

A REAL CRUCIFIXION.

We are all familiar with the verse: "I if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." This spake Jesus, "signifying by what death He should glorify God." We are familiar with the thought of the death of Christ; we are familiar with the fact that He was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father; we know that he is exalted at God's right hand now, far above all principality and power. Many of us have rejoiced in this thought and said, "Yes, it is for us men and for our salvation that all this has happened." But there is a further reason than that. Have we all entered into the thought that Jesus came to die, to be buried, to rise again, and ascend into glory as the representative man, as the second Adam, as the head over all things to the church which is His body? And as is the head, so must be the members. We, too, must die very really. A very real crucifixion, no "make believe." We, too, must be buried. We, too, must rise again, actually, in this present life, that it may be "Not I, but Christ who liveth in me." We, too, must "in heart and mind thither ascend, and with Him continually dwell." We, too, must know, here and now, what this means—"Unto him that overcometh will I grant to sit down with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my father in His throne."

What is that ascended and glorious life that I ought to be living. Why am I not able to live it? Now and then I get a glimpse of it, I see what God has purposed for me in my daily life. I see and read the word of this book, I hear His Spirit's loving message in my soul, but I fall short of it. What lack I yet? You may find the answer to this question in the story of the Ichneumon fly. It is a species of fly that lays its eggs in the living body of the caterpillar which is one day to become a butterfly. When the larvae or young, are hatched, they begin to feed on the living body of the caterpillar, and especially on the part that will produce the wings later on. At last just when the time has come for a beautiful butterfly to issue from the chrysalis a little swarm of black flies emerge instead. The chrysalis is dead, and the beautiful butterfly life lost to it for ever. What does this say to us? What is the lesson of the Ichneumon fly? Perhaps in our lives today there is one root sin, the mother of all sin, the lurking, half hidden, half unacknowledged sin of unbelief, right deep down. That is the Ichneumon fly. And what are the twenty or thirty little black flies that come from it? Shall I tell you? Fears, fears—friends, I believe that if the heart of every man and woman, every vestige of fear could be swept clean out, there would be a wonderful blessing and revival in our homes and in our churches, there would be a mighty increase of the power of God through every part of the Spiritual kingdom. But it is those miserable fears, fear of the future, fear of ill to my soul, fear of harm to my loved ones, fear that I shall not get my prayers answered, fear of certain people, fear of certain events, fear that my money will not hold out, fear that my health won't hold out, fear, fear that eats out the very heart of the butterfly life, and we cannot ascend into the heavenly places, and we cannot sit on the right hand of God, with the principalities and powers of darkness under our feet, because of this miserable fear? And what is the remedy? Perfect love, for "perfect love casteth out fear." What is this love? The love of God is the very fire and glory and essence of the Deity? "The glory of God was as the devouring fire on the top of the mount." Let that fire fall upon you today. What does it devour? It devours the whole brood of fears. It devours the whole mother sin of unbelief. It burns up root and branch, all that cannot bear the fire. The Glory of God filled the house of God, and Moses could not stand.

This is a very practical reality. It is not a high flown sentiment. It is a practical reality, it has power to cope with the powers of hell—this fire of the living God. The glory, the fire, the love, the intrinsic Being, the very essence of God may possess us, for "our God is a consuming fire and our God is love." That mighty love that knows your difficulties, and that can possess us till we rejoice all the day long! and every bit of fear about

those we love, or about ourselves is burnt out; and the very love of God, in all its might joy fills us until we become flames of fire, and until here and now, "the righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their father. God grant it for Christ's sake.—Tongues of Fire, London England.

DEACON LEE'S OPINION.

Deacon Lee, who was a kindly, silent, faithful, gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member, who was laboring to create uneasiness in the church, and especially to drive away the preacher.

The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who, after the usual greeting, began to lament the low state of religion, and inquire as to the reason why there had been no revival for two or three years past.

"Now, what do you think is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in asking.

The deacon was not ready to give his opinion; and, after a little thought, frankly answered:

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the church is alive to the work before it?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troubler in Zion, and taking courage, he asked:

"Do you think his sermon on 'Their Eyes Were Holden,' anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

Making bold after all this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked:

"Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?"

The old deacon started as if shot with an arrow, and in a tone louder than his wont, shouted:

"No, I don't."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"You talk so little, sir," replied the guest, not a little abashed, "that no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man, rising to his feet, "for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt me to break them!"

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked:

"What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this one of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which he had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in his right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled with more flowery words, and the pews filled with those who turned away from the simplicity of the gospel. I and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe and a tool—flattered ourselves that we were conscientious. We thought we were doing God's service when we drove that hold man from his pulpit and his work ended in B——, where I then lived. We groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about and criticising and crushing, instead of upholding, by our efforts and prayers, the instrument at whose hand we hardly demanded the blessings. Well sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half a dozen of us taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as a dead weight to the wheel; he had not the power of the Spirit, and could not convert men; so we hunted him like a deer, till worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone when God came among us by his Spirit to show that he had blessed the labors of his dear rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken and our wayward children converted, and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sins, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like longburied seed, had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that he might teach me a lesson every child of his ought to learn, that he who toucheth one of his

servants touches the apple of his eye. I heard my pastor was ill and taking my oldest son with me, set out on a twenty-five mile ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived and his wife, with the spirit which any woman ought to exhibit toward one who had wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said, and her words were arrows to my soul, 'He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish!'

"Has it come to this," I said to myself, "that the man whose labors had through Christ, brought me into his fold, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, till designing men had alienated us, been to me as a brother—that this man could not die in peace with my face before him? God pity me! I cried, 'what have I done?' I confessed my sins to that meek woman, and implored her for Christ's sake, to let me kneel before his dying servant, and receive his forgiveness. What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not?"

"I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home forever, as my own flesh and blood, but no such happiness was in store for me.

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armour was falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes, and said, 'Brother Lee! Brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed out, 'My pastor! my pastor!' Then raising his white hand, he said in a deep, impressive voice, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!' I spoke tenderly to him, and told him I had come to confess my sin, and bring some of his fruit to him, calling my son to tell him how he had found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his troubled spirit.

"I kissed his brow, and told him how dear he had been to me; I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless one; but his only reply, murmured as if in a troubled dream, was: 'Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm!' I stayed by him all night, and at daybreak I closed his eyes. I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days; but like a heroine she said, 'I freely forgive you. But my children who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He has left us all with his covenant God, and he will care for us.'

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin and from that grave. When I slept, Christ stood before my dream, saying, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' These words followed me till I fully realized the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for his sake, and I vowed to love them evermore for his sake, even if they were not perfect. And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor, ever if he is not a very extraordinary man. My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget her cunning, before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place I believe God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here, and moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask my brethren to deal with you as with those who cause divisions. I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. Stop where you are, and pray God. If perchance the thought of your heart be forgiven you.

This decided reply put an end to the newcomer's effort to get a minister who could make more stir, and left him free to lay out roads and build hotels. There is often great power in the little word "No," but sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it so resolutely as did the silent deacon.—Herald and Presbyter.

Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

A free Bible in the hands of a free people is the corner-stone of a free church in a free state forever.

If we would get the very best out of life, let us learn to inventory our blessings each night before we sleep.—D. S. Mackey, D. D.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

THE UNFINISHED PICTURE.

BY FLORENCE ADELAIDE SMITH.

An artist sat painting a picture, And dropping his brush with a sigh, Gazed on the scene before him, With only an artist's eye.

The picture was that of the Christ-child, As in the long ago, he lay, In the manger at Bethlehem, Where naught but the cattle low.

The day drew to a close But the artist sat as before Till a shadow of doubt passed o'er him As he looked through the open door.

The clock on the mantle struck twelve, And the moon shone in through the door.

But the eyes of the artist were closed, And would be forevermore.

Ah! many an unfinished picture, Hangs on memory's wall, And we always intend to finish them, But they never get finished at all.

ASHAMED OF MOTHER.

It is sad day in the life of a boy when he is for any cause ashamed of his mother and it is a day of keenest sorrow to a loving mother, when she is made to feel that her children are ashamed of her because she is lacking in any of the graces and acquired refinements of life.

A story is told of a poor and ignorant woman who had the highest ambition for her son, her only child. She worked early and late at her loom as a weaver of rag carpets, she denied herself everything but bare necessities of life, that Harry might go to school instead of working for his and her own support. She set herself resolutely to work to earn money to send him to college. She grew old and bent at her loom, but hers was a labor of love and she never complained.

"I'll have my pay for it all when I see Harry graduate," she said. "It'll be the happiest day of my life if I live to see it."

"I have to," she said, when her friends protested. "You know I'm going to see Harry graduate and I'll be obliged to have some clothes fit to wear. Then it'll cost a good bit to go to the college town where he is. And there's the new clothes for Harry to graduate in—I want Him to look as nice as anybody. I must go to see him graduate. It's to be my pay for all the years and years I've worked so hard for him.

But, alas! she did not see Harry graduate. In the midst of her preparation there came a letter from her boy, in which he frankly admitted that "it might be embarrassing to both of us if you came to see me, you are so unused to the usages of city life; and your country ways would be criticized in a manner that would be very annoying to us." The real meaning of the letter was but too apparent to her. He would be annoyed—he would be ashamed of her! She tried to believe that "Harry was right," but in her heart she felt the full force and bitter cruelty of the letter. Love could not blind her to it. She read it again and again through her tears, and then burned it, that no eyes but her own might ever read of her boy's disloyalty. And while the fire consumed it the cherished hope of years became as ashes also, and her heart received a wound that no lapse of time can ever heal. But there must come a day when her son will be made to feel the selfishness and sinfulness of ever having been ashamed of such a mother.—Sel.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

"Go away from there, you beggar! You have no right to look at our flowers," shouted a little fellow from the garden.

A poor boy, who was pale, dirty and ragged, was leaning against the fence, admiring the splendid show of roses and tulips within. His face reddened with anger at the rude language, and he was about to answer defiantly when a little girl sprang out from an arbor near, and looking at both, said to her brother: "How could you speak so, Herbert? I'm sure his looking at the flowers doesn't hurt us." And then, to soothe the wounded feelings of the stranger, she added: "Little boy, I'll pluck you some flowers if you'll wait a moment." And she gathered a pretty bouquet and handed it through the fence.

His face brightened with surprise and pleasure, and he earnestly thanked her.

Twelve years after this occurrence the girl had grown to a woman. One bright afternoon she was walking with her husband in the garden, when she observed a young man in workman's dress leaning over the fence, and looking attentively at her and the flowers. Turning to her husband, she said: "It does me good to see people admiring the garden. I'll give that young man some flowers." And approaching him, she said: "Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked for a moment into her fair face, and then said in a voice trembling with feeling: "Twelve years ago I stood here a ragged little beggar-boy, and you showed me the same kindness. The bright flowers and your pleasant words made a new boy of me; ay, and they made a man of me, too. Your face, madam, has been a light to me in my dark hours of life; and now, thank God, though that boy is still a humble, hard-working man, he is an honest and a grateful one."

OF COURSE NOT.

A man in a Boston inquiry meeting said: "I cannot become a Christian, because I sell second class goods with first class labels." And he was right. The poor fellow had sold his immortal soul at a paltry price, but he was wise enough not to try and hide the transaction from God. A man once said to Mr. Moody: "If I became a Christian it will bankrupt my business. I am a soap manufacturer, and every good thing I say about my soap is true; but there is one thing I do not say; it rots clothes. If I should tell all the truth about it nobody would buy it." Let us hope that he did not persist in bartering his soul for soap; but he had the true conception of honesty, which demands that we shall not act a lie by refusing to tell the whole truth.

QUIT TOBACCO AND BE SAVED.

The great revival which visited the Sandwich Islands in 1838 was the immediate result of abandoning the culture and use of tobacco to which the natives had been greatly addicted. The people came together like those who "used curious arts," in the time of the apostles, and burned their curiously wrought and costly pipes. Tobacco was grown through all the land previously to this reform but for years afterward a single plant could not be seen in a distance of one hundred miles. And on giving up this indulgence, and crucifying this lust, the Spirit of the Lord was poured out. "So mightily did the word of God grow and prevail," that in one church five thousand souls were added in a single year, and it became the largest church then on earth. In the month January, 1839, five hundred more were added, and religion was the one theme on every heart and tongue. We cannot help but wonder what would happen in the United States if the tobacco burden and the whiskey curse were for like reasons both put away. Millions would undoubtedly be added to the church. Every community would share in the revival that would surely come if these abominable habits were abandoned and the last trace of manufacture and sale were wiped out. God could not help but pour out his Spirit after such a clearing away of foulness, extravagance, waste and hurtful indulgence.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

Christ in the flesh was, and is to man the highest revelation of God. The material universe, the inorganic world, the organic kingdom of plants and animals the thunderstorm the earthquake shock, all these reveal God's power, his wisdom. Before these man stands amazed, overawed, terrified humanity any tangible revelation of God as a loving Father, or tender, gracious, sympathizing Friend, "who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities;" and, after all, it was this that our poor humanity needed to lift it, draw it heavenward.