

Poetry.

"HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS."

Have you not a word for Jesus? not a word to say for him? He is listening through the chorus of the burning seraphim! He is listening; does he hear you speaking of the things of earth, Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth? He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you, Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true; Does he hear you telling others something of his love untold, Overflowings of thanksgiving for his mercies manifold? Have you not a word for Jesus? Will the world His praise proclaim? Who shall speak if ye are silent? ye who know and love his name. You, whom he hath called and chosen his own witnesses to be, Will you tell your gracious Master, "Lord, we cannot speak for Thee?" "Cannot!" though he suffered for you, died because he loved you so! "Cannot!" though he has forgiven, making scarlet white as snow! "Cannot!" though his grace abounding is your freely promised aid! "Cannot!" though he stands beside you, though he says, "Be not afraid!" Have you not a word for Jesus? Some, perchance, while ye are dumb, Wait and weary for your message, hoping you will bid them "come;" Never telling hidden sorrows, lingering just outside the door, Longing for your hand to lead them into rest forevermore. Yours may be the joy and honor his redeemed ones to bring, Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and King. Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's joy to share, All because a word for Jesus seems to much for you to dare? What shall be our word for Jesus? Master give it day by day; Even as the need arises, teach thy children what to say. Give us holy love and patience; grant us deep humility, That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full of thee: Give us zeal, and faith, and fervor, make us winning, make us wise, Single-hearted, strong, and fearless,—Thou hast called us, we will rise! Let the might of thy good Spirit go with every loving word; And by hearts prepared and opened be our message always heard! Yes, we have a word for Jesus! Living echoes we will be Of thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy gracious "Come to Me." Jesus, Master! yes, we love Thee, and to prove our love, would lay Fruits of lips which thou wilt open, at thy blessed feet to-day, Many an effort it may cost us, many a heart-beat many a fear. But Thou knowst, and will strengthen, and Thy help is always near. Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our faithless shame, Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for Thy dear name. Yes, we have a word for Jesus! we will bravely speak for Thee, And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we would henceforth be; In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine own shall wave above, With Thy crimson Name of Mercy, and Thy Golden Name of Love. Help us lovingly to labor, looking for thy present smile, Looking for Thy promised blessing, through thy brightening "little while." Words for Thee in weakness spoken, Thou wilt here accept and own, And confess them in Thy glory, when we see Thee on Thy throne.

HOURS WITH THE BIBLE.

BY A. N. ARNOLD, D.D.

NO. 2.

Before the art of printing was invented the multiplication of copies of the Scriptures, was a work requiring much time. Very little reference is made in the Scriptures themselves to the form in which the earliest manuscripts were written. We have two allusions in the Epistles of John, from the first of which we learn that this apostle wrote his letters on paper, and not on parchment, and from the second that he wrote with a pen, and not with the metallic stylus. The first one is, 2 John, vs. 12: "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write unto you with paper and ink; but I trust to come unto you and speak unto you face to face, that our joy may be full." The other is, 3 John, vs. 13: "I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write unto you." The paper was of that kind which has given name to the material on which we still write, though it has been made at different times of several different materials.

The paper which the apostle used was probably made of papyrus rush which was largely used in those times for writing purposes. This was a very perishable material, and if we assume, as we may with great probability, that all the New Testament Scriptures were written on the same material, this would account for the fact that no copies of the autographs, or original manuscripts have come down to us. The pen with which the apostle wrote, as we learn from the original word used to designate it, was the calamús or reed pen. Parchment was not commonly used in transcribing the New Testament until about the 10th century. Yet it seems from 2 Tim. iv. 13, to have been earlier used for transcribing the Old Testament, for it was probably some parchment rolls of the Old Testament which Paul left with Carpus at Troas, and which he so emphatically charged Timothy to bring, with his cloak and books when he came to Rome. No doubt the copies of the Scriptures were rapidly multiplied even in the earliest times. This could hardly fail to be so in view of the estimation in which these sacred documents were held. Professor Andrews Norton supposes that in the latter part of the second century, there were at least three millions of Christians in the Roman Empire, which would be only one in forty of the one hundred and twenty millions, at which the entire population of the empire at that time was estimated. Allowing only a single copy of the New Testament to every three hundred Christians, we should still have ten thousand copies in existence at that early day. That such a number of copies, the contents of which were publicly read every Lord's Day, could have been essentially corrupted is an impossibility. If we suppose one or more of them to have been altered in any important respect, the numerous uncorrupted copies would remain as witnesses of the error, and as the easy means of correcting them.

As we come down to later times, the means of discovering and removing trifling errors in copies not prepared with sufficient care, rapidly multiplied. Translations of the New Testament into other languages were made very early. Two of these, there is good evidence were made before the end of the second century. These are the Old Latin and the Peshito Syriac versions. Of the first of these about thirty copies are known to be extant in manuscript, most of them, however, containing only part of the New Testament. Scrivener in his "Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament," gives a list of translations into about a dozen languages, made chiefly between the fifth and ninth centuries, of the Christian era; and in several of these languages, as the Latin and the Syriac, there are from two to six distinct versions.

The quotations from the New Testament in the writings of the early Christian Fathers, also furnish an additional proof that the text has not been materially corrupted. These quotations are very numerous in the writings of Justin Martyr, (second century) Tertullian, and Cyprian, (second and third centuries) Athanasius and Chrysostom (third and fourth centuries) and many others. If every copy of the New Testament had been destroyed within five centuries from the death of the Apostle John, the whole of it except about a dozen verses, could have been replaced from the writings of the Fathers. Chrysostom has left extant commentaries on all the books of the New Testament except the Gospels of Mark and Luke, the Epistles of James, Peter, John and Jude, and the book of Revelation; and in these commentaries, the contents of which compose nearly the half of twelve large volumes, he quotes almost every verse in course.

So abundantly has the good providence of God supplied us with the means of rectifying such comparatively insignificant errors as have unavoidably crept into the New Testament manuscripts, from the hundreds of times that they have been copied in the course of many centuries. So well founded is our assurance, to quote the words of Dr. Samuel Davidson less than fifteen years ago, and endorsed by Prof. Bartlett in the Bibliotheca Sacra for January 1868, that "the text of the New Testament is in substantially the same condition as it was found seventeen hundred years ago."—Standard.

GIVING.

"I do love to give," said a young man from the city. "Since I have been in the church I have had more pleasure from giving than anything else. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, and don't talk about what you give," is

good advice to those who give grudgingly; but when a man loves to give I don't see why he should not love to speak of it. It is natural and right to talk about what we love. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

I was not quite pleased with the tone of the young man, but told him I was glad he loved to give.

"Some persons," he continued, "have one way of giving and some another. Some give outright; other ways suit me better. Good men and women, in different churches, spend much time, labor and money in getting up fairs, excursions, tableaux, private theatricals, etc. I love to encourage and help them and therefore I buy their tickets liberally. The enjoyment I receive amply repays me. Doing good brings its own reward."

At the fairs, the beautiful display of fancy articles and the charming society of the young ladies are worth more to a young man of culture and refinement than the price of admission; and now and then by a little venture in their raffles I have even won back more than I gave. At the tableaux, with the varied costumes and graceful draperies, the wonderful representations of statuary, the perfect imitation of sleeping beauties, the life-like reproduction of scenes in fiction, history poetry and foreign lands—what a trifle is the amount of admission compared with what I enjoy. I am passionately fond of music, but cannot often afford the professional prices. Church concerts are within my means. I go to them frequently, and while they do not satisfy my longings for the highest styles of music they afford me much pleasure, and I consider that what I give for tickets is well laid out. The private theatricals, what a happy invention for those who have any scruples about the theatre! I confess they inflame my desire to see the great masters of the art, yet at the amateur performances I at least get the worth of my money.

When the spring comes with its strawberries and cream and other delicacies, how many delightful evenings I spend at the festivals. There is a luxury in giving; those enjoy it most who give most freely. And later in the season, when the city becomes heated, what a comfort I find in going to church excursions! For these, as for the strawberry festivals, I scan the paper closely, and my heart is enlarged to help all denominations. No way of getting a little change of air is so economical as these trips by rail and boat. There is nothing I help more cheerfully. The money I give for a ticket I never begrudge unless I am caught in a storm and then I think they ought to take me on the next excursion free; but they never offer to do it and I never ask it. Besides the direct enjoyment I have in all these entertainments, I have the gratification of hoping that after all expenses are paid a part of what I have given may be left for some good cause.

"Do all your city pastors and members call this giving and approve this way of giving money?" I asked.

"It is astonishing," he replied, "that anybody should object, but some do. At the weekly minister's conference in Philadelphia, Dr. Everts even went so far as to say: 'The reliance on amusements for raising money is a delusion; I am tired of it.' How any one can get tired of strawberries and cream, tableaux, concerts, excursions etc., is beyond my comprehension. The more I have of them the more I enjoy them. Pastor Pidge in the same city expressed my opinion exactly. He said in a sermon: 'What we enjoy is easy. Love makes labor light. We have twice as much strength in a work of love as in a task which is hateful.' Nothing is more true. I enjoy giving to these entertainments, therefore giving is easy. I love going to them and love makes the labor of going light. I have twice as much strength in these works that I love as in the unwelcome tasks that my pastor sometimes imposes upon me."

"I thought you told me," I said, "that you loved to give."

"So I do," he replied, "and have I not been telling you of the pleasure I enjoy in giving?"

"You have told me," I answered, "about buying ice cream, and tickets to concerts, excursions, and so on; but in the name of common sense don't call that giving. If you like ice cream and can afford to buy it, buy it; if you are fond of music and can afford to buy tickets to concerts buy them; if you want a change of air and are able to go on excursions, go; but if you have any regard for truth, don't call any of these things giving." He left me suddenly in a passion.

Some days after returning home he wrote me saying:

"I beg you will excuse the rude way I left you. I never was so angry in my life. When passion cooled I began to think. I see now that I was deluded. What I called giving was only spending money for my own pleasure."

The delusion that the young man fell into was not wholly his own fault. He partook of the spirit around him. He had also been flattered and praised for his liberality in buying tickets. His ideas about serving God and seeking his own pleasure had become sadly mixed. If churches would drop these ways of raising money and teach every body that the only true way to give is simple, direct giving, I think from what I have observed of men and have read in the New Testament, that it would be more pleasing to God and better for the churches. If Christians wish to have innocent social enjoyments let them have them; but don't let them bring the remnants and fragments of their entertainments as an offering to Christ.

ENON, NEAR TO SALIM.

Prof. J. W. Garvey, writes of a visit to Enon and Salim, setting out from Nablous, the ancient Shechem, the place where John is said to have been baptizing, "because there was much water there."

"The much water," we found all the way, and although the season was exceptionally dry, pools well suited for baptizing were abundant. We rode into a number of these to try their depth. But we wanted to find, in addition to the "much water," an open space on the bank of the stream suitable for the assembling of the great multitudes who flocked to John's place of baptizing, and for several miles we found no such place. We pursued our pathless way on the slopes of a narrow ravine, with high and precipitous hills on each side. We had to ford the stream frequently, and its banks were everywhere so thickly crowded with a jungle of oleanders in full bloom that we could not always pass where we would. Never in a single day have I seen as many oleanders. For as many as five miles their lines of mingled pink and green was so continuous as the current of the stream which nourished them. Finally, after a fatiguing ride, during which both our dragomen and our escort became discouraged and fell behind, there suddenly opened before us a beautiful valley among the mountains about one mile wide and three miles long. Bejoun tents were pitched in groups here and there; herds of camels, to the number of three or four hundred, were grazing or drinking, or moving about; and swarms of brown skinned boys, both large and small were bathing at different places in the stream. Here, then, was the open space required, and a more suitable place for the gathering of a multitude could not be found on the banks of any stream in Palestine.

It is identified as Enon by the only man who has ever made a thorough and scientific exploration of the country, and it is now accepted as such without dispute from any quarter. We cut an oleander cane apiece from the bank of the stream, and we took a bath in one of its pools."

Appleton's American Cyclopaedia.

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