funerals. His orations on the virtues of the departed are great achievements, and he is never at a loss except when it so happens that there are no virtues to dilate upon. This occurred quite recently in the case of a notoriously immoral man whom he was suddenly called upon to inter. But as he entertains the opinion that a few years or generations of purgatory in an intermediate state will put all crookedness of moral life straight, he managed tolerably well on the whole. And then he is really fine when expatiating on the duty of submission, obedience to the divine will, and imitation of the example of Christ, and one might almost imagine that one was listening to one of the old habits of the Porch to listen to him. It is a thousand pities that vulgar people do not appreciate him, but insist that he lays too little stress on the real cause of human misery, and does nothing to make clear the divine remedy for it. His congregation is not large, but it is really very respectable, and the additions to it, although not numerous, are satisfactory in point of money and general circumstances. In common with their pastor, they all believe that the old creeds are quite obsolete, and indeed that nobody believes in them now, excepting a few old women who meet in obscure conventicles. And when statistics are produced which seem to show the contrary, their invariable reply is, "We don't believe in statistics: they are proverbially unreliable," which remark Oldways says is by no means a new one, and not essentially a true one.

Mr. Newlight's health is not good. He finds it hard work to produce two sermons a week, and contemplates, solely on this account, making an early change. Will any of the readers of this magazine render him a little help? JAMES DANN, Greenock. —Sword and Trowel.

The Weeks of the Harvest.

BY REV. DR. JOHN H. HALL.

"Now the air is rich in fragrance! fragrance exquisite! Of new mown-hay, of wild thyme dew washed, And gales embrosial, which with cooling breath Ruffle the lakes gray surface."

So sings the poet of the harvest-weeks, the weeks that so constantly and beautifully illustrate the earliest postdiluvian promise, that "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night should not cease."

Some people regard the bounty of these weeks as the mere gush of nature; but the eye of piety has always recognized them as flowing directly from the open hand of God. "Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it," David, like Cowper, never failed to look up "through nature to nature's God." And Jeremiah, in the same spirit, says, "He (God) re-serveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest." Pharaoh could dream about a seven-years famine, but only God could foretell and cause it.

In special commemoration of the divine agency in the harvest, as well as for fit and useful seasons of national reunion, the Jews were instructed to keep two great yearly feasts—one for the "first-fruits," occurring in our May, and the other of the "ingathering," at the close of the year, in September. Then not only Jerusalem, but the whole land also, was literally alive with religious festivity. A general flow of the nation, field laborers, harvest-men, treaders of grapes, ploughmen, and shepherds, set in towards the Holy City; all "glad" to shout and sing, "Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." Or, as Thompson versifies such justifiable hilarity:

"Loose to festive joy, the whole country round Laughs the loud sincerity of mirth, Shaking to the winds their cares."

To beings situated as we are, subsisting upon the fruits of the earth, it is a matter of no small importance that the renewal of these fruits should be frequent. An admirable correspondence exists between the keeping qualities of our staple fruits and their periodical seasons of production. It might have been otherwise. Nothing lies between us and periodical famines but the goodness of God that planned it otherwise, so that new food is constantly coming forth out of the earth, as the old is decaying and ready to vanish away. It is a law of our appetite to tire of the old, and to eagerly crave the new. "Old wine" may be a luxury, but not old food. How gladly our returned seamen, home again from their long and weary voyages, leave their hermetically sealed packages, and turn to feast upon what is fresh from the soil, or the stem. That our grains are annuals, instead of biennials, or septennials as for aught we know they might have been, is one of the speaking mercies of the Lord towards us.

Also, the fixed general regular recurrence of the harvests is something by no means to be unnoticed. To this the husbandman looks with a reliance that controls and shapes all his ordinary purposes and projects for the year. And no one can fully describe the confusion of agriculture, as well as of the whole system of civic trade and commerce, where the weeks of the harvest to occur with large irregularity, ranging loosely, like winds and storms, from one year's end to the other. It is by this its fixed regularity that the harvest holds, as it does, the balances in which all other earthly possessions are weighed. For as Solomon says, "The king himself is served by the field." But the harvest is such a universal regulator, because it is itself regulated by Him who "appointed its weeks."

But such utilitarian estimates of the harvest weeks need not shut off from us their more æsthetic or jubilant features. Few sights are more pleasing to the eye than that of an outstretched field, waving with the rooted grain or decorated with the standing sheaf, nodding and rustling in the wind. Nowhere is "the curve of beauty" more finely exemplified.

"The glowing landscape smiles and melts; Green wave-like meadows here are spread;

There woodland shades are sweetly shed; In deepening gold there glows the wheat, And there the rye-fields vying sheet." And then, consequently, the abounding joy and gladness! "They joy before thee," says Isaiah, "according to the joy of harvest."

"Hail! harvest home! To thee the muse of nature pours the song, By instinct taught to warble! Scenes sublime! Where the rich earth presents her golden treasures, Where balmy breathings whisper to the heart Delights unspeakable! Where seas and skies And hills and valleys, colors, odors, Diversify the work of nature's God." —Illustrated Christian Weekly.

What is ministerial success—crowded churches, full aisles, attentive congregations, the approval of the religious world, much impression produced? Elijah thought so; and when he found out his mistake, and discovered that the applause on Carmel subsided into hideous stillness, his heart well nigh broke with disappointment. Ministerial success lies in altered lives and obedient, humble hearts—unseen work recognized in the judgment day.—F. W. Robertson.

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.

VI.

There are three great thoughts which control the religious life of this people. The first is God. God is the foremost and uppermost thought of Israel. God, the living, personal God, the might of all things, and in comparison with whom all is vanity and nothingness, the Holy one and from whom proceeds the law of the earthly life, the merciful and pitiful one and from whom the poor and wretched may expect help, and all the world salvation. Israel is the people of the divine knowledge.

The second thought is that of sin. Israel is the people of the knowledge of sin. The law continually reminded and convicted of sin. The central point, however, of all legal arrangements was sacrifice. Continually was it necessary for the sacred fire to burn upon the altar, daily should the offerings be brought, and the highest point of all the sacrificial services was that of the expiatory sacrifice on the great day of atonement, on which the high priest the representative of the people, laid the sins of all Israel upon the sacrificial victim, and carried the blood of atonement into the symbolized presence of God, in order to purge the people from sin and reconcile them to God. There is no mightier remembrancer of sin than this, and there is no people in whom the knowledge of sin was livelier, deeper, stronger and purer than in this. This, however, necessarily presupposed the salvation of redemption.

The third thought is the future of this salvation. Israel is the nation of hope. Old prophecies of a future redemption, and a Redeemer lived among this people and turned their eye continually to the future. From the earliest time, men drew support from the prophetic word, which proceeded from the mouth of God at the very beginning of human history—from the prophetic word touching the seed of the woman, which should bruise the serpent's head. This word, pointing to dim futurity, promised an endless victory for humanity over the power of evil on earth by a Son of man. All subsequent prophecies were at bottom only the further unfolding of this first one. The growing power of sin and misery on earth made the longing for the future the more intense. Before that great flood, of which the traditions of all nations inform us, executed the divine sentence on the ungodly race, Noah's father, in memory of the old voice of prophecy, gave utterance to the hope that this his son might bring to the race of man the rest that was longed for. And at the highest point of the new history of mankind on the earth, now emerged again from the waters of the flood, stands that prophetic word of Noah, which indicates with noble survey the future of the nations; the lot of servitude must be assigned to the race of Ham, which extends from north east to south west, from the country of the Moguls to Africa; the amplitude of the earth is however given to the richly endowed race of Japhet, whose national stream marks the course of its history from the south east of India to the west and north of Europe; but in the race of Shem, which has its home in the middle and west of Asia, God himself will have his abode; here shall be the home of religion, in which also the other races of man shall in due time participate. A new succession of prophecies began when God with the choice of Abraham set a new beginning to historical manifestations. The prophecy of the future joined itself in the first place to the race of Abraham, but its view embraced all the nations of the earth. From this one race a blessing should go forth upon all the others. This prophecy formed the foundation of all later ones. It ever took on a more definite shape, its fulfilment restricted itself to an ever narrower circle; to the nation of Abraham, to the tribe of Judah, to the house of David. Its contents were the blessing of the nations, the martial hero, the king of a dominion rich in victory and

peace. When Israel found the highest point of his history and the end of his natural development in the kingship of David and Solomon, then this period, became itself the type of the future. A king should succeed to glory through suffering as David (Ps. xxii.) should should reign in wisdom and peace as Solomon (Ps. lxxii.); the higher antitype of this king, the fitting conclusion of the history of Israel and there-with also the fitting goal of the history of the nations, should be that future Son of David and of God (Psalm ii.), this priestly king of the people of God (Psalm cx). And when the external form of the kingdom fell to pieces, there arose in the word of the prophets from the ruins of the present the spiritual image of the future. This future should be ushered in through a new and wonderful revelation of Jehovah, the messenger of what, as the goal of the entire foregoing history, should terminate prophecy in himself and possess the Spirit of God in his fulness, should be brought to glow through the bitter suffering of death, and bring and exercise over the nations of the earth the happy and glorious dominion of God. This is the one great subject of all prophecy. Each of the prophets announces it in his way, according to the necessities of his time, according to the duty imposed on him by God, and according to the measure of his enlightenment. However differently its purport runs with them—all the manifold features which the descriptions of the different prophets contain unite in one great picture of the happy future.

This prophecy and the hope resting thereon the nation carried with them among strangers, in the time of the captivity in Babylon, in the time of the bitter affliction after their return, and they held them closely, as a light upon their dark way. When now the voices of the prophets began to be silent and the mouth of revelation grew dumb—until the later time, when in the heathen world particular voices of presentiment and prophecy arose, and in Israel also the word of prophecy became loud anew: in that venerable old man Simon, the witness of the old time now closing, and in the son of the priest in the wilderness, John the Baptist, the herald of a new time.

Thoughts in Brief.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

No cross, no Christian.

The poor trembling sinner should go at once to Jesus; although unworthy, he will not be unwelcome.

God will surely fulfil His promises, but only in His own way.

Special attention to any one duty does not atone for negligence in another.

No one has ever yet been able to find a valid excuse for disobeying God.

Our peace is proportioned to our trust.

The mightiest river has its source in secret springs, and the noblest Christian life is fed by secret fellowship with God.

When the Lord gives us a work to do He always gives us the strength to do it with.

Majorities are not infallible; a majority crucified the Saviour.

The word we speak so lightly May cause a flood of tears; And the act of a single moment May darken a life for years.

—London Baptist. Nietauz, N. S.

September.

I bear the Scales, where hang in equipoise The night and day; and when unto my lips

I put my trumpet, with its stress and noise Fly the white clouds like tattered sails of ships;

The tree-tops lash the air with sounding whips, Southward the clamorous sea-fowl wing their flight;

The hedges are all red with haws and hips, The Hunter's Moon reings empress of the night.

LONGFELLOW.

Superficial religion will always be fashionable because it does not require self-denial. A man may be outwardly religious, and yet be a private tippler, but he cannot be a true Christian at that rate.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. Visit to Acadia College.

BY REV. ANDREW F. WILLARD.

Mr. Editor,—

Wishing to visit again the locality in which I spent some of the happiest years of my life, I took the International Steamship Company's boat at Boston, on Monday, May 29th, and reached St. John, N. B., next afternoon, taking Annapolis boat next morning, and came at Annapolis, I was landed at Wolfville, N. S., on Wednesday afternoon.

On my way up from Annapolis, I carefully studied countenances, but in vain, to find some familiar features. After a lovely ride of nearly an hour, Rev. Robert Porter, one of my students at Horton in 1850 and 1851, came and asking me if my name was Willard, introduced himself. The rest of the way my ride was very pleasant.

At Wolfville, Mr. Porter introduced me to a Dr. Barsz, who told me that he came to take me to his house, saying that he was once a pupil of mine. But not till he had given me his first name, Andrew, did I recall the ten years old boy of 1851.

Mr. Editor, can you explain to me the Philosophy of Chemistry, the science or art of these thousand pictures, photographed, shall I say, so indelibly upon the mind? Does each one occupy a separate place? minutely and accurately delineated. Or are they placed one upon another, like the Palimpsest manuscript? And how is it, please tell me, that the desired picture is instantly brought uppermost, on the mind's tablet? no matter how many were impressed there afterwards.

I was in season for the lengthy, but very interesting Memorial services of Wednesday evening, and for the college exercises of the next day.

Of what shall I speak first? when so many thoughts and memories, "come crowding thickly up for utterance." The cordial grasp of your hand, Mr. Editor, and a score of others, I need not say gave me great delight. But my eye, yes and my heart, asked for a score of others who were not there. Some of them I afterwards met at their homes, but of many others we must say,

"The mossy marble rests On the forms we oft have pressed, In their bloom, And the names we loved to hear, Have been carved for many a year, On the tomb."

I had a little time to spare before going in to the College exercises, and contrasted buildings and surroundings, with the appearance of the grounds thirty years ago. Then, there was besides the old boarding-house, a large building, partly old and partly new, some parts of which were finished, others, unfinished, not very well adapted to the needs of the institution. Before me, for present use, I saw a large building, skillfully planned, as far as I could see, tastefully finished, all occupied, and more room needed. Looking a little farther, I saw a large, costly, long needed boarding-house, with its spacious, well-lighted and ventilated rooms. If I attempt to do justice to such an addition as this, in the small space I can spare for it, I shall utterly fail. The excellent service that it will render, for years, (we hope) can alone adequately tell its real worth. It really looks down on the old one, unmindful of the fact, that half of the old one, once accommodated College and Academy with board, and much of the lodging, gave a study room for boys, a study for the principal of the Academy, and a tenement for the steward. While the other half furnished a fashionable home for the President of the College.

And all this, as Macaulay says, "with-in the memory of men still living." Nor must I fail to mention honorable mention of another building,—long and wide, and high, and new, and white. It stands a little in the back ground, 'tis true, but will in due time, (I doubt not); make itself heard; not like a crying child sent to "stand in the corner" but with a steady, dignified, persistent course, as it asserts with more earnestness than Tom Hood, the claims of girlhood and womanhood. More of this anon.

But I've said nothing of the many dwelling houses on the grounds. Well