THE RIVER.
BY MRS. SANGSTER.

Far up on the mountain the river begins,—
I saw it a thread in the sun;
Then it grew to a brook, and, through dell and through nook,
It dimpled and danced in its run.

A ribbon of silver, it sparkled along
Over meadows besprinkled with gold;
With a twist and a twirl, and a loop and a curl,
Through the pastures the rivulet rolled.

Then to the valleys it leaped and it laughed,
Till it stronger and stiller became;
On its banks the tall trees rocked their boughs in the breeze,
And the lilies were tapera affine.

The children threw pebbles, and shouted with glee
At the circles they made in the stream;
And the white fisher-boat, sent so lightly aloft,
Drifted off like a sail in a dream.

Deep-hearted, the mirth of its baby-life past,
It toiled for the grinding of corn;
Its shores heard the beat of the lumberman’s feet,
His raft on its current was borne.

At inlet and cove, where its harbors were fair,
Vast cities arose in their pride;
And the wealth of their streets came from beautiful fleets,
Forth launched on its affluent tide.

The glorious river swept on to the sea,
The sea that engirdles the land;
But I saw it begin in a thread I could spin,
Like a cobweb of silk, in my hand.

And I thought of the river that flows from the throne,
Of the love that is deathless and free,—
Of the grace of his peace that shall ever increase,
Christ-given to you and to me.

Far up on the mountain, and near to the sky,
The cupfull of water is seen,
That is brimmed till its tide carries benisons wide
Where the dales and the meadows are green.

Is thy soul like a cup? Let its little be given,
Not stinted nor churlish, to One
Who will fill thee with love, and his faithfulness prove,
And bless thee in shadow and sun.

—Christian Intelligencer.

CHRIST—THE LIGHT AND THE GLORY.
BY A. J. GORDON.

[A Sermon preached at the Anniversary of the Baptist Missionary Union, in New York, May 28, 1882.]

"A light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel" (Luke ii. 32).

This strain of Hebrew poetry from the lips of the aged Simeon, who is holding the infant Jesus in his arms, is exquisitely rich and beautiful. It is beautiful, not merely because of the perfect rhythm of the language, but especially because of the grand proportion and balance of the thought. "The light" and "the glory," — "the Gentiles" and "Israel" — these words are not used for variation or expansion, merely; they stand for great antithetical ideas. The sun is "the light" and the glory. He is the light of the earth; but he is the glory of the heavens. For while his beams fall upon the earth to illumine and vivify it, he himself is in the heavens, the very central orb among its stars and planets. And while Jesus Christ is the light of the Gentile world, and while, by his person and doctrine, he is more and more "lighting every man that cometh into the world," he is something yet greater to the Jewish nation. He is the glory of his people Israel, for he is of Israel; he is the root and the offspring of David, the bright and morning star shining among the splendid constellation of Hebrew kings and prophets, and yet outshining them all, because he is "the brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of his person." Unless we learn to distinguish these two classes, "the Gentiles" and "thy people Israel," prophecy will be a jumble to us, and the purpose and intention of preaching the gospel will be utterly misunderstood. There are woes pronounced upon the nation of Israel with which we have absolutely nothing to do. There are promises given to God’s ancient people which pertain in no respect to us Gentile believers. For the preacher to cumber the doctrines of grace with legal conditions, is no greater mistake than for the missionary to interline the terms of the great commission with Jewish promises. Let us find out assuredly what we heralds of the gospel to the Gentile nations are sent to do; and then shall we know, without question, whether success or failure is attending our efforts.
And so, men, brethren, and fathers, heirs together of the grace of life and of the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, I invite you to consider for a few moments the two great thoughts of my text—Jesus Christ the “light,” and Jesus Christ the “glory.”

I. Jesus Christ the light to lighten the Gentiles.

A more perfect symbol for setting forth the true office of the gospel could not possibly be named than this—the light. For what is the light doing as it is poured upon the earth? Two things; it is eliciting and illuminating. Here a ray of sunlight falls upon the muddy pool, and takes out from its foiled and stagnant waters the pure crystalline drop, and draws it up to the sky. Here a beam strikes the moldering sod, quickening the hidden seed that has been buried there, and drawing out from it “first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.” Here another ray lights upon the Dead Sea, and distills from its bitter, acid waters the pure, sweet rain-drops that form the clouds and give the showers. Election—the taking out of the pure from the impure; the separation of the precious from the vile; the drawing forth of life from death, and of beauty from decay—this is the great office and ministry of the sunlight, as is is sent forth from its heavenly fountain over all the face of the earth. And what now is the gospel doing throughout this present dispensation? It is “a light to lighten the Gentiles,” we are told. But what specifically and exactly this means we are also told: “Men and brethren hearken unto me,” says James: “Simon hath declared how God, at the first, did visit the Gentiles to take out of them a people for his name. And to this agree the words of the prophets.” Aye, and we may add, to this agree, also, the words of the Saviour and the apostles. For is not the Church, concerning which Christ said, “On this Rock will I build it,” named the ecclesia, the called out? And are not believers constantly spoken of in the Epistles as the election, the chosen out? and is not the song of the glorified, “Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation?” This is not the dispensation of universal salvation. If it were so we might well be discouraged, since we find, after eighteen hundred years of evangelization, that out of thirteen hundred million population of the earth, there are only a little over three hundred million of Christians of all kinds, Greek, Roman, and Protestant. I recall this fact not to dampen the ardor of any lover of missions. I exult in the wonderful conquests which the last fifty years have witnessed in the spread of the gospel. But I see in these conquests no sign of the speedy conversion of the world, if by that is meant the regeneration, under the preaching of the gospel, of the great majority of the inhabitants of the globe. Yet I do see it in the hastening answer to that prayer of the old rituals, “that it may please the Lord speedily to accomplish the number of his elect;” and I do hear in it the loudening cry of the coming King, “Fear not, little flock; it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” What! you will ask in amazed impatience; is not the light of the gospel spreading and intensifying in every direction? Indeed it is, as never before. The progress from the flickering tallow-candle of fifty years ago, to the brilliant gas-chandelier of yesterday, and the keen, gleaming electric light of to-day, is but a symbol of the kindling and burning upward of the gospel brightness during the same half century. The light increasing? Marvelously; beyond precedent! But have you forgotten, also, that the shadows deepen just as the light intensifies? When did ever such black gloom brood over the nations as now?—ghastly Nihilism over Russia; red Communism over Germany; black despair over Turkey; the assassin lurking behind every throne; drunkenness debauching every nation; hell from beneath moved to resist the march of our Redeemer. This is the double aspect of things which is everywhere visible: the path of the just shining more and more unto the perfect day; evil men and seducers waxing worse and worse; and at the end of the ages the tares and wheat found growing together. “Lo, I have told you these things beforehand,” says the Master.

And nothing of all this will abate our missionary ardor a single whit, if we understand our calling. For in all the incorrigible wickedness and corruption of the world, God assuredly has in every nation multitudes who are predestined unto
eternal life. And this is our strong encourage-
ment for missionary toil. Paul, confronting the
unutterable degradation and idolatry of Corinth,
might well have shrank back appalled had he not
heard the cheering words of his Master, "Be not
afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, ... for
I have much people in this city." Under the in-
spiration of these words he gave himself to the
most unsparking toil and self-denial, as he tells
these same Corinthians, that he "might by all
means save some." As surely as the gold is in the
mines, the pearl in the depths of the sea, and the
diamond in the rock, so surely has our Redeemer
an elect people in every nation and every land.
And it is to call and gather out these, to form
from them the Bride of Christ, and to make them
ready for the marriage-supper of the Lamb, that
we are sent to preach the gospel. We are
not commissioned to convert the whole world,
"which never was, nor yet shall be," says sturdy
John Knox, "till the righteous Judge and King
returns for the restoration of all things." We are
sent to find and to fashion in the divine likeness
those whom the Father hath given to the Son out
of the world, and so to hasten the coming of the
Lord and the consummation of those yet wider
purposes which God has announced concerning
the nations of the earth. Do you not see that
we can only be truly strong and courageous in our
missionary toil as we understand exactly what we
are sent to do? If we set before us a smaller
task than that which God has assigned us it will
beget indolence; if we undertake a larger task it
will beget discouragement. If we know our true
work, and are bending ourselves to it with our
utmost strength, nothing can either daunt us or
elude us. Success! and that success gauged to
the pattern of Alexander's—the conquest of the
whole world—is this the standard by which our
missionaries are to be judged? Then let us ex-
pect that the great commendation will be revised
from "Well done, good and faithful servant," to
"Well done, good and successful servant." Then
let us concede that there is only a place in our
missionary annals for the record of Cloughs' ten
thousand converts in a year, for Williams' hundreds baptized in a day; but no place for
Judson's six years' patient toil without a convert,
for Henry Martin's lonely cry, "Oh, if I could
see but one Hindu genuinely converted!" for
Hans Egede's farewell to Greenland after fifteen
years' fruitless toil on ice-bound hearts: "I said
I have labored in vain. I have spent my strength
for naught." These men were faithful to the last
degree, and not a sigh, or a tear, or a groan, or toll
of theirs will fail of entry in God's book. But
their reward will be for their fidelity to the com-
misson of their Master. Let us fix our eyes
more steadfastly upon that reward. It is the
iron in the blacksmith's blood that makes his arm
strong and stalwart to wield the iron upon his
anvil. It is this iron conviction in our hearts of
the eternal decree of God concerning those
whom He has chosen in Christ from the founda-
tion of the world, that will make us strong and
heroic in the work of accomplishing those decrees
in the earth. Therefore let us hold our work
and our commission distinctly before us, the
world-wide proclamation of the gospel—"Go ye
into all the world and preach the gospel to every
creature;" a gathering out from the world through
an individual faith—"He that believeth and is
baptized, shall be saved." And as it was in
the beginning, so it is now, and shall be to
the end of the age—that "as many as were or-
dained unto eternal life believed." The faithful
missionaries' call will waken echoes of the eternal
call among all nations, as surely as the sun wakes
up the song of birds from every forest where he
shines, and opens flowers upon every meadow
where his beams do fall.

But I have said that the light illumines as well
as elects. And this leads me to speak of the sec-
ond influence of the gospel—that of enlightening
and civilizing the nations of the earth. The gath-
ering out of the Church is the first great purpose
of evangelizing the world. But the inevitable ac-
companiment of such evangelizing will be the
educating and humanizing of the race. But, as
Archer Butler finely says, "The mercies, whatever
they be, that stretch beyond the Church in the
scheme of grace, are but the diffusive blessings
that spread around this mystical body. Even as the
hem of his garment had healing virtues of old,
they are still given to glorify him, and as the ap-
pendages of his royalty." Plant the golden can-
The Watchword.

lestick of the Church in the midst of every nation and people of the earth. But how far beyond itself this candle will throw its beams! Civilization is the radiance of Christianity shot out into surrounding darkness; it is the light of the gospel woven into the warp and woof of human progress, to give it a brighter hue and a finer texture. But civilization is not regeneration. Civilization puts Christianity into the world; regeneration takes men out of the world. Civilization diffuses God's life and truth among men; regeneration separates men unto God. The one process is pervasive, the other is elective. The one makes men better citizens of earth; the other makes them citizens of heaven. We do not doubt for a moment that Christianity is destined in this age to transform the face of society, to soften the asperities, to mitigate the oppressions, to subdue the barbarisms of the human race. This it has been doing from the beginning. See how it has swept slavery from its track as it has advanced; how it has lifted the curse from woman; how it has melted the ice of stolid inhumanity from human hearts. This is its inevitable work. The patient sunbeams brooding over the buried seed till it draws out the hidden germ which it contains, is all the time warming the surrounding atmosphere. The gospel, falling on human society to draw out regenerated souls and separate them unto God in newness of life, is all the while changing the moral climate of the world; and in this sense you may apply the parable, if you please, of the leaven hidden in the meal till the whole is leavened.

Therefore, how cheering and inspiring it is to observe human progress marching forward in the path of the gospel — the fruit of Christianity, and, at the same time, its ally and coadjutor. You have only to think a moment to be reminded that the age of modern progress is exactly contemporaneous with the age of modern missions. The last century, it has been said, has seen more accomplished in missionary conquest than the previous ten centuries. And it is equally true that the last hundred years have witnessed greater achievements in the arts and inventions than ten hundred years before. How does it happen that Christianity and science are thus moving side by side, and with equal pace? I answer the question by asking another: Why such a wide-spread triumph of the Roman arms and arts just previous to the first advent of Christ? Thy splendid roads, O imperial Rome, have been built that the heralds of redemption may make swift haste to bear the gospel of salvation far hence among the Gentiles. Thy fleet ships have been constructed to carry the missionaries of the cross into Asia Minor, into Spain and Italy, and among the savage tribes of Britain; thy arts and sciences are but the chariot wheels of Messiah's kingdom, to speed its progress over all the earth. Caesar is to plant the Roman eagle in the courts of the Temple, to proclaim that Judaism is dead, and its carcass given to the birds of prey; but the wings of the Roman eagle are to bear up the new religion, and carry it onward so swiftly that within seventy years from the birth of Christ the chief apostle shall write, "The gospel which ye have heard, and which was preached to every creature which is under heaven, whereof I, Paul, was made a minister" (Col. i. 23).

My brethren, I believe that we are living over again that Roman age — reproducing its corruptions, and far surpassing its intellectual and scientific achievements. And I only echo the opinions of the deepest and most devout students of prophecy, when I express also the belief that our age is preparing for the second coming of the Lord, as that age was for the first; an event which will usher in a wider spread of the gospel, and a vaster triumph of redemption than we have ever yet dreamed of during this dispensation of election. What are these arts and inventions of the nineteenth century for? They are for the Master's use when he shall assume his authority as King over all the earth.

Do you remember how the Lord, as he was about to make his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, sent for the ass's colt on which to ride, with instructions to say to the owner, "The Lord hath need of him"? What! He "who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind," in need of this lowly beast to bear him to the Holy City! Behold, He cometh again. He is preparing for his triumphal entry among the nations. To the swift-sailing ship he speaks: "The Lord hath need of thee, to carry his mes-
sengers to the ends of the earth, and to the far-off islands of the sea." To the keen lightning-flash, now tamed and harnessed to man's control, he speaks: "The Lord hath need of thee, to give commission to his distant servants in the twinkling of an eye." To the myriad-tongued printing-press he speaks: "The Lord hath need of thee, to publish his glad tidings to them afar off, and to them that are nigh." The Englishman's steamship, the Chinaman's sail, the Indian's canoe, the Esquimaus's sledge, the Hindu's palanquin, the implements of the rudest and of the ripest civilization—the Lord hath need of you all. All were built by His light, and all are wanted for the furtherance of his gospel. O "fire and hail, snow and vapor; stormy wind fulfilling His word; mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl,"—the Lord is calling for you all to be his ministers, and to say unto the heathen, Thy God and creator.

II. Christ the glory of his people Israel.

Jesus Christ is the Son of David, and, in spite of their unbelief and rejection, the Hebrew race has in him a peculiar and glorious proprietorship. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be a ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from old, from everlasting." And whatever distinctions belong to other cities and tribes, there is one city and one tribe that has been honored to be the progenitor of earth's Lord and Redeemer. "Ruler in Israel" he never yet has been. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." Given to be a chief corner-stone in Zion, elect and precious, he became to the Jews only a "stone of stumbling and a rock of offense," upon which they were broken into utter wreck and ruin. And yet, by a strange irony of fate, it has come to pass that that rejected stone has constituted the very chiefest glory of Israel in their dispersion and humiliation. In the midst of all their wandering and captivity, in that sullen obstinacy of unbelief which no ages of persecution and obloquy have softened, one only honor has remained to them—that of being the brethren and kinsmen of the Hebrew Christ. The dark shadow of his cross has pursued and haunted them wherever their weary feet have trod. But it could never be forgotten that the light that cast that shadow was a light that sprung out of one of their own tribes, though for them it was only a light shining in the darkness, which the darkness comprehended not. So has Jesus made his nation glorious in its very ruin.

You have watched a sunset, and seen the day break up. You have seen it pile its shattered fragments of cloud and mist and storm upon the horizon, and then upon this confused and turbulent wreck of cloud you have seen the hidden sun throwing back its light, kindling and transfiguring it till it has produced a scene of splendor far surpassing anything which the morning or meridian day had witnessed. So the kingdom and church of Israel went to pieces when her day was spent. There, in the deepening twilight of her apostasy and rejection, lay the splendid wrecks: her temple in ruins, her shekinah glory fled, her ritual abolished, her tribes scattered, her Messianic hopes disappointed, and all her national splendor turned to shame and mocking. But then it was that the light of her rejected Christ fell upon her, to bring an unsurpassed glory out of these very wrecks. His life, and teachings, and example—what illumination was ever thrown upon the Hebrew Scriptures compared with that which these imparted? His crucifixion, and ascension, and intercession—what meaning had all the Jewish offerings and rituals until these events put meaning into them? His second advent, for resurrection, and judgment, and universal reign—what but for these things had become of Israel's wrecked and disappointed Messianic hopes? Even in His rejection and humiliation Jesus of Nazareth is "the glory of his people Israel," lighting up what, in their history, were otherwise utterly dark, and making illustrious what had else fallen into utter obscurity. Hear the testimony of one of their own nation on this point. Benjamin Disraeli says: "In this enlightened age the pupil of Moses may ask himself whether all the princes of the house of David have done so much for the Jews as that Prince who was crucified on Calvary? Had it not been for Him, the Jews would have been comparatively unknown. Has not He made their history the
most famous of the world? What successes did they anticipate from their Messiah? The wildest dreams of the rabbis have been far exceeded. Has not Jesus conquered Europe, and changed its name into Christendom? Is it not through Him that countless myriads of all races have learned to find music in the songs of Zion, as well as to seek solace in the parables of Galilee?"

And we have only to press these questions a little further to find the amplest verification of my text. Who is it that has invested the Hebrew Scriptures with such extraordinary interest that they are more profoundly and widely studied today than at any time since they were written? Is it not He, the Son of David, of whom all those Scriptures bear testimony? Why is it that in these days men are pondering every jot and tittle of Jewish law and ritual, treasuring every smallest fragment of Jewish antiquity, taking pleasure in the stones and favoring the very dust of Zion? Is it not because of Him who is the most illustrious Son of Zion? Thou art the King of glory, O Christ! And amid all the misery and humiliation and degradation of that race that gave thee birth, thou art, and ever shall be, "the glory of thy people Israel."

But consider now how much larger fulfillment these words are to have when the Christ, now rejected by the Jews, shall at last be owned and worshiped by them—when he shall take to himself his great power, and reign. Remember, that the unparalleled sufferings of the Hebrew race for the past eighteen centuries have come as the penalty of their rejection of their true Messiah. In the presence of Him who was set for "the fall and rising again of many in Israel," they made their deliberate choice; and God has been giving them what they chose during all these ages. "We have no king but Caesar," they cried. And Caesar after Caesar has oppressed, and crucified, and enslaved them until this very day. They chose Barabbas the robber instead of Christ; and they have been robbed, and pillaged, and spoiled, as no other nation under the heavens ever was before. They cried, "His blood be on us and our children," and the blood which has fallen on Gentile hearts to sprinkle them from an evil conscience, has rested on the head of the Jews, as though imprecating the unceasing vengeance of God from the day of the crucifixion until now.

O "tribes of the wandering feet and weary breast," are ye not exhausted from your long rebellion against your King? Shall it be long before ye "shall look upon Him whom ye have pierced, and mourn for him," that "the fountain may be opened to the house of David and to the inhabitant of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness?" It must come to pass, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Prophecy is as true as history; and as certain as the fact of Israel's long rejection, so certain is the promise of her final recovery. For, have you not noticed that all the curses pronounced upon the Jews are limited? Hear them: "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!" How long? "Until ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles." For how long? "Until the time of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled." "Blindness in part hath happened unto Israel." For how long? "Until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in." Thus each curse, as it dies away, lets fall upon our ear a gracious refrain of hope and benediction.

How literally and awfully these words have been fulfilled! For eighteen hundred years the Holy City has been desecrated by heathen feet; for eighteen hundred years the Temple has been desolate and in ruins, an inexorable providence defying every attempt to rebuild it; for eighteen hundred years an incorrigible blindness has been upon the Jews, so that they could see no beauty in their King that they should desire him. But, as sure as the oath and covenant of God, all this is to be changed. The prophet Zechariah gives us a graphic picture of the great transaction. Israel has gathered, or begun to gather, back to Palestine. Once more, as so often, her enemies have begun to prey upon her. Then their long-rejected Messiah re-appears. "His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem." At the very place where He went up after his rejection by the Jewish people, he shall re-appear again; then the spirit of grace and supplication poured out upon these stubborn hearts; then the veil of unbelief lifted from their eyes; then their looking upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourning
for him—a mourning deep, heartbroken, unutterable—a mourning into which the bitterness of ages of unbelief is distilled; then cleansing and forgiveness, and the hosanna of adoration. "Until ye shall say, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," says Jesus. And say it they must, because his mouth hath declared it. No burst of impetuous and excited hosannas, to be followed by the cry of "Crucify him! crucify him!" but a prolonged and universal acclaim. "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head-stone of the corner. This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." If now Christ is the glory of his people Israel in his rejection, how much more shall he be so in his acceptance! If the light of our Redeemer shining on the lurid wrecks of Israel's apostasy kindles such splendor, how much more when he shall shine out of Zion, the perfection of beauty! "Then shall the moon be confounded, and the sun ashamed, when the Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion, and before his ancients gloriously."

Do we ask, "How shall this be brought about?" Not by terror or compulsion, but by a free and willing choice in the last great outpouring of God's Spirit upon his ancient people. I have read the pathetic story of the conversion of an aged Jew. On his dying bed his eyes were opened by the Spirit of God to discern his long-rejected Messiah. In his delirium, as though in memory transported back to Pilate's judgment-hall, and hearing once more the question, "Whom will ye that I release unto you?" he would break out in the cry, "Not Barabbas, but this man! Not Barabbas, but this man!" So must all Israel say before God's purposes can be fully accomplished. The vote which sentenced Jesus to the cross must be reversed, and before all heaven the Jewish nation must retract its condemnation of the Messiah. Do we ask, When shall this be accomplished? The answer is clear and definite in the 11th of Romans, viz., when "the fullness of the Gentiles be come in ... all Israel shall be saved." If Scripture may interpret Scripture, if Simeon and James may interpret Paul, this fullness, this pleroma, means the full complement—the total number of all that are to be gathered out from among the Gentiles. Oh, blessed calling of the missionary! He is seeking and saving lost souls for his Master; and he is also with every convert he makes, hastening the coming of the King, and the deliverance of God's first chosen and dearly loved Israel from their long captivity. Do you not remember how this thought stirred the heart of Adoniram Judson? what impetuous missionary ardor it kindled in the heart of Joseph Wolf? and what almost supernatural eloquence it inspired on the tongue of Alexander Duff, as he dwelt upon it? As missionaries and preachers of the cross, it is our joy to feel the impulse, not of a single motive, but to yield ourselves to the impetus and sweep of all the great motives which combine to make our calling the highest ever yet intrusted to men—the salvation of the lost, for whom Christ died; the ransom of Israel from her dreary captivity; the cutting short of the sway of Antichrist, and the speeding of the advent of Jesus Christ in glory.

And now, my brethren, what are the signs of hope? As the first faint streaks of the dawn broke upon the hills of Idumea, the watchman heard the dwellers in the plain shouting up to him, "Watchman, what of the night?"

Is our answer like his,—the clear, confident, glad response,—"The morning cometh?"

Without answering this question too confidently, let me at least point you to some striking foregleams of the day. The wisest students of the prophetic Scriptures, for three hundred years, have bid us watch along these three or four distinct lines for the tokens of God's coming kingdom; viz., a marked decadence of the power of the Papal Antichrist; a waning and decay of the Turkish power in Asia; a revival of Jewish hopes and expectations, and a movement of that people toward their own land; and a mighty and unwonted impulse in Christian missions. These are the signs, they have said, which should cause us to lift up our heads and expect our redemption as drawing nigh. Lift up your eyes now and behold round about—the Papacy within the years losing the temporal power which has been her strength for ages, and Europe slipping from the grip of her bloody hand so rapidly that we can hardly credit what is pass-
ing; Turkey robbed of half her territory, and watching mournfully and despairingly for the end of her dominion; the Jews stirred as they have not been for centuries by the nations with an impulse of cruelty utterly unaccountable—Russia, Germany, and Austria driving them out by hundreds, while Palestine is all alive with the signs of their return to their ancient home; and Christian missions, meantime, exhibiting an energy of conquest and a measure of success utterly unprecedented. What mean these things? One thing they certainly mean, "The night is far spent, and the day is at hand;" and that, therefore, because the time is short, we should summon all our energies, bring forth all our resources, throw ourselves with all our zeal into the work of preaching the gospel to every creature. And as the ringing challenge of our great Task-master sounds down through the ages, "Behold, I come quickly," "Occupy till I come," let us bend ourselves to our task with all our strength; our hearts, meanwhile, breathing out the glad and welcome response, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

WHY WAIT?

BY REV. THORN BROWN.

The voice of the Saviour once more
Has called; has it called thee in vain?
How oft He has called thee before;
O say, wilt thou spurn him again?
Why wait for to-morrow? O come,
Proud soul, while He stands at the door;
His mercy that beckons thee home,
To-morrow may beckon no more.

How long wilt thou linger unblest,
And still life eternal forego?
Securely you never can rest
Till Jesus his pardon bestow.
Why wait for to-morrow? Why waste
The day that so soon will be air,
And lie down in sorrow at last
Where Jesus will call thee no more?

NORWOOD, November, 1882.

"THY WORD."

BY THE EDITOR.

"Thy Word" is a lamp.” This phrase needs to be sounded out with all clearness and vigor in the ears of this generation. It makes all the difference in the world whose signature it is that stands on the check which we hold in our hand. If it is ours, we may, perhaps, erase a figure or add a figure, or withdraw our name entirely; but if it is somebody's else name we must be careful what we do, lest we be charged with counterfeiting or forging. "Thy Word" is the phrase which God uses again and again to describe the Bible. And we believe that the very words and sentences and sayings of the book were inscribed here by the hand of the Almighty! To be sure, Isaiah and David and Paul and John held the pen of inspiration when the Bible was written. So have I many a time put a pen between the fingers of my little children, and then, with my own hand, guided theirs in writing. They held the pen, to be sure, and gave something of their own childish style to the penmanship; but, really, I did the writing, and am responsible for it, because I directed their motions.

So I think that when the prophets and apostles and evangelists inscribed the words of this Book they did so by divine guidance—that God held their hands when they wrote. What else does the Bible mean when it says, referring to the Scripture, that "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"? There is so much confusion and laxity upon the question of the inspiration of Scripture, that the fact needs to be emphasized very strongly to-day. Those of us who take our orders from heaven, want to know that we have the exact words of God when we read our commission. And that is what we do know if we will believe it. We look up to Mt. Sinai and read, "And God spake all these words, saying;" we look up to the mount of beatitudes, and read, "And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying." Here, we see, is a record of exact words, and those words written by God the Father and God the Son. I looked up to a mountain in New Hampshire, a few months since, and heard it speak to me in clear, distinct tones. But it only said to me what I said to it. It was an echo, in other words, not an oracle. It was my words bouncing back to me, and not the words of