

For the Christian Observer.

## INSPIRATION.

BY WHITNEY MONTGOMERY.

Why is it that we often strive  
With thoughts that seem beyond our reach,  
The moral we would like to give  
Or lesson we would like to teach.

How easy it would be to say,  
"The world will never care for this  
I'll dream the rest of life away  
And say that ignorance is bliss."

But often in the human breast,  
Down in the heart's most secret cell,  
Are thoughts that rob us of our rest  
That God must teach us how to tell.

And there so deep those thoughts are twined  
That they defy us in our might,  
We cannot put them from the mind,  
And cannot bring them to the light.

And thus upon the rack is hung  
The heart till all its pride is broken,  
And then by this poor mortal tongue  
The axioms of God are spoken.  
Eureka, Tex.

For the Christian Observer.

## WHO CRUCIFIED THE KING?

BY MRS. M. W. MYERS.

Upon whom does the real responsibility of the death of our Lord rest, is a question much asked as we study the history of the tragedy of the Cross. Is it Pilate, or the Jewish rulers, or the luke-warm disciples of that day?

By one consent, those who actually drove the nails are voted least guilty, because of their ignorance. The evil one tempts us to spend our indignation upon Pilate; the Jewish rulers; and the ignorant mocking crowd, and to fail to realize our personal responsibility in the death of the Saviour. His own words are, "No man taketh my life, I lay it down of myself." The death of Jesus was a voluntary offering for the sin of the world; the sin of today, as the sin of that day is responsible for His suffering and death. But do we realize this truth as we ought; that, my sins, and your sins, my salvation, and your salvation made it necessary for Jesus to deny Himself the power that was His to save Himself from the indignity and agony of the cross?

The men of that day were guilty and responsible, but only to the amount of their own share of the sin of the world. As we compare their guilt with our own, we need to be careful also, to measure their light and knowledge. We have today the cumulated proof of the ages, to the truth of the claims of Jesus as King; but is the world of today more ready to receive Him when allegiance to Him interferences with its own selfish plans? Paul teaches us that if we sin wilfully after we have the knowledge, "we crucify afresh the son of God and put Him to open shame." Does this not place each of us in the crowd around the cross?

In so much as He fails today to reach the hearts of men and rule them, by so much is He robbed of His purchase on Calvary. In so much as we fail to show His light, and the power of His name in our daily life, by so much does the crowd today mock and jeer at His Kingship; by so much is His Kingdom pulled down and delayed. Where do I stand in the crowd around the cross, is the question each heart should ask. Am I close by His side, looking into His suffering face with love and faith, and readiness for service as was John, or am I one of those who stood afar off? It is not possible for one with Christian training and light who stands afar off to be as guiltless as the ignorant Roman soldiers who drove the nails, whose Captain "when he saw what was done glorified God." Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required. Is not the luke-warm follower of Jesus more guilty in His sight

than any other in the crowd at His feet?—  
Rev. 3:13-21.

Lexington, Va.

For the Christian Observer.

## THE WISDOM OF AN INFIDEL.

BY ALBERT L. BERRY.

"Have you any of the works of Robert Ingersoll?" I asked of a dealer in second-hand books. "No, he answered—none of his regular works. I have some copies of his lectures," and after a long search among some old publications he found a copy of his address on Patriotism.

So I went to another dealer and he advised me that he had none and had no call for them and that most of his writings were out of print. "Haven't you any of his 'Mistakes of Moses?'" I asked, "No, but," hastily consulting a catalogue, said, "I can order you a copy in paper." I thanked him and walked away.

Then my mind reverted to an evening twenty years ago when Ingersoll was at the height of his popularity, with the hall crowded to suffocation and every listener leaning forward in his seat; with eyes intent on the speaker, and mind all aflame with desire to catch every word, as Ingersoll in his matchless style of eloquence was (as my companion said) tearing the Bible into shreds.

Twenty years from now—said the writer of the "Mistakes of Moses," no one will be reading the Bible, it will be obsolete.

Then there was a hush and there went up even from that audience a half suppressed murmur—Men's minds rebelled—their thoughts went back to the past, there was something more than sentiment in the feeling, there was a sacredness about the book—which the speaker said would soon be obsolete—every one felt as if they had lost something from their lives and his words were like the cold lumpy earth falling on the coffin of one's dearest friend, as if a light that had burned though dimly like a vestal lamp, but burned on and no one would have it extinguished, had gone out forever.

And then when the twenty years had passed, as I stood by the great presses at Oxford, England, and saw the thousands yea even millions of Bibles being printed each year, I thought some one must be reading this book—it is not yet obsolete—Moses was not the only one who made mistakes.

And then I learned that their distribution had increased twenty fold in the past twenty years; that the book had been translated into every tongue that the human language gave expression to; that races of peoples and great nations who when the words of the great infidel were spoken—fought the Bible from their shores, and would not allow its messengers to remain in their lands, now welcome them and now seek the light and comfort that the Bible reflects; that not only the highest Universities of the world were giving the Bible more attention and study than ever before, but that sober, thoughtful men throughout the Christian world were searching its teaching more carefully than ever.

And that the highest thought and best minds of the world are devoting more time to its study is manifest in the great number of thoughtful and studious volumes now found in libraries and upon the home bookshelves of the world.

Who that has kept step with the march of world events has failed to hear of the great progress of the Bible in Korea, in the New Hebrides, in China, in Japan and in the Islands of the Sea. Even that the latch-string of divine truth had been lifted to the lowest of mankind, the low Telugu tribes of India living beneath a burning sun, under thatched roofs and in rude huts. Even in the jungles where the Hindu clicks his iron rings to charm the Cobra of the tropics to the land of the midnight sun and ice-locked islands of the far North where the sublime and awful silence of God, and the solitude of man is most felt. In the heart of the remotest mountains as well as in the busiest centers of world-life, the Bible is becoming the great hand-lamp and soul-lamp of man.

And there is a sadness. Yea even a pathos when I reflect that the name of Robert Ingersoll is now almost lost to literature, that not a single prominent magazine has had an article regarding him for years, that his life reflects nothing to the present age and that his name is now seldom mentioned. I cannot but be impressed with the poor babbles of man in face of the enduring word of God.

Chicago, Ill.

For the Christian Observer.

## HYMN.

## Enter into His Courts with Praise.

BY MISS A. F. ARCHER.

In the Church of Christ we raise,  
Thoughts to Thee in prayer and praise,  
At thine own appointed place,  
We have met to seek thy grace,  
Thou art One whom we adore,  
Angels could not love Thee more,  
Praise ascends Thy throne on high,  
Ruler of the earth and sky.

Welcome in the coming hour,  
Now display Thy mighty power,  
Fill our souls with light divine,  
Let us know that we are thine,  
Keep us One in heart and mind,  
Bliss alone with Thee we find,  
All we have to Thee we give,  
May we in Thy kingdom live.

Selma, Ala.

For the Christian Observer.

## THE SECRET OF JOY.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

Ought every Christian to be happy? Yes; and he may be so, provided that he seeks in the right quarter for his joys. Brave old Paul, who never uttered a whimper or a whine, sent from Nero's guardhouse this cheery message: "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." He was too wise to exhort us to rejoice in money, for it is a variable possession; or in the society of our households, who may be snatched away at any moment. Our soul's joys, to be solid, must rest on something immovable. The one permanent, unchangeable joy is to have Christ Jesus in the heart and to serve Him in the daily life, and to walk in the sunshine of His love.

A healthy joy is not a mere exhilaration or a rapture. Neither the mind nor the nerves could stand a continual ecstasy. I have observed that some people who live on moods and frames, and are shouting on one day, are very liable to be sulking or scolding on the next day. A strung bow loses its tension. Even spiritual exhilarations are apt to be followed by reactions. Just as soon as we hang our happiness on emotions or changing circumstances of any kind, we go up or we go down with the tide. The thermometer of our joy is at the mercy of outside atmospheres. But if an indwelling, strengthening, and gladdening Saviour be in the heart, if we strive to keep His commandments and walk in the sunshine of His smiles, then we can expect to "rejoice evermore." No blow that does not strike Christ and a clean conscience away, can seriously disturb a healthy Christian's inward peace. Although his fig tree shall not blossom, neither fruit shall be in his vines, although his flock may be cut off in the fold, and there be no herd in his stalls, yet he rejoices in the Lord, and joys in the God of his salvation.

## The Necessary Atmosphere.

Constant external prosperity is the lot of no man, and perfect sinlessness is the attainment of no man. But there is one thing which Christ's followers can do, and that is to keep themselves in the delightful atmosphere of His love. It is our fault and our shame if we spend so many days in the chilling fogs, or under the heavy clouds of unbelief, or in the contaminating atmosphere of conformity to the world. "Is it always foggy here on the banks of Newfoundland?" inquired a passenger of an old Cunard captain. "How should I know, madam. I don't live here."

The love of Jesus Christ is our sunshine, and there are three things which the Master enjoins upon us; if we fulfil them we have got