

## Sunday Reading.

## Missionary Music.

Have you ever brought a penny to the missionary box,—  
A penny which you might have spent like other little folks?  
And when it falls among the rest, have you ever heard a ring  
Like a pleasant sound of welcome which the other pennies sing?

This is missionary music, and it has a pleasant sound,  
For pennies make a shilling, and shillings make a pound;  
And many pounds together the gospel news will send,  
Which tell the distant heathen that the Saviour is their friend.

And, oh! what joyous music is the missionary song,  
When it seems to come from every heart, and sounds from every tongue;  
When happy Christian little ones all sing with one accord,  
Of the time when realms of darkness shall be kingdoms of the Lord!

But sweeter far than all which Jesus loves to hear  
Are children's voices, when they breathe a missionary prayer;  
When they bring the heart petition to the great Redeemer's throne,  
That he will choose the heathen out and take them for his own.

This is the music Jesus taught when he was here below,  
This is the music Jesus loves to hear in glory now,  
And many a one from distant lands will reach his heavenly home,  
In answer to the children's prayer, "O Lord, thy kingdom come."

Then, missionary children, let this music never cease:  
Work on, work on in earnest for the Lord, the Prince of Peace,  
There is praying work and paying work for every heart and hand,  
Till the missionary chorus shall go forth through all the land.  
—The Christian.

## Three Essentials of Public Worship.

BY RALPH M. HUNT, LATE OF NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.

The soul of man longs for communion with God. The social instinct impels to public worship.

A restless spirit in many of our churches indicates discontent with the prevailing methods of worship. It leads a few whom we can ill spare to liturgical churches, and inspires others to modify the simple forms of worship handed down from the past. But the innovations often aim at æsthetic results at the expense of spiritual nurture, and so fail to satisfy.

It becomes, then, a living question, How are we to meet the difficulty? The Bible is our spiritual guide, but it is no manual of worship. Nor is it safe to imitate the post-apostolic churches. They furnish no law for our times. A wiser plan remains, viz.,—to study human nature and its needs, and in harmony with the spirit of the Bible, to shape the forms of worship to the needs of man and his largest spiritual development.

From such a study of the constitution of man, and from the postulate that the emotional element in his nature is to be largely cared for in worship, we find three essentials of public worship,—

1. That it be *spiritual*. The spiritual is the highest element in man's nature, and its development is a matter of the chiefest importance.

To secure the spiritual profit of all, all must be worshippers. The relation of the congregation to the different portions of the service may be various, as singers, listeners, speakers, but all *alike* must feel that they have a personal share in the worship. Whatever weakens this idea robs the service of its intended benefit.

The tendency in Protestant churches is to exalt the sermon, and to give an exclusive value to religious instruction. Instruction is needful, no one can dispute it, but preaching is only a *part* of worship, and the whole is greater than the part. The sermon must have its place, but if it be regarded as an intellectual feast, it fails of its true end, and is no longer conducive to worship.

That worship may have its rightful place depends upon both pastor and people,—upon the pastor as the one whose own spiritual culture must take the place of the liturgy, and uplift the souls of the congregation,—upon the

people as upon those whose aim shall be the satisfaction of their highest needs, and the preservation of public worship. For, if the spiritual be sacrificed for the intellectual, by inevitable sequence will men forsake God's House, and find in the quietude of private study fountains of knowledge more rich and attractive than any single minister can supply.

The constitution of man requires of public worship, 2. That it be *æsthetic*. By this I mean that it should meet that element in man's nature which is moved by a contemplation of beauty.

Nature and art have drawn out grand conceptions, but the grandest conceptions of the race in poetry or in prose, in sculpture or in architecture, have been conceived by men whose souls have risen to loftier thoughts by a discovery of their right relations with God. The soul that finds God finds the truest beauty.

The spiritual and the æsthetic are connected by many and intimate ties. And as the soul of man is developed through the harmonious action of his whole nature, the neglect of the æsthetic element will impair the completeness of his soul-life.

The æsthetic, then, demands its place in public worship, and it does so along the line of the two principles, viz.,—the soul-life as influenced by its environment; and the harmony which exists between the soul-life and its expression.

Under the former of these principles comes up the whole matter of church architecture, church music, church ceremony, all of which have their relative importance in public worship.

Under the latter comes attitude in worship,—a matter most trivial to some,—but in fact, not so trivial when looked at from a psychological point of view. For if it can be shown that certain attitudes universally express certain experiences of the soul,—a fact patent to the most casual observer of every-day life,—it can be maintained that any attempt to hinder these natural outward expressions will react upon the life within. Forms we must have; forms we do have. For to sit is as much a form as to stand or kneel, only less troublesome. And if we must and do have forms, let them be those which spring from the sincere and natural action of the soul.

As a further essential of public worship the constitution of man requires, 3. That it be *social*. It should meet that instinct in our nature which compels man to fellowship with others. Under the working of this instinct comes the influence of soul on soul which cannot be lost sight of in public worship. All that tends to unite the hearts of the worshippers and make them flow in one common channel of devotion must be highly beneficial to the services of God's House.

It is just here that our need is greatest. Even in the sanctuary we remain too independent of one another in the acting and reacting of soul on soul. One member of the congregation is unmoved by the deep devotional feeling which fills the heart of his neighbor, instead of being uplifted and inspired by it.

If what we need is more unity of devotion, how can we meet this need? Let me suggest two ways,—

2. By the concentration of mind and heart upon some object of common interest. By making this sufficiently strong, it will neutralize the feeling of individualism, and create a feeling which will pervade the entire assembly. To emphasize the idea of worship may effect this result.

1. By allotting to the congregation more prominent part in the general acts of worship.

Expression intensifies feeling. The people in general take too little active part in our religious services. The singing which might surely be allowed the congregation is given to a choir, and so a common interest is created, I admit, but is it an interest in *devotion* or in *artistic music*? By a more manifest expression of religious feeling on the part of the people, in praise or in responsive Scripture reading, the real deficiency may be met.

These, then, are the three essentials which need to be emphasized in our public worship. It should be *God-ward*, and so have *life*. It should be *soul-ward*, and so have *beauty*. It should be *man-ward*, and so have *union*.

Life, beauty, union, a three-fold cord not easily broken, binding the willing worshipper in devotion to God.  
Newton Centre, June 13, 1883.

## Bible Illustrations from the International Fisheries Exhibition at Kensington.

Substance of a sermon preached at Stockwell London, Sunday evening, May 20, by Rev. E. MacLEAN.

"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea."—Gen. i. 26.

There are three occupations, three of the varied means by which men win their daily bread, from which the Bible draws many of its richest and most suggestive illustrations—the shepherd, the husbandman, and the fisherman. The fisherman holds his place by a kind of Divine right; his work is but the carrying out of that lordship so long ago given to the men: "Let them have dominion over the fish of the sea." To the Jews of Bible times, as indeed to so many ancient peoples, the sea was a terror and a mystery; its storms and its calms; were alike dangerous and deceiving, it swallowed up the sunlight and moaned and murmured as if it contained within its awful breast some dread secret. Yet from the sea men drew, as they still draw, a large portion of their daily food, and one of the most interesting and instructive exhibitions of the present day is that now opened at Kensington, in whose long and richly-furnished galleries you can witness the marvellous ingenuity and industry and skill which are all combined in securing the harvest of the sea. This vast and bewildering collection of objects belonging to the fisherman's craft may fly be classed under the names of his tools, his tools, and his treasures. With the Bible in our hand as we pass down the galleries we shall find again and again illustrations from these of that wonderful Book which has been given to us by the God of all the ages for all men to the end of time. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters. These see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths." We can understand it as we see the small though stoutly built boats in which the hardy fisherman ventures out to brave the storms of the North sea. Here is a little vessel of rude and primitive construction, light as a feather, a few slender ribs covered with skins and we at once remember the Prophet's cry, "Ho, to the land which sendeth ambassadors in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters." In your small craft, without deck or awning, I can see almost the place in its stern where the Son of Man lay fast asleep after the toils of the day, and the storm was beating over the fragile bulwarks; or, again, the boat smaller still, 'the little boat' into which Peter went to drag the net to land. It was from this hazardous occupation, developing courage and watchfulness and faith, that Christ drew at least a third of His disciples whom He sent forth with all their hardy qualities transfigured and inspired to become 'fishers of men.' The very names of places with which the sacred story makes us familiar—Bethsaida on the lake and Sidon on the sea—are derived from the trades which these fishermen carried on. And if you turn from the toils to the tools of the fisherman, you will find ample illustrations of Bible truths. In these slight and fragile hooks we can understand the touch of scorn in that question, old as Job, "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?" or yet again, that judgement so personal and searching uttered by Amos, "God will take you away with hooks and your posterity with fish-hooks." The danger of worshipping ourselves on account of our successes is as much present with us to-day, as patent even in these very exhibitions of our enterprise and genius and skill, as to the fisherman of old who, after his night of watching and toil, as he looked at the gleaming treasures of the sea, was tempted to sacrifice to his own net and burn incense to his own drag.

But passing from these and numberless other references in the Word of God to the manifold examples of human industry with which the exhibition is filled, let us look at some of the broader and more general lessons which they are fitted to suggest. And, first of all, we find here, in this exhibition, an illustration of how the original prerogative given to man, "Let them have dominion over the fish of the sea," was

to be understood. The gift originally bestowed was intended to develop the skill and energy of men. God grants His blessings, so to speak, in the rough. The stone in the quarry or the mine, the substance which no human ingenuity could create, is there for human hands to polish and fashion into 'a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.' The seed which no chemistry could elaborate is given to be sown and watched and tended until it bursts forth in the efflorescence of the garden, or the abundance of the harvest. There are forces in the air around us, or in the sunbeams that shine across our floor; but they are there for man to draw them out that he may harness them to his car or bid them carry his messages, and do his work over all the world. We get neither the harvest of land nor sea without diligence and patience and skill.

There are treasures innumerable in the sea, but the waves will not toss them unsought for at our feet. The providence which has anticipated the ever-returning wants of men, and which we may sometimes fancy might have satisfied these wants without trouble or pain, has with a Divine wisdom linked the granting of our desires, and the replenishing of our stores with daily conflict and daily toil. And surely we must feel that without all this the world would have been poorer, unspeakably poorer, to-day. These galleries, filled with the trophies of the fisherman's craft, the boats so trim and strong, the nets so airy and graceful, festooning the canopy over the head of royalty, the hooks, the sluices, and ponds, and mimic waterfalls, have all been evoked and nourished by the ceaseless industry of men, under the original covenant of God, "Let them have dominion over the fish of the sea." But there is another and a sadder side to the thought we are here expounding. What stories cannot the sea tell us of disaster in the conflict!

"Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown."

Watch the fleet of boats striking out from one of our fishing villages or towns as the sun goes down, and think of the dark and dreary hours of the night through which the fisherman shoots his nets and lies to, waiting for the dawn; the days and nights which must elapse before he sees his home and loved ones again; the rising storm, the broken or abandoned nets, the hasty run for some friendly shelter; the weary, wistful waiting on shore, the wonderment where the brothers or sons or lovers have put in, when will they come back; the dark and terrible sorrow when there is no return. They have gone down far, far at sea, the waves have clasped them in their cold embrace. That hardy lad, with his hand upon the tiller, that brooded father, his face dashed by the blinding spray, have looked their last upon the homely light in the cottage window, and the snug little harbour behind the headland, which they will never make for again, and there will be a sail less on the horizon when the fleet comes back. Oh, when the fish are on our tables, and smiling faces look into ours as the dainty morsels are handed round, methinks we might hear the cry coming, as if borne from the sea:—

"You may call them vulgar fishing,  
Wives and mothers most despairing,  
Call them lives of men."

But there is another lesson to be drawn from our subject, and it is this,—the unity of different peoples in the pursuit of a common object. Within the various galleries of the exhibition are gathered the fishing implements of all the leading nations of the world. The fjords of Norway, the lochs of Scotland, the estuaries of England and Ireland, the lagoons of southern seas, are all pictured here. From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, this one pursuit of men is focussed here—the Chinaman sitting amidst his fish-catching birds, or the Indian in his canoe skimming the waters of the great rivers towards the setting sun. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Beneath the differences of dress and language and colour, one common object makes all harmonious. They may catch their fish in different seas and by varied means, but in the peaceful industries of their life they are brothers after all. The object which they are each pursuing is the gaining of their daily bread. What a struggle is this for daily bread,

going on around us on every hand. Men are jostling each other on the busy highways of our towns and cities, carrying burdens, swinging hammers, wielding the pen, buying and selling, driving horses, engines, steamers, flitting from town to country, and from country to town, crossing the sea; and the reason lying at the root of all the ferment and the agitation, beneath the din of politics, the wrongs of labour, or the lust of gold, is this, that men may gain their daily bread.

And yet this life is not everything—'Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God.' When this comes to be fully realized, there will be unity—a brotherhood of faith as real as any brotherhood in work inspired by higher motives finding a worthier end. Within these few acres of ground, gathered in small but most suggestive compass, the representation of one single industry pursued the wide world over, I see some faint forecast of the time when the labour so strenuously spent on the meat which perisheth shall be lifted on to a higher level, and find its boundless longings and possibilities met in that which endureth unto everlasting life. The European will be there and the Hindoo, the men of China and Japan, the natives of the prairies, the islanders of the far-away South, 'distinct as the billows, but one as the sea'; reaching the truth each in their own way, but reaching Him who is the Way and the Truth and the Life, and finding that a common hunger has made them wonderfully alike, and that a common object has drawn them wonderfully near each other. Their prayers will be couched in different forms of speech, and their worship may be toned and affected by the conditions from which they have been brought, but their feet shall stand on common ground within that fair and glorious city, whose gates front every quarter of the world, and hold out a loving welcome to east and west, to north and south, to a peace which passeth all understanding, and a fellowship whose interests and industries shall be Divine and everlasting—

"So is with true Christian hearts,  
Their mutual share in Jesus' blood  
An everlasting bond imparts  
Of holiest brotherhood."

There is yet another lesson which this exhibition teaches in the beautiful aquarium where are found so many living specimens of the tenants of the sea, which the brave and hardy fishermen are so eager, and dare so much, to catch. The difficulties in the way of constructing a successful aquarium would not readily strike a stranger, but they are there we are informed, and must be overcome, or the fish will sicken and die. 'The quantity, the quality, and direction of the supply of light, if not of the most perfect and direct kind, will doom the work to failure. The foundation and drainage, the temperature and quality of the water, have all to be watched with unfaltering care to make this little ocean home. All this is done for the handful of fish that are floating there. And when we go down and stand beside the shore, and watch the waves come laughing in to kiss our feet, we naturally ask, Has there been no thinker behind and out of sight constructing this vast and glorious aquarium, where go the ships, and in which the Leviathan finds room to play? It is the old argument from design you will say, but I cannot get away from it, struggle though I try. Wise men and very knowing men are telling us to-day they know nothing of God, they only know of forces and laws and developments; they have dredged the ocean and measured the stars, and when we ordinary mortals crowding up behind them are crying out, Oh, tell us what you see, their only reply is,

"I found Him not in world or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye."

'We know nothing about God, and you must not ask why.' Surely we may reply, We dare not be silent. Behind the work there is a Worker; behind the law a Lawgiver; behind matter there is spirit; above and around the world there is our God. He has formed His aquarium on an infinitely vaster scale than our little mimicry of it; He has laid its foundations strong and deep, has girded it round with the unyielding rocks, fringed it with the white and gleaming sands, changes it with the daily tides, shakes

it up with storms, gives it currents and motions lest it should settle and stagnate, and makes it a fit and healthy home for the uncounted tribes whose eyes look up from shining depths to Him who gives them their meat in due season.' If I wished a further illustration of this rich and consoling conclusion, I find it in the gallery full of the means of saving life at sea. Life-boats and belts and buoys and rafts. It is the living who seek to save the living. The life-boat, strong and fit though it be, must have living men to man her, or yon shivering, sinking crew in the offing must go down. All honour to those who, forgetful of themselves, love not their lives unto the death if perchance they may save some. Our sympathies and prayers go with them on their way so full of danger, yet having in it something almost Divine. Amongst the varied exhibits here none are more interesting than the ingenious methods by which the life-boat can be speedily lowered from the vessel under head of sail or steam at sea. These blocks and tackle look perplexing, but the touch of a child's hand can set the life-boat free for the rescuing of the perishing. But the touch must be there. 'There is nothing really automatic,' I heard one of the exhibitors say, and I came away thinking of his boat, and more of his words. There is nothing moving of itself. 'Lower away, mates,' that is the cry. Yes, but ere she takes the water like a thing of life, and speeds upon her mission of mercy, some hand must touch the cord that sets her free. And so we are content and grateful to see it everywhere. There is a hand upon the cord and a hand upon the helm.

"Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is."  
And thus we come round at last to see amid the confusions and contradictions of our perplexing and toilsome life that God is making "all things work together for good to them that love Him." The industry and skill and patience of men will acquire a brighter meaning if we can only remember that He has said, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'; the common hunger which every soul still feels in the far-off land will issue in the common yearning for our Father's home and welcome and forgiveness, and this world and that bounding sea shall at last be subdued through Him who made them for His glory, and has given them to His children beloved and trained and redeemed for their inheritance here, the forlorn of that other where there shall be no more sorrow and no more sin and no more sea.

BAPTIST MINISTERS often shrink from using the language of the apostle Peter, because it implies, on the most natural and literal interpretation, that baptism is a means towards the remission of sin; and Scripture, as a whole, represents the remission of sins as following on repentance and faith alone, apart from the outward sign. A similar danger leads not only Baptists, but Congregationalists, to disuse the language of Christ Himself in the celebration of the Holy Communion: "Take eat, this is my body." "Drink ye all of it, for this is my blood of the new covenant." (Matt. xxvi. 26-28). I remember many years ago using this language in celebrating the Communion, when a Baptist friend of mine—a visitor—a Lancashire magistrate, and a man of exceeding worth, rose in the church, and solemnly protested that the cup he was about to take "did not contain the blood of Christ." I allowed him to testify in peace against transubstantiation at the time; but the next day I gave him notice that if I had occasion to send him a five pound note for any charitable purpose, I should remember that he required to be reminded that it was mere paper, and not money at all—since I could see that it was very likely he would mistake it for gold if I called the object in question "five pounds." Being a man of business he saw the force of my friendly argument, and I improved the occasion to impress on him that, so far from guarding against the danger of ritualist sacramentalism, by disusing New Testament phraseology, we give thereby the most effectual aid to that mischievous heresy by enabling its supporters to allege that our ideas were contrary to the very words of the institution which we are afraid to employ.—Edward White.

A REMARKABLE FACT.—It is a remarkable fact W. A. Edgers, of Frankville, who was so far gone with liver and kidney complaint that his life was despaired of, was cured with four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. At one time he lay a fortnight without an operation of the bowels.