

another exhortation. In the name of good taste and historic sentiment, don't change the name of Isaac's Harbor! French Cross was the name of a spot on the shore of the Bay of Fundy in Kings County. Yes! in the winter of 1755-6 a group of Acadian French, who had fled up the Annapolis River from Granville, rather than be driven like sheep into a vessel to be sent they knew not whither, after lingering in the plain and burying enough dead to name a place, a little above Kingston Station, the French burying ground, went to this spot on the shore of the Bay. There, at the mouth of a little brook, which supplied them with fresh water, they spent the winter. Over the graves of their dead they erected a cross. Hence, French Cross. Tell it not in Gath, the people have changed the name to Morden. Don't change Isaac's Harbor to Morden or any other name. Isaac's Harbor it is, Isaac's Harbor let it be forever.

Well such was the beginning of that prosperous settlement now surrounding that fine sheet of water, containing now about twelve hundred people. Many of the houses could not be supported in Halifax on fifteen hundred dollars a year. There is a Baptist church which will seat about five hundred people, and a small Presbyterian church. At the mouth of the harbor, and half way up on the east side, a little back from the water, gold crushers are grinding up the hard quartz as pigs crush small apples. Two columns of black smoke tell where the flint grinders are at work, and the dull thudding of these pestles disturbs the stillness of the quiet summer evenings. Don't forget that when the smoke rose first from those rude dwellings, the incense of family prayer went up with it, and passed by it streaming up through the atmosphere and by the careering stars, till it fell on the ear of him who sits upon the throne and looks upon the high and low of earth on one grand level.

The prayer meeting came into existence and Deacon Simon was its leader. When the Puritans began in poverty around Boston Bay, they founded Harvard. These Puritans at Isaac's Harbor established their Harvard—a small log school house; and, as one of the sons told the reporter, the schoolmaster thrashed me, I thrashed the schoolmaster and father thrashed me. That was high-toned discipline. The result is that between the master, the father and other helpful agencies, a first-class man, a thorough Baptist and an honored deacon has been produced. That little log school house put intellectual life into the place. It throbs there still. Who took the Payzant prize last spring at Acadia Seminary and bore off other honors? Miss McMillan, daughter of Stephen McMillan, son of one of the pioneers of Isaac's Harbor. As it should be Isaac's Harbor is mostly Giffins and McMillans.

Dr. Trotter preached to a crowded house on a recent Sabbath morning. The slips for pledges were distributed. In the evening 69 slips came back on the plates, and on Monday morning enough additional to swell the amount to \$1,400. Dr. Trotter must not forget the log school house and the master in it.

Had Isaac's Harbor had its foundations laid in rum, cards, dances, rows, no prayers, no prayer meetings, what would have been its state today? I would like to hear an answer from the people who will vote against prohibition, who advocate wine, dancing, cards and worldliness generally? Spots between Halifax and Port Mulgrave can be found to illustrate the policy of no prayer meetings, no school houses, no temperance societies in their early history. Beginnings look to endings. Begin with rum and worldliness and death, intellectual and spiritual, is sure. Begin with faith, temperance and prayer and life in labor, trade, intellect and spirit, come of it, as sure as light of sunrise. Sow to the flesh—corruption: sow to the spirit—life everlasting.

REPORTER.

Dr. Cramp on the Second Coming of Christ.

The following quotation is taken from Dr. Cramp's book "Paul and Christ" published in 1873. Page 168. The italics are mine. Was not Paul mistaken respecting the second coming of the Saviour? Did he not at first, look for that event as likely to occur in his own life-time? "Admit it, what follows? Nothing more than this, that the will of God was gradually made known, even to inspired men. From the Lord's last teachings it might be inferred that his return to earth, to complete his triumphs and punish his foes, would not only take place suddenly, but might occur at any time, so that Christians should expect it, as we find in fact that they did. The Corinthians are described as "waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," 1 Cor. i: 7. Five years or so before that letter was written, Paul had assured the Thessalonians that "that day would not come, except there come a falling away first," 2 Thess. 2: 3. The preliminary sign, the revelation of "the man of sin," had not appeared; but the time of his appearance was not revealed, nor the length of his continuance. The time might be long, or it might be short. No one could tell, and therefore Christians might very properly be spoken of as "waiting." Eighteen hundred years have passed away since then, and the Lord has not yet come. Some Christian brethren profess to be looking for him daily; but others think that though He will certainly come "as a thief in the night," the predictions of the Word of God must be first fulfilled, and great changes be experienced, both in the world and in the church. Those revolutions will require the lapse of many centuries; or on the other hand, who can tell?

in the latter times, "a nation may be born in a day." "It is not for you to know," said the Redeemer, "the times or the seasons, which the father hath put in His own power," Acts 1: 7. Let us work and wait. "The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie," though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry," Hab. 2: 3. The glorified church is waiting and wondering "How long, O Lord?" Apostles and martyrs are astonished at the delay, Rev. 6: 9-11. But,

"God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Fallbrook, Cal., July 23.

M. B. SHAW.

The Master's Call.

Life is a perpetual call to service. There is always something to be done if not always some one to do it. Duties transpire and expire, but duty itself ceases never. Responsibilities are incessant, impetunate voices are always calling us.

And to these urgencies of life every one, unless it be the tramp or other social vagabond, to a greater or less extent responds. If any will not work, neither shall he eat, is, broadly interpreted, the universal rallying-cry to self-respecting effort. Every man, unless mentally or physically incapacitated for exertion, is required by public opinion, if not self-interest, to be in some sphere or other a laborer. These demands upon men's energies are of very various sorts. Many of them are but the wayward impulses of the men themselves toward worldly advantages of which they would possess themselves at any cost, after the manner of infatuated Klondike searchers after frigid fortune. Others of these calls to effort are the guileful solicitations of the devil himself, seeking recruits for seemingly promising but really very ill-rewarded enterprises of sin and shame. Numbers of the voices that invite humanity to lavish outlays of time, thought and effort are of questionable virtue. The service enjoined is but the service of self, which is the service of sin.

Among all these voices that call to the soul there is now one accent that outspeaks its competitors in effectiveness if not invariably in volume, with unwearied patience inviting men to a line of labor clearly in contrast with the self-absorbed services of the world. This is the call not of a subordinate Satanic usurper, but of a superior divine majesty. The accents are not insinuating, but imperative. Though it be a "still, small voice," it is yet a firm, sure voice that speaks. The gentleness of tone is not weakness; the persuasiveness of intonation is no mark of indecision. The call of God is the master's call. Such an invitation was that announced through Martha's instrumentality to the lingering and perhaps dilatory Mary of old, and so the message comes to the men of our own age, in tones of stirring command, in notes of ardent urgency. "The Master is come and calleth for thee!" is the clear echo to-day, even after all this lapse of time, of that ancient plea. And this call of Jesus, which is for all time, is an individualizing invitation. There is to it a personal directness which none can escape. "You are wanted!" is the idea. There is no passing of the responsibility on to another. Though duties are sometimes transferable, duty is not to be so evaded.

And if there ever was an age when men were "wanted" for the kingdom of God, it is at this present time, when countless openings offer on every side and the responsibilities of ten centuries in one seem rolling at one sweep upon the church. We have no reason to complain of a lack of historic opportunity. What we need to realize is the potential sublimity of small opportunities. The heroic age is not passed, it is now upon us. Ours accordingly may well be that fine prayer of the English poet, De Vere:

"Teach us in all that round us lies
To see and feel each hour,
More than Homeric majesties,
And more than Phidian power;
Teach us the costs of modern life
With lordlier tasks are daily life
Than theirs who plunged the heroic oar
Of old by Chersonese;
But bid our Argo launch from shore
Unbribed by Golden Fleece."

The Master's call seems as if anything to grow more distinct, more full of pathetic pleading, as time goes by. Especially to the church does he look with hope. For the words, "The Master calleth for thee," it should be remembered, were addressed to a Christian. Belief was the guarantee of service. But before Mary was summoned to ministry she was called to communion. Jesus would have a talk with her. Perhaps he urged her to a more energetic temper and method of life. It has been said of the poet Wordsworth that he failed because his intellect was contemplative, out of any close sympathy with action. So many Christians, whether in this respect Mary-like or not, require to be urged to give more vigorous outward expression to their inward faith.—New York Observer.

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

There are three undisputed spots in modern Palestine in which we are sure that our blessed Master once set his feet. One of these is the ancient road from Bethany as

it sweeps around the shoulder of the Mount of Olives; a second is the rocky knoll above the village of Nazareth, and the third is the sacred soil around the mouth of Jacob's well. When the Jewish patriarch first dug that well to water his flocks, he little dreamed that the promised Messiah would, in the coming ages, visit that spot, and make it the scene of one of the most beautiful episodes of his incarnate life. Millions of souls have been spiritually watered from that well.

Jesus was on his way from Jerusalem to Gallilee, and he must needs go through the rich valley that lies in the heart of Samaria. He reaches the outskirts of Sychar at the warm noonday, about the middle of May—warm and weary from his long journey. No dwelling opens its doors to him, and he can only get food for himself and disciples by sending them on to the village. Some conjecture that John stayed with him, and listened to the conversation which he was yet to report in the Book that bears his name. Presently an humble and ignorant woman out of the neighboring village comes to the well to draw water. She certainly did not come there for instruction, much less for her salvation. Her only errand was to fill her goat-skin vessel and take home enough for her household wants. It was "accidental," as the world phrases it, that the woman met anyone there; there are no accidents in the divine purposes. Every true Christian has had just such a day in his, or her experience as that woman of Sychar had—the day in which Jesus first met us as a Saviour and bestowed on us the precious gift of eternal life. There is not a morning that dawns on us when we can predict what may befall us during the day—what meetings with our Master we may have, in opportunities to serve him, in the comfort he may give us, in the spiritual refreshment he may bestow. Jesus is often waiting for us at the well.

Assuredly that humble villager as little expected to figure in Bible history over the world to the end of time. Woman kind had very little expectation of any sort in those days, except to serve their husbands and toil through the drudgeries of their hard lot. They were hidden in the background; as they always are now in all those lands which Christianity has never visited. One of the first things which Jesus did was to recognize woman's immortal nature, to set her in her true place, and to summon her to her high calling. The disciples themselves held her at such a low estimate that, when they returned from the village, they "marveled that he was talking to a woman!" If they had known just what a suspicious sort of a woman she had been in her domestic history, their wonder would have been greater still.

Their omniscient Master knew all about her, and just because she had had a sinful and erring past, his infinite tenderness of compassion went out to her. Sychar's sinful daughter was to head a procession of women, just as Tarsus' sinful son was to head a procession of men in the kingdom of Immanuel.

Jesus speaks first. When the vessel has come up from the cool depths of the old historic well, he says to the woman, "Give me to drink." She discovers at once by his dress and by his pronunciation that he is a Jew, and expresses her surprise that a Jew should ask such a favor from a Samaritan woman. There was an hereditary feud between those who worshiped God on Mount Moriah and those who worshiped him on Mount Gerizim, and no bitterness is as bitter as that of religious bigotry. Jesus did not come into our world as a petition-breaker. That day not only womanhood went up, but old hateful walls of bigotry went down. It was enough that the loving Saviour saw in that ignorant and erring woman a fit subject for his divine compassion and converting grace, and without any preface he at once startles her by telling her that if she knew who he was she would have asked of him the "living water."

There has been much difference of opinion as to just what our Lord meant by the water of life. Some of the ancient ritualists claim that he meant baptism; Calvin held that he meant the Holy Spirit; Grotius that it was evangelical doctrine; the devout Tholuck held that Christ meant the word of salvation, and still other interpretations have been ventured. But is it not the most simple and direct supposition that Jesus offered to that poor sinning woman saving grace that should cleanse her soul and satisfy all her wants, and ensure to her life everlasting? He brought her to conviction of sin; he won her to himself. First she was made to see herself a sinner; then she saw Jesus as her Saviour. Is not that, after all, the one main thing to which all the efforts of ministers, teachers, Christian parents, evangelists and every soul-seeker should be directed? All preaching—in a pulpit or out—is a crass failure that stops short of Jesus Christ.

That is the crowning lesson of this beautiful story; and that was the crowning joy that filled this woman's heart. She had found the Christ; the Christ had found her! What cares she to be drawing any more water out of the old familiar well, when a new fountain of life was springing up in her own soul? Her soul-thirst is satisfied, and leaving her water-pot, she hurries off with the good tidings into the village. Matthew Henry quaintly says that she "left the water jar in kindness to Christ, that he might have it to drink from at his noon-day meal;" she left it also that she might make more haste into the town with her "good news" of the discovered Messiah. Her short and rousing call to her neighbors has the true tone of all gospel preaching; it is the clarion word, "Come!" Come and see a man who has told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ? It is no wonder that a crowd poured out to behold the extraordinary visitor, and were so impressed by him that they besought him to spend two days in their town.—United Presbyterian.