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The Fountain of Life and the River.

BY REV. ALEXANDER MAC LAREN, D. D.

"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.

I suppose many of you, like me, learned these words at your mother's knees, and have been familiar with them all your lives. Perhaps familiarity has dimmed their wonderfulness. The child that knows them knows more than, without them, the wisest could have conceived, or heaven, with all its angels, have expected. They are inexhaustible, and one shrinks from taking them as a text. And yet, though I know that I cannot do justice to the full and complete message which it is my desire to press upon your acceptance that I venture to do it. It might fall back upon a metaphor, we have here the fountain head, the love of God; the stream, the gift of Christ; the act of drinking, "whosoever believeth;" and the living effects of the draught.

These great words begin in the heart of God; they end with a quickened world; and the links between the beginning and the ending are, on the Divine side, Christ, and on the human, faith.

UNIVERSAL LOVE OF GOD.

"I ask you, then, to look, first, at the fountain head, the universal love of God."

"God *** loved the world." In these words there is the most wonderful apocalypse of the Divine nature that ever has been or shall be made. One knows not which thought is the more stupendous, that God loves, or that he loves the world.

"God loves." Where, outside of Christianity, does anybody dare to say that as a certainty? Men have hoped it; men have feared that it could not be; men have dimly dreamed and strongly doubted; men have had gods cruel, gods lustful, gods capricious, gods good-natured, gods indifferent or sympathetic, but a loving God is the discovery of Christianity. Neither the gross deities of heathenism, nor the shadowy god of theism, nor the unknown something which, perhaps, makes for righteousness, of our modern agnostics, presents anything like this—"God loved."

Do not let us be afraid of attributing the likeness of human emotions to the Divine Being; not be frightened from accepting the whole blessed conclusion and enlightenment which this wonderful thought brings. Let us not let us degrade the Divine nature by supposing it to be altogether like ourselves. The spectrum has taught us that the metals in the sun are absolutely identical with the metals in this earth. Christianity teaches us that since man is Deiform, made in the Divine image, we have the right to argue the other way, and say that God and man are sufficient alike to make it perfectly reverent and safe for us to believe that there is in God that which answers to love in us; separated, purified indeed from limitations, removed from the possibility of chill and change, but yet alive with all the tenderness, with all the capacity for affording rest to another heart which we find in human love at its best.

We speak of that great Divine nature as being infinite, and that is an awful word; as being eternal, and that is a tremendous and sometimes a chilling thought; as being infinitely righteous; as wielding almighty power. But all these things that men call Divine attributes are, but the fringe of his character, the halo round the orb, of which the central blaze is love. The only way by which a poor, finite, sinful heart can venture to grasp the awful thoughts that lie in these great words, infinitude, eternity, omnipotence, omniscience, purity, is to regard them as characteristics of love, and say, "Yes! God's love is infinite, is eternal, is omnipotent, is omniscient, is all righteous and pure."

But then, on the other side, we have not only the revelation of the heart of God, but we have the wonderful word which declares the universality of the sweep of that love, "God loved the world."

Now, I want you to observe particularly that this designation of the object upon which the divine love rested eternally is to be interpreted according to the usage of this gospel, and that usage distinctly gives this expression "the world" not only the meaning of the total of humanity, but also the further meaning of humanity separated by its own evil from God. And so we get, not only the statement of the universality of the love of God, but also this great truth, that no sin nor unfaithfulness, nothing which degrades humanity even to its lowest depths, and seems all but to extinguish the spark within it that is capable of being fanned into a flame, has the least power to deflect, turn back, or alter the love of God. That love falls upon "the world," the mass of men who have wrenched themselves away from him, but cannot wrench him away from themselves. They never can prevent his love from pouring itself over them; even as the bright waters of the ocean will break over some grim rock, black in the sunshine. So, brethren, all the outcasts, criminals, barbarians, degraded people that the world consents to regard as irrevocably bad and hopeless, are all grasped in his love. And you and I, and every soul of man, have a place there; and my sins and your sins do not prevent his love from circling about us, and longing for us, and wanting to bless us, and bring us back to himself.

"God loves the world," the whole mass of sinful men. Do you believe that? Do you believe it about yourself?

We lose in the depth of our love in proportion as it gains in breadth, and the sentiment, when it comes to spread over a race, is very thin. We generalize and classify. In order to get a conception of the whole, we lose sight of the individuals. But, there are no classes or masses with God, and when the Bible tells us that he loves the world, that does not mean a diffused sentiment that grasps the whole and is almost oblivious of the individuals, as it would be with us. But he loves the world because he loves each unit that composes it. Just as in the heavens each star is set in its place, and all are included in the great arch that sweeps above them, and yet each is separate.

The doctrine, embracing all, is like the Maker's love. Wherever, encompassed, great and small in peace and order move.

He loves all because he loves each. He loves the world because he loves me, and thee, and every single soul.

THE GIFT WHICH PROVES THE LOVE.

II. Then note, secondly, the stream; the gift which proves the love.

"God so loved the world that he gave his *** Son." Mark that collocation of words. In the next verse, where the same subject is dealt with, a different expression is employed. There we read, "God sent his Son." But in the text, where the matter in hand is the love of God, "sent" is far too cold a word, and *gave* is used as congruous with *loved*. It must needs be that the Divine love manifests itself even as the human does, by an infinite delight in bestowing. The very property and life of love, as we know it, even in its tainted and semi-sinful forms as it prevails amongst us, is to give, and the life of the Divine love is the same. He loves, and therefore he gives. His love is a longing to bestow himself, and the proof and sign that he loves is that "he gave his only-begotten Son."

I need not remind you, I suppose, of the allusion obvious and the language of my text, to that wonderful story in Genesis, of the sacrifice of Isaac. You remember how, when the patriarch's trial was over, the approbation was spoken from heaven in these words, "Now I know that thou fearest God; because thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." And now when we turn to that which is the love of God, we find that he sent his Son; that he gave his only-begotten Son. Ah, brethren, there is more in that word, "gave," than a bestowment. There is a surrender in it, and there is a surrender to death. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up to the death for us; how shall he not, with him also, freely give us all things?" I venture to believe that we may be warranted even in the thought that something not altogether dissimilar to the surrender of his only Son to death which wrung the heart of the ancient patriarch is conceivable within that infinite divine nature that spared not his Son, but gave him up for us.

Is not that the one proof of God's love? Creation, indeed, is the consequence, and therefore the sign of divine love; and we shall never understand why it was that God made worlds at all unless we have pierced to the depth of the grand palm that says, "To him that made great lights, for his mercy endureth forever."

But whilst nature is the outcome of the divine love, its witness is all uncertain and broken. The harp was once tuned by a divine hand, but rude fingers have been swept across it, and it is now "like sweet bells jangled, harsh and out of tune." And there is no place where a poor soul can be sure of the love of God except here, in sight of Calvary, on the cross of which it recognizes the Son of God dying for the sins of the world. I feel as much as any pessimist or agnostic of them all, the burden and "the weary weight of all this unintelligible world." I know, as clearly as any man does, and I do not think I feel it less than most men do, how

Nature, red in tooth and claw, With rapine, shrieks at the creed;

that God is love. But I believe in Jesus Christ and his cross as the governing fact; and in the light of it we were folly and treason to doubt that all discords are capable of resolution into harmony; and that when the end comes we shall know what to do, by the light of it, we are heartened to believe, that "God is in heaven, all's right with the world." "God so loved the world that he gave his *** Son."

THE PURPOSE OF THE GIFT.

III. Notice (and here I slightly alter the order of my text) the purpose of the gift that proves the love.

"God so loved the world that he gave his *** Son in order that there might be escape from perishing and the possession of eternal life. Now here the purpose of the gift—which is also the one longing of the love—is stated negatively and positively—"should not perish, but have eternal life."

Now there are a great many people who would like to put the whole middle part of my text into a parenthesis, and bring together directly the first clause and the last, and say, "God so loved the world that everybody shall have eternal life, and nobody shall perish." But my text does not make such short work of it as that. It recognizes—and I wish to press upon you the recognition—that in order that the divine love may reach its longing there must be a process; and that process, looked at from the divine side, lies here, that God must

send his Son if the world is not to perish; and looked at from the human side it lies here, that men must believe on the Son that is sent if they are to have eternal life.

There is, then, a danger which only the mission of Jesus Christ averts, that men may perish. That is the danger which is as universal as the love of which I have been speaking, for it is "the world" that is in danger of perishing, and that is a danger which is as individualizing and specific as the love of which I have been speaking, for "the world" that "perishes" is made up of individuals that do. In that category you have a place, and I, and all our brethren. Whoever comes under the great class of the objects of divine love, belongs also to the class of those who are in risk of destruction. Oh! dear friends, it does not become me to fling about the thunderbolts of God, or to threaten and lighten as he has the right to do; but I do believe that much of the preaching of this generation is toothless, impotent, unblest because men have got too falsely tender hearted and sentimental to talk about the necessary issue of alienation from God. Be you sure of this, that in whatever form it may be realized—and that is of secondary importance—the world, and especially you that have heard "the Gospel all your days, and are hearing it, however imperfectly, again to night, stands in peril of destruction. "To perish," whether it mean to be reduced into non-being, or whether it mean, as I believe it means, to be so separated from the one source of life as that, conscious existence continuing, everything that made life beautiful and blessed and desirable is gone—to "perish" is the necessary end of the man that wrenches himself away from God. You may continue to you may exercise many of the functions of life, you may go through the world with a tough skin, and an unimpaired conscience, as some of you are doing, but destruction, in the fullest meaning of the word, is the fate of the man who has turned away from God manifest in Jesus Christ. And I should be a traitor to my own convictions and a cruel friend to you, dear friends, if I did not warn you, and pray to God that the warning may get to some of you that need it, that you are upon an inclined plane, and the inclined plane will stop and you will not; and where will you be then? There is only one hand that can put the brake on. There is only one way by which God's love can stop a man from descending the fatal slope.

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But arresting is not all. "Should have eternal life." And what lies in that? Surely something a great deal more than the unending continuance of being. I do not know how you feel, but to me many a time the prospect of living forever and ever, and on, seems to be infinitely awful. And so it would be, unless eternal life meant something a great deal more than that, meant the fullness of purity, of peace, of energy, of love and wisdom and joy all flooding into our soul with the possession of Jesus Christ. Life eternal lies in union with God, and the only link that so binds men with God as to secure for them the possession of life eternal, with its inconceivable blessedness is "Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

If I think it, a condition of blessedness that could be bestowed upon men at the arbitrary will of God, then be sure of this, that everybody would get it. For God desires to save the world, and, as my text tells us, "loves the world," and "sent his Son" that there should be no "perishing;" and, as the next verse tells us yet more emphatically, sent him with this design,—"that the world"—that is, every body—"through him might be saved." But future—ay! and present—blessedness cannot be given away in that haphazard fashion, as some prince from his throne may toss sovereigns into a crowd indiscriminately. And just because it cannot, God's love has no other way of reaching its desire for the mission of Jesus Christ. He sent his Son that none should perish, but that all might have eternal life.

THE CONDITION OF RECEIVING ETERNAL LIFE.

IV. Lastly, to return to my metaphor, note the act of drinking, or the condition, of receiving eternal life. "Whosoever believeth on him."

Now I am not going to weary you now by talking theologically about what this condition is. You know what it is to trust one another. You have a husband or a wife, or a father or a mother, or a friend beloved on whom you rely implicitly. You trust the person, and you are at rest.

Now faith is just that. It is simply that act of trust which cements all human contact together, and which we constantly exercising to those who are dear to us, transferred to God. It does not seem to me that there is any mystery in it at all. People have talked very learnedly, "and darkened counsel by words without wisdom," and the continual, parrot-like repetition of the cry to men, "Faith, faith, faith," has deadened to a great many of you the beautiful clearness and simplicity of the Gospel.

The old message is perhaps freshened by using a good old word, and saying, "Trust Jesus Christ." It is all. Trust him, of course, for

that for which God sent him—to die for you and all of us. Since it was impossible for the downward-tendency to be arrested without Jesus Christ, then Jesus Christ must have been the sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, which took away their guilt and broke their power. And for my part I do not believe that faith in Jesus Christ means anything less than this, the trust of a sinful soul on him as the only Savior, because the only sacrifice for the sins of the world.

Note the simplicity, but note also the rigidity of the condition. And note that the same individualizing universality of which I have been speaking, in reference to other parts of my subject, applies to these conditions. "Whosoever." Very well, you can run your pen through "whosoever," and write your own name over it. It is not a blank cheque exactly, but you can endorse it if you like, and then it will be paid.

Ah, dear friend! it is an awful power which we have of rendering God's love of no effect to us, and of thwarting his purpose of love. This fleece has power to repel the dew, and so to be bone dry amidst the most refreshing showers.

You can make Christ worthless to you if you like. You can make God's love of no use to you in regard to the highest purposes which it contemplates and the deepest desires which it cherishes. "Whosoever believeth." What is the use of the fountain pulsing up through eternity in the deep heart of God? What is the use of the stream running broad and deep and life-giving—a true river of water of life flowing by your feet—if you look for the water of life freely, but you do not drink? You will die of thirst whilst the water is rippling past your drinking body. "Whosoever will," let him take of the water of life freely. "If any man thirst," you, and you, and you, and I—"If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."—The Freeman.

The Future of Cuba.

(Frank A. Barr, in the Arena)

"Is there any more red on the bone?"

This is the question that Spain is asking as it takes a fresh grip on Cuba for its last gasp at her vitals. Spain has bled this wonderful island so long and to such purpose that it is singular that it stops at this moment to inquire if the limit of its blood has been reached. It has bled exhausted, and whether the bone, rich as it is, is white instead of red from too much sucking. It answers its own inquiry when it starts in now to play one more menace against the Cubans and indirectly against the United States. It is too late for it to hurt Cuba much, for the game of intimidation is about played out, and a new life is fast approaching this, one of the richest undeveloped countries under the sun.

Since the controversy over reciprocity with us began, six thousand Spanish soldiers have been ordered here from Madrid, and have already arrived. This bluff does not mean much, except as an evidence to all Cubans that the mother country is for the time being to tighten its hold on the island with more bayonets. The two Spanish men-of-war which brought fresh troops here are at anchor in the harbor, and the recruits are putting on new uniforms. Soon these men will be food for the yellow fever and other epidemic diseases. Not half of them will ever return to their homes. Their lives will be given up as the price of their devotion to Spain and their hatred of the Cubans. For this harvest of death and military brag the people of this island will have to pay, and the awful debt multiplies every year, until forbearance will soon die. The record is a ghastly one.

"Within a few years," said a native to me the other day, a gentleman of means and character, "Spain has put on this island at different times two hundred thousand of its regular troops. Many thousand are still here as a menace to our people. Some have returned; but many more are buried in this soil as the price of the avarice and corruption of our rulers on the other side of the water."

What a terrible tax such a military establishment exacts! He upon whom the tax is levied, and yet it is paid every year, giving another evidence of the vast wealth and capabilities of Cuba. There are only one million four hundred thousand inhabitants here, counting negroes, Chinese, and all other classes. Eight hundred thousand of these citizens have to bear all the burdens of taxation, and the budget this year is \$7,000,000, or \$3.75 per person as an average.

In the exaction and collection of this vast amount the muzzle of a gun plays a great part, and for this Spain keeps a standing army on these acres almost double the size of that maintained by our great country of sixty-five million of people. Thirty thousand more volunteers, who drill and parade every day, are ready for action at any time, and should be added to the effective line of the army contingent in Cuba that could be put into the field.

Spain has recently redoubled her watch on every movement made by the native Cuban. For the first time the mother-country finds herself not even sure of the Spaniards, who until this year have ever been true to the home government, whether right or wrong. Their pockets have been touched so hard to maintain the present control at Madrid that their sympathy has been dulled and their patriotism poisoned to the point of coma. Publicly they will not acknowledge these facts, but in private conversation they

are free to declare that there is no hope for their estates or their interests except in annexation to the United States. Had there been no treaty made between the two powers now fencing for the products of this island, revolution would have given it to our free and independent land. But a treaty only postpones that glorious day for these people when robbery shall cease and good government begin.

The native Cuban prays for that day and pleads for its power—not from the mercenary standpoint from which the Spaniard looks toward the United States, but in a pathetic and sincere belief that Cuba from Florida his country's interests, the native feels that it is his. Thus the communion of the two from their different standpoints is working out great results and building up a sentiment that only needs to be encouraged to grow into an all powerful influence. When the day arrives for Cuba to assert herself, she will become the new El Dorado. Land and property will increase twice in value within thirty days and development will spring as if by magic throughout the island where all seasons are summer.

Education has brought about this wonderful change. The influence of the United States so close to its domain, has made itself felt. Local trade with Florida, the sale of a hundred million dollars' worth of sugar and tobacco per annum to the United States, has done its work. The civilizing influence of such a splendid line of steamers as the Ward line sails from New York to all the ports of this island has been another element of progress. The new deal with the United States will send down by the Ward line alone twenty thousand barrels of flour a month at half the price that it now costs the native or the Spaniard. But there is far more than an increase in trade in this new arrangement. It is the beginning of a great future.

The finest bread in the world is made in Cuba from American flour. For years the flour had to be shipped from New York to Barcelona, and from there to Havana. Very frequently the packages were not broken, or the American mark destroyed,—again demonstrating the force by which Spain exacted six dollars a barrel duty on the yield of the land wherein she found the market for nine tenths of all the products she raised. With this new commercial arrangement all this, it gives no benefit to the home government, because it weakens its power on the island, and hastens, rather than postpones, the hour when revolution, either peaceful or with the sword, will change a despotism to a republic, and make new what is now old and worn.

The sugar crop of Cuba this year is one of the richest ever raised on the island. Some of the foremost planters and experts, who have watched its growth with pride, estimate that it will reach seven hundred and fifty thousand tons; others claim that it will be eight hundred thousand tons. Tobacco, it is said, will touch a higher figure than ever before. And the United States is the market for the great bulk of all this wealth of the soil, and there is no other in sight. Spain cannot take the yield and pay for it. England, France, Germany, and the other great countries have enough sweets of their own, and their dealings with the sad and silent island are limited and of no particular consequence. Is it any wonder then, that America should be the beacon-light towards which the gaze of Cuba is riveted?

What a romance of revenge, theft and despair could be woven about the history of Cuba! But the reality is far more pathetic and cruel than the imagination could conceive. It costs the landlord of a hotel a five cent revenue stamp every time a guest registers at his hostelry. Everything is taxed. A tax is put upon the table, as well as upon the back, upon the cart, and upon the fruits of the field. The skull and cross bones of governmental exactions appear at every feast and are ably every day. Is it any wonder, then, that Spain dreads the day when she shall be charged with eleven million dollars of interest on a debt which it fastened upon Cuba years ago. Its horde of officials swarms as much more blood, and the soldiery takes the remainder, leaving the native Cuban no part or lot in the government, either active or inactive, except to pay what he is ordered to and keep his mouth shut.

There is the silence of death and defeat in Cuba. Not even the Spaniards, who have heretofore for political reasons been silent, dare now open their mouths publicly in protest against the exactions of the home government. In speaking of them to me it was but in a whisper, and the statement that they would even consider the question of annexation to the United States was not to be breathed.

A new era is dawning upon Cuba. The treaty with the United States offers the people a chance to prepare themselves for the grave emergency which sooner or later will come upon them like a flash. While the Spanish element of the island welcomes the treaty stipulation which postpones the fearful day, the Cubans see in it only a few more months of robbery and refuse under their breath to be contented. Intercourse with Cubans at this time is exceedingly interesting. A study of their strange change of heart illustrates how easy it is to nerve to a purpose when necessity grim as an ill-fated hound stands at the door.

Only one-eighth of Cuba is now

cultivated, and yet, with all its depressing conditions, it raises more for mankind than any equal number of acres on the earth. It manufactures nothing, but gets all its riches from the earth, and practically picks its living from the trees. With anything like decent cultivation, this island could raise the sugar world, contribute largely to its fruits, enrich its mining industries, contribute the richest of hard woods for its furniture trade, and yet remain in comparative idleness and grow lazy as it grows rich.

Our Washington Letter.

During the past few days a number of petitions have been received here to be presented to Congress, asking that the \$5,000,000 loan, which the managers of the World's Fair will ask from Congress, shall be made conditionally on the exhibition being closed on the Sabbath day. It is always well to confront facts, whether they agree with one's own opinions or not; therefore I deem it fitting to say that unless there shall be much greater pressure brought to bear upon Congress than there is at present any indication of, there will be no action taken to prevent opening of the exposition on Sunday. As prominent a representative of the dominant party in the House of Representatives as Mr. Springer, of Illinois, has already put himself on record as favoring the opening of the exposition on Sunday. It will require work and a great deal of it to overcome the influence of such men.

What think you of a donation party composed of more than thirty thousand persons, where the donations are from a single potato to a barrel of flour, and from a pair of socks to a complete suit of clothes? Washington had that sort of a party to-day, and the donors were the pupils in our public schools, which closed to-day for the Christmas holidays. It was a sight well worth seeing to visit the various school houses when the donations were piled up previous to being turned over to the Associated Charities, the Grand Army of the Republic and the Police, to be distributed among the poor. It was an object lesson in practical charity that the youngest pupil will always remember.

The United Christian Commission, which was organized one year ago for the purpose of promoting the intellectual, moral and religious welfare of the army and navy by suggesting needed national legislation and administration, the securing of well qualified chaplains, encouraging Sabbath observance, promoting temperance, multiplying libraries, reading rooms and gymnasiums, and endeavoring to arouse the sentiment of the nation to a sense of its obligations to a class of citizens, held its first annual meeting here yesterday. The general plan of the society will closely follow that of the Christian Commission which did so much good during the late civil war. The following officers were elected: President, Rev. Dr. J. T. Smith; vice-president, Rev. Dr. S. M. Newman; general secretary, Rev. Dr. George Elliott; secretary, representing the army, Chaplain Nave, Fort Niobrara, Nebraska; secretary representing the navy, Chaplain Clark; treasurer, Rev. Dr. W. E. Parson. The fact was brought out that the navy is much better supplied with libraries than the army, although a marked improvement had been noted since the Government agreed to furnish army posts with a limited number of books on requisition.

R. B. Pools, librarian of the Y. M. C. A. of New York, made an interesting statement of what that organization is doing towards furnishing the army and navy with reading matter. It regularly distributes 800 weekly papers, printed in all parts of this country and Europe, to various army posts, and since 1873, when this work was begun, 600,000 papers and magazines have been sent. The prevalence of gambling in the army was discussed and several methods suggested of lessening the evil, which the chaplains considered the worst they had to contend with.

The coinage of the trade dollar, authorized by the last Congress, was completed yesterday, and until there is some new Congressional legislation on the subject there will be no more silver dollars coined, as the silver purchased by the treasury department under the present law is stored in the vaults in bars.

A movement has been started here to raise a subscription for the starving famine-stricken Russians, and it is probable that a public meeting will be held for that purpose.

An Expansive Gospel.

BY REV. J. C. HIDDEN.

When the Master said, "Beginning at Jerusalem," he evidently intended to establish what strategists call "a base." A point of departure must be somewhere; and we have no lack of reasons for the selection of Jerusalem as the point. But the same text, which is so often quoted from in behalf of home missions, is just as good authority for foreign missions. Luke xxiv: 47 is decisive on this point. "Repentance and remission of sins" were to be preached in his name among all nations, "beginning at Jerusalem."

There is not in any of our Lord's directions the slightest hint that Christianity was to wait upon civilization, nor does anything in that "missionary magazine"—the Acts of the Apostles—give the least color to such a view. We are sometimes told

by the wise, according to this world, that it is useless to attempt to evangelize barbarians, that we must first instruct them in at least the rudiments of civilization, and thus prepare them for the reception of the gospel. The scope and tone of this reasoning savor of the boldest rationalism, and suggest at once the destructive criticism of the Wellhausen school. Such criticism would lead us to conclude that God cares only for civilized people. No! Christianity does not come to help man after he has helped himself, but in his helplessness; and it is quite easy to lay too much stress upon what is called "the connection between Christianity and civilization." We know that the most highly cultivated men in ancient as well as in modern times have often been very wicked. Julius Caesar was one of the most accomplished men that ever lived. From a moral point of view, the heaviest Greek civilization was rotten to the core. Plato's "Republic" advocates the twin villainies of communism and "free love," and is a sort of combination of Victoria Woodhull and George Francis Train, done into philosophy.

Tweed was an "educated" man. Aaron Burr was one of the most accomplished politicians that ever figured in American history. His native talents were splendid. He was well educated. He was an able soldier under Washington. He was one of the most successful advocates that ever practiced at any bar. As an orator, he stood in the very first rank in an age which produced Fisher Ames and Patrick Henry. His eloquence was so overpowering as to melt the bitterest enemies to tears and make them forget where they were. Barely missing the presidency, and easily first as vice-president, he spent a large part of his life in a blaze of glory, and has left to posterity a name which will be the synonym for infamy as long as American history is read or American politics discussed among men. No! civilization hath no reliquish of salvation in it.

Between Christianity and civilization there is indeed an antithesis which is too frequently overlooked even by thoughtful men. Civilization is a social force, operating upon a society. Christianity is a spiritual force, operating upon the individual. You cannot civilize an individual, and you cannot convert a state. Rough people can be converted. Among the Greeks one and the same word meant "moral" and "manners." The same linguistic phenomenon is found in Latin, and the reason is that morals were manners and nothing more. However highly "cultivated" a heathen people may be, they will still be barbarians morally. Christianity makes an immense difference between morals and manners. Samuel Johnson was not so "elegant" as Lord Chesterfield; but he was a much better man than the polished, licentious nobleman. Chesterfield was the nobleman, but Johnson was the noble man.

We now and then hear men say that the Sermon on the Mount was a fine thing, and that New Testament morality is of a high order; but that the Old Testament is so full of barbarisms that it is impossible for us to accept it as authority in our cultivated age. But again we ask, "Does God care only for people of cultivation? Did not Paul preach at Lystra as he did at Athens? No small part of the Old Testament was immediately addressed to a people who had recently emerged from slavery, and who were still semi-barbarians.

John Foxe wrote a splendid essay to show why men of taste were so generally opposed to evangelical religion, and it is now in order for some critic of the Wellhausen school to write an essay to show why God cares nothing for barbarians. Paul evidently did not think that uncultivated people were outside of the pale of God's sympathy or of gospel work. He was debtor both to Greeks and barbarians, to the wise and unwise.

"The regions beyond," whether inhabited by scholars or by ignoramuses, were the regions that especially fired his ambition and kindled his zeal. He was a ways anxious to go to some new place where Christ had never been preached, and he did not ask whether the place was cultivated or whether the people were civilized.

Let any pastor ask himself the question, are any most uncultivated people my best people? One of the very best members of any church that I ever served could barely spell his way with many blunders through a chapter in the Bible, and some of the most troublesome church members that I have ever known were highly educated. The gospel is indeed expansive. It is addressed to people of all grades of culture and of no culture. Greeks and barbarians are to be all won by Christ and one in Christ.

Influence of Business.

Astronomers will tell you that it is very difficult to establish an observatory in a great city. Why? Because the thunder of the whistles upon the pavements is such that there are oscillations going on all the time, slight trembles, so that you cannot measure with absolute accuracy. There is a great danger that when men are whirled in business they cannot make clear and critical observation of important things that concern their soul.—The Worker.

With men it is a good rule to try first and then to trust; with God it is contrary. I will trust him as most wisely, omnipotent, merciful, and true him afterwards. I know it is impossible for him to deceive me as not to be.—Joseph Bishop.

Central Committee

On Woman's Work for Missions and in the Churches.

MRS. T. A. HAMILTON, Pres., Birmingham, Ala.
MRS. GEO. B. EAGER, Vice-Pres., Anniston, Ala.
MRS. GEO. M. MORROW, Treas., Birmingham, Ala.
MRS. I. C. BROWN, Cor. Sec., East Lake, Ala.

PRAYER CARD—JANUARY.
China—"In that day a man shall cast his loads of silver and loads of gold *** to the moles and the bats." Missionaries, 30 native assistants, 25 stations, 82 churches, 14 members, 240 baptisms, 51 schools, 15 contributions from Chinese, 2000000.
Russia—Total population, 125,000,000. Churches, 10,000. Villages visiting and street preaching. Native ministry. Pingtau. What are we doing for China? Tea-shop teaching.

"The world's evangelization was to begin at Jerusalem—that is, the work done there was to afford a base and starting point. Then Judea—(state missions). Then Samaria—(home missions). Then the ends of the earth—(foreign missions)."—Dr. F. M. Ellis.

The wealth of the United States increases \$6,800,000 every twenty-four hours. One fifth of this vast amount is owned by Christians. Suppose they should give one-tenth to the treasury of the Lord! Christians of the entire world give but ten millions annually to foreign missions. As there are 100,000,000 heathen, this gives just one cent apiece for their conversion to Christ!

A million and a quarter of Southern Baptists give only \$100,000 a year for foreign missions.

At Lucknow, in India, where so many were murdered thirty years ago in the Sepoy rebellion, two thousand children, nearly all of Hindu Mohammedan parentage, recently marched in a Sunday school procession.

There are 100,000 Chinese in the United States. More than 5,000 of these are professed Christians. One thousand attend Sunday-school in the city of New York.

Asia, the cradle of the human race, has 103 Y. M. C. associations. "Darkest Africa" has 13, Oceania 16, and Jerusalem 1.

Thirty years ago there was not a woman's missionary organization in America. Now there are thirty-nine such organizations, with 25,000 auxiliary societies and an annual income of \$1,730,000. Who shall measure the good accomplished by these—far above dollars and cents? [The interest in the stimulus imparted to missionary effort, the sense of responsibility and duty impressed, the habits of benevolence formed.]

The first Protestant church was organized in Japan nineteen years ago. There are now 30,

