A Home in the Heart for Christ.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

If Jesus actually lives with you, other people will be sure to discover the fact. When He went into the border of Tyre and Sidon, He "could not be hid." If you travel through a certain district in Southern France in lavender time, you are sure to know that it is a lavender country by the sweet fragrance of the air. Christ is always self-revealing. No genuine Christian will ever desire to conceal Him; he could not, even if he would. Many absurd things have been written about "secret hopes," etc; but my friends, if nobody in this world, not even your most intimate friend, suspects that you are a Christian, I do not believe you are one. If there is any fire in a stove, a touch will show it. Here, then, is an infallible test. Do I feel and recognize that Christ is in my heart, controlling my conduct, quickening my conscience, and helping me every day to resist evil and do right? Then He "is there;" but if no such internal evidence exist, then Christ has never been there, or has gone away.

For the question, whether the Master will always stay with us, depends largely upon ourselves. Self-will and pride may drive Him out, for He promises to dwell only with them who are of an humble and contrite spirit. Neglect may provoke Him to depart, and so may a persistent disobedience to His commandments. Dr. Maclaren beautifully remarks that "the sweet song-birds and honey-bees are said always to desert a neighborhood before a pestilence breaks out in it." So the inevitably holy Saviour will not dwell with evil, and we may so poison the heart-atmosphere with indulged sin that He will not stay in it.

Free agency does not cease after conversion. If Christ enters our heart through faith, He must be kept there by faith. O what wondrous condescension that the Lord of glory will consent to occupy such a hut as my poor heart, yet He is kindly saying to me: "Give Me room in this thy heart, and I will give thee a place in My heaven."

A practical thought not to be lost sight of is that, if Jesus dwells in our hearts, we should be carrying Him with us. "Let your light so shine before men" that they may recognize that Jesus is within you. Show your Christ like kindness to people while they are living, and do not take it out in heaping flowers on their coffins. I have sometimes thought when I looked at some posthumous display, that if these poor, silent lips could speak they would wish that a few more flowers of love had sweetened their hard, weary lives!

Carry Christ with you to your unconverted friends. If you win their respect for you and get a hold on them, you can talk to them about their souls; tell them what Christ has done for you, and, as it were, add your knock to His knock at their heart's door. Reverently be it said, the Christ in you will appeal to them through you. Just here lies the only real power which any Christian has with the sinning and suffering around him. As for such of my readers as have never had this glorious Son of God living in their hearts, it is because they do not want Him there. He will be in the way of your favorite sins. Beware, my friends! Christ gives last knocks, and if you bolt Him out of your heart, He will shut you out of His heaven.—*The Watchman.*

Biblical Criticism.

Rev. Dr. Wm. Henry Green, the distinguished professor of Hebrew at Princeton Theological Seminary, recently spoke as follows to a *Tribune* interviewer:

What is known as Biblical criticism is the careful scrutiny of all available sources of information respecting the form and contents of the sacred volume. It is currently divided into the lower and the higher criticism.

The lower criticism interrogates all existing and accessible testimonials to the text of Scriptures, with the view of ascertaining with the greatest possible exactness the precise words of the inspired penman. Ancient manuscripts, versions and quotations in early writers are diligently collated, all the variations noted, and the authority for every word and clause carefully tabulated. Many were alarmed at the outset by the astounding number of divergencies discovered, and apprehended that the certainty of the sacred text was being undermined. It is just the reverse. The labors of New Testament critics have sifted and digested the immense amount of material at their command, and, as a result, the text of the New Testament has been settled with a minuteness and accuracy and a wealth of demonstration which no other production of antiquity can ever remotely approach, and which leaves little more to be expected or desired.

The lower criticism of the Old Testament has not yet been brought to a similarly definite result. The problem is here complicated with new and peculiar conditions, and the precise outcome of the whole matter still hangs in doubt. What authority is to be conceded to the Masoretic text? What liberty is to be allowed to conjecture? These questions are still warmly debated, and widely divergent answers are returned. The material that must be worked over in order to resolve these inquiries with certainty is enormous. But elaborate investigations are in progress, which must ultimately lead to some settled conclusion. Meanwhile, there is no occasion for anxiety as though anything serious were in jeopardy. The matter involved is one of literary exactness, rather than of religious faith or doctrine. The faith of Christendom will not be disturbed by so much as a hair's breadth, whatever relative authority shall be finally accorded to the Palestine or the Alexandrian recension of the text.

The higher criticism advance from this preliminary settlement by external authority of the very words of the sacred writers to the investigation of the books of the Bible as such. It inquires into their date and authorship, their plan and the purposes with which, as well as the circumstances under which they were written. This will be reflected to a certain extent in the books themselves, which must be carefully examined in their language, style, statements and implications; and all the help possible must be gathered from contemporary and other records. The more exactly we can ascertain the precise juncture at which each of the sacred writings was produced, and can image to ourselves the circumstances that called it forth and the end it was designed to answer, and can reproduce the respective attitude of the writer and his original readers, the better we shall be able to comprehend the book itself.

The higher criticism thus understood and thus handled is not only perfectly legitimate, but eminently serviceable to the student of the Scriptures. No word, to my knowledge has ever been heard from Princeton discouraging or deprecating such inquiries, or opposing the most rigorous and searching investigation into every part of what is believed to be the inspired Word of God. The more thoroughly the foundations are examined, upon which it reposes, the firmer and more solid they will be seen to be.

It is not a new thing for the genuineness and integrity of the books of the Bible to be impugned in the name of Biblical criticism. False premises and wrong methods here as everywhere else have led to unsound conclusions. When, for example, men like Renan, Keunen and Wellhausen set out with the fundamental assumption that the religion of Israel is a purely human development, that miracles must be relegated to the sphere of myths and legends, and that prophetic prescience is impossible, and relentlessly undertake to make the Scripture square with this foregone conclusion, their results are necessarily vitiated by the falsity of their premises. The remedy for this is to be sought, not in denouncing the higher critics, but in refuting them.

Abiding in Christ.

One afternoon, in an island city in China, feeling almost in spiritual despair, I was reading my Greek Testament, and in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, reading in course, I came across a verse which struck me as it had never done before. I was reading from the fifty-second verse onward; and if you will just turn to that passage, perhaps the train of thought that was such a help to me may help some one else.

In the fifty-sixth verse: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me and I in him." I had read the verse in the Authorized Version, "dwelleth in me, and I in him," a hundred times, and never connected it in my mind with this 15th chapter, where the word happened to be rendered in that version, "abide in me." But, of course, reading it in the original, my mind was carried on by the verb from the sixth to the fifteenth chapter, and I saw at once —why here is a little light on this great and difficult problem. I have evidently been making a mistake about this subject of "abiding in Christ."

I had thought that abiding in Christ meant keeping our hearts so fixed upon Christ, so constantly meditating upon Him and dwelling in Him, that we never lost the consciousness of His presence. I thought we were continually, so to speak, to realize His presence, and continually to look to Him for blessing and help and guidance. Now, what I thought was abiding I have since seen was feeding upon Christ. Feeding in a voluntary act. We go to the table and sit down, and partake of what is there. That is a voluntary act. But the man who wanted to feed all the day and wanted to feed all the night, too, wouldn't be a desirable member of any community. That was what I was trying to do, and because I couldn't manage it, I would get into a sort of religious dyspepsia.

I had a little hospital and dispensary work that kept me busy. Perhaps a man would be brought into the place with an artery cut and in imminent danger, within half an hour the question whether he would live or die would be settled, and one's attention would be wrapped up in the patient, and one wouldn't think of a thing else until the result was known; and then the thought would steal over me. "Why for two hours I haven't thought about Jesus," and I would go off into my closet almost in despair and confess this sin. I was in very great distress, indeed. I wanted to be feeding at the table all the time. Now, if a man has two or three square meals every day, and perhaps a lunch or two between, he ought to be able to go to work.

Abiding in Jesus isn't fixing our attention on Christ, but it is being one with him. And it doesn't make any difference what we are doing, or whether we are asleep or awake. A man is abiding just as much when he is sleeping for Jesus as when he is awake and working for Jesus. O, it is a very sweet thing to have ones' mind resting there.—*Rev. J. Hudson Taylor.*

Unnoticed Labor.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labors and successes; yet some, who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last, never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well.

Perhaps yonder sister has a class in the Sunday school; nothing striking in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant.

There is a Bible woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's servants are serving Him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone; the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more how you work; never mind who sees if God approves. If He smiles, be content. We cannot always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labor you are not alone. For God, the Eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

Great Men Deluded by Christianity.

There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play-spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are stoning God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Ostea to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him; they tried to scare it out of him; they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him into a windowless dungeon, and keeping him on small diet, and denying him a cloak and condemning him as a criminal, and howling at him through the streets; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not sweat it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword; and one summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of six thousand years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion.

Ah! that is a remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity—it overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century, and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by a large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost?" One of the fools who believed in this Bible, John Milton. Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter he wrote to Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy the "Age of Reason" in manuscript and never let it go into type; and writing afterward, in his old days, "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals he left, and the religion he has given us are the best things the world has ever seen, or is likely to see."

Patrick Henry, the great electric champion of liberty, was enslaved by this delusion, so that he says, "The book worth all the other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist, what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time, what did he say? That man, surrendering to the delusion of the Christian religion, cried out, "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosphy of the Gospel." David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over uncovers his head—David Brewster says, "Oh! this religion has been a great light to me—a very great light all my days." Pretident Thiers, the French statesman, acknowledged that he prayed when he said, "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, was conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. William E. Gladstone, the strongest intellect in England to-day, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, goes to the house of God every Sabbath, and often, at the invitation of the rector, reads the prayers to the people. Oh, if these mighty intellects are overborne by this delusion, what chance is there for you and for me?—*Selected.*

"I Thirsted Still."

The following incident will show how God is so longed for as the true source of happiness, even by the poor Hindu. A missionary and his wife in India, itinerating among the villages connected with their station, passed a few days in the home of one of the catechists. A little room, a kind of "prophet's chamber," with a cot, a stool, and a lamp-stick, had been prepared for them. The missionary had gone on to another village; his wife remained behind. Having spent a somewhat tiring day, she was about retiring for the night, when an old man came to her, saying:

"Salaam, ma'am; ma'am, I have many words to say to you; I have much to tell you, and I must tell you. Please allow Moses and his daughter to sit by while I speak to you."

So Moses and his daughter and the old man sat down on a mat, and the lady seated herself on the side of the cot to listen. The room was but dimly lighted by the tiny lamp fixed to the stick. As the old man went on with his story a light not of the earth seemed to fill the room.

"Salaam, ma'am, I am an old man. Gray hairs have long been on my head, and for many years I was a sorrowful man. I worshipped idols as my fathers and grandfathers had done; but I had no comfort; I wanted something more. I thirsted, O how I thirsted for something better than my idols could give. I went to a *goaroo*; I told him I wanted God—to see God. He told me to perform ceremonies and repeat *mantrums*. I did this, but it was like digging in a dry well; not one drop of water came, and I thirsted still.

"Then I was told to visit some holy places, and take money and clothes to the priests, and they would show me their God. This I did, and many a weary mile I travelled, hungry and thirsty; but the hope of gaining what I wished helped me on, and mile after mile I journeyed. But, this, too, was all in vain; I thirsted still.

"In despair, I came back to my own village, thinking it was of no use, I must give it up. But, O ma'am, God had mercy on my weary, thirsting soul. One day I met this man," pointing to Moses, "and he gave me a little book. I read in it these words (John 4: 14), 'Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.' I read, I stopped, I asked, 'Who is this "I" that will give this water?' O, ma'am. I can never tell what I felt as I read these words again and again. I can say no more now."

Here the old man broke down, and, turning to Moses' daughter, said, "Child, sing."

She had a peculiarly sweet voice, and started a Telugu hymn on the loveliness of Christ. He soon joined in, his voice tremulous with emotion. We all sang. It was a small and humble choir, but the music was such as angels love to listen to. After we had sung he began to speak again.

"Well, ma'am, I went to Moses, and asked him what these words meant. He said it meant the well of salvation opened by Jesus Christ. 'O!' I said, 'will He give me the water?' He said, 'Yes;' and I believed, and found it quite true. O, lady, lady, how many wells I had dug in! but they were all dry. But this well of salvation through Jesus bubbles up and up. I feel it now," and again he began to sing. He said, "I have written some hymns about Jesus Christ. May I sing one of them?" This he did. Then he said, "Now I must confess Christ before the world and be baptized in that precious name."

"Yes, father," said Moses, "but you know you will lose your caste then."

"Ay, my son, I know it, I know it, and my own sons will, perhaps, not allow me to live in my own house. But never mind, I shall find a corner to live somewhere. Jesus will take care of me. The water will still spring up to everlasting life."

Midnight passed ere he had finished the "many words" he had to say. The oil in the little lamp was well-nigh consumed, but still he lingered. He seemed as though he would never tire of talking of the love of Christ.

Some time after this he was baptized. Truly, in losing his caste he had lost his home. His sons turned him out of his house, but the catechist, Moses, took him in. As he said, he found "a corner to live in." He was so anxious to tell others of the "living water" that he used to travel from one village to another and sing Christian songs telling of the love of Christ. When he grew blind and unable to guide himself, he paid a boy a small sum to guide him about and read the Scriptures to the people. After a while he fell ill. Moses nursed and cared for him till he passed away to see Him for whom his soul had thirsted, and now what draughts of joy will he drink from the "river of the water of life."—*London Christian.*

The Infidel's Sheep.

Away among the hills of Northern New England were two infidel neighbors, who had lived to man's estate, sinning and blaspheming against God.

One of them heard the gospel message, and hearing, believed unto eternal life. A short time afterward the converted man went to the house of his infidel neighbor, and said to him:

"I have come to talk to you. I have been converted."

"Yes, I heard that you had been down there and had gone forward for prayers," said the skeptic, with a sneer; "and I was surprised, for I had thought you were about as sensible a man as there was in town."

"Well," said the Christian, "I have a duty to do to you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have got four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my fold six years ago, and I knew they had your mark on them, but I took them and marked them with my mark; and you inquired all around and could not hear anything of them. But they are in my field with the increase of them. And now I want to settle this matter. I have lain awake nights and groaned over it, and I have come to get rid of it. And now I am at your option; I will do just what you say. If it is a few years in States prison, I will suffer that. If it is money or property you want, say the word. I have a good farm and money at interest, and you can have all you ask. I want to settle this matter and get rid of it."

The infidel was amazed. He began to tremble.

"If you have got them sheep, you are welcome to them. I don't want nothing of you, if you will only go away; a man who will come to me as you have—something must have got hold of you that I don't understand. You may keep the sheep, if you will only go away."

"No," said the Christian; "I must settle this matter up, and pay for the sheep; I shall not be satisfied without. And you must tell me how much."

"Well," said the skeptic, "if you must pay for them, you may give me what the sheep were worth when they got into your field, and pay me six per cent. interest, and let me alone."

The man counted out the value of the sheep and the interest on the amount, and laid it down, and then doubled the dose, and laid as much more down beside it, and went his way, leaving a load on his neighbor's heart almost as heavy as that which he himself had borne. The full result of that scene is only known to God. One thing is certain, the infidel was seen to frequent the house of prayer, and we may be sure that he afterward believed there was some power in the gospel, and that all Christians were not hypocrites.—*The Christian.*

— Professor Comba, of Florence, an able minister of the Italian Free Church, is publishing in the periodical edited by him in Florence a series of extracts from the archives of the Inquisition, containing the admissions or confessions of those who were under examination before that dread tribunal. These records disclose unexpected organizations of Baptists in the principal cities of Northern Italy. The article on the subject in the March number of the *Review* is entitled, "The Annabaptist Synod of Venice in 1550," and contains notices of the prevalence and profession of our principles at Vicenza, Padua, Treviso, Ferrara, Verona, and other places. We commend these articles to our Italian friends.

— In one of Dr. Burton's Yale lectures the following advice was given to the young ministers: "When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement at any rate. Things look differently through an agitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mid-fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability."

"Once."

"Have you ever attended the theatre?" said a young man to a blue-eyed maiden, who hung on his arm as they promenaded the streets of New York one mild evening in October. The girl's cheeks crimsoned, as she answered the interrogatory in the negative, and added:

"My mother has taught me from childhood that it is wrong to attend such places."

"But your mother formed, perhaps, improper prejudices from exaggerated accounts given by others; for I have often heard her say she never attended one in her life."

He spoke eloquently of the drama; comedy, tragedy, and dwelt with pathos on the important lessons there to be learned of human nature.

"Go with me *once*," he said, "and judge for yourself."

Persuasion and curiosity triumped over maternal precept and example, as she hesitatingly replied:

"I'll go but once."

She went, and in that theatre a charm came over her like that which the serpent sent forth from his dove-like eye. She went again and again, and from that house of mirth and laughter she was led to one from the portals of which she never returned.

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Around the center-table, where an astral lamp was shedding its mild light, sat three girls, one holding in her hands a pack of cards. At the back of her chair stood a young man who, for years, had successfully resisted every effort made by his companions to induce him to learn the character of cards.

"Come," said she, "we want one to make out our game. Play with us once, if you never play again."

Her eye, cheek, and lip conspired to form an eloquent battery, which sent forth its attack on the fortress of good resolutions in which he had long stood secure, until it fell like the walls of an ancient city when jarred by the fearful battering-ram. He learned the cards and played. A few weeks afteward I was passing his door at a late hour, and a candle was shedding its dim light through the window. Since that time I have looked from my chamber nearly every hour of the night, from the close of day till early morn, and seen the light faintly struggling through the curtain that screened the inmates of that room from every eye, save His who seeth alike in darkness and noonday. Gaming brought with it disease, and death came just as he numbered the half of his three score years and ten. During his last hours I was sitting by his bedside, when he fixed on me a look I shall never forget, and bade me listen to his dying words:

"I might have been a different man from what I am; but it is now too late. I am convinced that there is a state of being beyond the grave; and when I think of the retribution which awaits me in another world, I feel a horror which language is inadequate to describe." These were among the last words he ever uttered.

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The Junior Class of a Southern college had assembled in a student's room to spend the night in riot and debauch. Amid the crowd was one who had never recited a bad lesson since his matriculation; in his studies he was "head and shoulders" above his class. That day he had failed. A shade of the deepest gloom came over him, and he was melancholly. But the wine and jest passed round, while he felt like Lucifer in Eden, where all was joy and gladness around him. Said a classmate:

"Come, Bob, quaff this bumper, and it will make you feel bright as the hermit's lamp."

The tempter whispered in his ear, "Drink once and forget the past." A powerful struggle seemed to be going on in his mind for a moment; but at last he silently shook his head, and, retiring from the room, gave vent to a flood of tears. That boy never drank—not even once. He took the valedictory, and is now president of a college.

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Once!—O, on this slender point hath turned for weal or woe the destiny of a deathless spirit. Cæsar paused but once on the banks of the Rubicon; but it was a pause like that which nature makes when gathering her elements for the dread tornado. Eve ate the forbidden fruit but once, and her countless posterity have felt the fearful consequences resulting from so rash an act. Reader, remember—*Once.*—*Times of Refreshing.*

Reasons that do not Explain.

So you are not going to church this moring, my son? Ah, yes; I see. "The music is not good;" that's a pity; that's what we go to church for, to hear the music. And the less we pay the better music we demand. "And the pews are not comfortable;" that's too bad; the Sabbath is a day of rest, and we go to church for repose. The less work we do during the week, the more rest we clamor for on Sunday. "The church is so far away; it's too far to walk, and you detest riding in a street-car, and they are always crowded on Sunday." This is indeed distressing; sometimes when I think how much further away heaven is than the church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there. "And the sermon is so long, always." All these things are indeed to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that in a few weeks after the frost is out of the ground, you will squeeze into a stuffy street-car with a hundred other men, breathing incense of whiskey, beer and tobacco, and hang on a strap by your eyelids for two miles, then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the broiling sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game a scratch band will blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right in your very ears, and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis about the "dandiest game you ever saw played on those grounds." Ah, my boy, you see what staying away from church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reasons for not going to church that he gives to his family every Sunday morning. My son, if you think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for not going. No man apologizes for doing right.—*Robert Burdette.*

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