Love That Passeth Knowledge.

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest hell,
Is God's love to guilty sinners,
Who, through disobedience, fell.
Why love them so?
I do not know;
But this I know:
Redeeming love, and it alone,
Can break a heart as hard as stone.

Purer than the purest fountain,
Wider than the widest sea,
Sweeter than the sweetest music,
Is God's love in Christ to me.
Why love me so?
I do not know;
I only know
That nothing less than love divine
Could save this sinful soul of mine.

Stronger than all evil powers
Is the fortress of our faith,
"Our life is hid with Christ in God,"
In Him we'll triumph over death.
Why love us so?
I do not know;
I only know
That for His boundless love to me
I'll praise Him through eternity.

Swifter than the swiftest seraph
Ever flew from realms above;
Swifter than the lightning flashes
Is God's swifter wing of love.
"Before I called
He answered me."
He loves me so.
But why? I'll know when I have lived
Throughout the countless years of God.

—James McLeod, in N. Y. Observer.

The Home Outside of Christendom.

BY J. B. DONALDSON, D. D.

Outside of Christian countries woman is not only the subject of man's passion, but she is his slave. Through all the Orient she is the drudge of man. In savage, barbarian and semi-civilized society woman has the hard work to do. In Africa it is dishonorable for a man to work. In places a wife can be bought for five large blue beads, while a cow costs ten. Among the Indians the wife has the burdens to bear. Throughout the whole non-Christian world men ride while women walk carry their babes on their backs and go yoked with the cattle to draw the plow.

Man alone has the power of divorce. The friends of the first wife gave her some protection. Public opinion represses many abuses. But the husband has the power to send the wife away by a single word whenever he will. She has no redress. She must endure the agonies of her lot without a single right or privilege of release from the despotic and degrading yoke.

These false creeds lead to child marriages in India. In 1891 there were 2,200,000 brides between five and nine years of age, and 6,000,000 brides between ten and fourteen years of age. One-fifth of all the marriages in Mysore were at nine years or under. Among the Brahmans the average age of marriage is seven years, and if a girl is not married at twelve it is a disgrace to her and a sin in her father. Imagine the physical, mental, social and moral degradation of such a custom. It makes the population peurile. They are the children of children.

Widowhood in India is counted a disgrace. The woman who is bereft of a protector and lord must shave her head, don a peculiar dress, put away all jewels, eat food but once a day, dwell in isolation, suspicion and usually in a life of shame. One-fifth of all the women in India are thus branded with dishonor and woe. The Scythians immolated a horse, a slave and a concubine on the grave of their warriors. The Suti became an Indian custom, and the wife was expected to burn herself on the funeral pyre of her husband. She sometimes preferred it to the only other alternative. Relatives sometimes urged it from selfish motives. Their religion required it. In 1812 two widows were burned alive every day in Bengal. In 1829 England's governor, Sir William Bentwick, proclaimed a law against this barbarism and murder. The Brahmans, who call themselves gods, appealed from the law, but it was sustained. It was in 1881 that William Carey, the cobbler who became a missionary, had set out on his crusade against this iniquity, and now 25,000,000 women in India owe the security of their lives to the minister of God who led the way for their rescue.

In such lands little girls are unwelcome. It is estimated that 200,000 babes are killed by their mothers in China every year. There was a Baby's Pond in Amoy on which half a dozen dead bodies were often floating at once. In India at times one-third of the sex were murdered or left to die in infancy. When the Jains of Kathiawar came under British rule, they stipulated that no cattle should be slain, but they said nothing about killing their children.

Maidenhood loses all its charm, its beauty, its winsomeness, its grace and innocence in such a land. The trail of the serpent is over it all. Restriction, suspicion, slander and imprisonment are apt to mark the relationships of daughters with men outside of the home.

Children lose the training of a Christian household. They cannot avoid such wrangling as marked the relations of Ishmael to Isaac. They are now the objects of petting and again of passion. They are bred in an atmosphere of obscenity and malignity that poisons the very marrow of their souls.

Woman, having no soul and no privilege or companionship with man, has no mental advantages. She is not taught to read. She has no outlook beyond her harem walls or the village life she sees.

Her health is miserable. Witch doctors, quacks, leeches and adventurers bore her body to let out demons, burn her with irons, dose her with unclean decoctions, or leave her to suffer in heathen ignorance and idle submission to fate.

Her liberty is denied. She must not go out of her home save in a chair that is closed. The harem or the zenana is her prison house. Her feet are bound in China so that she cannot walk, save on the stumps of a cripple.

Woman, outside of Christendom, is unwelcome at birth, unloved in maidenhood, unhonored in wifehood, unhallowed in motherhood, and an outcast in widowhood. She is held to have no soul. She is a slave of her lord, a shame and disgrace to her home.

Rudyard Kipling puts this testimony into the mouth of one of his characters, who says in regard to India's degradation: 'What's the matter with this country, it is not in the least political, but an all-round entanglement of physical, social and moral evils and corruption, all more or less due to the unnatural treatment of women. You can't gather figs from thistles, and so long as the system of infant marriage, the prohibition of the re-marriage of widows, the lifelong imprisonment of wives in a more than penal confinement, and the withholding from them of any kind of education or refinement or treatment as rational beings continues, the country cannot advance a step. Half of it is morally dead and more than dead, and that is just the half from which we have the right to expect the best impulses. It is right here where the trouble is, and not in any political consideration whatever. The foundations of their life are rotten, utterly rotten and beastly rotten. The men talk of their rights and privileges. I have seen the women that bear these men, and again—may God forgive the men.'—Free Baptist.

Raised by Abasement.

The moment a Saul is swept into the march of God's energies by the sublime moral energy in Christ, the very power whom Saul calls Lord must lift him up for other holy ministry. God's economies demand this of God's power—it must put the worshipper on his feet.

Great indeed have been the services unto man and God which are wrought out by men prone upon the earth in adoration and prayer. There, truly, is found the right to rise and to labor, and there alone is born the power to hear the voice saying, 'Stand upon thy feet.' Angels bow when most angelic, men refuse to bow when least they are men. Supreme are some of the fables to which captains and lawgivers, saints and prophets, psalmists and reformers have hitched their otherwise motionless trains of hope when these souls were prostrate before the divine glory. But the ministry of Christ only begins to be powerful there. Matched with the truths which we find there, side by side in importance with the energies there felt and adopted, the completing and enriching powers for those which we know there, are the other sovereign inspirations and forces that promise and guarantee the vaster achievements of righteousness on earth and the deeper joy of heaven; and these are for man only when he is upon his feet, erect, self-respectful, conscious of his worth, glad of his privileges before his Father and his God. These are to be caught and opened out into life and time only when a man honors his own conscience and hope, and lifts his head as God's son above the earth and into the free air of heaven.

Christ—the power of God in humanity, before whose spiritual sovereignty every Saul must bow—He alone has the voice, the speech, the right to say, 'Rise, stand upon thy feet.' The hope for an erect, self respectful, lofty souled ministry lies in what Jesus is and does for humanity. It is our business to get Him to humanity or humanity to Him. He alone can fairly say to a Saul, 'Rise, stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister.'

Our, like Saul's has been an age of self-conceit and self-abasement. Pompousness has lived with pessimism in peace and kept open house. Intellectual arrogance and groveling discontent have mated. Man has been crying out, 'I am anything!' and yet he has asserted, 'I can do nothing.' One moment has found an extemperaneous philosopher averring, 'Man is the only God,' and then shouting, 'God is less than man!' Man has been self-depreciative largely because of the recoil consequent upon his pretense; his confessedly abject position has often been the result of his audacity. Misanthropic he is because of the collapse of his impious egotism. From whatever cause, he has been lying flat upon the earth, and often has he reveled in what Carlyle called 'a dirt philosophy.' Not as Saul of Tarsus has man in the nineteenth century been humbled by the spiritual glory of Christ; but he lives there nevertheless. He is cursed by the sin from which he alone cannot free himself. He is also half hopeless of a valid solution for the problem of life as it appears in himself or in his race. I have mentioned the fact of sin as the one most restless influence which has caused, and still causes, hopelessness. Sin is only practical faithlessness. Our age's philosophy does not extinguish or even hide it. We are enough like Saul to behold in humiliation its disaster, and we see it more clearly as it writhes or slides darkly against the background of a better day, for ours is the most luminously Christian age the world has ever seen. We are not only prostrate on the earth, but we are tired of it. The mind of man is not more weary of the speculative materialism which has failed as a dogma, than the heart and conscience of man are in revolt against a practical materialism which fails as a method of life. Hucksters of our day are advertising enough religious nostrums to demonstrate what a market there is for something to reinspire the soul of man.—Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D.

Ships and Christians.

One of the most interesting and thrilling scenes witnessed in and about the city of New York is the departure of a great transatlantic steamer. This is an almost everyday sight, and to some it may have no particular interest; but to many who have looked upon the picture scores and hundreds of times it still possesses an irresistible charm. But if the departure of such a vessel is interesting, its arrival at its destination is equally so.

In the first case there is a strange mingling of hope and fear in the hearts of beholder and passenger. The sea is always shrouded in uncertainty, and it is impossible to foretell what storms, fogs, derelicts, icebergs, and other dangers are to be encountered by the proud ship that sails down the river, through the bay, and out into the sea. In the other case there is no fear, but the fulfillment of hope and the exquisite delight that comes from a knowledge of mastery over tempest and fog and every lurking foe that menaced the noble ship, and from the safe completion of a long voyage which at best was hazardous. But when one looks upon that proud ship stranded on the rocks or tossing in midocean as a derelict, he beholds a profoundly pathetic picture.

There is a striking analogy between the career of a transatlantic liner and that of a Christian. How joyous and hopeful the Christian is at the beginning; how sweet the delights of service, and how easy it is to place complete dependence upon God. Doubt has no chance to enter the mind; fear has no place in the heart; the soul is strong and very courageous. Fresh, eager, exultant, cheerful, believing, trustful, and determined, the young Christian begins his voyage. Friends rejoice with him, encourage his soul, and sustain him with their prayers and godly conversation. The voyage may be short or long—none can tell. The sea is uncertain and unfriendly, and to make the voyage successfully requires incessant vigilance, increasing strength of purpose, undiminished devotion to duty, strict adherence to the course marked out, and a supreme confidence in the skill and wisdom of the Pilot.

Too frequently it happens that what promised to be a good voyage terminates in disaster. The ship founders soon after leaving port; or succumbs to the first awful storm; or goes crashing into some unsuspected and uncharted derelict; or collides with another vessel while pushing incautiously through a heavy fog bank; or, relaxing vigilance, yields to the influences of the currents and rushes to destruction upon the unrelenting rocks.

So it is too often with the Christian. The shores are thick with the wreckage of Christians who began the voyage under most auspicious conditions; and the sea of the world has swallowed up multitudes who have made shipwreck of faith. They yielded to hostile influences and were carried from the true course by conformity to the world; or, neglecting to take their spiritual bearings and consult their chart, they ran upon the rocks; or, failing to consult the barometer, they did not notice that their spiritual atmosphere was becoming chilled with indifference, and that they were heading for the fateful icebergs; or, ignoring their sailing regulations, they lost themselves in the fog banks of doubt; or, relaxing their confidence in their chart, and not knowing in what to believe or upon what to depend for guidance, they were "tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine;" or, being suddenly overtaken by a fierce storm, they became terrified and abandoned their vessel in the critical moment, instead of seeking aid in the hour of need from the Omnipotent One who gathereth "the wind in His fists," and "hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm."

The captain who loses his ship through negligence or bad seamanship is forever discredited, and is in danger of punishment; so the Christian who, through carelessness or failure, makes shipwreck of faith is discredited in the eyes of God and man. Thousands of ships weather the severest storms and reach port in safety, while others are destroyed in the same storms and go down. But every Christian who sails the sea ought to reach port in safety. There is no need that any be lost. No storm should overwhelm him, no fog bank dismay him, no derelict alarm him, no iceberg destroy the courage of his heart, no enticing rock allure him from his course—for his confidence is fixed upon the Omnipotent God, who

"* * * moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Chris. Advocate.

"I Must be Baptized."

A lady had been conducting a fortnight's mission in a small town in the West. Among the hearers had been a young man of twenty, who, at the end of the mission, professed conversion. He went to the minister and asked to be baptized at a forthcoming baptism. The minister, knowing what a rough life he had led, and that he was known as a swearer and ringleader in all kinds of wickedness, demurred. Very patiently and kindly he told him of the solemnity of confessing Christ, of the responsibilities it would entail upon him, of the desirability of letting men see the difference in his life, of the necessity for improving himself in many ways, and so on. George listened thoughtfully and humbly, and acknowledged that he had been very wicked, that he had rarely entered a place of worship, that he was very ignorant (he could barely read or write). "But," said he, "I mean to do my very best to show to all my old companions that I am changed." He then left.

A week later, and three days before the baptism, he again appeared at the minister's house carrying a New Testament with his finger between the leaves. As soon as he saw the minister he cried, "O, sir, I must be baptized! You can't hinder me. Look!" So saying he opened the Testament and pointed out Acts 8:37 Philip's word to the eunich: "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." "O sir!" said George, "I believe with all my heart."

"I will baptize you, George," said the minister.

And so he did, and George became a bright Christian, one of the most useful and valuable members of the church.

Disciples' Evangelists.

When Dr. Lyman Beecher was asked how he could do so much and have such success in his church in Boston, he replied: 'Oh, it is not I, but my church that does it. I preach as hard as I can on the Sabbath, and then I have four hundred church members who go out and preach every day of the week: they are preaching all the time; with God's blessing that is what brings success.'

The mighty problem of the ages is salvation—the evangelization of the human race. Says Dr. Pierson, 'All are to go, and go to all.' The rich legacy of every disciple is the blessed luxury and joy of winning souls to a glorious life. It is not a work given to angels, nor set aside for apostles simply, nor limited to any class of disciples.

Some Christians seem to think it is the work of ministers, preachers, and those evangelists who travel from town to town conducting revival meetings. Or possibly it might be what Sunday school teachers ought to do, but not the ordinary lay members of the church.

Some people seem to think that women and children may have a duty to God, but men must look out for the family—must be bread-winners. They suppose that being 'bread-winners' gives them a release from becoming 'soul-winners,' and from serving God in any special way. Thus it comes that two out of three of the members of churches in America are women. The men meanly shirk their responsibility in religion, throwing it upon their wives, and sisters and mothers. But they cannot thus escape personal responsibility to God and to their fellow-men. If they could, they would thus miss the greatest joy of their lives—that of living for God themselves and of persuading their brother man to live for Him also. This is the happy privilege of all in the Christian church—of the great host of Christ's humble followers. What a mighty power would Christians be in the world if they were completely filled with the Spirit impelling them to the work of winning souls for Christ!—Sunday-School World.

Only The Young Needed.

"How old is he?" "About sixty," is the answer. "We don't want him, then; we want a young man," and an able minister is thrown aside without even a trial.

Is it fair that the old should be turned out and the young only accepted? Give the young a place, but let them start at the bottom and go to the top, as their elders were obliged to do. They will gain knowledge and experience in this way. The old have made their mistakes and profited by them. They have learned by experience what it is best to do under existing circumstances, and how to deal with human nature.

A minister who has been in charge of different churches for years knows more about his business than a young man fresh from college. He knows how to deal with his people how to comfort the sorrowing, guide the anxious soul to God, and instruct those who would learn. He knows more about the Bible than he did years before. He can better present the truth to the people. He has years of Christian work and experience to help him.—Ex.

Soul-Growth.

Above all things keep this in mind, that God desires that our soul-life grow. It is not for gifts that He seeks. He owns the world. Not worship that He desires. He gave us His Son not for these things, but that we might be conformed to the image of Jesus. God is not glorified by temples or tabernacles or denominations or great speeches, or anything of the kind; He is glorified in the growth of men and women toward Him. The most acceptable temple one can build for God is the temple of the heart. These outer things, these seen things, these temporal things, are good in the sight of the Lord when they bespeak the life within, when they tell of the longing of the soul after the unseen things which are eternal. Upon these the foundation is laid—out of these must every good thing grow.—Biblical Recorder.

If you would have the princely gift of sympathy, you must be content to pay the price; like Him you must suffer.—F. W. Robertson.

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'I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for Dyspepsia and sick headache. Before I started taking it I was thin and run down in health. Two bottles have completely cured me and since then I have gained about fifty pounds in weight.' Mrs. Ellen Vaughan, Moulton Station, Ont.

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