

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS—Paul.

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Physical Culture of Girls.

Mr. J. H. Gifford, a professor of physical development, delivered a lecture at St. Louis the other night, on "The Development of the Body Necessary to Maintain Health." He condensed the philosophy of exercise into these sentences: "The object of exercise is to equalize and accelerate the circulation of the blood and increase the respiration, thus promoting the proper digestion and assimilation of food. By equalizing the circulation we establish a balance between the muscular and nervous system. The blood will be directed to the part of the body used most. If we use the brain constantly, without corresponding muscular action, the small blood-vessels of the brain become unduly enlarged, the head hot, the extremities cold, showing that the brain is robbing the other parts of the body of their share of blood to supply warmth and nourishment for the muscles, nerves, and other tissues. By accelerating the circulation, the blood is urged on towards the heart and lungs, and the supply of fresh blood increased. The respiration is increased by exercise; this furnishes the oxygen to destroy the waste material and purify the blood. Exercise promotes digestion by creating a demand in the muscles for nourishment. It is plain that, unless this demand be created, the stomach will soon become overloaded, and must be relieved by other and unnatural means, such as decay, fermentation, medication, etc., just in proportion as the demand is created in the muscles for nourishment the ability of the stomach to supply that demand is increased. By contracting and relaxing the muscles the flow of blood is accelerated. I pull upon this weight and the muscles used contract; this presses the blood out of them on toward the heart and lungs; the valves in the veins prevent its return. As the weight descends the muscles relax, and a fresh supply of blood is allowed to flow into them, thus, mechanically, assisting the heart and the flow of blood in every part of the body."

He ended his lecture with a strong point upon the education of girls: "One of the principal reasons why so many healthy girls become invalid women is owing to the mistaken ideas and restraint of the mother. When the girl is young she romps and plays and tumbles about the floor without restraint and is healthy. In most instances, much too soon, long dresses are put on and the girl is put under a double restraint, and is expected to at once become a lady. Hampered by her clothing, which prevents the free action of the muscles of the body, or if she indulges in any childish plays, or is seen by the mother in any but an upright position, is told that such conduct is not ladylike and only suitable for boys, she soon begins to think she must not bend her body, and must keep constantly in an upright position except when asleep. The result of this teaching is, the supports of the internal organs are weakened. The muscles of the back not being used become weak and relaxed, and she stoops forward; immediately stays are provided to take the place of the muscles. The shoulders begin to droop forward; shoulder-braces are at once put on to supply the place of the muscles provided by nature to hold them in their proper position. Thus relieved from all action they soon become relaxed and useless. This nature is supplanted by art until the poor girl becomes more a composition of steel, whalebone, and rubber, than of muscle, flesh, and blood. By this time her mental education is finished, and the proud mother is enabled to introduce to the world an accomplished lady, and at the same time a weak, dependent, invalid woman."

No Progress Away From the Truth.

Christians are charged with stupidity for standing fast and holding the teachings of two thousand years ago. They are reminded of the great advances in knowledge, and asked, What if in astronomy we should refuse to leave the old idea that the sun moves around the earth? Or in chemistry still insist that the elements are earth, water, air and fire? The demand is spacious; why is it not reasonable? Because:

1. Truth changes not.

Said a woman three thousand years ago, "We must needs die, and are as water spilled on the ground which cannot be gathered up again, neither doth God respect any person." No one questions this to-day, or ever will in man's present state of existence. That parents should care for their children, and children obey their parents, is an old teaching which will never change because based in a permanent relation. "The eternal years of God" are Truths. If Christian beliefs are truths it is absurd to ask us to change them.

One of these old teachings and beliefs is, That all men sin. Is this a truth? That it is a truth as universal and perpetual as the truth that all men die, no reasonable person questions. Said Socrates, All nations, even the most cultured and furthest advanced in knowledge, are yet so depraved that no human discovery suffices to remove the disorder." Aristotle calls this depravity innate, (*sunngenes*). Plato says, "Children, by nature, are not good; else it would only be necessary to shut them up in order to keep them good." Many quotations from Cicero, Seneca, Ovid, Pliny and others read almost like those of Paul, on human sinfulness. What have travellers found among all races and ranks of men? Gross wickedness. What does the conscience of every human being say to him? Blunted and deadened though he be. Sin in a man is a truth just as manifest and unchangeable as mortality, or pain, or forgetfulness, or any other universal trait. Who then is stupid and sleeping over? He who stands fast holding this truth? Or he who is talking in his sleep a nonsense about progress where there is nothing to progress towards, and only truth to progress from? Just change of belief is only when the truth was not known and is now discovered.

Another of the old teachings and beliefs is, That sinners need a propitiation for sins. This is a truth heard in man's universal cry, as really as in the gospel. Hear it from away back over murdered Abel: "My punishment is greater than I can bear," or as interpreted, "My iniquity is greater than that it may be forgiven! From thy face shall I be hid." Hear it in Job: "Neither is there any daysman betwixt us, that he might lay his hand upon us both." See it in the smoke of altar fires all around the horizon ever since Abel burned his accepted sacrifice.

Some argue that if there is penitence it is enough. But every sinner finds that penitence is not enough to remove either sin, or its consequences. The physical effects of sin do not go from us at the bidding of our sorrow. Nor under men's laws do the penal effects. And men justly feel that God's righteousness must be declared while he remits the penalties affixed to sin. And besides, true repentance is not awakened until we see that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son to suffer for our sins.

The dependence of sinners upon the Holy Spirit of God for renewal unto holiness is also a manifest truth. In their attempts to reform from evil habits men are brought to this conviction. To leave this truth behind in a pretended progress of religious

beliefs is as if one helplessly drowning should refuse to be taken from the water.

While these and other teachings of the gospel perpetually verify themselves to men as truths, who can demand that they be left behind in the march of progress in learning?

2. The demand is unreasonable and presumptuous because, further, These truths are verified as taught by inspiration of God, for the salvation of man in all times and stages of advancement. Men may not have known every thing when they wrote the Christian Scriptures. But God did. And it was promised to the apostles that He, the Spirit of Truth, should guide them into all truth. The fulfillment of this promise was certified by the miraculous powers which were granted to the writers. So that they could justly say, "If any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things which I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord." Advancing knowledge will not get beyond the Lord's knowledge. They who pride themselves of progress in religious beliefs, if they have gone beyond the end of the New Testament, have denied inspiration. They have no Bible and no Christianity. They are in the gropings of mere human thought in place of the oracles of God. They forget that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work."

Now theologians are a delusion and a snare, except as they are new and better understandings of the teaching through inspired men. The old only can be the new. Its features better unveiled, but the same features. That conservatism is the highest wisdom which, standing on everlasting truth, refused to step because it would be to step off. If the boy's commendation of his horse, that though he could not trot fast he could stand fast, was not a good one, it is a good commendation of a Bible Christian. Let those trot who are on the shaking bog of religious theories ever forming and dissolving over depths which none can fathom, but let the Lord's disciples, with the Lord's truths beneath them, stand; and having all, stand.

Chide your neighbors, ye boasters of progress, because they will cling to the old beliefs that streams of water run downward, and flames and smoke of fire rise upward; and because they will persist in building roofs and chimneys in accordance with the old superstitions; but expect us not to have done with the momentous and changeless truths which God has given us for our present and eternal salvation. S. H. *Ann Arbor, Nov. 29.*

Filled With God's Fullness.

BY BISHOP M. SIMPSON.

I love the brave fireman who puts up the ladder and comes down with my child. I can't help taking that man to my arms. He saved my boy. Shall I not love God—Jesus—who died for all my children to save them from eternal ruin and rescued them from that perdition to which they are going? I want no other proof of the depravity of the human heart than the fact that men do not love God. If this depravity is cast out by taking Christ, getting near to Christ, getting Him to dwell in your heart, getting Him to stay morning, noon and night, you can then look out on this planet and take in the breadth and the height and one above every surrounding of trial, being "filled with all the fullness of God." But then, as I intimated, there must be love to comprehend love. There must be a

practical exhibition of love to enable you to fully comprehend love. God did not theorize; He practiced. He gave his son. He told Abraham to take His Son and offer him. How did Abraham feel in all those three days when looking upon Israel? How did he feel when taking the knife? Could he forget him as he turned his head? He looked so much like Sarah, shall I slay him? Could he forget him? God gave His only begotten. Could he forget us? I hear Him saying, Lo! I come to do thy will, even as He looked down the future, past the years, past the centuries, past the ages, on to Calvary, saw the pangs, saw all, yet He came. There was practical love for us. We must begin to work, to do good in some way. There is not a person whom God has not placed under circumstances in which he can do good. God gives to us the key to some heart no one else can open. It must be done by us or it is not done at all. As Christ came for our sakes, we ought to go for His sake. Now these views come to me suggested by the text, yet there is more in it than I know. I have never been able to solve it. All see something of this mystery—see something of his love, know something He has done. But the riches of His glory are beyond my comprehension. I had a friend who preached once on the love of God and its unfathomable nature. He used this figure. Brought a sounding line and reached away down and said, "So many fathoms." Another expression, "So many fathoms," and then cried out, "More line!" "More line!" He had not line enough to measure the depth of the love of God. I am not able to describe it all, but, thank God, you and I have all eternity to try our line.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

How a Boy was Saved.

Many years ago a certain minister was going on Sunday morning from his home to his school room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned the corner he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys who were playing at marbles. On seeing him approach they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this as quickly, and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles the minister closed upon him and placed his hand on his shoulder. There they were, face to face, the minister of God, and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? That is what I want you to observe. He might have said to the boy, "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath. Don't you deserve to be punished for breaking the command of God?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?"

"No sir" said the little boy. "Then," said the minister, "I will help you find them." Whereupon he knelt down and helped look for the marbles; and as he did so, he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when a little boy very much, and I think I can beat you; but," added he, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face and began to wonder who he was. Then the minister said, "I am going to a place where I think you would like to be. Will you come with me?"

Said the boy, "Where do you live?" "Why, in such and such a place," was the minister's reply.

"Why, that is the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and the minister of the gospel could be the same person. "I will go with you," said the boy. "Why," said the man, "I am the

minister myself, and if you come with me I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; and I can not go."

Said the minister, "Here is a pump; why not wash?"

Said the boy, "I am so little that I can't wash and pump at the same time."

Said the minister, "If you will wash, I'll pump."

He at once set to work, and pumped and pumped, and as he pumped, the little boy washed his hands and face until they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry them."

The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean pocket-handkerchief and offered it to the boy.

Said the boy, "But it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The little boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in the streets of a large city, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and, looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't." "Do you remember twenty years ago finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and your speaking kindly to him, taking him to school?"

"Oh," said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society, and on seeing you to day in the street I felt bound to come to you and tell you it is to your kindness, wisdom and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me lovingly, gently, and kindly, at the same time you dealt with me aggressively—that I owe, under God, all that I have attained and all that I am at the present day."

—J. C. Ryle.

The Drill.

The boys of the military school had a competitive drill. All who entered the lists fell away but one, and he the smallest of them all, a bright, quick boy. He was asked if he never was confused at the multiplicity and quickness of the commands given. His answer was, "No, I just look and listen, and then try to do it." Here I thought, was the secret of his success, looking, listening, trying. One must have his wits about him if he would do anything well here—ever be trying.

Here, too, we have a lesson in Christian service. What is that service but a drill, a call to do certain things after a certain pattern? The word comes from the Master, the Captain of our salvation. We must be quick to catch his word, intent upon the thing to be done, and then try to do just as we are told.

To be a Christian is to be trying towards every great and good thing before us. I think we shall all be largely measured by this rule; not so much by what we have accomplished as by the constancy, earnestness, and faithfulness of our attempts. The dear Lord watches us. He knows when we try to put his word into execution, and when our efforts are real, hearty, and substantial, he smiles approval. As in the family the mother draws lovingly to her heart the child who is ever trying to do the very best at the tasks imposed, as in the school that scholar commands respect and affection who is striving to answer all the demands of the teacher, so in the family and school of the Lord Christ, the child and the disciple is loved according to the deep, strong set of the

try determination. Such determination must have back of it, as an originating and pushing force, loyalty and love, loyalty to and love for Christ.

With this habit of soul-work will come attainment. Strength will be evolved in the determined and repeated trials. Almighty grace, too, helping grace, will be given, so that the trying to do right will lead to right-doing. Let us all who are Christians fall more and more into this sort of drill. Let us not be discouraged at our failures, but keep on looking, listening, trying. So shall we do good service and come at last into the kingdom, ah! the everlasting kingdom of righteousness.—*Christian Weekly.*

"We Know That It Is There."

Not long ago I was walking with a friend along a precipitous path on a fine though somewhat misty day. On one hand lay the open country, and on the other the wide sea with the distant coast of a neighboring country shrouded from our view by a golden haze:

"What a pity," said I, "that we cannot see across the bay! I wish it were bright and clear, and then we could see the opposite shore." My friend smiled and looked thoughtfully at the mist-enveloped horizon. "We know that it is there," said he. I only answered yes, and repeated his words idly after him as he walked onward. Since then I have often thought of those words, and felt their comfort. Is any one we love absent? We can picture his surroundings, and, though we do not see him, we know that he is breathing the same air, looking at the same sun, living on the same earth as we are—we "know that he is there," and are content. Are those dear to us "departed in the Lord?" Have we mourned because in this life we shall never see their loved faces or hear their well known voices again? "We know that they are there," in that far Land of Glory which we have not yet seen, which is hidden from our sight, and that thought brings consolation.

And then when we think of heaven itself, and are sometimes tempted, amid earthly cares, to doubt if there be a place ready for us, we have but to look across the narrow sea of death, and though we cannot see the many mansions, though a veil is before our face, though "through a glass darkly," is darker than any earthly mist! as surely as the coast lies athwart the shrouded sea when we look across on a calm summer day, trying to see the opposite, and "know that it is there," so surely do we know, though we cannot see it now, that heaven is there also, and that we may one day behold it and live forever.

Divine Power.

Finding that I am destitute of Christian graces and holy tempers, the question is, How must I get myself possessed of them? And I am convinced at once I can no more introduce a new set of affections into my nature than I could make myself at the first. If the scriptures had not told us that this change can be effected by nothing less than a divine power, the thing speaks for itself. Show me a man of whom it can be truly said that he loves what he hated and hated what he loved, and I will pronounce him to be God's workmanship.—*Rev. T. Adams.*

There is not one sin that we ever commit but has its effect upon our souls in after years.—*J. H. Evans.*

"A MINISTER is something more than a sermon-maker," says Dr. Parker, of London. And an exchange truthfully adds, a congregation ought to be something more than sermon-hearers.