

FAITHFUL WORDS FOR OLD AND YOUNG VOLUME 25

by H.F. Witherby

A collection of articles and writings by H.F. Witherby from Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 25, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

119 Chapters

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Faithful Words for Old and Young Volume 25

In the Defense and Confirmation of the Gospel

(PHIL. 1:7)

BOTH in his bonds and in his defense and confirmation of the gospel, the faithful men of Philippi were partakers with Paul the apostle of his grace. Nor were they sympathetic partakers merely; they were active and energetic, full-hearted for Christ and for the souls of men. In our day very many consider zeal for the gospel as unnecessary. "The Almighty does not require your defense of the Bible," it is said; "the Bible can surely defend itself." And so it can, and so it does, and so it shall for ever. But none the less are Christian people, to whom God has entrusted the care of His Word, called by Him to its defense and confirmation. God gave His ancient oracles to the Jews, and it was the duty of that nation to preserve them. He has given the care of His gospel to the Church, and every member of the Church is responsible before God to preserve the truth in the presence of its enemies.

The Word is now assailed persistently and earnestly from year's end to year's end in our land. An army, composed of agnostics, sceptics, higher critics, sacerdotalists, seeks to drive out its authority from the hearts of the people, and numbers of true Christians are too polite or too timid to speak up boldly in its favor. But one brave soldier will do wonders in rallying the feeble-hearted, and we appeal to our Christian readers to be determined in spreading the foundation truths of the gospel.

Let us speak up for the old truths, the eternal truths of the divine Word. Every lover of evangelic truth should do his utmost to advance such doctrines as the sinfulness of man, the righteousness of God, the atonement of our Lord and Saviour, justification by faith, and the sanctification of the Holy Ghost; and thus, like the Philippians of old, by so doing he will be eager and active in the defense and confirmation of the gospel. We must fight for the truth, as loyal soldiers, or we are rebels against God.

We are encouraged to open a new year in our present form by the many kind messages sent by various friends. We shall "use great plainness of speech," as becomes the solemn privilege of addressing very many readers on everlasting realities. The effort will be sustained on our own humble lines to help the great cause of the defense and confirmation of the gospel. In a mighty battle the smallest battery on the field which keeps on plying shot and shell where ordered, is doing its something for the great day, and we intend to keep forward and constant in the battle. There is no lack of material for the work of confirmation of the gospel. Babylonia and Egypt have opened up their long-buried treasures to reply by hard facts to the fanciful criticisms of the higher critics; history's pages lie open for all—its facts should benefit the flies which flutter round the web of Rome, and which offer themselves as a prey to the spider in his den; and for every honest heart that seeks it, the Word of God pours forth its living fountains of fresh and eternal truth. Whatever those may say who coquet to Rome, and those who rejoice in the unbelief of the infidel critics, the Christian delights to acknowledge that the Word of God is to him sweeter and fresher, mightier and more wonderful, this hour, than it was on the glad first day when God the Holy Spirit made its

words living and real to his soul.

Witness to the Light

THE Lord had declared His divinity to the unbelieving Jews at the Feast of Tabernacles, and in reply they had taken up stones to stone Him. In the midst of the tumult that arose the Lord passed through the crowd, and, as He did so, He met a man who had been born blind, and He, the Light, bade the man go and wash in the pool of Siloam. And the man obeyed.

Siloam's water had been used in the very services of the temple at the close of which the Lord had declared His divinity. The pool stood outside Jerusalem, and bore the interpretation "Sent." Its water was poured out from a golden vase, and symbolized the joy, foretold by the prophets, which will fill the earth when the Holy Spirit shall be poured out on all flesh. From this pool, as from Himself (The Sent), life and joy were to conic unto Jerusalem. But the Jews, to whom were given the Scriptures of God, which foretold Christ's coming; to whom pertained the worship of Jehovah, which symbolized the blessings Christ would bring; were spiritually like the blind man. They were religiously insensible to the glory of the person of Christ.

In order to receive sight, the efforts of the religion of their day had to be left; it was necessary, as it were, to go outside Jerusalem to the Sent One. And, indeed, we may apply the parable to our own times.

Siloam is but a little way outside Jerusalem, and not far from the temple. The blind man would not take long to reach it, for he was an energetic person, and we may suppose not very many minutes elapsing between the Lord's order to him to go and wash at (not "in") the pool and his doing as he had been bidden. While he was so occupied the crowd was raging to stone Jesus.

Let us hear the blind man's own account of what he did. "I went and washed, and I received sight." Excellent in its simplicity; a noble example to us all whose eyes are not opened to see Jesus. Obey His word and see. Believe His word and live.

The man received his sight with wonder and with joy. He came back into Jerusalem a living miracle, and an exultant witness to the power and grace of Jesus. He made, too, a very great impression both upon his parents, his neighbors, and the Sanhedrim itself—the great council of the Pharisees. He became at once an object of interest. A crowd gathered around him questioning and discussing, and, maybe, some of these people had in their hands the very stones ready to stone Jesus.

Was this radiant face that of the blind beggar? "Is not this he that sat and begged?" cried some. "This is he," the very man, was the answer. "He is like him," interposed some doubters. "I AM HE!" the man cried. He was sure of himself; he knew who he was, and what had been done in him and for him, and he knew and boldly confessed who had done it—"A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight."

Let fall those stones, ye Jews! “Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind” (ver. 32). Jesus is the I AM. He is Jehovah-Jesus. He is the Light of the world. Jesus is the sinner’s friend.

Own your blindness, ye Pharisees! What “are we blind also?” (ver. 40) ■we the teachers of religion, we the council to decide all matters of faith and morals ! “Jesus said unto them, If ye were blind, ye should have no sin: but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth” (ver. 41). But they were obdurate.

They cast out the blind man from their society; they excommunicated him. Shall we pity him? “Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when He had found him, He said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee.

“And he said, Lord, I believe.

“And he worshipped Him” (vers. 35-38). The place of worship was and is at the feet of Jesus.

Fifty Years a Convict

“WELL, my friend, you have not much longer to serve! What will you do when you leave here?”

The speaker was a tall, broad-shouldered policeman, with a pleasant, open face, and a winning, though somewhat authoritative, manner.

A very striking contrast was presented by the person addressed. It would be difficult to find a more ungainly face, or a more repellant manner. He wore the unmistakable dress of a convict, and the experienced eye of the policeman could see by his clothes that his term of imprisonment had nearly expired.

The convict was standing by the edge of the water, preparing the boat which was to take his fellow convicts to their daily toil on the other side of the harbor.

The sea rippled and sparkled in the early morning sunshine, gently rocking the boat to and fro; and as the policeman stood and watched the hard set face of the man bending doggedly over his work, his heart was moved with a tender, yearning pity. If this old man knew the love of God, how it would alter that hard, unyielding face. Perhaps something of his feeling found expression in his voice as he repeated his question, for the old man looked up and gruffly asked, “What?”

“You are getting an old man now, and it is not everyone who would employ you. What do you think of doing when you leave here?”

The old man straightened himself up, and his face took on, if possible, a more defiant expression as he answered, looking his questioner full in the face■

“The first thing I shall do when I leave here will be to murder a policeman.”

“Oh! the first thing you will do when you leave here will be to murder a policeman?”

The man’s own words were repeated slowly and questioningly.

“Yes,” replied the convict, “that will be my first work. He gave false evidence against me; that is, he told more than the truth, and he will pay for it with his life. I had a letter from a chum of mine the other day, and he told me that ‘Bess’ (his gun) was all right at home, and plenty to eat and drink” (his ammunition).

“Well, and after you have murdered the policeman, what then?”

“Then I shall be caught and locked up. You know I can’t get far away from the cloth.”

He spoke recklessly, and with a bitter half laugh.

“Yes; and after you are caught and locked up, what then?”

“Then I shall be tried and sentenced.”

“Yes; and after you are tried and sentenced, what then?”

“Then I shall be hanged.”

“Yes; and after you are hanged, what then?” There was no answer. The man’s thoughts had apparently never travelled beyond death. He was evidently startled.

“Have you a Bible in your cell?” the policeman asked presently.

“Yes, and I have read it through hundreds of times to kill time.”

“Well, have you ever read ‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life’?” The living words were spoken slowly.

“No, that ain’t in my Bible! I have read it through over and over, and that ain’t there. ‘God so loved the world’” ■and the man was thoughtful■ “no, that ain’t in my Bible.”

“Well, when you go back tonight you look in John 3:16, and you will find those words.”

“John 3:16,” the man repeated. “Yes, I’ll look! And you are the only man that ever spoke kindly to me, except once. I’ll look, but it ain’t there; not in my Bible.”

There was no time for more conversation now, but the good seed had been sown, and the policeman prayed earnestly that it might take root in the hard, unlikely soil.

There was an indescribable difference in the appearance of the old man as he walked down to the side of the water the next morning, where the policeman was watching anxiously for him.

“Well, my friend,” he said in his pleasant, cheery way, as the old man stepped into the boat, “did you read John 3:16?”

“Aye! I’ve read it,” he answered, “and I didn’t know it was there, although I’ve read it over and over. But do you mean to tell me,” he continued, with intense earnestness, “that it means me? Me! a convict of fifty years’ standing?”

The heart of the policeman burned within him as he answered■

“Yes; oh, yes; it means you. It is God’s Word, you know, and God always means what He says. You are one of the world, aren’t you? And ‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’”

The old man stood up in the boat, and stretched out his arms■

“Sir,” he said, “they might have burned my finger-joints off, they might have burned my hands off; and I would not have given in, but such love as this breaks my heart.” And he sank down in the boat and sobbed aloud.

The policeman stood silently by. His heart was filled with exceeding joy. He had asked that this soul might be saved, but that he should see it was more than he had asked or thought. Presently the old man looked up■

“Oh, sir,” he said, while the tears still ran down his cheeks, “if you knew my past life you would not be surprised that this wonderful love of God breaks my heart. I have never known what love is since my mother died. I was only five years old then, and my father kicked me out of doors, telling me to go and get my own living, as he had kept me long enough. And since then I’ve knocked about the world, and every man’s hand has been against me. Sometimes I begged—at least, when I was a little chap—and when I couldn’t get enough I stole. Fifty years of my life I’ve spent in jail, so you may guess I was not out long at a time. Only one man in the world was ever kind to me, and he was the master of a prison. I had picked up a good knowledge of gardening here and there, and the master gave me his garden to tend for him. ‘My man,’ he says, ‘I trust you with my garden. I want you to dress it and keep it, and what seed you want, ask for, and if you don’t know what you want, ask me, and I will give you what I think best.’

“Oh, sir, do you think I ever let a weed grow in that garden? No, I was true to his trust. They tried to get me out of it. They told him I was lazy, and they had caught me sitting down. But he bade them leave me to him, and he told me his garden had never looked so well. But the time soon passed, and I was moved on. Since then I have never had a kind word spoken to me. Ten years ago I was charged with setting fire to a farm, but the policeman told much more than the truth about it; and yesterday, when you spoke to me, I had murder in my heart. But, oh, sir, I sha’n’t murder the policeman now; God, in His great and wonderful love, has stopped me.”

The policeman was deeply touched. God, who knoweth the end from the beginning, had given him a message from His own never-changing Word for the convict, and the Holy Spirit, true to His office, had convinced him of sin. Here he was, clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. He was eager to hear more of His words; so the policeman quoted different passages, telling him where to find them, and the man scratched the numbers of the chapters and verses on the side of the boat, longing for the time to come when he might be able to read them in his cell.

For several days afterwards the policeman watched by the side of the water, hoping and longing to see the old convict once more, but another had taken his place in looking after the boat. Upon making inquiries it was found that he had been discharged, having served his time.

The policeman is well-known to the writer, and although he has long since left the force he still continues in the service of the King of kings, and the great joy of his life is to win souls to Christ.

Scripture Unfoldings: The Divine Institution of the Sabbath

THE evidence of design is unmistakable proof of a master mind in construction. Whether in a building, a picture, or a poem, the design apparent in the work declares the power of the author. In the erection of a building many trades are called into service to carry out the scheme of the architect, and each of these trades—mason, carpenter, painter—is in turn governed by the mind of the foreman of the skilled hands who work under him; these various foremen work loyally together, each in his own department, and all fulfil the wishes of the master mind who has planned the whole structure. The Word of God bears upon it the evidence of design. All its parts relate to one another; great lines of thought run throughout the whole Book, and from the beginning to the end it forms a perfect construction. Various writers of various ages were called of God to carry out their part of the work, their own individuality being stamped upon that which each has done; but while this is the case, all of them have been governed by the impulse of the Master Mind of Him who has planned, and who, during the lapse of many hundreds of years, has perfected the entire structure.

The favorite notion of the popular form of infidelity which prevails today, is the refusal to see in the Word of God the evidence of design. Instead of perceiving that the mason did his work and placed it in the building where he was ordered, and that the carpenter fulfilled his calling as he was bidden—while the hand, the individual skill, of each workman marks his own special work—it is asserted that the whole erection grew up without a governing mind and without method. And that it stands before us a mere mass of evolution, held together or shored up by ages of ignorance. Thus the Bible is made to be devoid of those first elements of order and purpose which mark the toil of the humblest bird which ever built a nest

This sort of infidelity lays itself open to criticism on various grounds. It proclaims its own ignorance of the very idea of the Book. It attributes to the Jewish people and the Church generally the grossest ignorance. It suggests that all the learned men and all the great minds who searched the Scriptures for some thousands of years before this nineteenth century, were fools. According to this criticism, everyone, from the days of Moses downwards, who believed that Moses wrote the books attributed to him; who believed that the prophets of old stated what is over their names; and who believes that which the Lord Jesus Christ declared to be the case, is a deceiver or an ignoramus. These critics would have us accept on their own unproved testimony that much of the most solemn and practical instruction of the Old Testament is the work of forgers, who, for the aggrandizement of their class—that is, the priest-scribe class amongst the Jews—tampered with ancient fragmentary documents, and patched them up into their present shape. According to them, the writers of the New Testament, when quoting these forged parts of the Old, “followed cunningly devised fables.” We, on the contrary, in obedience to the apostle whose words we have just recorded, regard these critics, in the light of his prophetic words, as “false teachers,” “by reason of whom the way of truth” (is) “evil spoken of.” Faith in the spokesmen of God and faith in the higher critics cannot co-exist in the mind.

In reading the Bible as a whole, amongst the greatest of the truths which may be traced through both Old and New Testaments is that of the divine institution of the Sabbath. The story of the Sabbath, and the story of the dispensations that have passed over this world, with those that are yet to be, are inseparably connected together. The truth regarding the Sabbath may be regarded as

A PILLAR IN THE DIVINE EDIFICE

of the Scriptures. Upon this pillar much superstructure is supported; from its central arches relative truths spring, which in turn entwine themselves with other great truths—all holding together in perfect unity. Remove this pillar, and at once a considerable part of the building becomes a heap of shapeless confusion.

Our object is not to treat of the observance of the Sabbath by man, but of a subject which is deeper—namely, God's purpose in making the Sabbath for man. At intervals in the world's history peoples and nations have kept Sabbath. To keep it was regarded as a sacred duty in ancient Babylonia, before the time of Abraham. The Jewish nation was bidden to observe it as a holy day to Jehovah; but regarding mankind as a whole, the Sabbath has not been ever kept since it was instituted by God.

The first mention of the sacred seventh day occurs at the beginning of the Bible, the Creator "rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made."

The work being accomplished, the day was set apart for rest, and because God had so rested He blessed and sanctified the seventh day. Here is a primary thought, and with it a great purpose of God stamped upon the design of the Scriptures

GOD, HAVING ACCOMPLISHED A PERFECT WORK, KEPT HOLY SABBATH.

Into the creation rest God had established He placed man to enjoy that rest with Himself, for "the Sabbath was made for man." But "sin entered into the world, and death by sin," and thus the rest was broken. Thenceforward the earth became the place of toil, and sorrow, and death for man. Nevertheless, Sabbath-keeping is a purpose of God, and one which shall be yet fulfilled. What was thus foreshadowed in creation shall be fully realized in a more glorious manner in redemption.

The writer of the Christian era who, in the epistle to the Hebrews, unfolds this divine purpose, thus speaks of

GOD'S REST:

"Although the works were finished from the foundation of the world"; although Israel coming out of Egypt did "not enter into His rest"; and although Joshua did not give it them; still "there remaineth a rest" a keeping of the Sabbath "to the people of God." Thus, from the record of creation to the promise of the fulness of redemption, the purpose of God as to Sabbath-keeping stands in unyielding excellence. The same Master Mind which instructed Moses concerning the ways of God at the beginning, instructed Paul concerning the ways of God at the end of time.

Some little while ago evidences respecting the belief of man long before the age of Moses, and prior to that of Abraham, came to light. The higher criticism would have us understand that a very great deal of that which we read in the Bible about the Sabbath could not have been held as a belief in the early days of our race, and that we have to look to the evolution of the ideas of religion, and to the handiwork of Ezra's priests after Israel's return from their captivity in Babylon, to account for the presence of these conceptions in the Bible. Accordingly we have to find in the progress of the mind of man the fountainhead of these teachings respecting God; we are not to find this fountain head in divine revelation. It was impossible, it is asserted, that a very great many of the injunctions respecting the Sabbath could have had a place on the earth so early as the days of Moses, or that shortly after the Flood man could hold a sacred Sabbath. Now, one of the signs of our times is the way in which, in His providence, God is

DISCLOSING ANSWERS TO THIS POPULAR CRITICISM.

Books of clay buried in the ruins of ancient cities in Babylonia are continually being discovered. Many of these books are far older than Moses, and, indeed, than Abraham. They are read with comparative ease by scholars, and plain people may profit by the study of them. Some of these clay books are in the British Museum, and on them we read not only of a seventh day valued as a time measure, but of a seventh day regarded as sacred—we read of a Sabbath!

Let these

BOOKS FROM THE ANCIENT LIBRARIES OF LONG-BURIED CITIES SPEAK

for themselves.

“The seventh day is a resting day . . . a holy day, a Sabbath. The shepherd of mighty nations must not eat flesh cooked at the fire or in the smoke. His clothes he changes not. A washing he must not make . . . The king must not drive in his chariot. He must not issue royal decrees . . .”

The very word “Sabattum” is found in some of these most ancient clay books, and is explained to signify “The day of the rest of the heart.” In another list of words “Sabbatu” occurs, and as a synonym of the word “gamaru,” “to complete, to finish.”

Further, “the Sabbaths of the Babylonian calendar do not appear to have been dedicated to any particular god, but rather to have embraced most of the pantheon”; hence the exceedingly ancient religious nature of the day to those early peoples is apparent.

Need we observe that the discovery of these old beliefs of the close descendants of the builders of the Tower of Babel is the complete overthrow of the system of higher criticism as applied to the Sabbath taught by Moses? The story of the Sabbath, as told in the Scriptures, is not a modern tale dating from Ezra's time. The scribes of Ezra's time were not forging over Moses's name instruction which they had acquired in the Babylonish captivity, but Moses, inspired by God, was giving to man the divine account of that which had long been known on the earth. Moses supplied the true story upon which were based these primitive legends. We shall have more to say on this subject in our next issue.

Side Lights on Scripture: Foes Under the Foot

THE monuments of Babylonia and ancient Egypt afford excellent side lights on Scripture. They show that the ancient nations used the very imagery to which we are accustomed in the words of the Bible. The accompanying diagram is taken from an Egyptian monument. It is the footstool of a king. Upon it are portrayed his enemies, Arabs and Ethiopians, which occupy the alternate rows of the design. The Arabs have beards, the Ethiopians none. The idea thus rendered is by no means uncommon, and the king is often represented with his foot upon the necks of his enemies. Such a word as "Sit Thou at My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool" (Psa. 110 Heb. 10:13), at once occurs to the mind. The next illustration is remarkable. It is taken from a mummy case, and represents the sandals of the deceased, upon which his enemies are portrayed. These men are bound, arms and feet, and each has a rope hanging down from his neck. They are absolutely in the victor's power. Joshua, in the day of victory, bade his captains "Come near, put your feet upon the necks of these kings" (Josh. 10:24), adding, "Fear not, nor be dismayed, be strong and of good courage: for thus shall the Lord do to all your enemies against whom ye fight." These old pictures are representations of actual occurrences.

There is a passage in the New Testament which is of very great importance, and which seems to derive a greater interest as we again look upon our illustration. It is this: "The God of peace shall bruise (or tread) Satan under your feet shortly" (Rom. 16:20); so that we may say, "Fear not, nor be dismayed; be strong and of good courage."

Our last illustration is of a very striking character. The conqueror's feet stand upon the bows of his enemies. The bow is the weapon of strength. It was in ancient Egypt the grand offensive weapon, and was most efficiently handled. The conqueror's feet repose upon the pride of the foe. The symbol is one which admirably expresses the absolute overthrow and subjection of adversaries.

The Story of the Jesuits: Chapter 1

THE STATE OF CHRISTENDOM ON THE EVE OF THE RISE OF THE SOCIETY.

TO tell the story of the Jesuits is indeed to tell facts more wonderful than fiction! And it is a story that not only bears re-telling for its weird, absorbing interest, but because it is one which, in view of the unwearied activities to this present day of its principal actors, touches our lives as English men and women much more closely than many of us are aware.

It is well that most people should shrink instinctively at the name of Jesuit. Almost everyone has learnt to regard that Society with suspicion which has earned a disgraceful celebrity as a “cunning fraternity of knaves.” But it is not well that so many otherwise intelligent Protestants should be content to be unable to give a more intellectual account for their dislike to Ignatius Loyola’s followers than that contained in the rhyme■

“I do not like thee, Dr. Fell!

The reason why I cannot tell;

But this, alack! I know full well,

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell!”

Yet when we know that the Jesuits were expelled from England in 1604, from Venice in 1606, from France in 1764, from Spain in 1767, from Naples in 1768, and so on repeatedly to the present time, and that England has blindly opened her arms to them again, is it not time for us all to know why “the Jesuit fathers” are more dangerous than any other monks? Do we not want to learn the secret of their extraordinary influence? And shall we not ask how it is that their name is associated in history with deceit and intrigue?

For today in England the Jesuit is our next-door neighbor. Concealed under names which the mild “charitable” Protestant of the nineteenth century fails to recognize, he perhaps becomes unconsciously his staunchest ally. The Sisters of the “Sacred Heart” open a convent school in our neighborhood, choosing the prettiest, most secluded, yet healthiest site, no matter at what cost. They advertise with prospectuses bearing no hint that the young ladies’ college, just opened “with every advantage,” is a religious institution. When we hesitate at the nun’s veiling in which the “Sister” principal is attired when we interview her, we are assured that our child’s religion shall in no way be tampered with. And we believe it until, perhaps, the very day when our daughter has finished her “inexpensive” and “liberal” education, and takes the veil! Then upon our dull minds there bursts the terrible conviction that the Sisters are Jesuits in disguise. It is all too late! We had never realized, because we never knew before, that one of the chief occupations of the Jesuit is to make converts. We refused till then to believe that the Jesuit Father or Sister is prepared, if necessary, to resort to the most culpable acts to bring about conversion; that while the Dominican, the Franciscan, the Benedictine monk accomplishes little in the way of proselytism, it is the Jesuit in disguise who earns the gratitude of Rome for his ceaseless, cautious, and successful

endeavors to bring our Protestant children into the bosom of "Holy Mother Church."

To tell the story of the Jesuits is to tell the story of their founder. And if we are to paint Loyola's portrait successfully we must focus him not only in his immediate surroundings, but secure as a background an outline of the times in which he lived, or, in other words, Christendom on the eve of the rise of his great Society. "He has not seen tenderness who has not seen the sun rise," wrote one of our greatest authors. But he who would see the never-to-be-forgotten sight knows that he must first encounter the darkness that precedes it, He must step out into the midnight. And we who rejoice in the full sunshine of gospel privilege that floods Christendom as it is, will find it a fascinating experience to transport ourselves in imagination to Christendom as it was before the Reformation sunrise. The difference is as great as that between twelve o'clock at noon and twelve o'clock at night.

But we may well ask with surprise, How did such darkness come over the people of this and other lands? How was it that gloom overtook a world to which had been given "the brightness of the Father's glory" in the person of CHRIST, in order to disperse the night of sin forever? Christendom in midnight! The idea ought to have been an impossible one! Ah, it was not that the great Sun of Righteousness had ever set, but that the clouds and fogs and mist of human sin had arisen, and men were stumbling in the darkness of their own superstitions.

For the first three hundred years after the ascension of our Lord, Christianity, in its pure and simple form, spread quickly on every side.

The Scriptures were translated into very many languages. Gospel preachers were true and earnest missionaries, ready to seal their testimony with their lives. Stakes and massacres could not prevent the triumph of the truth; the blood of the martyrs proved the seed of the Church. The breath of pagan persecution, so far from blowing out the flame, increased its strength and light and heat.

But presently a new order of things set in. Imperial favor was shown to the struggling disciples of the hitherto despised doctrine, and from that moment faith became feeble and its purity was dimmed. Ministers of Christ were tempted to add temporal authority to their only commission to "feed the flock of God." They were asked to judge cases of dispute between members of the Church, and the request seemed innocent and reasonable at first sight. But it quickly led to the neglect of their sacred duties. Their word began to take the place of God's Word. The Bible was gradually hidden from the people. What wonder that confusion and darkness set in!

Henceforward, instead of a brotherhood, the ministers of Christ were to be distinguished by splendor of rank, varying in degree from the dignity of Patriarch to that of presbyter. The Christian world was divided into four dioceses, over each of which a Patriarch presided, governing the whole of the clergy, who now formed a distinct and exalted class of men. Such an arrangement, as might be supposed, led to strife as to who should be greatest; and while the shepherds quarreled among themselves the sheep were unfed. The Bishop of Rome, at last taking to himself chief authority, began to demand obedience from all. This was in the fifth century. The clergy expended their time and strength on rites and ceremonies borrowed from the pagans, and when they mounted their pulpits it was to dispense fable instead of truth.

By the time the sixth century arrived the inward power of religion was well-nigh lost. The Church's morning had changed to twilight. Many a preacher had never seen the Scriptures in his life, and even an Archbishop, finding by chance a Bible, exclaimed, "Of a truth I do not know what book this is, but I perceive that everything in it is against us."

A ball, once set rolling downhill, quickens its descent by its own weight. The decline of the Church from its first simplicity was very rapid. Lamps were lighted at the martyrs' tombs, and the Lord's Supper partaken of beside their graves. It was but a step further to offer prayers to them as well as for them, and, further, to represent them and other saints by images and pictures in the churches. Then, baptism must be made a more impressive ceremony by white robes and chrism, milk, honey, and salt. Soon a crowd of church officers sprang up, to be known by the unscriptural titles of "sub-deacons," "acolytes," "exorcists," "readers," and "choristers," etc. Curious machinery and costly furniture were needed in order to keep the staff of motley workers employed. The Church had "golden chalices" and "wooden priests" to keep its artificial life within it, as the sceptic sneered.

And so the light waned. They forgot the truth that Christ, once offered to bear the sins of many, had opened the way "into the Holiest of all," and that there remained "no more offering for sin." Instead of worship they sought to offer "sacrifice," and, because they had thus turned the Lord's Table into an altar, they henceforward considered their ministers "priests." The Word of God was fettered, hidden, and forgotten. What could stay the inroads of error?

It is easy now to understand how things grew from bad to worse in Christendom. The Bishop of Rome knew no limit to his ambition, and, as time went on, became more exacting in his claims, until the day arrived when, having made himself not only Bishop of bishops, Head of the Church, and oh! the blasphemy of it! "His Holiness the Vicar of Christ," he claimed also temporal power. As a crowned monarch, "the Pope's name should be the chief name in the world: it must be lawful for him to depose emperors; his decision was to be withstood by none, but he alone might make void those of all men, while he could be judged by no one."

The mitre and the royal crown came to war. For two hundred years the Popes carried on the conflict, drenching many an acre with blood and causing infinite confusion and misery, until at last the Papal power conquered. Rome, the terror of the world, became its mistress, and kings were her servants and all peoples her slaves. Pope Innocent III., in 1206, exclaimed with awful arrogance, "I enjoy alone the plenitude of power that others may say of me, next to God, and out of his fulness have we received." And, in 1303, Boniface VIII. Impiously "declares, defines, pronounces it to be necessary to salvation for every human creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff."

In this later period thick darkness had engulfed Christendom. It lay in the midnight shadow of a supreme tyrannical power achieved by battle, bloodshed, and error. Yet the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the deep.

The Waldensians and Albigenses (perhaps the oldest body of Protesters against submission to Rome), since they crossed the Alps in 1100, had preserved the Word of God in their valleys. The Church of the Alps was the first to possess a translation of the whole of the New Testament in its own—the Romaunt—tongue, the language of the troubadours of the Dark Ages. In the seclusion of their lonely valleys these mountaineers worshipped God in simplicity, and transcribed laboriously

the divine Word. Each manuscript was worth its weight in gold for the time spent upon it. Every copy served hundreds of readers, for, as yet, in the thirteenth century, no printing press had been invented. Quietly the Bible stole its way out of the Swiss valleys into men's hands and hearts, and with it came the first faint streak of dawn. Men's consciences awoke. Men's souls were quickened by the breath of God.

In vain the Pope sent St. Dominic and his band of monks, two and two, to search out heretics, and set a mark on those who were to be burned at the first opportunity. Fruitlessly did he call upon his army to fight these "accursed of God," with the promise of pardon for their sins as the reward of victory. Although sixty thousand in one Albigensian city perished by fire and sword at the command of the Pontiff, so that not a house or human being remained when the carnage was over; although there were ghastly heaps of dead who had expired under the excruciating tortures of the Inquisition, until it seemed that the true Christian faith itself was well-nigh exterminated, yet the Word of God still lived. It was handed down through the flames, from stake to stake; and we owe, under God, its preservation to those who still persisted in carrying it secretly over Christendom, singing it as troubadours, preaching it as missionaries, living it as Christians.

In the year 1324, in an obscure Yorkshire village, a child was born who was destined to become a leader amongst men in our own country, over which hung the same pall of Romish error as enveloped other lands. John de Wiclif, while yet an Oxford student, began to protest against the evil lives of the Mendicant Friars. The old monasteries by this time had fallen into a corrupt state, more sinful than the world which their inmates had forsaken. The descriptions Roman Catholic writers give of these establishments, which may at one time have sheltered piety and preserved art, are too awful for repetition. Peter, Abbot of Cluny, who, we must suppose, would speak as leniently as possible of his fraternity, in the twelfth century said: "Our brethren despise God, and, having passed all shame, eat flesh now all the days of the week except Friday. They run here and there, and, as kites and vultures, fly with great swiftness where the most smoke of the kitchen is, and where they smell the best roast and boiled." And St. Bernard, writing at the same period, confesses: "I can never enough admire (wonder at) how so great a licentiousness of meals, habits, beds, equipages and horses can get in and be established, as it were, among monks. . . . And all this," he exclaims, "in the name of charity, because consumed by men who had taken a vow of poverty, and must needs, therefore, be denominated the poor!"

The notorious profligacy, pride, wealth, and indolence of the monks had become the scandal of the Church of Rome. New fraternities were called into existence by the Pope, at his wits' end to remedy the evil. The Franciscan and Dominican preaching friars, who lived on alms, and literally were beggars, quickly won a reputation for sanctity by their humble garb (a coarse woollen cloth, girded with a cord tied in three knots) and frugal diet, and then as speedily lost it by their abuse of the gold which flowed into their hands as stewards of their order. Soon they exceeded the older orders in idleness, insolence and evil living. Their influence blighted everything that was good and fair.

These were the men whom Wiclif, in the year 1360, stood up to oppose. The Mendicants were going through England selling to men the pardons of the Pope! This brought

Wiclif, Master of Balliol College in the University of Oxford, to a close examination of the Word of God as to the forgiveness of sins; and then, fully convinced of the "rude blasphemy" of that which

was taking place, he boldly asserted: "There cometh no pardon but from God. I confess that the indulgences of the Pope are a manifest blasphemy." It required a courage that can scarcely be reckoned at its true value in these days of liberty to scatter writings abroad that conveyed such a censure on the Papacy. But the reformer stood to the controversy against those who could scarcely forbear to take his life. But he was immortal until his work was done. The crown of his labors was the translation of the Bible for the first time into the English tongue! There were already copies of the Word of God in England, but the common people of ordinary education were quite unable to read the Latin language in which they were written. No one in England had thought of such a thing before. In his quiet Rectory of Lutterworth, Wiclif sat down to his sublime task, and in four years completed it. "The message of heaven was now in the speech of England." The reformer had given to his country the greatest boon it could receive—the English Bible!

Bible Class Outline: Some Bible “Alls.”

MAN'S CONDITION.

ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. (Rom. 3:23.)

GOD'S MERCY.

The same Lord over all is rich unto ALL that call upon Him. (Rom. 10:12.)

GOD'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The righteousness of God, by faith of Jesus Christ, [is] unto ALL. (ROM. 3:22.)

GOD'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

Be it known unto you . . . that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him ALL that believe are justified from all things. (Acts 13:38, 39.)

The Spezia Mission: How the Young Monk Teodoro Escaped From His Enemies

THOSE who think of missionary work as pertaining only to heathen countries will learn with surprise that mission workers such as seek to carry the tidings of salvation to the people of Italy frequently do so at very grave peril, notwithstanding the religious liberty which is said to prevail in that beautiful country.

Teodoro's story is a striking evidence of this. Our readers will remember the story we told of Teodoro in the pages of FAITHFUL WORDS last year. We had hoped that his troubles were over for a while, and that he would be left in peace to prosecute the work to which he was devoting himself; but, as our readers are aware, dangers at all times beset those who were once of the Church of Rome, and who have had courage to leave it.

Several endeavors were put forth to get Teodoro back to his native place, but, knowing the deadly peril which might beset him there, he was unwilling to go. A scheme was, however, laid, through which he received a summons to appear before the Government officials of his native district for the *leva di milizia*—the levying for military service. He did not think himself obliged to go, being of Spanish origin, and suspected a trap. But a more urgent summons came, to disregard which would probably have meant six months' or a year's imprisonment; so he went before the prefect, and made preparations to depart.

Since Teodoro's residence at Spezia he has won all hearts; he is an enthusiast in the preaching of the gospel, and a devoted student in the preparation for fuller missionary work. He preached shortly before he left on the words, "I will bless the Lord at all times." It was a sermon that will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it. As he had to appear before the authorities at his own town in October, his friends in the Spezia Mission were in earnest prayer for him. The supplies needed for the journey were considerable, and the mission funds were very low. But all the money in the house was given him. He started off in the calm of faith in God, believing He would be as a wall of fire round about him.

He left Spezia for . . . where it had been determined that he should remain a few days to feel his way, and to find out, if possible, whether his footsteps were being dogged. Some days passed without news of him; then a telegram arrived saying that he had been arrested and was in prison. Further news came by a trusty messenger that he had been accused of intentionally passing a false one-franc note when buying a little fruit in the marketplace. The prison is one of the worst in Italy. The gravest apprehensions filled the hearts of the mission. The position of affairs can hardly be imagined by those who are used to legal procedure in England, and to the powerlessness of religious hate to warp justice. Providentially the mission had a friend at . . . and he went to the Procuratore del Re (a high authority), and did all he could. The next news was that Teodoro would have to be brought to trial. Then came a message that the trial was delayed, and that Teodoro was still in prison and ill.

Upon this, Mr. Clarke, the director of the mission, called on the prefect, who said: "I have all the papers, which have just come to hand, freeing Teodoro from the necessity for army service; he need not have left Spezia." These papers had been kept back, and had not reached the prefect till too late to prevent Teodoro's departure. God raised up a friend in this same prefect. He took much trouble over the matter, telegraphing to the young monk's native place to know of his standing there. The authorities in answer reported that there was absolutely no stain upon his record. The two leading Government officers at Spezia then consented to telegraph to . . . testifying that there was nothing against the young man's character in their city.

At length the glad news reached Spezia, "Teodoro is liberated!" God had been pleased to bless the extraordinary efforts put forth, and He had so worked that when the Minister of State for the Interior heard the actual facts of the case he ordered the prisoner's instant release without trial!

God had granted our young friend calm and joy while in the dreadful prison-house. He had been given courage to confess Christ from the first, though he well knew the danger he incurred in so doing. He preached every day to the prisoners, and patiently taught them the way of salvation. He induced them to learn and to sing the hymns used by the Spezia Mission, and he gathered them to kneel round him and to pray with him. Some of these men steeped though they were in sin yielded their hearts to the tidings of One who loves sinners, and who saves without the help of priests.

One day the prisoners heard some singing outside the prison under the window; it was the same hymn that Teodoro was teaching the prisoners. The singers were a little band of Christians of that city, who in the surrounding darkness were as rays of light. They had come to console him thus.

When the order came for his release the governor of the prison sent for him. This man had been not a little surprised to hear of the letters and telegrams which had arrived, all speaking in the highest terms of his prisoner; but he had been far more astonished at the life and influence of the young man among the prisoners.

So the governor asked him a little about himself, and then said: "I must shake hands with you, but you are the first prisoner I ever shook hands with in my life. You are so different from any other I ever had in my charge before, and if you had remained here a month the whole character of the prison would have been changed. As it is, you have made a wonderful difference in the prisoners. I cannot understand it. If I had the means I would ask you to come to me and be my son's tutor."

But this was not all. Teodoro's brother had but lately come to reside in . . . with his wife and a cousin. Through this trial God brought them the greatest blessing of their lives. The brother had been a declared atheist, but by the spirit Teodoro manifested, and by his earnest conversations and prayers during the short time he stayed in the district after his release the brother, the sister-in-law, and the cousin, have been led to Jesus Christ, and have cast themselves upon Him as their only Saviour and Lord.

When Teodoro reached his lodgings after reporting himself at Spezia he took to his bed, and for a long time was unable to rise; for he had undergone not only great anxiety, but very severe hardships in the prison, which, as we have observed, is entirely unlike the English prisons of today.

Before he left Spezia this text, “And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday,” (Psa. 37:6), had been given him as a travelling portion. He kept repeating it, and had evidently found in it great comfort and courage.

Some of our readers last year kindly supplied help towards the young monk’s education and sustenance at Spezia. We appeal further for him at the present time, and we also remind his friends of the burden the mission has been subjected to in defending him in the law courts, and in other charges entailed upon it by his journey and his sickness. On page 2 of the cover information is given as to where aid should be remitted.

Sunday Morning Texts

1.

SUCH is the description of the love of Jesus to His own. And these are described as “His own which were in the world”! A most gracious location of them truly, for we are not in the glory, but are in the world, subject to its influences and temptations, and we are often cast down and ashamed by reason of our ways. Still, we are “His own,” because we are His treasure, His purchase; and being such, we are the object of His love, which shall never cease and never fail, and which will be only fully realized at the end—that is, when life is past, and when we are in the Father’s house with the Lord. Unto the end! What comfort, what assurance do these words give.

2.

“The Father Himself loveth you.” John 16:27.

And why? Because of any superior goodness in us? No; “because ye have loved Me” (Jesus), “and have believed that I came out from God.” And this does every true Christian. He loves the Lord his Saviour; he believes that his Lord and Saviour came out from God into this world. It is not necessary, our Lord says, that He should pray the Father for us (ver. 26), for the Father’s face and heart are toward us. Never let us let slip the gracious reality of His love. No; here we will encourage our hearts. Let us repeat these gracious words, “The Father Himself loveth you,” again and again, till our whole being is filled with their joy.

3.

“He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.”

1 John 4:16.

Here is a home, a dwelling-place indeed: even love—the love of God. It is a dwelling for human habitation, but reared by divine hands. Dwelling in this home, we love, for we are filled with God’s love. Too often we have tried to erect a sanctuary out of our love to God; but it is God’s love which is our home. There is no flaw in this building; it is from foundation to topstone absolutely perfect and worthy of its author. Enter in. Its heights, lengths, breadths, are all for you. Look around! Let your mind stretch right on into eternity. In this building there is no decay. Here is everlasting joy.

4.

“The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.”

Ephes. 3:19.

The apostle prays that we may know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. How can this be? In one sense this love is unknowable, for it is infinite, and the finite cannot contain the infinite; and how we rejoice that this is the case, for our Lord Christ is divine. But we can dip our little cup

into the ocean, and it shall be full, or, as the selfsame text leads us, we may be filled with the fulness. A cup cannot contain the ocean, but a cup can be filled and dipped into the ocean. Let this be our grand position, and we shall praise His Name continually.

Then I Love Him!

OPEN your Bible and read a lovely verse which you have often repeated and know well.

You will find the verse I mean in, the first epistle of John, the fourth chapter. I want you to read it over slowly, and to think of it, as I am going to tell you about a little child whose ways illustrated the wonderful truth of it. "We love Him, because He first loved us." Is it not a beautiful verse? And again, in the same chapter, we will read: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Is it not wonderful to you that God should so love us, even when we were utterly vile and wicked and only fit to be banished from Him? But "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.)

It was the deep reality of this love that was the means of bringing the little child of whom I am going to write to God, and of drawing her heart close to the Lord Jesus. It is one thing to know you are saved and to be happy in the thought, and yet to go on giving way to your naughty temper and will, and another thing, after you are saved, to try and live for and to the Lord Jesus.

Barbara, who was one of the lambs of the Good Shepherd, was a strong, high-spirited little child. She was one day lying on the floor busily engaged in playing with and arranging her toys, of which she was very fond, when suddenly a thoughtful expression passed over her face, and, stopping short in the midst of an animated conversation with her doll, she rushed up to her mother, and said■

"Mamma! tell me, is it really true that God loves me, little me? I mean does He really Love little Barbara?"

"Yes, my child," said her mother. "God really loves you, little Barbara, and loved you so much that He sent His Son to die for you. He loved you, but He did not love your sin, which made you black all over in His sight; and it was because He loved you so much that He sent His only Son Jesus to suffer for you on the cross, that being washed in His blood you might be made perfectly clean and white, and thus fit to dwell with Him in glory. He loved you so much that He wanted to have you with Him, and He knew that nothing less than the precious blood of Jesus could make you clean and white and so God sent His Christ to bleed and die on the bitter cross, that all who believe in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life. (John 3:16.) And you know 'We love Him because He first loved us.'"

"Does Jesus love me more, better than you do, mamma?"

"Yes, my child, far better. I have never died for you; the Lord Jesus has."

"And does Jesus love me now?"

"Yes, my child. He loves you now, this moment, although in His glory."

Hiding her face in her mother's lap, little Barbara burst out in a flood of tears, saying, "Then I love Him! Then I love Him! Then I do love Him!" and rushing out of the room she cried as if her little heart would break.

There is no doubt that the little girl loved God; but upon the day this conversation took place the Holy Spirit gave her, in a new way, to rejoice in Christ's love to her.

From that day forward Barbara was a living testimony that she was the Lord's. All around her noticed a marked change in her little ways, and although quite strong and well she would constantly say, "Oh, how Barbara longs to go to Jesus now! I want to go to live with Him." She would also always try and tell others how Jesus loved them, in her own childish way, with a beaming smile on her face; and if they did not heed it or seem touched with such divine love, she would look up in the most sorrowful way and say in the saddest tone, "But don't you love Him back again? I do," in so pleading a way that it might have melted many a hardened heart.

The love of Christ was such a real thing to her that she could not understand others being indifferent to it.

It may be that my little reader has been washed in the blood of Jesus, and does love the Good Shepherd. Then to you I would only say, let Him fold you closer and closer to Himself; because He will if we yield ourselves to Him. You know it says in that beautiful tenth chapter of the gospel of John, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth verses: "I give unto them (My sheep) eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." See how safe the little lamb is folded in the Good Shepherd's bosom. The cruel wolf may, and indeed does, come and prowl about and howl for that little lamb, so ready is he to devour it. But do you think the Shepherd will let go His little lamb? Ah! no. His word is "Never." "No man shall pluck them out of My hand." The little lamb is safe for ever.

E. O'N. N.

Isaiah, A Great Evangelist

IN reading the prophets we may confine our attention to their prophecies and seek to learn what the future on the earth will be, or we may endeavor to enter into the longings of those who heard them uttered. Or, indeed, we may fill our hearts with the longings of the prophet who uttered the words. In these few lines we propose to sit at Isaiah's feet, and hear him speak to Israel around him, and to ourselves.

Isaiah was a great evangelist as well as a great prophet. He had his piercing eye upon the religious feasts and ceremonies of Israel, so well attended, yet, alas, so often attended by many mere formalists. Who should discern between the real and the formal worshipper when gazing upon the multitudes keeping holy day? The gaze of the Spirit-taught and Spirit-inspired evangelist, pierced through the lifeless acts of divine worship and read the hearts of the worshippers. "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices?" he cried, in Jehovah's name. "Who hath required this at your hand, to tread My courts? Your appointed feasts are a trouble unto Me: I am weary to bear them." Solemn words as applicable to ourselves as to Israel. Let the echo of his cry be heard in the places of worship of our land. It is not the mere observer of religious feasts and fasts, or holy days, God values. He looks into the hearts, the lives, the ways of men. "Put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well," He says.

The evangelist must first deal with sin, for he deals with sinners in God's name. Isaiah's opening words are upon sin; upon Israel's departure from God; upon their soul-sick state; upon their religious observances which could not heal the soul.

Let us picture this mighty man again. We seem to see him in the town looking upon the poor and thirsty on the hot summer's day. Presently he lifts up his voice: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." His own heart was full of God-given satisfaction and sweetness, or he could not have uttered such words of blessing. Here is the true spirit of the evangelist: love for souls, longing over them in their need, and a brimful, overflowing measure of joy in God.

Yet these people turn away. They are busy, the market has to be attended, money must be spent for the needs of home. What was the voice that cried to them, "Without money, without price"? "Hah! Such are not our terms. We buy, we sell." The evangelist yearns over the people. He lifts up his voice again—it rings out above the clatter of the voices of the market—"Wherefore do ye spend (or weigh) money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Harken diligently unto me" ■ some seem to lift up their eyes and look ■ "and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

We hear it said, "The people will not come to places of worship." Then let Christian instructors go to the people. Preach not over their heads, but into their hearts. Learn from the crowd in the street, the man in his shop. Let the sights of misery and mourning, and the eagerness to buy and sell, be parables wherein to clothe the word of eternal peace.

We follow the great evangelist prophet. He gave out what God gave into his heart. The living waters within him welled up as a fountain, God filled his soul with divine consolation and Isaiah became a consoler; God comforted him, and Isaiah became a comforter We seem to see him in his own graphic picture of the evangelist. Let us look well into it. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation." His ready elastic step betokens the gladsome message he bears. He brings the good tidings of good to the mourners of Zion he loved so well. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God." "Give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

In the spirit of prophesy, Isaiah declared the gospel, and in such a way as to make the heart leap for joy, and yet weep over the sufferings of our Saviour Jesus.

As we hear Isaiah, we see Him, who was "wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities," upon Whom was "the chastisement of our peace." He is before our very eyes ■ "led as a lamb to the slaughter" ■ crucified for us. He is a personal Saviour. How far the Spirit which was in the prophet testifying of the sufferings of Christ, enabled Isaiah to penetrate into Christ's coming and rejection we know not; but his soul was filled with the noblest thoughts of the rejection, the sufferings, and the glories of the Saviour.

There Is Time yet

FRANK and the writer of these lines were companions in youth and great friends. Frank chose a seafaring life. I remained in England. When we separated, distance did not dissolve the tie which had for so many years bound us together. Often did we think of the pleasant past, when we cared for little more than that which the present afforded. We each had parents, who possessed true Christian principles, who taught us from our infancy to value that precious Word which is able to make us wise unto salvation through faith in Christ. And those early lessons, I am bold to say, left traces of unspeakable value—though the mere knowledge of these things can never suffice for the salvation of our souls. But to hear the sweet story of Jesus and His love, even at a time when the listlessness of childhood gives no encouragement for its recital, is sure to bring its own reward.

This was proved, by the grace of God, in one of us, for hardly had fifteen years rolled away, before my soul began to be personally interested in the precious gospel of God.

Years passed after the day Frank left England for the sea, and we met again, and, as it proved, for the last time. Since I had been brought to repentance I was very desirous that my friend should with me taste that the Lord is gracious.

I pleaded with him, reminded him of the mercy which had protected him from many a danger on the deep, and from many a snare on land—of that voice which called repeatedly and patiently, but which had, up to the present time, been unanswered. But, alas, all was in vain! He thought there was time enough ahead to consider these things, and that the bed of death was the most fitting place for such serious contemplation.

“There is time yet,” he said, as he left me.

Oh, what misgivings filled my soul! What doubts as to whether we should ever meet again! What hesitancy to utter the farewell words, lest they should be indeed the last! Strange that we should think of such things, and yet not strange when we ponder over the uncertainty of our present existence. So we parted.

Some few weeks elapsed before I heard of him again; and then it was from our local newspaper. There I saw that in the darkness of a stormy night, Frank had fallen overboard, and was lost.

I fully grant that it is not for us to pronounce on such a case. God alone knows.

The word of God cannot be broken, and it distinctly says, “Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God;” and again, “He that believeth not shall be damned.”

My beloved reader, Satan has no more successful opiate than that of infusing into the thoughtless hearts of the young these poisonous words, “There is plenty of time.” And frequently, through deferring, the heart becomes so hardened that the cry is changed for that more awful one, “Too late, too late; there is now no hope.”

May God, who is rich in mercy, and delights in saving, give you decision for Jesus. There is no time to lose. What will you barter away that precious, undying soul for a few moments' pleasure, and refuse this loving Saviour? Be wise while it is called today; tomorrow may not be.

With my heart yearning over poor Frank, I write these lines. Oh! do not put off the question of eternity, and say, "There is time yet."

The Lepers of India

OUR young friends in America, Canada, and England, who have so kindly and lovingly sent help for the leper homes, will read with interest the following letter from Mrs. Bailey: ■

“Dear boys and girls, ■ You have not heard anything about Lohardugga in FAITHFUL WORDS, and, as it is interesting to know something about different places and different asylums, I will tell you two stories which Mr. Hahn, a missionary there, told us.

“On one occasion there was a poor leprous woman found near the asylum at Lohardugga. She was lying under a tree, cast out by even her own mother, and was so very ill that she had to be carried into the asylum. Everything was done to make her comfortable and happy. But nothing that was done seemed to touch her heart the least bit.

“One day Mr. Hahn’s little girl ran along beside her father, holding his hand; they came towards this woman’s house, and heard her crying bitterly. ‘Papa, why is that poor woman crying so?’ said the little girl. ‘I think it is because she is suffering pain,’ he said. ‘Oh no, papa,’ replied his little daughter, ‘I don’t think that’s the reason; I think it is because she has no pillow under her head. Just look how she is lying with her head on the hard ground! Do let me run home and fetch a pillow for her?’ He gave her leave, and away ran the little girl for a pillow, which she very soon brought back to Mr. Hahn, who himself arranged it under the poor woman’s head. From that moment she became quite changed. Instead of being cross and hard, she became gentle and loving.

“The kindness of one little child was the means of making a way into her heart and thus of obtaining her real attention to the words of everlasting life. After a time she became a true Christian, and as long as she lived she continued to be bright and happy. As she was dying she called out, ‘Jesus calls me. I am ready to go.’

“I said that Lohardugga was one of the places where we have a children’s home. There were some children in this home, whose father was in the asylum, a leper. He was one who would not receive the Lord Jesus, and was quite careless about his soul. Meantime in the children’s home his children had been led to love the Lord and to become His followers. When they learnt about Christ for themselves, their hearts went out with longing for their father. They were very sad about him, but continued in prayer.

“One day they arranged a little plan between themselves to gain their father’s interest.

“‘Christmas is very near now,’ said they together; ‘we will make a special effort to win our father for Jesus. We will cook some food of which he is particularly fond, and we will take it to him ourselves and coax him to eat it from our hands. If he does, his caste will be broken, and perhaps he will be the more willing to hear us speak of Jesus.’ They carried out their little plan: they went to their father with the food they had prepared.

“‘Dear father, we have cooked this food ourselves, and we have come to see you eat it, that you may know how much we love you, and how much we long for you.’ They were accompanied by

some Christian brethren, and before commencing their little feast they sang hymns, and prayed to the Lord that He would turn their father's heart to Himself. Then they spoke most earnestly to the father, begging him to become a Christian. He was quite broken down, and said he could no longer hold out against his children's entreaties. In time he became a real disciple of our Lord.

"Thus these dear children were the means of bringing their father to Christ.

"May I ask all of you, dear boys and girls, who know something of the power of prayer to remember always our children in the children's homes, and to pray that they may not only give their hearts to the Lord, but be used by Him to lead others to know and love Him.

"Your affectionate friend,

"ALICE BAILEY."

The Editor hopes he will be able to continue to send help to these leper homes, and he thanks those who have already contributed to the work. Contributions are acknowledged on the second page of the cover.

The Story of the Jesuits: Chapter 2

CHRISTENDOM ON THE EVE OF THE RISE OF THE GREAT SOCIETY.

HISTORIANS are agreed that never before the rise of Ignatius Loyola's great secret society had there been a similar fraternity.

The ostensible object of these grim antagonists of Truth was the recovering of lost ground to the Papacy; in reality, it was the acquiring of supreme power for themselves. Men of consummate tact, intelligence, and influence, they sought to rivet afresh every broken manacle of superstition ; and, in so doing, unfolded and carried out a program of State intrigues, plots, and revolutions, of torturings, poisonings, and massacres such as only the Spirit of Evil himself could have devised! By and by, in the story of their enrolment and training, we shall take our mental measurement of Loyola's soldiers as they stand before us equipped by their general.

For a moment, however, let us continue to trace the footsteps of Reformation Truth in Christendom, which had hitherto lived and breathed in the Papacy, until its subtle pursuer, Jesuitism, overtook it. With Wiclifs English Bible came the first streak of dawn. Thirst for the Water of Life was created on every side. Rome fiercely condemned the translator as having "committed a crime unknown to former ages;" but such a foe as the Book of God could not be silenced by burning its followers. The Papacy shook with rage and consternation. But where the Bible came it came to stay.

In 1413, Christendom was scandalized at the sight of three men, equally profligate and criminal, each claiming the Papal throne, each hurling abuse at his rival, and all of them not hesitating to go to war with each other! For the needful gold, these "Vicars of Christ" put up for sale "pardons," "dispensations," and places in paradise—an example quickly followed by the lower ecclesiastics. Popes, bishops, and clergy carried on the iniquitous traffic, and became leaders of armed bands, until Europe was a theatre of war and plunder. A newly-elected bishop once asked to be shown his predecessors' library. He was led into an arsenal! "Those," said his guide, pointing to the swords and guns, "are the books which they made use of to defend the Church; imitate their example!"

Germany, Bohemia, Italy, France, and Spain were convulsed with internal strife. The Turk was threatening an invasion, which would mean Mohammedanism forced upon Christendom at the point of the sword. Distressed at the disgraceful spectacle being perpetrated in the name of the holy Roman religion, the Emperor Sigismund called a General Council at Constance to settle the claims of the rival Popes and to stamp out heresy. One of its first decrees was that the bones of the noble John Wiclif should be dug up and burned—the only vengeance left for Rome to wreak upon him!—and next, that his brave disciple, John Huss, the Bohemian Reformer, be consigned to the flames. Of the three Popes, John XXIII. was the only one who answered the summons; he approached Constance beneath a panoply of gold cloth, preceded by the solemn mockery of the Sacrament carried on a white palfrey. The written accusation against this man "contained," says his own secretary, "all the mortal sins, and a multitude of others not fit to be named"!

Thirty-seven witnesses bore testimony to the unholy life of “his Holiness,” even to the poisoning of his predecessor! The guilty man fled by night from Constance to escape answering the charges laid against him, and abdicated his throne.

As the eventful sixteenth century opened, the world’s stage became crowded with remarkable personages. It was at a moment of intellectual awakening and agitation that two notable figures appeared, each destined to send forth a powerful stream of influence over Christendom. Widely opposite in aim, Martin Luther, of Germany, and Ignatius Loyola, of Spain, were yet intimately connected as representing march and counter-march to truth. Before telling the story of the Jesuits, we shall find it interesting to follow Luther first, as we shall trace Loyola afterwards.

Born at Eisleben in 1483, Martin Luther spent a childhood of much privation as the son of a humble German miner. He gained his education at a Franciscan school in Magdeburg under the stern discipline of the rod—to the extent of “fifteen floggings a day,” he tells us!—and the hardship of begging his daily bread from door to door. Such rugged training produced, however, a fine quality of resistance and endurance in his strong, impulsive nature. Entering Erfurt College in 1501 to study law, one day, while ransacking the library shelves, he discovered a volume unlike all the others—a Latin Bible. Fascinated by the old Book he devoured its pages. New, strange thoughts burned within him, and those struggles in soul never ceased until they produced “a new man, a new age, a new Europe.”

His religious impressions deepened until he determined to devote himself to God’s service, and, as in those days to serve God meant to become a monk, Luther entered the Augustine order, and took the cowl in 1505. His unintellectual brethren found a spiteful pleasure in giving the brilliant scholar the meanest employments in the monastery. But he accepted all such mortification for the good of his soul, also inflicting severe penances on himself as the price of the salvation he so ardently desired to earn. At night Brother Martin, though worn out with the day’s drudgery, would repair to the chapel to read the chained Bible. But it was not until upon a sick bed, where his conflicts at last laid him, “more like a corpse than a living man,” that the despairing monk grasped the true meaning of the words he was feebly reciting, “I believe in the forgiveness of sins.” In a moment the principle of Popery—pardon by payment—was shaken in Luther’s heart.

Appointed Professor of the Wittenberg University in 1510, Dr. Martin Luther unfolded to the learned men and common people alike, who crowded round him, the truth of free pardon learned amid his tearful agonies of soul in the monastery cell. The ordinary preaching monks of the day were too ignorant to instruct, and therefore fell back on entertaining the congregations they wished to keep.

Luther entered Rome. There he found, after a while, to his horror, behind the scenes, priests of the Eternal City who were mere actors in a play in which they did not believe. While Luther performed one mass they would hurry through seven. They could not afford decorum, since every mass meant money. And the more they could sing in a given time the heavier grew their purses. The bishops too, would boast with uproarious laughter, as they sat at table, of the way in which they had amused themselves by deceiving the people at the consecration of the wafer. Instead of the words, “Hoc est meum Corpus” ■ This is My body ■ they would mutter, “Panis est et panis manebis” ■ Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain. Rome religious, in its mocking impiety, was coupled with Rome social, in its sinful revelry. Luther exclaimed, “If there be a hell, Rome is

built over it!"

Still the Romish fetters that bound the Reformer were not all snapped. Painfully ascending the "holy staircase" on his knees, thereby earning at every step a year's indulgence from the Pope, Luther was startled by a voice as it were from heaven, saying, "The just shall live by faith." Amazed that he had not grasped the meaning of those words before, he started to his feet.

From that moment Luther set forth to preach "JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH" ■the Gospel in a single sentence■and to be the sworn champion of God's Word to his life's end.

Pope Leo X. was the link in Rome's "apostolical succession" then on the papal throne■a man who was wont to vent his skepticism thus: "What a profitable affair this fable of Christ has been to us!"

To make his saying good, he conceived the idea of opening a special sale of indulgences, so that a stream of gold should flow into his coffers for the rebuilding of St. Peter's at Rome, to add to his renown.

Accordingly the great Pardon Market was opened in 1517, and a Dominican monk, by name John Tetzel, by fame an ex-inquisitor, and ex-criminal under reprieve, was chosen to exhibit the Pope's wares for sale. He began a march through Germany. Accompanied by drums, flags, tapers, and bells, Tetzel, himself carrying a huge red cross bearing the arms of the Pope, was preceded by the Bull of Grace on a velvet cushion, and followed by a mule laden with bales of paper "pardons." Before the high altar in each parish church, Tetzel would plant his cross, and beside it a strong iron money box; then, mounting the pulpit, he would exclaim with a stentorian voice, "Come, and I will sell you Indulgences by which even the sins you intend to commit will be pardoned. More than this, Indulgences avail for the dead; your friends in the bottomless abyss are crying to you to be delivered. At the very instant that the money rattles in the chest the soul escapes from purgatory and flies to heaven." To his shuddering hearers, purgatory was the most terrible of realities. The stream the Pope coveted, began to flow. The scale of charges varied according to the rank and wealth of the purchaser and also the heinousness of the sin in the eyes of the Romish Church. For instance, while church robbery cost nine ducats, the price of an Indulgence to commit murder was only eight ducats! Thus the very vilest characters obtained license to sin. Society itself became unhinged, and a flood of iniquity set in.

Luther's indignation knew no bounds. Some of his penitents, who had confessed their sins to him, produced Indulgence papers to exempt them from even the need of amendment! It was then that he propounded his memorable Theses, and on the eve of All Saints' Festival, 1517, with his own hands nailed his magnificent protest to the door of Wittenberg Castle church. "Those who fancy themselves sure of salvation by Indulgences," ran one of its ninety-five clauses, "will go to perdition along with those who teach them so."

The Theses mark an epoch in the life of Christendom. The printing press, prepared and bestowed by God, as it would seem, for the diffusion of His Truth at this critical moment, multiplied copies of the famous document, and strewed them like snowflakes over Germany. In a month's time, translated into numerous languages, Luther's tract had become a household book throughout Europe. They were "words on wheels" and "the Spirit was in the wheels." In the Press the Papacy perceived a new and formidable foe. Depending for her very existence upon men's ignorance and credulity she had hitherto kept complete control over their minds, tongues, and pens. Suddenly

Rome was deprived of her power to suppress freedom of thought!

From the moment that Luther's hammer resounded on Wittenberg church door a controversy was aroused which has never ceased. It circled round the momentous question, "Who is man to believe God, or the Church?" "The Bible is the sole infallible authority," said the men of the Reformation. "No, the Church is the supreme guide," said the voices at the Vatican.

In vain Rome summoned the incorrigible Luther to the Diet of Augsburg (1517), demanding that he should retract, unconditionally. Cardinal Cajetan's flimsy theology was beaten to shreds by the Scriptural arguments of the great, calm man before him. "I will have no more disputing with that beast," said he. In vain the Pope excommunicated "that son of iniquity, Martin Luther," consigning him to perdition unless he recanted and burnt all his writings within sixty days. Unmoved by its fulminations, the Reformer seized the opportunity for publicly renouncing Rome, and hurled the Bull into the flames of a bonfire he had kindled outside Wittenberg gates on a December morning, 1520.

Again the enraged Mistress of the Seven Hills cited her enemy to appear before her. If Luther's conduct at Augsburg thrilled his nation, his defense at the Diet of Worms shook the world. Again Rome lost the battle. Notwithstanding her power, her ban, her edict to arrest and destroy, she felt feeble in the presence of a poor monk.

Nine years later, the Diet of Spires, convoked for the express purpose of exterminating Protestantism, established it. No more glorious, inspiring declaration of independence was ever uttered than that made by the Christian Reformers who were first called PROTESTANTS at Spires (1529). The twofold tyranny of Rome's exclusive right to interpret the Scriptures, and the Emperor's right to enforce obedience to her by the sword, were swept away.

The Protest was succeeded by a Confession the next year at Augsburg, where the representatives of Rome, instead of carrying out the long-deferred Edict of Worms, found themselves obliged to listen—and that spell-bound—to the articles of the Protestant faith, compiled with matchless literary eloquence by Philip Melancthon, Luther's lifelong friend. Blow after blow fell with unerring precision on Romish error, until the Papacy staggered and reeled, and was at its wits' end!

She might well be dismayed. Powerful princes were passing from the Romanist to the Protestant side at every Council she convoked. "Diet" was but "defeat" writ short. One by one her most sacred institutions were losing their hold upon the people. Monasteries and convents were being emptied on every hand. Everywhere men rebelled against the traffic in human souls, carried on by the rapacious and evil-living priesthood of a Church, powerless to reform itself. Time after time she found herself unable at the critical moment to carry out the Edict of Worms; for again and again the much talked-of General Council which was to deal the decisive blow that would annihilate Protestantism was postponed.

Rome as yet had no general in her army of sufficient skill to devise new stratagems and carry out fresh tactics with the foe. She was still struggling with her old and antiquated weapons of summons, abuse, and anathema against the Reformers' testimony. Then it was that there sprang suddenly to herald the society of the Jesuits, a battalion trained in a new and immeasurably superior system of warfare to her own. Between the old armaments of Roman Catholicism and the machinery of Jesuitism, there was to be as much difference as between the crossbow and the rifle,

or the galley and the torpedo.

Yet, as we begin the story of the famous general and his society we must bear in mind an important fact. The Jesuits never were an integral part of the Roman Catholic army. Jesuitism is not alone an emphatic Romanism. The dangerous polity of the society is independent; it yields obedience to no Church, and, if its own ends can only be secured, would, and perhaps will ultimately, conspire against the life of the Papacy which gave it birth.

The story of the Jesuits exhibits a group of men who, finding Christendom eager to learn, gives them subtle controversy, and "teaches them how to wrangle forever." And by skill, craft, cleverness, and specious morality, achieves an influence on the minds of countless thousands of mankind to their destruction, body and soul. Enlisting every human art, and sanctifying all manner of trickery, the disciples of Loyola to this day are multiplying, and holding their resources of wealth and power with a clutch and grip that are inextricable. Ever suspected, though, alas! too little feared now-a-days, nooks and corners are their working places. Its members today are prosecuting their ends with old-time vigor, as unabated as when one of its generals boasted long ago to a Spanish duke: "See, my lord, from this room, from this room I govern not only Paris, but China ; not only China, but the whole world, without anyone knowing how 'tis managed!"

Twenty Years in Khama's Country

THIS refreshing story, "told in the letters of the Rev. J. D. Hepburn," we commend heartily to our readers. It is delightful to hear of such work of God, and no one can do so without profit. We give a few extracts.

Writing in 1880, Mr. Hepburn says: "The Bible is a newfound treasure to the Batawana. They are digging in it, and finding something more precious than African diamonds. . . . It is a tedious process to teach them; but they labor for hours over their books... There is a steady, slow, onward, upward movement, and it is from heathenism to God."

During a severe drought (1875), when the people were perishing, Mr. Hepburn thus speaks of his anxiety and exercise: ■ "Should I call for a week of prayer or wait God's time? At last I decided... We commenced our week of prayer together on Sunday morning. At this meeting it was announced that the week was to be spent in prayer to God for rain... The clouds had come up on the Sunday morning, but they all went away, and the sun blazed in all its South African glory.

"'Why, they have driven the clouds away,' said the Makalala rainmaker." The cave god was angry, for Khama would not acknowledge him. While this was being told to him, the missionary listened to the wind.

Then he got up and said, "So the god of the mountains has determined to give us no more rain, and his rainmaker is here to tell us so. He says we have driven away by our prayers the clouds which he had brought..." "That night it rained a beautiful, heavy, ground-soaking rain... The clouds came up and covered us over, and poured out rain for twenty-seven days! If that was not answering prayer, then I don't know how God is to answer prayer...

"This defeat completely ruined the cause of the Makalala god and the rainmakers."

Let our readers get the book, and rejoice through it in a prayer-answering God.

Scripture Unfoldings: The Divine Institution of the Sabbath

2. ■ THE SABBATH AND THE NAME OF JEHOVAH.

AFTER the mention of the institution of the Sabbath, and the rest of the Creator, a long period of silence occurs in the Scriptures respecting the sacred day. The family of man was estranged from God, and violence grew till it filled the earth. God at length intervened and sent the flood, and, save Noah and his house, man was swept off from the face of the earth. After the flood, the human race once more multiplied, and man became idolatrous. Then from the mass of idolaters, God called out Abraham to a life of obedience to His word. Again after that event, some centuries elapsed, and the family of Abraham was found an enslaved nation in Egypt. Then God in pursuance of His promise, delivered Israel and led them out into liberty. Thus did some two thousand five hundred years pass by, and during the whole of this long period no mention of the Sabbath is made in Scripture.

Do we inquire, Why is this? The answer lies close to hand. The human family, as such, was estranged from God, and, therefore,

COULD NOT KEEP HOLY REST WITH GOD,

and God could not keep holy rest with it. God is recording the story of the human family, and therefore He does not speak of rest for man or holy Sabbath.

As a time measure, the seventh day would seem to have been accepted by the early patriarchs—possibly by the human race. Noah waited his seven days when in the ark. Jacob recognized the division of time into weeks of sevens and though the Egyptian week was one of ten days, it seems clear that Abraham's descendants in Egypt maintained that of seven days. But we have to keep clearly before us the difference between observing the seventh day as having a sacred meaning or as a mere time measure. Since the idolaters of Babylonia so highly esteemed their sacred sabbath, it may be no unworthy imagination to picture the patriarchs keeping it as sacred to the living God.

A very important consideration relating to the mention of the Sabbath for the second time in the Scriptures, is its connection with the divine name Jehovah. The way in which it is introduced is remarkable; for, notwithstanding the long silence of Scripture as to the day, the mention of it comes in without any surprise, and as that which was certainly known.

When God brought Israel out of Egypt, He was fulfilling His own word, and by so doing He began a new work upon the earth. Never before had a nation been brought to Himself as His people. Never before had a nation been redeemed. Israel was instructed to commemorate their redemption, and they did so in a new manner—in a manner entirely new in the Bible record. They sang. "Thou hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed" was their song.

For two thousand five hundred years since the fall of man no such thoughts of God were expressed by human lips as "Thou hast redeemed." The Scriptures supply a gradual unveiling of the divine plan. By degrees God unfolds His purposes and ways in His Word. Thus in admirable moral connection do

THE SONG AND THE SABBATH

appear within a few days of each other in the Book of God.

After Israel had been a few days' journey in the wilderness, God sent them the manna from heaven, and at the close of the first week of this gift, Moses said, "This is that which Jehovah hath said, To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto Jehovah." Redeemed Israel was to keep "holy" sabbath to Jehovah their Redeemer. And why? Because the manna, that great type of Christ the Redeemer, the gift of God, had been introduced on the earth. By Him, the original purpose of God should be realized. By Him, the redeemed people of the human family should keep

HOLY REST WITH GOD,

and God should rest with them. What man had by his sin rendered impossible, Christ should establish by virtue of His own excellence.

Two thousand five hundred years are with God but as one day, and He thought well to wait for this period of time before introducing in the manna the figure of His Son in His incarnation on earth; and having brought it in, He showed by it, that holy sabbath should yet be kept by man to Him on earth. If at the end of the six days of Creation the rest of God on earth was broken by man's sin; at the end of the six days of this world's work, the rest of God on the earth shall be established by the Man Christ Jesus.

The story of the six days and the seventh day referred to in the Bible story of the manna and the rest, while being an historic fact, is also a prophetic instruction.

THE EARTH SHALL, YET KEEP HER SABBATH.

Man upon it shall yet keep holy day, and this great end will be eventually brought to pass through redeemed Israel, which nation will be the channel of blessing to the Gentiles. Thus the second mention of the holy Sabbath in the Bible is one of the fullest meaning, and overflows with divine indications of His glory.

In fulfilling His word given to Abraham respecting Israel in Egypt, God expressly did so under the name "Jehovah." A name of God implies a revelation of God by or in that name. This very important truth is known to the careful reader of the Word of God. In illustration we ask our reader's attention for a moment to, say, two texts, taken from amongst many others occurring in the New Testament. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." "They shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard and hath learned of the Father . . ." In these verses the divine names "God" and "Father" occur. Are the verses, therefore, the work of two writers—an ancient writer and also one who is comparatively modern? or does the writer, John, by his use of the two names, intend his reader to receive a definite instruction? Does "God" convey one group of truths and "Father" another group to the mind? We are very well aware that such is the case, and that the use of different divine names has invariably a definite intention attached to it. In the Old Testament, where the divine name is God, and where it is Jehovah, our wisdom is to learn why each name is made use of. There should never be any confusion in the matter whatever.

Jehovah's name and Israel's are divinely bound up together. In a kindred way the name "Father" and the name "child" are morally linked together in the New Testament. God's character as He Who was, Who is, and Who is to come—the eternal AM—the immutable Promiser, who fulfils His word after the counsel of His own will, because HE IS, cannot be dissociated from His people, respecting whom He has made His promise.

True, the higher critics have been very busy with their scissors in the sixteenth chapter of Exodus, where this splendid testimony to the divine purpose is recorded, and they would have us reverence their ignorance of "the glory of the Lord" there displayed, and relegate the divine picture of man brought into rest with God through the Christ of God, to the craft of "post exilic" forgers. They have found a great variety of writers in the chapter, they have assigned the greater part of its verses to different periods, they have left very little of it to Moses. A plain person can comprehend the chapter as it is, and perhaps may see the glory of God in it, but the scissors leave very little sense in it, and cut the ways and the purpose of God out of it.

From the time the institution of the Sabbath is thus re-introduced into the Scriptures, it never leaves the story of God's people Israel. Whether in their blessing or in their judgment it occurs. This will be our theme on our next occasion when speaking of the Sabbath as a sign.

Bible Class Outline: Peace

PEACE,

1.

PEACE MADE ON THE CROSS.

“Having made peace through the blood of His cross.” (Col. 1:20.)

2.

PEACE DECLARED BY CHRIST RISEN ON THE
BASIS OF THE WORK OF HIS CROSS.

“Peace be unto you. And when He had so said, He showed unto them His hands and His side.”
(John 20:19, 20.)

3.

PEACE SECURED IN CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

“He is our peace.” (Eph. 2:14.)

4.

PEACE RECEIVED.

He “was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” (Rom. 4:25; 5:1.)

Rome as She Is Today

WHEN speaking of the doctrines and practices of Rome, we are frequently met with the “charitable” and the “fashionable” remark, “But, we are living in the nineteenth century!” This is supposed to set aside mediaeval legend and medieval practice, and is intended to hush all our fears as to extravagance in belief or cruelty in behavior. To be living in the nineteenth century is, however, not to be living in the millennium, neither is it the case that the advent of this century has changed the heart of Rome one whit. We purpose giving from time to time a few pictures of Rome as she is today. In viewing them, our reader will form his own judgment of the Christian honor and enlightenment of those who call out for reunion with Rome.

PICTURE THE FIRST.

The island of Sicily was untouched by the Reformation—no heretical Protestantism defiled its shores, and, until quite recently, its people were under the unmingled light of Romish teaching. James says, “Show me thy faith by thy works,” and thus did the faithful people of Sicily prove their faith.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two (but four years ago), there was a terrible drought in Sicily. For a lengthened period, not only no rain but a blazing scorching sun. At length the priests proposed to appoint a day for special intercession of the saints to send down rain, and summoned the people to a church in a town of one of the sorely afflicted districts.

The people duly assembled, townspeople and peasants, on the day and in the church appointed. Then, with much ceremony, the priests and their assistants removed the gaudily attired images of the saints from their niches, and forming in procession carried them with great honor to the marketplace of the town. A solemn invocation of the saints followed, the people bowing the knee and pleading with them to send down rain. The service ended, the images were again borne aloft, and in procession carried back to the church and replaced in their respective niches.

But no rain came. The sun blazed furiously. “The clouds were far away,” said the people, “the saints have not had time to gather them together.” But the next day, and the next, and still the third day gave no signs of rain, and the people became furious. Again they assembled together in the church, this time not to honor their saints, but to reproach and punish them. “If they will not listen to our prayers,” cried the people, “they must listen to our threats.” So they bore them back to the market place, stripped them of their gaudy attire and thrashed them soundly for not answering their prayers. The following day the images were clothed in rags and thus returned to their niches in the church.

Side Lights on Scripture: A Picture Thousands of Years Old

THE most interesting records of the religious ideas of man, as they existed shortly after the period of the flood, are found in the valley of the Euphrates. As we shall have occasion to refer to these records from time to time, we cannot do better, to begin with, than to supply our readers with a map of the district.

In the district of Babylonia there are numerous mounds which mark the sites of ancient cities, and in various of these the records now so highly valued have been discovered. The "literature" of those days "was very extensive, and the libraries, with which the country was stocked, were full of treatises on all the branches of knowledge pursued by the ancient Chaldeans. One of the most famous of these libraries was that at Agade." This city was near Seppara or Sepharvaim, the city of the sun god.

The Akkadians are reckoned amongst the most ancient of the peoples who dwelt in Babylonia. "The primitive inhabitants of the country, the builders of its cities, the inventors of the cuneiform system of writing . . ." were "the inhabitants of Sumir or Shinar, the plain country, and the Akkadians or 'Highlanders' who had descended from the mountains of Elam subsequently to the first settlement of their kinspeople in Shinar." Their literature was translated by their successors, and comes down to us in clay tablets.

The very seals or cylinders of these ancient people are also in our hands. After being removed by conquerors from their original depository or city, and after lying for thousands of years buried in the ruins of a palace library, they have been dug up to witness to the old beliefs of the world. These seals are engravings made upon such stones as agate, crystal, carnelian, jasper, and hematite. They are small, averaging about an inch and a quarter in length, and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. These durable stones, with the handiwork of the engraver upon them, have remained hardly injured to our days.

Here is a drawing of one of these seals of the most ancient class, and prior to the time when the engraver had become proficient in his art. It is a hard, greenish-colored stone. It represents the temptation in Paradise. The tree of knowledge occupies the center, and two clusters of fruit hang down on either side of it. To these the hands of the two figures are outstretched. Behind the female figure a serpent rises up.

The old seal, so rudely cut, represents in the plainest manner the tradition of the Fall, as it was understood by the people of the plain Shinar, where the Tower of Babel stood. The following fragments of the legend, in which the various "wicked acts of the serpent" are described, point to the same belief.

"In sin one with the other the compact joined.

The command was established in the garden of the god.

The Asnau (fruit) they eat . . .

. . . Themselves they exalted■.”

Sunday Morning Texts

1.

“Peace with God.” Rom. 5:1

We who were “guilty before God” have now “peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ,” and this peace is based upon an immovable foundation■even on God Himself. We have believed His word and hence God has justified us, and, “therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God.” We no longer dread “The Judge of All,” for He is our Justifier. Thus do we enter into our strong tower and are secure; our sins, our transgressions, the accuser, we no longer fear, for “if God be for us who can be against us?” ■such is our absolute safety.

2.

“The Peace of God.” Phil. 4:7.

There is a most blessed Exchange, a Royal Exchange indeed, for the Christian. Give God your cares, your troubles, your burdens, hand over to Him “everything,” and by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God, and then the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. In the affairs of life we go many times to buy what we want, and we must needs go very frequently to God for this blessed exchange. But the miracle is wrought in our hearts and minds as we go and leave our cares with Him, for His own peace thereupon holds our hearts and minds as a garrison through Christ Jesus.

3.

“The God of Peace.” Phil. 4:9.

To the Christian who would know experimentally the best, the happiest, and the holiest companionship, it may be thus obtained : Fill the heart thoughts with whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, and lovely, with whatsoever things are of good report, and if there be any virtue, and praise, think on these things. Also be careful to practice the excellences of the Christian life as they may be heard and seen in the life of such a one as the holy apostle Paul, and the result will be that the God of peace shall be with you.

Our Father holds our hand, as it were, when, as obedient children, we walk in a way which pleases Him. We love to walk in the flower-filled fields in spring with the owner of the dear little hands which are clasped full of beautiful things God has made. We will learn a lesson from the child, and store our hearts with the lovely things our Father loves.

4.

“Perfect Peace.” Isa. 26:3.

In peace, peace, or perfect peace! Thus will God keep us when mind and thought are stayed on Him. And why? Because we trust in Him. For He loves to be confided in, and to reward our trust by keeping us in perfect peace.

Willie of the Ragged School

AS I cast a hasty glance at the boys in my class at the ragged school, the happy face and bright eyes of a little fellow of about eight years of age, fixed my attention. His auburn hair was matted and dirty■his cheeks were sadly in want of a good washing■but there was a charm about the little fellow for all that.

As I was a new teacher, it was some minutes before I could gain the attention of the class, the boys having made up their minds to “try what stuff I was made of.” Each would relate his adventures of the past week. One had slept in a cart; another under some arch. “No home and no friends” was common to almost all of them. One of the urchins laid hold of my feet, and began to make believe cleaning my boots, laughing; he never charged “for teachers’ boots.” But the fair-haired little boy took hold of the rogue’s shoulders, and gravely said, “Go back to your place. You have had enough nonsense tonight. I want to hear what teacher has to tell us.” Thereupon they all cried out, “Now then, teacher, we are quite ready for you.”

At the close I called my fair-haired little friend aside.

“They always call me Willie, sir,” said he. “My mother and father are both poor. You will come again, teacher, won’t you?”

“Wells but you must promise me that you will come to the class with clean face and hands, and with your hair nicely combed.”

“Yes, teacher, I will ask mother to make one tidy, and I will come clean,” said Willie, and away he skipped down the court.

On the following Sunday evening Willie was first in his place, and, with great pleasure, he said, “I am here, teacher; and, see, I have kept my promise■look at me.”

Indeed, I hardly knew him, with his pretty ringlets, clean face and hands, and white pinafore. Many happy evenings have I spent with that class, and though, at times, the boys would have “a lark,” yet they gladly listened to the sweet story of Jesus’ life and death, and what He did for them. Some of these wild little creatures promised to read their Bibles at least once a day, others said they would pray, but I am grieved to tell that none seemed willing to give up their hearts entirely to Jesus, because, as they said, “We shall then have to give up our companions; and if we do this, we shall not be able to get our living.” They would say, “If we could keep our companions and love Jesus too, we would do so.”

After a few Sundays, Willie wished to be elevated to my Sunday-school class. An effort was made, decent clothes were obtained, and, to his great delight, he was duly registered a Sunday-school scholar.

He became a favorite with the other boys, and earned the title, “Serious Willie,” because he paid attention to the lessons and learned the Scripture texts.

Summer came, and with it the school treat to Richmond. It was a delightful morning, and Willie was the first of the class at my house. He had a flower in his buttonhole and two-pence to spend, and was as happy as a bird. It was the little London boy's first Sunday-school treat, and the spreading trees of the old park, with the green grass spangled with flowers, was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. But the day did not end so pleasantly as it began; it rained all the way home, the children got quite wet, and Willie took a severe chill.

The next Sunday, Willie and another scholar went home with me to tea. "Were not the disciples very unkind," he said, "to try and send little children away from Jesus? But how good it was of Him to say, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!' Do you think, teacher, that Jesus would still bless a little boy like me, if I were to try and love Him and pray to Him every day? For I should like to be in heaven, with so many little children, and to be always singing."

"Teacher," he continued, solemnly, "you tell me I must die someday, and leave all whom I love behind; and as that is true, I would rather die and go to heaven while I am a little boy. Jesus would put His arms around me and bless me, like those little ones you have just been reading about—it will be nice to be a little child in heaven."

The following week passed without my seeing Willie, and his place was vacant at the Sunday school. I lost no time in going to his home, where, to my sorrow, I found my fair-haired little friend ill in bed. It

was as I feared; from his mother having to go out during the day to work, the child's cold had been neglected, and he was dangerously ill. But we had a happy talk together. Willie was cheerful and bright; he did not mind being ill, he said, "for it is so nice to read and think about Jesus."

A day or two after I found him so very low, that I feared he could not recover. "Willie, dear," said I, "are you afraid to die?" "No, teacher!" "Why not, Willie?" "Because God has forgiven all my sins, for Jesus' sake, who died to wash them away, and I know Jesus will take me to heaven, because He said when He blessed little children, 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven!'"

He asked me before leaving to pray with him. "What shall I pray for, Willie?" I asked.

"That I may have patience, and not be cross to my mother and father and friends while I am ill, and ask Jesus to take me to heaven." Then he put his head upon the pillow, and took hold of my hand, holding it quite tight until I left him, as he said, "do love Jesus, and how I wish I had loved Him longer than I have."

I must tell you that through the kindness of a lady visitor, his little room was clean and tidy. Clean clothes had been placed upon the bed, and a few flowers had been put in an old-fashioned jug upon the table at his side.

One evening when I called he hardly knew me, but, though his beautiful curls were cut off, Willie still looked himself, with his sweet smile playing round his lips. The dear boy was calling for Jesus to take him to heaven.

Then, not because I doubted his faith, but rather to hear his confession to Christ, I asked, "Are you quite sure Jesus has forgiven all your sins, Willie?"

He fervently replied, "Oh, yes, teacher; if not, I could not be so happy ; but sometimes I cry, when I think how little I have loved Him all these years, and how little I have read His word, and how unkind I have been to Him."

When I was leaving him, he said, "Goodbye, dear teacher; come and see me again, But if I should not be alive, you will meet me in happy heaven above. I thank you for all your kindness and attention to me during my illness, but I thank you most for leading me to Jesus. Goodbye, dear teacher. God bless you." And then he laid his head upon his pillow, and wept. With great difficulty we quieted his affectionate and tender spirit, and then he fell into a gentle sleep.

To the lady who brought him the flowers and made his poor room so nice and clean, Willie said, "I do love Jesus. Oh, tell me more about Him; it is He alone who can make me happy here and in heaven above."

About two hours before the dear boy's death, his favorite text of Jesus blessing the children seemed to fill his heart, for he begged the Lord to take him in His arms to heaven. Just before the Lord received him to Himself, Willie whispered to his parents, "Oh, dear father and mother, I want you to come to heaven with me, for Jesus loves you as well as me"

They replied to the little preacher, "We cannot come now, Willie, but we will come by and by."

He said again, "Mother, won't you love Jesus? He is so kind, and He will make you so happy." His parents answered, "Yes, Willie, we will both love Jesus;" to which the child replied, "Thank you, mother and father; then I shall see you there." And whispering, "Oh, how happy I shall be, for my Saviour I shall see," he quietly turned his head round upon his pillow, and fell asleep.

A Question of Questions

THE Saviour of our souls called the people and His disciples together, and put to them a question of questions: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Let us look the question in the face as honest men and women. Surely the most careless, who would write it down as Christ's question to himself; and place his own name under it, in acknowledgment of the words being addressed to him, could not read it night and morning for any length of time, without falling on his knees and seeking salvation.

The Lord uses the plainest illustrations of everyday life—gaining and losing—in order to make us feel what the value of our soul is. Hence no one can excuse himself after hearing or reading it. To evade it is to court eternal ruin.

The surroundings of this unanswered question are very remarkable, and add intensity to its solemnity. These surroundings may be described as the sufferings of Christ and the glories that shall follow. For just prior to asking the question, the Lord had spoken openly of His rejection, death, and resurrection; and just after the question, He spoke of the kingdom of God coming with power; and this was followed by His transfiguration.

We ask, therefore, What shall it profit me if I shall gain the whole world and lose my own soul? not only in the light of the vanity of the world, but also in the light of the cross of Christ, and the coming glories of the Redeemer and the redeemed.

Our Lord's question to us grew up out of His own words respecting His death for us, if we may so express ourselves. Having spoken of His cross, He spoke of our cross: "Let a man deny himself; and take up his cross." Having spoken of His death for man's salvation, He spoke of man so living in the world as to go out of it without salvation—lost. Thus from the very wounds and sufferings of the Saviour, this question of questions appeals to our hearts. Looking by faith upon Christ crucified, we whisper it to ourselves again and again.

The kingdom of God came with power upon the earth for the brief moments of Christ's transfiguration. He had taken the three apostles with Him to the mount; there He prayed, and they slept. Probably it was night. As He prayed the fashion of His countenance was changed; it became as the sun; and His garments became white and glistening. The light of this glory awakened the disciples, as the morning sun awakens the sleeper.

They beheld Jesus glorified, they saw the divine tabernacle of the glory cloud, where He stood together with His glorified servants, Moses and Elias. They were talking with Jesus, and His coming death was the subject of their converse. These glorified saints were at home in the glory, and at home with their glorified Lord.

We have in this picture a vision of heaven, of the redeemed walking in white with the Redeemer. Sorrows past, joy come; the night no more, the everlasting day arisen. As we consider it we may well say, What shall it profit me if I gain this world and lose that glory?

What Old Isaac Learned From Luke 15:1-7

OLD Isaac sat shivering in his chimney corner, though it was a bright, sunny day in May. All his bones ached with rheumatism, and even the large fire gave him no heat, as he sat looking moodily into it, counting the months since he had last gone to his work. The long-looked-for sunshine had not brought the recovery he expected, and his hopes of getting about again grew more dim daily.

Thus I found him sitting, as I looked into his cottage that spring afternoon.

A few words of sympathy soon drew out the story of how he had been seized with rheumatism last Christmas, and had never done a stroke of work since, and now he was getting thinner and weaker each day.

“Indeed, my opinion is, ma’am that it’s something a deal worse than rheumatics that I’ve got. I think I must be going off.”

“Does it not frighten you, Isaac, to think you may be soon called away? What hopes have you for the other world?”

“Well, I can’t say as how it frightens me. You see I’ve never done no harm to anybody; and it seems to me I’ve as good a chance of heaven as anyone.”

“But is having ‘done no harm’ enough to satisfy a holy God? Have you ever done anything fit for Him?”

“All I can say is I have been a good man all my life. I’ve always done my duty; there isn’t a man on the place the master gives such a good word to as he does to me. I’ve said my prayers reg’lar, and gone to chapel; and I should like to know, ma’am, what could God expect from any man more than that?”

Poor old Isaac! He seemed so satisfied in his self-righteousness that my heart sank. I tried to press upon him the just claims of a holy God, and put before him that even if he were as good as he said, still he fell infinitely short of perfection; and that nothing—nothing but divine righteousness would do for God. All was powerless to break him down, and I felt I could say nothing more. One last resource remained.

“Do you read the Word of God, Isaac?”

“No; I’m no scholar, ma’am.”

“Well, can your wife read to you?”

“My misses can spell a bit, but she could not read a chapter in the Testament!”

“Should you like me, then, to come in sometimes, and read a little to you?”

“Thank you, ma’am; I’d take it kindly.”

“Well, let us have our first reading now.”

I opened my Testament, and, lifting up my heart to God to bring His own Word to bear on the conscience of the poor, self-complacent old man, turned to Luke 15 and read the first seven verses, commenting shortly on them.

From that day I often went to read a little to old Isaac, but, fearing that no impression was being made, I only spoke about the Scriptures read, without making any direct appeal to him. It was, therefore, a glad surprise to me when he said one day, in a very earnest tone, “I do feel grateful to you, ma’am, for coming to see me. I have got good.”

“What good, Isaac?”

“I’ve got hold of Christ.”

The news seemed too good to be true. I dared hardly believe it.

“But you told me you were all right for heaven the first day I came to see you.”

“So I did, ma’am; but I know now I was going straight to t’other place.”

“How came you to find that out?”

“Do you remember, ma’am, the day you read to me about the Shepherd seeking the wandering sheep, and about the people that thought they were so good that they had no sins to repent of? Well, I’ve never got that story out of my head since—I may say night and day; it seemed to follow me like, and it will follow me as long as I live. It’s at the top here,” striking his hand on his heart; “it lies here.”

“And what did you learn from it, Isaac?”

“Well, I went over and over it in my mind, and thinks I to myself, I’m just one of them there folks, saying I’m so good, and all the while I’m a very wicked man. Oh, ma’am, I was a-wandering, and a-wandering, when God sent a friend to show me Jesus; and now the Good Shepherd has found me, and He is carrying me safe home on His shoulder, and I’m sure I’m for Christ.”

Yes, it was quite true. The wandering sheep was found, and the news that old Isaac had got hold of Christ was not too good for the tender mercy of our God.

My visits to the little cottage are so different now, and our readings have become very happy and blessed since Isaac knew the Lard Jesus.

“I do always so enjoy a bit of the Word, you know, ma’am,” is his answer when I ask if he is not in too much pain for me to read that day.

“Oh, I do thank God that you ever popped your head inside my door,” bursting into tears of gratitude; “to think I should have lived all these years, and not have found Christ before! The Lord is good. He is precious. Bless Him!”

And now Isaac wishes to tell to others the story of God’s grace, for in “a day of good things” none should hold their peace.

“I used to think I did not care much whether I ever got better or not, but now I should like to get just well enough to tell folks about Jesus.”

However, Isaac has not strength to leave his cottage fire, to tell what Jesus has done for him; but as the neighbors come in for a little chat, he gives his simple testimony to the One who has loved him and washed him from his sins in His own blood.

The rheumatic pains grow worse and worse, but the old suffering look is succeeded by a bright smile of peace and joy.

He says, “Talk of suffering, I do suffer; but it’s all nought now I’ve got Christ; and my sufferings are not worth talking of again’ His.

“What love it was of God to send down His Son to die Just think of Him there on the cross, with the crown of thorns round His head, and the nails through His hands and His feet It makes me tremble to think of what they did to Him; and He bore it all for the likes of us■not for some of us, but for all of us, if we’ll only trust Him. Blessed be God!”

Spiritual Growth

“Grow up into Him in all things.” ■EPHES. 4:15.

TRUE Christianity is a life. A life grows. True Christianity is not a simple change of opinion; the adoption of a creed; the taking of a name; a profession: it is the receiving of a life. And where there is life there must be growth.

“Christ in you” is a great accomplished fact in reference to every believer. Christ is the life of the renewed soul, and a question for each of such, and one of the utmost importance, is this, “Am I giving that life fair opportunity for development?” I am afraid the spirit of the world is invading many Christian homes and churches, and that instead of the development of life into all the holy and beautiful features of the character of Jesus the Lord, it is too often buried under a mass of worldliness.

This life will not develop in the air of the godless convivial circle. The Christian must keep himself unspotted from the world—must keep on Christ’s side of the dividing line.

“Grow up”! The growth which Jesus gives is a growth into higher motives, purer thoughts, nobler aims; a growth that takes one further and further still from earth. A man of God once prayed, “Lord, grant that every day I live I may be less like what I used to be, and more like that which I shall be when Christ comes.” This is what we need—what some of us long for and pray for; a growth that increasingly leaves the world beneath.

“Such a life is worth living.” “Grow up into Him.” Oh, to be lost in Him! so that, like Paul, we may each say, “I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”

It is only as we grow up into Him that we can have any real spiritual influence over others. The measure of our power to be a help or blessing to others, is the measure in which we are filled with Christ.

The New Testament abounds in proofs that the only source of permanent spiritual life in the Christian is found in his vital inward union with Christ. Christ is in him his hope of glory. As no branch beareth fruit except it abide in the vine, neither will the Christian bear fruit unless he abides in Christ; but abiding in Him we grow in love, humility, and knowledge.

The watchman who discovered on a bitter night, in a fireless house, a poor dead mother with a hungry infant toiling in vain at the pale, cold bosom to which it clung, found a touching emblem of a starving soul struggling to thrive and grow of itself. Thank God, the bosom of Infinite Love will never be frozen. “Because I live ye shall live also.”

May the Lord Jesus, by His omnipotent grace, help all His people to live in His power, for His glory, until He comes.

“Thou of life the fountain art,

Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.”

The Holy Spirit in Missions

THE chief aim of this volume is to give honor to the Holy Spirit and the Word of God in mission work.

“The Word of God, carried by the man of God, is simplest statement of mission work,” says the writer, and illustrates his statement by the lives, labors, and conquests of many missionaries throughout the Christian centuries. The missionary work of the Church is “to bring Christ to all the world,” and “in any century, whether in a single heart, or in a company of believers, whenever there has been a fresh effusion of the Spirit, there has followed inevitably a fresh endeavor in the work of evangelizing the world.”

Thus is Columba, of the sixth century, described: “The Holy Spirit was his great reliance for transforming the savage hearts to which he ministered; and the Holy Spirit in his own heart was his great resource for making him an effective preacher of the Word.” The volume overflows with testimony to the fact that the Word of God, dwelling in the heart of a pagan, does by the power of the Holy Spirit create Christian graces and a holy life, while all efforts to civilize pagans into Christianity are utterly vain.

From an abundance of incidents we select three which speak of the true spirit of mission work, of Divine guidance in it, and of God-given results.

Gossner, “instead of an elaborate manual of instructions,” gave the following “simple and stirring commission” to his missionaries

“Believe, hope, love, pray, burn, waken the dead! Hold fast by prayer; wrestle like Jacob! Up, up, my brethren! The Lord is coming, and to everyone He will say, Where hast thou left the souls of these heathen? With the devil? Oh, swiftly seek these souls, and enter not without them into the presence of the Lord.”

Barnabas Shaw, being forbidden to preach the gospel in Cape Town (in the time of Dutch rule in Africa), bought a yoke of oxen and a cart, and, with his wife, headed the kine towards the interior, not knowing whither he went. After having travelled for over three hundred miles, on the twenty-seventh day he encamped for the night. A company of Hottentots halted near them. “On entering into communication with them, they learned to their astonishment that this band of heathen, headed by their chief, were journeying to Cape Town in search of a missionary to teach them ‘the great Word,’ as they expressed it.” This was, indeed, a meeting of divine guidance! “What is this but a modern chapter of the Acts of the Apostles?”

“The Fiji Islands, perhaps, present the most impressive miracle of missions in all the world. James Calvert, the devoted pioneer evangelist to this people, says: When I first arrived at the Fiji group my first duty was to bury the hands, feet, heads, and bones of arms and legs of eighty victims, whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast. I lived to see the very cannibals who had taken part in that inhuman festival gathered about the Lord’s table.”

The growth of missions over the world, the multitudes of heathen who have become Christian, are well pictured; but the author makes too little of departure from the simplicity of Christian faith and the growth of paganism in Christendom. The volume will afford its reader not only instruction in godliness, but that which is all-important—help in the way of personal holiness.

FOOD FOR THE YOUNG.

MIND how you supply young Christians with spiritual food. Be as thoughtful and wise as the tender nurse with the infant: give them the pure, the unadulterated milk of the Word. Ours is a day of adulteration in food, but we can, more or less, keep supervision by inspectors over dishonest traders; but who can watch over and expose the distribution of adulterated spiritual food? Poor food makes poor bodies, and poor spiritual food makes poor souls. Also avoid shells and nuts; in other words, do not be very dry and difficult

The Story of the Jesuits: Chapter 3

IGNATIUS LOYOLA: HIS PERSONALITY AND HIS SURROUNDINGS, FROM CRADLE TO KNIGHTHOOD

OF all romantic stories, few are more romantic than that which we have to tell. The arch-Jesuit's early life was almost as remarkable as the career of his notorious Society. But one who could devise and organize a company which should out-Rome Rome herself, must be a man of no ordinary mold.

Spain■that most Roman Catholic of all Roman Catholic countries■was the birthplace of our hero. In a feudal castle, owned by the aristocratic family, Loyola, and which towered between the two small towns, Azcoitia and Azpeitia, in the province of Guipuzcoa, on the Bay of Biscay, a seventh son was born to Knight Bertram in the year 1491. Little did his parents guess what a destiny awaited their unconscious infant son! Little did Christendom dream what vast issues to herself lay wrapped up in the cradle that contained Don Innigo Lopez de Ricalde■the child Ignatius!

In spite of his parents' high-born lineage and titles, no extensive property belonged to his family beyond two castles and the land surrounding them, unless a quiver full of children, of whom Ignatius was the youngest, be considered Sir Bertram's fortune! As a boy Ignatius showed unmistakably that he had talents, and intended to use them. His brain was not, however, over-taxed by an elaborate education. Beyond learning to read and write in his mother tongue, the uncle who partially adopted him for the greater part of his childhood, did not consider it necessary to instruct him, save in such accomplishments as fencing, dancing, and playing on the mandolin. At fourteen years of age it was considered time that his future course should be decided. His father, apparently a stranger to all religious impressions, sought for his boy a more brilliant career than the cloister, and accepted with alacrity the offer of a distant connection, the Duke of Majera, to obtain for his son a situation as page at the court of Ferdinand V. and Isabella of Spain.

At the court Ignatius received the finishing strokes of his education as gentleman and knight. He became a favourite, and gained the flattering reputation of being an agreeable, brave, self-sacrificing, first-rate "caballeros," who, although conceited and high-spirited, yet never broke his word. There was something exceedingly attractive about the well-knit figure, the broad, open forehead, the grey eyes, the fine Roman nose, and the gallant bearing of the youth. He soon won popularity in the brilliant and luxurious court circle.

But his was a purposeless life, and it became intolerably tedious to his ardent nature. Seized with a craving for military distinction, Ignatius determined to become a soldier. He confided his ambition to Duke Roseta, gained his sympathetic ear and helping hand, and left the enervating atmosphere of the Spanish court for the barracks. As an officer, though gay and profligate like his comrades in camp, he was foremost at any point of danger. His systematic study of the art of war, and his practical knowledge on the field itself, proved to be of priceless value in after-life, though he little realized their worth in his soldier days. The future "general" of the "little battalion" learnt no tactics

or maneuvers in vain!

Just at this time there were great opportunities for the young officer to acquire fame. For ten long years both Charles V. of Spain and Francis I. of France had been striving to become master of Europe. The hopes of Ignatius ran high. Before long his worth would be recognized, and he would win a great name.

But in a moment these dreams vanished! In 1521 the defense of the citadel of Pampeluna against the French was entrusted to him. At the critical moment, however, Ignatius fell, his right leg shattered by a cannon ball, his left foot crushed by a crumbling wall. His men lost courage and surrendered unconditionally. The French commander generously granted Ignatius his liberty without ransom, and had him removed carefully to the ancestral castle on the Bay.

The broken limb, which was beginning to join, was displaced by the movement to which he was subjected on the journey, and the surgeons advised breaking it again and resetting.

The unflinching spirit of Ignatius was more than equal to enduring the pain this involved. While his sisters were shedding tears of pity he wore a smile, and not a single sound escaped his lips. A long illness, however, followed, and he was brought almost to the gates of death. On recovering, what was his dismay to find that his limb was not only shortened, but distorted by an unsightly projecting piece of bone! This was too provoking for one so vain. He insisted that the detestable piece of bone should be sawn off, and then he himself contrived an iron stretcher by means of which the shrunken muscles of his leg should be lengthened. It was of no use. Ignatius, in spite of his heroism, was a cripple. He saw in his mirror, instead of the sprightly figure and face of a cavalier, the wrinkled brow, bald head, and drawn features of a prematurely old man—lame for life!

Mortified that with his goodly presence, flattery and admiration, as well as the hope of military glory, had vanished, and that the lovely Donna Isabella Rosella had already turned from the courtship of a cripple, a complete and sudden change took place in his mind. His keen ambition, if thwarted in one direction, should take another. Ignatius an object of pity—of contempt? Never! If he could not be a general, he would become a saint.

During his long illness, friends had endeavored to make him forget his weariness by the loan of religious books. For the first time he had read the extraordinary adventures narrated in the “Flores Sanctorum” (Flowers of the Saints). His imagination and enthusiasm had been fired, and he now resolved to make the Virgin Mary queen of his heart, and by her help to become a second Januarius. He would gain power, heal diseases, acquire the magic blessedness of passing through blazing fire uninjured, and even conquer hell itself! He would strictly imitate the behavior of these holy people until Mary should herself consecrate him as her saint.

His first act towards the coveted end was to clothe himself in filthy garments. Leaving his face unwashed, his hair uncombed, and fasting until he fainted, he would frequently, as he afterwards narrated, receive visions of the Virgin and saints.

That the former brilliant warrior should become a complete fool, as they thought, roused the indignation of his family. His brother remonstrated with him, but Ignatius was not a man to be laughed out of his course. He would not give up the project he held so sacred, and left the Castle Loyola. He framed an excuse that he was riding out to meet the Duke of Majera, and made off to

the “miraculous” shrine of Mary at Montserrat, in Catalonia.

Ignatius arrived there in March, 1522. Meeting a beggar by the way, he exchanged his knightly clothing for a long coat of coarse sailcloth and a pair of sandals. He retained his sword and dagger, as we shall see. Then, slinging a rope round his waist, and attaching a gourd to it for a flask, with staff in hand he proceeded to visit the hermit Clanon. For three days he knelt before him in confession. This done, he flogged himself until the blood came, as chastisement for his previous worldly life. Then he kept a solemn night watch before the chapel of the Queen of Heaven; and, in token of devoting himself completely to her service as “Knight of the Virgin,” he hung up his sword and dagger beside her altar.

Following this, as part of his program for obtaining sanctity, came the plan of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But Ignatius, anxious that the world should stand amazed at works of penitence and self-inflicted tortures never before witnessed or heard of betook himself to the hospital at the little town of Manresa, close to the port from which he intended in time to sail for the Holy Land. There his companions were beggars and the sick. He would lie upon the bare ground at night, and flog himself publicly with his iron chain girdle three times in the day. He refused all food except the bread and water he begged on the road. He gained much the same notoriety as might be expected under similar circumstances in the present day—a plentiful bespattering of mud and refuse from street boys. Yet this was greatly to his satisfaction; it was a proof that his body was becoming truly mortified.

Only a few months, however, of this mortifying notoriety passed. His noble birth was found out by chance, and reverent curiosity took the place of contempt—people flocked to see the holy man who was voluntarily inflicting so much misery upon himself. This did not at all gratify Ignatius, and, fearing that public notice would make him proud, he withdrew to a cavern outside the town, where by long fasts, severer and more frequent lashings with the iron scourge, and by hours of prayer upon his bare knees, he sought to gain holiness. No wonder that between his fainting fits he should be visited with marvelous apparitions! The wonder is that men should be found who believed in such visions as those which were afterwards related in the only volume Ignatius Loyola ever wrote.

In “Holy Exercises” his readers are told that during an ecstasy Ignatius saw the Holy Trinity in the form of three piano notes, closely bound together, hanging upon a stalk; and that in another, the Wafer became transformed into the true Body of Christ before his eyes!

The weakened condition of body into which Ignatius had brought himself might have effectually terminated all his revelations had not the dying “Knight of the Virgin” been accidentally discovered in his cave. When Ignatius regained consciousness he found himself once more under the care of priests and nuns in Manresa hospital. There, mind and body quickly recovered tone, and the conviction dawned upon him—strengthened by the assurance of his confessors—that it might be advantageous to his eternal welfare if he would now endeavor to lead others to repentance, and that his mission was to convert the heathen. Consequently he must reserve some amount of physical strength and health, and, perhaps, preserve a slightly more prepossessing appearance. With his usual vigor of determination his plans were made, and “To Jerusalem and Palestine to convert the Turks!” became his watchword.

Throwing off his coarse cloak, and reducing the length of his hair to more correct proportions, in the year 1523 he set out from Barcelona as a missionary to the heathen. He begged his passage money on board the ship that bore him as far as Gaeta, on his way to the Holy Land. "Such changes," writes an historian, "took place in the mind of Don Innigo Lopez Loyola in the short space of one year. And," he adds satirically, "one sees from this what enormous results may be brought about by a badly-mended broken leg!"

Side Lights on Scripture: 3. The Tree of Life and the Cherubim

AMONGST the most ancient legends of Babylonia are to be found those of the sacred tree and the cherubim.

The early seals afford rude illustrations of these legends, and, as art developed, the forms of the cherubim assumed a most impressive character, and for many centuries adorned mighty palaces. Man, bull, lion, and eagle—four elements—“are found in Assyrian Kiribu,” and are so artistically rendered “as to create a figure of harmonious forms, in which nothing shocks the taste, and the expression of which is noble, majestic, and natural.” This may be regarded as evidence of the thorough way in which the spirit of the legends of the cherubim had taken hold of the people, and had for centuries indwelt Babylonia.

Returning to the sacred tree, or Tree of Life. This was said to be hidden in the confines of the world. The road to it “was rough, unknown, beset with dangers, and no one of those who had ventured upon it had ever returned.” Gilgames (supposed to be the Nimrod of Scripture), the hero of the legend, declares he will visit the gods and learn “how to become immortal.” This Gilgames had learned the secrets of the beginning of things. “He had even made known to men what had taken place before the deluge.” In due course he arrives near his destination, and finds “the gate guarded day and night by supernatural beings.” These are “the scorpion men, of whom the stature extends upwards as far as the supports of Heaven, and of whom the breasts descend as low as Hades,” and whose “splendor confounds and overturns the mountains.”

Here we have in legend form a notion of the cherubim who were placed in the Garden of Eden, supernatural power and splendor being inherent to them.

In due course one tree which especially excites the hero’s wonder is reached. “As soon as he sees it he runs towards it. Its fruits are so many precious stones, its boughs are splendid to look upon, for the branches are weighed down with lapis, and their fruits are superb.”

But the water of Death encircles this Tree of Life, and Gilgames cannot reach it save by the help of the gods.

Here lies a great truth! The life is lost. The way to life is now by death! It is not unfrequently the case that a great fact is to be found in an environment of fable.

The sacred tree, or Tree of Life, is portrayed frequently on cylinders. Its position was localized in the legends close to the city Eridu. “In Eridu a dark pine grew, in an illustrious place it was planted . . . its seat was the central place of the earth.” The flaming sword which turned every way and guarded the Tree of Life is also alluded to. The mighty Merodach thus speaks: “The sun of fifty faces, the lofty weapon of my divinity, I bear. . . My mighty weapon, which like an orb smites in a circle . . . the great sword, the falchion of my divinity . . .”

Such are the thoughts of the earliest inhabitants of this earth after the flood. And now, when the world is old, these recently-found old-world thoughts are full of significance.

Sunday Morning Texts

1.

We shall all be changed. 1 Cor. 15:51.

ALL! Yes, every believer shall "bear the image of the heavenly." This is the grand prospect for all. No more shall any of us be representatives of the earthy, of fallen Adam, but of Him who is the Beloved of the Father!

2.

We shall be like Him. 1 John 3:2.

At this very hour "we are the children of God," but we are not royally attired. Far from it. We are in the world, in bodies which could not endure the sight and presence of His present glory. But we shall see Him "as He is," in His radiance, and we shall be made "like Him" in order that we may do so.

3.

Like unto His glorious body. Phil. 3:21.

This very body, so often the servant of self and of folly, so often weary and spent, and unable to attend the desires of the spirit, Jesus Himself will fashion like unto His glorious body. He is brighter than the sun; He is more glorious than the angels■we shall be glorious as He.

4.

That where I am, there ye may be also. John 14:3.

At home in heaven, in the Father's house, Jesus Himself making heaven home for us. Thus does He cheer and comfort us personally by His personal love to us.

5.

Then face to face. 1 Cor. 13:12.

"Now■Then!" Now, through a glass darkly, now in a riddle; but when this short now is past, then face to face; "then shall I know even as also I am known." Then with divinely-given ability to behold His glory, and to understand Him! Changed! Like Him! With Him! No sorrow, no mist; face to face with Christ, and "for ever with the Lord."

Scripture Unfoldings: The Divine Institution of the Sabbath

SABBATH A SIGN IN ISRAEL.

THE ordinary student of the Holy Scriptures, who accepts them as they were written, would find it difficult, if not impossible, to separate the story of Israel from the divine institution of the sabbath in that nation; and to blind himself to the fact of the sabbath being a sign between Jehovah and Israel. Scientific enquirers in their researches in the domain of nature, seek to acquaint themselves with the laws and principles which govern the particular branch of their study, and Scripture enquirers should at least seek to follow the scientist in this respect, and make them-

selves acquainted with the laws and principles of the Book they criticize. There are divine laws and principles in the Scriptures in relation to the Sabbath, which are certainly as apparent as the colors of the rainbow are to the eye which is not color blind. We see the sign of light in the rainbow; we see the sign of coming rest in the Sabbath. Man's hand did not paint the rainbow on the cloud, neither did the priests of Ezra's days, who had learned their lessons in Babylonia, pen the sign of the Sabbath in Israel.

The first occasion on which the Sabbath is said to be a sign in Israel is of the utmost importance. In the Scriptures, when a truth is mentioned for the first time, it is frequently enunciated in the form of a great principle, which becomes developed and enlarged in after ages. Genesis is the seed plot of the whole Bible. In a kindred way the book of Exodus, beginning with Israel's bonds, ends with Israel's rejoicing in the glory of God. The first mention of

THE SABBATH AS A SIGN BETWEEN JEHOVAH AND ISRAEL

was made to Moses on the mount of God, when he had received the instructions for the erection of the sanctuary in Israel's midst. "Verily My sabbaths ye shall keep," said Jehovah: "for it is a sign between Me and you throughout your generations. . . . Six days may work be done: but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to Jehovah. . . . It is a sign between Me and the children of Israel for ever; for in six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day He rested and was refreshed." The words, "in the seventh is the sabbath of rest," indicate the seventh day as a time measure, and that on that day was the holy Sabbath. This carries our thoughts to those ancient testimonies from Babylonia to which reference has already been made. The fulfilment of the sign, which was first given in creation, was eventually to be found through Israel. And this principle, as we shall see, was expanded in the feasts of the Lord. But before looking at the expansion, we call attention to the way in which the command respecting the observance and the sign of the Sabbath was given.

The injunctions delivered to Moses on the mount are contained in chapters 25. to 31. They are divided into seven sections, each of which begins with the well-known formula— "And Jehovah spake unto Moses." The first six are introductory to the seventh, as were the six days of creation to the seventh day. First, the sanctuary and its service are fully provided for; lastly, the holy rest of the Sabbath is in view.

THE SAME PRINCIPLES AND LAWS

which are apparent in the book of Genesis are thus apparent in the book of Exodus. In the beginning God worked and brought man into the perfect rest which followed the divine work; in the unfolding on the mount, by means of gifts, redemption, cleansing, hallowing, intercession, and construction of the sanctuary, Jehovah could rest in the midst of Israel, who should keep holy Sabbath to Him.

The next mention of the Sabbath is upon the occasion of the descent of Moses from the mount of God to Israel after he had been there the second time. Israel's idolatry had been forgiven, and the sanctuary was about to be erected. Gifts were to be offered, and a noble service of love was to be performed in the spirit. The introduction to this was, that Moses said to assembled Israel, "The seventh day ... shall be to you an holy day, a sabbath of rest to Jehovah." Israel was to give to God and to work for God in the spirit of His holy rest. Can we fail to see a sign here— one of moral and

spiritual importance!

The life of the nation of Israel and the observance of the Sabbath are closely connected together. The whole religious year was a series of seven feasts of Jehovah, and the weekly feast of the sabbath governed them all. In the records of these feasts that of the sabbath stands first and alone, as a sort of preface to the seventh; and in this we have again a witness to the plan of the Book of God—the seed plot comes first. The Sabbath contains the great purpose to which the seven feasts lead up.

THESE FEASTS WERE SIGNS

between Jehovah and Israel. They were of weekly and yearly occurrence. When Israel flourished the feasts were kept; when Israel decayed they were neglected. If Israel's life revived, the observance of the feasts revived also.

There is not space to enlarge upon the feasts in this paper, but all are aware that the signs contained in the first four have been fulfilled or are in fulfilment—the very days of three of them having been literally observed.

The first feast, the Passover, was kept when “Christ our Passover” was “sacrificed for us.”

The second, that of unleavened bread, which lasted seven days—a perfect period of time—is now being kept by the redeemed when their lives are lived “in sincerity and truth.”

The third, the sheaf of the firstfruits, was kept when Christ rose from the dead and became “the firstfruits of them that slept.”

The fourth, fifty days after, was kept, the Holy Spirit descending from heaven “when the day of Pentecost was fully come.”

What, then, were these feasts but signs in Israel between Jehovah and them? Signs, too, which were literally realized, and none of which could have occurred without the foundation of the Sabbath, as a perusal of their proclamation will prove.

The last three feasts have yet to be fulfilled. As the reader studies the order of the proclamation a break is manifest at the end of the fourth feast. A clean riddance of the harvest field is not to be made; the poor and the stranger are contemplated; for a new beginning is to occur, initiated by the call of trumpets. What is this? A freak of the priests of Ezra's time, a clever plan of designing men who had learned their craft in Babylon? Nothing of the kind, but a divine purpose.

The descent of the Holy Ghost forming the Church is not the last act of God in this world; far from it. The Jews are to be brought again into relationship with Jehovah. The sign of the Sabbath is yet to be inaugurated on the earth.

THE SEVENTH DAY SABBATH

does not pertain to Christendom. Christians keep not a seventh day holy day, but a first day holy day, the Lord's Day, for the Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath. Christians keep His resurrection day, who kept Sabbath for them in the grave, and they should keep that day in holiness to Him. For centuries the Jews, who reject Christ our Passover, and who reject the Holy Ghost sent down

from heaven, have kept their Sabbath, but the feasts of Jehovah can only be duly kept in Jehovah's land. Israel's feasts are but poor reminders of the lost feasts of Jehovah.

But when Christ shall have come, and the holy day of the Christian, the Lord's day, be kept no more, and when Israel shall have returned to their land, then shall a great arousing take place, a blowing of trumpets as the call of Jehovah, and

ISRAEL "SHALL...HAVE A SABBATH"

which shall open up the grand fulfilment of the last three of the seven feasts of Jehovah.

Higher criticism may see no sign here, but when that call of God to Israel is heard, the sign will be as evident as is that of the fulfilment of the Passover and Pentecost now!

Our space is nearly filled up, but the moral character of the sign between Israel and Jehovah must be noticed. The people lapsed into idolatry both under the judges and the kings, and the Sabbaths were sorely neglected. We may say that when the Sabbaths were not kept

A SIGN OF ISRAEL'S DEPARTURE FROM JEHOVAH

was apparent.

When the spiritual life revived in the nation the observance of the feasts revived also. But as time went on, Israel lapsed into deeper indifference. At length the land was given over to strangers "to fulfil the word of Jehovah . . . until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths: for as long as she lay desolate, she kept Sabbath." The last testimony of the Old Testament relative to the sabbath being a sign is found in the words of Ezekiel, when he was "among the captives." God recalled to the captive remnant the sin of their fathers from the very first in relation to His sabbath: "I gave them," He said, "My sabbaths to be a sign between Me and them, that I am Jehovah that sanctify them;" but Israel's "heart went after their idols," and hence Jehovah's holy days were not observed. The special sacrifices and services on the Sabbaths were a sign in Israel, and one which Israel despised when given over to idolatry.

After the captivity the letter of the law was observed with careful attention, but Scripture does not speak of the sign of the Sabbath subsequent to the captivity. The glory of the nation had departed.

Bible Class Outline: At His Feet

THE SINNER.

Seeking mercy at “His feet.” (Luke 7:38.)

THE SINNER HAVING FOUND MERCY.

Reposing “at the feet of Jesus.” (Luke 8:35.)

THE DISCIPLE.

Hearing “at Jesus’ feet.” (Luke 10:39.)

THE DISCIPLE.

Worshipping at His “feet.” (Matt. 28.9.)

Protestants Awake!

PROTESTANTS awake! can be read in two ways: either as, Protestants are awake, or, Protestants should awake. Let our readers receive the words as descriptive or exhortative, as best suits each individual case.

Jesuit missions to Protestants are the order of the day. In Gardiner Street, Dublin, the headquarters of the Society have been busy of late. Three carefully prepared discourses were delivered by Doctor Delany, S. J. (Society of Jesus), on "Christian Reunion," and efforts were made to induce Dublin Protestants to attend their delivery. As the Doctor had the command of the Romish press his sermons were reported in full.

In the first discourse the Doctor announced that the only hope for the Reunion of Christendom was absorption into the Romish system, which, he said, could boast an unbroken succession through all ages, back to the apostles. He added, that the presence of an infallible guide to teach, and a supreme head to govern and rule, would render the union permanent. The second sermon, as might be expected, was a plea for the infallibility of this guide, teacher, and ruler—the Pope. And, as a logical conclusion, the last sermon was devoted to persuading his hearers that the Bible is not a sufficient rule of faith.

The Reunion of Christendom, then, means submission to the guidance, teaching, and rule of the Pope, and the rejection of the Word of God as the rule for faith. In other words it means, Submit to the Pope's word (or that of the Jesuits) and reject God's Word.

These sermons caused some stir in Dublin, but amongst the many able men there, no one arose to answer them. We should think Dublin could give a regiment of speakers able to do so. Protestants need to awake! The way to save a man from drowning is hardly sitting down and calculating the injury the procedure might work upon us.

At length the Rev. P. B. Johnson, of the Irish Church Missions, announced in two Roman Catholic newspapers a course of sermons in reply. This called the Jesuits to arms, and promptly these newspapers were forbidden to insert any more of such advertisements; and a message was conveyed to the Irish Church Missions office that the advertisement had been stopped.

There was no means of reporting the reply sermons. But nine thousand of the first were printed, and were put by the mission workers in the letter boxes of the district surrounding the Jesuit chapel.

The numbers of the hearers of Mr. Johnson increased, till the partition which separates the mission church from the schoolroom had to be removed, and thus two hundred and fifty extra seats were added to the usual number. Romanists became enquirers, and many interesting conversations were recorded.

Protestants, awake! Take a page out of the book of the Irish Church Missions. Remember that the efforts to produce the Reunion of Christendom are efforts to deprive men of their liberty of

conscience, and to make them spiritual slaves of the Pope■or, rather, the Jesuits at his back; to steal away the Scriptures of God and the right of reading them as they are written, and to force men to believe the new and strange doctrines of Rome; and efforts to deprive Christian people of their honorable right to obey God rather than men. There are ten thousand Christian men in England who are capable of instructing the rising generation in the truths of the gospel which Rome assails. Let them arise, and in their homes, in classes, and in public assembly, speak up boldly for the Faith. The progress of Rome in this country is due primarily to the indifference of Protestants.

We should be delighted to be the means of forwarding to the Irish Church Missions any sums, large or small, that may be entrusted to us. Its workers are brave and gracious men. They are taking the Scriptures to the peasants of Ireland, who accept them in a way unknown to living memory.

The Parable of the Sower

LET us picture the beautiful Lake of Galilee. The slopes of the mountains are busy with people cultivating the land, and a great crowd is gathered together along the shore. Why are all these people collected together? A little fishing boat is floating upon the clear blue water, and in it are some fishermen, and amongst them is One upon whom every eye is fixed. He is Jesus. The people are gathered together to hear Him. He is speaking to them about the sower who is sowing his seed in the field.

You like to watch the sower. His basket of seed is near his left hand, close by his heart. He walks over the heavy ground with a swinging step; his right arm keeps his right foot company, as he dips his hand into the seed basket and with a long swing scatters the corn. He walks in a straight line, and before the sun has set he will have broadcast his seed over the field.

The field, says the Lord, is the world; and the seed the Word of God.

Now let us look at the field. A pathway runs across it. Upon this pathway the people pass and re-pass; it is trodden down hard. Now look! The sower must cross the path. See, he goes on, his arm swinging and casting abroad his seed just as though there were no path. He knows very well that his seed will not grow upon the path, but his duty is to sow over the whole field, and some seed which he scatters will spring up close to the very edge of the path, so he slacks not his hand. Look again! He has crossed over the path and is mounting the slope of the hill. And upon the path, just where he had sown the seed, numbers of little birds have settled. They are very busy. They are eating up the seed. Now they seem quieter. One or two give a peck here and there. Off they all fly. There is not a seed left on the path.

The Lord tells us that the path is like the careless hearer of the Word of God. It falls upon the hard heart, not into it. There it lies. Then comes Satan, and he takes it all away out of the heart, and the hearer seems as if he had never heard of God, of sin, pardon, or eternity. I wonder if any of our young friends are like the path! The Word of God does not enter into their hearts; it falls upon them. They hear, but do not attend. They hear, but do not believe. And Satan snatches away the seed, so that their hearts are like the path from which the birds of the air had pecked up all the seed.

The sower is coming down the field now. There are some pieces of rocky ground near where he is. In a field on a mountain side great pieces of rock are often found, and when the corn is ripe and yellow, they look like dark patches in the field. Now the sower has neared the rocky part. He is walking carefully. Swing goes his arm, and the handful of seed flies abroad. Some of it falls upon the edges of the rocks. And on the sower goes, right down the field to its edge. It is near noon day, and he is resting.

Let us observe the rocky part. We come in a few days' time to the spot. Gentle rain has fallen. There are some little green sprouts showing. Surely they are wheat! But there is not the sign of a blade in the deep soil of the field. Can it be so? Yes, they are wheat shoots.

Our Lord tells us they sprang up thus because there was no depth of earth. There was no root-room, consequently the seed shot upwards. But only to wither away for lack of root. Do you know of any young people like this? They hear the Word, and immediately receive it with joy, but they have no root in themselves. Hence, when trial or affliction because of the Word arises they are offended as quickly as they were made happy on hearing the Word. This may occur at school, or amongst young friends; they are laughed at, called pious, and holy, and they are offended.

The sower is at his work again. He is mounting the slope, he has crossed the path; now he is near the rocky part, and close by that spot there are some patches of thorns and briars. He takes out his handful of seed, and as he swings his arm some of the seed falls amongst the thorns. On the sower goes, the same steady step, for the sun is casting afternoon shadows across the field, and his work is not yet done.

Let us keep this thorny spot in view. When the field begins to show green, there will be some pale shoots amongst the thorns. Here and there they peep out, but they are not strong, for the thorns absorb the rays of the sun and obtain the dropping dew. The thorns grow too, and it is a struggle for light and air.

But the thorns are strong; they hold their ground, and choke the wheat, which languishes and dies.

And who are these? Our Lord says: "These are they who hear the Word, and the cares of life, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things, entering in choke the Word, and it becomes unfruitful." Perhaps this description of the thorns is more suited to older persons; yet if boys and girls are usually spared the cares of life, and the deceitfulness of riches, they, too, have the lusts, and pleasures of other things in their hearts. There are joys in God's Word, but these will not grow up in the heart where the thorns of this world fill it.

The greater part of the field has been covered step by step, cast by cast, by the sower. He went forth to sow, and the evening is at hand. Some of the seed he sowed has fallen upon good ground, ground over which the plowman passed, prepared and made ready for the seed. The sower's day is nearly gone. Now his work is over, and he has bent his steps home. Let us think about the good ground where he cast the seed.

There lies the seed, hidden in the soil. In due time it receives the gentle rain, and the hot sun's rays crumble the large pieces of soil over it, and in its tiny bed of earth each precious grain begins to strike downwards in the power of life, and after that to rise upwards. First root, then shoot. The field begins to be covered with tender green shoots, and these rise up and grow strong for the winds to sway to and fro. A few weeks more and all may see what the patient sower wrought on the bright spring day. What wonders have followed the swing of his arm and the measured tread of his feet! But he did not do his work merely to clothe the hill slope with green. He sowed his seed for the harvest of his master. So we will visit the field again. The sun has ripened the corn which the good ground bore; the field is yellow with waving corn, with countless golden ears all bending low; the one grain has become thirty, sixty, and even a hundred. If we like to have pictures of birds of the air, and brambles, familiar to us in England, let us also have a picture of such fruitful wheat as grows in Eastern lands, and which bears some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold.

Now, what does the Master say of the good ground? Good ground hearers hear and understand; hear and receive; hear and keep; and bring forth with patience. You are all hearers, dear young

friends. Do you understand? Receive? Keep? If so you will certainly bring forth, and may it be with lifelong patience.

The wayside hearer did not understand. The rocky ground hearer did not receive. The thorn and briar hearer did not keep. None of these brought forth fruit. We ourselves are the soil; we are part of the field; and we ourselves are with patience bringing forth, if we, indeed, are profitable hearers. The life of the boy and girl, the youth and maiden, the man and woman, proves his or her true Christianity, and the Master of the Field is waiting for the harvest.

Look well at our four little pictures, and think well over the solemn meaning of path, rock, thorns, and the ears of corn.

Simple Thanks

ONE November day, little Dora, of five years of age, was walking out with her aunt. The sun had not been visible all the morning, when suddenly a ray of brightness darted full in their faces, and little Dora exclaimed "Oh, auntie, how beautiful! I do like the sun."

"Does my darling know who made the sun to shine?" asked the aunt, with a smile.

"Yes," replied the child, pointing upwards; "it was the good God in heaven." And the little girl kissed her hand up to the sky three times; then turned to her aunt, and said, "Auntie, I have sent three kisses to the Lord, and He will be sure to have them, because the angels will carry them to Him. Perhaps He will send me some back when I'm asleep."

Auntie looked fondly at the little prattler as she asked■

"Why did you send the kisses, Dora?"

"To thank Him for sending His sun out," replied the child.

And the aunt thought, "This little child is thanking God for one of His most common mercies; yet not only common but special mercies have often been unacknowledged by me!"

A Notable Miracle

A “NOTABLE” miracle, one which was unquestionable, and could not be gainsaid. Such was the testimony of the religious rulers in Israel respecting the healing of the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the temple. This man was a well-known character in Jerusalem; he had been lame from his birth, and “was above forty years old,” and daily he was carried to the gate in order that he might receive alms. Enter the building he could not, for his impotence debarred him from joining in the services rendered to Jehovah. We have no reason to question that he had heard of the miracles wrought by Jesus, yet he himself remained still helpless.

He asked an alms of Peter and John as they passed through the gate, when Peter, “in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth,” bade him “rise up and walk,” and, taking him by the hand, “lifted him up.” “Immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength,” and now, as was right and seemly, he entered into the temple, and did so “walking and leaping and praising God.”

The people ran together to see the strange sight, “greatly wondering.” There was the man who had been healed, the living witness of power, holding Peter and John, the men through whom this power had entered Israel. It was a notable sign. What did it mean?

This was Peter’s interpretation: By the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom they had crucified, whom God had raised from the dead, even by Him, the man stood before them, whole.

How false doctrine falls to the ground before the power of God! The sect of the Sadducees, who were in authority in the temple, might be ever so much “grieved that” the apostles “taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead;” they might marvel that “unlearned and ignorant men” ■so far as temple learning went—were the fountains of such divine outpourings: but the man who had been healed, true to his post, stood near to the apostles, and “they could say nothing against it.” All that the rulers could do was to take “knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus!” We may surely read a lesson here for our own day, and look for such a manifestation of God’s power in the preaching of the name of Jesus as shall leave the present-day Sadduceeism a vain thing in the eyes of the people.

There is a remarkable resemblance and contrast between the healing of this man of over forty years old and the healing of the man who “had an infirmity thirty and eight years,” of whom we read in the fifth chapter of John’s Gospel. When the Lord said to him, “Wilt thou be made whole?” he was utterly at a loss to fathom the meaning of the words. “Made” whole. The man’s reply showed that, though the Lord stood looking upon him and speaking to him, his mind travelled past Jesus to the water of the pool and the angel who troubled it. It is a melancholy fact that, though Christ is near, waiting to heal and save in power and love, yet men so often look past Him and fix eye and hope upon some ordinance—and are insensible to His words : “Wilt thou be made whole?” At the mighty One’s words, “Rise, take up thy bed, and walk,” the sufferer was immediately made whole and walked.

But though his body was healed, his heart was unmoved. "Jesus findeth him in the temple" ■which now he could enter to glorify God■ "and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." And how did the man show his gratitude? He "departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus which had made him whole. And therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, and sought to slay Him."

This man is a figure of the people of the Jews. When Jesus was amongst them healing and saving, their period of probation, their "forty years," had come nearly to its close; but notwithstanding all the favor bestowed upon them by Him, "they received Him not." Their Sabbaths, their ordinances, their religious services, were highly prized, but Jesus was persecuted and slain.

Nevertheless, for the Jewish people mercy is in store. True, they have rejected the Christ of God. True their time of probation is past■they have exceeded their forty years. They cannot enter the temple and keep holy day. They do not walk in God's ways. But, nevertheless, mercy is in store for them. Through the power of the Name of the Risen Christ, Israel shall yet be a worshipping people. All Israel shall be saved. Through the Name of Christ, Israel will receive strength and salvation; but when that day dawns it will be solely due to the absolute grace of God, for in themselves they have sinned away every hope. And we may accept for ourselves, Gentiles as we are, the instruction; for without strength, and lost as we are, by His Name is perfect soundness and perfect salvation to all who believe.

What a Fool I Have Been

WAS called to visit a young man in the neighborhood of my own home who was sick. He was about thirty years of age, well-educated, and of prepossessing appearance, but evidently in the last stage of consumption.

He had a wife and two little children, to whom he had been a good husband and father, but he had lived in utter forgetfulness of God.

During the early part of his sickness, he rested in the fact that he had never done anything very bad, and indeed that he had been better than many other people. Passage after passage from God's own Word was read, proving that not for works of righteousness we have done salvation is bestowed upon us, but that by His mercy God saves us; and as the solemn Word was quoted, "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God," the Holy Spirit applied the Word to his heart and conscience, and he exclaimed in anguish of soul, "What a fool I have been to neglect my soul all these years, and now it is too late!"

"No, not too late, my brother; for Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and He is waiting to save you just now. Place yourself in His hands; He is able, He is willing, to save you."

"I see that, but what about the past? What about my sins? What is to become of them? A just and holy God cannot pass them by without punishment."

Ah! there were sins now revealed to him by the light of God's Word which, in his self-righteousness, he had not thought of. They weighed heavily upon him, and it was not for some time that he was enabled to rest in a pardoning God. At last he rejoiced in the Scriptures. "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for thine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

"Thank God! thank God I see it now," he said; "Jesus has not only borne the punishment for me, but He has wiped out the charge against me. Oh! it seems too good to be true!"

I visited him many times after this, but his trust never wavered, and his hope grew brighter day by day. He never tired of hearing of the beautiful home which Christ had gone to prepare for him; and again and again he said, "How good He is! Help me to praise Him. I don't deserve His love. What a fool I have been to waste all these years when I might have done so much for Him!"

I was with him when the end came, and the last words he spoke were "Blessed Jesus! oh, He is precious!"

Oh! I would beseech all who read these pages to give themselves to Jesus in health and strength, and work for Him, so that they may never have to cry out, "Oh, what a fool I have been!"

The Work Amongst Romish Priests in France

R. HATHAWAY writes to us as follows:

“The movement among priests in France still continues, and seems indeed to be a work of God, as in many cases it appears to take place with very little of direct human agency.

“Last year, I heard that the priest of a village near here had left the Romish Church, on account of its errors; and I therefore invited him, through a friend, to come and stay with me for a few weeks. This he did; and I was pleased to find him a man of remarkable frankness and simplicity, a genuine Nathanael. Strange to say, he had never been brought into close contact with a Protestant in his life, and knew very little about what they hold; but simply by the work of the Spirit on his conscience, he had been led to feel the unsatisfactoriness of Romish doctrine, and was sincere enough to refuse to go on teaching what he could not honestly believe himself. I am thankful to say that, in a few days’ time, by the means of our daily Bible reading and prayer, together with the help of a few books that I lent him, he was able to lay hold of Christ Jesus as his own Saviour, and to pass gently and quietly from darkness into light. His joy and peace were very touching, as well as the simple manner in which he related his experience, at one of our cottage meetings.

“While staying with us, he wrote a letter to a religious magazine, of which the following is a free translation:

“My parents were strict Catholics. I was brought up in a religious college, and afterwards ordained priest. Till now, I never had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of those whom the Romish Church brands as ‘heretics’ and ‘tools of the devil.’ I mean Protestants. It is quite recently that I have left the Romish Church, which I did from the craving that I felt for the real truth, which truth I could not find in the precepts of the Church, nor in the decrees of bishops.

“How I used to suffer, for instance, when I was called to the bedside of one who was dying, and yet felt unable to tell him anything about the one important matter of his soul’s salvation. I used to go home intensely miserable, and in such trouble of soul that I certainly should have finished by drifting into absolute skepticism, if the light of salvation had not at last shone upon me. The Romish Church does a great deal to put purgatory and hell before her children; but when it is a question of heaven, all she can say is ‘Perhaps, perhaps.’ But is there any question which demands such absolute certainty? And yet it is just here where the Romish Church is most vague. For instance, how can a Catholic ever be sure that the amount of his good works is sufficient? Who can tell him? Even if he has procured all the ‘indulgences’ possible, he is still in doubt on this one important point. And the priest, when he is questioned, can only answer with a melancholy ‘Perhaps.’

“But shortly after giving up my position as priest, I received a kind invitation from a Protestant family at Chasseneuil. To speak the honest truth, I must confess that I felt great misgivings when the day actually came for my going to stay with these people, for was still a slave to the prejudices

in which I had been brought up, so that it is only just now that I have at last shaken off the chains in which I had been so hopelessly held prisoner.

“But, oh, what a change has since taken place in me! My soul has at last found the peace after which it so longed. The helpful example and the strong faith of these friends with whom I am staying, have greatly assisted me in my search after the truth. Their prayers have been answered, and God has been gracious to me.

“I can hardly explain what I felt when for the first time in my life I heard real prayer. I was intensely astonished to hear even young Christians, with little secular education, speak to God in all boldness, and with wonderful faith and simplicity of heart. I can now understand why people speak about Roman Catholics always going over the same prayers that have been composed by other people, and which cannot be the exact expression of one’s personal feelings and wants.

“I thank the Lord for having allowed me to take part in such meetings, which have helped me, I believe, into a new view of things; and my desire now is to see my fellow priests courageous enough to enter such places of worship, and to be present at such meetings, from which they have been shut out, under pain of excommunication. They would be as touched as I am, by seeing the faith with which these Christians pray. New ideas would open up before them, and they would carry away with them the conviction that peace and trust are indissolubly linked with assurance of salvation in Christ.’

“Sufficient time has now elapsed to prove the reality of this dear man’s conversion, and he is at present in training to be himself a messenger of the gospel to others.

“Nor did his visit end with his own conversion. He wrote the good news to a fellow priest, with whom he had often had long conversations about the unsatisfactory state of things in the Romish Church. The result was that this other priest also came and stayed a day or two with us, and was himself, in turn, led boldly to come out of Romanism, after writing to his bishop a full statement of his reasons for doing so; and he is now endeavoring to set forth the truth in the very village, where he was preaching error for so long a time.

“I do not print the names of these two, as I find that English Jesuits are so active that they at once get hold of such information, and do much mischief; but I shall be happy to give full particulars to any who may like to write to me.”

Scripture Unfolding: The Divine Institution of the Sabbath

IV. ■ THE NUMBER SEVEN A SCRIPTURE MEASURE.

WE have already shown that, from the most ancient times, and for centuries prior to Moses, the number seven was accepted as a time measure, and that it was invested with sacred importance. The way in which this number was honored in the sacred seven-staged towns of Babylonia is remarkable; but we shall confine our remarks to Scripture teaching on the matter. Running throughout the Bible is a vein of instruction which is marked, as it were, by a crystal formation of sevens. Whether in the books of Moses, or in the prophets, or in the New Testament, we find it. Is this design or is it chance? Is it from the mind of God or from the minds of editors, re-editors, or forgers ■ both of Ezra's days and of Christian times? When a crystal ■ be its form what it may ■ is found in nature, science attributes its presence to the production of constituent parts, and scientists would scout the notion that it arose by hap, and not by a rule of law. How can the fact of the peculiar use of the number seven in the various books of the Bible be accounted for, unless upon the reasonable principle of one mind governing the whole Book?

The Scriptures have periods of sevens of days, weeks, months, and of years, and also of longer cycles. Again and again these sevens culminate in a definite conclusion of rest, so that one constant idea is before the mind. Not only do the sevens come to their end by effluxion of time, but the end so reached, is ever suggestive of what shall yet be. And this is the case from Genesis to Revelation. As upon the seventh day the holy Sabbath occurred, so with more or less clearness, upon the seventh period being reached, that period is characterized by a completeness of purpose, and not unfrequently by rest and joy.

The book of Daniel affords an illustration of the importance of the division of time into sevens. In the ninth chapter of his book we learn that he "understood by books the number of the years" which Jeremiah, the prophet, had foretold would be accomplished in a desolate land of Israel, and which period was fulfilled in Daniel's time. This led Daniel to fasting and prayer. He had lived to see the end of the seventy years of Jeremiah's prophecy, and now what would occur next? what would Jehovah do? In answer to his prayer, Daniel became the vessel for receiving and for communicating a further prophetic revelation, and one which was also based upon the time measure seven. Jeremiah's seventy years were enlarged into a period of seventy times seven years, i.e., four hundred and ninety years. This long period was measured off for the accomplishment of vast issues ■ "to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Most Holy."

We have already touched upon the sevens of days and of months;

THE SEVEN OF SEVENS OF YEARS

was established in Israel before the land of promise was reached. At the end of the forty-ninth year came the year of jubilee, upon which debts were cancelled, slaves freed, and property restored to

its original possessors. Israel's social life was, therefore, permeated with this great occurrence. The year was the liberty and joy year in Israel—it was the acceptable year of the Lord. It was not only a social institution—important as that might be—it was also a lesson in looking forward to a time of greater liberty and joy.

Let the reader open the book of Isaiah and read from chapter sixty-one, verses one to three. Let him read aloud these words of the second verse—“To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God.” He sustained his voice as he read, “the acceptable year of the Lord,” for the prophetic sentence was not complete—more words and a further meaning were to come. Now let him open his Bible on Luke 4, verse 16. He sees Jesus standing up to read in the synagogue. The book of Isaiah is placed in His hands. He reads the portion we have selected, and He stops at the words “acceptable year of the Lord” —just where the voice was sustained as the sentence was incomplete—and He closes the book. Can we doubt His intention?

“This day,” He said, “is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.” With His advent

THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR

of Jehovah had come, but not until He comes a second time will “the day of vengeance” arise. From the time our Lord read that scripture in the synagogue, until this hour His voice has been sustained, as it were; He has not yet completed Isaiah's sentence. And Isaiah's prophecy is still in abeyance.

The year of the seven of sevens holds forth its testimony from the time of Moses, when it was first instituted, up to our own, and still it waits its entire fulfilment. A chain of intention and purpose concerning it runs through the testimony of the law, the prophets, and the ministry of Christ.

We are now dealing with details of prophetic truth, but we are calling attention to one great principle in the Word of God upon which it is made known—the time measure seven. We find this measure in Old and New Testaments, and on the completion of the seventh period we find God bringing in rest. The story of seven and the holy Sabbath occurring on the seventh period of time, are part and parcel of the testimony of inspiration.

The Story of the Jesuits: Chapter 4

HOW IGNATIUS LOYOLA DREW HIS FOLLOWERS AROUND HIM.

WE have not space to sketch all the remarkable vicissitudes and adventures that befell Ignatius Loyola on his way through the “Holy City” to the Holy Land. Suffice it to say that he rejoiced in the privileges of seeing the Pope at Rome; of being regarded, from his woebegone appearance, as a victim of the then plague-stricken district around Venice, hence being compelled to sleep in the open air outside the town; and of so provoking the sailors by preaching on board the Italian state galley, bound for Jaffa, that they all but threw him into the sea.

He arrived at length, “in good condition,” says his biographer, at Jerusalem, and soon presented himself before the Provincial of the Franciscans as a would-be missionary—much to the astonishment of that holy man. In vain Loyola (as we will henceforth call him) pleaded that it was possible for God by His miraculous power, to enable the Turks to understand his preaching to them in the Spanish tongue!

The beggar missionary was peremptorily ordered to return to his mother country, and when there to acquaint himself first with his own ignorance. And in order to give force to his directions, the prior conveyed the suppliant on board a ship bound for Venice. Thus ended the first missionary tour of the Knight of the Virgin.

On arriving once more in Spain, Loyola found himself possessed of no further clothing than a cloak, trousers which hardly reached to his knees, and a long frock of ticking full of holes. Thus he presented himself to Hieronymus Ardabale, in Barcelona, as a scholar. The professor, who found that Loyola knew nothing of Latin grammar, was so amazed at his humility and pluck that he gave him a seat on the preparatory school form gratis. Loyola was thirty-three years old, but he meekly sat upon the same bench as the little boys, bore their teasing with indifference in school hours, and when in his recreation he begged his bread. He studied with zeal, keeping well before him his one supreme object in life—the winning of souls to the religion of the Virgin—and when opportunity allowed he used all his powers of fascination and eloquence as a preacher; and thus the mysterious and wonderful man made friends as well as foes.

A young lady, Isabella Roselli, and a dame, Agnes Pasquali, became his benefactresses, and encouraged him, not only by good advice, but by the more substantial help of their purses, to persevere in overcoming both his extreme ignorance and poverty.

At the end of two years Loyola had so far progressed as to install himself in Cardinal Ximenes’ high school at Alkala. He was no longer ignorant. There he studied logic, metaphysics, and theology. He now had greater opportunities for attracting others to like-mindedness with himself. He was a genius in the arts of preaching, begging, and converting; and three young men, fellow-students, completely fascinated by his eloquence, were won to do as he did. They, too, dressed in long coarse gowns of grey frieze, reaching to the ankles, and wore bell-shaped hats and knotted rope girdles; and thus this conspicuous trio of barefooted disciples accompanied

Loyola daily in his open-air preaching in the streets. The inhabitants of Alkala grew excited over the grotesque troupe, whom they nicknamed "Ensazaladas," or "the men with the frieze coats."

The four missionaries then began to act the part of confessors, and a number of spinsters of all ages flocked to them for absolution and spiritual advice. But this the established monks could not endure, and complaint was made to the Holy Inquisition. Accordingly, on the indictment of belonging to the class of heretics popularly called "The Enlightened," Loyola was arrested, and imprisoned for six days.

It did not require an acute perception on the part of the Vicar-General to discover that his prisoner was not illumined with any particular heretical light. Loyola was a very good Roman Catholic, if a poor preceptor of theology; he was therefore discharged, but was forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to preach again until he had successfully passed his college course. A gentle hint was also given him that he and his frieze-coated following should resume their student garb!

Loyola might, perhaps, have accepted this most unwelcome decision of the Holy See with better grace, but for another unpleasant circumstance at Alkala which quickly followed his release. By his persuasive eloquence two highborn young ladies had their emotions and aspirations for a saint-like life so stirred, that they determined to become begging and praying pilgrims. They were to give up all their possessions, and dress in rags. They suddenly disappeared by night from their homes, and Loyola was held responsible by their relatives. A second time he was thrown into prison, and was only acquitted upon the ladies' return as penitents and pretty well cured of their ambition!

Loyola now began to modify his methods. As soon as his frieze-coated company had secured sufficient money by a begging expedition, he withdrew with them to Salamanca University. Here the same parts were enacted as at Alkala, and the same retribution followed. Loyola was kept for three weeks in close captivity ■ "Carlito," one of his companions, sharing his sentence. "Carlito" must have cut a very extraordinary figure, as he was a tall, thin man, furnished with an enormous beard; he carried a knobbed stick, and rejoiced in having a short old jacket, a still shorter tattered pair of trousers, a beggarly pair of half boots, and an enormous hat. This disciple was attached to his master by a long heavy chain. The two were not released from jail until after a most binding promise from Loyola that he would not again assume the work of a priest until he had studied theology for four consecutive years. Thus Salamanca proved as unappreciative as Alkala!

Loyola, whose courage, and energy, and fixedness of purpose were supreme, now determined on the bold course of entering the most celebrated of all existing universities, Paris. In spite of his companions' remonstrances against entering a foreign country, he commenced his journey alone on foot, in the middle of the winter of 1528, driving before him an ass laden with his books. He was well aware that Francis I., a most broadminded monarch, would preserve him in freedom, even when carrying out the wildest eccentricities. Loyola's dominating aim was to make converts. He entered again upon the necessary though tedious college course. It was the only high road to the priesthood and its power. He resumed his studies in the Parisian academies, and became Master of Arts; but he never once lost sight of the goal he meant to reach, which was nothing less than the leadership of a mighty spiritual army, of which he was to be the creator. "He knew clearly," says Bouhours, "that he was chosen by God to establish a company of apostolic men, and that he was to select companions in the University of Paris."

Enthusiasm is contagious, especially among fellow-students, and Loyola possessed in a marked degree the faculty of governing, and, what is more rare, a fascinating power, which gave him ascendancy over men superior to himself in intelligence and in accomplishments. By a species of benevolent dissimulation, of which he was master, he secured the allegiance of his inferiors. How far this power of influencing human nature overstepped the boundaries of truth and sincerity will be seen as the story unfolds itself. Very soon numbers of coadjutors were found in St. Barbara's College, ready to follow their leader, and to fast and flog themselves as he, and to go through every "spiritual exercise" he should prescribe. Circumstances, which proved of great importance to Loyola's future career, compelled him to be cautious in the choice of followers.

As we have already seen, the Reformation was in its infancy, yet daily growing in persuasive and prevailing force. Never before had the Papacy been threatened by such a foe. Over men's minds, whether English, French, German, Scandinavian, or Italian, a new spirit was stealing. The rusted fetters of ignorance and superstition were being snapped on every hand. The Pope beheld Protestantism, or, as he would term it, "the plague of Lutheranism," rapidly spreading on all sides. "The Reformers," as a Roman Catholic author expresses it, "were inviting peoples and princes to a great hunt of the Romish Church," and almost every country was responding to the cry. Hidden away in the heart of dark Spain, where the Inquisition took care that the Reformation should never have firm root, Loyola had been ignorant of what was taking pace. Judge of his indignation and alarm, therefore, when the truth burst upon him that the saloons of the Louvre were opened for the Protestant sermons, and that even the University itself was infected by Protestant heresy! Dread seized the Knight of the Virgin. He deemed it his duty at all hazards to act as a spy in every circle into which he obtained entrance, and to denounce each public or private heretic to the Inquisition. Still this was not a very adequate or far-reaching protest. A new system of warfare must be created if the new system of thought was to be effectually encountered. It was quite clear that Rome could no longer sway men's hearts through the medium of Benedictine or Dominican friars; their begging sacks had long hung about them empty. Nor had she greater influence through her ignorant dissolute clergy, for these the people thoroughly despised. Her downfall appeared imminent,

The idea fastened itself upon Loyola that in view of the present peril to the Romish faith, his most pressing duty was to wage war against heresy, and thereby to defeat the forces spreading out from Germany. To do this, associates were required, and they must consider themselves first as warriors. Therefore, in order to meet the well-armed Reformers, picked men only must be chosen.

Two young students shared with Loyola his rooms in the College of St. Barbara-Pierre le Fevre, or Peter Faber, and Francis Xavier. Faber was a young Genevan priest, of humble birth, but undoubted genius. He possessed an enthusiastic piety, combined with a glowing imagination. He was easily inspired with Loyola's grand idea. Xavier of Navarre was a different character. His ancestors for five hundred years had been renowned as warriors, and his ambition, as a professor in Beauvais College, was to add glory to his house by the brilliant ecclesiastical future before him. He at first ridiculed the scheme, but eventually he gave himself up to it, heart and soul. By flattering his extravagance—the weak spot in the character of the highborn Navarrese—by the substantial compliment of a purse well filled at that time by patrons, Loyola secured a disciple who proved himself most valuable to the future General of the Jesuit army.

With consummate tact Loyola set himself the task of molding and fashioning these two characters. He won their affection, excited their admiration, and fired them with the ambition of sharing in his grand project. He then led them through a course of discipline, enjoining frequent confession and severe bodily mortifications. "Three days and three nights did he compel them to fast. During the severest winters, when carriages might be seen crossing the frozen River Seine, he would not permit Faber the slightest relaxation of discipline." By thus mortifying his pupils' pride and inuring them to hunger, cold, and toil, he made them dead to every passion save that of his "holy war."

It was natural that other students and professors who held Faber and Xavier in high esteem should now offer themselves unreservedly to Loyola. But from them four collegiates only were accepted. The learned Laynez of Castille, the able Salmeron from Toledo, the powerful literary scholar and lecturer Alphons (nicknamed Bobadilla) of Valencia, and lastly the noble and daring Rodriguez of Portugal. Such were the first seven Jesuits the world had ever seen. Singularly enough, the University of Paris, which afterwards so rigorously repudiated their system, was the birthplace of the army which was destined to win triumphs in every land.

It must not be supposed, however, that the fraternity became known at once as a new order. Even in Paris most were unaware of the seven men who lived together, pledged secretly as spiritual knights. Their community dress consisted of a narrow black cloak, a broad-brimmed hat, and black leather shoes; but this attracted little or no attention. The society in embryo was insignificant. Yet the seed was destined to produce a mighty tree.

The adherence of his followers to himself by word of promise merely did not satisfy Loyola. Members of a secret society with such a program before it, required a solemn initiatory ceremonial. Accordingly, a subterranean cavern-chapel on the heights of Montmartre was selected, and the seven brethren met there at daybreak on the Festival of the Ascension of Mary (August 15th, 1534). The rough grey walls, which encircled the decayed statue of the holy Denis, were dripping with moisture. The head of the saint, severed from the trunk, was held in its outstretched arms. A few tapers threw a pale light on the dismal surroundings, while Peter Faber, the priest, performed solemn mass, and administered the Host to each of the kneeling six. This done, Loyola stepped forth before the altar, and swore upon the Bible the threefold vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience, adding an oath of perpetual devotion to Mary and her Son, for the protection of the Holy Roman Church and of its supreme head the Pope, and the extension of the Roman Catholic faith unto his life's end. Immediately the oath had passed his lips, and with a wild, piercing light in his eyes, he exclaimed, "Ad majorem Dei gloriam!" (To the greater glory of God!) At once his followers imitated his example, and each uttered the same watchword, which in aftertimes served as a cloak for some of the greatest enormities that ever stained the pages of history.

The little band remained kneeling in fasting and prayer until the darkness of night. Then Loyola gave the signal to rise and come away. As he did so he marked upon the altar three large capital letters, "I. H. S." "What do these mean?" asked his companions. "Jesus Hominum Salvator" (Jesus the Saviour of Mankind), he answered. "Henceforth let them be our motto."

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A COMMENT ON THE MOTTO OF THE JESUITS.

IN, 1866 the Pope's private chamberlain thus wrote to Cardinal Manning: "The motto of the Jesuits ought to be changed from Ad majorem Dei gloriam to Ad majorem Societatis gloriam." See "The Life of Cardinal Manning" ■Purcell, Vol. II., p. 388, note. Published 1895.

Union Amongst Christians

ROMISH efforts to produce the Reunion of Christendom, under the rule of the Pope, and by the suppression of loyalty to the Holy Scriptures, will never receive countenance from Christians who rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free. But the call for union, whether of Christendom or of Christians, is of a peculiarly captivating kind, and one which has in our own day great power over multitudes.

It may be conceded, that in our times there is more practical union amongst true Christians than has been the case for a very long period; and it will be allowed that the real union of true Christians is enforced in the strongest manner in the Word of God, and consequently it will be recognized that disunion is in some way the result of disobedience to the divine Word.

There are two great bonds of union of which the New Testament speaks: that of the Family; that of the Church. Our present paper will be devoted to the former.

The New Testament has for one of its

PILLARS OF TRUTH

the revelation of the name of "Father" to the people of God. A considerable part of Christ's teaching opened up to His disciples this holy name. When He was risen from the dead, His first message to them was this: "I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God." He, in the power of His resurrection, associated His own with Himself in relationship to His Father, and He made the relationship in its fulness known through Mary to the disciples. And thus did our Lord fulfil the prophecy, "I will declare Thy name unto My brethren"■The Father, His only Son, and the "brethren" of the Lord. Such is the revelation of God, which we do well to keep before the mind in considering the subject of union.

In contemplating, as well as in seeking to practice, the spirit of Christian union the important principle, that should be before the mind. Man cannot make a divinely-formed union, but he can live it out. The children of an earthly parent do not make their family union, but being children, being united to each other by the birth bond, they are called to live it out in practical behavior. Men can make and break unions political and ecclesiastical■they can neither make nor break the union of the family of God; but they may fail to live it out.

We are members of the family of God because we are children of God, and we are children of God because we are born of God. There may be a great effort for the Reunion of Christendom, and at the same time an absolute rejection of the divine fact that the members of the family of God are

CHILDREN OF GOD, BORN OF GOD,

and thus the call for union may be merely a means of leading hearts away from God. Some of those who call out the most loudly for the Reunion of Christendom deprecate the most strongly the divine reality of God's people being really and truly born of God, and of their being His children.

The children of God are “born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man.” Neither heredity, such as the Jews could boast of, nor the action of men, nor a man’s own individual determination, has part or lot in the matter. The origin of the child of God is traced back to its author—we are born “of God.”

We are born or begotten “not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, through the Word of God.” Various seeds of thought sown in the world are producing their peculiar results, and such has been the case in all ages; but from the first, one special seed alone has produced in the human subject the divine birth, and that seed is the Word of God. “Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth.”

The active power Who gives to the Word of God life in man, is the Holy Spirit. A man is born of water and the Spirit.

The Holy Spirit makes the seed of the Word effective and fruitful in the heart.

Thus by God, through His Word and Spirit, do we become God’s children. We are related to Him, we are members of His family, and God is our Father. All the favors belonging to the child are ours as a gracious yet common inheritance. The Spirit is within us, by whom “we cry Abba, Father.” The Father Himself loveth us, and the child shall be in God’s due time “conformed to the image of His Son.”

When we meditate upon these wonders, our hearts rise up to our Father. Yet the highest of the favors is common privilege. The greatest of apostles is a child, the humblest of disciples is a child. However great the position, however high the privilege,

BOTH PRIVILEGE AND POSITION

belong equally to all the children of God.

These realities themselves indicate why it is, that in the efforts for the Reunion of Christendom they are hardly ever mentioned.

Imagine “His Holiness the Pope,” the would-be monarch of Christendom, uniting himself with all God’s children as did the disciple whom Jesus loved, and saying, “Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called children of God ! . . . Beloved, now are we children of God.” Oh, it is impossible!

Imagine cardinals and lords, whose ambition is to break the will of an imperial race, and subject millions of men to the “Head of the Church,” rejoicing in the love of the family of God, and in the love of God the Father, common—praised be His Name—to all His children, be they called Romanist or Protestant. Verily, such union is as far distant from their vision as are the heavens from the earth.

Let it be our earnest endeavor to live in the joy of the Father’s love, to walk as Christ walked when He was on earth, and then we shall reach to the manifestation of that holy union which should characterize the children of God.

Side Lights on Scripture: 6. Ancient Libraries

THE ideas of a past generation respecting the education prevailing in the remotely ancient world have, for the most part, disappeared under the light of facts. We now know that in the dim past not only was writing common, but that the ordinary transactions of life—buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage—were carefully guaranteed by duly witnessed writings. We know that literary men, under the instruction of kings, diligently preserved old traditions, and that their books were kept in royal libraries. Also, as moderns assort and classify works, so did these ancients. In fact—to use present day terms—civilization and education were in a very advanced state in those remote ages.

If our reader will consult the map given upon page 29, he will find Sippara, near which stood Akkad, or Agade.

Akkad was the capital of the district of Upper Babylonia before the city of Babylon had risen to importance. In process of time Sargon, a celebrated king, reigned in Akkad. He beautified the city. He was a “great builder, as well as a warrior. . . . He also established a famous library, for which the standard Babylonian work on astronomy and astrology, in seventy-two books, was compiled.” When Sargon founded his library the ancient Akkadian language was nearly extinct, and translations of the old astronomical observations were, therefore, made. Similar translations “were made for the library of Erech” —one “considerably older than those made for the library of Sargon.” Sargon, we find, had in his library various “grammars, phrase-books, and vocabularies, and other bilingual tablets, by means of which a knowledge of the old language of Akkad was conveyed to the Babylonian or Assyrian scholar.”

In later centuries, again, these ancient tablets were labelled and catalogued, and were placed in “libraries or chambers, probably on the upper floors of the palaces, appointed for the reception of the tablets, and custodians or librarians to take charge of them. These regulations were all of great antiquity, and, like the tablets, had a Babylonian origin.” But not only were the Babylonian regulations maintained, the very “texts of Rim-agu, Sargon, and Khammuragas, who lived at least a thousand years before Nebuchadnezzar and Nabonidus, are composed in the same language as the texts of these later kings, there being no sensible difference in style to match the long interval between them.”

The fact of a city or a nation establishing a library of such importance as that of the city of Akkad is evidence of its high state of mental power and cultivation, and necessarily dissipates the notions that used to prevail respecting the immaturity and ignorance of mankind in those primeval times. The ancient tablets “show the wonderful progress in culture and civilization already made by the people of Chaldea long before the age of Moses, or even Abraham.” Such a fact is of itself a sidelight on Scripture, for the stately manners of the patriarchs, and their general demeanor, as opened up in Scripture, are those of men of refinement and dignity.

The accompanying photograph of an ancient tablet will be interesting. The imprint of the “pen” into the clay surface is clearly shown; the letters are defined and sharp, and are easily read; indeed, the tablet does not seem to have suffered from age at all. Upon the reverse of the tablet are to be seen the impression of the seals of the scribes. The date of this writing is “Babylon, month Sebat, day 24th, year 2nd Nabu■-na’id (Nabonidus), King of Babylon.” It is not, therefore, ancient as compared with the writings of Which we have been speaking; but, as the methods of the scribes changed so little in Babylonia, the tablet is an admirable illustration of the ancient books that have been the subject of these columns.

Once for All

THE word which is translated once in our Bibles, is sometimes also translated once for all. Once for all is more strong and emphatic than once; it carries with it a sense of finality and completeness which will bear of no addition or repetition. Let us take from the epistle to the Hebrews the three verses in which the word once or once for all occurs.

(1) Chapter 7:27.

“This He did once for all, when He offered up Himself.”

The Jewish priests needed to “offer up sacrifice” “daily,” because the sacrifices they offered were merely shadows of the true, and had no essential value in them; “for it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins” (10:4). But Christ’s one sacrifice of Himself was offered “once for all,” being absolute and eternal in its perfection. He offered up the sacrifice of Himself for sins once for all; His sacrifice cannot be repeated.

(2) Chapter 9:12.

“By His own blood He entered in once for all into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption.”

The Jewish high priests entered once a year into the holiest with the blood of their sacrifices, and so made an atonement for Israel’s sins for one year. They had to repeat their work annually, and in those sacrifices of theirs, there was “a remembrance again made of sins every year” (10:3). Those priests did not perfect a work, there was no finality attached to their service. But Christ having offered up Himself once for all for our sins on the earth, entered once for all into the Holy Place of the divine presence in heaven. What He did on earth once for all, magnified God in heaven once for all.

(3) Chapter 10:10

“By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.”

We now come, by the use of the word translated once for all in the epistle to the Hebrews, to its application to ourselves. In the first instance it was applied to our Lord’s offering of Himself on earth; in the second, to His entry in God’s presence in heaven; in this, the third, our sanctification by God is the theme. We are not shall be we are now, made holy by God by His gracious will, through the means of the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.

Let the reader ponder over these gracious words, thank God for them, and preach to himself a sermon upon them. Christ’s offering up of Himself to God as the sacrifice for our sins allows of no repetition, by virtue of its absolute value. There is now no longer a veil between God and man; Christ, our Representative, has entered into the Holiest in the power of His own blood. Christ’s sacrifice on the cross, Christ’s presence in heaven, have once and for all effected our sanctification.

Bible Class Outline: As■So

MAN'S RUIN.

“As by one man’s disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous.” (Rom. 5:19.)

GOD’S SALVATION.

“As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.” (John 3:14, 15.)

GOD’S PARDON.

“As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.” (Psa. 103:12.)

THE BELIEVER’S PRESENT SECURITY.

“As He is, so are we in this world.” (1 John 4:17.)

HOW THE BELIEVER IS LOVED BY CHRIST.

“As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you.” (John 15:9.)

THE BELIEVER’S MISSION.

“As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.” (John 17:18.)

Sunday Morning Texts

1.

“WE know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we may know Him that is true” (1 John 5:20). We know in our own hearts that He is come! It is our personal possession given us by the Holy Spirit. This consciousness is part and parcel of ourselves by divine grace. And He has given us a perceptive power to enable us to rise in our measure to that knowledge which is beyond all other knowledge, even the knowledge of God.

2.

“We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens” (2 Cor. 5:1). And this is also inward knowledge, conscious intelligence. Not acquired knowledge merely, but that which fills the heart. It is our personal portion in all its joyful fulness. It is knowledge beyond and outside all that this world can give. But it is the portion of every believer in Christ.

3.

“We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him” (1 John 3:2). Such an assurance in the heart is worth more than all the treasures of the world. He has come! He is coming again. We shall have our house which is from heaven, and shall be fully able to enjoy His company. There is no hesitation, no question as to this. All is divinely sure.

4.

“To know the love of Christ which surpasseth knowledge” (Eph. 3:19). There are heights and depths, lengths and breadths, which are and ever will be immeasurably beyond us. But Christ dwelling in our hearts by faith, we have, even in these mortal bodies, the key to the divine treasures.

Our Father's Care for Us

THERE he sits upon a crag of rock with his mate, black and glossy like himself. A fine, handsome bird he is.

We do not see the raven at home in many parts of England, for he is wise, and loves to nest far away from human habitation, which, at least in this country—where so much waste of bird life is made—offers his home little security. In Palestine the raven is common enough. The hills and waste places round Jerusalem afford him good feeding grounds, and do also the habits of the East in respect to dead animals, such being often left in the open space, as if purposely to supply unclean birds like the raven with food.

When the sun goes down, and the birds come home to roost in safe places in Jerusalem, after the flocks of rooks and crows, the ravens wend their way high up in the sky; and when the early morning witnesses the exit of the crowds of birds from the temple area, the ravens are to be seen flying far away from Jerusalem in quest of food. As this bird keeps punctual hours, he was watched by the Jews as a sure indicator of the end of the day. The raven haunted the temple area centuries ago, ancient writers describing the means which were adopted to keep off his unclean presence from the roof of the holy building.

When our Lord said to His disciples, "Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?" He spoke of a bird, the habits of which were familiar to His hearers. He was journeying towards Jerusalem when He uttered these words, and He used illustrations from the countryside to teach His disciples of the Father's care for His children.

Consider the ravens! We may do so best as we know them in England, where carrion is scarce, and the raven is a lonely bird. Wary he is, whether in Palestine or with us; he distrusts man, but "God feedeth" him. He cannot look to his neighbors for help, he must rely upon his own keen eye and strong wing; but "God feedeth" him. The "ravens" for there are the young in the nest, and there are many mouths to fill! But with the call for extra food comes the extra additional supply: "God feedeth them."

Consider the ravens! See how hard they work, and note the number of miles they fly, for amongst all the busy creatures God has made, birds seem the busiest. To rely on our Father's care does not mean idleness, and no one in England now will obtain his daily bread unless he work. But work and trust. Pray and work, and if you are downcast, remember how much you are better than the fowls.

It would seem that the Lord having directed the gaze of His disciples to the sky through which the birds were flying, pointed to the ground on which he stood. "Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The land of Palestine, like our own, is carpeted in early summer with countless flowers.

Very many of these were called "Shusan," and are still named "Susan" by the Arabs, and these words are translated in our Bibles ■ lilies. Perhaps our Lord referred to the bright anemone, white, red, scarlet, and lilac, or, maybe, to the red Turk's cap lily, which grows in parts of Palestine, as it does on the Swiss mountains. But the lesson from the beautiful hillside, shining with thousands of blossoms, was our Father's care for us.

God has made all things beautiful, and He has clothed the wildflower with perfect robes.

Have you ever sat down and examined the petal of a lily? Have you looked closely for five minutes on the wonderful shining white of our white lily? Why is it so exquisite? Why is it that the bright yellow, the pale green, and the shining white all combine in perfect beauty? Because God loved to make it glorious, because He loved to mark it with His handiwork!

The lily no more clothed itself by chance, than did King Solomon. His royal robes all meant something, and none the less does the petal of the lily convey instruction as to the intention of Him who designed it. Yet the "lily" is but the flower of the field which fadeth away, and no one will miss it or regret it when it is gone ■ today it is in the field, tomorrow it is cast into the oven! But you are the beloved children of the Father; "how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." The birds of the earth shall teach us to trust; the flowers of spring shall teach us to trust. Every moment of our little lives we are watched over by our Father in heaven. The young ravens may cry, as it were, to their Creator. "Who provideth for the raven his food? when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat" You are privileged to speak to your Father in heaven. Tell Him all your cares. There is no happier way of going through the day, than that of speaking during it very often to God. At play, at school, wherever you may be, you can speak to Him in your heart, just when your heart wants something. And let the birds of the air and the flowers of the field remind you of His care. Be sure of this, that the happy way to live is to speak very often to our Father which is in heaven. And you cannot tell Him of things which are too little for His care. Everything that concerns you is worthy of His care, just because it concerns you. It is a mistake to think that we should only speak to God of what we call great things. The little lily blossom, the humble wants of the bird of the air, teach us to believe that our Father in heaven cares for things which we call little; but nothing is too little for love to care for.

Too Late

THE other day, as I was standing at the door of a Hall, where a friend was preaching the gospel, a little boy came up and said

“Please, sir, may I go in?”

“No, my boy,” I replied, “impossible to let you in, there is no more room.”

“But I was in there last Friday evening, and the Friday before. I am a regular one.”

“Very likely, my boy; but today you cannot go in.”

“But you said last Friday afternoon, ‘There will be a meeting for boys and girls at the M Hall on Friday evening, at seven.’ Why can’t I go in?”

“Look here, my boy,” I said, showing him my watch, “it is twenty minutes past seven, so you are too late, and the room is full, and your being there last Friday does not take you in tonight.”

Soon the last seat in God’s house will be occupied, and it will then be too late to come and knock. “Now,” God says, “is the day of salvation.” Those who refuse God’s invitation will be found at the door knocking, and, like this little boy, will be denied entrance.

J. B.

Sins Forgiven and Forgotten

IN the thirty-second Psalm King David praises God's forgiveness. He does so, not as a king, but as a man.

Whether kings or commoners, we all need God's forgiveness, and we may all have it; but we can have it only as sinners. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom Jehovah imputeth not iniquity."

Transgression forgiven.

Sin covered.

Sin not reckoned.

Of transgressions all have been guilty. We have gone off from the straight line of righteousness—our feet have turned aside. Had we made but one wrong step in a long lifetime, our name would be-transgressor. Since no one who reads these pages can plead ignorance of God's commands, and honestly declare that he has done all that God commanded, and that he has not done what God has forbidden, he is a transgressor. David had very grossly transgressed, and the evil he had done lay as a crushing burden upon his soul. He felt the weight of God's anger upon him. He became truly repentant. Then he made a clean breast of his evil ways to God—he made a full and real confession, and God forgave him. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven," he cried. Oh! how blessed—how happy!

Sin is the root, of which transgressions are the fruits. We should not disobey God unless we loved sin. Sin has its seat in the heart; transgressions are expressed by words and ways. The law of the land does not punish a thief for wishing to steal, but for stealing or attempting to steal. But God's law looks into our hearts and detects our sins there. "I had not known sin," said one whose outward life was pure, "unless the law had said, Thou shalt not covet." Man calls his fellow bad, who does bad things; God calls us what our hearts are. But for sin in all its sinfulness God has provided a covering! Not such a covering as man would suggest—one that would merely hide the deformity and leave it in its character still; no, the covering of God's providing is the blood of His own Son, which atones for our sin, and yet declares, as nothing else can ever do, sin's exceeding sinfulness.

In the tabernacle of God stood His throne—the symbol of His righteousness. On it was a mercy seat, where the blood of the offering for sin was sprinkled. This mercy seat signifies a cover, and its very name is bound up with the covering of atonement. The throne of God calls out, as it were, for the punishment of our sin; the blood upon the throne declares sin atoned for and the holiness of the throne magnified. Blessed is he whose sin is covered.

Yet more: "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." We will suppose a man brought up before the judge, and that prior to his case being heard, the judge declares, "No wrong is laid to your charge!" The man would then be counted as righteous, so far as the particular

offence he dreaded was concerned. God does not reckon any sin against the forgiven sinner, He counts him righteous. Then the believer can say, "My transgressions are forgiven; my sin is covered. God counts me, notwithstanding all I have done and all I am, as righteous."

Now as we meditate upon this marvelous forgiveness, we may well praise God with all our fervor. "Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart" (ver. 1:1). Can there be more? Yes, there is more!

GOD FORGETS THE SINS HE FORGIVES.

"Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." Man can forgive, God can alone forget the wrongs done against Him. His people will enter His presence, not only without a stain of sin upon them, but in the sense that God has banished their sins from His memory. "I can forgive, but I cannot forget," said a monarch, as she pardoned an offender. The King of Kings can forgive and forget. It is very grand, very glorious. But it is true. When the father forgave the prodigal he had him clad in the best robe, and rendered fit for the high place of a son in his house. "I shall be content if I only can squeeze in on a back seat in heaven, behind the angels," said one to us. No, dear friend, you will have the child's place; the best place; the nearest place to your God and Father. God will not call up the memory of your sins in heaven, but you shall forever and forever praise the Redeemer by whose precious blood your sins are covered, and the holiness of God is glorified. Sins forgiven, sins forgotten. Such is our portion.

The Old Christian Couple

WE lived together over fifty years, and never had a jar or a cross word. You see, we were right fond of each other, and were just like two children together; and now he's gone, the dear man! But I know he has gone to glory, and I could not wish him back again, although I did think that I should have gone first, because, you see, I have been a poor, weak, ailing thing for over thirty years, and he was such a fine, big, healthy man. But, there! the Lord knows best—and, oh! he was so happy. Just before he died he lifted himself up in bed, and laid his hands upon my head, and commended me to God—bless him! And I have been so sustained and comforted, far more than I ever could have believed; for I used to say to him, "I don't know what I shall do without you. But, you see, the Lord knows how to comfort His people."

If our readers could have seen the calm on the wrinkled face of the aged Christian so recently bereft of the one who had been the companion of her joys and sorrows, and could have heard the words of holy trust in God as she told the story of her great grief, they must have been impressed with the fact that it is not a vain thing to trust in our God, who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Both husband and wife had moved in a very humble sphere of life; but if "holy living" may be set forth in the words of Scripture, "He died for all, that they which live should henceforth not live to themselves, but to Him who died for them and rose again," then both husband and wife were holy livers.

Many a young Christian in the city where the aged couple lived will bless God for that home. Its doors were opened on Sunday afternoons for reading the Scriptures, and in the evening for a cottage service.

I have seen the old man take his Bible, and stand at the top of the street, and read in a loud voice. If no one came out to listen, he would still go on, counting upon the Master whom he sought to serve, to speak to the people inside the houses. The locality in which he dwelt was very dark, spiritually, but he lived to see some of the opposers of the gospel become its true adherents.

We will ask the aged widow to tell of her husband's conversion, and of the way by which the Lord led him to this place. It is a favorite theme with her.

"It's more than fifty years ago now since we married. I was converted myself, but did not know anything about being 'unequally yoked,' and so, as he wanted to marry me, I consented. But I soon found that he was in danger from bad companions, and I prayed to the Lord every day to do anything to him, so that his soul might be saved.

"Well, one day he was taken with smallpox, and he grew worse and worse, and the doctor said he could not get over it. He left a bottle of medicine, and told me to give it to him regularly. Gradually he got worse. Then I heard him ask me to pray with him. I did pray, and he prayed, for he had been learning what a sinner he was. At last he cast himself upon the Saviour, and such peace

filled his heart that it had an effect upon his body, and from that moment he got better.

“When the doctor came the next day he did not expect his patient to be alive, and when he saw the change, he said, ‘Well, you have to thank your wife for this.’ But he did not know the true reason, so I told him the Lord had saved his soul, and that had made the difference. You see, I had asked the Lord to send him some illness■anything, in fact, rather than for him to go to hell■and this was the answer.

“Some years after that, we thought we would go to America, as there was a nice little place prepared for us there that a friend had told us of; so we sold our things and packed up.

“I went to say goodbye to my friends, when I received a telegram telling me to come at once, as my husband had fallen down a hatchway fifteen feet deep, and it was feared he would never recover. I hastened back, and found that he had been taken to the hospital. The nurse would not permit me to stay the night: she said it was not allowed. What to do I did not know. I had heard such bad reports of large towns that I was afraid to sleep anywhere, but I thought if I could find out the house of a minister of Christ I should be sure to be right; so I trudged about from one shop to another, until at last I met with a woman who directed me to a minister’s house. I went there, but he said ‘they never took strangers in.’ Ah! I did feel heartbroken. I could not understand it, for many a poor creature had we taken in. I then went back to the woman, and she directed me to a Christian lady, who took me in, and I shall never forget her kindness.

“In the course of a month my husband recovered, but it was all over as to our going abroad.

We have seen much sorrow in this house, but much joy, too. All our dear children have gone home, but they have all gone to be with the Lord; and now their father has gone also. His sufferings were very severe; he said he did not think such pain could be felt, but he was more than happy. He said, ‘I have known for many years what peace is, but this is joy by Christ indeed.’ And so he passed away.”

A Letter About the Lepers

MY dear Boys and Girls of FAITHFUL WORDS, I am sure you would like to hear about Rusulla. He came into one of our asylums, a young Muhamadan. He was very ill, and leprosy had so stamped itself upon his face that I took him for an old man, and said to our native pastor, 'I suppose Rusulla is about sixty?' He smiled and said, 'Oh, no, mem sahib; he is not twenty!' He had a particularly gentle, patient look, and everyone became attached to him.

"Not long after he came into the asylum, his heart opened to the love of the Lord Jesus, and he said he would like to be baptized as a Christian. Before that could take place, however, he became very ill, and it was seen that he could not be many days left with us.

Mr. Bailey went to him, and, seeing how very ill he was, felt it would be a great comfort to us if Rusulla would leave a testimony as to his faith; so he said to him, 'Tell me, Brother Rusulla, have you any trust in Muhammad?'

The dying lad replied, 'Whether I live or die, my trust is in my Lord Jesus.' I have often thought what a downy pillow that was on which to rest a dying head! 'My Lord, Jesus.' Very soon he went to be, as we confidently believe, with his Lord Jesus.

"Another time in that same asylum we had a man called Raggi. He belonged to the Rajput or soldier caste. The Rajputs are nearly as high up as the Brahmins, and so, of course, think a great deal of themselves, and are thought a great deal of by others. They are allowed to wear the sacred (or Brahminical) cord, which, with a great deal of ceremony, is attached to the man during his boyhood by a

Brahmin. It is worn over one shoulder and under the other arm, and is never taken off when once it has been put on. If by accident it should be broken or lost a great deal of ceremony has to be gone through, and a good deal of money paid to the Brahmins, to secure another.

"Raggi was much older than Rusulla, but, thank God, the Spirit can enter the heart at any age; and Raggi also became a believer in the Lord Jesus, and he, too, asked baptism. I remember so well the day he was baptized how we went down with other friends in the bright sunshine and stood in the enclosure of the leper asylum, on the spot where the baptism was to take place, for it was to be in the open air.

"Presently we heard poor Raggi groaning. He was suffering terribly from rheumatism that day, and it was a painful effort to him to get dressed and crawl out; but he did not draw back, and soon we saw our poor friend dressed in a suit of clean white cotton, crawling out on hands and knees to where his friends were assembled. Then the service was proceeded with. At one part of it the pastor took hold of the sacred cord which, of course, is a strong mark of Hinduism and said, 'What shall I do with this?' To which Raggi replied,

"'Oh, cut it; it has never done me any good.' Whereupon, to the horror of the heathen bystanders, the cord was cut and removed from his neck. According to heathen ideas this was dreadful, but it

was a small thing in comparison to what followed. Have you ever heard of the Hindus' sacred lock of hair, the 'choti' ■a lock of hair on the top of the head, which Hindu men never shave, because they believe that by that lock of hair they will be lifted up to heaven when they die? Raggu was again asked, 'And what about your choti?' 'Cut it■oh, cut it off;' he said; 'what use is it?' And as the scissors were applied and the lock severed (and with it, from a Hindu point of view, all hope for eternity), a shudder passed through the surrounding group. I could not describe to you the solemnity of the moment.

"When Raggu was asked why he was becoming a Christian, he said, 'Because I want shanti.' There is no word in English to describe the touching word 'shanti'; but it means peace and rest of soul. We trust that dear Raggu did indeed find 'shanti' in the Lord Jesus, and he is one of those whom we hope to meet in the sweet by-and-by when we all gather in the Father's Home above.

"In closing my letter I wish to thank you all most heartily for your kindness to our poor lepers, and to ask you who are Christians, and who know the value of prayer, to implore God continually that He may give 'shanti' to all the poor sad lepers who come to our asylums.

"Believe me

"Your sincere friend,

"ALICE BAILEY."

[The Editor specially thanks the many kind friends, old and young, in the States and Canada, who have contributed to our Leper Fund. He has not been able to reply individually to all of his kind correspondents, but wishes to them all "shanti" in all its sweetness!]

God's Purpose in Man's Creation

WHILE evolution is a term used very generally in science, it cannot be said that all who use it mean exactly the same thing by the word. It may be intended to embody the idea of certain principles and processes, both in nature and in human work, or it may be intended to designate a scheme of self-formation in nature, and the denial of the work of God the Creator. This paper will deal briefly with the extreme of unbelief which is to be found in the evolutionary idea in its denial of Creation. Subsequently we shall deal with the denial of the Incarnation and Resurrection.

According to the wisdom of certain philosophers of our century, which captivates its many thousands, the whole universe was once a mass of atoms. These atoms were influenced by force. Thereby, after the lapse of myriads of years, solid worlds came to be, and living creatures arose. Such is the notion of the beginning which we are asked to accept. It will be obvious that this notion in no way takes us to a veritable beginning, but is a consequence of a beginning, for how the law of force came to be, and how the atoms came to exist—**not** to speak of the relation of the law to the atoms—are left to the imagination. The question at once arises, Can a man think back behind a beginning without coming to a First Cause? A law governing inanimate atoms implies that which is greater than itself. Force must be mysteriously wise, and possess strange powers of design, if it established order and beauty in the vast universe, by acting on the atoms which are supposed to have filled the space where suns and stars move in their courses. At the threshold of the unbelief in the Creator, which this evolution theory expresses, the philosopher produces a power to enable him to move and shape his atoms, the reason for which may be that the philosopher is a creature of a beginning, and therefore cannot conceive otherwise. By the light of revelation we know that the First Cause is God.

Very little is said in the Scriptures about the beginning. But we are told that there was a Person before the beginning. "In the beginning was the Word." Further, we are told that by this Person "all things were made; and without Him was not any thing made that was made." This is understandable. There were laws, there was force, but at the back of these there was a Person setting all in motion, and in perfect wisdom.

When the beginning began we are not told. It may have been in the distance of an inconceivable past. Leaving the witness of the past inhabitants of this earth—**whose** fossils are in it—**counting** as nothing the vast ages that are written in the rocks—**indeed**, leaving this earth altogether, we look up into the heavens. We see in the motions of the heavenly bodies, and in the paths described by them at unrealizable distances from this earth, such evidence of age, that we are simply lost in the contemplation of the myriads of years required to accomplish their circles or goings. These bodies, moreover, are rushing on at a pace which no words can describe; they are the servants of a force no human mind can realize; and whither they are going no man can imagine! Space is around us. Is it limitless? Is there no boundary to the universe? If so, what does limitless space mean?

Our beautiful earth lies in the field of a myriad stars; it is but as a glittering pin's point in the universe.

We are dwellers upon a globe, we travel around it, but only to arrive at the spot we left when we started for our journey. Our thoughts as to the wonders of the age of the universe, like our feet wandering round the earth, come back to the point whence we started. We have exhausted our resources. We might ask, what is the meaning of time? Did it evolve itself? Yet we measure the distances of the heavenly bodies from this earth by time. Only let us not do so by our poor little foot-rule of three score years and ten, as if the vast universe of God could be understood merely by human capacity.

The science of our day allows that the worlds around us may be inhabited. God tells of angels and beings different from ourselves, and how that these beings watched the formation of this earth! To them, therefore, thousands of years are but a span. Man is not the only intelligent creature in God's universe.

But while Scripture does not tell us when the beginning began, it is precise in describing the entry of man upon this earth. The Bible, be it remembered, is not a book about fossils and rocks, but a book about man and his God.

The philosopher of our nineteenth century, in his doctrine of evolution as applied to man's origin, offers for our acceptance that which is base and despicably low. Man, according to him, arose from the atom. Leaving the philosopher to perfect his chain from the atom to the man—in other words, leaving him to fill up the huge gaps that occur in his scheme of evolution, leaving him to supply facts where he now presents us with fancies—we will allow him to suppose this earth, as peopled by creatures similar to those now upon it. According to his theory from some ancestry common to insects, reptiles, fishes, birds, and beasts, man came into existence. Hence there is in him still not a little of the monkey, the pig, the wolf, and snake, as well as the dove. We do not dwell upon man's structural resemblance to those creatures, but to his moral resemblance. Human beings, monkeys, birds, and snakes are all one vast brotherhood! Indeed, various moral qualities, bad and good, in man, are attributed seriously and earnestly by these philosophers to this brotherhood, in learned books, penned by some of the greatest minds of the day. Did we not know how the tutored Babylonians and Egyptians degraded humanity by their wisdom, or how the magnificent minds of the ancient Greeks and Romans debased man and God, by their conceptions, we might be astonished at the depths of shame respecting man, into which these lovers of wisdom of our century have fallen. And did we not know why and how it is these mighty minds have evolved such folly out of their wisdom, we might be perplexed; but "it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent."

"And even as they did not like to retain God in knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind" ■a mind void of judgment.

If God at the beginning did make laws and atoms which formed worlds—though, as "God is not the author of confusion," He certainly did not leave things to chance themselves into form—He wrought in His work of creating man on a different principle altogether. God created and made man out of existing atoms—out of the dust of the earth! Man came into the earth long, long ages after the beginning, and subsequently to that mysterious era in the earth's history when "the earth was without form, and void." Man had a grand and noble origin. He was God-made. He was not a link in a long chain of creatures which peopled the former earth, but the head of all creatures upon earth which God caused to live, when He formed and fashioned this favored spot in His vast

universe into its present fitness. Man was made in God's image, destined to be the highest of God's creatures■God's representative upon this earth. He was made in God's likeness, having a moral being like to that of his Creator. His fall, his redemption, his resurrection, were all in view by God from the first. And man's destiny was that he should be not only God's representative on this earth, but in the future above the angels and, to us, at present invisible beings. "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" And do we forget that in heaven the redeemed shall surround the throne of God and the Lamb as the inner circle, while the angels shall stand around them, and "that in the dispensation of the fulness of times," when all things are gathered together in one in Christ, "both which are in heaven, and which are on earth," the Church will reign with Christ?

It is true that the stamp of sin is now upon man, but the believer is exhorted while on earth to "put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness," not in innocence, as was originally the case, but a state far higher, one which, while fully aware of the evil, is that of righteousness and "holiness of truth." The purpose of God in the creation of man reaches beyond man's lifetime on earth. The redeemed were chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before their God and Father in love. Thus the foundation of the world comes in as the secondary idea, and the creation of man, as by no means the ultimate of the divine purpose regarding man's existence.

It is true God does not tell us very much respecting the future that lies before the redeemed. But He does tell us of thrones, and principalities, and powers outside this world, and of the enthronement of the Son of Man above them all, and of the association of the Church with His Son in that coming glory, and these things afford glimpses of His purpose in the creation of man, which are exalted and glorious beyond all human science and imagination.

And what has the evolutionist philosopher to say respecting the future? Simply this, "I do not know!" He does not know whether there be a future■whether he will exist in the future. He lives within walls of learned ignorance. Nevertheless, many rejoice in being agnostics, and boast in not knowing, as if such ignorance were supreme wisdom. Of course no man can know what will be a thousand years hence unless God tell him, but God tells us of glory and honor awaiting His people in union with His Son in heaven. The destiny of the man who believes God is nothing short of glory with Christ, the Son of God. And as we meditate upon the great end for which man was made, we look back to his beginning, and better understand why he was formed by God in His image and likeness. And we are assured that the Christian, who knows whom he has believed, can but pity the folly of the wise men of our day who "do not know." Their ideas may be covered up in elegant words and expressed in great wisdom, but the ideas are low and base, and, like all the outcome of infidelity, tend to degrade man.

Side Lights on Scripture: 5. The Plaster of the Wall

WHEN Belshazzar, the Chaldean, at the feast, inflated with wine, drank before his thousand lords, he called for the gold and silver vessels which had been taken by his father from Jehovah's temple in Jerusalem. And he and his princes, his wives, and his concubines drank in them; and having thus insulted the God of Israel, they praised their gods of metal, wood, and stone. At that same hour, in the midst of the revelry at the palace, there came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote his doom upon the plaster of the wall, and on that night Belshazzar was slain.

"The plaster of the wall" was a kind of stucco, with which the Chaldeans covered and decorated their walls. They were particularly gifted in enamel and stucco work, and fragments of "the plaster of the wall" of the palace and noble buildings are with us today. The accompanying illustration is from a painting on the plaster of a palace of Nimroud. At the lower part of the wall, slabs sculptured in bas-relief were placed ; above them came the plaster, gorgeously colored. Some of these borders are very handsome, and that of the bulls, rendered upon a yellow ground with the broad dark outline, is regarded as a masterpiece. The Chaldeans used enameled brick to a large extent in their buildings, and these bricks, after the lapse of centuries, are as beautiful as ever they were.

The colored figures given upon the bricks were often very excellent in design and color. Here is one, also from Nimroud. It portrays a king offering a libation, and attended by two warriors. Some of this work was prepared upon what may be termed a slab of clay. The artist executed his design upon the clay, making a perfect model; the colors were afterwards laid on; the whole was then marked off and divided into "bricks," and these were baked. After being baked, the "bricks" were put together and joined with bitumen. Such work lasts longer than stone, and practically for the life of a world. It was these works of art, which in their way have never been excelled, which called forth Ezekiel's words "She saw men portrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermilion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to, after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea." If the fragments of the wall decorations which lie in their ruins in Chaldea could only be carefully sorted and built up together once more, we should have as fine picture galleries of Babylonia as we now possess of Egypt. And thus we should obtain further help in reading into the Bible story, the manners and habits of the people of which it speaks.

Bible Class Outline: In Christ, No Condemnation

“THERE is therefore” (note the “therefore,” the divine reason for the security of God’s people) “now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.” (Rom. 8:1.) Observe that all true believers are in Christ Jesus■it is the common standing for them.

IN CHRIST, MADE NIGH.

“In Christ Jesus ye” ■note the ye and we in the Epistle, the ye being the Gentile, the we the Jew■ “who sometimes were afar off” (absolute strangers to God) “are made nigh by the blood of Christ.” (Observe the “in Christ,” who is in heaven, and the means whereby we are made nigh■His blood shed on earth.)

IN CHRIST, A NEW CREATION.

“If any man” (some might be religious, some profane) “be in Christ, he is a new creature.” (2 Cor. 5:17.) He is not an improved creature, an amended creature, but a new one.

IN CHRIST, CREATED UNTO GOOD WORKS.

“We are His workmanship” ■not our own formation■ “created in Christ Jesus unto good works.” (Eph. 2:10.) We might have thought the text would end, “created unto glory!” No: to walk here even as Christ walked; to fulfil our little pathway even as God has preordained.

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND.

“STILL more disturbing, perhaps, [to Cardinal Manning] was the fear of the Jesuits. To promote higher studies was their special work and mission. They had ample means at their command. They were a well-organized and powerful body . . . already their influence over the more educated Catholic laity of England was firmly established... Other bishops did not share his prejudice. . . .” See “The Life of Cardinal Manning” —Purcell, Vol. II., p. 495.

Sunday Morning Texts

1.

Your Father knoweth. Luke 12:30

“OUR Father knoweth that ye have need of these things” ■the things of life’s necessity. What rest lies in this assurance! As a little child rests because it knows that its parent is aware of all its wants, so let us rest in our Father’s care.

2.

The Father of Mercies. 2 Cor. 1:3

What a gracious title of our God is this: “The Father of mercies”! He is the originator—the First Cause of mercies. Our surroundings call for mercies every hour of every day. But He never fails in His mercies; His supplies are exhaustless. Yes; we love this His name: “The Father of mercies.”

3.

We cry, Abba, Father. Gal. 4:6.

It is the cry of our hearts—the joy-cry of the child. We have received the Spirit of adoption; the Holy Spirit of God is within us, and by Him we thus address our God. This cry is the outcome of consciousness that we are children of God—an evidence of the intimate relationship in which we are brought to God.

4.

My Father and your Father. John 20:17.

No human mind could have conceived such intimacy as this! The Son of God Himself has declared it. He would have it known to His own; He would have us live in the joy of it. Sin atoned for, death vanquished, peace made, and the believer brought into perfect intimacy with the Father and the Son.

5.

Father, I will. John 17:24.

“Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory which Thou hast given Me.” Nothing short of this will satisfy the heart and the love of Christ for us. Perfectly at home, in perfect glory, and the perfection of the bliss, being with Christ, and seeing His glory.

Lovest Thou Me?

(JOHN 21:16.)

CHRISTIAN discipleship implies love to Him who asked this question. It is not merely a true creed, a virtuous and beautiful life, but the heart's love. Yes, nothing but our hearts will satisfy Him. I do not speak of conversion. A person may be converted, and yet he or she may not have set the affections wholly on Christ. But this is what He wants. "If He has this, all else will be held as His and used for Himself. For what will real, genuine love keep back?"

Love to Christ is not to exist only, but to be supreme among the affections of the Christian's heart. Christ (is) everything and "in all" i.e., literally, "all things." (Col. 3:11) If He is not everything to us, He is nothing.

It is His own personal wish that we should love Him. There may be very few on earth who think our love worth the having; but He desires and seeks it as part of the reward of His sorrows, bought with His blood. It is an element of "the joy that was set before Him" for which "He endured the cross and despised the shame." It is on this love that He rests obedience to His will. "If ye love Me keep My commandments." It is to this love He appoints holy service. "Lovest thou Me?" "Feed My lambs, My sheep, My whole flock." Thus the Lord gives love something to do for Him■something that love is fit for doing■that only love can do■that love will have pleasure in doing. The only safeguard against the "isms," "seducing spirits and doctrines of demons" by which we are surrounded, is found in Jude 20, 21: "Building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God." Thus doing, our hearts will become more fully His.

The cause for the repeated sins of the children of Israel is given in Psa. 78 "Their heart was not right with Him." There is real power, freshness, and vitality where Christ has His place as the source and center of our hearts' affections. Year by year our fellowship ought to become more close and delightful. After more than forty years of saving acquaintance with "the Friend of sinners" the writer has to say■

"This alone is my complaint,

That my love is weak and faint;

Yet I love Thee and adore■

Oh! for grace to love Thee more."

The Weed in the Rose Bed

THE sweet summer's evening a lady and gentleman were standing together in a lovely garden. At their feet spread out a bed of roses in full bloom, filling the calm air with refreshing odor; a little lake, imaging on its surface the surrounding trees and the pale sky, formed the middle ground; and long, low hills melting into the distance seemed to unite earth with heaven. The gentleman was a visitor, and was waiting for the host.

Presently he arrived. Almost the first words of his visitor, after the usual greeting, were these ■ "Weeds!" And then ensued a dissertation on weeds ■ "corrupting everywhere." The well-ordered rose bed did not own many weeds we can vouch, but the keen eye of the visitor had marked what he saw, and his mind became full of the corruption of weeds. The eye of the amiable host had been trained differently. He looked on the beautiful, and did so because he loved it. And surely to fix one's eye upon a weed in a rose bed, and to look for weeds in the blaze and perfume of a summer garden, is a sorry occupation.

The little story has a voice to us. Whatsoever things are lovely, pure, honest, of good report ■ think on these things. It is the way of peace for the heart. Train the eye of the heart in looking for Christ in His people. Rejoice in the sunshine of His garden, in the excellence of its perfume, in its varied graces.

Where He finds so much to love, so much to please, look not for the weed in the rose bed.

Union Amongst Christians

2.

WE looked on a previous occasion at the subject of Union amongst Christians, from the Scripture standpoint of the Christian's privilege and position as a child of God. Let us now occupy ourselves with the Christian's privilege and position as a member of the body of Christ.

As it is a reality to be a child of God, so is it a reality to be a member of the body of Christ. We must keep this before us, for divine truths may be so generalized as to lose their real character in the mind. When every professing Christian is said to be a member of the body of Christ the real meaning of that membership vanishes, and instead of the reality, a title arises, which signifies no more than a profession of the Christian faith.

The member of the body of Christ is

UNITED TO CHRIST

for time and eternity, now and forever. The emphatic language of Scripture used to express this union allows of no diluting. "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." "As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body ; so also Christ," or "the Christ"; for the verse speaks of Christ and His members as one, ■ "The Christ." In these verses the figure of the closest possible union in the natural world is used by

the Spirit of God; and one which carries with it the understanding that the head and the members together form the perfect man. If one member of a body were cut off; that body would be an imperfect man. The member owes its vitality and position to its place in the body of which it forms a part; it does not develop into a member, or acquire a fresh position when a member; it is what it is, by the Creator's will. "Now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him"; and so it is in the body of Christ. There are

NO DEAD MEMBERS IN THE BODY OF CHRIST.

A man is first quickened "together with Christ," and then he is baptized by the Spirit of God into the body of Christ. Men become Christians by profession through the baptism of water; they become members of the body of Christ through the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Thereby they are made one; they may have been bond or free, Jews or Gentiles, but being formed into the body of Christ, such distinctions are swept away. If a man be a true believer in our Lord Jesus Christ, he is a member of Christ's body. Manmade distinctions, formed to keep Christian men asunder, are all sins against the true unity of the Church, which is Christ's body.

The true union of the body exists, hence we cannot speak of reunion of the body. But true Christians should earnestly endeavor to live out the union that God has formed. It is a holy union, as well as one of love. God is its Author, and its object is the glory of His Son. Let us look for a moment upon that which should certainly lead to practical effects.

CHRIST "IS THE HEAD OF THE BODY,

the Church." It is one of His glories or honors. He is risen from the dead, and, as the risen Man He is Head of the body, so that when we speak of the body of Christ we have upon our tongues a theme very closely connected with His personal honor. There cannot be two heads to one body, and all direction and movement in the body, provided it is in a normal condition, must flow with the head. Now, as members of the body of Christ, we are warned against "not holding the Head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God." The absoluteness of the union is expressed very markedly in the illustration. A healthy subject is before us, acting harmoniously. Joints and bands, flexibility and firmness, are in operation. Nourishment is ministered to the whole, for in a healthy subject one part is not fed at the expense of the other, and the whole body operates towards nourishing itself, and is affected by the nourishment obtained. All is knit together, which could not be if any member were out of place. And there is growth—growth according to God. In the body of Christ the secret to the answer of the figure lies in "holding the Head." Christ is the Head, and from Him, through the Holy Spirit, the whole energy is exercised. And here lies the first great practical instruction for our behavior. Each member of Christ's body who would promote practical increase in the body must obtain his supply from Christ in heaven. If a head on earth is substituted for Christ, and we act as if we derived our strength other than from Christ alone, we are sources of weakness instead of power in our day and generation.

"The members should have the same

CARE ONE FOR ANOTHER."

This is a necessity in the natural body. Our members are part of ourselves; and, if we are acting according to nature, we cannot avoid one member caring for another member. Every true Christian is a member of Christ's body, and all should seek to care one for the other. If all were true to the Head, all would be thus true one to another.

The ecclesiastical world is looking to a great union or confederation of peoples; the true Christian is looking for more likeness to Christ in Christian people, and hence to more practical union one with the other. There may be again on earth kings and potentates ranging in unity under a spiritual head, and thus there will be again tyranny and bloodshed, but such an unity is not that of the Spirit of God. For the glory of "the unity of the Church" numbers of faithful men in former ages have been persecuted and slain, and "the Church" may sin again as she has done in the past. For the glory of Christ, the Head of His body, men endeavor to maintain the unity of the Spirit; by loving and serving one another; by being careful one for another, tenderhearted, and forgiving; and seeking one another's good in meekness and purity. We may all of us join in this endeavor.

The Story of the Jesuits: Chapter 5

LOYOLA'S SCHEME AND METHODS FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF ROMANISM

WE have seen how Ignatius Loyola magnetized and drew about him the men who became the nucleus of the famous Order of Jesuits. With matchless skill he had exhorted and disciplined the small body of distinguished men, who, under his control, were tools in his hand.

In our rapid sketch of the great founder of the Society we must not omit reference to the instrument by which he achieved his great triumph, and which he wielded much in the same way as the sculptor does his chisel: this was his remarkable book the "Exercitia Spiritualia," or "Spiritual Exercises." This book, says I. Nouet, a Jesuit, "was truly written by the finger of God and delivered to Ignatius by the Holy Mother of God." With a view to habituating his Order to self-inflicted punishment, Loyola ordained that these exercises should form the basis of education among all his disciples, and they remain so to this day. "We Christian warriors," says the author, "hold these punishments to be necessary, seeing that everyone who wishes to gain a step in heaven can only kill vice and control animal instincts by the dagger of suffering, with which alone can one tame the earthly man, and compel him to wander completely in the path of grace and virtue."

The "Spiritual Exercises" is a body of rules to teach men how to effect that great change which, in evangelical language, is termed "conversion" ; and the method prescribed, as Dr. Wylie remarks, was an adroit imitation of that process of conviction, enlightenment, and peace through which the Holy Spirit alone leads the soul that undergoes such change in very deed. The book, which may well be called the Bible of Jesuitism, and which contains the very substance or vital principle of Loyola's Institute, possesses absolutely no charm of eloquence, but guarantees an entire conversion from sin to holiness.

The "Spiritual Exercises" consist of a course of meditations extending over four weeks, and may be fitly described as a journey from the City of Destruction to the gates of Paradise, mapped out in stages. The meditations are ordered to be accompanied by genuflexions, postures, fastings, and floggings. The penitent pursues the allotted contemplation alternately kneeling and lying upon the ground, and without "the brightness of the light." Four "contemplations" take place daily—the first at daybreak, the last at midnight. The penitent must be totally secluded from all the ordinary affairs of life, his spiritual director being his only companion in the solemn silence of the chamber of meditations. To assist the imagination, frightful pictures are suspended on the walls of the darkened room. During the first week of his seclusion the penitent has to fix his thoughts on sin, death, and judgment. In the second, he has to fix his eye upon the Incarnation and "Mary acquiescing in the work of redemption." For the third, he has to be absorbed in his "election" ■i.e., the soul's enrolment under the standard of the Redeemer, which bears the motto, "Poverty, Shame, Humility." With the fourth all gloomy thoughts are to be dismissed, and spiritual joy, resulting from the thought of glory, is to find entrance into the soul. The light of day, flowers, and odors are to be admitted to the cell.

Through this ordeal Loyola insisted that every recruit should pass. "Submit yourself;" said he in effect, "without reserve, to the process (under a proper direction), and, although you be a heretic, a very Luther, a leper in moral depravity, you will come forth at the month's end orthodox in belief and holy in heart and life."

This "pictorial piety," as it has been fitly called, was the means which Loyola, as a master-magician and close student of human nature, brought to bear on minds already accustomed to the formality of the Romish faith. At the same time, in another part of the continent of Europe, the great Reformers, Luther and Calvin, though overwhelmed with a sense of sin, found through the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ a Saviour from sin, through the Holy Spirit a new life, and a service of perfect freedom.

Loyola's next consideration was how to make the best use of his devoted disciples, who, having undergone the prescribed "exercises," were perfected according to his idea, and fit to fight in what, after his knight like notions, he sometimes chose to call "the Little Battalion of Jesus." Unquestionably, it would be wiser to have the regular clergy as friends rather than foes. Therefore the General decreed that all should continue their studies for the priesthood. For himself; however, the plan was not carried out. Overjoyed at his marvelous successes, he chastised himself for his spiritual pride so severely as almost to deprive himself of life! Physicians interfered, and prescribed a warmer climate than Paris if the saint desired to continue among men. Loyola selected Spain for his winter quarters, for there he could arrange some important family affairs for his two Spanish colleagues, and thus prevent any opposing influences arising which might otherwise be brought to bear on the newly-created spiritual knights. Nominating Peter Faber as his representative, he left Paris in 1535, arranging to meet the six brethren at Venice in 1537, anticipating that they would by that time be ordained. From Venice they were all to embark for Palestine.

Loyola's fame as a holy, fasting, preaching friar spread far and wide in his native country. The two years passed away quickly, and January, 1537, saw the meeting of the brotherhood, now increased to thirteen members, those from Paris having brought with them three new associates, while Loyola had won three others. A war with Venice was impending, and it was midwinter and too early for starting upon their foreign campaign, so Loyola arranged that the company should temporarily expend their energies upon caring for the sick in the hospitals. They did so, and, their devotion outstripping that of all ordinary nurses and doctors, the Venetians became loud in their praises of the Jesuit band. The Jesuits did not hesitate to receive even lepers into their houses, infectious cases into their beds, or to nurse with untiring solicitude loathsome and incurable sufferers. Crowds flocked to hear Loyola's open-air sermons; when again the anger of the Inquisition, inflamed by the enraged clergy of Venice, broke out against him. But the powerful intervention of the friendly Archbishop of Theate not only secured his safety, but also such a recommendation to the Vatican that Pope Paul III. granted permission for the immediate ordination of Loyola and his associates; at the same time accompanying the Papal blessing with a purse of sixty ducats towards his proposed missionary expedition.

The long-coveted pinnacle of power, the priesthood, was reached. But when spring arrived Loyola and his newly-consecrated brethren found a fresh obstacle to their voyage. All communication with the Holy Land was interrupted by the war between the Turks and the Venetians. Again hindered in

their plan, the brotherhood determined to make full use of their right to preach. A plan was formed of separating the company into couples, who should commence their work on the same day, at the same hour, in some of the most important centers of Venice. Mounting upon a stone, a barrel, or other impromptu pulpit in the busiest of the thoroughfares, they gathered congregations around them and addressed them on the pleasure and profit of the saintly life. Though some impression was created by this procedure the result did not satisfy Loyola, who quickly discovered that the teaching of Protestantism was much more deeply planted in men's minds than at first appeared. The methods of his new brotherhood were not at all adequate for the needs of the times. What was to be done?

The whole of the brethren were summoned in solemn council at Vicenza and thus addressed by their chief: ■ "Providence has hindered the journey to Palestine for the conversion of the heathen. You are destined for a greater career. To save Christianity" ■by which he meant Papacy■ "out of the clutches of heresy, it concerns you all above everything to follow out what you have already sworn at Montmartre. Let us offer our services to the Holy Father, telling him we are determined to raise a mighty army of holy knights, whose sole aim shall be directed to overthrow all enemies of Rome under the banner of Jesus."

This new idea was enthusiastically taken up. From that moment the Society took for its title "The Company of Jesus"; and in order to form a "Phalanx Jesu" the brethren separated on a recruiting tour throughout Italy, while Loyola, taking Laynez and Faber with him, proceeded to Rome to throw himself at the foot of the Pope.

Entering the gates of Rome, and escorted into the Pope's presence by the celebrated Parisian professor, Dr. Ortiz, the three pilgrims received a gracious reception. The unconditional obedience they offered him, by which they were to be soldiers rather than monks, to carry out his commands, and the entirely gratuitous nature of their services, caused Paul III. to hail as heaven-sent the new and unexpected aid. Half Europe was in revolt from the Papacy through the spread of Reformation principles, and mighty dangers threatened his throne.

Loyola was not long in securing from among the authorities at Rome well-wishers to his "Jesus Association." Cardinals Contarini and Caraffa not only approved of the movement, but with rare sagacity suggested that as all monkish "orders," from their evident uselessness, were then regarded with an unfriendly eye, it would be wise to refrain from speaking of them as such in the new Society, which, moreover, must possess distinctive features of its own, unthought of before, in order to secure goodwill and favor.

Loyola agreed. The Society must have a distinct, novel program, and its own fixed laws. He therefore summoned his little troupe to Rome—not all, for some of his men were already at important posts. True to its subsequent history, the Society was already in a position to influence kings. Xavier and Rodriguez were at the Court of Portugal, Faber at the Diet of Worms, and Bobadilla had express orders not to leave the Kingdom of Naples before accomplishing the work committed to his care.

The task of framing the constitution proved lengthy as well as difficult. The winter of 1538-39 at Rome brought dearth and widespread misery in its train. The "Black Cloaks," as the populace called them, sought and obtained both popularity and proselytes by indefatigable almsgiving. New

patrons were won, some of whom went so far as to place valuable property at the disposal of the Society. It is not surprising that this success was most gratifying to Pope Paul, and when Loyola craved from the Vatican the startling order that no physician should be allowed access to the sick bed of any rich Jews in Rome until they had confessed to a priest, and until they had been received into the Church, such order was readily granted.

But a yet more subtle plan for raising the reputation of his Society took shape in the mind of its General. A scandal, which for a long time had weakened the influence of the Church of Rome, and which Pope and cardinals alike had vainly striven to abolish, was rife at this very period. An almost unbounded state of licentiousness prevailed. Luther and his followers were "pointing the finger of scorn at the old city of the Cæsars," and there was none to deny the accusation of ill-fame. If the stringent act of expelling the thousands of miserable profligates from the city had been carried out a revolution would have taken place. The princes of the Church were in a dilemma, and meanwhile their system was suffering untold injury. Loyola cut the Gordian knot. The potent spell of his influence was brought to bear, first of all, on the wives of the rich Roman nobles, whom he induced to open their purses, in order to found a retreat dedicated "to the holy Martha." Then he persuaded a number of the most wretched and degraded women to enter this retreat as members of the "Congregation of the Grace of the Holy Virgin." The Martha Cloister, made attractive within and without, was quickly peopled.

In order both to awaken and sustain interest in the Cloister, Loyola organized processions through the public streets. First came a troop of lovely children, swinging fragrant incense and strewing flowers. Next, huge banners, bearing respectively the mystic letters "I. H. S.," a picture of the Virgin, and a beautiful penitent being crowned by three angels. Then followed Loyola and his brotherhood in their familiar somber costumes, immediately succeeded by the inmates of St. Martha's Cloister, attired in finely ornamented white muslin and adorned with pearl necklaces, and with flowers in their hair. They sang, as they marched, the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus." The processions created a great impression. Without securing any real moral conquests over the still unreclaimed, unconverted "penitents," Loyola gained some distinct advantages for himself and his system. The report that the whole of the profligates of Rome had gone into cloister, served to hurl back the reproaches of the Reformation party; hence the Pope was under a deep obligation to Loyola, and he, acting as father confessor to so many of these women, obtained a mass of secret information, which proved invaluable to him in his future projects.

An Old Lady's Story

AN old lady, whom I met when visiting a pretty watering place in the South of England, and whom I soon learned to know and love, told me the following story of her conversion:

"I was such a little girl, and it is now seventy years since I gave my heart to the Lord Jesus; and, blessed be God He has kept me and preserved me up to the present moment. How well I remember the place, the time, and the circumstances connected with my early conversion. I was only four years old, and my brother was eight. We were walking together, hand in hand, up the garden path in the home of our childhood. There were gooseberry bushes on either side of the walk, and I can even remember pulling my little white muslin frock aside that it should not get torn by the thorns.

"All at once my brother said: 'Lottie! Do you know that there is a beautiful land up in the sky, where a beautiful gentleman lives; and he keeps a big book, and every time you and I do a good deed he puts down a white mark, but when we do something naughty he puts down a black mark?'

"I conclude that someone must have told my brother this, and it troubled him. Yes, and it made me very unhappy. For a little time we were both silent; then I turned to my brother and said, 'But how can we get the black marks out now?' for, child as I was, I had been disturbed with a sense of sin.

"My brother answered, 'We must be good and do good, Lottie;' and we walked up and down the garden path. Then I said, 'Let us go into the barn at the top of the garden, and pray to God'; so we went, and knelt together in the old outhouse, and earnestly repeated this simple hymn■

"Lord, look upon a little child

By nature sinful, rude, and wild.

Oh! put Thy gracious hand on me

And make me all I ought to be.

"Make me Thy child, a child of God,

Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;

And my whole heart from sin set free,

A little vessel full of Thee."

"Our hands were clasped together and God's Spirit showed me my own sinfulness. We rose up, and the old barn seemed to be filled with a glory light for me, for I came to Jesus and trusted in Him to save me, and He filled me with joy and peace, which have never departed from me. As I grew older I searched His Word and trusted His promises, and by His grace I have never doubted my salvation through the blood of Jesus, God's dear Son. My brother, too, became the Lord's, and in after years spent his time as a gospel preacher. He was taken to be 'with Christ' many years

ago, whilst I have been left here to tread the wilderness journey over seventy years, and proving His love, and goodness, and mercy all the days of my life.”

Dear children, I could tell you many stories of interest about this dear old lady, which I used to love to listen to as we walked together by the seashore, but I have only told you of her conversion. I wonder if any of my little readers have learnt their own sinfulness, like my aged friend did, when only a child of four years old. You cannot be happy without Jesus; you cannot be saved apart from Him and His precious blood, for that alone can blot out the “black marks” which sin has made on your souls. Then come to Jesus as this dear child did.

Do Thyself No Harm

MANY of the triumphs of the Gospel have been wrought by the soldiers of Christ in seasons of apparent discomfiture, and frequently God has used the calm and rest of the spirits of His soldiers to overcome the passions of men and the power of Satan. An instance of this victorious power is found in the apostle Paul and his companion Silas, when they were at Philippi.

At Philippi the apostle found a little group of pious Jewish women, who assembled by the riverside, where prayer was wont to be made, and here he rejoiced in the first heart in Europe opened by the Lord to receive His Word. The enemy also made use of a woman in stirring up opposition to the proclamation of the truth, for a girl possessed with the spirit of divination followed Paul and Silas through the streets for some days, calling out, "These men are the servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of salvation." Paul cast out the evil spirit, and at once drew down upon himself the fury of her masters, who could no longer use their deplorable tool to gain money, These men inflamed the people, and, influencing the authorities, caused heavy stripes to be laid upon Paul and Silas; afterwards the magistrates ordered them to be cast into the town prison. In this place the horrid underground dungeon was selected for their quarters, as if the preachers of salvation were the most turbulent disturbers of the city's peace.

No outward circumstances could well be more miserable than theirs; but as the night wore on they cheered one another, and with prayers and hymns worshipped God. The dungeon was filled with the incense of thanksgiving, and was transformed into a house of prayer. The astonished prisoners heard these unwonted sounds, and the dungeon became, what it has been so often since, the hallowed place of divine worship. Here was a great moral victory; Paul and Silas were more than conquerors. And God heard his servants' prayers and praises, and answered by an earthquake, and the opening of prison doors and loosing of prisoners' chains—a symbol of His freeing men and setting them at liberty in the power of His salvation.

Then it was that the ruler of the prison, filled with fear, took up his sword to slay himself, when Paul's loud voice, "Do thyself no harm," reassured him. He called for a light, and sprang into the lower dungeon with the cry, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" His words clearly show that he had heard the way of salvation proclaimed, and also that his conscience was filled with dread because of God's righteous hatred of sin. In the unlikely prison a work more wonderful was wrought than that quiet work by the river's side.

Magistrates and their officers had all to submit to the power which dwelt in St. Paul. The victory being attained, the apostle, as was usually his custom after an outburst of persecution, left the city to go elsewhere.

An Important Question

I WENT into an Underground train in London the other day, and had hardly seated myself when a woman opposite me leaned forward and said

“May I ask if you are on the Lord’s side?” “Yes,” I answered; “thank God, I am.” “Is it long since you were first able to say that?” she continued.

“Yes,” I replied, “many years. And I find Him more and more precious daily. In fact, I cannot imagine how one could go through life without Jesus Christ for a Saviour and Friend.”

“Ah,” she said, “you may well say that. But I have, alas! met many, many people who don’t want Christ, and will not have anything to say to those who love Him. It is—”

Here the noise of the train was so great that I could not hear the conclusion of her sentence.

Presently the train stopped at a station, and two ladies and two men came into our compartment. My friend lost no time in giving her message to each newcomer. “Madam, do you know what it is to have Jesus Christ as your Saviour?” “Sir, are you on the Lord’s side?” And then she went on to say a few words on the importance of having this matter settled.

Those to whom she spoke offered no reply.

One lady turned her back on her and looked out of the window, and a gentleman read his newspaper steadily, vouchsafing no answer.

At length the woman reached her destination, and, as she alighted, one of the ladies said:

“That’s all right; if she had not got out here I was going to change my carriage. I could not stand that sort of creature.”

“Poor lunatic!” said the second lady; “she ought to be locked up.”

“Such ranting old women should be buried alive,” said a young man sneeringly.

“How strange!” I said to myself, as I left the carriage and went on my way. “Society must be on a very wrong basis. One may talk about anything and everything except about Jesus Christ. The latest murder trial may be discussed in public, and one may speak of the greatest blackguards that ever lived, with impunity; but if anyone ventures to speak about the God who made us and the Saviour who died for us, one is shunned or laughed at, or at least considered ‘very peculiar—not quite right, you know.’”

Why is this? Why should we banish Him from our conversation Whom to know is life everlasting? How should we feel if Christ Himself appeared (as He will one day) suddenly, and asked the all-important question?

Ah there is no doubt on whose side we would then like to find ourselves arrayed.

A certain king of days gone by had a jester, of whom he was very fond. One day he presented this jester with a richly ornamented staff, and said, "Keep this, unless you find a bigger fool than yourself; and then give it him."

Years passed, and the king was taken seriously ill and was about to die, and he sent for his jester to bid him farewell. The jester approached the bedside of his royal patron, and, kneeling, presented the staff to his master.

"What's this for?" asked the king.

"Sire," replied the jester, "I do as you desired me. I have at last found a bigger fool than myself. You have to start now on a long journey, for which you have made no preparation, although you always made great preparations before setting out on a journey in your dominions. Those short journeys were of little consequence, but this one is; and yet you never gave it a thought, though you knew you must take it someday, and you knew not how soon."

Yes, we are fools, indeed, if we put off settling this great question any longer.

And of this we may be sure, that we shall never repent, neither in this world nor in the next, of having taken our stand on God's side.

Regret being on the victorious side? What a foolish idea!

But we shall regret (oh, how terribly!), both in this world and the next, every day, every hour, which finds us on the devil's side.

Oh! make sure of your position before you go a step further in the journey of life.

You not only risk your happiness in the future world by delay, but you lose so much joy and peace in this life.

And to those who are already on the Lord's side I would say, Do not fear to say so. Never mind if you are called a "lunatic." Was it not once said of the Master whom you serve, "He is beside Himself"?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me . . . of Him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh." (Mark 8:38.)

"Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 10:32, 33.)

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THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF.

CHRIST'S glory shining on His people will make them shine in heaven. We shall reflect His glory. How cold is the dewdrop before the sun has risen! But the rising sun, shining upon it, lights it up with glory. Christ, "the Light thereof," will beam upon us; we shall reflect Him as the dewdrop does the image of the sun. We shall see His face, and His name shall be in our foreheads.

Rome as She Is Today

A CONVERTED GODDESS.

HERE is nothing in the doctrine of the Church of Rome, which exactly answers to the evangelical belief of the conversion of a man to God by the power of the Holy Spirit. But Rome not unfrequently converts a pagan idol into a so-called Christian image, and thus the old pagan worshippers are able to retain their pagan rites while adopting the cloak of Christianity.

The Aztecs were pagans, who inhabited Mexico, and some of our friends in Mexico have sent us accounts of the grand coronation of "the Virgin of Guadalupe," who is the patron saint of Mexico, and is so on political as well as on religious grounds.

The original goddess, "Tonantzin" the Mother of Gods," was worshipped by the pagans, and now, where her shrine stood, is the shrine of the Mother of God, who is worshipped by "Christians." How the "Mother of Gods" became transformed into the "Mother of God" we have not time to tell; suffice it to say it was some three hundred years ago, and that it was communicated to men by a vision. The Christian bishop was incredulous when he first heard of what had occurred, and evidence was sent him in the shape of an Indian's blanket—one common to the country—upon which was found a picture of the Lady. This picture is held today in high reverence. We have before us a Mexican paper, which recounts the coronation of this image and also a little piety picture card of her, with a prayer on the back.

The Virgin of Guadalupe is the divinity of the Indians, who hold a festival to her on December 12th all through the republic of Mexico; indeed, "so completely is the Indian character of the festival recognized, that the church is wholly given up to the Indian worshippers. In it they conduct their celebration, unhampered by priests, in their own way." And how much of the celebration is in honor of "Tonantzin, the Mother of Gods," is not asked.

The picture represents a female crowned, and robed with a star spangled garment. She stands upon the horns of the moon. All of the symbols are well known, and ancient pagan in origin.

Part of the prayer referred to runs thus: "I count myself happy if I have always in sight thy pure and spotless beauty. . . . What a despising of the inconstancy of worldly things, and what a value for the things of heaven is produced by seeing that thou didst not choose other adornings than the stars of heaven, the orbs of the firmament, and the angels of the Empyrean. . . . I offer myself completely to thy service. I devote myself to love and please thee as a tender and dutiful son. Fill thou the place of a Mother to me, and obtain from the Lord the ability to do that which I desire and purpose to do. So let it be."

Our Christian readers will agree that in this case Rome, as she is today, is generally pagan. She keeps the idol, renames it, and then worships it. The conversion of the idol does not result in a change of its nature, the prayer of her admirer being just that sort of prayer a heathen could address to his deity.

Bible Class Outline: The Forgiveness of Sins

1. The blessedness of forgiveness. “Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.” (Rom. 4:7.) Observe that the blessing is a present one—are forgiven, are covered.
2. How the forgiveness is obtained. Through Christ. “Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins” (previous verses, 28 and 30, show that He was slain, and is risen again), “and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.” (Acts 13:38, 39.) Observe the two alls—all persons who believe are justified from all things they have done.
3. How the forgiveness is secured. In Christ Himself, now exalted in heaven. “In whom we have... the forgiveness of sins.” (Eph. 1:7.)

Story of the Jesuits: Chapter 6

THE GREAT SECRET SOCIETY: ITS STATUTES AND ITS CONSTITUTIONS.

THE time had now come when, having gained a firm footing in Rome, and possessing influence with the Vatican, Loyola considered that he might hopefully lay the statutes of his Order before the Pope for confirmation. This he did, and the supreme Pontiff, after closely examining the document, exclaimed in wonder and admiration, "The finger of God is here!" Yet he and his cardinals hesitated to ratify it publicly.

Was it desirable in the present state of things, they argued, to foment discord by arousing jealousy among the older orders? For six months the opposition continued. Meanwhile Loyola clung tenaciously to his point, appealing for a written Papal sanction which all the world might read.

Assembling his comrades one day about this time he made known to them his final scheme in these words: "Ought we not to conclude that we are called to win to God, not only a single nation, a single country, but all nations, all the kingdoms of the world? What great thing shall we achieve if our company does not become an Order capable of being multiplied in every place, and to last to the end of time?"

Slowly the princes of the Church perceived that in rejecting an institution which promised fervent devotion and implicit obedience they were neglecting a support which the Papacy then sorely needed, and which for novelty of construction and adaptation to its end, far surpassed any known system. The statutes were formally approved and accepted; and on September 27th, 1540, a special Bull ratifying the Society of Jesus issued from the Vatican. Loyola had again triumphed!

The statute book of the new Order commenced thus:

"Whoever will, as a member of our Society, upon which we have bestowed the name of Jesus, fight under the banner of the Cross, and serve God alone and His representative on earth, the Pope of Rome, after having in the most solemn manner taken the vow of chastity, must always recollect that he now belongs to a Society which has been instituted simply and solely in order to perfect in the souls of men the teaching and dissemination of Christianity, as also to promulgate the true faith by means of the public preaching of God's Word, by holy exercises and macerations, by works of love, and especially by the education of the young and the instruction of those who have hitherto had no correct knowledge of Christianity; and lastly by hearing the confessions of believers, and giving them holy consolation."

Now, as the fusion of countless wills into a solid unity was to be the keystone of the arch supporting the giant fabric of Jesuitism, we are not surprised to find that the vow of obedience was given the foremost place among the statutes.

"Members of the Society shall implicitly obey the General in every particular and on all occasions, without delay and without offering any excuse whatever, reverently considering him as the representative of Christ, the commander-in-chief of the heavenly hosts." Unquestioning blind

obedience, to be “engraven on their hearts in capital letters as long as they live,” the Jesuit novice was so completely to deprive himself of the right of private judgment that he would lie in the hands of his Superior (to use Loyola’s own expression) “as a carcass, as plastic wax, as an old man’s walking stick.”

The vow of obedience, it may be observed, was not peculiar to the new Society, inasmuch as it was assumed by every variety of monastic order. Loyola himself held up to the admiration and imitation of his disciples the Abbot John, “who enquired not whether that which he was ordered to do was useful or not, but continued daily throughout a year and with great labor to water the dead stump of a tree.”

Next in order to the vow of obedience came the vow of perpetual poverty. “No men,” says the discerning framer of the statutes, “have a more agreeable life as regards their neighbors than those who are furthest removed from the poison of avarice, and stand closest to poverty.” But, to the prohibition that the Jesuit shall receive neither land nor property for himself, or even for the Order, Loyola added the saving clause: “It will still be free to them to accept lands and estates, with the income derived therefrom, for the maintenance of colleges, on the understanding that they are to be used for the good of the students.” By this ingenious device the Order of extreme poverty was enabled to possess, and still possesses, enormous wealth!

No less important was it that the Jesuits were not to be in any degree a monkish order, living a contemplative life in cloisters. Though their headquarters for convenience would be the profess-houses, they were to mix with the world, working among men for the benefit of the Pope, and fighting against heretics.

Every other form of conventual life was more or less one of seclusion. Jesuitism, on the contrary, was a scheme devised for occupying a position among the world’s busiest movements. It would therefore draw around it not those who were sick of life, but the strong energetic spirits who were eager to play a part on the world’s stage.

Again, the Society was to devote itself to the great work of education, secular as well as spiritual. In its colleges and institutions, where instruction would be offered either free or at the lowest possible charge, lay the lever, by means of which would be raised a lasting barrier to the spread of Protestant heresy. By such teaching not only would the rising generation become devoted adherents of the Roman Catholic faith, but the Reformers would find powerful opponents. Schools were to be planted against schools, pulpits raised against pulpits, voices opposed to voices, until heresy should be exterminated.

Finally—and here was the headstone of the corner—the General elected for life was endowed with ABSOLUTE AUTHORITY. By every member of the Society, the General of the Jesuits was to be looked upon as the embodied Jesus, to whom he was sworn in the knighthood of faith, zeal, and obedience. One mind and one will were to sway the whole Society.

Such was the framework of the marvelous organization to which Pope Paul Farnese set his signature and gave his apostolic benediction—that same Pope who opened the Council of Trent; who sent under his grandson’s command twelve thousand of his own troops into Germany to assist in the war against the Protestants; and who lifted up his hand to bless whoever would shed Protestant blood.

Undoubtedly it was the novel and wide interpretation and consequences of the vow of obedience, that made Jesuitism from the very beginning of its history, far superior in internal strength to every other order of monks.

This doctrine of obedience, or, as it may more truthfully be called, the immolation of the will, is elaborately explained in a notable letter addressed by Loyola to the Jesuits of Portugal some three years before his death. "It is my wish to see all in this Society distinguishing themselves by an abdication of will and judgment. . . . Whoever would immolate himself without reserve to God must offer to Him not his will merely, but his intelligence and understanding also. . . so that he not only wills what the Superior wills, but thinks as he thinks. . . . Fix it in your mind that whatever the Superior commands is the order and will of God Himself; and as when you are required to believe according to the Catholic faith, you bend your whole will and mind to do so, in like manner bringing yourselves to perform the order—let it be what it may—of the Superior, a certain blind impulse of an eager will shall bear you forward without giving space for enquiry. . . This applies not merely to the conduct of individuals towards their immediate Superiors, but to that also of Superiors toward Provincials, Provincials toward the General, and to that of the General toward the Lord's Vicar on earth."

Before resuming our story of the founder's earliest movements in Rome, it will be interesting to enquire into the famous constitutions of the Society, in order to form some adequate idea of its inner working. To do this we must lift the curtain and portray the Jesuit Institute in its mighty phalanx of twenty thousand working agents, as it revealed itself to the world a century ago.

Immediately the Papal Bull had given formal existence to the Order, Loyola, assisted by Laynez, the ablest of his colleagues, set himself the task of framing the constitutions.

Of course he claimed for them direct inspiration from heaven. "I cannot discover," says M. de la Chalotais, "that the constitutions of the Jesuits have ever been seen or examined by any tribunal whatsoever, or by any sovereign. They have taken all sorts of precautions to keep them 'secret.'" These instructions were not published; infinite care was taken to print them only in their own colleges, and if it happened that they had been printed elsewhere, the whole edition was at once secured.

In the year 1761, when the Procurator-General of Louis XV. gave in his report to the Parliament of Bretagne, this was the outline of the organization, of which the printed constitutions filled fifty folio volumes! The Jesuit monarchy covered the globe. At its head the General ruled over all, but was himself ruled over by none! First came six grand divisions termed pryncedoms, the heads of which acted as cabinet council to the General, their territories extending from the Indus to the Mediterranean. These divisions were again divided into thirty-seven provinces under chiefs who were called Provincials. The provinces were subdivided into establishments of three kinds: profess-houses, each presided over by a Provost; colleges, each under the direction of a Superior; and mission houses where Jesuits might reside unnoticed as secular clergy, the better to promote their ends and interests.

In order to govern the world of Jesuitism an almost superhuman intelligence was necessary to its absolute monarch, the General. And it was thus acquired. Every year a list of the houses and members of the Society, with the name, talents, virtues, and failings of each, was laid before the

General. In addition to this, every Provincial must send him a monthly report of the state of his province, and, be it noted, give minute particulars of its political as well as ecclesiastical condition. Every superior, every head of a house, must report once every three months, and if the information had reference to persons outside the Society, the communication must be made in cipher. Thus the General of the Jesuits became omniscient and omnipresent. For could he not see by a thousand eyes? Did he not hear by a thousand ears? And since the secret thoughts of each of his host, by aid of the confessional, had been laid open and minutely chronicled, was he not able at a moment's notice to select the fittest agent to execute his wishes?

It is important to realize, as we lightly scan the past history of the great secret Society, that its scheme of self-government holds good to the present day. The principles, plans, and resources of Jesuitism are as fixed, as unalterable, and as deeply laid now as they ever were.

As Dr. Wylie remarks: "All ranks, from the nobleman to the day-laborer; all trades, from the banker to the shoemaker; all professions, from the Church dignitary or professor to the barefoot monk; all grades of literary men, from the mathematician and historian to the village schoolmaster and the reporter on the country newspaper, are enrolled in the secret Society," though society at large may be little cognizant of the fact and loth to believe it. "Selecting one, the General sends him to the Cabinet; for another he opens the door of Parliament; a third he enrolls in a political club; while a fourth he places in the pulpit of a church whose creed he professes in order that he may betray it." While he orders one brilliantly gifted to mingle amongst literary men, he sends another to act his part in the Evangelical Conference; and when dismissing a missionary to heathen tribes, he is not less careful to introduce one of his emissaries to the English hearth and home.

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PRAYER.

OUR hearts are like stringed instruments, which require frequent tuning. Out of tune, let the instrument be never so mellow, the hand never so masterly, the sound is but jarring discord. Prayer it is which tunes the heart for praise.

Echoes From the Mission Field: The New Hebrides, a Pathetic Story

R. PATON'S work in Tanna, so full of tragic incidents and trials, was apparently without much fruit amongst the cannibals on that island, but here is a story which shows that the seed sown in those early pioneer days struck root.

Twenty years or more after Dr. Paton had paid a visit to a fierce cannibal tribe in the interior towards the west coast, as we gathered there came two old chiefs through the bush. A toilsome and dangerous journey did not deter them. They sought the missionary stationed at Weasisi, on the east coast, towards the north end of Tanna.

Mr. Gray was surprised at the two strange old men approaching the Mission station. Their appearance was such as to excite curiosity and awaken keen interest. They were strangers from a dark cannibal tribe, he gathered. The surprise, however, was not in this, but in the fact that each of them was wearing a very old, threadbare, and dilapidated shirt. Heathen, as the missionary knew to his sorrow, despise clothing of any sort, so that Mr. Gray's interest was thoroughly aroused by his strange visitors. Asked their errand, they at once disclosed in eager tones that they had come to seek a missionary, or at least a native teacher, to come into the interior and teach them and their people about "the Jehovah Jesus God." "But," said Mr. Gray, "how do you know about Jehovah?" "Oh," they said, "don't you see we are Christians? Don't you see we have on shirts that we wear the clothing of the Christians?" "Where did you get them, and when, and how?" came quickly from the now thoroughly-aroused missionary. "Well," they said, "a long, long time ago the Missi that lived on this island (their description showed that it was Dr. Paton) came to our district and told us about the Jehovah Jesus God; and when he left us he gave us these shirts and told us we should worship Jehovah and give up war; and he said we should not work on the Sabbath, and should wear our shirts. And ever since we have put on our shirts every Sabbath and had worship, and told our young men not to work." "But how do you worship?" enquired Mr. Gray. "Oh, we put on our shirts, and we sit round with the young men and say we won't work; and when they get tired, and we don't know what to do, we tell them to hold on, and we say: How happy we shall be when someone comes to tell us about the Jehovah God."

Thus, for twenty long years, a faint glimmer of light had been maintained in the hearts of these poor heathen, who long so intensely for the knowledge of the True and Living God.

The sequel to this moving incident is the advent of our own missionary, Dr. Paton's son, who goes to the interior from the west coast to tell the story of Jesus and His love to the two old chiefs, if still alive, or at least to their people. God has heard their cry for light. May He now enlighten and save.

The above is taken from "Quarterly Jottings from the New Hebrides."

FROM "India's Women" we take an interesting little story about the goddess. The illustration opposite is the form of the idol under which she is worshipped in parts of India. To her honor the Thugs commit their atrocious murders. The husband of this goddess was, according to the Hindu tradition, as bad as it is possible to be; yet he is very widely worshipped. La-li, in our illustration,

is dancing with joy, because her enemies are all overcome. Ka-li is supposed to be delighted with the smell of blood, but, under British rule, human sacrifices to her glory are no longer lawful.

“A young girl, one of our pupils, who is anxious for baptism, was taken with her two younger sisters to Ka-li Ghat. On arriving, they were told to worship the idol. This they refused, saying it was the work of men’s hands. ‘We will worship the one true God, Jesus,’ they added, ‘Who died for us on the Cross.’

“For this they were beaten by their father. Their landlord, too, was very much enraged, and said to them, ‘If you will not worship Ka-li, I will set the devil on you.’

“The little ones bravely answered, ‘No devils can hurt those who worship Jesus; the devils can only hurt devil-worshippers.’

“The people present were also angry, and said, ‘These children’s heads are turned through going to school.’ Some were determined that they should throw ghee into the fire and call out to Ka-li. Seeing that they could not resist the furious crowd, the children threw the ghee, and prayed that God would pardon their sin.

“It was at last decided that they should be kept away from school. They prayed earnestly that their father would change his mind and send them back. God indeed heard their cry, and they continue coming.”

From the little child let us now turn to the aged.

“There came to the mission house a message. It was from an old woman of a hundred: ‘Ask that Bible-woman to come and see me again. She told me of Some One who could take me over the river of death—a Saviour. May she come and see me again.’

“The Bible-woman was out of the way, and the English missionary went in her stead. Arrived at the Indian house, after the usual Oriental salutations, she looked round for the chief object of her visit, the old woman of a hundred, but did not see her.

“‘Where is she?’ she asks. ‘She is very old,’ they answer; ‘she has outstayed her time, and we have laid her in yonder cowshed, across the yard.’

“‘Why have you done so to her?’ enquired the English lady, choking down her Christian indignation.

“‘It was her own desire,’ they answered. ‘She told us that if we laid her there, she would need none to attend to her, and she would be less trouble to us.’

“‘May she come and speak to me here?’ asked the visitor.

“‘She will be very glad to,’ they answer. ‘It is very cold for her where she lies, and she will be warm here in the sun.’

“They brought her out of the cowshed. Across the yard they carried her—rather, they dragged her. At the feet of the English lady they laid her—more nearly flung her—down on the asphalt floor.

“In miserable plight she lay. In pain and misery all over, in utter bodily wretchedness, she was not able even to lie down, but only could sustain herself upon her hands and knees.

“‘Stoop down,’ she said to the lady, ‘that I may be able to see your face.’

“She did so, and then the poor old woman of a hundred, laying her weary head between her thin hands, feebly uttered her prayer ‘Oh, Lord Jesus, save me ; wash me from my sins ; take me over the river of death.’ Then the mind seemed for a moment to wander, and she could only utter, ‘Jesus, Jesus.’”

Union Amongst Christians

3.

ON two former occasions we spoke of the union of true Christians which God Himself has made; their union as members of God’s family, and their union as members of Christ’s body. In each case the union can be neither made nor broken by human power, but upon man devolves the responsibility of living out the union on this earth. Alas! the spirit of maintaining, practically, the union that exists, is deficient in some of God’s people; nevertheless many mourn the walls which separate Christian from Christian, and seek to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

We will on the present occasion briefly consider the divinely-established union of the people of God in reference to the future. There is a great deal of activity in Christendom generally, to effect what is termed the reunion of Christendom; and we may do well to compare man’s scheme and God’s plan respecting this matter. Let us suppose the future realized that so many seek after. What would that future be? A confederation of kingdoms, kings, and prelates, under one common headship, to whose word all would be obliged to bow, or to undergo the severest penalties of imprisonment and death. Now, would

THE PLAN DETERMINED BY GOD

be in any sense whatever realized by such an union? God’s people are all one family. Would the love of God the Father prevail on the earth in such circumstances? Would holiness exist in men’s souls and exhibit itself in their lives? The world would be more wicked than it is—at least if the manner of life of those centuries prevailed during which His Holiness the Pope, and the Inquisition governed the kingdoms of Christendom; and during which the sword was ever drinking blood in the name of Holy Church. Would Christ be recognized as the Head of His body the Church were the scheme realized? For centuries Rome has made less and less of Christ in her services, and those who clamor for union with her do as she does. Much is made of priests, little of Christ, the High Priest; much is made of the sacrifice of the Mass, little of Christ’s one offering of Himself; a sacrifice to God; much is made of continual effort to produce sanctification, nothing of the truth that by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. Whenever images of Christ fill men’s souls, Christ Himself has but a little place in man’s heart. Where the Mother of Jesus is prayed to she is the Favorite, and her Son is secondary to her. If there were reunion with Rome, and thus an united Christendom, we should have Christendom with

CHRIST OUTSIDE THE UNION.

In the union which God will display, holiness, and the glory of Christ will prevail. Every member of God's family will "be holy and without blame before Him in love." Every one will be a manifestation of God the Father's nature—holy and blameless before God's own all-searching eye. He will read in every heart holiness such as He can rest in. There will be no blame attachable to any child, since every child will be so holy and so wise, as never to be found fault with by God the Father. And all will repose in the love which is divine. Such is the end and glory for all the members of God's family, and the very thought of it affects the child of God in his daily life on earth in ways of holiness and love. And when this prospect is before the soul the present aim at reuniting Christendom, its kingdoms, its princes, its prelates, and its evil and good, is seen to be unworthy of God beyond the powers of utterance—nay, as a scheme of rebellion against Him.

Again, in the union of the Church, which will be displayed in glory, every member of that body will be a witness to the glory and honor of Christ. In all things He will have the pre-eminence. His sacrifice and His priestly work will be abundantly magnified, and all that He has done will more and more redound to His honor in the eyes of all His people. In that day He will present His Church "to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing"—not a spot of defilement, not a trace of infirmity, but, by virtue of His passion and His priestly work, glorious forever. Each member of the body will contribute to the excellence of the whole, and the excellence of the whole will contribute to

THE GLORY OF CHRIST, THE HEAD.

Such is the future—sure and settled—into which all believers will enter. Now, in the aspirations for the reunion of Christendom such prospects have no part. The pure, the holy, the heavenly, can be loved and longed for only by such as God has made pure and holy and heavenly in Christ.

We are all expecting developments in reference to the Church. There are two which are at hand.

The true members of Christ will soon be removed to heaven, when they will see Christ's glory, as He has promised, and when the future, of which we have spoken, will be realized. In how short a time this may occur we know not. But in a little while He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. And all God's true people will be glorified with Christ, for when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory.

The other development refers to the mass of professing Christendom, out of which the true members of Christ's body will have been taken. There will be a reunion of Christendom, a gathering together of kingdoms, kings, and prelates, and peoples—one vast confederation—but Christ will be outside it, and the Antichrist will be in it. He will be its ruling energy, and, instead of the Holy Spirit of God directing and controlling, Satan, the spirit of lies and of evil, will take His place.

We may, therefore, see a sign of the times in the desire for union that exists—a sign to the true that the hour of union with Christ of all saints in heaven is at hand; a sign to the false that the hour of darkness of Christendom is near. Let the Christian be more and more eager for true union of heart and spirit with "all saints"—all the beloved of God, His Father. Every such experience is a little foretaste of the sweets of Home—a little sample of the eternity of bliss; while, on the other hand, longing after the essentially worldly and man-advancing idolatrous principle of the reunion of Christians, under the antichristian head of Rome, is a terrible portent that the dark hour of

Christendom is approaching, and that the time of the uprising of Antichrist is near.

Sunday Morning Texts

1.

VERY human being is either with Christ or against Christ in the great battle between good and evil in this world. Neutrality when Christ is in question is impossible. "He that is not with Me is against Me: and he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth" (Luke 11:23), are His own words. Every true Christian is on Christ's side in the battle, even though he may be weak, and at times almost afraid to witness for his Lord.

2.

A very important word of Christ's mercy to us is this: "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me" (John 13:8); but He did wash His disciple's feet, and what He did for Peter, He does for us all. That is, He removes the defilement which we contract during our walk through this world, and renders us clean, so that He may sit down with us and open out our hearts to His words, in order that we may have part with Him in His ways and words of love for us. Thus we are enabled to have communion with Him respecting His thoughts about His love.

3.

"Rejoice with Me" (Luke 15:6) were the words to his friends of the shepherd who had found his sheep which had been lost. Deep was his own joy in the finding and the home-bringing of the wanderer—so deep that he would not have it merely to himself, and therefore he called together his friends to share his joy. Jesus is the Shepherd of whom the parable speaks, and He calls us who love Him to rejoice with Him in His joy in saving the lost. Let us seek more and more to enter into this His joy. It is the essence of true evangelic fervor.

4.

Yet one more of Christ's words, with Me, shall fill our hearts. "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory which Thou hast given Me" (John 17:24). In these words we read again our Lord's love. Our highest joy in glory will be to behold His glory, and He wills that this portion shall be ours. There will be many grand things in heaven for the eye to see and the ear to hear, but the grandest sight of all will be the glory bestowed by the Father upon the Man Christ Jesus. He was despised and rejected of men on earth, He shall have the highest place in heaven. Every sorrow, every shame, borne here will be answered by a fresh glory there.

The Purpose of God in the Creation of Man: The Incarnation of Christ, Our Lord

IN our last paper we spoke of the Creator's purpose in the creation of man, and briefly contrasted the glory of this purpose with the degrading thoughts of the scheme of evolution which traces the origin of man, and of the beasts that perish, to one common ancestry. Let us today speak of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ in relation to the evolutionary idea of human origin. Since the philosophy of evolution denies God the Creator, it necessarily also denies the Incarnation of the Son of God. Though our readers may have no personal concern with this philosophy in its most pronounced infidelity, many of them must be concerned with its baneful influence over Christian truth. The out-and-out evolutionist has given up Christianity, but numbers of Christians are influenced against Christian truth by that amount of evolutionism which has penetrated their minds. It is a leaven which is corrupting holy and exalted Christian truth.

The Incarnation of the Son of God was no afterthought in the divine mind. From everlasting the delights of Wisdom were with the sons of men. The announcement of the Incarnation was first made in the Garden of Eden, and in words addressed to the serpent after man had fallen from God: "Her Seed . . . shall bruise thy head" The story of the fallen spirit is but briefly touched on in the Scriptures. We are given to understand that pride was his condemnation; that he was once full of wisdom and perfect in beauty, and was perfect in his ways until iniquity was found in him, and that his very excellence lifted up his heart. How it was that this spirit could enter a body and use that body, as was the case in the temptation, we are not told, though we have mention made in the Scriptures of various examples of such action on the part of spirits. The fallen spirit beheld the creature man as created by God, and by leading man to question God's word he accomplished his ruin. Then it was that the Seed was promised, who should not only be man's Saviour, but Satan's Conqueror. How long the spirit who had fallen had been created we are not told, but we see him strangely interested in the being, man, whom God had made. God made man in His own image and likeness, and Satan's effort was to corrupt God's work, and to stamp his own image and likeness upon man. He succeeded, but only to hear from God's own voice that His Son should become man, and Satan's destruction. The knowledge of this revelation in God's universe must have had far-reaching results. Of the prophetic utterances of God upon this earth, we read "which things the angels desire to look into."

The doctrine of incarnation was abundantly taught in the religious system of the pagan Egyptians. Their deities became incarnate—as they believed—in various types of the animal world. Their gods were frequently shaped as part beast and part man—the beast in various cases having the prominent position assigned to it. Thus was the truth of the promised Seed degraded in ancient days. In our own times, in Christendom, the evolutionary idea would change the truth of God into a lie.

We endeavored on the last occasion to conceive the infinite wisdom and majesty of the Creator by glancing at His universe; but what thoughts shall be found to enter into His condescension and

wisdom in view of the Incarnation of His Son. The Incarnation was no afterthought of God, we repeat; it was planned by Him before the world was, and before His creature, the fallen angel, had accomplished the fall of His creature, man. When our Lord was born into this world, holy angels from heaven filled the sky above the fields of Bethlehem, and with gladness ascribed glory to God in the Highest, and praised His good pleasure in men. His goodwill was not expressed towards angels by the Incarnation of His Son, but towards men. "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood" ■which spirits are not ■ "He also Himself likewise took part of the same. . . . He taketh not hold of angels, but of the seed of Abraham He taketh hold." He "took upon Him the form of a servant," but not that of the angel-servant; He "was made in the likeness of men." In the Scriptures quoted we are given to see the angelic beings adoring their Creator in view of His glory in the Incarnation of His Son. But not only was the good pleasure of God in men manifested, the Son of Man was to have the highest place in heaven awarded to Him. To no angel has God given the seat of heaven's throne. "To which of the angels said He at any time, Sit on My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool?" It is not given to them thus to rule. "Are they not all ministering spirits" "But unto the on He saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." The exalted Son of Man is to fill the throne of God; He is to reign over the kingdom of the universe, and the redeemed shall be associated with Him in that glory.

Very briefly we have indicated that the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ is a far-reaching purpose of God, affecting the creatures of His universe, and the rule and glory He will yet establish in it. Let us now return to our planet, which seems so very small when our thoughts expand to contemplate the worlds around it. And in fixing our minds upon this earth, we must think upon man in relation to the purpose of God in the Incarnation of His Son—man made a little lower than the angels, yet to be crowned with glory and power above them. "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

Men say, If you speak thus of the Creator, why did God allow sin to spoil His work?

Our reply is, God has not chosen to tell us. We might ask, Why did God allow certain planets to be broken up in pieces? Why did He allow the earth He made to become a chaos? This world is but as a grain of sand in His universe. Men are but a handful amongst His creatures. And when we take a mental glance at the universe of God, and consider that the whole of man's history on the earth is but of a few thousand years' duration, we can afford to wait God's time to obtain the reply.

God made man out of the dust of this earth, and formed him so that he should be capable of the highest intercourse with himself. God endowed him with powers and capacity of reason and affection, which He alone could satisfy, and bestowed on him the relationship of child to Himself. In the creatures God has made, whether of this or other worlds, there are orders and stages of excellence, but to man has been assigned the place of union and communion with God. We say again, were man but the chance outcome of a succession of growths and developments, were he but the birth of the law of the survival of the fittest, the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ would be impossible. When our Creator made man He had the Incarnation of His Son in view. True, man has fallen from his first estate ■perhaps even lower than the evil angels have fallen from theirs. In many instances man has become degraded in his mode of existence almost to the level of the brute creation; even in the civilized world, he has often sunk lower than brute beasts by degrading himself beneath himself ■which no mere brute does. And now, in Christendom, our latter-day

philosophers use their high mental powers to teach that man and beast are of one common ancestry, thus scientifically lowering man in theory to the level to which the savage lowers himself in practice. But, notwithstanding all human degradation and sin, "God was manifest in the flesh," and man shall yet be lifted up to the high estate designed by God.

When we speak of the union of Christ with men, let us be reverently careful of our words and thoughts. We must keep steadily before the mind the lowest depths into which man had fallen, and also the high glory man filled before his fall. But whether before or after the fall, man was alike a human being; in the one case he was a human being as originally formed by God, in the other a human being fallen from that original. Our Lord was very man. His human nature was holy; as the angel said to Mary, "that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God," and as we also read in the epistle to the Hebrews, "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." Thus when He was here amongst men His human nature was a holy one. Though He "was in all points tempted like as we are," yet it was ever "without sin." He did not unite Himself to fallen and unholy men, He unites fallen men, whom He by His death has made holy, to Himself. He was the corn of wheat which except it "fall into the ground and die it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Thus the purpose of God respecting the Incarnation of the Lord and man's exaltation in Him was accomplished through His suffering and death. The heel of the Seed of the woman was bruised, as God said at the beginning to Satan.

The Incarnation of Christ was the means whereby the atonement made by Christ could take place. He came into the world to do the Will of God, and that Will was fulfilled by His being the sacrifice for sin in the body God prepared Him, and by that "Will we are sanctified through the offering of the Body of Jesus Christ once for all." The Scripture does not contemplate the Incarnation apart from the atonement in relation to man's salvation. The atonement of our Lord does not elevate fallen human nature, it witnesses to the depth of that fall, while affording propitiation for all who come to God by Him. He suffered death, and bore the judgment due to fallen human beings, and now such as receive Him are united to Him by the Holy Ghost.

One of the evils attendant on the system of evolution is the belittling of sin. The fact of man's fallen state is rejected, and instead, he is said to be in an exalted state. His passions are regarded as merely the remnants of old wolfish or hawkish ancestry. A responsible sinner according to this system he certainly is not; on the contrary, he is gradually reaching the supreme excellence of this nineteenth century. In such a doctrine God's righteous indignation against sin and man's need of atonement have no part. It is true that no real Christian can reject the facts of human sin and the atonement of Christ, but real Christians may be influenced through these current ideas against the fulness of the facts. It is undeniable that where the evolutionary idea is allowed, even in a minute form, there the atonement of Christ is made light of. The doctrine is consistent in its operation. It leaves out the Creator, and, having done so, it exalts man in his own eyes as the most marvelous survival of former ages, allows no sin against God, and rejects both the Incarnation and the atonement of God's Son.

The Wheat and the Tares

“AN enemy hath done this.” So said the householder to his servants when they told him that his field, once so well sown, was yielding tares as well as wheat. “Sir,” said they, “didst thou not sow good seed in thy field: whence then hath it tares?” And what should be done with the field? The servants were for weeding out the false, but the householder would not have this done lest the true might perchance suffer. For tares and wheat are not so unlike that a mistake might not be made. “Let both grow together,” said the householder, “until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, ‘Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn.’”

How came about this evil in the field? The seed had been placed there or it would not have come into life. Neither tares nor wheat spring up out of nothing. An enemy of the householder, and of the good seed he had sown in his field, had wrought the evil. The enemy entered upon the field while those who should have protected it were asleep.

This parable of the Lord is for every young reader of our words. The enemy is sowing, or is trying to sow, evil seed in our hearts. This work goes on in the school, and in the day’s intercourse with companions, and the seed sown is springing up and showing its real character in the lives of old and young.

If you were to sow some thistle seed in your garden nothing that you could do would cause that seed to spring up as mignonette. Every seed brings forth its own character in its matured life. It does not develop into another kind of life.

The Lord tells us what He means by the good seed; it is the Word of God, and the bad seed is the word of untruth, untruth which comes from the enemy.

The first great principle for us is not to allow the bad seed a place in the field. People very often sow doubts as to the truth of the Word of God in the hearts and minds of boys and girls in their schools. Such seed causes tares to grow up instead of wheat, for thereby instead of Christian men and women in our land we have infidels. Yet, at the beginning, they look so very much like the true, that only He who searches the heart can tell which is the wheat and which is the tare. But at the harvest the difference will be shown, for then there will be a great sorting out, and it will be seen that merely to be like a Christian, while not to be one in heart and soul, is only to be fitted for destruction. Then the angels will sort out first the tares and will bind them in bundles to burn them, while the wheat will be gathered together for the Master’s barn.

A little while ago a Christian lad in one of our colleges for youths had to hear some infidel remarks made. He was impelled to say before the other young men, he could not hear his Lord and Saviour thus spoken against. As he was of a retiring disposition, this was no light thing for him to do, and he went back to his room in great anxiety. For over a week he had to bear jeer upon jeer, but he did so as a Christian—never answering again. At the end of the week the young man who made the infidel statement came to our young friend, and said he had watched him under his persecu-

tion, and was convinced of the truth that was in him. Having handsomely expressed his regret, he declared he would never again say one word against our young friend's Lord and Saviour.

This is the kind of testing we must needs expect in our present day. The tares are not wheat, though all in the school may be called Christians, as was the case in the college to which we have referred. Indeed, to be a true Christian is now very often to be the subject of ridicule. However, as time goes on, the reality of the Christian life will certainly show itself. Tares do not bear fruit to life eternal. At their best they merely have a resemblance to the true, and every year they become more and more evidently what they really are.

Young people must show courage as to the truth they believe. Courage produces respect, and every act of courage gives greater firmness to faith. There is a great deal of tare-seed sown in our schools, which, while not infidel, is cast abroad with the view of making boys and girls Romanists. We have heard several sad stories of these efforts lately. A picture is offered for admiration, and then by and by it is suggested how much easier it is to worship God while looking at the picture. If this false seed be allowed a place in the heart, it will grow up, and idolatry will sooner or later take place in our nation.

Remember, young friends, that in a few years' time you will be men and women, and your lives will be what you believe. Your characters will be formed by what you believe. The seed growing up in your hearts will express its character in your lives. If you take in infidel ideas, you will become in some degree infidel; if you take in idolatrous ideas, you will in like manner become more or less idolatrous. May you love and abide in the Word of God, and thus grow up His brave servants, and in the great harvest day have your honored place in His treasure house.

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MANIFESTING LOVE.

IT is of small practical use talking of God's love to you, if you forget the working of God's love in you. The outcome of your daily life must witness to the fact of your being loved by God.

The Rent Paid

SOME little time ago I fell into conversation with an old farmer about the things of God, and spoke of having everlasting life in Christ.

“Ah, well!” said my companion, “I am one of those people who do not believe in the assurance of faith.”

“Assurance of faith” I repeated. “I confess I do not quite understand what you mean. Would you make it a little more clear to me?”

“Well,” said he, “people did not speak in that way when I was a young man; but I hear young men and women nowadays say they know they are saved. Now, to my mind, it is presumption. They must wait till their deathbed, or until the day of judgment, before they can know that.”

“Ah!” I answered, “now I think I understand you. I suppose, if I were to tell you that I know I am saved by Christ, you would say, ‘I don’t believe you’?”

“Yes,” said he, “that is what I mean.”

“Let me see,” said I, apparently changing the subject, “one day last week was rent day, was it not? Did you pay your rent?”

“Oh, yes,” was his prompt and evidently proud reply, “I have paid my rent.”

“Now, if I were to say to you, ‘I don’t believe you have paid your rent,’ what would you say?”

“I can prove it,” he answered, sharply; “I have got the receipt with my landlord’s name upon the stamp, my good man.”

“But what if I still should tell you I don’t believe you have paid it?”

“Well,” said he, in a tone of indignation, while taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, “you say you don’t believe I have paid my rent. Do you see that key, sir? It unlocks the desk in which I keep all my receipts, and if you come to my house I will unlock my desk, and take out the receipt, and let you see it, with the landlord’s name upon it. You say you doubt my word, indeed! Do you think I care for you, or for anybody else?” and as he spoke he grew quite excited and snapped his fingers in the air. Then, changing his tone, he added contemptuously: “If all the people in the world said they did not believe I had paid my rent, it would not cause me to sleep a bit the less soundly tonight, for I know I have paid it, and I hold the receipt for the money.”

“Now don’t be angry,” said I; “you will understand my meaning presently. Do you see this book?” and I took my Bible from my pocket.

“Oh, yes,” said he, quickly: “it is the Bible. I know it all through, from beginning to end.”

“But do you believe it all? Do you believe these verses: ‘There is none righteous: no, not one’; ‘There is none that seeketh after God’; ‘They are all gone out of the way’; ‘All we, like sheep, have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way’? Do you believe all this? You trust the word of your landlord—a mortal man, like yourself. Do you believe God?”

“Oh, yes,” said he, “I believe all you quote from Scripture. I have never doubted it from my childhood.”

I repeated the words, “As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned”; and then asked my friend, “Do you believe this? Do you believe that you yourself are lost, and need a Saviour?”

“I know,” he said, “that Christ died for sinners.”

“Then,” I asked, “did He die for you? Let me ask you to read this verse aloud to us slowly.”

The old man wondered, and, as he said, “felt strange” as I handed him my open Bible, and pointed to the sixteenth verse of the third of John; but he put on his glasses, and read the verse slowly—very slowly: “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“Tell me,” I said, “who loved the world?”

“It was God,” was the quick and unhesitating reply, and I saw the countenance of the old gentleman gradually lighting up.

“Then,” I asked, “what did God love?”

“The world.”

“The whole of it?”

“It says so.”

“Then we in the world form a part of the world which God so loved. But what did God do, because of His love to the world?”

“He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“What is the meaning of ‘whosoever’?” “Why,” he answered, “anyone, to be sure.” “Now, may I ask you to read the last verse of the third of John?”

The eyes of the old man filled with tears as he read these words of the living God, “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.” “Read it again,” I said. He did so. Then, turning to him, I continued■

“You told me just now that if I said I was saved you would not believe me. Do you think I care what a man says? No! If all the people in the world said they did not believe I was saved, it would be enough for me to know that God says I am saved. It will not cause me to sleep a bit the less soundly because a man doubts me. God says I am saved.”

The old man grasped my hand, saying, "I am glad I met you; I never saw things before as I see them now. I shall never again speak as I did. God and His word are enough." He shook me heartily by the hand, and wished me goodbye, saying, "We shall meet again; if not on earth, up there," pointing to heaven.

Can you, my reader, "read your title clear to mansions in the skies"? Can you look back to Calvary, where Christ suffered and died, and say, with full assurance of faith, "The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me?"

The Last Words of Captain Murly

CAPTAIN MURLY was an old man. He had taken his part in the battle of Trafalgar, in 1805, where Nelson's last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty." The old captain had served in various engagements, and bore many a medal on his breast, which gave the name of the battle and the honors of the wearer.

We have from the old captain's daughter her father's last words. They were in praise of our own great Conqueror, the Lord of All■

"Glory unto Jesus be

From the curse who set me free.

All my guilt on Him was laid:

He the ransom fully paid."

Good old Captain Murly had learned that neither his medals, his honors, nor skill and courage would take him to glory. None but Christ could admit him there■nothing else than the blood of Christ could fit him for the home above.

"Glory unto Jesus," said the dying man "Jesus, who has made peace through the blood of His cross.

"Glory unto Jesus who His own self bare my sins in His own body on the tree.

"Glory unto Jesus, who has saved me from death, from hell, and from judgment.

"Glory unto Jesus! He is my rest, my peace, my life, my joy, my aid.

"Glory unto Jesus! I am going to spend eternity with Him. I shall be like Him; I shall be with Him for ever,"

There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but Jesus, and Jesus only. He is the Son of God, by whom God can justify a sinner freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Him.

May we all trust and rejoice in Jesus the Lord, as did Captain Murly.

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SANCTIFIED ADVERSITY.

How we relish the scent of the field, recently bush-harrowed! Yet, do we consider that the fragrance is that of blades and herbs crushed and torn and broken? And the soul of the Christian, who has been harrowed by adversity, gives out a peculiar sweetness, the peculiar savor of Christ, which arises from a broken will and crushed resolutions, and earth's affections torn asunder.

Sanctified sorrow is very real. Adversity meekly accepted as from the Father's hand brings forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, love, gentleness, meekness.

Righteousness in the Law; Righteousness of Faith

THE apostle Paul describes himself before his conversion as, “touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless”; and, after his conversion, as “not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.” The words are most remarkable. Had he described himself as a great transgressor before his conversion, and, after it, as having found the righteousness he sorely needed, he might be the better understood. But he puts side by side two kinds of righteousness■ the righteousness which is of the law, and the righteousness which is of God■ the first he speaks of as “mine own,” the next as outside himself ; the first as of works, the next as of faith.

In a similar manner he speaks of men going about to establish their own righteousness, yet by so doing acting in disobedience; or not submitting “themselves unto the righteousness of God.”

Herein lies most solemn instruction for every religious person. The inspired apostle teaches that there may be “a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge,” a life may be spent in religion which does not approach one step to God, but in enmity to God’s way of righteousness.

“Moses,” says the apostle, “describeth the righteousness which is of the law; that the man which doeth these things shall live by them.”

DOING AND LIVING BY DOING

is a very commonly accepted religious principle. Yet who shall say, “touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless”? Perhaps no one save the Apostle Paul; for shortcoming in word and deed■not to speak of thoughts■surely must arise to condemn the heart. And if the doing fail on any one point,

DOING ENDS IN DYING,

since every one is cursed who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.

But even should the doing be perfect, the root principle of doing is that of not submitting to God in His way of man’s becoming righteous, and is, therefore, disobedience to God.

The righteousness which is of the law, cannot render a man acceptable to God, and though a man thus justified might have “whereof to glory,” it would not be before God. The reason of this is because God will have those He justifies glory in His Son. If we could save ourselves we should not need a Saviour. If we could work out a perfect righteousness of our own, we should not require the righteousness of God. This

RIGHTEOUSNESS BECOMES OURS BY FAITH,

and “what saith the righteousness which is of faith?”. . . “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.”

Not by our doings, but by Christ's, we live. Not by our own works, but by His work do we obtain salvation. The apostle Paul so gloried in Christ and His work, that, for Christ's sake, he counted all his righteousness and blamelessness under the law but loss. It would be well if we could hear more of this apostolic teaching in our own day. There was a time when the apostle was the leader in the system of the righteousness which is of the law, and when he did his very utmost to destroy the faith of Jesus Christ; but when he became converted he counted as loss all his religious glory and honor. And after he had been converted some thirty years, he still counted them as loss, and, indeed, as dung so that he might win Christ.

It was the sight of Christ which caused Saul's conversion, and when we see Christ, we too, reject self. Yet it is no light loss to cast away one's religious glory in the world. But Saul saw Christ's glory in heaven, and there and then away he flung every hope in self, and every effort to be made acceptable to God by his own works. The inexpressible glory of Christ his Lord and Saviour filled his whole being, and, in the power and joy to his soul of the excellency of Christ, he declared his grand purpose of being "found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

Fra Paolo Sarpi: The Greatest of the Venetians

THIS short history will interest those of our readers who prize the liberty we enjoy, and who believe that Rome, true to her motto, never changes. Sarpi, the Servite friar, rose from his little village amongst the Dolomite Mountains to be a tower of strength in Venice in her days of glory, and became a shield for her against Papal tyranny. He was unexampled in learning and in memory, and was gifted in perception and in power of deduction to a most marvelous degree.

Sarpi was a Reformer, or, shall we say, a barrier within the Romish Church, in whose faith he died, yet a man whose heart and faith were in God and Christ and not in Popes and priests. We may suppose that, if Sarpi had broken entirely with the Pope, as did Luther, he would have left a nobler mark than he has done in history; but perhaps we should know less of Papal intrigue had this been the case.

Sarpi's great work on the Council of Trent should be translated into our tongue; and we may hope that when Venice keeps her promise, and gives this work of "the king of Venetian writers" to Italy, England may also profit by it.

Dr. Robertson paints his pictures forcibly and brilliantly and with but little labor, and we heartily commend his work to our readers.

The effort of Pope Paul V. to obtain Sarpi's assassination is well told. He was returning from the Doge's palace to "his quiet abode in the Servite monastery" with an aged patrician and a servant, when "suddenly four ruffians sprang out of the darkness behind them. The patrician and the servant were instantly overpowered, while the leader of the gang set upon Fra Paolo with a dagger, and, stabbing him in mad fury about the head and neck, left him for dead with the stiletto buried in his temple." Assistance having been obtained, he was carried to his cell in the monastery, and, in due time, he recovered. "Immediately after the execution of the deed the assassins divided, some going straight to the palace of the Papal Nuncio," while others, reaching their gondola, made for the open lagoon. "By the help of the Nuncio" they all made good their escape.

Again and again the life of this great patriot was attempted by the paid servants of the Pope; and, even after his death, for generations Popes have pursued his dead body to desecrate it.

Fra Paolo Sarpi died in 1623; and until 1892 his bones were carried from place to place and hidden, to save them from the hand of implacable Popes! But at length liberty from Papal tyranny was won by Italy; and in 1892, on Italy's memorable 20th of September in Venice, with all dignity and state, erected a fitting monument to the greatest of her sons. May a nobler monument to his memory be reared the publication of his great work on the Council of Trent!

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THE ENTRANCE OF THE WORD INTO THE HEART.

ON some the Word falls like showers upon the mown grass■so gratefully is it received; on others it falls like the hammer, which breaks the rock in pieces■so sternly is it resisted; yet in either way its entrance into the soul is life. Some are led to Jesus gently and tenderly, others are forced to flee from the wrath to come.

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ON READING THE BIBLE.

“LET us feed our souls by the meditation on the divine writings; let us satisfy our hunger and quench our thirst by the heavenly meat and drink which it affords. Let us seek instruction in this school, so noble and so worthy of the children of God.” ■Augustine.

The Story of the Jesuits: Chapter 7

LOYOLA AS THE GENERAL OF HIS ARMY.

HIS company being now established, Loyola's first step was to elect a commander-in-chief or general. Only five members of the Order were present on the occasion; the remainder transmitted their votes in writing, and as we might expect Loyola was elected to the post. But he declined the honour! A second election was insisted upon, which produced the same result, whereupon Loyola declared, "Since you persist in choosing me, it only remains that we refer the contested point to my confessor, whom, as you know, I consider the interpreter of the divine will." The confessor, Father Theodosius, declared that in refusing the generalship, Loyola was fighting against God.

On Easter Day, in the year 1541, Ignatius Loyola assumed the government of the Society, and was constituted master of the bodies and souls, minds and consciences, of all who yielded themselves to him. The installation of "the General" was carried out in a course of splendid processions and services, held in the seven principal churches of Rome; and with extraordinary pomp and ceremony, on April 23rd, 1541, before the altar of the Virgin in the magnificent church of St. Paul, the Society renewed its four vows and his disciples took the oath of absolute obedience to the General.

This ceremony completed, the Society at once began its proper work. Loyola was in his fiftieth year, and possessed the same iron will which carried him through the agonies of his mutilated leg long years before; but it required all his courage and determination to carry out the program before him. He set himself resolutely to the work of conquering the nations for Rome, and he determined to succeed. Very soon the world saw with astonishment what great things a small body of men could accomplish when governed by one unconquerable will.

From the first day of his institution as General, Loyola commenced the carrying out of a strict rule in the central college at Rome. While he drew the cord of implicit obedience round his associates with ever-tightening grip, he severed every tie that bound them to the outside world. Letters from relatives at home, long delayed, would be thrown into the fire without being read! He would suddenly require the most refined and cultivated of the brotherhood to take the scullion's place in the kitchen, or impose upon him the task of carrying a heap of stones one by one from the floor to the garret of the college, and the next day to bring them down in a similar manner, as "wholesome spiritual exercises" in humility and industry.

It will be interesting to gather up information as to the number and character of grades into which Loyola decided his army should be divided from its earliest beginning and through all time. No one can be enrolled in the great secret Society until he has undergone a long and severe course of training. There are four classes of Jesuits—Novices, Scholars, Spiritual Coadjutors, and Professed Members.

Novices are young men who have been highly educated and exhibit a certain amount of talent. The wealthy stand the best chance of admission. The Jesuit must be a picked man. And it is

worthy of remark that while Loyola had trained men for every kind of enterprise, he had a gentleman for each and all, and to this fact much of the success attending the Society is attributable.

The Novice, after a satisfactory examination, passes into the novitiate house for a two years' training.

Twice a day the Novice "examines his conscience," and makes out a list of all his sins of thought, words, deeds, and omissions, to be confessed later on to the rector, who may thus know all the secret thoughts and desires of his disciples day by day. In the first year he must castigate his flesh, be occupied in begging and other low employments, and, assist in nursing the most loathsome patients in the hospitals. In the second, when he has proved his humility, and acquired the habit of that obedience, called by the founder "the tomb of the will," he is permitted to preach, to hear confessions, to instruct boys, and to catechise. While the Jesuit is thus undergoing the several trials of his fitness, he may not presume to say that he is one of the Society. He must only describe himself as wishing to enter it, indifferent to the station which may be assigned him. Hence he is enrolled among the "Indifferents."

Having successfully passed his two years' probation, the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience are then administered to the Novice, who binds himself by a solemn oath to "live and die in the Society," and he is then admitted into the class of "Scholars."

The Scholastic is immediately sent to one of the numerous colleges endowed by wealthy devotees, of which we shall see the Jesuits speedily became possessed, and which were renowned for the excellence of their management.

At the conclusion of his college course the "Approved Scholar" renews his vows, and becomes a "True Assistant," or in other words a "Spiritual Coadjutor."

In this third class of members there are two divisions, temporal and spiritual. The Temporal Coadjutor is never admitted into holy orders. Such can become only porters, cooks, stewards, and secular agents of the Society, "content to serve in the careful office of a Martha." It is worth noting that to qualify a porter or a cook an extra year's trial is thought necessary beyond the allotted time of trial for the priest who will become superior of the religious house. The reason is not far to seek. Though the rectors of colleges, selected from among the Spiritual Coadjutors, are men of learning, it is the porters and cooks who will undertake the worldly business of the Order, and therefore there is greater need that they should be faithful and trustworthy.

The fourth division forms the inner circle■the proper heart and soul■of the Society, the **PROFESSED MEMBERS**. They alone know its deepest secrets, they alone wield its highest powers. Solemn vows are taken by this class only, those of the other divisions merely being considered simple. It is the Professed who take the fourth peculiar vow, to obey the Holy See, and to go without question, delay, or repugnance as missionaries into whatever part of the world the Pope may send them.

It will be remembered that it was this fourth vow which overcame the crafty Pope Paul's objection, and that of his Cardinals, to sanction the Order. But the princes of the Church were no match for Loyola. The vow is made meaningless by the form in which he embodied it, for it is made only in

accordance with the spirit of the Constitution, and the Constitution enacts that “the GENERAL shall have ALL POWER over every individual of the Society, to send anyone on a mission, to recall missionaries, and to proceed in all things as he thinks will be best for the greater glory of God.” Thus obedience to the Pope depends entirely upon the will and pleasure of the General. Hence, notwithstanding his vehement profession of subservience to the Vicar of Christ, Loyola intended that Jesuitism should be its own master. And the Church of Rome shows to this day that she well understands it by a profound mistrust of the great secret Society.

The Professed seldom live in profess houses, but, as picked men of the first intellects, are dispersed today in every quarter of the globe, gaining the ear of princes, keeping the consciences of kings, controlling statesmen in their cabinets, monopolizing the education of the young, and making their voices heard through pulpit and press.

But the Professed does not escape from undergoing a fourth time the terrible ordeal of discipline whereby judgment, heart, and conscience are purged out of him, and he becomes a Jesuit apostle, ready to undertake the most difficult, the most dangerous, and withal the most unholy enterprises which his General may assign to him. “Talk of drilling and discipline!” exclaims Dr. Alexander Duff; “why, the drilling and the discipline which gave to Alexander, to Caesar, to Hannibal, to Napoleon, and to Wellington the men that marched in triumph achieving brilliant victories, cannot in point of stern, rigid, and protracted severity be compared to the drilling and discipline which fitted and moulded men for becoming full members of the militant institute of the Jesuits.”

Sunday Morning Texts

REJOICE in the Lord always and again I say, Rejoice (Phil. 4:4).

There is good reason for this call.

For the apostle had described how that Christ had emptied Himself of His glory (ch. 5:5-11) and had become a man; and how that as Man He is enthroned on high by God the Father. He had further spoken of the Lord upon that throne as our prize (ch. 3:13, 14), and shown that He will make us glorious like Himself (v. 21). With Christ thus before the heart, the call to Rejoice in the Lord can be obeyed.

The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing (Rom. 15:13).

How often did King David sing, in his days of trial of the God in whom he hoped. We have made Him our hope for time and for eternity, and He is pleased to speak of Himself as the God of hope—the unfailing God, who will never put to shame anyone who places confidence in Him. The more instances we recall of His goodness, and the more eagerly we anticipate the fulfilment of His promises, the greater is our joy and our peace.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me (Phil. 4:13).

We have good cause for joy and for peace, and here is a great verse for us respecting power. Power outside ourselves, yet applied to ourselves—Almighty power, yet utilized for insignificant “me.” “I can do all things” yet not in self-power, but “through Christ, who strengtheneth me.” Let the believer say, “By God’s grace I will live and do in the power of my risen Lord.”

“Yet not I” (Gal. 2:20).

Such as boast of their spiritual attainments have not attained to boasting in Christ. The highest spiritual attainment is to make all of Christ. The Christian has power to overcome in the battle of life ■ “yet not I”; he has patience to suffer ■ “yet not I”; grace to die ■ “yet not I.” And when at length he is ushered into the Father’s presence, and beholds the King in His beauty, still he will rejoice ■ “yet not I,” but that all is of Christ.

The Bible in Rome

SINCE 1870—the date of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility—the Bible has been allowed to enter Rome. But no thanks to the Pope, good reader; the thanks are due under God to the fact that in 1870 the Italian nation made Rome its capital, and gave Rome religious liberty. To have distributed the Bible in Rome when the Pope was supreme in power, would have been to incur a visit to the Inquisition, and, possibly, a very long one. Nevertheless, portions at least of God’s Holy Word were brought into Rome before 1870, as the following instance indicates.

A workingman found one day a book without a cover hidden away from general observation; he took it home, read it, and both he and his wife were profoundly struck by its teachings. From it they learned that to approach God we need no human priest, and that since Christ once offered Himself to God as a sacrifice for our sins, we cannot require a fresh sacrifice of Him in the Mass. Some years after this, at one of the mission halls of an Evangelic Mission, a rough looking man rose up and claimed his right to worship with the members. “But who are you?” they enquired, and somewhat anxiously, for the man was a stranger, and his manner was very untutored. He had not heard of Protestants, and it was very difficult to discover what he was. “I am of your religion,” he said. “I believe what you do; I have learned the things you teach from a book I found years ago, hidden in a secret place in Rome.” The man was truly a Christian, and from this stray copy of the Holy Scriptures he had learned the way of life and salvation.

But now the Bible need not be hidden in a bush, or in a crevice in a wall—it can be given away openly, and the people read it when it is given them. The Pope, for political reasons, is thoroughly hated by the men of Italy, and the power of the Papacy in that land is to a great extent broken. It is often said, “We do not want the priests—they are not to be trusted; neither do we want to become Protestants. What we want is apostolical religion.” For this the Italians must search the Word of God.

One bright evening this spring a few English people who had left the large ruins of Hadrian Villa near Rome were walking up the hill to Tivoli. The main road was left, and the shorter country path was taken, which winds its rough way through the olives. The sun was sinking over the wide Campagna, and the scene was beautiful. The peasants were coming quickly up the long slope—some riding on mules, but most of them on foot. They formed a long, broken procession of men, women, and children. The roadway was somewhat steep, and the ladies of the party sat down to rest, and then a little group of peasants, who evidently regarded the ladies as curiosities, stood about them, inspecting them. Some bore their tools upon their heads. All were swarthy, and all were poor.

The ladies broke the silence by reciting a short text, when, as if by magic, the women and children took up the words and repeated them in chorus. A short verse of a hymn was said, and then another text, and they were pleasantly repeated; and as the ladies rose to complete the walk up the hill they were followed by quite a little company, and all were repeating with great interest the wonderful words of life.

When the road on the crown of the hill was reached, one woman said, "We have seen the fine people come up and down this road for years, but not until this evening has anyone ever said one of those beautiful words to us about God and the Saviour. Thank you, thank you, ladies! And when you die you shall go to heaven on wings, for you have in your hearts beautiful words."

Now, good reader, if you speak a little Italian, you might do as did those ladies that spring evening. The peasants will repeat the words of God, and commit them to heart. May such good seed-sowing be carried on. The writer who witnessed the incident, could but think of the olden days, when the Gospel was carried through large districts of Europe by singers and by wanderers. Oh! what an open door is there now in Italy for the written and the spoken Word of our God. Will not the Christian who visits Rome do his and her best to give to the people the bread of life? We beg Christian ladies to find out some of the mission work that is going on in Rome. Let them pay a visit to 35, Piazza in Lucina, and see with their own eyes what good work is proceeding amongst the poor in the medical mission and in general care for the neglected and suffering. Perhaps, too, they, will make little journeys to the villages, give away portions of Scripture, and repeat the wonderful words of life to the peasants.

A few extracts from Francesco Baldi's first report of his effort as colporteur in some small towns and villages near Rome will create interest. He was out of work, and, acting under the Rev. Mr. Wall, tried his hand in this great service. Baldi is an enthusiast—a soldier in spirit, and he has been greatly encouraged. Once or twice he has been stoned and driven out of a village, but, generally speaking, he has had good cheer. He relates:

"In the public square at V—a shoemaker asked me some questions about religion, and among my listeners were some women and a student priest. When I had finished talking the women told the student to doff his priestly garments, to become an Italian citizen, and preach the pure Gospel.

"At M—a crowd followed me. I asked them if they could not give me something in return for the books. Many of the women brought me onions, and I accepted them to show them that I value their kindness. In the house of A. M. we had a little meeting, and I read the third chapter of John. While I was talking it struck twelve. Several of them made the sign of the cross. I stopped and asked them if they knew what they were doing. Out of twenty persons there was not one who could give me any reason, so I went on to tell them how that God wants the sign of the heart being changed. When I had finished they desired to have a Testament, and for payment gave me some bread.

"P. F—. As soon as I arrived I was surrounded by women, who gave me eggs for the books. They gladly listened to the second chapter of Luke which I read to them. While I was going through the village the parish priest called me, and asked me what I was selling. When I had shown him, he called me into his house, where he chose from among my books the Gospel of Matthew, a little book of hymns, and the Epistle to the Rom. I testified to him, but he spoke to me in Latin. When I came away he gave me twopence.

"R. S—. I had many religious conversations. I read the Gospel with the parish priest. Many took Gospels and tracts. The prætor took some texts and hymns.

"R. R—. Before I arrived here I found a woman on horseback, who got a boy to call me to her, and then asked me where her daughter—who had died without confessing herself, as no priest was at

hand could be.

"I told her we could not judge about others, and that God Himself comes near at the hour of death to give to His children the consolation and help which they need. I read to her the passage in which Christ said to the penitent thief, 'To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.' She wished to have one of the Gospels. In the village I had distribution and conversations.

"R. Here I sold four Testaments. After some conversation a guard bought a Testament. I found him later, when he desired to have a copy of the hymnbook, and said it was a great pleasure to him to read them. A poor old man asked for our address, saying that when the time came for him to die he should send for us. In the house where I slept we had many religious conversations.

"I had some conversation with a Franciscan friar, who came to eat at that house, about the life of St. Francis and the power of Christ. He had obeyed his superiors even to the point of never having learnt to read."

In common with other workers in Italy, Mr. Wall's great longing is to give the Italians the Scriptures in their own tongue. Italy wants God's own Holy Word; and in distributing it the colporteur is a grand agent.

Will our readers be willing to assist in this work? We shall be more than delighted to send to Mr. Wall any help which may be forwarded to us for the distribution of the Word of God in and around Rome.

The Purpose of God in the Creation of Man: The Resurrection

THE simple way for the Christian to resist error is to abide in the truth. If divine truth could be gauged by the measure of human common sense it would not be divine; we expect and we find in divine truth that which is altogether beyond and above the sense of man or the grasp of his reason. Nevertheless, as instructed by the Holy Spirit, we see in divine truth perfect unity and perfect wisdom, and we discern in it a scheme in entire accord with itself—a scheme devised by the highest and mightiest understanding, and one which, since God has given us minds, appeals to our instructed sense as absolutely perfect. Amongst the truths which lie above all mere human knowledge is that of the resurrection. Some while ago an educated heathen said to a missionary friend of ours, “I admire your moral teaching and the life of Christ; but you must not ask me to believe what you say about the resurrection; it is too far-fetched.” This same missionary was labouring in the Gospel in Paris some years afterwards. At the close of an address two workmen (atheists) drew near and asked of him questions as to his doctrine. They listened carefully. What he said was new to them; never before had they heard of the living God in His love and His righteousness. After a while the missionary spoke to them of the resurrection and the judgment to come. The idea of the resurrection was irresistibly absurd to them; and they, in true French fashion, embraced each other, and were so convulsed with laughter that they actually fell to the ground. These are instances of this nineteenth century unbelief in a well-known divine truth; and they remind us of the pagans of Athens, who, having heard the apostle Paul speak of the resurrection, in their wisdom mocked at the idea.

Pagans of a more ancient date than those Greeks did believe in a resurrection; but, as the ages have proceeded, foundation truths have become forgotten by the human race, and now the philosophers in Christendom, who teach the doctrine of evolution, in the sense that man has arisen to his present form from a lower organism, teach a doctrine which denies the truth of resurrection. Resurrection cannot grow out of evolution. It is outside natural law, as we speak, and demands a power to carry it out which is above and beyond all the laws of nature. It is attributed in Scripture to the direct act of God. The Christian asks with the Apostle Paul, “Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?” and says with him, “If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain.” And more: “If the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised.” Man was not made to die; he was made to live upon this earth. But by one man sin entered the world, and death by the sin; and men die because sin is in them. Nevertheless, God will raise the dead, and will bestow on man a body which will live eternally.

The purpose of God in relation to the future of man cannot be read aright apart from the incarnation of the Lord Jesus Christ, neither can the mystery of our Lord’s humiliation as a man be duly recognized, apart from the majesty of the glory of His ascension as a man, to the throne of the divine Majesty on high. Risen from the dead, death “hath no more dominion over Him”; He “dieth no more.” He is the Man ascended to heaven, and established in glory and honor above angels, and above all in the creation of God. The angel hosts and the spirits of the just see the glory of the Man Christ Jesus in heaven, and behold in Him a witness to the glory which shall presently beam

forth upon the men He has redeemed.

The “first man” and the “second Man” are presented in contrast by the apostle in his great chapter on resurrection (1 Cor. 15). The first man of the earth, “made a living soul,” as the Book of Genesis describes, is first spoken of, and Adam.

He could not carry out the great purpose for which his Creator formed him, and all his race bear his stamp: “As is the earthy, such are they also which are earthy.” They will never evolve themselves above the earthy, nor will the “fittest” of them ever reach up by a process of development to the majestic future designed by God for man.

This great end will be brought to its realization by

THE UNFAILING SECOND MAN,

who is the Lord from heaven. We note the titles here given to Christ—the second Man, the last Adam: both contrasting with the head of our race, yet both describing a human headship. “And as is the heavenly, such also are they who are heavenly.” The Lord joined Himself with men, and through and in Him the original purpose of God in the creation of man will be realized. To this the apostle, filled by the Spirit, looks forward, and exclaims, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” Then the corruptible body in the very grave shall put on incorruption, and the mortal frame shall put on immortality. The body that was made out of the dust of the earth, and which had returned to dust, shall be called up out of the earth, and shall be transformed into a spiritual body. It will not be reformed a repetition of its former self, but will be reconstituted. It will not be an evolution of the old order of body of flesh and blood, but it will be a new order of body of flesh and bones; it will not be again a natural body, it will be instead a spiritual body.

We see here a perfect chain of progress, but not of that which we know as natural law, but one greater and nobler, even the chain of the fulfilment of God’s own will by His own energy and power, notwithstanding the temporary triumph of death and of sin, which from certain positions is often regarded as mere natural law.

We know just so much of what the resurrection body will be as the Scripture tells us. As Christ has risen from the dead, so shall we rise from the dead; as His body is glorious, so will He fashion ours like unto His own body of glory. We shall possess a capacity for living in heaven where Christ dwells. Though our origin is the dust of this earth, we shall live forever when the earth has passed away, and no place will be found for it. In a way more excellent than was ever the case with the first man, we shall bear the image and the likeness of our Maker and our Redeemer.

As we meditate upon the purpose of God in our creation, and upon the great fulfilment of that purpose in the glory of the new creation, we cannot but recognize the magnificence of the divine scheme in relation to the creature, man. And while we do this, we can but acknowledge how degrading and debasing are the notions relative to man’s origin, and how hopeless those relating to his end, which are boasted in by the believers in the doctrine of evolution.

A Word From the New Hebrides: A Great Change

SOME years ago, when visiting Mele, a savage faced the missionary—the Rev. J. W. McKenzie—with his tomahawk drawn to kill him.

“That savage became a Christian, and on a recent Sunday the missionary was to visit his village. It was a long walk through the bush for the man of God that day, under a burning tropical sun. But the chief had a new heart now—a heart made ‘sweet’ by the missionary’s God; and so he met him ere ever the walk was begun, and gave him a royal welcome. There was a way by the sea, and the chief’s canoe was ready, and thus he took his friend to his village to conduct the worship of the True and Living God.

“What but the Gospel of Jesus Christ could produce such a change? We have many savage lions so tamed by the teaching of Jesus to become helpers in His service, and happy and meek in the enjoyment of His salvation.

“I praise the Lord daily for the marvelous works of grace accomplished on our islands; and that all may be brought to know and serve our blessed Saviour we live and labor incessantly.”

An Enquiry Relating to Sacrifice and Altar

HERE were five classes of offerings ordained by Jehovah in Israel; and, in the law of the offerings given to Moses in Horeb, they are stated in the following order: (1) the burnt offering; (2) the meal offering; (3) the sin offering; (4) the trespass offering; (5) the peace offering. Each of these offerings was designed for a special use; all figured the one great offering of Christ Himself. Their importance is very great; and some of them, such as the burnt offering—the chief idea in which is the consuming of the sacrifice by fire upon the altar—were established at the very beginning of God's way of mercy with fallen man. Also the peace offering, which is a well-known symbol of communion with the offerer and Jehovah in the sacrifice offered, has an origin probably as ancient. These offerings show to us what was necessary in relation to sacrifices made to God by man. In the New Testament, we find in plain teaching the truths which these sacrifices signify; so that, whether in Old Testament days or in our own New Testament times, they presented to man some of the most important lessons he could learn.

In England we hear a great deal about the sacrifice and the altar—subjects of the most intense necessity for our spiritual well-being; for we may say, if we are right or wrong in our ideas as to sacrifice and altar, we are—as far as knowledge goes—right or wrong in our thoughts respecting our approach to God.

It occurs to us to suggest to our readers some enquiries on these vital matters.

In the Book of Leviticus, chapters 1. to 7., which treat of the five offerings and their law, there are laid down certain directions as to the mode of bringing these offerings to God and sacrificing them to Him. These directions are God's own; and, having said this, we need not dwell further upon their importance. We find the offerer, the offering, the priest, and the altar, covered by these directions; and, in order that the sacrifice should be acceptable with God, it was necessary that the conditions He laid down concerning offering, offerer, priest, and altar should be fulfilled.

For the present we will merely consider the directions affecting the offerer and the priest.

Each of these persons had specific duties to perform in relation to the offering and the altar. What the priest did and what the offerer did were distinct. There was no confusion possible—no interchange of fulfilment of the respective duties enjoined upon them. It is obvious that, if a priest sinned and brought an offering for his sin, he was an offerer when so doing. He was not at that particular moment acting as a priest. Hence, we shall find that on such occasions the priest did what the ordinary offerer did; but when the priest ministered at the altar, he did certain things which the offerer did not do.

Now, let us first enquire, How many specific acts in relation to the offering and the altar were the duty of the priest to perform? We will give a few as instances. Lev. 1: The priests brought the blood of the sacrifice; sprinkled the blood round about the altar; put fire upon the altar; laid the wood in order upon the fire; laid the parts of the sacrifice in order upon the wood. See chap. 6. The priests ate the meal offering and also the sin offering. Will our readers find out how many such specific

acts in all were performed by the priest in his service of the altar?

Next, let us enquire, How many specific acts in relation to the offering and altar were performed by the offerer? We will give a few of these as instances. The offerer brought the offering to Jehovah. Lev. 1 He offered it; he put his hand upon its head; he killed it. We do not enumerate more, for we propose a Bible search to our readers, and beg them to tabulate the acts of the priest and the acts of the offerer, collecting them from these seven chapters of Leviticus. Let it be remembered that an offering could not be offered acceptably to Jehovah if these principles or laws were not obeyed. Next, let the search contain the reasons for these acts and for their performance by offerer and priest.

We shall have to show, later on, whether the service of the altar in the Christian Church, and the sacrifice of the Mass there, are after the model of Jehovah's ordained sacrifices. Our readers, happily, are numbered amongst those who take their stand for time and for eternity upon the Scriptures; and hence what is written on these vital questions is to them of eternal importance. We trust many of our readers will search their Bibles upon the subject; and any who can favor us with the result of their search are requested to do so before the close of July.

Bible Class Outline: Our Lord's Parables in Luke 15

THE lost sheep. The seeking shepherd. The lost piece of silver. The seeking woman. The lost son. The father who welcomes home.

The lost sheep■The sinner who in his ignorance cannot find his way back to God.

The lost piece of silver■The sinner who in the insensibility to his condition, does not feel his lost state.

The lost son■The sinner who in his determination will get as far away from God as he can.

Ignorant, insensible, willful; and the last the worst.

The seeking shepherd■Jesus our Saviour, who pursues the wanderer until He finds him, and who bears him safe home rejoicing.

The seeking woman■The blessed Spirit of God, who brings the light of truth to bear upon the lost sinner in his hiding place, and rejoices in finding the lost.

The father who welcomes home■Our gracious God, who covers the repentant and returning sinner with kisses of love, and who adorns him in the beauties of Christ, and who makes us happy for ever. "They began to be merry:" the joy is always and for ever beginning! The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit to man in time; the kindness of God the Father extending into eternity.

Jamie

ONE Lord's Day in winter, four years ago, I thought I would go and see the father and mother of a little boy and girl belonging to our school. I was very much interested in the father, an intelligent man, who always seemed to listen with interest to what one had to say about the soul and God, but who could hardly ever be got to attend the preaching, his excuse usually being the want of clothes, or this, "It aint no good to begin if you can't stick to't." He was ashamed to say in so many words what it was that kept him from "sticking to't," and from having as decent a suit of Sunday clothes as any other working man; but he knew well that I was quite aware of the reason, which—as I daresay you have already guessed—was simply the love of drink.

He was one of the few men in our hamlet who could read, and when not spending Sunday evening in the ale house, was usually to be found at home, reading the newspaper or some book, not infrequently the Bible; and thus employed I hoped to find him that evening. But when I reached his home, which was situated in a very unattractive row of cottages, no light was to be seen streaming through any of its cracked and rag-stuffed windows, and I began to think that no one was in; and that I had denied myself going to the preaching for nothing. However, I did not like to go back without knocking, which was no sooner done than I heard someone get up to open the door. The footsteps were those of Jamie, my little scholar, at that time an extremely bright and interesting boy of eight. Though brimful of fun, Jamie seemed to be quite harmless and inoffensive to every creature, excepting, indeed, in the bird-nesting, season, when, to tell the truth about him, he robbed so many nests that the wonder was, there were any birds left to sing in the parish.

"We always likes Jamie to go wi' us when we goes birds'-nestin'; he do know for a' the birds' nestes," said a boy to me one day. I have myself several times robbed him of whole pocketsful of poor little yellow-beaked, half-naked birds, which I knew to be in his keeping, either by their faint chirp or by the boy's irresistible desire to look at his prey, yet on these occasions, dear as we know young birds to be to the British boy's heart, or what is called his heart, Jamie never seemed either cross at the time or sulky afterwards. I think the unfeigned sorrow and concern which I could not help showing for his little captives, used to awe and puzzle him too much for that. The best birds'-nester, he was also the best cricketer among the small boys of the place, the best singer in the school, and the best scholar in his class, and when I heard his footsteps on the floor of the cottage that evening, I felt that my visit would not be quite in vain; for a chat with Jamie was always worth having when it could be got. It was so dark when the child opened the door that I could not see him, but being sure it was he, I said, "Well, Jamie, are you all alone in the dark?"

"No, Gov'ness" (the name in this part of the country for a schoolmistress); "Sarah Ann's in."

"Are not your father and mother at home?"

"No, Gov'ness! Father's been gone to B—ever sin' last night, and mother's gone to seek after him."

"Would you like me to come in with you for a little while?" I then asked.

"If you likes, Gov'ness," he said, in a half sad tone, and as I did like, I stepped inside.

Bidding him poke the dull fire which smoldered in the grate, I found my way as well as I could to the chair upon which little Sarah Ann, only four years old, was resting her sleepy little head, and sitting down beside her, I set myself to restore her to a state of complete wide-awakeness; this, with the help of something out of my pocket, was soon accomplished. After a chat with Jamie, who had seated himself on the fender by the now flickering fire, I proposed to her that we should sing a hymn together. Sarah Ann was allowed to choose the hymn, and she chose the one I felt quite sure she would:

"Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible tells me so, at that time the favorite hymn of the school. When we had done singing I talked to them about it, and especially about those two lines:

"He will wash away my sin,

Let a little child come in."

"Into where?" I said.

"Heaven," said little Sarah Ann, quite promptly.

Then I told them as well as I could how beautiful the Bible says heaven is; of its jasper walls and pearly gates; its golden street, where walk the white-robed saints; and of the throne of God and of the Lamb. Around that throne I told them thousands of children will stand, who were once poor and sinful like them, but with their sins now washed away in the blood of Jesus. I told them too of the beautiful river which makes glad that city of God, and of the beautiful trees bearing twelve manner of fruit, and yielding their fruit every month, which grow in the midst of the street, and on either side of the river, and how the Lamb leads His people to living fountains of water.

"And do you know, Jamie," I asked when I had done, "what gives them light in that glorious place?"

I expected him to say "no," or "the sun," or at best "God," and was prepared to explain to him those beautiful words■ "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light (or rather lamp) thereof." "And there shall be no night there: and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light."

But to my surprise he gave me at once this beautiful answer, "God's face."

"Yes, Jamie," I said, "You are quite right; it is God's face, the face of Jesus Christ that lightens all that holy place. And wouldn't you like to go there?"

His answer again surprised me, but it pained me as well; for it was "No, Gov'ness."

"Why would you not, Jamie?"

"Because my sins isn't washed away," he replied.

Poor Jamie there was such a tone of sober conviction of the truth of what he was saying in his voice, that I felt quite toughed, and pitying him from my heart, I did my best to show him how true those lines of the hymn we had sung together are:

“He will wash away my sin,

Let a little child come in.”

I pitied him, yet I felt glad that he had been brought to feel that an unwashed sinner cannot stand the light of God's face, nor ever be happy in heaven.

I stayed as long as I could with the two lonely little things; and when at last I had to go, it was with a sad heart I did it. They were of tender years to sit up for a drunken father (for it was only too certain he would come home in that state). I heard, however, the next day, that neither father, nor mother, nor brother came home at all that night, and that by and by the little things dragged themselves up to bed somehow, and were all the night alone in the unlocked-up house. But “their angels,” who always behold God's face, were there, and no harm came nigh the dwelling.

Jamie's father has taken him away from school lately to work with him at his own occupation of stone breaking. As he sits by the roadside or in the quarry breaking stones for the highways of this world, may his heart not be suffered to become hard as the stones he breaks, and may he find no rest till he has been cleansed from his sins by our Lord Jesus, and been made fit to walk the streets of the heavenly city, which are paved, not with painful sweat of the sons of toil, but with pure gold, like unto transparent glass.

The Shadow of Peter

THE first great witness given to man of the ascension of Christ our Lord to heaven was the descent of the Holy Ghost to earth. By the energy of the Holy Spirit in the Church, through signs and miracles, as well as by the testimony of words, all Jerusalem was aroused to the fact of the ascension of Christ. And the apostles declared that, Christ “being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost;” had shed forth that which the people saw and heard. In the early days of the Church the expressed power of the Holy Ghost gave no room for doubting His presence, and His presence was ever associated with the exaltation of Christ. “By the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people . . . insomuch that they brought forth the sick on beds and couches, that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them;” and when the high priest and Sadducees in their anger sought to restrain the work of God, the answer of Peter and the apostles was, “Him hath God exalted. . . and we are witnesses of these things, and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them who obey Him.” The Holy Ghost dwelling in the apostle rendered his very presence a power for healing as he walked in Jerusalem. A divinely-given influence emanated from the apostle, and the sick and the afflicted sought its overshadowing blessing.

With such a testimony to divine power in man before us, it is most instructive to note how absolutely Peter and the apostles magnified the exalted Christ, and how they never swerved from the place God had given them of vessels filled with His Spirit.

Were the shadow of Peter or of Peter’s successor an influence of healing power to men, people would discover it. There is no true spiritual power at least of a holy nature on the earth, save that which is of the Holy Spirit of God; all other power is a pretension to the spiritual, and pretension without power is poverty the most typical.

However, if we cannot place our bodily weaknesses and our wants under the shadow of Peter, to be overshadowed by him, we can receive through his living words blessings more rich and more abundant. His shadow has passed away from earth, for he is in paradise, but his inspired words remain in the Scriptures. Let us string together a few of these words.

And, first, three which open up to us the gospel, “the true grace of God,” as he says.

“You . . . by Him do believe in God.”

“Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things . . . but with the precious blood of Christ.”

“His own self bare our sins in His own body, on the tree.”

To these words of evangelic blessing we add a few testifying to the Lord Himself. He is “The Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.”

There are under-shepherds and under-bishops, it is true, and thus does the holy apostle Peter speak to them: "The elders (or bishops) which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder (or a bishop) . . . feed the flock of God which is among you . . . not for filthy lucre . . . neither as being lords over (or over-ruling) God's heritage; but being ensamples to the flock. And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Such thoughts of the exalted Christ, if lived out in the Church, would produce a holiness and love now unknown in many quarters. The ministry of Christ, as Peter followed it, the feeding of the flock of God, and the tender oversight of the sheep and lambs, lead to the grand Christian spirit which is summed up in those noble words "Jesus Christ, whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

It is well to sit under the shadow of Peter, the inspired apostle, and to be overshadowed by his words.

The Swedish Ship's Carpenter

DURING a visit to a hospital, some months ago, I found a new occupant in one of the beds—a young Swede, a ship's carpenter. After a few words respecting his illness, I asked him whether he had the joy of having the good Physician, the Lord Jesus, with him in his sufferings.

"I want to," he answered earnestly; and there was a wistful look upon his face that made one long to stay and point him to the Saviour, Who surely wants all who want Him. But circumstances prevented my remaining long with him that afternoon, so, after saying two or three words more and giving him a few Swedish tracts, I left him.

Two or three weeks after I found him up, and sitting on the side of his bed. It did not take long to discover that a great change had come over dear Otto A. Instead of the wistful "I want to," he joyfully exclaimed in his broken English, "I've found Jesus; the Lord revealed Himself to me last Tuesday night!" And his face shone with joy as he spoke.

Fearing a little lest he should be resting on a fancied vision or a happy frame of mind, I asked him whether it was any special passage of Scripture that was blessed to him. He rose at once and took out of his locker a large Swedish Bible, and, after turning over the leaves for a moment, he laid his finger on the parable of the Shepherd and the lost sheep in Luke 15. Yes, it was indeed on God's own Word he was resting, not on anything of self.

And then he told me the story of his life.

His very strong Swedish accent made it at times rather difficult to understand him, but the following was the substance of what he told me. He had been converted to God as a boy of thirteen, and had gone on happily till, at seventeen, he left his Christian home in search of work. Then he got amongst bad companions—"bad friends," as he called them—who led him astray, and then, he said, "I lost Jesus."

"But you could not really lose Him," I suggested, "after He had once found you. Those whom the Lord Jesus saves He saves for ever."

I was glad to find that the young Swede seemed to realize this; but "I lost Jesus" was only his way of expressing that he had wandered away from his Lord. For years he had been a backslider, till now at last the Good Shepherd had restored the stray sheep, and laid him on His shoulders rejoicing.

From that time forward it was just one continual feast upon the love of God till dear Otto A. was safely landed in the Father's house above. Not a doubt, not a fear, ever seemed to cross his mind or a murmur his lips. He was indeed an epistle of Christ in that hospital—from nurses and patients alike came the same testimony.

"It was always a pleasure to do anything for him," said one of the nurses; "he was so patient and grateful. I always got him any little comfort I could—anything to relieve his cough or do him good."

And only a week or two ago a dear dying man, who has found Christ since Otto's death, said to me, "I can understand now what poor A. meant when he used to say 'I'm so happy.'"

More than once, when sitting with Otto A., he said to me: "I'm so happy," ■not in any excited or demonstrative manner, but in a tone of quiet, heartfelt joy, evidently the work of God's Holy Spirit.

Once, as we were talking together about the Good Shepherd, I spoke of His loving, watchful care over him all through those years of wandering.

"Yes, He was after me all the time," he replied, with an earnest look of gratitude to the One who had so loved him.

One day we were talking about a dying fellow-countryman of his■a dear soul who had got into Doubting Castle. Otto used to go in to see him, and talk to him about the Lord.

"I believe he will be saved," he said, very earnestly.

"I think he is," I replied; "I believe he came to the Lord Jesus two or three months ago; but the devil has come in since and made him doubt."

"De devil is a bad man!" Otto answered, energetically. "De Lord Jesus make us happy, and then he come and make us unhappy."

The expression, "a bad man," certainly sounds very quaint; but I have often thought since, how well it would be for many more to realize the contrast between the two masters as definitely as did the young Swede.

I wish I could convey to my readers some idea of the holy, childlike joy that shone out in the face of that dying man, and of the simple trusting love and gratitude with which he spoke of his blessed Saviour. I always felt that I had brought away a blessing with me when I had been in Otto A.'s company.

I have just received a letter from a Swedish servant of Christ who used to visit him, and who could of course enjoy more unhindered communion with him, through speaking the same language. He writes as follows:

"He stands out to my recollection as one of the brightest Christians that ever I have met. He was always so happy and rejoicing, and his near prospect of death seemed only to intensify his joy. I am not sure who was blessed the most when we met and talked over God's wonderful mercy and love, but I felt as if; more than once, he was the giver and I the receiver, under God, of blessing and encouragement."

One day I heard that dear Otto A. was going to leave the hospital. I went in to say "Goodbye," feeling greatly grieved at the thought of losing the privilege of visiting him. He seemed rather better in health, and a little disappointed about it.

"I should have liked," he said■ "I should have liked if the Lord would have taken me home from the hospital." Still, he seemed convinced that all was well, and that the Lord's way was sure to be the best.

As we parted I begged him to pray for me. He willingly promised to do so, and added: "Pray for me, too; I am very weak."

I never saw dear Otto A. again. But I heard indirectly that God kept His trusting, dependent child in the same peace and joy till he went to be "with Christ, which is far better."

I have not much to add. May the simple testimony of the young Swede speak for itself to the heart of any dear reader who feels his sin and his distance, and longs for the nearness, the rest, and the safety of the Shepherd's shoulder and the Father's heart.

Sunday Morning Texts

1. Foreknown!

AS the morning sheds its light once more over our land of Christian liberty, let us sit and meditate upon the wonderful ways of God. We lay our hand upon our heart as we whisper "Foreknown" Just as I am—foreknown. Once an enemy to God by wicked works, guilty before God—yes, all true; nevertheless, as such foreknown. Now IN Christ, forgiven, and for me, no condemnation—no separation. All foreknown by my God.

2. Predestinated

A destiny, yet not of earthly glory, or honor. Higher by far, beyond and above all such elevations. And what is my destiny—my end? "Predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son" —to be assimilated to the image of the glorious Christ of God. How wonderful! The very crown and robe of heaven will be but the natural accompaniments, as it were, of the majesty and excellence of the eternal glory which is my destiny.

3. Called!

We are saints by the calling of God. We were not born saints, we did not become saints by our works; but God called us when in our sins, and we heard His voice, and He has made us what we are in Christ. The call was a personal one. "I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto Me and rest." The word of God came to our individual hearts in His sovereign goodness and grace, and thus we are His.

4. Justified!

Justified by God—once unjust, now justified. Once unrighteous, now the righteousness of God in Christ. And justified in this lifetime. We are not waiting for this. It is our present portion. And since God is our Justifier, who shall lay anything to our charge?

5. Glorified!

The great foundation of every spiritual blessing of which we boast is God. "Whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son. . . . them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified, them He also glorified." Past, present, and future are here all before us, and the future is regarded as present— "He also glorified." Such is the Gospel of God. "What shall we then say to these things?"

The “Black” Pope: A History of the Jesuits

THE “Black” Pope is the term used for the General of the Jesuits, whose garb is black, while that of the Pope is white.

We welcome any trustworthy story of the Jesuits, and are thankful that efforts are made to supply the British public with information respecting these foes to liberty who have invaded our land, and who, under disguises, live in every circle; whether as clergymen, ministers or tutors, or valets, they are to be found, while the women do their deadly work as instructors of girls, patrons of different branches of learning, and as sick nurses and nursery maids! Miss Cusack describes the growth of Jesuit power and influence in this country. The latter part of the book is more striking than its opening. We subjoin one extract from the work: “The only loyalty which they allow to be preached is loyalty to the Pope, and even that is subjected to the will of the General of the Order. With all other authority they are openly or secretly at war. And this it is that makes the Jesuit so dangerous to the State or country in which he lives, and this is the reason why he has been expelled from so many Roman Catholic countries. . . . They rule by fear; but a day comes when men rise up against their excessive tyranny, and cast them out.”

We trust our readers will obtain the book.

Bible Class Outline: A Matter of Personal Experience

“I KNOW.”

PRACTICAL knowledge is practical power. What “I” know is my own in my heart.

“I” know, said Naaman, the leper of Syria.

“I” know, said the blind man described in St. John’s gospel.

“I know,” said the apostle Paul.

Naaman said, “Now I know.” (2 Kings 5:15.) He did not always know; and a great change had occurred in him, and because of this he said, “Now I know.”

“One thing I know” (John 9:25) was the testimony of the beggar. He could not enter into controversy. He was poor and ignorant, and those who sought to puzzle him were wealthy and learned; but he possessed in himself the witness of sight given him, and no human argument could deprive him of his knowledge.

“For I know” (2 Tim. 1:12) boasted the apostle Paul. He based all his hopes and joys on the faithfulness of Jesus the Lord; and every argument was answered by what the Lord is: “For I know whom I have trusted.”

The Story of the Jesuits: Chapter 8

HOW THE GREAT SECRET SOCIETY OBTAINED ITS REPUTATION.

WE must now return to Loyola at Rome.

He sent Araoz, and Villanouva into Spain. In Valencia, so great were the multitudes that flocked to hear the Jesuit preacher, Araoz, that no cathedral could contain them, and a pulpit had to be erected for him in the open air! Rodriguez was dispatched to Portugal, as confessor to the king at his own request, and in twelve months' time he had succeeded in his mission: the first Jesuit College was founded in that land, and its twenty-five novices were sons of the Portuguese nobility. Francis Xavier went to India, and there acquired "the name of an apostle and the fame of a saint." Salmeron and Brouet were dismissed to England, entrusted by Loyola with a special political mission, and having received secret instructions from the Pope. Cordur and fifteen others, at Loyola's command, entered France, and obtained a foothold by promising to submit to episcopal rule—a promise made with a mental reservation which removed the necessity for keeping it! Laynez—Loyola's right hand, his ablest councilor, and his successor—was directed to Venice, where a congregation of nobles listened to his eloquent sermons with breathless attention, and the highest families submitted themselves to the "spiritual exercises." Lejay was dispatched to Austria, and began to pave the way for the Jesuits to seize the entire direction of the seminary at Vienna, and to convert Cologne into the "Rome of the North." Bobadilla and Faber were sent as the van of an invading host into Germany, directing their efforts towards the universities, and establishing free schools for the poor. On the old battlefield of the Reformation, where a century before Rome had suffered her first great losses, Loyola's successful soldiers made their appearance; and here, as in every other country we have named, the sound of their master's feet was behind them—stakes, scaffolds, crime, and war following in their train.

Loyola himself remained at Rome to conquer the Pope. He obtained favor after favor from the Pope's hand. Costly buildings, hospitals, refuges, and orphanages rose up in Rome, in addition to a splendid profess-house, for the members of the "Four Vows." Two churches became the property of the Jesuits by gift from the Vatican; but most of all worth having, in Loyola's estimation, was the extension of the privileges granted by the Pope's first Bull.

Loyola's persuasive powers were so successful that, not only was he permitted by a special edict to take as many members as he wished, but the extraordinary sanction was given, that the General of the Order in future should have the absolute power of making and altering its rules without reference to the Pope, either by way of information or request!

But the Pope's gratitude to the Jesuits found a further outlet. Two years later they were given the right to ascend any pulpit, to grant absolution for the most heinous sin, to exempt from all Church penalties and curses, vows and pilgrimages, and to administer the sacraments without referring to the clergy or bishop of the district. Bitter indeed was the indignation of the ordinary father confessor when he found his penitents preferring absolution at the hands of a "Black Cloak" to his

own, but loss of influence and loss of income had to be endured.

The constitution of this wonderful company was, however, by no means complete. Now that unlimited power was put into Loyola's hands "to add to the number," a fresh difficulty presented itself to his far-seeing mind. If the number of those admitted was to be increased by thousands, and multitudes of men were to be entrusted with the innermost thoughts and ideas of the Society, would it be possible to control so vast a body of privy councilors with the perfect harmony which was so essential to its existence? It was then that Loyola created a third class of members in addition to the Novices and Professed, viz., the Coadjutors, "spiritual" and "secular." The pupils of Loyola boast that crowned heads have belonged to the latter division of this class.

But further and unheard-of prerogatives were yet to be granted to the Order by the Pope, and these privileges were embodied in a Bull, which came to be named their "Great Sea of Privilege."

The General of the Jesuits was to have such power that if he "deemed it necessary for the honor of God," he could refuse to receive a messenger from the Pope. The keys of Peter were to have no power over a Jesuit, since the Pope himself would not be able to release him from his life-long vows. No cardinal or prelate of the Roman Church could borrow at will the services of any member without appeal to the General. Further, the permit[■]outrageous in the eyes of the Romish Church at large[■]was granted that "the General, or those who may be ordered by him, shall have the power to grant absolution for all and every kind of sin, whether committed before or after entering the Order." No Jesuit was to confess to a priest of any order but his own; neither was he to enter any other sect, unless it were that of the Carthusians, who, we should remember, observed the command of perpetual silence. Thus the Order carefully preserved its own secrets.

In order to enforce this injunction, the General was empowered to "prosecute, excommunicate, and imprison" any "fugitive;" and to prevent any Jesuit being called in question as to the lawfulness of his deeds, all that concerned the Order was put under the "special protection" of the Pope. All and any of the Professed might, even at the time forbidden of the Pope, say Mass in any place of their own choosing with closed doors: and it was rendered impossible for any Roman bishop to excommunicate them for any irregularity of conduct, or to interfere with any "Christian believer" of their congregations; yet Romish prelates were bound to consecrate Jesuit candidates for the priesthood without payment! It was also arranged that Jesuits might anywhere hold intercourse with heretics (i.e., Protestants) and have the right to settle in their cities, and at the same time they were not to be called upon to visit cloisters or to hear confessions of nuns unless they desired it. No taxes or dues should be paid by them on even Papal holdings; no deeds were required to be drawn up as regards donations or legacies of property; no Church dignitary might hinder the building or do other than at once consecrate a church or burying ground.

The General was empowered to receive into the Order all and sundry, burdened with sin of any kind (except murder or bigamy), and consecrate them as priests—a permission branded with immorality. Dispensations of sins to the extent of forgiveness for seven years, lay in the General's power to bestow; and not only he, but his missionary Coadjutors might grant absolution of the foulest crimes with all the authority of the Pope himself! University rights were infringed by the privilege which allowed the General to send lecturers on theology to universities without obtaining permission from the authorities. And after providing that the number of members could be extended without limit, and the Professed could take their vows outside Rome, the remarkable

document from which we have drawn our information winds up with a threat of excommunication and the interference of a court of justice on all who “hinder, harass, or disturb the Society of Jesus.”

Thus, as the historian Griesinger remarks, “the world lay open before the Jesuits and their proceedings; and even upon the most unjust and violent of them, by order of the supreme ruler of the Church, could no restraint whatever be put.” And, inasmuch as of late years we have been continually asked to believe in the infallibility of the Papal decrees, we must recognize that these “privileges” exist at the present day.

It will be remembered how high a value in his program Loyola attached to education. The best energies of his disciples were exercised upon it, and it is needless to remark that the chief object of the Jesuits of the nineteenth century is precisely the same as that of Loyola’s immediate disciples in the sixteenth century, namely, to get the education of the young Roman Catholic and Protestant alike into their own hands. Very soon Jesuit preceptors were established in every Roman Catholic province in the world. In favor of their educational system, over which pious Roman Catholics and even Protestants were infatuated, the rights of the Jesuits were still further enlarged by Pope Paul’s successor, Julius III.

Loyola now proceeded to crown all his previous educational plans by founding in Rome a German college, which he erected and equipped in an elaborate fashion, The country which most of all needed at the moment prompt and energetic action on the part of the Jesuits was decidedly Germany.

But as Loyola had drawn his following from, Spanish, Italian, and French speaking countries, he was nonplussed in dealing with the Protestant controversy, which threatened to, undermine the Romish position in the Fatherland. The Collegium Germanicum became forthwith a nursery for young students whose whole attention would be turned to theology from a controversial point of view. The Jesuit missionaries in Germany were ordered to select a number of the most promising of their disciples to enter the college at Rome, from whence they would be returned later on, fully equipped combatants for the Romish faith in their own country. The scheme proved thoroughly successful.

The Order was now firmly rooted, and he would have been a daring Pope who would

venture to resist it By a wonderful system of subdivision of labor, responsibilities were shared by Deputies, Provincials, Assistants, Admonitors, Stewards, Superiors, Rectors, and so forth, down to the lowest menial; yet all were connected by a mutual supervision, whereby each member of the great secret society became a spy on the one above as well as below him, and a perfect knowledge of every individual and detail connected with him, was thus obtained by the General. As willing puppets the whole Company spread over the world guided, moved, and controlled by one man, Ignatius Loyola.

The Spezia Mission: Light at Eventide

WE have received the following sweet story from our friends of the Spezia Mission. Our readers generally will be rejoiced to read it; and those who have contributed to the mission will be thankful to be fellow-helpers in the good work.

A poor man was dying in a hospital in Italy. His life had been a hard battle, and with little of joy or comfort in it. The terrible influences of superstition had been round about him all his life, and now that his days of struggle and darkness were drawing to a close Roman Catholicism had little to offer of real rest and peace to his sin-burdened heart. But God's care was over the dying man, and He led the footsteps of Mr. Clarke, of the Spezia Mission, to that bedside; and as he spoke of the wonderful love which fills the Saviour's heart, and showed to that poor wondering soul the great salvation which, "without money and without price," might be his, the Spirit enabled the sufferer to grasp the hand of the Crucified One, and the burden of sin was left at the cross.

A new light shone now in the tired eyes, but as the days passed his visitor noticed that the man's mind was evidently not at rest. As the end drew near the unrest deepened to a most acute anxiety. Mr. Clarke set himself patiently and lovingly to find out what was causing this mental trouble, and at last the sick man told him that the one concern which prevented his heart resting in peace was the fate of his child Pasqualina. He knew how awful would be her probable future if she were left a friendless girl in that dark, sinful land; he knew the sad fate which threatened her if he were taken from her: and it was little wonder if he almost wished that he could see her called away before him rather than leave her behind.

One day his visitor, who had gained his confidence and love, stooped over the bed and whispered in his ear, "Do not let your heart be filled with sorrow about your beloved daughter. I will take care of her, and will seek to provide for her." A great gladness came to the dying father, and he soon after passed away in perfect peace, and in the bright hope that one day Pasqualina would follow him in the path which he had so lately learned to tread.

Pasqualina was but five years old when her father died. Mr. Clarke and his good sister, who has won so much of the love of the children of Italy to herself, took the little child into their own home and cared for her. Later, when God had made the way and His people had supplied the means, the orphanage which is now so important a part of the Spezia Mission was opened, and among the first of the dear children who were placed in that sunny home was Pasqualina.

The few first years of her life had been spent in the midst of the hardest poverty, of which there is so much in Italy; and the hardships and cruel want of those early days had sown in her the seeds which produced a very delicate constitution. Still the love and care which were expended upon her seemed to win her back to health and happiness, and in her own pretty way, as she grew up, she evinced a strong affection for her benefactors, and a deep gratitude for what they had done for her.

As the years passed the holy and helpful influences of the home and the patient teaching of the Lord Jesus sank deep into her soul—how deep we did not know till afterwards. One day, early in 1895, her health gave us some anxiety, and it was not long before the doctor who attends the children when they need medical care saddened our hearts with the news that our young charge was seriously ill. Everything that love could suggest was done for her, but with little success.

Most retiring and gentle by nature, it needed much loving wisdom to tell her the nature of the illness God had sent to her. She was not one who could talk glibly about spiritual things; but one day Mr. Clarke, after much prayer, said to her, “Pasqualina, dear, I want to ask you a very important question. Do not answer hastily, but take time for quiet thought. Which would you choose if you might have your choice■ to lie in suffering and weakness upon your bed for years, with Christ, the Hope of Glory, in your heart, or to have health and strength again, with all the comforts and pleasures earth can give, but to lose Jesus Christ?”

The question startled her. She was a singularly truthful child, and a great conflict filled her heart, for life was very dear and health and vigor full of charm. When left alone she pondered and prayed over the talk they had just had for some time. Later, Mr. Clarke prayed with her, and they talked of the question again. At length she looked up brightly into his face and said, “I have thought of all, and I could not part with Jesus. I would rather lie here in pain and weakness for years with Him than be raised up to health and strength, with all the comforts and pleasures the world can give, without Him.” After this a deep peace filled the child’s soul.

One evening Signora Cartei, the matron of the orphanage, heard Pasqualina say, “What is it you wish? Here I am.” The matron said, “To whom are you speaking?” “To Jesus,” the child replied. “He has called me by name”; and her face lit up with a glory as if at that evening hour it was bathed with the light of the sun’s brightness, which was seen by all in the room. The matron, all the orphans, and several others, observed it for about a quarter of an hour.

In the presence of the darkness and misery which Romanism and infidelity have spread throughout Italy, and the awful dread of death which we find at the deathbeds of these poor people before they know the truth, it is very sweet to us who loved her to recall this dear child’s closing hours and their bright sunshine. “Jesus calls me by name,” she said one day, her face radiant with joy; “and I could not but answer Him, ‘Here I am, Lord, and I am coming home.’ I have Jesus in my heart; He has pardoned all my sins, and I die willingly, and go to rejoin dear Ida and see Jesus face to face. I shall suffer no more fever or pain soon. Give my love to dear Miss Clarke, for I am going to be with Jesus Himself, and I shalt, give her love and that of the dear orphans to Ida, and one day we shall all meet in heaven.”

One sang to her■

“I would be like an angel,

And with the angels stand.”

“I cannot sing it with you,” she said; “I am too weak. But my heart sings it. I shall soon be there, and shall have that crown and that golden harp. Dear Ida and I will sing together and praise the Saviour day and night.”

She had a great longing to see Mr. Clarke and his sister before she died. When they came she touchingly told out her heart's gratitude to them and to the friends who support the orphanage. "And now," she said, "I desire nothing more."

She asked that the children would sing to her, and in the next room they sang softly the young child with her parting breath joining in

"Death hath been conquered by victory,
Sorrow and anguish can no more be;
Safe to His bosom He beareth home
The soul He redeemed whose end has come.
Love, love, joy and love,
I hear the strains which they sing above;
Grant, O my Father, Thy child may rest
Glad and at peace on Thy loving breast."

Before they had finished she stretched out her arms, and, looking upwards with a glad smile, cried in a voice singularly clear and loud, "Lord, I come to Thee. Receive my spirit."

But a little longer her Lord let her tarry. There were two friends present who had not yet yielded to God, and even in this supreme hour she could not depart till she had pleaded with them. She called them, and spoke first to one and then to the other. "Oh, Signor ! I entreat you to give your whole heart to Jesus, and always to live the life of a good Christian." "Dear C, love Jesus and promise me to remain firm in the faith. Goodbye till we meet in heaven."

She wished to speak to all the girls, but was too weak. A few of the elder ones were allowed to come to her side, and to them she said so earnestly, "Give your hearts to Jesus. Love Him, and meet me in heaven." Then she folded her arms and quietly fell asleep upon His bosom who shall one day tenderly bend over His little one and say, "Talitha cumi."

Other children we have in the orphanage who are well and strong, but they will never forget the joy and gladness dear Pasqualina found in her Lord. And can we wish for our readers, old or young, a better blessing than to have, in life now, and in the hour of death when it comes, the same vivid realization of the near presence of the blessed Lord Jesus that this little Italian orphan child had?

One more word and we have done. Our hearts are sad when we think of the other children of Italy whom we know, growing up amid the darkness and wickedness of that land, whom we long to save. How glad we should be if God should lay it upon the hearts of some who read this to help us to care for these thousands of poor Italian children, and especially for those whose ears will never more in this world hear the sound of father's or mother's voice.

An Extract From Bishop Latimer's Celebrated Sermon "On the Plough."

IN giving the following extract from good Bishop Latimer's sermon, we are glad to give a picture of his countenance. He was full of wit and point, and his sermons abounded in telling sentences; and always the Gospel in its fulness was the joy of his heart. Would God there were a bishop like him today in England! "And now I would ask a strange question, Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, and passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who he is; I know him well. But now methinks I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. But will you know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other. He is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; you will never find him unoccupied—he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times—you will never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm—he is ever at his plough; no lording or loitering may hinder him—he is ever applying his business; you will never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of Popery.

"Where the devil is resident and hath his plough going, there away with books and up with candles; away with Bibles and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel and up with the light of candles—yea, at noon-day. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry, censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing, as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God Himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross and up with purgatory pickpurse; up with Popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent; up with decking of images and gay garnishing of stocks and stones. Up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's will and His most holy Word."

The Reasonableness of Faith

THERE is, perhaps, no truth in the Scriptures which is more distinctly stated than that of justification by faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please God;" "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness;" "that we might be justified by faith," and similar statements in the Word of God, render it impossible to deny it is written that God justifies men on the principle of believing what He is, what He says, and what He has done. While this is the case, it is equally apparent that no truth laid down in the Scriptures is more battled against in the religious world than that of justification by faith. Rome levels her anathemas against all who accept it, cursing them for so doing for time and eternity; Ritualism will not tolerate it; Rationalism ridicules it. With the arguments against this Scripture truth we do not now concern ourselves, and while it is quite sufficient to believe the truth, because God says such is His way of justifying and saving men, we may with propriety devote a few thoughts to the reasonableness of faith in what God says.

In civilized countries men conduct their affairs upon the principle of faith in other men. We cannot live one day in a large city without being impressed with this fact. Do we wish to visit a town one hundred miles off? We take up a timetable, and read that at such an hour a train will leave such a station, and that it will arrive at the town we desire to reach at such a time. Consequently, we go to the railway station in the full belief that things will be as the timetable states. We part with our money and take a piece of thick paper in exchange as our guarantee for the journey. We seek an attendant and we are shown a seat in the train, and then we make ourselves quite content in our corner.

Everything we did was done in faith; we gave up ourselves to the timetable, the booking clerk, and the railway porter; and all we had to go by was the word written or spoken by the officials. Now, if we inquire the reason for our faith, the answer lies in the reliability of the railway company. The company issued the timetable, the ticket, instructed the porter, and provided the train. There was, therefore, solid sense in our faith. An African who had neither seen nor heard of a railway train might think us mad to trust the paper instructions, or perhaps think us under a spell, or fetish, so to do; but at the back of our faith was solid reason—we had due and sufficient cause for our reliance. If we care to do so, we should find that the ways of our everyday life are conducted on the principles of faith, and that without such faith we could not exist—at least, in a civilized country. The man who refused to trust the timetable, the railway ticket, the porter, and the train, and instead would trust to his legs alone to reach the town one hundred miles off; would he be regarded as a barbarian, if not as demented.

In faith in God there is perfect reasonableness. God bids us believe on His Son, and teaches us that "through His Name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." There is a why and wherefore for remission of sins being so granted. It is not an arbitrary law without a cause—if such a law at the hand of God could by any possibility exist. The why and the wherefore are this: God gave His Son to the world that He might make full atonement for sin, and His Son

has made the atonement. He has come into the world; He has died out of the world; He is risen again and is now in God's presence for us. In believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, we humbly accept what is actually done by Him, and we accept Him who did the work.

God has made perfect provision for the need of sinful men. He has Himself wrought out salvation on man's behalf; He has Himself prepared and accomplished an eternal redemption. The fact exists; the work is done. It is an immovable reality. And, such being the case, God invites us to believe. We do not create anything by believing God, we simply obtain the favor of His accomplished goodness. We surrender ourselves to the divine Word. It is perfect in its simplicity as applied to ourselves. We merely take what God offers. It is perfect in its majesty as applied to God. Perhaps we shall never, even in eternity, fully understand it. If such a plan and system as the working of a vast institution by man is beyond the comprehension of a child, the infinite wonders of God's way of salvation may well be beyond our grasp of thought.

If a man say, "I do not believe it," he does not thereby affect the existent fact: he merely refuses to believe the fact. The fact abides; the man's unbelief keeps him in the dark about it. The African of our illustration might refuse to believe he could travel one hundred miles in two hours, but his ignorance would not touch the speed of the railway train! The unbeliever may refuse to believe that he may be saved by Christ, but his unbelief is merely a crown of thorns for his own head—a chamber of darkness for him to dwell in.

God has been pleased to give man reasons in His Word why he should trust what He says: "Be it known unto you therefore . . . that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins ; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." The why and the wherefore were laid down by the apostle Paul. He stated how God had fulfilled His promise by sending His Son to the world, and how man had fulfilled God's Word by slaying His Son, and then how that God had raised Him from the dead; and upon this divine and accomplished fact he said, "Therefore . . . through . . ." Christ "is preached the forgiveness of sins." In like manner it is written, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." The reasons are given.

We believe that that which God says will come to pass, because we rely upon God; we believe that we are justified and forgiven our sins because of what God and His Son have done. Faith rests upon a solid and an eternal foundation.

What we are bidden to believe exists. God's own being is magnified by the work of Christ, His Son, on account of sin, and when we believe we side with God on divine realities. A foreigner might elect not to believe that the law of England forbade stealing, but upon his stealing he would feel the force of the law in which he elected not to believe. The law is not a visible object like the railway train, but it is none the less a reality. The Gospel of God goes forth and commands men to the obedience of faith; if men will not obey—if they persist in not believing—they do so at their eternal peril. In this there is perfect reasonableness. We feel that it is only reasonable and right for the law to punish the foreigner who would steal, and who would not yield his obedience to what he heard was the law of our country. No one would suggest that it was with him a matter for his choice whether to believe or not to believe, and that, even if he chose not to believe, it would all turn out right with him in the end when he stood before the judge!

On every hand we are reminded by the things of daily life of the principle of faith and of its reasonableness. There is a why and a wherefore for our faith in the affairs of daily life; there is a divine reason for our faith in God. We repeat, if God had not taught us, for example, why the death of His Son meets our need, and had only bidden us believe because He is God and commands us to believe Him, that had been enough ; but God has given us divine reasons and proofs why faith in Christ is our salvation, and it is our blessedness not only to believe, but also to enter into God's mind respecting the actual and eternal efficacy of the work of His Son in which He enjoins us to trust.

From the Mission Field: Strange Stories About the Bible

SOME years ago now a man came into my study and brought me a letter of introduction from a brother missionary two hundred miles away. I had never seen the man before, but I was at once struck with his appearance. He was a thin, gaunt-looking man, one who evidently had in him a large capacity of mysticism and devotion. I asked him to sit down and to tell me his history, and he said that it was this.

He had gone about two years before to the place where this brother missionary lived. Up to that time he had never seen a Bible; up to that time he had never seen a missionary; and when he got there and heard that there was a missionary he made his acquaintance as speedily as he could. He began to read. He read the Bible in Sanskrit, for he was a great Sanskrit scholar, and the teaching which he had had from his own books began somehow or other to find a new explanation and a strange fulfilment in the Book which was now placed in his hands. He became an enthusiastic student of it, and when he had studied it for about six months he proposed on his own account to become an expounder of the Book. He was not a Christian. He did not profess to be a Christian, and he had no desire to be baptized; but he said that the Bible was a wonderful Veda, and he took it about with him wherever he went, and read it to the people with whom he mingled.

Now this man came to me, and for a long time he was doing work of this kind. He would start out without giving me any warning, and be away sometimes for two months, sometimes for three months, and then suddenly reappear again.

“Well, where have you been to?” I would say to him. “Oh, I have been all through South India on this journey, and I have stopped at about a dozen different places.” “Well, what have you done?” I said. “I did this in one place. As soon as I got there I asked for the chief pundit of the place, and was introduced to him. He came, and we spoke in Sanskrit together, and he seemed pleased with me. Then I asked him if he had any disciples whom he would call together so that we could talk, and he called them together—sixty of them. When they came I sat down, opened the Bible, and began to chant from the Bible as we chant from our Vedas, and the chief pundit and the disciples listened. I chanted from the Psalms, and they said, ‘What Veda is that? It is beautiful. We have never heard that Veda before. Where did you get it?’ Still,” he said, “I went on; and then when I had chanted some of the Psa. 1 turned to the Gospels, and I began to chant some of the stories from the life of Christ, and they listened again and wondered again, and at last they said, ‘We must have that Veda’; and I have brought home sixty rupees from the people in that place in order that I may send them at once sixty Sanskrit Bibles.”

But he did more than that. He came home one time with some very surprising news. He said, “I have this time been to the chief Guru.” There is a certain Guru of great influence. He is one of the most powerful ecclesiastical potentates in the whole of India. This man had gone to him. He had nothing on but just one cloth thrown around him, and when he came up to the place where this Guru lives he asked to be introduced to him. “Why do you want to see his holiness?” they said. “Oh, I want to speak to him. I am a Sanskrit scholar, and I hear that his holiness is the greatest

Sanskrit scholar living, and I should like to converse with him and sit at his feet and hear his learning.” And so he was introduced. He prostrated himself and talked in Sanskrit with the Guru for a while. At last he said, “Your holiness, I have a book■ a Veda. I do not know whether you have seen it, but if you will permit me I will chant a few slokas from it.” He was granted permission, and so the man began to chant a portion of the Sermon on the Mount, and the Guru listened to it. He had never heard that before. He knew all the Advaita philosophy from end to end. He had read, the Rig Veda over and over again, but he had never read the Sermon on the Mount. He listened as one would listen to new and ravishing music, and when the man had done he said, “Sing some more for me.” Then amongst other things this man chanted in Sanskrit, “You must be born again.” And he came again and again to that refrain, and at last the Guru said, “Can you get me a copy of this Veda? I should like to have it, and read it for myself.” The man said, “I will get you one if you like.” “And then,” he added, “I left him, and I have come back to get a special copy for him.”

Is not the Bible doing the work that you desire? Is there anything better than this that you could wish? I will tell you one other instance, and then my time will be fully gone. There was a man living away across country, miles from any missionary. One day the missionary went there, and he found one who was instructed in the gospels. The man had never seen a missionary; he had never seen a native teacher; but he had read the Book carefully, read it repeatedly, and had adopted as his the Guru whom it portrayed. And what was the consequence? That man, having seen how good the Guru was, had said to himself, “I must obey this Guru. What are his commands?” Turning to the Gospel once more, he found the command that he should be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. What was he to do? He had never seen a Christian church■he had never seen the ordinance of baptism administered; but he had a way of obeying the command which was quite his own. Day by day he went down to the tank, and, looking up towards heaven, he said, “I baptize myself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,” and at each name he plunged into the water and came out again. Who shall say that that man was not baptized from heaven? Nay, more than that: he saw another command, which was that he was to eat and drink to the memory of Christ’s death till He came; and so, although he had never been in a church, as I say, day by day he took a handful of rice, and, putting it into his mouth, said, “This I do in remembrance of Christ,” and, drinking a little water, he said, “I drink this because Christ died for me.” That man, though no priest had ever put his hands on his head, and though no minister of the Gospel anywhere had ever given the Sacrament to him, had truly received the Supper of the Lord!

(From the Bible Society Monthly Reporter)

A Letter From Pondoland

WE are in the midst of mountains, or, rather, high hills. Kraals are scattered all around us, and most of the heathen here never heard the Gospel before. There are four white workers here.

We had a pleasant Sunday. In the morning no one came to “church” ■which, by the way, is a plain mud circular hut, thirty feet in diameter, and covered with thatch—as the people were all away at a “meat feast”!

This is a great attraction. The feast in question was arranged thus: old man was ill, and the witch doctor said the spirits of the ancestors were thirsty for blood; so an ox was killed and hung up in a kraal all night, and the blood was allowed to soak into the earth. This the spirits were supposed to drink up. On the following day the people from the neighboring kraals came to eat the meats.

They say that this act of eating the meat is prayer. No words are used, but the act of eating constitutes the prayer! No wonder they are fond of praying! About one hundred people turned up to the feast, and, as we had heard about it early on Sunday morning, we dropped down upon them as they were cooking the food, which had been dragged along the dirty ground, and looked filthy.

As this process was going on we thought it well to gather the people for a meeting in the open air ■the more so as the men were beginning to drink Kaffir beer and were getting noisy.

The women are not allowed to go near the cattle kraal, which is a large circular space railed in by wooden posts, so we got the men to come up to the women’s part. About eighty out of the hundred gathered round us, and after singing, and after reading a prayer, I spoke through our native interpreter (John Gasa) on “We must all die, and are as water spilled upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect the person of any man; yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him.” This opened up the subjects of death, the future life, the certainty of sin’s punishment, and, above all, of the Atonement.

The rain began to fall for a few moments while I was dwelling on the words “we are as water spilled on the ground, that cannot be gathered up again,” which afforded a good object-lesson for the people, for I showed them that, though the water could not be gathered up, it did not cease to exist, but joined the river down the valley close to us. The natives declare that when they die there is the end—the water is spilled on the ground—but this illustration seemed to help them to see that death is not the end at all. Banishment by the chief is a thing they understand, and so is the idea of a great headman having his sin winked at, while a smaller man is punished for his offence. They listened very well, but it is impossible to give any adequate idea of the darkness of these people.

In the afternoon we went to a kraal, but the people said they had no sin and were all right, for they sent their children to the services. All the time they knew perfectly well that they had never sent any of their children to the services! But any excuse satisfies them. Then they will say they are serving the same God as we are, while I was dwelling on the words “we are as water spilled on the

ground, that cannot be gathered up again," which afforded a good object lesson for the people, for I showed them that, though the water could not be gathered up, it did not cease to exist, but joined the river down the valley close to us.

The natives declare that when they die there is the end—the water is spilled on the ground—but this illustration seemed to help them to see that death is not the end at all. Banish though in a different way. A very different way, indeed! They have not the slightest sense of the sin of lying or stealing.

The white people at Umtata (thirty-five miles away) ask us if we ever yet saw a Pondo converted, or if we ever expect to see such an utterly impossible thing. They think us absolutely foolish in thinking such a thing possible. But I must stop, as my lamp is going out and I have to be up at four tomorrow to start off early to a distant kraal.

Saved

THE waves were rolling heavily on the snow-clad shores of Old England in the month of January as a fine iron ship, after a prosperous voyage of one hundred and thirteen days, was nearing home. The night was dark, the weather foggy, and the barque sped on before a ten-knot breeze. The passengers knew that they were near home, and no fear of shipwreck disturbed their last sleep on board, when suddenly, all her sails being set, the ship ran right ashore upon the shingle of Black Gang Bay. The heavy ground sea fiercely lifted her up and crashed her down, though the vessel was of seven hundred tons; and presently, forcing her broadside to the land, swept clean over her, and began to break her strong sides in pieces.

The roar of the waves completely drowned the cries of the people on board, and the thick weather hid all signs of her from the land. There was but one hope—someone must swim to shore. The cook undertook the perilous task; he wound the lead-line round him and boldly swam for land. After a terrible struggle he gained the crest of the last wave and was flung upon the strand, heartily cheered by his comrades. They quickly fastened a hawser to the lead-line, and the cook, regaining sufficient strength, began with all his might and soul to drag the rope to shore. In this work he was assisted by another man, who had made the vessel out in the mist, and had run down to the beach. They hauled in the rope, making it fast to a rock, and shortly after several of the crew and passengers, daring the surf and storm, climbed hand over hand along it, and so gained the land in safety.

Shortly after this, but none too soon, the rocket apparatus reached the place, and the coastguardsmen were quickly at work rescuing the passengers. Among the last three to leave the ship was a mother, who would not be taken off till her little ones were safe. She was clad in her nightclothes, and lashed to the rail, over which the seas washed constantly. So quickly did the ship go to pieces that before this brave woman could be rescued the masts went over, the poop burst in two with a tremendous sound, and the iron plates broke asunder. Then the wreck heeled over, the devoted mother and the two men were drawn beneath the waves, and all hope seemed gone; but once more the sea lifted up the wreck, and with a wild shout of joy the now crowded shore greeted the sight of the mother and her two half-dead companions— an old man and the captain—still clinging to the rail. The two men made a line which had been secured to the shore, fast round her, and, boldly throwing herself into the seething waters, she was drawn through the surf. Though believed to be lifeless, yet her heart had not ceased to beat. She was saved.

An eyewitness of this scene, and one whose hand was outstretched to help, was deeply moved by the intense earnestness of those who aided in the rescue. Tears, prayers, and the utmost effort mingled together in the one great passion of saving the shipwrecked people. And the testimony of that eyewitness bids us heed the intensity of desire and effort, and pleads that those who are saved for God be themselves equally earnest in the work of the Gospel.

The brave man with the lead-line who leapt into the waters and reached the shore, was no sooner able to stand than he pulled at the line in order to get the rope ashore by which so many others

made their escape. The landsman who ran to the scene of the wreck, no sooner saw the line than he, too, pulled with all his might to drag it to land. Let those who speak of fellowship in the Gospel, awake to the reality of work. Christian men and women, arouse! sinners are perishing. Lend a hand, "labour in the Gospel." The ship is breaking up; there is not a moment to lose. Nothing less than labor is fellowship in this work. How you would scorn the able-bodied person who, from his comfortable armchair by the fireside, watched the ship break up and the crew almost perish, and yet, though doing nothing whatever, claimed for his dull selfish soul compassion for them! Unless lives had been periled by those on shore the life of those on the wreck could not have been saved; and armchair Christians will never be worth a rush for the work of the Gospel.

Let us learn a lesson from the sleep of the passengers and the ease of the crew at the end of that long voyage from New Zealand. They trusted in their ship, and dreamed not of danger. But they were on the verge of death. Are you saved? If not, let not your present ease and quiet lull you to your doom. Awake, awake! there is danger—danger of eternal woe before you. The ship never reached port. She was doomed to be wrecked, and to perish. So it is with this world in which you are. All may seem fair and smiling; but mark—for God has so declared—this world and everyone in it is under judgment. The end of it is destruction—the end is wrath.

An awakened sinner is like our passengers and crew when they realized the awful fact that they were in a lost ship. Then and there their one desire was to be saved. It was no time then for prosy argument and nice questionings as to how they came where they were. They knew too truly that they were lost, and they longed to be saved.

No one who believes God's word as to salvation questions the statement. He knows he is either lost or saved, and, if lost, he cries Save me! save me! "My sins, my sins! Oh! what shall I do about my sins?" wept one, in an agony of soul, the other day, who had been in the quiet of fancied security for years, like the sleeping passengers dreaming of ease and home. This agonized soul was awakened through the word of truth by the Spirit of God.

What folly it is to suppose that people cannot know that they are saved before their end! Do you know that you are lost now? that is the question. If we believe what God says about the world in which we are, and about ourselves as sinners, there will no longer be any question in our minds as to our present condition; and all religion which denies the fact of a man's present condition is a vain show, a delusion, a snare.

Did these shipwrecked people know when they were saved, think you? Did not the brave mother know that her children were lost as long as they were in the ship? Did she not know that she and they were saved when laid on the bed in the house and gently tended? "Surely," you reply. And did not the jailor of Philippi know that he was saved when the words "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house," fell like music upon his agonized and guilty soul? He believed, and he rejoiced. Did not the Ephesians know that they were saved when they read the living words, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works"? Do not be deceived; those who tell you that a man cannot know whether he is saved in this life are only advertising their own unbelief, and expressing the miserable state of their own souls. Rest on God's "shall" and God's "are," and let all schemes of doctrine be flung to the wind.

There was one especially sad incident in this wreck. A lad on board was sent below by one of the sailors to fetch a few shillings from a chest. While on his errand a sea broke over the vessel and washed him away. Poor boy! he was but fourteen years of age, and the voyage in question was his first, and, alas his last.

The Handful of Stones

SOME time since a tall, strong Swede came day after day to the Strangers' Rest, 24, Park Lane, Liverpool. He looked so very sad that many thought he must have been grieving for the friends from whom he had so recently parted in his home in Sweden.

Soon the day came for the emigrants to embark for America. In taking leave of them, many felt drawn to the depressed, heart-stricken man who had been so constant in his attendance at the readings.

A lady said to him that, just before the Lord departed, He gave a new name to the Holy Spirit ■ "The Comforter." He promised His disciples to send them "The Comforter."

The poor man put his hand on his forehead, saying he was indeed troubled; that his conscience kept him miserable, that he understood all that had been said of the love and invitations of the Lord Jesus Christ to sinners, but he said, "I am too bad to be saved! . . . I am hard and sorrowful!"

A beautiful text came into the mind of the person he addressed; so, facing him, she said, "I want you to do something for me. Will you take a handful of stones with you, and when you get well out to sea, just go to the side of the ship and throw them overboard? They will make a splash, perhaps, but down they go into the depths of the Atlantic Ocean, and not all the engineers in the world could ever get even one of those stones up again."

Then the Bible was opened, and the words read (Heb. 8:12, and 10:17): "For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more"; and (Mic. 7:19): "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."

The man lifted his hands above his head, and said, "I see it all now, I am a forgiven sinner. It is all quite clear and plain."

He departed looking quite relieved and happy, with good gospel books given him by the kind superintendent, who much encouraged him with words of peace and truth.

Such incidents frequently occur. They cause the hearts of those who hold forth the Word of life to rejoice with the Son of God, who now rejoices in the presence of the angels of God over every sinner that repenteth. (Luke 15)

Sunday Morning Texts

1.

The Father...shall give you another Comforter (John 14:16).

OUR Lord was the Comforter of His disciples when He was here. He undertook for them, He conducted their affairs in unwearied love and wisdom. And now at His request, since He is on earth no more, the Father has given to His disciples another Comforter, who undertakes for us this

gracious service. The Holy Spirit is our Comforter, and we always have Him. He abides with us forever; He ministers to our souls daily, and in unwearied love cares for us.

2.

Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again unto fear, but the Spirit of adoption. (Rom. 8:15.)

Let us not forget our favors; let us rejoice in what we have not as well as in what we have. We have not the doubting, distrustful spirit. God has not given us a spirit to question His Word, or to fear Him in bondage. But He has given us His Spirit, and this is the Spirit of adoption—by Him we know that God is our Father; yes, we know this in our heart of hearts, and the cry of the child is ours—the loving, trusting cry—“Abba, Father.”

3.

Ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise. (Eph. 1:13.)

When a deed has been finally settled and written out, it is signed and sealed. The sealing comes as the completing act, or the act resulting from the completion of the transaction. The Holy Spirit seals, by His own indwelling, the true believer; and thus He Himself, in His sealing of God’s people, is the evidence of the completeness of their salvation. God will not revoke the deed; the seal will never be broken; the salvation upon which the seal is placed is perfect. The Holy Spirit is Himself the seal.

4.

Be ye filled with the Spirit. (Eph. 5:18)

The Comforter is “in you”; the cry, “Abba, Father,” arises from the heart; ye are sealed. Can more be needed? Yes; the full, joyous delight in God—the true, glad, and holy filling up of the heart. All are seeking after some good: “Be ye filled with the Spirit,” and perfect good will store the soul. The vessel at the fountain does not fill itself—the flowing water fills it. But the vessel must be at the right place, or it will not be filled. Neither do men bring full vessels to be filled, but empty. Our portion is the being filled; let us so live and act that Holy-Spirit-given peace, rest, and joy shall overflow our hearts.

Side Lights on Scripture: The Hook in the Nose and the Bridle in the Lip

SENNACHERIB, the great king of Assyria, had ravaged many countries, according to the custom of his fathers, and to use his own words, he had destroyed “towns without number and reduced them to heaps of rubbish.” He had “cut down woods,” “sown cornfields with thistles,” and had swept countries “like a mighty whirlwind.” This terrible destroyer, “in the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah,” came “up against all the fenced cities of Judah and took them.” The woes of the captives were more sore than those of the devastated land: men were flayed alive, impaled, crucified; and women and children were led to a captivity worse even than death.

The monuments, discovered comparatively recently, offer the most horrible pictures of the cruelties of the Assyrian kings, one form of which is given in the accompanying illustration. Great warriors and kings were held in leash by hooks driven through nose or lip, and thus were dragged before the ruthless king. Here we have three of such unfortunates, whose crime we may well imagine to be a heroic defense of their country!

One of the three kneels in vain before the unimpassioned monster, who brings down the uplifted spear into the beseeching eye of the hapless man.

Hezekiah was appalled by the horrors of the war, the fate of his fortified cities, and the doom of his captains. He tried to come to terms with the Assyrian. “I have offended,” he said “return from me: that which thou puttest on me I will bear.” Three hundred talents of silver and thirty; talents of gold was the tribute demanded, and “Hezekiah gave him all the silver that was found in the house of Jehovah, and in the treasures of the king’s house.” He actually cut off the gold from the doors of Jehovah’s temple in his terror.

Sennacherib took the ransom, and broke his pledge. He sent Rabshakeh, his general, against Jerusalem, and he also sent Hezekiah a letter: “Let not thy God in whom thou trustest deceive thee, saying, Jerusalem shall not be delivered into the hand of the king of Assyria. Behold, thou hast heard what the kings of Assyria have done to all lands, by destroying them utterly: and shalt thou be delivered?” And the letter ends with a list of towns and cities hopelessly destroyed.

Hezekiah, at the end of his resources, did what he ought to have done before, he looked to Jehovah for help—to Jehovah, from whose temple he had taken the gold and silver to buy off the Assyrian! He took the blasphemous letter and laid it before God.

“O Jehovah,” he pleaded, “the God of Israel, that dwellest between the cherubim, Thou art the God, even Thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth; Thou hast made heaven and earth. Incline Thine ear, O Jehovah, and see, and hear the words of Sennacherib, wherewith he hath sent him to reproach the living God. Of a truth, Jehovah, the kings of Assyria have laid waste the nations and their lands, and have cast their gods into the fire, for they were no gods, but the work of man’s hands, wood and stone; therefore they have destroyed them. Now, therefore, O Jehovah, our

God, save Thou us, I beseech Thee, out of his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that Thou art the Lord God, even Thou only.”

God in heaven read the enemy’s letter, and heard his servant’s prayer. He sent an answer forthwith to His servant, and an answer at midnight to the enemy. “I have heard thee,” said He to Hezekiah. “This is the word which the Lord hath spoken concerning him: The virgin daughter of Zion hath despised thee, and laughed thee to scorn; the daughter of Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee.”

After recounting the reproach and the blasphemy, Jehovah addressed these words to Sennacherib, “I know thy sitting down, and thy going out, and thy coming in, and thy raging against Me. Because of thy raging against Me, and for that thine arrogancy is come up unto Mine ears, therefore will I put My hook in thy nose, and My bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou tamest.”

We can fully understand the strange words now that the monuments afford us ability to read them literally. The hook in the nose, the bridle in the lips, were familiar indeed to Sennacherib.

That night the angel of Jehovah brought the answer from the Most High to the Assyrian camp. One hundred and eighty-five thousand men were slain. Proud Sennacherib retreated with the remainder of his army, and he “dwelt at Nineveh,” nor did he invade Judah anymore.

Offerer and Sacrifice

WE proposed in a paper upon page 109 to look into some of the specific acts performed by the Levitical priests in their service of the altar, and then to seek information as to the acts of the “masspriests” (as our forefathers termed them) of our own day.

In sacrificing to God both the offerer and the priest performed certain acts.

“The rabbis mention the following five acts as belonging to the offerer of a sacrifice:

The laying on of hands,

Slaying,

Skinning,

Cutting up,

Washing the inwards.

These other five were strictly priestly functions■

Catching up the blood,

Sprinkling it,

Lighting the altar fire,

Laying on the wood,

Bringing up the pieces,

and all else done at the altar itself.”

We may learn a great deal from the laws of the rabbis, provided we hold the Scriptures in our hands.

There is nothing whatever in the “sacrifice of the mass” which corresponds in any way with the five acts of the offerer. And if these were left out, the offering of the living victim to God as a sacrifice was ineffective.

The laying on of the hands upon the offering was the first great act of the offerer. Thereby he identified himself with it. He bore his weight heavily down upon his offering. The act was a graphic illustration of that faith which presses all the weight of every need and sense of sin upon the spotless victim. Leave out this first essential, and the offerer is disconnected from God. Need we say that in the sacrifice of the mass there is no figure whatever of this primary essential.

The foundation act of faith in sacrifice by the partaker of the mass is missing, hence the erection is built upon the sands of tradition.

The other four acts have no manner of answer in the recipient at the sacrifice of the mass. All that the recipient does is to receive the wafer from the priest. There is no idea of slaying; no idea of Christ's death being for the offerer: no such notion as "He died in my stead" ■ "The Son of God . . . gave Himself for me." While as for the figures of cutting up and washing the inwards, and the disposal of the skin, the gross idea of the sacrifice of the mass allows not one of them. The skin is the beauty of the creature; that in certain cases belonged to the priest. The perfection of Christ as the Holy One on earth pertained to the priest who offered up the burnt offering in its sweet savor to Jehovah.

The cutting up, figured the laying bare of the actions and motives of the creature offered, and the washing indicated the purity of all the parts. Here was the tribute of the offerer to the virtue of the offering in the sight of God, and to the effect of the water of the Word, according to which all was holy and undefiled in the sight of God. The glory of our Saviour in His walk and thoughts, and in His absolute obedience to the Word of God, are here presented.

Where in the sacrifice of the mass is there one shadow of such thoughts? The receiver is never the offerer. The offerer offered in obedience to the Word of God, and in faith. The receiver of the mass is absolutely shut out from such faith. He has neither part nor lot in such faith and obedience.

If the sacrifice of the mass be not on the Jewish model, it must be either on a heathen model or a new thing on the earth. We shall show that it is not on the Jewish model in any particular. Is it, then, heathen? or is it an invention of that which calls itself "the Church"? Be it either one or other of the two latter, it must be an abomination to God, while, if it were on the former, it must be in distinct disobedience to His Word; for He taketh away the sacrifices which are offered by the law.

The action of the offerer is so important that we add a few words respecting it. In some cases the offerer's sin led him to the altar; in others, his love for Jehovah. If he had sinned, he was obliged to come to the altar with his sin-offering ■ he had no alternative. By that sin-offering his sin was "forgiven him"; without it, he remained unforgiven. If the man refused obedience to the command, he remained without the sin-offering. "He shall lay his hand upon the head" of his offering. Now this cannot be fulfilled in type or in fact save by our coming to God by Christ, who was made sin for us, who knew no sin. Only let the sinner truly come to God by Christ, own how verily his sins required the death of Christ as his atonement, and his sin "shall be forgiven him."

We think of our gracious Saviour as a sacrifice for our sins, and our hearts go forth in all the force of love to Him. God forbid that He should be misrepresented, denied, rejected in the bloodless bread with which men are daring enough to approach the Holy God. Let us make more and more of Christ our Passover, who was sacrificed for us, and let us keep that feast with joy unspeakable until He Himself come and call us home.

On a future occasion we shall pursue this important subject.

Behind the Great Wall

OUR readers will be glad to possess themselves of Miss Barnes's bright and cheerful little book. It gives a good deal of interesting information about China, and affords cheer and encouragement in its record of Christian work. The chapter on the killing of little infant girls is pathetic, while that on Chinese girlhood and its ways and woes is, perhaps, even more so. Paganism has no mercy in its ways. Yet what shall be said to the appalling reality of four hundred millions of human beings in China living and dying in the dense darkness of heathenism!

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EXPERIENCES.

SOME Christians seem never content unless they think they experience what Mr. So-and-so or some favorite minister experiences.

To them we would say, When the springtime comes, go into a field, white with daisies, pluck a handful of the humble flowers, and see if you can find two exactly alike

If, then, God does not repeat Himself in the flowers of the field, why should you endeavor to find in God's new creation souls cast in the same mold, or made to the same pattern? There is the trace of God's hand upon each one of His people. God does not fashion souls as by a machine, each bears His own mighty yet loving impress, yet all bear the family likeness, all are the sons of God.

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SALVATION.

WHEN a man thinks there is very little amiss with him, he will take the medicine he fancies may suit him, but when he fears he is dying he calls in the physician. Now what are you doing for the salvation of your soul? Applying some of your own remedies? Trying what prayers, repentings, almsgivings will do? Or are you so thoroughly in earnest as to your real state that you have placed yourself in the hands of Christ?

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INFLUENCE.

As the gentle falling snow does by small degrees attain to such a weight upon the tree as to break its branches, so do gentle and loving words, by little and little, bend the soul until it breaks beneath them.

Work in French Villages

ENGLISH travelers on the Continent are so accustomed to limit their residence entirely to Paris, or some other large town, that the real France, which lies outside such towns, is almost totally unknown to them. Arid yet it is the inhabitants of the country who most truly represent the nation, rather than the townspeople, from whom they differ on many essential points. Paris life and Paris character—pleasure-loving, blasé, immoral, and infidel—have very little in common with the honest, thrifty, hard-working inhabitants of the provinces, amongst whom it is our pleasure to live and work. There being no class in England that exactly corresponds with them, it is difficult to represent to English readers the character of these twenty-five millions or so, who live by the cultivation of the land. “Farmers” is the nearest term in English to represent them, though in fact they are, as a rule, proprietors of the land rather than rent payers; but the term “peasant proprietor,” though more accurate, has never been accepted in English.

Their simple independent character renders them very accessible to Gospel preaching. They are nominally Roman Catholics, just because they know of nothing else, but they dislike everything which is distinctly Catholic, whether church, priest, or doctrine. They are only too keen in exposing the absurdities of fasting, mass-buying, and the confessional; but at the same time they are not sufficiently interested in spiritual things to take the extreme step of what they call “changing one’s religion.” They, therefore, content themselves in a general way with believing in God and in Christ, and endeavoring to live a fairly moral, honest life, simply because they know nothing else. They accept tracts with pleasure, buy Bibles and Testaments readily, but as a rule they do not gather much as to the way of salvation from what they read. The capacity for spiritual things seems to have been so long unexercised in them that it has become inert or atrophied. What is really wanted is the simple, plain-spoken explanation of the Gospel, and for this the opportunities are just unlimited. Imagine a tract of country as large as Sussex or Kent, and as densely populated—in other words, about fifty miles long by twenty broad—without a single pastor or evangelist of any kind, and you will have an idea of the mass of people to the northeast of the village where we are living, a mass of people, practically without Christ, and with not much likelihood of ever hearing about Him in this world.

It was, therefore, with extreme pleasure that some months ago we received an invitation from some of the people themselves to go over to one village and hold a magic lantern service. We hired the largest room available in the place, which at its utmost capacity would barely hold one hundred persons, but with those at the window and entrance trying to see and hear, almost double that number assembled. Considering the difficulties in the way of imperfect speaking, and want of accommodation, the attention was excellent. We, therefore, returned a fortnight afterwards, and have continued ever since every two or three weeks, the interest of the people being now fairly gained, and the magic lantern no longer necessary. One young man is, I think, truly converted, others are decidedly impressed, and several have bought Testaments and hymnbooks.

Shortly after beginning in this village, a similar opportunity presented itself in another locality about five miles further off, where a peasant proprietor who had a large barn, put it at our disposal, and in a similar way the people flocked in readily to listen to the Gospel.

I find by experience that lantern scenes of the Life of our Lord are the best means for commencing work in a new village. Not only does it fix the attention on the one central fact—the Life and Atonement of our Lord—but it enables Catholics to realize better than anything else that we actually do believe in Him. To English ears this may seem strange, but Romish priests have so reiterated to their hearers that all Protestants are freethinkers and Deists, that it requires very strong evidence to put away such prejudices and to convince people that we really do believe in and worship the Lord Jesus.

It was painfully touching to listen to one fairly-educated man of between sixty and seventy, who said, “I have long been desirous to find the real truth; this is my chief desire.” But to realize what the blank of such a man’s soul is, it must be remembered that his life, like that of the thousands round about him, has been somewhat as follows.

He has been educated at the national school of the village, where, as may be supposed, the religious teaching is very limited. At the age of ten or eleven he attended the priest’s catechism class for twelve months, so as to “pass his first communion.” One of the chief items of this religious instruction being on the matter of how to swallow the wafer without biting it. Those twelve months represent the whole religious teaching he has ever had in his life; and, that having been got through, he has taken up the general dislike of Romanism he meets with all around him, and, except for his marriage, he has never or rarely been inside the walls of the village church again. He has thus spent fifty long years absolutely without religion of any kind, but he has a vague feeling at heart that he would be all the better if he could get hold of some kind of truth ; but where to find it, he does not know.

Still, to such a one, who is a stranger to even religious phraseology of every kind, the entrance of the light is slow. It requires much patience and love to deal with such a man; and, as we feel that a mere Gospel meeting once a month is quite inadequate for such work, my wife and I have decided to go and live in this last-mentioned village, so as to be able, by means of visiting, to get into closer contact with honest seeking souls. This will in no way diminish our interest in the work of helping Romish priests; and, if we can get one of their number to come and help us in practical evangelistic work, so much the better.

I must again express my thanks to the readers of FAITHFUL WORDS for the interest they take in our efforts ; and I only wish I could persuade large numbers, many of whom would be far better qualified than ourselves, to come and take their part in such testimony for the Master.

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We again remind our readers of Mr. Hathaway’s work in caring for priests of the Roman Church, who either have left that system of religion, or who are honestly exercised as to their path before God. Such men sorely need a friend. They are cruelly persecuted. And to them Mr. Hathaway’s house is a home. This means the cost of living, and at times of clothes, perhaps of railway fares.

Mr. Hathaway serves his Lord and Master solely for love, but he needs us to assist him with the gold that perishes.

Bible Class Outline

By grace are ye saved.

“If by grace, then it is no more of works.”

(Rom. 11:6.)

“Justified freely by His grace.” (Rom. 3:24.)

Through faith.

“The just shall live by faith.” (Rom. 1:17.)

“He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.” (John 3:36.)

“By Him all that believe are justified from all things.” (Acts 13:39.)

Not of works.

“Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us.”

(Titus 3:5.)

“To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt.” (Rom. 4:4.)

“By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.” (Gal. 2:16.)

By the fountain of God’s grace—through the channel of my faith in God; not by my works.

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SETTLING ACCOUNTS.

THE Christian’s heart is his purse, and love is his money. He is bidden, Owe no man anything but love. Let the man who loves you have it back in his own coin ; and to him whose purse is empty of love, yet heavy with unkindness, give such abundance of the heavenly coin that he may be shamed into a settlement of his accounts.

The Story of the Jesuits: Chapter 9

THEIR MORAL CODE; OR, THE PRINCIPLES OF THE GREAT SECRET SOCIETY.

THE moral maxims of the Jesuits are, without exception, monstrous. Their theology is so unspeakably repulsive that without their own testimony the ordinary reader will find it hard of belief. Throughout this chapter we shall let the Jesuits speak for themselves.

Cut off from their own country, friends, and possessions, as individuals; separated from the State, and even from the Pope, as a society, the Jesuits stand apart from all other communities and interests in a Papacy within the Papacy. The overthrow of every power, the extinction of every interest, save their own, the bringing of every man, woman, and child into abject moral slavery to their Order, is the ambition of the Jesuits.

The keynote of their code is the famous maxim, "THE END SANCTIFIES THE MEANS." Before this watchword the distinction between right and wrong vanishes, and a crime becomes holy if committed "for the greater glory of God."

The two great commandments of the law are made void by Jesuit casuistry. Men are easily set free from the first—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." Escobar, a famous Jesuit theologian, collected the opinions of his brethren on the question—When is a man obliged actually to have an affection for God? "Once every year," says Hurtado de Mendoza. "Once in five years," cries Henriquez. In his "Defence of Virtue," Father Sirmond relates that "St. Thomas says 'we are obliged to love God as soon as we come to the use of reason.' That is rather too soon! Scotus says, 'Every Sunday.' Pray, for what reason? Others say, 'When we are sorely tempted.' Yes, if there be no other way of escaping the temptation. Others say, 'At death'—rather late! As little do I think it binding at the reception of any sacrament; attrition, in such a case, is quite enough, along with confession if convenient. Suarez says that it is binding at some time or other; but at what time? He does not know; and what that doctor does not know, I know not who should know."

The second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," is likewise rendered of none effect, the doctrine of Probability in this case being used to deprive man of the duty. For, according to this doctrine, a man who wishes to do an act, and doubts whether it is right or wrong, provided he can find any Jesuit teacher who has held that the act is harmless, may consider it probable that the act is harmless, and therefore may do it. "A person may do what he considers allowable according to a probable opinion, although the contrary may be the more probable one." "The opinion of a single grave doctor is all that is requisite," says Emmanuel Sa.

Command of God after command is thus rejected. Ferdinand de Castro Palao illustrates the doctrine of Probability in reference to stealing by this example. "I think it probable," says he, "that the cloak which I possess is my own; yet I think it more probable that it belongs to you. I am not bound to give it up to you, but I may safely retain it." Louis de Scildere tells us: "If a subject thinks that probably a tax has been unjustly imposed, he is not bound to pay it."

Let us keep an eye on our Roman Catholic neighbors and their taxes! But fortunately Jesuits at present do not form the majority of taxpayers.

Poignant thus deals with righteousness in a court of law. He declares that, "When the opinions upon a point of law are on either side probable, a judge may deprive which party he pleases of the suit. He may follow the less probable opinion, rejecting that which is more probable." He is well seconded by Gregory of Valentia, who says: "If the judge should think each opinion equally probable, for the sake of his friend he may lawfully pronounce sentence according to the opinion which is more favorable to the interests of that friend.

"He may, moreover, with the intent to serve his friend, at one time judge according to one opinion, and at another time according to the contrary opinion, provided only that no scandal result from the decision." Where would England be if her judges were Jesuits!

On acts of crime Simon de Lessan affirms: "A confessor may absolve penitents according to the probable opinion of the penitent in opposition to his own, and is even bound to do so." Imagine the Jesuit penitent in the confessional box who, when wishing to do evil, not only believes that the priest's absolution relieves from all crime, but knows that he can oblige his confessor to absolve him according to his own wishes!

The duty of speaking the truth is set aside by the doctrine of the Direction of the Intention, or Mental Reservation, or, in plain language, Equivocation. According to Sanchez, "A man may swear that he hath not done a thing, though he really have, by understanding within himself that he did it not on such and such a day, or before he was born, or by reflecting on any other such circumstances, while the words which he employs have no such sense as would discover his meaning." Filiutius asks, "With what precaution is equivocation to be used? When we begin, for instance, to say 'I swear' we must insert in a subdued tone the mental restriction 'that today,' and then continue aloud, 'I have not eaten such a thing'; or, 'I swear' then insert 'I say' then conclude in the same loud voice, 'that I have not done this or that thing'; for thus the whole speech is most true." How admirably the Jesuit fathers give lessons in the art of speaking the truth to oneself, and lying to everyone else!

This principle of theirs should suffice to prevent our believing any statement whatever made by a Jesuit. No Jesuit can be trusted, or should be introduced into English society. Will there be found anyone willing to give credence, or, indeed, a hearing, to a Cowley Father who affixes the mystic "degree" S. J. to his name?

We cannot refer in our pages to the effects of the confessional at the hands of the Jesuits.

The translator of Griesinger's "Complete History of the Jesuits" was compelled to omit the whole of one chapter, which dealt with one phase of their immorality; but we will repeat Dr. Wylie's word of solemn warning: "Let all who value the sweetness of a pure imagination, and the joy of a conscience undefiled, shun the confessional as they would the chamber where the plague is shut up. The teaching of the Jesuits everywhere deadly is here a poison that consumes flesh and bones and soul."

We now adduce some Jesuit teaching in reference to murder. "Wherever there is no knowledge of wickedness there is also no sin." George de Rhodes states: "A man does not sin unless he reflects

upon the wickedness of it.” What a masterpiece of Satanic reasoning! If a man can deaden his conscience so as never to reflect when he is committing a crime, it is no sin! After this we need not be astonished to learn that murder and regicide are not only excused and enjoined, but considered meritorious acts. “Parents who seek to turn their children from the (R. C.) faith,” says Fagundez, “may justly be killed by them.” But he goes even further when he asserts, “It is lawful for a son to rejoice at the murder of his parent, committed by himself in a state of drunkenness, on account of the great riches thence acquired by inheritance.”

The following, in its reference to the Protestant succession in England, will be of interest.

The Jesuit writers have been at great pains to show that it is more than lawful to kill excommunicated—that is, Protestant—kings. Peter Alagona declares: “As soon as he (a sovereign) is declared excommunicate on account of his apostasy from the (Roman Catholic) faith, his subjects are absolved from the oath of allegiance.” Suarez adds that, when a king is deposed, he is no longer to be regarded as a king but as a tyrant: “he, therefore, loses his authority, and from that moment may be lawfully killed.” Mariana instils the method he appears to deprecate thus: “There is doubt whether it is lawful to kill a tyrant with poison and deadly herbs; for we know that it is frequently done . . . In my own opinion deleterious drugs should not be given to an enemy, neither should a deadly poison be mixed with his food or in his cup with which to cause his death . . . Yet it will indeed be lawful to use this method with the case in question—not to constrain the person who is to be killed to take of himself the poison, which, inwardly received, would deprive him of life, but to cause it to be outwardly applied by another without his intervention, as when there is so much strength in the poison that, if spread upon a seat or on the clothes, it would be sufficiently powerful to cause death.”

God is made the author of sin by Jesuit teaching. Peter Alagona says: “By the command of God, it is lawful to kill an innocent person, to steal or to commit fornication, because He is the Lord of life and death and all things, and it is due to Him thus to fulfil His commands.” In order to understand the depth of this blasphemous statement, we must remember that to the Jesuits the voice of their Superior is the voice of God. The healing of troubled consciences comes in very fitly after the perpetration of enormities. To bolster up their system, the Jesuit father confessors claim that the miraculous gift of healing troubled consciences, alleged to be bestowed on St. Ignatius at the time of his Montserrat experiences, has been transmitted to them. “With the aid of pious finesse and holy artifice of devotion, crimes may be expiated now-a-days alacrius, with more joy and alacrity than in former days; and a great many people may be washed from their stains almost as cleverly as they contracted them.”

It would be easy to fill pages with extracts such as the above from the writings of Jesuit “Doctors of Divinity,” giving sanction to every crime in the catalogue of human sins.

Our task would be incomplete without some reference to Jesuit methods, a good example of which is found in the “Secreta Monita,” or “The Secret Instructions.” This notorious book closes thus: “Let the Superior keep these secret advices with great care, and let them not be communicated but to a very few discreet persons, and that only by parts.... But if they should happen to fall into the hands of strangers who should give them an ill sense or construction, let them be assured the Society owns them not in that sense, which shall be confirmed by instancing those of our Order who assuredly know them not.”

It was some time before this secret volume was dragged into the light. The Duke of Brunswick first discovered it in the library of the Jesuit College at Paderborn in Westphalia; since then copies of it have been found in other Jesuit academies, at Prague and elsewhere. The authenticity of the "Secreta Monita" has been denied, as might be expected; and, on oath, Gretza, a well-known member, insisted that the "Secret Instructions" was a forgery by a Polish Jesuit expelled for misconduct from the Society. But the discovery in the British Museum of a work printed in 1596, twenty years before the alleged forgery, in which the "Secreta Monita" is copied, refuted Gretza. The overwhelming evidence of numerous editions in many languages, all of which agree in the reading, together with the correspondence between these secret advices and the known methods of Jesuits in all lands, are evidences of their source.

Should anyone ask on what errand the Jesuit fathers have come into a neighborhood, the answer is to be that their "sole object is the salvation of souls." They are to make a great show of charity, and as they have nothing of their own to give to the poor, they are "to go far and near" to receive even the "smallest atoms." Thus the "newcomers" will receive "the respect and reverence of the best and most eminent in the neighborhood."

They are to find out who own the estates surrounding them and to secure them by gift if possible; if not, by purchase. If they can "get anything that is considerable, let the purchase be made under a strange name, by some of our friends, that our poverty may seem the greater. And let our Provincial assign such revenues to some other colleges, more remote, that neither prince nor people may discover anything of our profits." Special prominence is given to the instruction of children. "Whisper it sweetly in their [the people's] ears, that they are come to teach the children gratis." Wherever the Jesuits have come, they have opened schools, but the diffusion of knowledge will hardly be claimed as the end in view.

The second chapter of the "Instructions" is a full and precise answer to their own question, "What must be done to get the ear and intimacy of great men?" Monarchs are to be surrounded with confessors chosen from the Society, who must moreover treat the consciences of their royal penitents "sweetly and pleasantly." When a vacancy occurs near the throne the opportunity must be seized to place there tried friends of the Society, a list of whom it is enjoined shall always be at hand.

It may be well, in order to advance the interest of the Society at the Courts of Europe, to undertake embassies. "We must endeavor to breed dissension among great men, and raise seditions, or anything a prince would have us do to please him." How faithfully the Jesuits have carried out these "Instructions," while steadily advancing to the control of kings and governments, the people of Europe know only too well.

The wide, yet minute, scope of the Jesuits' field of action is seen in the chapter of elaborate instructions which treats "of the means to acquire the friendship of rich widows." A father confessor must be chosen of the so-called best age, not too young and certainly not too old, of a cheerful lively temperament, strong and stately and with the gift of eloquence, which will most ingratiate him with the lady. To him she will confide her secrets, and of him take counsel in her worldly affairs. It will be his duty to see that the wicked idea of marrying again does not enter her mind, and to promise freedom from purgatory should the holy estate of widowhood be persevered in. A few more skillful tactics, with the continual aid of the confessional, will either bring the "rich widow"

within the convent, where she may enjoy quietude and the sanctity of the cloister, or at least induce her to enter some religious order, such as that of Paulina, “so that, being caught in the vow of chastity, all danger of her marrying again may be over.” It is easy to see where the income and property of the rich widow will eventually be garnered.

The quotations already given will make the following titles of some of the sections of this extraordinary handbook of the Jesuits sufficiently suggestive of their contents: “Means of keeping in our hands the disposition of the estates of widows,” “The sons and daughters of devout widows,” “Of the means to augment the revenues of our colleges.” Two clauses we cannot forbear giving at length before concluding our reference to these hideous “Secret Instructions.”

“If a wealthy family have daughters only, they are to be drawn by caresses to become nuns, in which case a small portion of their estate may be assigned for their use, and the rest will be ours.” “The last heir of a family is by all means to be induced to enter the Society. And the better to relieve his mind from all fear of his parents, he is to be taught that it is more pleasing to God that he take this step without their knowledge or consent.”

When in 1762 the Parliament of Paris became possessed of the “Corpus Institutorium,” and passed sentence of condemnation on it, the Jesuit Society was the topic of conversation among all right-minded circles in France. A number of prominent Jesuitical writings were forthwith officially investigated, and it was unanimously resolved by the Government that the so-called moral writings of some twenty-two Jesuit authors should be burnt by the public executioner at the foot of the great staircase of the Palace of Parliament on account of their highly pernicious tendency and their horrible contents

In our next chapter we shall find more emphatic testimony as to the true nature of Jesuit principles by tracing the acts by which the “poor companions of Jesus,” as they impiously loved to call themselves, carried out the maxims of their moral code.

The Sand Garden

I HOPE, if you have been to the seaside, that you may have been so fortunate as to find a place such as I know, where there are two beaches, one rocky and rough, with beautiful clear pools among the rocks, full of bright seaweed and little crabs; and the other, on the opposite side of the bay, all of sand.

I fancy, if you had to choose, you would rather have the sandy beach, where you could build houses and make gardens.

I will tell you of the most beautiful sand house and garden I ever saw. A great many children had joined to make it, and they were very sensible children, too—at least, the elder boys and girls who planned it must have been, for they got the little ones to carry their buckets full of sand right away from the place where the tide came in every day, to a sheltered spot under the sea wall, and there, high and dry, they made their model mansion.

A very grand place it was, I assure you. Nothing was carelessly done; the garden paths were straight and well pressed down, and the beds were cut out almost as cleanly as a gardener would have done them. The little ones grew hot and tired as they ran backwards and forwards with their buckets, but still the work went on; and at last, to crown it all, some beautiful roses and pinks were stuck into the garden beds, and the children clapped their hands with delight.

“It seems a pity,” said a gentleman who had been watching them at work, “that all their labor should be in vain.”

“Oh, I dare say their pretty work will last a long time,” replied the lady to whom he spoke; “you see what a good place they have chosen, quite out of the way of the tide. Of course the flowers must wither, but I hope the house and garden will be here for many a day.”

“It is spring tide tomorrow, and I think the waves will come quite up to this wall,” said the old gentleman. “I fear they will be bitterly disappointed when they find no trace of their handiwork remaining. However,” he added, as they turned to go home, “it is a lesson we must all learn sooner or later.”

If the children had overheard the conversation I dare say they would have had very different thoughts about it. Many of them would have felt vexed with the old gentleman for even thinking it possible that their beautiful house should be swept away, and would have said, “I don’t believe it a bit.” The elder ones might have remembered with some anxiety that they had never thought of the spring tide, and some perhaps would have noticed the words, “It is a lesson we must all learn sooner or later,” and they would wonder what they meant.

Well, the spring tide came, and the waves rose higher and higher. They washed up against the sea wall, and the bright flowers of the blooming garden which surrounded the house built of sand, were soon floating far out to sea, and when next I passed that way the place where the house had been was not to be found.

The old gentleman's words had come true. But what of his other words about the lesson we must all learn? Ah! I think he meant we must learn to build our hopes not on the uncertain things of this life, which are as bright for a moment as the flowers in the sand garden, and are as soon withered and swept away; but upon what is sure and immovable. I think you understand me. None of you are so young that you have not known many a disappointment; pleasures, to which you have looked forward with eager delight, have seemed not worth having when they really came, and some of you have known worse trials than these.

Our Lord once spoke to His disciples of a house which a foolish man had built without a foundation. The man built it upon the sand, and when the storm beat upon it it fell. The children of God in all times, though living in a world of change and sorrow, where the resistless tides of death are ever rising, have looked for a City which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God; they have had a sure hope which will never fail them.

Let me tell you of a British queen who tried to make the king, her husband, think of a life to come. It was a long time ago, when even kings who removed from one part of the country to another, took with them their furniture and household goods.

One day King Inihad already started on a journey, when Queen Ethelburg, who was riding beside him, besought him as a favor to turn his horse, and ride back again with her to the house they had left the day before.

When they came to the old hall where the king had so lately feasted with his brave men, they found all desolate and empty, save that pigs and cattle were feeding there. As the king looked upon the scene, Ethelburg turned to him and said, "After this manner the glory and pleasant things of this world pass away ; so that I hold him foolish who cleaves to the things of this world, and takes no thought of the life everlasting."

Let us ask God so to teach us by His Holy Spirit, that we may build our hopes for this present time, as well as for the great future, on His sure foundation, even the Lord Jesus Christ. "He that believeth in Him shall not be confounded."

A Father's Love Token

THE October sun was shining brightly, and its glad rays were watched by a dying man. It was the last time his large blue eyes were to see those golden streaks, far brighter glory awaited him. Now he must face that great reality—death—and he could do so calmly and quietly, for his Saviour had taken away the sting and dispelled the gloom. As the afternoon closed in and the sun was sinking, the invalid called his wife, and then his children, around his bedside. From the eldest, to whom he gave his mother's Bible, to the little child who could hardly understand—one by one they were brought in, and each, separately, said a sad farewell. One only was absent, and he, thousands of miles away, was ploughing the sea in an East Indiaman.

We must leave the sick chamber a moment and visit the sailor son. He is asleep in his bunk, and in his dreams wanders to his dear home in the beautiful county of Kent. He sees the red house and the garden, every corner of which he knows. Now he seems to enter one room—it is his father's—and in his dream he beholds those whom he loves around a deathbed, and sees his beloved father passing away.

The tears were on his pillow when the sailor lad awoke, and with a heavy heart, he went on deck and told the captain his dream, and said he felt sure it was too true. And so it was, for as that short October day died away, the sun of the dying Christian set, but only to rise and shine in fairer climes.

Before the father passed away he requested that his watch chain should be brought to him, and, taking a large gold locket off it, he said to his wife, "Give this to my absent boy, with my love and blessing, and tell him I did not forget him."

A year has passed—the East Indiaman has arrived at Liverpool, and the sailor boy, weather beaten and grown, is at the door of his new home. What a greeting he receives! What a long, loving kiss from his widowed mother! How his heart beats with pleasure once more to see her and those he loves! But the father is not there.

"My boy," said his mother, "your father did not forget you," and she produced the golden locket. What a treasure it was to the boy! As he raised it to his lips, his kisses told how much, how very much, he valued it; and even now, although years have rolled by, the chief of his treasures is his father's love token.

The memory of some loved one is fresh in your mind, dear reader, and probably you have your love tokens in close keeping; will you once more meet your friends who have gone to be with the Lord? Shall the love which still burns in your heart toward them be once more rejoiced by your meeting them in the home above, where there are no separations?

The bright time of the assembling together of all of God's children is near at hand. What are your hopes for that day? Have you the Christ of God as your Saviour? Have you received God's gift—His beloved Son, the Saviour of the sinner, as your own? Do you answer humbly, but

confidently, Yes? Is it yours to say God has by His Spirit made His Christ your Saviour? Then, like the writer, you can look on beyond the homes of this poor dying world and beyond the grave, to the reunions and the bliss of heaven.

Sibboleth and Shibboleth; or, Religion Without Christ

(Judges 12:6)

SOME few years ago a Swedish chaplain and a large emigrant party of Swedes were in Liverpool awaiting the ship to convey them to America.

They repaired in the evening to the Strangers' Rest, Liverpool, where there is a daily service and Gospel address for foreigners of various nationalities.

The Swedish chaplain requested of the superintendent, to be allowed to address the meeting which was about being held for Swedes. The request was readily complied with, and the hymn, "Shall we gather at the river?" was sung in Swedish. The chaplain (little aware, perhaps, that the word "shibboleth," in which he was to become so interested, is the Hebrew for river, or flood, or stream of waters) then gave his address on Judg. 12, and concluded with the hymn, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" always a favorite hymn with emigrants.

A lady who spoke sometimes to the Scandinavians through an interpreter, asked the superintendent what had been the subject of the discourse. "It was all about sibboleth and shibboleth," was the reply; "and about the cruel men who massacred thousands of poor foreigners because they could not speak the language of the place properly. The minister spoke about our duty to ignorant people. It was nice what he said about that, but not a word did he say of the Lord Jesus Christ, or of the way to be saved."

The lady, having distributed some of Mrs. Grimke's Gospel text cards, then went towards the platform, and offered a little packet of them to the chaplain to distribute on the voyage. She selected one for himself, and with a pencil drew on the back of it two letters.

The letters were Hebrew. One was **ש** (sin), pronounced as our English s. The other was **שׁ** (shin), pronounced as sh.

Then she said, "Those letters look very much alike, but there is an important difference. Do you see the difference?"

He replied, "I do not see any difference, but they are well drawn **ש** both of them."

"Do look again." The chaplain, going nearer the gas, did look again, and carefully, and then said, "No, madam, I cannot see any difference **ש** both are perfect."

"Ah," she said, "both are not perfect. Many lives have been lost through the difference not being discerned. Do you see the little dot to the right, over the second letter **שׁ**?"

Now I shall tell you all I mean.

"That little dot makes all the difference. Without that dot the letter is pronounced sin in Hebrew **ש** it sounds as s; it is the first letter in that imperfect word 'sibboleth.' But with the dot over it to the right

it becomes sh, and is the first letter in the, correct word 'shibboleth.'

"Now do you see the solemn parable under the surface of the verses from which you have been preaching this evening?

"The first letter may be sometimes written with a dot to the left. It may then, perhaps, look to some a little more like the second letter, but it never can pass for anything but sin, or s.

"You have said good things this evening about being kind, but this was not telling anything about the passport which all must have to cross the river safely, and which, like the watchword 'shibboleth,' would secure from death.

"It is merely teaching people to say 'sibboleth,' and leaving out the one thing most needed. It is putting a new patch on their old garments to mend their self-righteousness only, for they might be ever so kind and yet not really safe■not saved.

"Many souls are lost because they do not know the only way of salvation; teaching sinners to try and do better in their own natural way, is sending them to death with the unmeaning word 'sibboleth' on their lips.

"How shall they do in the swelling of Jordan?"

The young preacher listened with meekness to many of the beautiful texts on Mrs. Grimke's cards, such as John 3:16. The lady said, "Just put a dot to the right on each text you preach upon, that you may remember not to leave out the chief thing when teaching about crossing the river. If those thousands who perished, as it is recorded in Judg. 12:6, had been taught the difference between ■■ and ■■, they would have crossed the river in security and peace."

The emigrants sailed next day for America.

About ten years after the events just recorded, a large party of returning emigrants came to the Strangers' Rest. After the meeting a gentleman came forward and said to the lady who had spoken to him on that evening ten years, previously, "Do you remember me, madam?" On the reply being in the negative, he said, "Oh, never can I forget you! I met you where you now stand nearly ten years ago. Do you remember 'sibboleth' and 'shibboleth'?"

Then he opened his Swedish Bible. "Do you see on the margin opposite Judg. 12:6 the two Hebrew letters, and the date for that evening when you spoke to me? I thought it all so strange then, I felt much perplexed. But all the voyage my heart was exercised; I studied all the texts, and I thought much about the little dot which would have changed the word of death in Judg. 12:6 into a word of life.

"And now I am here again, quite changed. I am in liberty, the glorious liberty of the children of God. I have got free from all the bandages." In allusion to John 11, which had been just read at the meeting. Our Lord's words of Lazarus, "Loose him and let him go."

"My dear wife is of one mind with me; we work together in the mission. I am going now for her to Norway, as she had to go to her home there for her health."

He said many in the room who were returning with him were full of joy and peace, and would make known their blessing in their Scandinavian homes, whence they would return to America to their farms in spring. He said, "We know the difference well between 'sibboleth' and 'shibboleth,' between the form of religiousness and the reality."

The kind superintendent (also a Swede) was quite overcome, for many in that large congregation had formerly been blessed at the Rest.

How kind and cordial were their expressions and thanksgivings! After the concluding prayer we sang:

"We shall meet beyond the river."

Story of the Inquisition in Rome

BY A ROMAN LADY

THIS story was narrated to us when in Rome, and it is guaranteed by the Rev. James Wall, from whose Italian magazine we have translated it. It may seem but as a fable to most English readers, but to those to whom the city of Rome is familiar, the misery and horror in the story unfolded appear quite natural. It is a fact unknown to many that the Inquisition still holds its secret councils in the Vatican, and that were the civil authority withdrawn, its victims would at once be seized and incarcerated.

Under the sacred hill stained with blood during the heroic defense of Rome in 1849, and precisely beneath the monument of our great hero, Garibaldi, on the Janicolo Hill, stands the Convent of the Good Shepherd. It is a low prison destined for fallen women, and there, many who were the victims of clerical ferocity were incarcerated for years, and died at last in moral distresses and material torments unknown to the outside world, and their lamentations unheard.

In one of those repugnant, unhealthy, underground chambers I was locked up for nine months in the year 1862. I was charged under a political indictment, and my offence was termed, "organising a committee of action." My cell was the seventh wooden-blinded window that could be seen from the street, Vicolo Penitenza.

After a few nights passed on a dirty palliasse in the darkness and silence of that tomb, I heard some knocking at the wall. The hammering drew me to a part of the wall which proved to be very thin, so much so that I was able to maintain a conversation through it. A pitiful voice asked me: "Don't you sleep?" I was weeping, and again the voice said, "Are you despondent? Have courage! How many days have you been in prison?" "Eight," I answered. "To what tribunal do you belong?" "I believe to the Sacra Consulta," was my reply.

After awhile my neighbor continued "Are you sure you are not under the Supreme Tribunal?"

"The Supreme Tribunal," I replied, "is the Sacra Consulta."

"Oh, no, no!" she returned; "it is the Holy Inquisition."

"But the Inquisition is abolished," said I. She, sighing, added: "So you believe, but it is alive and flagellates worse than ever."

"Do you belong to it?" I ventured.

"I have been here under it eight years," was the response.

Thus our conversation closed that night. Every night afterwards the welcome knocking gave me a decided relief. We talked more and more, and we became intimate friends. Friends in misfortune are stronger than blood relations. I loved my neighbor, who, poor soul was groaning in the dungeon year after year. She liked talking about my case, but whenever I inquired of hers she

sighed, and I could never obtain particulars. A suspicion struck my mind—was she a detective? I ceased therefore to be agreeable with her, and she understood from my broken phrases that I had no more confidence in her, and she told me of it.

“Your reserve as to your case,” I said, “arouses my suspicions.”

I heard her sobbing.

“I am convicted for life!”

“And for what crime? I ask you.”

“My sentence is for ‘presumed sanctity.’”

“I shuddered.

“On what evidence, pray! What are the documents, the proofs, for such a sentence?”

Here is her history. She was a native of the Marche; her name was Marianna Mauccini. She belonged to an independent but honest family; she had lived with her old and widowed mother and a brother priest; her age was then twenty-five years.

A rich old lady of the same town, an invalid, took a liking for her, and through her distributed charity to poor families. When the lady went to her country seat she would take Marianna with her for the best part of a year.

This lady was Cardinal Bernabo's sister, but she had nephews of a lower condition, who hoped to receive a great deal on her death. Therefore the intimacy existing between their aunt and Miss Mauccini made these nephews jealous, and when they heard that a project was on foot for the foundation of an orphan asylum by the Lady Bernabo, under the direction of Miss Mauccini, they became furious. How they got rid of Marianna Mauccini is now to be shown. One day a coach stopped at the door of the Lady Bernabo's house, and three men—seemingly ushers—exhibited a warrant, claiming Miss Mauccini at once as a witness in an important case. The ladies were both much alarmed; they could not guess what might the matter be. “I thought for a moment,” said the poor prisoner, “it was a conspiracy.” But she was compelled to go, and the coach made off with her. At the end of the drive she was informed that they were to proceed at once to Rome. In vain were her entreaties. Rome was entered by the Porta del Popolo, and the carriage passing through long streets and lanes arrived at the Convent of the Good Shepherd.

The Superior of the Belgian nuns there gave the agents a written receipt. “That receipt,” she said, “was one of my most afflicting impressions. I had become a thing, a parcel delivered; individual freedom had disappeared”

She was at once conducted to the cell where she told me her story. She asked the Superior where was the tribunal which had to examine her. “You shall know it in its proper time,” she answered, and locked the door, leaving her there alone in darkness. The next day, as every day afterwards, the same Superior brought her her meals; but to her enquiries, entreaties, and lamentations the answer was invariably this: “Pray for your soul.”

The nuns of the Convent of the Good Shepherd had their spirits deluded by religious fanaticism; they were convinced that every creature entrusted to them must be a great sinner, and they thought it a work of mercy to inflict moral and material torments upon their prisoner, in order to assist in the expiation of her sins.

In that pitiless solitude Miss Mauccini passed a year. One morning the Superior said to her, "Follow me," and conducted her to a large room, in the middle of which there was a large table covered with green cloth, a big cross standing in the center of it, and an open Bible by it. Around the table were seated four Dominican friars, and the chair was taken by a Mon signore Primavera. "Come forward," he said to her; "put your hand upon the Bible, and swear, that on no matter, and on no occasion, you will say anything about what we are going to communicate to you, lest you shall incur the greatest excommunication."

Full of fear she took that oath, and sat upon the culprit bench. "You are accused," they said to her, "of the greatest crime in our holy religion—'presumed holiness.'"

She fell on her knees, exclaiming in terror:

"Enlighten my spirit, fathers. I have no knowledge of having committed such a tremendous sin."

An angry answer was given, and the Superior was called to conduct her back to her cell without a word of explanation.

The next year (1855), on the same day, the same Superior bade her again to follow her, and again took her to the same hall, where she found the same Dominican friars, presided over by the same Monsignore Primavera, all wearing the "stola" round their shoulders. Poor Mauccini sat upon the culprit bench, and had to hear the Psalmody for the Dead recited. Then her hair was cut off, and the sentence was pronounced on her—convicted for life for "presumed holiness."

"I felt I was dying," she said. "I was stunned, and out of my senses, but I remember well that I had in myself the full conviction that I was damned really and for ever. You may imagine in what condition they took me back to my cell. I had lost both soul and body. I was left alone without light, work, books, or human society."

One day, in a moment of despair, she threw herself at the feet of the Superior, and pitifully asked her to let her have news of her aged mother. She simply answered: "We'll see about that."

On the Christmas Eve of the fourth year of her imprisonment a letter was shown to her beginning with "Dear Sister," and ending "Your affectionate Brother." The body of the letter was covered over with a blank sheet so that she could not read one word of it. "You see," said the Superior, "that your brother is still in the world." But of her brokenhearted mother nobody ever told her.

As I heard this horrible history I thought I was dreaming. Eight years of cellular system, and of the most rigorous kind! and really I don't know whether, for the moment, I suffered the more for her or for myself!

During the first five months of my imprisonment I had, as a jailer, a woman who was condemned for twenty years for some crime. She took an interest in my case, and through her I was able to send news of myself to my family, and received news from them. I often asked her about my

neighbor, but this made her awfully frightened. "For all the saints' sake," she would say, "don't ask me, or let it ever be known to the Superior or the judges that you are aware she is your neighbor; you would see daylight no more. She belongs to the Holy Office, and she is entrusted solely to the Superior. Of this class we must know not even their existence; we should be punished and thrown God knows where! They have been here the last ten years, and not one of us has ever seen their faces."

"Are there many of them?" I asked. "I believe there are fifteen, all in separated cells. Some of them have been here since 1850."

"Listen, Veronica" ■such was my jailer's name■I said. "I wish particularly to see my neighbor."

"Most Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed, "you wish me and yourself also to be burned alive? There is no sport with the Holy Office. If you continue to speak to me about her I shall have to cease coming here."

When Christmas came round I was suffering from a serious illness; I could hardly stand on my legs. My good-hearted jailer, every time she left me, would look as if she were leaving her heart behind. On that morning, seeing me so miserable, she looked as if she would kiss me, saying, "Oh! what would I do to see you in a better spirit!"

"Veronica," I said, "you cannot imagine what a happy Christmas this would be for me if I could only see the face of my neighbor through the grating of her door, and wish her a Christmas greeting. When I get out of this prison■as I shall do if the revolution takes place■I will come, Veronica, to free you and her. Do grant me this favor on such a day as this."

"My Lady!" she cried. "And the excommunication! I should lose my soul. Are you not aware that it is excommunication if we speak with that woman?"

"My dear Veronica, don't you believe in those bugbears; they have been invented by false Christians, who stand under the weight of God's malediction," said I.

Convulsively she suddenly took hold of my hand and led me to that door, opened the grating, and all in a tremble pushed me against it. I shall never forget that pallid face, and those flashing eyes, as I saw them through the grating, sparkle like stars at me.

"The excommunication!" murmured the prisoner.

"Don't believe," I said, "in that imposture. God is good, and likes that the unhappy shall love and help each other; hope in Providence and the revolution." She covered her face with both her hands and I returned to my cell. In those eight years, besides the face of the Superior, mine was the only one she had ever seen.

Two days afterwards I was transferred to another cell, and could not persuade Veronica to speak about the prisoner again.

Nine long months I was in the prison called the "Convent of the Good Shepherd," but on the loth September, 1870 (the year when the Pope lost his temporal power), I was set free. I at once told this tale to several members of Parliament, and, among others, to the Hon. Micelo Asproni and General Fabrizi, and with these last two I went myself to the Convent of the Good Shepherd. The

staff of the prison had been changed, and the nuns had gone away. We could only find an old woman, who knew nothing about the prisoners. She told us that they had been removed under the Inquisition to the Refuge, a sort of convent prison in the Vatican. This prison cannot be interfered with because of the law of Guarantee.

Surely, if the great European Powers had well considered the horrible law of the Guarantee and its consequences, they would not have allowed the head of a religion who lives amongst a people recently made free, to conspire against them, and in spite of them to continue with impunity the execrable institution of the Inquisition called the "Holy Office."

Working for the Master

SOME are inclined to think that as they grow older the time is past for speaking or engaging in work for the Lord. This is not so, however, with a dear Christian known to the writer, who has reached the patriarchal age of one hundred years, and yet he does not think his work is done. For some time he has been in the habit of writing letters to different friends who attend the same chapel as he does (especially if he misses them from their accustomed places). These letters are full of Scripture, and are, in fact, short sermons. He will write verses of Scripture on slips of paper and drop them by the roadside, so that the careless passer-by may find and perchance get a "word in season." What an example for the young Christian to work "while it is day." May we who know His Name have the same love for precious souls as this dear Christian centenarian.

Side Lights on Scripture

LET us glance again at the Assyrian One of our illustrations portrays King Assur-nasir-pal in battle. He is to be recognized by the little cone surmounting his cap. He is in his chariot, with his charioteer and his shield bearer, and he is discharging his arrows at the flying enemy. Hovering over his majesty is his god, and he also has his bow bent and sends forth his arrows against the foe. The god is within an emblem of the sun, and its lateral wing-like forms are either figures of the sun's rays, or an idea of wings. All that these old kings did in the way of slaughter was done in the name of their gods. It never occurred to them that any act of cruelty or mode of death they practiced was other than a correct tribute to their deities.

The prostrate figure represented over the heads of the bowmen is that of a wounded enemy. A vulture is pecking out his eyes, and the man has just strength enough to put up his hand to try to thrust it away. It is said by some that the Assyrians trained the vulture to follow them in battle; and this is not unlikely when we recall similar methods adopted by the Egyptians with lions. Another wounded soldier is trying to crawl away from the trampling of the horses of Assir-nasir-pal's chariot. The king has broken up the enemy, and all he has now to do is to slay his foes by arrow or spear, or, if their captains should be captured, to flay them alive.

The above illustration is of a siege—possibly that of Damascus. It tells a graphic story. In the left-hand corner the soldiers are at work undermining the city wall. On the same level two men are quarrelling over some spoil they have found. In the right-hand corner, the bowmen are at work under cover-shields, and a general or some chieftain shoots as his armor-bearer holds up the protecting shield. Close by this archer the battering ram is at work, while to counteract its blows the besieged have let down twisted ropes to save the walls. A hand-to-hand fight is going on amongst the men upon the tower of the city and those on that of the besiegers. But the women tearing their hair on the center tower of the city, and the soldiers falling slain from the walls, plainly tell that Damascus will soon be in the Assyrian's hands. War in those old days and war in our own bears a remarkable resemblance to each other. The artillery covers the battering-ram, and the archers harass the besieged while the great assault is made.

The kings of Israel, in their descent from the worship of Jehovah to that of the gods of the heathen, favored some of the deities of Assyria, and the Assyrian became their scourge and their destruction.

Fleeing; and Following

“FLEE” hasting to be rich and coveting after money, “follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness,” says the apostle to the “man of God.” And if Timothy needed the exhortation, how much more do we? The Christian, however advanced, needs both to “flee” the evil and to “follow after” the good. He is to turn his back and be coward in the presence of the temptation to sin; he is to follow after the good and the holy with a racer’s zeal and energy.

Righteousness takes the first place in the pursuit. Practical righteousness is contemplated, and this means everyday righteousness as well as righteousness every day. A most important word is this for our own times of Christian profession.

Godliness or piety comes second, and reverence may be included in the term; and both piety towards God and tenderness towards relatives will be covered by the apostle’s means.

Faith, love, patience, meekness, form a gracious ascent in the practical Christian’s life. Faith in God is an active principle within the soul which leads to hallowed results. We cannot love God without faith in God. And the more faith we have in God the more do we love Him, and if we love God whom we have not seen, we love our brethren whom we do see.

Patience and meekness are inward graces, which are well beloved by all who see them. Yet both hide themselves when possible from view. They are like some of our flowers, which have but little colour to attract the eye, but which give forth the sweetest of scents. Patience is a proof of power, and the power may be acquired through a process of God-learning. Follow after patience!

Meekness, like patience, is a feature in the Christian which marks a resemblance to the Lord Jesus Himself. It is the result of the personal power of Christ over the mind. It is to be acquired by walking in spirit with the Lord Jesus. Follow after meekness.

Bible Class Outline: On Prayer

Example.■ Jesus, the perfect Man, praying at His baptism (Luke 3:21) at the calling of His apostles (Luke 6:12); at His transfiguration (Luke 9:29); in the presence of HIS cross (Luke 22:40).

Precept.■ Our Lord's words for our personal encouragement: "Men ought always to pray and not to faint" (Luke 18:1); and in view of the work of the Gospel, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into His harvest" (Luke 10:2). The time for prayer, "Praying always" (Eph. 6:18). The place for prayer, "Everywhere" (1 Tim. 2:8).

Promise.■ "Everyone that asketh receiveth" (Matt. 7:8). " whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do" (John 14:13).

The Story of the Jesuits: The Great Secret Society as Revolutionists

FROM time to time the veil has been lifted, which hides the true character of the sons of Loyola as missionaries and educationalists, and a universal cry of indignation has been raised. The vices the members of the great secret society practiced were in harmony with their creed, and their inordinate desire to obtain wealth has begotten distrust of them in the minds of people generally.

Riches of every kind were necessary; for, without them, the Society could not pay the heavy stipends of spies at foreign courts, and of father confessors to men of influence. And without large sums of money, marriages among the nobility—so advantageous to the system—could not be arranged! Therefore the Jesuits sought and they kept the consciences of the wealthy; and as early as 1626 so successfully used the confessional as a key to money chests in all countries, that the University of Paris complained of the Society's immense wealth. Numberless instances of the fathers' assiduity in regard to the last hours of their wealthy penitents might be quoted. Such interest did the Jesuit confessors take in rich widows, heiresses, or their relatives, that, in cases of sickness, they never stirred from the bedside; and, in the event of death taking place, a passage in the will in favor of the Order was almost always found.

It was owing to the Jesuit body that the iniquitous "Holy Office" was revived with terrors unknown to it in former ages. He who invented new instruments of torture to dislocate or mangle the limbs of "heretics" was rewarded, and throughout Europe, whilst the awful flames of the stake were ascending, the smile of the Jesuits might have been seen. The Bull re-establishing the Inquisition was published July 21st, 1542, and no small part of the success which attended the Jesuits was owing to their use of "the Holy Office of the Inquisition."

When the deputies sent by Paul III. to the Ratisbon Conference, returned to tell that there was not a country in Christendom where Protestantism was not spreading, the Pope asked in alarm, "What, then, is to be done?"

Cardinal Caraffa (afterwards Paul IV.), and the Bishop of Toledo, to whom the question was addressed, immediately replied, "Re-establish the Inquisition." Caraffa and Toledo were old Dominicans, the same order to whom Innocent III. had committed the working of the "Holy Tribunal" when it was first set up. "Here in Rome," said they, "must the successors of Peter destroy all the heresies of the whole world."

As time proceeded, a great part of Christendom began to regard the Jesuits as people who hunted to death everyone daring to oppose them.

The Jansenists, Old Catholics of France, who were antagonists of Jesuitism, in 1709 were thrown by their enemies into prison by scores, never to be released. The story of the persecuted Roman Catholic, Archbishop Palafox, whom the Jesuits mocked and excommunicated in the public streets of Mexico, is sufficient to prove that even the Papacy quails before the great secret society. "I fly," wrote Palafox himself to Pope Innocent X., "into the mountains, and seek in the society of serpents and scorpions that security which is denied to me so perseveringly by the implacable Society of

Jesus.”

In no country in the world did the Jesuits bring murder and regicide into practice as they did in France. The civil war which commenced about 1561, owed its duration and its ferocity, if not its origin, to the Jesuits.

“Brother” Sanguini commanded the Pope’s troops at the siege of Poitiers, and “Father” Augnier, in the battle of Garnac, equipped the Duke of Anjou.

The Jesuit College in Paris was the principal stronghold of the murderers who were let loose upon the Huguenots on the fearful eve of St. Bartholomew in 1572, when the streets of the French capital and towns flowed with the blood of thirty thousand Protestants. The Jesuit profess house sheltered the infamous Henri, Duc de Guise, while he superintended the carnage.

Instigated by the Jesuits, in 1589 a young Dominican monk murdered Henry III., who had allied himself with the Protestant Henry of Navarre—a crime which they pronounced “a charming deed.”

Attempt after attempt was made upon the life of his successor, Henry IV., by the same hands, until in 1594, on the discovery of a frightful plot, the Society was banished from France by imperial edict, and a public monument, erected to record for ever the vileness of the Jesuit body, was erected in Paris. Yet as soon after as the year 1603 the order for expulsion was revoked. We need not add that the same dark role again commenced, so that in 1610 Henry IV. fell a victim to the treacherous Society he had befriended. In 1745 Louis XV. was assassinated, when once more the Jesuits were driven out of France by royal command.

The Jesuits were behind the terrible scenes of the forty years’ war into which the Netherlands were plunged at the end of the sixteenth century. They practiced treachery against the Dutch, who fought for faith and freedom, and kept supplies of weapons and powder for the Spanish foe in their colleges at Antwerp,

Bruges, and elsewhere. William I., Prince of Orange, the ultimate deliverer of the Dutch from the Spanish yoke, was, of course, the object of Jesuit hatred, for no man then living frustrated more of their plans than did he. They determined to take his life by poison or dagger. In 1582 a Jesuit emissary inflicted a severe wound on the Prince, and in 1584 he succumbed to the attack of another assassin. His murderer was his private secretary, who affected great zeal for the Protestant religion! Bible in hand, he was implicitly trusted by his royal master, until the very day when his pistol terminated the life of the noble Protestant prince.

Pages could be filled with such accounts, and similar deeds have been perpetrated on English soil! In the year 1541 Pope Paul III., incensed against Henry VIII. for his apostasy, and failing in his attempts to induce either Francis I. or Charles V. to invade England, determined to send some emissaries into Ireland in order that, by working upon the ignorant and bigoted minds of its fanatic people, he might excite them to a civil war. He therefore asked from the General of the newly-established Society of Jesus two of its members to be sent thither. The two Jesuits whom Ignatius gave to the Pope for this mission were Salmeron and Brouet, who received secret instructions, and were honored (though privately) with the name of Papal Nuncios. Visiting Holyrood on their way to Ireland as they had been bidden, their influence on James 5 proved sufficient to bring about indirectly the disastrous war which quickly followed. In Ireland, whilst they

devoted themselves to reforming and confirming, and granting millions of indulgences to the people, who flocked round them; at the same time they excited them against their excommunicated Sovereign. They formed the “noble plan” (says their historian, M. Cretineau) of going to London, and seeking to disarm the anger of the king by eloquently pleading the cause of the Roman

Catholic religion! “It was as well for Henry, and England too,” remarks Nicolini, “that their plan was found ‘impracticable.’ Salmeron and Brouet found it advisable to return to Rome. Thus ended the first mission to England. Would to God it had been the last!”

But from the moment when Loyola dispatched his associates on Papal errands to England up to the present day, the Jesuits have devoted themselves to the extinction of Protestantism in Great Britain.

The murder of the Protestant Queen Elizabeth, could not be anything but desirable in the eyes of the Jesuits, since she was the only impediment preventing the accession to the throne of England of one who would yield Rome obedience. Numerous attempts were made on the life of Queen Elizabeth from the year 1553, which resulted in bringing the Jesuit agents one by one to the scaffold. So many and so intriguing were these plots against Elizabeth, that the English Roman Catholics themselves denounced them for their wickedness.

In 1557, upon the execution of Mary “Queen of Scots” —Rome’s chosen successor to the English throne—the Jesuits’ rage reached its height. They instigated Philip II. of Spain to prepare and launch the “Invincible Armada,” which, nevertheless, by the interposition of our omnipotent God, was destroyed. The Pope issued a Bull of Excommunication, empowering any of the “faithful” to deliver over, alive or dead, the heretic sovereign of England to King Philip; but in vain, and Elizabeth at her death declared by edict that the Jesuits should forever be outlaws of her kingdom.

James I, son of the Queen of Scots, ungratefully declared on his accession that England should remain still closed against the Order. In their rage they determined to annihilate the King, the Royal Family, and the heads of Protestantism at one blow. It should never be forgotten, that the “Fifth of November, Gunpowder Treason and Plot,” in 1605, was the work of the Jesuits. The ringleaders—men of position and wealth—headed by their Provincial, Garnet, the director of Anglo-Jesuit affairs, were guided by an English Roman Catholic nobleman. The conduct of Garnet after the discovery of the crime was an apt illustration of the doctrine, “The end sanctifies the means.” He and his colleagues were hanged. But they were beatified by the Church of Rome.

No reader of this “Story of the Jesuits” will wonder that at last the whole of Christendom longed to be rid of men who were disturbers of the public peace, and by reason of whose secret workings, life and property were unsafe. Expelled by royal decrees from every country into which they had entered, Pope Clement XIV. dealt them a death blow. He dissolved the Society. In 1773 the famous Brief of Abolition of the Jesuit Order issued from the Vatican. Its tenor may be gathered from the following extracts: “§ 17. . . There were never wanting accusations of the greatest consequence which were made against members of this Society, especially that such, from their audacious, vehement, and persecuting zeal, were continually disturbing the peace and quiet of Christendom. § 21 . . . We have remarked that our admonitions to them not to mix themselves up with secular and political as well as many other practical measures, have been almost powerless

and of no effect. Our predecessors had to undergo much vexation on that account; indeed, Pope Innocent XI., driven by necessity, went so far as to forbid the Society to receive and invest novices. § 23 . . . There occurred still more dangerous outbreaks as long as Clement XIII. sat upon the Chair of St. Peter . . . and it lastly went so far that our beloved sons in Christ, the Kings of Spain, France, Portugal, and the Two Sicilies, saw themselves constrained to banish and expel the members of the Order out of their kingdoms. § 25... In consideration that it is scarcely possible, as long as the Society exists to re-establish durable peace in the Church . . . we, in the plenitude of Apostolic power, ABOLISH the said Society, suppress it and dissolve it, and do away with and abolish all and every one of their houses, schools, colleges, hospitals, and all their places for assembling, in whatever kingdom they may be situated. . . . So that from this day henceforth the Society of Jesus no longer exists.”

Thus spoke the infallible voice from the Vatican, uttered by a successor of Pope Clement XIII., who by a similarly “apostolic” document had extolled the Society! Pope Clement XIV. was well aware that in condemning an Order, more gigantic than any institution the world had ever seen, numbering at that moment 22,792 professed members, besides a multitude of associates, novices, and lay brothers, wealthy, wide spreading, and powerful enough to shake the world, he would sign his own death warrant. It is an undisputed fact that Clement met his death by poisoning, and that of the most awful character ; and when it was asked who had poisoned the Pope, the people of Rome exclaimed, as with one lip, “This the Jesuits: have done!”

In spite of the abolition, apparently meant to last forever, Pope Pius VII. restored the Order by a Bull dated August 7th, 1814. This nineteenth century Pope revived the Society in order to prop up the sinking fortunes of the Popedom. “We should deem ourselves,” says he, “guilty of a great crime towards God, if we neglected the aids which the special providence of God has put at our disposal; and if, placed in the bark of Peter, tossed and assailed by continual storms, we refused to employ the VIGOROUS and EXPERIENCED ROWERS who volunteer their services, in order to break the waves of a sea which threaten every moment shipwreck and death.”

What a practical exemplification of what Rome means when she plumes herself upon being *semper idem*! ■ “ALWAYS THE SAME!”

It will be remembered that it was in a moment of danger to the Church of Rome that the Jesuits received the benediction of the Pope and began their first career. And again it is at a moment of peril to the Papacy that they are revived, and let loose upon the world once more to pursue their terrible scheme. But let us clearly note that whatever crimes they now commit must be laid to the charge of the Church of Rome. She deliberately resuscitated the Order with the clearest record of its guilt before her eyes. And never let us forget that Papal power and Jesuitism are henceforth one and the same.

Echoes From the Mission Field: China

OUR friend Dr. Parrott, who is working in China, sends us a letter, in which he speaks of the work of God. He enclosed a photograph of native

Christians and friends at a “feast” in his garden, and we have made a reproduction of it. Our Chinese brethren and friends seem to be enjoying their friendly gathering quite as much as we in England enjoy similar occasions.

The letter also speaks of two old friends, whose conversions to God were recorded in FAITHFUL WORDS by Dr. Parrott some twelve years ago.

It is ever encouraging to see good work, and one great test whether work is good, is its stability. In the winter of 1883-1884 there were great floods in the eastern part of North China, owing to the bursting of the banks of the Yellow River, and hundreds of thousands of poor people were flooded out of house and home. Numbers died from sickness and starvation. “Thirty thousand of these poor creatures,” said Mr. Parrott, “came down to the city of Yang-Chou, where I was then living, and after a short time smallpox began to rage amongst them, and many were carried off.

“Two native brethren and myself were able to go amongst them occasionally, and to preach to them. A few days after our first visit to them, a man named Sang, which means ‘mulberry tree,’ came to my house and knocked at the gate for admission. ‘My son is sick,’ said he, ‘and I am afraid he will die. Hearing that you can heal diseases, I have brought him to see you.’”

Dr. Parrott was not at that time a medical man, and he told Mr. Sang he was unable to do much for the boy, but said, “My God is a living God, and One who hears prayer. Leave the child to be nursed by me.”

This his son, a lad of about thirteen years of age, did not at all approve of; and in the end the father accepted the invitation to stay with his son, and a bed was rigged up for him in the dining room.

“Mr. Sang presented himself regularly at our public preaching every afternoon, and soon manifested an interest in the Gospel. A day or two after his arrival, we had our usual native prayer meeting, into which, to our surprise, came Mr. Sang. He had never been present before where Christians prayed, and was astonished to see men kneeling down and speaking to a God they could not see. I could but observe him looking round the little room, and mark his astonished look. There were no idols, nor lighted tapers, nor was any incense burning—things inseparably associated with his heathen worship. It was to him a novel procedure, but he evidently had some sort of faith in its efficacy. So, watching for an opportunity, at a slight pause in our meeting, lo! Sang, the heathen, began to pray. He commenced thus:

“‘I don’t know who You are!’—for he knew not our God’s name—and he proceeded to tell God that, though he did not know who He was, he understood from others that He was a God who heard prayer, and he would therefore venture to ask that his boy might be healed; and, said he, ‘If You will heal my boy, then, when I return to my home, I and my family will no longer worship the

goddess of mercy, but will worship You instead.'

"Sang suddenly stopped, and, after a pause, we all said Amen! believing the man had prayed from his heart.

"He came regularly to our meetings for prayer, and a fortnight later prayed again, but this time in a very different manner. He commenced by thanking God for having sent His Son, Jesus Christ, into the world to die for his sins. He also thanked God for the improvement in his child's health, and finished by declaring that if men refused to believe His Word and accept His Christ, they deserved to be lost. Another silence told us when to say 'Amen.'

"In the course of two or three months Mr. Sang returned to his native village a changed man, joyfully expecting, like many another young convert, that he should be able to persuade large numbers of his neighbors to cast away their false gods, and join him in the service of the true and living God. He carried back with him two small boxes of scriptures and tracts, to sell during his proposed missionary tours in the numerous villages surrounding his own. These were heavy, and occupied one side of his barrow, during his return journey, whilst his wife and a baby occupied the other. His boy, who was sound and well, walked with him, and thus they travelled back.

"Mr. Sang is a farmer, and spends all the time he can in evangelizing his neighborhood. The Lord Jesus Christ has become to him a living reality, and he greatly desires that his friends and neighbors should likewise find rest and joy in his Saviour. He gets his fields cultivated as early as possible, and then, instead of idling away the winter months, as he did in former days, he spends his time in preaching the Gospel, and putting into circulation the books and tracts with which Christian friends in England have enabled me to supply him."

Such was the story of Mr. Mulberry tree, and it is delightful to read twelve years afterwards that he was indeed a tree of the Lord's own planting. Dr. Parrott writes thus of him today: "A missionary who has been living near this native brother, passed through here recently. He said Mr. Sang is the brightest and most zealous Christian he has ever met in China, and that he was very much used of the Lord. He told the missionary of his conversion under our roof, some twelve or thirteen years ago. Mr. Sang lives some one thousand (English) miles from here, or I would go and see him and those he led to Christ."

Our readers will rejoice in this testimony. We must defer until another issue the story of the other man referred to. We are always begging, it will, perhaps, he said; but it is "always good to be zealously affected in a good thing"; and we shall be most thankful to convey help to our dear friend in his work. He is specially anxious to translate some English papers for the Christian reader into Chinese, so that our Chinese brethren in Christ may have a few crumbs of the bounties we enjoy in dear old England.

The Story of Little Li Hua Chang

OUR friend, Mr. W. C. Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, kindly encloses for our young readers the following happy incident.

At the commencement of the last Chinese New Year a lad of about ten years of age was entered on the books of our boys' school in Sin-tien-tsi. He was not a very bright lad, and, like all other heathen boys in China, he had been trained all his life to worship the idols which are to be found in every house, as well

“on every high hill and under every green tree,” in that land. He had never been to school before, and he gave us some trouble at first, but he soon took to his reading and writing, and made good progress. The Scripture portions and hymns taught him were well committed to memory, and he showed great interest in all that was told him about them.

During the early months of the year, on his return home at night, he repeated to his parents and friends what he had learnt during the day, and, more than that, he pressed upon them the truths he had been taught. This pleased his parents, as it indicated that he had made progress in his ordinary studies, and they listened the more readily to what their little son told them of God and His Word.

After a time the lad's grandmother commenced attending our Sunday services and classes. At first my wife found her very dense, and it was most difficult to get her to understand. But the Holy Spirit had begun to teach her, and soon the old lady began to rejoice in the Saviour. Then she brought her brother-in-law to the class. I was particularly struck with the simple, quiet earnestness of this man from the first time he came. The Lord gently led him also to His feet.

After awhile they all saw that to go forward meant severing their connection with idolatry, and one Saturday afternoon the little lad came with a beaming face into my study, carrying under his arm his grandmother's idol, which she had had the courage to take down from its position in the home. It was brought to me to be destroyed at the next public service. It was my custom to have a fixed day—viz., the first Sunday in each moon—for destroying idols, and for taking the names of any who desired to know the way of God more perfectly. This was done before the whole congregation, and I have found it to be a great help to the candidates to make a stand in public from the very first. Before the day came round the old lady's brother had followed her example. He himself brought his idol to be destroyed. Never shall I forget the Sunday when we committed these idols to the flames, while we sang praises to the living God, nor can I forget the joyful countenances of the members of that little country church—joyful because more from their midst had learnt to worship their God.

At the close of the service we entered the new names as candidates for baptism.

The story does not end here. The grandmother has brought another old lady of about her own age with her, and the man has brought his own son, a young fellow of some twenty years of age. The

little scholar's father is also coming now for instruction, and is showing interest. Thus five of the boy's immediate relations have been led to the Lord Jesus Christ. Truly, a little child shall lead them.

The foregoing should encourage all interested in the education of the young in heathen lands. What have they who argue so much against these schools to say against this? And "who can tell whereunto this thing will grow"? True, the seed corn was this little boy, but how big a tree it has developed into! The child's name is Li Hua Chang, which means "transformed and prosperous."

Could he have a more suitable name?

Sunday Morning Texts

1.

The humblest service never forgotten.

CHRIST serves His people with unwearied patience; yet how few of His daily acts of kindness are remembered with love and thanksgiving! But He will never forget the simplest act of service rendered to Him; He will reward all such acts in eternity. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

2.

Service to God's servants, a sweet savor to God.

When the apostle Paul was in prison in Rome, he was in sore need. Serving him in prison, where he was placed for his Lord's sake, was an act well-pleasing to God; and thus does he describe the token of love sent to him by the Philippians through Epaphroditus : "The things sent from you," he says, were "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." What an encouragement for us who contribute to the need of suffering and persecuted people of God!

3.

Service to Christ's people, a personal love-token to Him.

No service rendered to Christ is more hallowed than that of caring for His suffering and afflicted people. In feeding them, we give food to Christ, as it were; in visiting them, we visit Him. He will say to those who thus show their love to Him, in the day of His reward-giving: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

4.

The noblest gift we can give to God.

We are asked to give to God in the light of His gifts to us. He has given us His Son; He has given us of His Spirit; of Him is the gift of eternal life, justification, peace. As we view His gifts and rejoice in His favours, the Holy Spirit, through the apostle, thus speaks to us: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Under the Curse of the Church

SHORT time ago, two or three Christian persons were travelling together in the same carriage by railway.

At the commencement of the journey, one of them offered tracts to the occupants of the carriage, and, amongst the rest, he handed one to a young man. He readily received it, but, after glancing down the page, very politely returned it, saying, "I am not allowed to read such things; the Holy Catholic Church forbids my doing so."

After a few remarks upon the contents of the little paper he was asked, "You admit the truth of Scripture, I suppose?"

"Most certainly," he said. Another little tract containing Scripture only was then offered him, with the remark that it was simply the Word of God. This he received, and it was evident, as he read it carefully through, that its contents were of interest to him. Observing this, a pamphlet, written to show the authority of God's Word, apart from all human intervention, and to show how grievous a sin it was for any to seek to hinder its immediate action upon the conscience, was passed to him, with the earnest request that he would promise to read it.

"I will," he answered, and at once put it into his breast pocket; and then addressing himself to the one who had given him the book, he said, "What do you think of the Pope?"

"He is a man who, being like others sinful, needs the blood of Christ to fit him for God's presence as much as you or I do," was the reply.

To this the young man objected, saying that he was Christ's Vicar upon earth. Further conversation ensued till the journey was ended, and the travelers went their respective ways.

When the incidents just narrated occurred a silent spectator was present. He happened to be travelling by train a few days later, when to his surprise the young man of this story entered his carriage.

"I remember your face," he said; "we travelled together the other day."

Fixing his eyes intently upon the speaker, the young man said, with deep feeling, "Would that we had never met, for I have been under the curse of the Church ever since. My spiritual adviser discovered what I had read, and as a punishment he has given me that to perform which nearly drives me mad."

"Indeed! What is that?"

"Every night, when the clock strikes twelve, I have to arise and count my beads; besides which, I have to pay money before I can get free from this terrible curse." And then, with a look of deepest agony, the young man added, "And, oh, if I should die under the curse of the Church, I shall sink into the flames of hell forever!"

“But,” rejoined the gentleman, “there is no such thing in Scripture as ‘the curse of the Church.’ Do listen. I, too, am a sinner, but I know my need of Christ, and I have come to Him, and I know that His precious blood has made me clean, and, as a consequence, I am free from all that slavish fear of which you speak, and my heart is filled with joy.”

“I would give anything to know that of which you are speaking,” replied the young man; “but at this moment I am under the curse of the Church.”

In response, the glory of the blessed Person of the Son of God was pointed out to the young man, and an earnest appeal to him was made, to believe the willingness of Christ to receive sinners, and to believe that He was made a curse upon the cross for our sakes, but that now He is seated supreme in power on the right hand of God in heaven.

With a look of agony and with clenched hands, the young man exclaimed in tones of solemn earnestness, “Oh, that I could grasp the blessed Person of the Son of God! But that holy man, the Pope, is standing between me and the Son of God.”

A few days later the gentleman again chanced on the young man. He kindly asked after the welfare of his soul, but was met by the reply, “Thank you, not another word about these things; I dare not stop to speak of them.”

Many, perhaps, may pity the young man, and wonder how he could remain so enthralled; but we are persuaded that numbers at this present moment are unwittingly treading a pathway which, unless the delivering mercy of God arrest them in their course, will lead them to the same soul-destroying errors.

God, in His great mercy, has vouchsafed abundant light in our land these many years, but it is patent to any Christian of ordinary observation that numbers of people are giving up the liberty of the truth of God for that which, while it pretends to offer a resting place for unquiet consciences, in reality fetters the soul.

The blessed Person and work of the Son of God meet all man’s need. Amidst His unmeasured sorrow on Calvary His work was gloriously finished, and now, high up above all principality and power, at the right hand of God, He sits the mighty Victor■His blessed heart unchanged■still ready, as when He trod earth’s sad scenes, to minister divine goodness to every soul in need. “Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,” He still says. Hesitate not to trust Him.

Under the Blessing of God

THE old soldier of whom I write was a quiet retiring man, and his words were few. In his youth he had fought in the Crimea, and remembered well the eventful day of “the charge of the six hundred,” for he was in the artillery, and served the guns which protected the shattered force of the daring riders returning to the English lines.

The carnage of that day appeals to the civilian, and on one occasion, as Blain was telling the tale, someone asked him if he had any fear then. His answer, given in the quietest manner, was, “I did not know what fear was.” The notion of fear had not entered into the soldier’s character; his one thought was to do his duty.

It happened that amongst his friends, there was one who asked Blain to accompany him to a mission hall. The preacher took for his text these words, “What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” (Mark 8:36.)

“That night, for the first time in my life,” said Blain, “I found out what fear is. I was afraid, yet not for death: I was afraid for my soul.”

Yes, one question, asked by Christ, and recorded in the Word of God, and made effective to the human heart by the power of God the Holy Spirit, opened the eye to eternity and to sin, and changed the soldier altogether. He had been a most honourable man, but he had lived up to that hour without God, without Christ, without hope in the world, and without the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom.

In His own good way God brought Blain to the knowledge of Christ, in His suffering on the cross for our sins, and in His risen glory in heaven, and he feared no more for his soul.

“It is well, it is well with my soul.”

he sang from his heart.

The old soldier obtained a situation in a humble capacity in a London house of business, and he did his duty there as he had done it in the Crimea. In the highest form that the expression may be used, the old artilleryman “stuck to his guns,” for he was often ailing, and hardly fit for his labour. He adorned his humble service by the excellence of his performance of his duty. Whatever was entrusted to him was well done, unobtrusively and modestly. And more, this good old servant sought occasions for the expression of the love of his heart, and when the one whom he served was in delicate health, found time in the hours of work to bring the nourishment ordered by the doctor, and always to the moment. Never once did the good old soldier fail as the attentive nurse.

Thus for some ten years did the quiet old soldier adorn the doctrine of His Lord and Saviour! His Christian life blossomed with the flowers of divine grace. Let it not be enough for us that we are saved by Christ, and that it is well with our souls; let us so live Christ that we may adorn His doctrine.

Hearing that Blain was ill, and not likely to recover, a friend went to see him, and found him unable to lift his head upon his pillow.

The old soldier's end was near, and he was at rest under the blessing of his God.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said he to his visitor. "I am glad to thank you before I go, and, more; to thank God that I ever heard that text in the mission hall. I feared for my soul that night, but now I have no fears left."

After a pause, he said thoughtfully, "I am ready when He calls me, ready at any hour," and then he caught himself up, and fixed his dying eyes on his friend's: "I will not say at any hour, I am ready at any minute."

The old soldier and his friend shook hands, prayed their last prayer together, and bade each other farewell.

Early next morning the Master's call came.

A Few Words on John 13

GLANCING at the thirteenth to the seventeenth chapters of John's Gospel, we observe that the words of the Lord recorded in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters were spoken within the house; those given in chapters fifteen and sixteen were uttered out of doors; while as the Lord breathed out those of the seventeenth chapter, He lifted up His eyes to heaven. In the four gospels it is frequently the case that the surroundings of the Speaker are used by the Holy Spirit as a kind of frame suitable for His words.

The seclusion of the guest-chamber was the appropriate place for the Lord to unfold to His disciples His gracious manner of surrounding Himself with them, and of making them at ease in His presence. And this home scene on earth was with Him a fitting introduction to His gracious thoughts of the Father's house above, Himself there and His people with Him, at home.

The fourteenth chapter ends with His words, "Arise, let us go hence." Afterwards, the Lord being out of doors, He taught His disciples by the vine and its branches, the true principle of fruit-bearing. The vine grows within a cared-for enclosure, and in this enclosure within the world, the Father, who is the

Husbandman, seeks from the true disciples of Christ fruit that shall abide forever. The world at large is the place for testifying in the power of God through the Spirit for an absent Christ, and with this burden the sixteenth chapter ends.

But there is more for us still to know. We are given to overhear the words which Jesus spoke as He lifted up His eyes to heaven; words which express the heart of the Father and the Son and make the love known to us on earth.

Much, very much of that which is given to us in these five chapters is separated absolutely from man's reasonings respecting how it came to the knowledge of the writer. Even the "eyewitnesses" of whom Luke speaks could not have recorded the greater part of that which is presented in these chapters, for in them the very thoughts and feelings of the Lord's heart are opened out. And there is a divine appropriateness in the selection of the disciple whom Jesus loved for the vessel of the communication of this revelation to the Church.

The disciples in the guest chamber, as the Paschal feast proceeded, beheld Jesus rise from supper, lay aside His garments, and gird Himself; and their souls were filled with amazement. They could only interpret His ways by their own thoughts, and as the burning love of Peter proved, the interpretation was erroneous. Ways must be interpreted by thoughts. Even this act of sublime condescension in washing His disciples' feet, has been divorced from His intention concerning it, until kings have advertised their humility by washing the feet of mendicants.

We said no mere tradition and no observation of eyewitnesses could supply us with the knowledge of the working of the heart of the Lord. And with the burden of His heart the inspired writer opens out to us the wonder of His ways. He "knew that His hour was come, that He should depart out of

this world unto the Father. . . . Knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God and went to God.”

It is by pondering over these words we enter into the true significance of His ways.

Our Lord, in His condescension, was acting towards His disciples in the full consciousness of His eternal majesty; of His Father’s love and of the universal power the Father had put into His hands as Son of Man. His supreme greatness—human and divine—introduces to us His supreme grace to His people. Further, we read, “Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.” He loved them to the very uttermost. His love, even His, could go no further, for it reached to the very limit of their individual need, whatever that need might be. Thus His greatness and His love, as they filled His heart, explain to us His act of washing His disciples’ feet.

Rising from the Paschal meal, that anticipatory picture of His death, He prepared to serve His disciples in such a way as to render them fit to repose in His presence. A moral fitness is requisite to enable man, even redeemed man, to be a companion of the Lord, whose holiness and whose love are infinite; and to produce this fitness, the Lord stooped to His service of washing the feet of His disciples. Then, having rendered them clean through His Word, He once more sat down amongst them, and began to teach them the, grace of His heart. He taught them how that there is a washing, or immersion, which needs no repetition, but that also there is a laving of the feet for which the need is frequent. This was the case with the Jewish priests, at their consecration and in their daily service. Once for all, the whole person was washed, or bathed, but constantly feet and hands had to be cleansed. Once for all the people of God are set apart and consecrated for Him, but constantly they need the purifying effects of His Word upon them, and nowhere more intensely than in their most holy service.

Now, when the Lord had taken again His garments, and had sat down amongst His disciples, He enquired, “Know ye what I have done unto you?” a question which we may repeat for ourselves! and one which every believer can answer, who is aware of the restoring hand of the Lord in bringing into hallowed fellowship with Himself. The Lord Himself, by the purifying action of His Word upon the heart, renders the heart morally capable of listening to Him. Jesus could sit down amongst His disciples, He was in their midst, and by His action in cleansing them, they could be at rest before Him in such a way as to be attentive to His words.

We have to remember that this action of Christ is preparatory to the reception by His disciples of His words recorded in the remaining chapters at which we have glanced.

“Ye call Me Master” (Teacher) “and Lord,” said Jesus: “and ye say well; for so I am. If I, then, your Lord and Master” (Teacher), “have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another’s feet.” How these words of Jesus indicate His close observance of our mode of addressing Him! They called Him Teacher first, Lord next. He spoke of Himself as Lord first, Teacher next. Most of His disciples in spirit place Him first as Teacher, and next as Lord. We love the sweetness of His teaching; do we as well love the force of His commands? We are inclined to place instruction first, and obedience second; the Lord places obedience first, and instruction after it. The necessity for our obedience is immense, only let us not forget that the obedience required is to Himself, and that it is impossible to obey more than one Lord. He was the obedient Son of the Father, and true resemblance to Christ expresses itself in truly obeying Him. We live in a day which has created a

double difficulty for those who would live the Christian life, or live like Christ, walking as He walked. On one side there is a laxity as to obedience. "Do as you think best," is the cry. But the servant is called to do as his lord thinks best, and is not permitted a will of his own. On the other side it is said, "Follow holy obedience" ■but the obedience rendered in this case is not to the One Lord, but to a human lord of the selection of "the children of holy obedience." In each case the example of Christ is rejected.

Now our Lord and our Teacher declares to us, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." And there is, perhaps, no sacred service more difficult which a disciple of Christ can render upon this earth, than that of doing to His disciples as He has done to us. If we were to wash the feet of mendicants according to the pattern of medieval religion it would be easy work indeed! But a spiritual service is presented, and to pursue it the example of Christ must be followed. True Christian humility is the outcome of true Christian greatness. He who is morally exalted in the love of the Father and the Son can afford to go down in spiritual service to the need of Christian people. Even in the world, small-minded people cannot stoop, while great people do acts of lowly service, which become resplendent by the way in which they are done. The smiles of a queen and the gracious words of an emperor, call forth the admiration of multitudes, but, the nobility which is of God, bears upon it a still more excellent stamp, and calls forth eternal admiration. Only as filled with the Spirit of God can the disciple of Christ follow the example of his Lord and Teacher. "The servant is not greater than his Lord," and certainly no servant of Christ stooped so low as did his Lord.

The hallowed service of removing from one another the stains of this world's defilement is only to be attained by walking as Christ walked and following His example; and since this is the case, we may find in this principle the reason why so little of this service is enacted.

What a lovely picture of practical union we have in this guest chamber. Christ in the midst, and His disciples around Him, and made fit to bear Him company. Yet the scene was but a picture of the Father's house and the unbroken circle of the children gathered there around Jesus. The picture of heaven was painted on the canvas of the earth. There was a betrayer in the guest chamber, and he was not clean. And not until he went out into the darkness was the Lord really free in spirit to pursue His gracious teaching, unfolding to His disciples deeper and deeper things of the love of the Father, the Comforter, and the Son. But the day is at hand when in the Father's house above all the children shall be gathered around the One Lord, and shall rejoice in His love.

Mission Field: China

WE made reference in our last issue to the Chinaman Chu, who had been brought to God some years ago. Dr. Parrott writes so cheerfully of him today, that we remind our readers of the way God opened his eyes. Dr. Parrott was on a journey through the cities and towns of the almost unknown regions of the western hills of Shansi. The roads in that part of China are simply the beds of mountain streams, which in the rainy season fill with water, and at once stop all travelling. The water, however, soon disappears into the Great Yellow River, and then roads are again passable, rocks, stones, and sand only remaining to try the patience of the traveler, and to test the strength and power of endurance of the beasts of burden. These makeshift roads, to a great extent, serve to cut off the inhabitants of the hills from those of the more populous plains.

The party started from the city of Ping-yang, feeling conscious of carrying with it the Word of Life into a region of the greatest darkness, where hitherto the Gospel had not been preached.

Rain now began to fall, and advance was both slow and difficult. The road became covered with water, the stream grew deeper, and the constant crossing and re-crossing made it dangerous for the animals. The rain still increased, and the missionary began to fear that the rainy season had commenced.

The party stayed a few days in roadside inns and villages along the route, hoping for better weather, but the waters increased so quickly that it was impossible to proceed. The stream had grown too rapid and deep for the laden mules to swim over.

On the eleventh day of the journey, when home was too far to think of returning, Dr. Parrott and his attendants looked around for a resting place for the night. Not far away were a few caves, and in them were living three families. After a little persuasion the occupier of one of the caves, a farmer named Chang, allowed the travelers to sleep in a shed where he kept his grain and farming implements.

The next morning the guide refused to go any further along such roads, unpacked the goods, and returned home with the mules; the rain, the famine-stricken region, and the fear of robbers and wolves having quite frightened him.

So Dr. Parrott was left weather-bound in the cave with only one native companion, and the prospect of nearly a fortnight's weary waiting! For ten days the missionary lived with the Chang family and was thankful for their kind hospitality, which consisted of two meals of maize bread in the twenty-four hours, together with a few vegetables, and hot water to drink.

When the rain ceased Dr. Parrott and his companion obtained mules and proceeded. They carried some copies of the Scriptures over the mountains, along a difficult and dangerous mountain path, till they reached a place where the water in the river was not more than a few feet deep. Then they crossed the river and reached the town of Wu-cheng, put up at an inn, and preached the Gospel to as many as they could of the few people left.

It happened to be market day, and there was present, listening, a man named Chu from a neighboring village. They distributed copies of parts of the Bible, and gave to Chu a Gospel of Mark.

This he took home and studied carefully. He conceived it to be a book from heaven, for it taught a heavenly doctrine—one different from that which he had ever heard. So Chu began to worship the book. And for two years he worshipped this Gospel by Mark. At the end of that time he visited Wu-cheng again, and stayed in the inn where Dr. Parrott had been, and there, to his great joy, he discovered another book, in the possession of the inn keeper, which appeared to be of the same kind as his own Gospel of Mark. He bargained with the innkeeper and bought the new book, which was nothing less than a complete New Testament.

Chu returned home with his new treasure, and began to study it with great desire. A Buddhist priest in the village also became deeply interested in the contents of these strange books, so much so that the priest and Chu used to meet every evening to read these Scriptures.

And now his story can be most happily continued. Our friend, Dr. Parrott, has just received a communication from Mr. T. W. Pigott, who is laboring in the Shan-si province, some two hundred miles distant from the district where Chu lived. He recently received a visit from him, and says: "We have had a most enlightened native brother, of the name of Chu, whose labors were much blessed everywhere. He is now seriously contemplating taking a step of entire dependence upon the Lord for guidance and help."

When the Gospel of God truly takes root, it spreads by its own force through the souls of the men of the country who have received it. It is most delightful, therefore, to hear of God fitting a man for His work as He has done this man, so strangely brought to Himself.

Speaking of the work in which he is now engaged, Dr. Parrott says: "There are several enquirers. One man was a gambler, and made a living by gambling, when he first came under the power of the Gospel. He felt constrained to give up his evil ways, and is now working as a common laborer in the fields to earn his bread honestly. He comes regularly to our preachings every night.

"The people come in and out during the service, staying just as long as they please, perhaps only for a few minutes; but there are some who remain the whole service, and during the month before harvest, some forty men were found who would be attentive listeners night after night."

We may surely say, such mission work compares very favorably with very much of similar work in our own land. And in one way it is more hopeful; for such as take up the position of being followers of the Lord Jesus Christ in China, have broken off from their idols, and their old idolatrous ways. They are

known in their village or district, they are marked off from the heathen, and have frequently to suffer persecution; so that in such men we have the stamp of genuineness, which in England is too frequently absent.

Our Father's Care

A FRIEND of mine was in a state of anxiety over his pecuniary embarrassment, which was brought about through sickness in his family. He had had a most trying and expensive time amongst his children■many little delicacies were needed, and the doctor was in constant requisition.

At last they were restored to health, and my friend, who was a working man, knew not how to meet his doctor's bill. He was grateful to the doctor for what he had done for him under God, and was most anxious to pay him at once, though it seemed almost impossible to do so. He resolved to tell no one of his difficulty but the Lord. He took his Bible, read some of its precious promises, and then, like Hezekiah, he laid the whole matter out before God in humble, believing prayer. This done, he patiently waited God's way and time for the answer; nor had he long to wait, for a few days after he received a letter without name or address of sender, bearing the postmark of a place he did not know. The letter contained the exact amount, and no more, required to pay the account, and had this sweet promise of God attached to it: "Your heavenly Father knoweth ye have need of these things."

My friend took it with tearful joy as from the Lord, and at once paid the account.

The gracious Lord, the Giver of all good, had set his heart and mind at rest.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,

And rests on that atone."

W. C.

A Corn of Wheat in China

THIS summer I have watched the wheat from the time it appeared above ground until it was cut down a week ago, and have from time to time examined dozens of roots, and am surprised to find (1) that, without a single exception, each tuft of wheat having from one to over twenty stalks is one root, and springs from only one grain of wheat; (2) that in nearly every case the husk of the original grain adhered to the root, and was always beneath the root (that is, the grain had sprung up towards the surface on the top and over and around the original grain); (3) and that there was never more than one husk to each tuft or root. One grain I found had produced twenty-one ears. It would seem that only one grain of the many which must fall upon the same spot can live; the others completely disappear and there is no trace of them.

One Christ only died that we might live. He is the corn of wheat Who has fallen into the ground and died, and Who has brought forth much fruit.

The husk remains connected with the root and the resurrected grains until the very end. After the corn was cut I examined the stubble, and there I found the remains of the original seed. Surely apart from Him we have no life. The roots were upon and around the original seed; this, too, is significant.

God's unwritten book of nature is very interesting, and is full of spiritual truth. "All things were made by Him and for Him." Is He not the center the sun of His own universe? All God's works point to Him as the center.

Side Lights on Scripture: the Assyrian

THE figures here represented compose part of a large battle scene. The Assyrian has stormed the city, and the women and children left from the slaughter are being led away captive. The women are supposed to be tearing their hair, which falls down over their shoulders. The Assyrian soldier, with his pointed cap, has them in charge. Cattle are also being driven off. The city besieged is supposed to be Damascus. The slab upon which the picture is portrayed is in the British Museum.

We introduce together with this victorious scene the emblem of the great Assyrian deity, who was represented also upon page 152. But in that case he was consuming the enemy with his artillery, as he winged his way over the chariot of the King of Assyria. Within the sun the god is represented. His left hand is in repose, and the bow is out of action. It is the sign of victory accomplished. The right hand is uplifted in the act of blessing. He gives his benediction to the victorious host. The god is supposed to be Assur.

A very special interest attached to these monuments lies in their graphic realization of the words of the prophets of God uttered against Israel. They bear written upon them these unchangeable words: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Israel served false gods, and reaped from the servants of those gods shame, misery, and destruction. The god of the Assyrian lifted up his hand, as it were, to bless Israel's destroyer and the destruction he had caused. Over and over again the warning was sent to Israel from Jehovah: Do not "the abominable thing that I hate," but Israel would not hearken. Over and over again the call to repentance and to righteousness was made to Israel, but the people would pursue their own wicked ways right on to their own destruction.

The voice of these slabs utters a cry to us in our own land, and surely in the providence of God the slabs have been brought to light in our days, and set up in the great Museum of Britain. England—the highly-favored land—owes her present greatness and liberty to the possession by the people of the Word of God. But if our land pursues its course, and laughs that Word to scorn, or rejects it, as did God's chosen people Israel, the day is at hand when England's greatness will be laid low, and when her strength will have departed, and a fate, worse, if possible, than that which befell Israel, will be hers.

Divine Architecture

ANCIENT Athenian architecture, which to this day commands worldwide admiration, owes its popularity, among other things, to the skillful way in which optical illusions have been overcome by what, from a mathematical point of view, would be regarded as distortions.

An abstract examination of the individual parts would reveal some curious features, which, without reference to the design as a whole, would be inexplicable.

The aim in view was the construction of an object of beauty, not the demonstration of a scientific problem, and the parts were often so constructed to perfect the view from a particular station point. The end was attained, seeing there were no distracting elements in the effect produced to mar the harmony.

Mathematics were but an handmaid, not the end and aim in view.

A hasty mind confronted with an isolated portion of such a structure would have accepted it as food for criticism; but men are wiser in matters temporal than spiritual. The structure bore testimony to the profound skill of the architect. Surely, therefore, it was well thought, "there must be design in all these apparent irregularities." Thus by careful study a door was unlocked, which might have been for ever closed to carping criticism.

We might take a lesson from this when difficulties in connection with the Scriptures occur, or are presented to us. People presume to judge the Scriptures, and choose what parts they are prepared to accept as having divine authority, or even wholly to reject them as not answering to their ideas.

The design and structure are so vast that men are apt to forget them altogether, and content themselves with contemplating a fragment which comes within the range of their vision. They would measure the Book of Joshua by their scientific theories of the sun, forgetting that, even were modern theories indisputable, the expression of them in former ages would have been a distraction from the object in view. God cannot adjust His revelation, which is for all time, to suit the particular fashion of nineteenth century thought to which any individual is pledged. His revelation stands unmoved and unchanged amid the ever-varying and ceaseless surge of centuries of human thought—a beacon to light each wayfaring mariner who heeds its ways—a rock of offence, nevertheless, on which heedless and willfully blind ones will make shipwreck, "rending it to their own destruction."

We must bear in mind that the divine scheme of the Scriptures, too, has its station point; it is focused in one central object—the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom is centered all human and creature blessing. Undoubtedly, difficulties frequently arise to honest minds; but these should be approached with reverence and humility. The fulfilment of the prophetic Word alone entitles them to the former, while the frailty of human opinions, at their best, demands the latter.

Bible Class Outline: on Having Eternal or Everlasting Life

1. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (John 3:36.)
2. "He that heareth My (Christ's) Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment." (John 5:24.)
3. "This is the will of Him (the Father) that sent Me (the Lord), that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life." (John 6:40.)
4. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." (1 John 5:11.)
5. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." (1 John 5:10.)

Sunday Morning Texts

1.

I will give you rest. (Matt. 11:28.)

THIS is the promise of our Lord Jesus to such as labor and are heavy laden, and He makes one condition in order that the blessing may be obtained, and that one condition is, that the soul come to Him. "Come unto Me. . ." Let us rejoice that we are amongst the thousands who have come to Jesus, and have obtained the rest, the burden of sin being gone—being taken away by the Lord.

2.

Ye shall find rest. (Matt. 11:29.)

Jesus takes away the burden of our sins, and gives us rest of conscience; and then He bids us take upon ourselves the burden of His yoke, that thereby we may find rest for our souls. He bore the burden of our sins for us, He bears the burden of His yoke with us. The name of this yoke is Obedience—obedience to the Father's will. Our Lord says of it, "My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

3.

There remaineth a Sabbath rest for the people of God. (Heb. 4:9. R.V.)

This great rest will be entered into yonder. The rest we enjoy here in Christ is a foretaste of the rest we shall enjoy in heaven with Christ—rest from sorrow, from grief, rest from sinful surroundings and a sinful heart, rest in the full realization of the full blessing of God.

4.

He will rest in His love. (Zeph. 3:17.)

God Himself will rest in His love. "He will rejoice over thee with joy. He will joy over thee with singing!" Wonderful words. He Himself having accomplished every purpose of His love, having fulfilled every promise of His goodness, will rest in the perfect fulfilment of His work for His people. How immeasurable is the love of God!

5.

Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest. (Heb. 4:11)

All the favors which we have in Christ, and all the favors which are assured to us through Him, should be inducements to lead us to a more earnest and a more holy life on earth. The prospects of heaven in our hearts effect energy to reach the rest assured there. We are called, in the view of the assured rest, to labor to enter into it, while and in our trials this gracious word soothes us: "Rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him."

A Meditation on a Text

CHRIST “died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.”

What words of blessing are here! The death of the blessed One and the substitutionary character of His death the assurance of our full blessing, whether we die, or whether we live till His coming again and our eternal blessedness with Him.

Yes, Christ died! He surrendered His life, with the crowd deriding Him, and God having forsaken Him. Yet why?

For us, so that by His death our sins might be cleansed away. In these words, “for us,” is the explanation of Calvary. He endured all its agonies in order that His choice wish might be realized, and

That we should live together with Him. And this shall be realized, whether by our being raised up from death, or being translated without our dying into His presence at His coming.

By our Lord’s death we know that our sins will never bar us out of heaven, for Christ died for our sins, and by our Lord’s resurrection we are assured that, our living Christ watches over us day and night as He sits upon the throne of God. Ah! if when we were sinners Jesus so loved us as to die for us, how much more shall we, now that we are His friends, be saved by His life! He loved us unto death; He loves us after such a sort that He will bring us home to Himself.

On the cross the whole question of sin was settled for all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. The tomb where He lay is empty, and He is now seated upon the throne of God. By Christ’s death, sin is condemned and our sins are put away, everlasting righteousness is brought in and secured to the believer. By His death the law is magnified and made honorable. By His death God is glorified and Satan is defeated. By His death, death has lost its sting and the grave its victory, and the believer is eternally saved. Christ “died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.”

The Story of the Jesuits: Chapter 11

THE GREAT SECRET SOCIETY AS PROPAGANDISTS.

NO other religious society has boasted so loudly of the results of its foreign missionary work as the Society of Jesus. Volumes have been written by Jesuits of the apostolic deeds wrought by the Black Fathers wherever they went, in Asia, Africa, or America. Placed in positions of danger by their superiors, members of the Order would occasionally fall victims to their devotion, and be glorified as saints and martyrs, and in their earlier history the Jesuits were esteemed by Roman Catholic Christendom as the only efficient priests for missionary enterprise. But after a few decades, the halo surrounding Jesuit mission work lost its sanctity, for it became evident that its real object was the gain of power and riches, not the conversion of the heathen. Roman Catholic bishops, Dominican monks, and Capuchin friars, who were eyewitnesses of the Jesuit procedure in foreign fields, testified against the character of the work of Loyola's descendants, and Papal Bulls were fulminated against the Jesuit-Christian heathenism in China, Japan, and East India.

Why, it was asked, did the Jesuit missionaries confine their efforts to such countries as produced great riches?

The following little story will assist us to understand their reasons! For a long time the Jesuits gave themselves no trouble in regard to the Cochin China Hindus, but when the pious fathers heard that a salt lake existed in the heart of that district, in which pearls of the first water were found and annually sold to Portuguese traders, their hearts were moved with pity for Cochin China. They proceeded thither as a missionary band, and devoting themselves especially to the heathen living around the salt lake, bought up the pearls at a higher rate than that offered by the Portuguese.

For two years they repeated this generosity, and then the traders, unable to purchase the pearls profitably, forsook the shores of the lake. The natives were thus left in the power of the missionaries, who at once lowered the price they had paid by one-half, and thus reaped for themselves an enormous profit. Eventually they treated the native Hindus as slaves, who, after twenty years' oppression, rose in rebellion, set fire to the Jesuits' stores, and chased them out of the country.

Loyola's missionaries made light of the matter of conversion to the Christian faith of their converts. They preferred to adapt the heathen customs of China, Japan, India to their own teaching, with the result that the different nationalities after baptism had no reason to leave their pagan practices. It is easy to understand in the light of this fact how the greatest itinerant Jesuit missionary, Francis Xavier, "converted" ten thousand idolaters whom he christened in a single month in India. At Goa he erected a central college, and by means of a military force he drove into it one hundred and twenty sons of the Hindoo gentry. This conversion at the point of the Portuguese bayonet, when the "padre" had retired from their midst, ended in the Brahmins reconverting the people. Xavier instituted in Goa a religious tribunal, after the pattern of the Spanish Inquisition, and proceeded with the most frightful severity against all who offered any hindrance to the Jesuit missionaries, or

beguiled the baptized natives back into heathenism.

In China, that impenetrable empire, the celebrated Father Ricci at last successfully I planted himself. His talents were cultivated by the Jesuits at Goa, the headquarters of the Asiatic mission. Ricci acquired the Chinese language perfectly, and in the attire of a Lama, or Fo priest, proceeded to a small seaport town of the Celestial Empire. He commenced teaching mathematics, won the confidence of the people, and attracted attention to himself by executing the first geographical chart of China ever seen in that land. Without showing any antagonism to the Buddhism and Confucianism of China, he composed a Christian catechism expressly for the Chinese, modelled upon Chinese ideas!

A few years later Ricci became a literary professor of Confucius' doctrine, and thus he had entrance to the upper class. He was brought before the Emperor, to whom he exhibited his wonderful "self-striking clock," and as the Emperor had a love for machinery, Ricci obtained a commission to introduce a large number of clocks and watches. These he procured from Goa, and had them brought over by Jesuit fathers, Ricci being appointed supervisor of clocks. He received the title of "Court Mandarin," and was presented with a college, enormously endowed, for the education of astronomers, chemists, and opticians. This scientific college was controlled by Ricci and his associates, and so long as the students consented to be baptized they were allowed to practice their heathen ceremonies.

In twenty-seven years Ricci accomplished more in China than Xavier had done in India, and he earned for himself the title of "Apostle of China." The keys of government fell into his hands, and a letter addressed to the Pope in 1650 is extant, in which he was assured that the whole of China had subjected itself to him with the most profound devotion.

However, in the year 1702, Cardinal de Tournon, as emissary of the Pope, was sent to China to investigate matters, and after a year's careful search he discovered the Jesuitical character of Chinese Christianity. The Jesuit "missionaries" bitterly resented his accusations, and imprisoned the Cardinal in their college, and to prevent him making his report of their doings public, they administered to him a dose of poison in a cup of chocolate.

Reference has been made to the support invariably rendered by the Court of Portugal to the Jesuits. Simon Rodriguez laid the foundation of the truly extraordinary system which, for two hundred years, the Jesuits pursued in Portugal—science, faith, and customs being completely under their control. The Jesuits came with the Portuguese into Asia, Africa, and America. In South and Central America they obtained huge possessions, while the splendid dominion of Paraguay—twice as large as Italy—fell under their power. Paraguay in the sixteenth century embraced La Plata. It was one of the most magnificent territories in the world. Over it the ecclesiastical Order elevated itself to the position of a sovereign king. The Jesuit missionaries erected Paraguay into a "Christian republic," over which the General in Rome ruled as absolute monarch. The subjects of this "republic" were the abject slaves of the Jesuits. But in the end the Jesuit army was defeated by the united Spanish and Portuguese forces, and an end was made of the Jesuit State of Paraguay.

As our earlier pages were concerned with the great Reformation battlefield of Europe—Germany—we will follow the Jesuit missioners and controversialists thither.

In 1554 there appeared "The Summary of Christian Teaching," which the Emperor of Austria ordered to be introduced into all schools and educational institutions within his dominions.

The character of this Jesuit "Christian teaching" will be gathered from this extract: "The good Catholic must avoid every Protestant as he would a person tainted with leprosy. He must, indeed, not only shun him, but he must fight against him as one who has to contend with the wicked."

This teaching culminated in a Protestant persecution, commencing in 1570 but, six years afterwards, the Jesuits were forcibly expelled for their oppressive conduct. However, in 1602, they were reinstated by Rudolph II., and they continued to prosecute their old craft—the extinction of Protestantism.

During the years 1598-60, the Protestants of Inner Austria submitted to them, in face of the Inquisition set up in their midst, and in five years' time the Jesuits had consigned more than forty thousand Lutheran Bibles to the flames, and by gunpowder they had converted a number of Protestant churches into ruins. At the beginning of the year 1600 they boasted of having re-converted the whole of the heretics with the exception of about 30,000 who had emigrated! But the Thirty Years' War was to ensure the complete annihilation of the Protestants of Inner Austria. At length the earnestly desired peace was concluded by the memorable Treaty of Westphalia in 1648; but what pen can adequately describe the terrible result the Jesuits had produced by fire and sword!

Let us go back to the year 1556, and take our last look at the great founder of the Society of Jesus.

Even such a one as Loyola was immortal only till his work was done. Not long after he had attained his coveted notoriety, and the pinnacle of power, his bodily strength began to wane. His former flagellations and fasts, his later cares and fears, and the strain of anxieties in holding the gigantic office he had assumed, compelled him, in shattered health, to hand over the greater part of the business of Jesuit General to his Vicar, Pater Jerom Natalis, in 1556. Near to the picturesque ruins of the Villa of Mercena, and surrounded by a charming park, was a country house presented to Loyola by a wealthy patron. Notwithstanding his vow of perpetual poverty he withdrew to the comfort and luxury it afforded in order to gain strength. But he was not destined to recover. He was brought back to Rome that he might die in the profess house among his followers and companions, and passed away, as the sun set, on Friday, 31st July, 1556, aged sixty-five years.

It is a singular fact that although there are slightly different versions given by Jesuit authors of the scene at his deathbed, it is undisputed that Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, died without absolution from a priest, and without extreme unction—the two sacraments which the Church of Rome declares to be indispensable to eternal salvation. Although one of his disciples, Bartoli, endeavors to excuse the irreverence in the departure of his master, by attributing it to the saint's spirit of obedience to his physician, who had not warned him of imminent death, we may ask the question, Did he care for the rites of the Church? Was his soul laid bare at that awful moment?

It would seem that he was not permitted to prolong his lifelong deceptions with his dying breath. "Go and ask the Pope," said he to his secretary, "for a blessing for me, and an indulgence for my sins, in order that my soul may have more confidence in this terrible passage." But, before the messenger returned, he had been summoned into the presence of his Judge.

A German chronicler, Steinmetz, observes: “At his death Ignatius was in his sixty-fifth year, his Society in its sixteenth, and the entire world was gazing upon her—some with love, some with desire only, some with suspicion, and others with implacable detestation.”

Extravagant indeed were the praises heaped upon the memory of the founder by the members of the Order after his death. With great pomp, he was buried in their own church of Maria de Strada, at Rome, but, subsequently—in 1587—was re-entombed in the more splendid edifice then erected by the Society. At the removal of the coffin, such remarkable miracles took place (according to the Jesuit account) that, in 1609, the deceased man was pronounced “holy,” and thirteen years afterwards was translated among the “saints” by Gregory XV. Two thousand altars have since been dedicated to him, and about fifty churches. His history after death, as related in the progress of his notorious Jesuit band, is sufficiently significant of the real moral worth of the man. But his followers, honoring him with a profane religious worship, declared that their holy Loyola was equal to the apostles, and in heaven would hold intercourse with no one except popes, empresses, and monarchs—or, with Peter, Mary, and Christ!

“Jesus Has Got Me Now!”

AT a children’s service a little girl was listening eagerly to the words of the speaker, as he pressed upon his young hearers the joy of accepting the Lord Jesus as their own Saviour. The child was deeply anxious, and when spoken to burst into tears. “And are you trusting the Lord Jesus?” she was asked, and at once replied, “Oh, yes.” “Why, how long has that been?” The reply was, “Only just now, when you were telling us to trust Jesus, just where we were sitting, and I did.”

As they were about to say, “good night,” the speaker put the following little test before her:

“Now, J■, when you came to the service this evening you did not belong to the Lord Jesus, but you are going out of this place a believer in Him and belonging now to Him. But tomorrow morning you will perhaps be tempted not to believe that Jesus has really saved you. If Satan does so worry you, what shall you tell him?”

A smile instantly lit up her happy and thoughtful face, and she replied in a simple and yet confident manner, “Oh, I shall tell him that Jesus has got me now!”

The Hindu Girl

NOT a breath of air stirred the leaves of the palm trees, and the Indian sun streamed down on the bungalow where the missionary sat; and as he looked on the burnt-up garden, he thought of the poor heathen around him, whose hearts seemed as dry and barren as the ground before him. He knelt in prayer for them, and a few minutes afterwards he heard a knock at the door, and found a little dark-skinned girl standing in the passage. At first she was too frightened to speak; but after encouragement she said her mother had once lived at Bombay, and had heard there about a great God of the white people, who was good and kind, and cared for children. Three weeks previously her mother had died suddenly, and in her last words to the orphan had told her to try to find out more about this God.

Tears fell fast as she told how she had begged and prayed the great idol in the sacred grove to let her find this new God. "I've asked, and asked," she said, "but he won't give me anything. I don't think he wants me to be happy or contented."

Can you not imagine how overjoyed the missionary was to tell the little girl about his Heavenly Father, who loves to bless His children and give them true happiness? He read to her this text: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." At first she could not believe that this great God could love her, and that He would give her eternal life without any offering or sacrifice on her part. She had been taught all her life to offer to her idols, who are not expected to give unless they are well rewarded. The missionary's wife took the child into the house, and taught her about Jesus, and very soon she came to Him, and He gave her eternal life.

That little girl has now grown into a tall woman. She is a Bible woman, and has twenty little native children under her care, whom she is trying to lead to the Good Shepherd. At the end of her schoolroom, in large red and black letters, is the text: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;" and she often tells how, more than twenty years ago, the missionary taught her those words in that same house, and what a great blessing they have been to her.

Many white children in England think very much the same as did the little dark-skinned heathen girl; they think they must beg and beseech God before He will answer them, and that unless they pray long and earnestly enough, they cannot be saved. They forget that Jesus said, "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It would be wages if we had to pray and toil to get it; it is a gift if we do nothing for it, and have only to accept it. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. 6:23.)

An Italian fable tells of a lame boy who asked an olive tree to drop some of its fruit to him, promising if it did he would not let his little, brother break its branches any more. "I never stoop to bargain: I grow great by giving," said the tree, as it showered down more olives than the lad could carry. Just so is it with God. He will not sell; He will not barter the priceless possession of His goodness; "eternal life is the gift of God."

Herod Was Troubled

HEROD was troubled, and not he only, but all Jerusalem with him. And why was this? Certain wise men had come from the East to Jerusalem, having been instructed by God of the birth of the King of the Jews, and they presented themselves in the city of the King, with their gifts, for they had come to worship Him.

The coming of the King meant the putting down of many “mighty from their seats,” and Herod the king amongst them; so no wonder that he was troubled. But why should all Jerusalem be disturbed? Jerusalem was the seat of true religion on the earth. Its temple, in course of erection, was for Jehovah’s habitation; its services, its glories, were all for God’s glory. Why, then, should Jerusalem be troubled at the coming of her King?

Herod called for all the chief priests and scribes of the people; he would know on sound religious authority where the Messiah of Israel’s hopes should be born. The Scriptures of God were opened, the prophecies unrolled, and Micah’s words, uttered seven hundred years before Christ’s coming, were quoted. To Herod’s inquiry the answer was readily given ■ “In Bethlehem of Judæa.”

There was a handful of loyal hearts in Jerusalem waiting for the consolation of Israel: they read the Scriptures in loving hope; but Herod’s instructors in divine truth seemed to have had little joy in Christ. We do not hear of even one of them going to Bethlehem to worship the King! But the wise men departed from the uncongenial palace of Herod, and their heavenly guide, the star in the sky, went before them, and “they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.”

They beheld the infant King, and “they fell down, and worshipped Him,” and they presented to Him their offerings, their gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Israel gave Him no welcome; the chiefs of Jerusalem had no heart to see Him; none of His own gave Him royal homage, this was rendered to Him alone by the great men from the East, into whose hearts God had placed holy desires for earth’s Ruler.

As for Herod, his only thought about Christ was at once to get rid of Him, and to make sure of his purpose he slew all the children of Bethlehem and its surroundings, from two years of age and under. His sword fulfilled the prophecy of Jeremiah concerning the tears of the disconsolate mothers; and then Herod died ■ the murderer of the little ones of Bethlehem, and the enemy of the Christ of God.

Herod, and the religious world he consulted, knew well that the Lord’s coming was declared in the Word of God; therefore, he had no excuse. But he and Jerusalem did not want Christ! They could build the temple, and interpret Scripture, and the priests could perform religious services in the name of Jehovah, but their religion was Christless.

There is a solemn voice to us in their spirit. Christ is coming the second time. He was born the King of the Jews, and He must reign. Will He be more welcome at His second coming than He was at His first? Is it not written, “All kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him”? When He comes

He will disturb kings and chief priests and scribes. He was not wanted by man generally at His first coming, nor will He be wanted at His second coming. But when He comes the second time to this earth, it will not be as the Infant, but as King of kings and Lord of lords, attended by the armies of heaven. And when the great day of His wrath is come, who shall be able to stand?

The French Lottery Keeper

A FEW months ago a young man was mentioned to me who was living an ungodly and disorderly life.

He was a man tolerably well off, but by way of having an employment he kept a tavern, an occupation well suited to his taste. He also gained sums of money from time to time by a lottery. He had bought a large number of lottery tickets, which might be drawn four times a year. When these times came round he was in a state of anxiety and excitement beforehand, and of wild delight, or of anger and discontent, afterwards.

It happened about three weeks since, that a course of Gospel meetings was held in a chapel on weekday evenings. This young man, whom we will call Charles, was asked by a friend to go with him to the chapel. Charles, however, replied he had no liking for Methodists, and his friend might go without him. Some nights after, however, his friend persuaded him to go and hear what the Methodists had to say. As they went in a gentleman came up to Charles and offered him a hymnbook, and in a polite manner showed him a seat. Charles was surprised; he thought Methodists ("mommiers," as they are called in this French town) were sour, ill-mannered people. He paid little attention to the preaching, for it was so strange and new to him that he had a difficulty in taking in anything that was said. He found, however, that the New Testament was constantly referred to.

Afterwards, in thinking over the matter, it struck him it would be a good thing to get a New Testament, and find out what it all meant. For although he had listened so inattentively, there was something in that which he had heard which made him uneasy and uncomfortable. Till now he had never read a New Testament, nor, indeed, any part of the Bible. He found that the Lord Jesus Christ was the sum and substance of the whole book. He read on, understanding little of what he read, and instead of finding comfort and peace of mind, he became more anxious and uneasy. He began to realize that he was a sinner, and under the condemnation of God. Yet he could not lay the book aside. In his spare moments he read on in spite of himself.

One night he went to bed, but could not sleep. All his soul seemed dark as the night around him. He got up, lighted his candle, and sat down to read more. It was a cold night; he put on his cap and remained leaning over his book, his eyes fixed on the printed pages. But it seemed to him that all was blank to him words and sentences that he could read with his eyes, but nothing to satisfy the bitter longing of his heart for peace and rest. "It has nothing for me," he said. At that moment a spider which had dropped on his cap, came slowly downwards on its fine thread before his eyes. It hung above the book. He watched to see upon what words it would alight. Lower and lower it came, and it rested on the words: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

"Yes," he said, "all is dark to me, but I will follow Him."

When morning came his resolution was made. He gave up the tavern then and there. He then went to the lottery office and sold his tickets. "No more of that," he said. What next to do he knew

not, but he felt drawn to the chapel.

That night a young man whom he knew was sitting near him. After the preaching this young man stood up, and, with tears of joy, said aloud, "I am His! He has saved me. I am His for ever." Christ had found His lost sheep.

Charles turned pale as death. It was a sight which filled him with awe, and he realized at that moment that Jesus was also his Saviour, and that for him, also, He had died and had risen again, to be the living Lord and the eternal joy of his soul. He, too, stood up, and said, "He has saved me."

And together these two who had passed from death to life gave thanks to Him who loved them, and who had washed them from their sins in His own blood. They are witnessing for Him in this town, and are longing to bring others to Jesus.

Will you not pray for them, that they may be faithful, holy in their walk and conversation, and much blessed in their service to Him who has delivered them from this present evil world to be His joy and crown?

The Feasts of Jehovah

THE following paragraphs are taken from "Light from the Land of the Sphinx" "The last three feasts were separated from the first four by a considerable lapse of time. The climax of both the three and the four was a harvest, and thus the three great seasons of the earth's fruitfulness were commemorated. The first four feasts occurred at the beginning of the year, the last three took place at its close; and as the first four were intimately connected with each other, so were the last three.

"In the seventh month, 'in the first day of the month,' a Sabbath, a rest day, was held, and throughout the land trumpets were blown. The trumpet call is a familiar figure of the summons of God. Israel had heard it at Sinai, and had obeyed its irresistible note. The sleep of man in the dust of death will be awakened by the sound of the trumpet, and all will arise at its bidding. Israel slept, as it were, after the Feast at Pentecost, and the Feast of Trumpets bade them awake and prepare for the Great Day of Atonement.

"Ten days later the service of the Great Day of Atonement commenced. This was a fast issuing into a feast. Food could not be eaten, nor could work be performed on that day under penalty of death. The commandment was, 'Ye shall afflict your souls, and shall rest your rest.' The effect of that great day was the cleansing away of Israel's sins and the impurities of Israel's worship, and at its close there was produced absolute reconciliation between God, the priests, and the people.

"Close upon the purification and the reconciliation effected by the Great Day of Atonement came the crowning joy of Israel. With the fifteenth day of the seventh month—that is, the full of the moon—the time measurer being in her glory—the Feast of Tabernacles commenced. It was the season of supreme joy, and the eighth day attached to it formed a crown of gladness for the cycle of the seven months. Israel rejoiced because Jehovah had blessed them with their final harvest, and to express their joy they dwelt in booths, made of branches of ornamental trees—'palm branches, boughs of trees with thick foliage, and willows of the brook.' The wheat harvest had given them bread in their habitations; but the harvest of oil and wine gave them joy in addition; so they sat in their arbors resting and rejoicing—literally under the shadow of the bounties of God.

"While thus rejoicing they recalled their past. Their fathers had dwelt in booths in the wilderness. At Elim, where they had first rested on their exodus, they had woven themselves arbors of palm branches: upon the scorching mountain sides of Horeb, they had made them shelters from the thick bushes, and of sweet-scented acacia boughs, its yellow balls of bloom nodding amid its thorns; while, when nearing their promised land, on Jordan's banks, they had formed grateful retreats of luscious pink-blossoming oleander. These were hallowed memories of peaceful incidents on the pilgrimage to now realized gladness. 'The waste and howling wilderness' had had its seasons of rest and peace, and it had not been for the forty years a pathway of monotonous distress without Ebenezers! Far, far from it. And even in the 'rest' of God, in heaven itself, the memories of His mercies shall never be forgotten. The Christian may obtain his spiritual 'arbours' from the symbols of Israel's feast. The palms of his well-watered Elims—as he rested his first rest

on his morning way; his shelters—flower yielding even out of thorns■upon the rugged hillsides of his scorching noonday journey; and his hallowed evening bowers redolent with the very sweetness of his eternal home■shall never, never pass out of recollection.”

This volume, which is just published, will afford the Bible student various suggestions in his search into the wonderful story of the exodus of Israel from the land of bondage. The book is specially commended to the readers of FAITHFUL WORDS by its writer.

The Last Call by the Pope

THE Holy Father, “his Holiness,” as the Pope is called, has again lifted up his voice for us to hear. He calls to us, though his words are addressed to his own bishops, and he says, “No small share of Our thoughts, and of Our care, is devoted to Our endeavor to bring back to the fold, placed under the guardianship of Jesus Christ, the Chief Pastor of souls, sheep that have strayed.”

The Pope then speaks of the words of our Lord. “He requires the assent of the mind to all truths without exception. It was thus the duty of all who heard Jesus Christ, if they wished for eternal salvation, not merely to accept His doctrine as a whole, but to assent with their entire mind to all and every point of it, since it is unlawful to withhold faith from God even in regard to one single point.” This is a striking passage, and by it the most vigorous of Protestants are willing to stand, provided the passage is intended to convey a present faith in Christ’s words. “It is thus the duty of all who hear Jesus Christ, if they wish for eternal salvation . . . to assent . . . to all and every point of His words,” Page after page follows this foundation statement, quotation after quotation from the fathers, doctrine after doctrine about “the universal jurisdiction of St. Peter,” “bishops,” and “Roman pontiffs” ■of none of which matters Jesus Christ ever spake. And after all the pages of the Pope’s arguments the climax is as follows: “The faithful will listen to Our Apostolic Voice. My sheep hear my voice’ (John 10:27). . . . What Christ, has said of Himself We may truly repeat of Ourselves: ‘Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice’ (John 10:6).”

So the voice of the Pope in the Vatican is the same as the voice of Jesus Christ, whose holy words we had just been asked to accept with our “entire mind,” and upon “all and every point”! Poor old Pope, daring in his pride to send round to all his bishops such words of blasphemy! We note that the “Tablet” ■ whence we have taken the quotations ■ puts “Our” with a capital, and “my” without one; the Pope shall have the honour, Jesus Christ shall be without it. And a very strange Christ, and very little like the Christ of God, is he who can be seen in the Pope! His “Holiness” lives in luxury, his palace is the finest in the world, it is crammed full of pictures and statuary, and it abounds in gems of art. His great idol (the brass image of Peter, so-called, really of Jupiter) has its treasury filled with jewels and ornaments of such superb costliness, that a handful of them would suffice to build and endow a hospital in Rome ■ the city of beggars and poverty. He has thousands of priests and “sisters” in Rome, but the care of the poor and the sick fall chiefly to the lot of a few Protestants, who love the voice of Jesus the Good Shepherd, and know not that of the stranger in the Vatican.

If the Pope understood that we English-speaking people love our Bibles, and are careful to study them ■ he might have remembered our Revised Version, the united labor of English and American scholars ■ then he would have spared himself the endeavor of seeking to confuse the readers of his long letter, about the “fold” and the “flock.” The Lord Jesus, our Good Shepherd, said of His sheep and the Jewish fold, that the shepherd “calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.” The fold, He said, is not the place for His sheep, and He contrasted that enclosure with the

open country, saying: "there shall be one FLOCK, One SHEPHERD." Come back to the "fold," says the Pope that walled-in and walled-up seclusion which contains no pasture for the sheep and lambs of Jesus. Come to me as your shepherd. But if the Pope be our shepherd, Jesus is not, for He says, "there shall be ONE Shepherd."

Whose voice then shall we hear, the Good Shepherd's, or the Pope's? It is impossible for the flock to obey contrary voices. Which shall we obey?

Jesus does not say there shall be a fold, quite the contrary. This is not the day for even the God-formed Jewish fold, it is the day for the One flock, and for the sheep and the lambs to follow the One Shepherd. Jesus will never surrender His title of the One SHEPHERD, nor the labor of love that sweet title involves.

And what sort of "fold" does the Pope ask men to enter? A place where the sheep of God can find no pasture; an enclosure indeed, wherein is no liberty to worship God, or to rejoice in Christ Jesus. The "fold of Rome" is a cruel prison, and not a place of pasture.

No, no! the voice of "his Holiness" the Pope, from his gorgeous palace, is not the voice of the One Shepherd; it does not bear the faintest resemblance to it, and it will not deceive one of Christ's sheep.

In England and the United States of America, where so many people are listening to the voice of the Pope in preference to the voice of the Son of God, it is well to know how Our Shepherd is being heard under the very walls of the Pope's palace, and how that many a poor Italian in Rome now rejoices in His love. True, the fine people, notably the grand ladies of Rome, love the voice of the Pope, and as the Pope says, "My sheep hear my voice." And such as visit the Pope's churches and hear his priests' sermons, know the Pope's voice about the fathers, bishops, councils, holy orders, and what not. They know, too, that the voice of the Pope cannot tell his sheep how God justifies the ungodly, how a man is saved from his sins, how a man may have peace with God, or how he may escape the judgment to come.

Sunday Morning Texts

THE last book of the Bible is fruitful with the glories of the Lamb. The last message of God to us abounds with the honors of our Redeemer, and teaches us that through all eternity the songs of heaven shall be the praise of God and the Lamb. Let us complete our volume with a few of these heavenly gems.

1.

"In the midst of the throne . . . in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain . . . fell down before the Lamb . . . and they sung . . . Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." (Rev. 5:6-10.)

2.

"They . . . have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed

them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” (Rev. 7:13-17.)

3.

“The Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof . . . And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb’s book of life.” (Rev. 21:22-27.)

4.

“. . . A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb . . . And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.” (Rev. 22:1-4.)

Word on John 14

WE will pursue our subject commenced on page 164, and make a few comments on the well-beloved chapter of John's Gospel—the fourteenth.

We have still before us the guest chamber, with Jesus in the midst of His disciples. There is no longer any restraint upon the Lord. The betrayer has gone out into the darkness ("it was night") and the eleven are all loyal to His love. Now the Lord was about to leave them for the Father's presence, and He had many things in His heart to say to them, but their hearts were not suited to receive all His words. Hence He waited upon their heart needs, and left to the Comforter the unfolding of much that His heart desired to communicate.

The needs-be for a disciple in order to receive the words of Christ's heart, is a heart attuned to His. But if the Lord had maintained His teaching, and had not waited upon the minds of His disciples, what a loss to us would have occurred. We should be not only without their questions, and without the Lord's answers, but we should be without the witness to His wisdom and tenderness which these answers contain.

The Lord found it necessary to tell His beloved Peter that he would deny Him before He fully unfolded His love to His disciples; and while sadness had fallen upon them all, He said, "Let not your heart be troubled," and surely we may imagine that He read their countenances and their hearts as He so spoke.

Was it Thomas with his doubtful mind, or Philip, who had not entered into the meaning of His words, Jesus said alike to them all, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me." He was about to leave them, and they would have His Words and not Himself close to them, and they were therefore to believe in Him.

The guest chamber was used as a parable for the home above. "In My Father's house are many mansions," but hitherto there had been no special place there for the children of men. Earth was garnished by God, and made the home for man, but sin had entered the world, and death by sin, and now the earth-home is broken up. But in that house of many mansions—that hallowed abode of God and holy angels—Jesus, the Son of God and Son of Man, would prepare a special place which should be verily home for His own "I go to prepare a place for you."

The home of God's children is now no longer on earth. Jerusalem is not our home: "Heaven is our fatherland, Heaven is our home." Little children love to go to heaven, aged pilgrims rejoice in their home there, and the reason is, because Jesus has made heaven home to His own.

The manifestation of the joy of home is the presence of the one who makes home home to us. We are not, like a lower order of creatures, heart-wedded to a place; our hearts are in persons. The Lord said, "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." He is the joy of heaven, and His presence will make heaven home to each and to all of His people.

The guest chamber offered another illustration. “Judas saith unto Him ■not Iscariot ■Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?” The manifestation of Christ unto the world is future. He will come in power and great glory, and every eye shall see Him; how, then, will He manifest Himself in the day of His absence from the world to His own?

There are some who think it necessary to repair to a sacred dwelling in order to find Christ. But what does Jesus say? He looks on earth for a guest chamber suitable to Himself, so that He may dwell there. A shrine of gold and diamonds would not be excellent enough for Him. Ten thousand tapers would not give the brightness which He desires. Jesus looks for another kind of guest chamber on earth altogether. Let us heed His own words. “If a man love Me” ■the guest chamber is the human heart! ■ “If a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him.” The heart of one of His friends, suited to His presence by obedience to His words, is the guest chamber on earth so pleasing to God the Father and God the Son that they come and make their abode there.

There is marvelous grace in the Lord. He makes heaven home to His own by His own presence, and He finds a dwelling-place on this earth, which cast Him out and crucified Him, wherever a heart is true to Him.

Our Last Words

ONCE more! Yet once more we have reached a year's end! Let us bid the old year farewell with thanksgivings. Yes, even where clouds and griefs have closed us in, let us "in every thing give thanks."

As the sands of time are sinking, we would be rejoicing in the eternal fervor of God. The dying beds of beloved friends called hence this year proclaim the peace which God gives to be eternal; the victories over suffering and in sorrow witness to the unchangeable mercy of God. Let such as will seek after phantoms, we will rest in the light of eternal truth. In our day of fashionable unbelief, and of fashionable sacerdotalism, the passing away of all fashions and the ever-enduring nature of the Word of God is a most important consideration.

Soon we shall each slip off the attire of this nineteenth century, and we shall enter eternity. And what then? No man will take with him out of this world one of its unbelief's! No one will take with him one false hope, or one prop of his own forming. There is One and only One who can guide the soul safe over the waters into the haven of God's rest, and that One is Jesus, the Saviour. He came from the glory to bring sinners to the glory, and He Himself is the Way. He has made the path clear before us. It is unmistakable. There is none other bearing any resemblance to it. It is sprinkled with His own blood. By faith in Himself; and in what He has done, we shall never be moved.

Let us use the little daylight that is left to work for Him. The night cometh when no man can work. Workers are sorely needed in town and country, as well as in the mission fields. May we each say, "Here I am; send me."

The Story of the Jesuits: Chapter 12

THE GREAT SOCIETY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WE began our "Story of the Jesuits" by the remark, that its claim upon our interest was far greater than would be the past history of a gigantic but effete religious movement. Would that it were possible to inscribe "Finis" at the close of this our last chapter, and to be able to tell our readers that English men and women have nothing now to fear from men whose names are for evermore associated with an accumulation of guilt and crime in the name of Christ's holy religion! How different is the case. The Jesuits of the present day, unlike, perhaps, all other religious fraternities which have undergone modifications, are exactly the same in principle as they were in Loyola's lifetime. His bold, ambitious despotism has transmitted itself to his Society in perpetuity. And, therefore, Rome, desiring above all things the ruin of England, entrusts her delicate and secret undertakings to the Jesuit fathers. G. B. Nicolini of Rome, writing in 1854, remarks: "I have been born and brought up among monks and Jesuits; and it is because I thoroughly know them that I warn England to beware of all monks, but especially of Jesuits. Indeed, I would rather see all the various species of those parasite animals called 'monks' transplanted into the English soil, than let one Jesuit live in it a single day. The influence of the Jesuits in the United Kingdom has increased since 1814, and its bad effects may be daily traced."

We can only enumerate some few instances which prove that the Jesuit of the nineteenth century is as formidable a foe to Divine truth, peace, and liberty as the Jesuit of the seven-tenth or eighteenth century. Their most extraordinary growth has been witnessed in the North American free States. The gigantic strides with which Jesuitism has spread in the dioceses of Buffalo and Cincinnati is illustrated best by the census of 1866, which showed that whereas sixty years previously, one Roman Catholic bishop had been sufficient to meet all requirements, there were then not only an archbishop but 54. Bishops, 20,000 priests, and 1109 seminaries, almost all of them being in the hands of the Jesuits.

And it must not be forgotten that the civil war in America, with its five hundred thousand slain, was owing to the intrigues and fomenting influence of the Jesuits. We quote President Lincoln's words, who at length fell at the hand of a Jesuit assassin:

"This war would never have been possible without the sinister influence of the Jesuits. We owe it to Popery that we now see our land reddened with the blood of her noblest sons. I pity the priests, the bishops, and monks of Rome in the United States when the people realize that they are in great part responsible for the tears and blood shed in this war. The Protestants of both the North and the South would surely unite to exterminate the priests and the Jesuits if they could hear what Professor Morse has said to me of the plots made in the very city of Rome to destroy their republic ; and if they could learn how the priests and nuns who daily land on our shores under the pretext of preaching their religion, instructing the children in their schools, taking care of the sick in the hospitals, are nothing else but the emissaries of the Pope . . . to undermine our institutions, alienate the hearts of our people from our constitution and our laws, destroy our schools, and

prepare a reign of anarchy here as they have done in Ireland, in Mexico, in Spain, and wherever there are any people who want to be free.”

But to return to Rome itself. Their power reached its summit when, in 1866, they gained their ascendancy over Pope Pius IX. By that time the Pope was again Sovereign of the States of the Church. In the first place, they undertook the editing of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which is the official organ of the reigning Pope. Pius IX. devoted a special building to the editorial office, as well as considerable salaries, which rendered the editors independent of all earthly anxieties.

Here two Jesuits fathers were supposed to voice the Holy Father's utterances, although it is a known fact that they were the authors of the Pope's thoughts. It is easy to understand, therefore, the origin of the new dogma which issued from Rome as one of its great nineteenth century productions, the "Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary." Such a doctrine might well be propounded by followers of the first Knight of the Virgin. And, inasmuch as Jesuitism and the Papacy had by this time completely intermingled, it is not wonderful that the astounding doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope should proceed from the same quarter in 1870.

For if the Pope were infallible, the Jesuits were infallible. This fulness of absolute power obtained by the Pope would enable the sons of Loyola to take possession of and rule the entire Roman Catholic Church.

No wonder that when this edict came forth the Jesuits exclaimed exultingly in their ultramontane journal, *Le Monde*: "Protestantism has arrived at its last stage of decomposition. The Catholic religion will triumph."

This cry resounds today in our midst. "Cardinal" Vaughan, when Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, stated at a public meeting at Manchester some few years ago, that "Protestantism as an intellectual system is confessedly a wreck. It no longer molds the minds of the English people. Ask the House of Commons, men of science, and members of the Bar; ask the intelligent writers and editors of daily papers; go to the offices of the chief London and Manchester papers, and inquire how far their views are modelled and their leading articles dictated by the teaching of orthodox Protestantism."

We are quite prepared to endorse the utterances of a well-known writer respecting the Jesuits of the nineteenth century in England. We very much doubt whether there has been any period since the Reformation when the Jesuit conspiracy was so formidable as it is at present. In 1887 the number of Roman Catholic bishops and priests in Great Britain was 2335: today, 1896, this has risen enormously. It must not be overlooked that Romish priests are, at the present time, appointed to chaplaincies in the army, navy, prisons, and workhouses, and that Popery is endowed in the British Empire to the extent of over a million of money each year. Jesuitism, so far from being dead, as many people suppose, is proving itself to be one of the most powerful agencies of the present day. The Jesuits have colleges at Stonehurst, Roehampton, and Old Windsor. The college at St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, is entirely under their influence; while scattered over the United Kingdom there are schools for all classes under the control of Jesuits. Tempting educational baits are continually (and successfully) presented before the eyes of the unsuspecting British parent. Take the following advertisement from a Roman Catholic newspaper as an illustration: "In addition to the ordinary school subjects, the students will be taught bookkeeping, the

ordinary system of banking, shorthand, and French. The Post Office electric telegraph instruments have lately been erected in the school for the instruction of the boys by the Government officials." When the father in charge was asked why his school was thus specially favored by the State, he replied: "I have a friend at Court." At that time the Postmaster-General was connected with the Church of Rome.

But we do not need an outsider's testimony as to the spirit which animates the nineteenth century followers of Loyola today. The Roman Catholic Bishop of St. Louis, U.S.A., wrote not long since in *Le Signal*: "We grant that the Catholic Church is intolerant—that is to say, that she does all in her power to extirpate error and sin—but this intolerance is the direct consequence of her infallibility. Heresy is in her eyes a grave sin which merits death. The Church permits heretics where the force of circumstances constrains her, but she hates them mortally, and employs all her forces for their annihilation. When one day Catholics shall have the majority—a state which will certainly arrive some day or other—then religious liberty will come to an end. . . . If actually we do not now pursue heretics, it only happens because we are still too weak to do so, and consider that by doing so we may do more harm than good to the Church."

Thus far we have endeavored to trace the past history of the "Society of Jesus," and with Dr. Hiles Hitchens we exclaim: "Alas! that that dear name 'Jesus,' which is a synonym for all that is pure, truthful, sincere, merciful, and lovely, should be associated with men so notoriously the servants of Satan!"

We cannot close our brief and imperfect "Story of the Jesuits" without reverting once more to the secret spring which they are forever touching—and by which they are obtaining entrance to the inner life of our British people while men slumber and sleep—the education of the young.

Whilst congregations of intelligent and professedly Protestant English Christians of all denominations are left in lamentable ignorance of Protestant principles; whilst they are seldom, if ever, exhorted from pulpit or platform to "earnestly contend for the faith;" whilst the children of day and Sunday schools, of boarding and high schools, of institutions and colleges, are seldom instructed or catechized in definite Protestant doctrine as such; and while English childhood is suffered to pass into youth and manhood without being able to give a clear and immediate answer to the important question, "Why am I a Protestant?" we need not be surprised at the drifting of the current or the setting of the tide towards Rome. For her religion is attractive to the unrenewed heart, and the Jesuit "father" or "mother" is an alluring guide to our sons and daughters at the moment of their souls' awakening.

"So soon removed unto another gospel" ■ "bewitched . . . that ye should not obey the truth" ■ "entangled again with the yoke of bondage" ■ "corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." Are these to be the characteristics of us who claim descent from the noble army of martyrs—the true Society of Jesus—who "overcame by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony," and "were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and for the Word of God"?

If "My people love to have it so," then let the Divine Voice be heard as in rolling thunder over England:

"What will ye do in the END thereof?"

Lesson to Us From a Heathen Boy

ANY of you have read of those beautiful islands, far away in the great Southern Ocean, which have been built up by the labor, age after age, of the little coral-insect. And did you know something about these tiny creatures, you would wonder how they could do such a magnificent work.

If you could see one of these green islands, with its dazzling ring of white coral gleaming in the sun, and its stately palms reflected in the clear water, you would think such a lovely spot must indeed be a paradise, if one could be found on this earth. But living in so fair a place will not change the heart, nor make people any nearer God, and missionaries who have landed on these islands, bearing the good news of God's love to the poor heathen people, have found that they are indeed, in spite of their beauty, dark places of the earth, full of cruelty and oppression. I think this letter, written by a boy who had been born and brought up in one of these islands, and who was only just beginning to leave off his heathen customs, may interest you. It will show you how much in earnest this poor ignorant boy was about a matter which, perhaps, has never cost you happy English boys, brought up in Christian homes, one serious thought. But I must tell you a little of his history, that you may understand how he came to think of what a solemn thing it would be for him to appear one day before God, and give an account of himself to Him.

Wadrokala's father had taught him that the hideous idol, the only god he knew, was pleased by cruel deeds, of which it would frighten you to read. But by-and-by a missionary landed on his island, and asked leave to take him with some other boys away for a time and teach them.

Wadrokala became very fond of his teacher, and it was because he was grieved at something he had said to him in fun, which the poor boy took in earnest, that he wrote down on his slate what he felt too shy to say.

His teacher, noticing that he wore a very old pair of trousers, had said laughingly, "I see you are keeping the nice clothes I gave you to take home." This was what Wadrokala wrote in reply, in the Nengone language:

"Mr. Patteson,

"This is my word. I am unhappy because of the word you said to me, that I wished for clothes.

"I have left my country.

"What is the use of clothes? Can my spirit be clothed with clothes for the body? Therefore my heart is greatly afraid.

"But you said I greatly wished for clothes, which I do not care for. One thing only I care for, that I may receive the life for my spirit. Therefore I fear. I confess and say to you that it is not the thing for the body I want; but the one thing I want is the clothing for the soul. For Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord."

Joyfully did Mr. Patteson read this letter. Here was an answer to his earnest prayer that God would touch the hearts of those Nengone■ lads, for whom He had given him such great love that he longed to be the means of bringing them to the knowledge of Christ.

Wadrokala wanted "life for the spirit," and his teacher could point out to him those wonderful words, "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." He wanted "clothing for the soul," and how gladly did he hear of the best robe, even the righteousness of Christ, with which alone the sinner can be clothed, so as to be fit to appear in God's presence.

I should like you to think a little about this. Do you remember how very early in the Bible we read of people being afraid to meet God, "because they knew that they were naked." That was the first feeling of Adam and Eve after they had disobeyed God, and it was right they should be afraid to meet His holy eye. They tried to cover themselves, but you know when they heard the voice of God they were still "afraid," in spite of their fig leaves clothes, and hid themselves among the trees of the garden. It must have been a terrible moment for them when they were obliged to come forth and give account of themselves to God. We read that, afterwards, "unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them," so they had garments of His providing which would really cover them, and these were a sort of picture of the way in which God now clothes a sinner with Christ. All those who are not "found naked" by-and-by will have this robe; no other covering will be of any use. You will be surprised, if you look for them, to find how many times "white robes" are spoken of in the Bible; we read also of "garments of salvation," of "costly raiment," and of "change of raiment," all of which refer to the clothing suited to God's presence and provided by Him.

You will understand the Lord's parable (Matt. 22) better if you remember that in the East wedding garments are provided by the host for all his guests, so that there was no excuse for the man who appeared among them without one. We are not told whether he was clad in costly or mean raiment; it was enough that it was something of his own, not the robe provided by the king and suited to his presence. We read that he had no answer to the question, "Friend, how earnest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" He was speechless; solemn words, and terrible doom of one who dared to insult the king by coming into his presence thus unclothed; outer darkness was his portion, everlasting banishment! How different his reception from that of the poor prodigal, kissed, and clothed with the best robe, and welcomed home with rejoicing.

"Christ is a path, if any be misled;

He is a robe, if any naked be.

If any do but hunger, He is bread;

If any be but weak, how strong is He."

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