

THE SOUL'S QUEST.

Lone wanderer on earth is man,
He seeks all things, he needs but one;
As brain needs blood, an eye needs
light,
As wing of bird needs air for flight,
So man needs Truth.

The Truth is somewhere in the world
To meet man's need, his soul to feed;
If light for eye, and sound for ear,
For thirsty lips the water clear,
Then Truth for man.

Hath God remembered bird and beast,
In ambient air, the forest glen,
Supplying all their needs, and then
The lonely wanderer forgot?
It cannot be.

Somewhere, somehow the Father's
voice
Is speaking to the sons of men
In Word of Truth the soul may ken.
Somehow, somewhere the two shall
meet,
As bird and mate.

Hark! hark—the sound, "I am the
Way,
I am the Truth, I am the Life,
Rest for the weary in strife,
Bread of the soul, its Guide and
Stay,"
The Christ of God.

—Charles C. Earle.

HIGHER CRITICISM.

Replying to questions from ministerial brethren in the meeting at Sydney, Dr. Torrey answered an inquiry regarding his position in reference to the Higher Criticism:

"The three great leaders of the Higher Criticism were infidels, and I don't care to get my knowledge of theology from such source. Brethren, in the first place there is nothing new in their alleged discoveries. In spite of all their talk about the 'new views,' there is scarcely anything in their theories that is not contained in Tom Paine's scurrilous 'Age of Reason.'

"Indeed, Professor Osgood, who is a Hebrew scholar, stood on the floor of the Baptist Congress at Detroit, Mich., to speak on the Higher Criticism. 'Before discussing the question,' he said, 'I would like to read what I conceive to be the few positions that are taken up by the higher destructive critics.'

"He went to work and read off these positions, one after another. 'Now, gentlemen,' he said to the supporters of the Higher Criticism, 'is that a fair statement of the position?' 'Yes,' they said. 'Well, gentlemen,' he replied, 'I have been reading verbatim, from Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason!''

"Brethren, if you are dabbling in that sort of thing you do not know what you are doing. I used to be a Higher Critic myself once. When Robertson Smith's book came out, I welcomed it; in fact I wrote a little book on the subject myself. I thank God that I did not publish it; I had not thought the thing through. Years ago, a dear brother spoke to me on the subject in our lecture room. He was a splendid man, though not an expert in Bible study. He said to me: 'Mr. Torrey, I do not know about these things. Men tell me that it is a purely literary question of the Bible.' I said to him, 'Don't you let them

stuff that nonsense down your throat; they are pulling the wool over your eyes. The next thing they will be applying these very principles—which are now confined to the Old Testament criticism—to the Gospels and the life of Christ.' He could hardly believe that. But, gentlemen, what do we find in the last copy of the 'Encyclopedia Biblica?' We find out that very thing which we predicted ten years ago.

"Just let me say a few words about the origin of the Higher Criticism. The whole thing began with Jean Astruc. He was an immoral Jesuit, and he was the father of the Higher Criticism—the devil was its grandfather. Now, I am not talking of something I know nothing about. The literary principles of the Higher Criticism are principles of literary criticism that have been spued out of every other branch of literary and historical study. The methods by which the Higher Critics are trying to disprove the historicity of the Book of Daniel, and other parts of the Old Testament, if applied to the history of England, would disprove every fact in English history! They are the same methods that were applied at one time to Greek and Roman history. You know there were those who applied these methods to Greek and Roman history, and, by means of their theories, swept away much of the history of Julius Cæsar, Pompey, Troy—in fact, almost everything, so that there was little left. But these methods have been given up, except in Biblical criticism. They have been reduced to a *reductio ad absurdum* in every branch of historical study, and now these Higher Critics are applying them to the Bible.

"One of the most awful things about theologians is that they adopt principles that students of every other branch of study in the world have tried and discarded. It is a hard thing to say, but it is a fact. By the same process Professor Fiske proved to a demonstration—provided you granted his premises—that there never was such a place as Troy, and shortly after Schlieman went and uncovered it. And just after it had been proved that Daniel could not be a historical character—because there was no such person known as Belsazzar—Rawlinson went and dug up a tablet bearing his very name—Belsazzar."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Did a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds—some signal specimens of doing or enduring or suffering—we might account for the failure and reckon it small dishonor to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of small things. It is the little things of the hour and not the great things of the age, that fill up a life like that of Paul and John, like that of Rutherford or Brainard or Martyn. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds—not miracles, nor battles nor one great heroic act or martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning, the waters of Shiloh, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not the waters of torrent, noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life.

The avoidance of little evils, little

sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, or sloveliness or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little bits of covetousness and penuriousness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper or crossness or selfishness or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions or private dealings or family arrangements; to little words and looks and tones; little self-denials and self-restraints and self-forgetfulness; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; to punctuality and method and true aim, in the ordering of each day—these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.

What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of slender grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.—Dr. Bonar.

LITTLE THINGS.

More depends on little things than we think. One step downward often leads men into the greatest guilt. It is the little words and actions that make or mar our lives. It is said that Voltaire when five years old learned an infidel poem, and he was never able to free himself from its effects. Scott, the commentator, when despairing, read a hymn by Dr. Watts, and was turned from a life of idleness and sin to one of usefulness. Cowper, about to drown himself, was carried the wrong way by his driver, and went home to write "God moves in a mysterious way." The rebuke of a teacher aroused Dr. Clarke to great action; he had up to that time been slow in acquiring knowledge. Ole Bull, the great violinist, rescued from suicide by drowning, and taken to the near residence of a wealthy lady, became her protegee and soon acquired fame. Robert Moffat, the distinguished missionary, reading a placard announcing a missionary meeting, was led to devote himself to work for the heathen.

The mission Sunday school of the church whose pastor was the distinguished Dr. E. B. Webb, for so many years in Boston, shows how a little seed may grow into a big tree. The first contribution was 1 cent toward a library, given by a poor boy. The school begun in 1859 with eleven scholars, now numbers more than five hundred. Since then it has contributed several thousand dollars for foreign missions, and also a large amount to benevolent objects in our own country. When the first missionary ship, the Morning Star, was built, the first ten dollars was received from this school.

Thirty-three years ago, when Miss Wood went to Syria, the first fifty

dollars for her work was from this school. The one cent of the poor boy has only commenced its blessed mission for good. As the years go on the work will repeat itself a hundred-fold. Do not hesitate, therefore, to do small kindnesses, to appreciate the value of little things. God takes care of results.—Dr. Griffith.

CROSSES.

"What the woof is to the warp, crosses are to character. Without the latter, the former is nothing but limp lines of thread without strength, without usefulness, without susceptibility of being made beautiful. But when crossed by the woof, it becomes cloth fit for various uses, and capable of receiving a finish and an ornamentation which transforms it into a thing of beauty. In like manner a man's character is limp, weak, unreliable and unattractive until it has been subjected to many tests and trials. These, like the woof, cross and recross one's natural tendencies until resistance to evil begets strength, endurance, growth and moral beauty. Why, then, should one fret against one's crosses? They are painful, vexatious, hard to be borne sometimes, but what are these ills, which are but for a moment, when compared with the exceeding and eternal weight of glory with which they are to be rewarded when the last one has been overcome? The brilliants in one's eternal crown will be the crosses of one's present life crystallized in the love and light of Heaven."

Just a Cold in the Head!

But if followed by another cold, or some extra exposure, is liable to result in Nasal Catarrh. Unless a radical cure is obtained, the throat, bronchial tubes and finally the lungs become affected. Nothing cures colds so quickly and pleasantly as Catarrhazone. The inspector of Mines for Nova Scotia, Mr. Neville, says, "Catarrhazone is the best remedy I have ever used. It cured me of Catarrh of the head and throat, and I am pleased to recommend such a remedy." Catarrhazone is a safeguard against Colds, Coughs and Catarrh. It can be used while at work, in the church, theatre, or street cars. Simply inhale Catarrhazone and it cures. Price, \$1.00. Small size, 25 cents. Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

The world is tired and sick of sham. Let your whole heart be given up to God's service. Aim high.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

A great many people are afraid to be filled with the Spirit of God—afraid of being called fanatics. You are not good for anything until the world considers you a fanatic.

Pains, Like the Poor, Are Always with Us.—That portion of man's life which is not made up of pleasure is largely composed of pain and to be free from pain is a pleasure. Simple remedies are always the best in treating bodily pain, and a safe, sure and simple remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. You cannot do wrong in giving it a trial when required.