

# CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN

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## TAKE CHRIST ON BOARD THY LITTLE SHIP.

Take Christ on board thy little ship!  
Trust thou in Him alone.  
Push from the shore, fear not the waves  
That break with sudden moan.  
Although thy vessel trembles sore  
With angry tossing, more and more,  
Still, though the waters raging be,  
And do increase,  
Yet, be at peace,  
For Christ is with thee on the sea!  
If 'midst the howling of the storm  
Thou canst not hold the helm,  
Have courage, for He will not let  
The waves thee overwhelm.  
Yet though the waves surge very high,  
The thunder roll, the lightning fly,  
Thy ship in safety on will sail,  
Up-heaving crest  
Will be at rest  
When Christ is with thee in the gale!

Awake, awake! be watching eye,  
Hope, trust in Him and pray;  
And Christ, the Lord, in His good time  
The tempest will allay.  
The storm is silent at His voice,  
Therefore, oh timid child, rejoice!  
The wildest, loudest waves will cease  
At His command;  
And in His hand  
He holds the rainbow of our peace!  
From the German of Julius Sturm.

## REMINISCENCES OF PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.  
No. 13.

JOHN B. FRENCH, MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

The writer was not at the Seminary with the subject of the present paper. He did not join the Institution till the year 1842 of this current century. But there are reasons for introducing him into this connection. He was a native of the same town with the Reminiscer. We knew John B. French when he was a boy, long before he became a missionary to the celestial Empire of China.

The octogenarian was away from town when the subject of this notice was acquiring his elementary education. This was probably conducted by the Rev. James McVeigh, teacher of a classical academy in Georgetown, D. C., who was a graduate of Union College. He afterwards spent two years at Princeton in the study of theology. He was licensed to preach, but he sat as a ruling elder in the General Assembly which met in 1847 at Richmond. We therefore conclude that he voluntarily returned his license to the Presbytery on account of his academical engagements. This was honorable, but he educated many young men, and was an ardent instructor in a large Sabbath School, and my friend French acted as his helper. The ministry may be demitted. Dr. Chalmers Scott, of Aston, Sandford, and Leigh Richmond ought to have relinquished the ministry when they found themselves destitute of all pretensions to piety, except that the discovery was accompanied by a great spiritual change. Their call to the sacred office was then given.

When his primary education was completed, with a view to further attainments our missionary connected himself with the Columbian College at Washington. It stands on an elevation visible from the city. It has encountered pecuniary difficulties, but we presume that they were relieved by the generous donation of my friend W. W. Corcoran, whose ear has ever been open to the cry of private or public distress. The building is near to Kalorama, formerly the seat of Joel Barlow, our Minister Plenipotentiary to France, or rather to Bonaparte, the great usurper. He was author of the *Columbiad*, a poem which was reviewed with ridicule by Sydney Smith, one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*. Fulton was a frequent guest at Kalorama, and it is said that he one day went down to Rock Creek with a little steam Frigate, and started it on that secluded water course. Some go for the extermination of the Indians because they have killed some white men. Well, if we want to save life it would be wiser to demolish boats and cars.

The parents of this young missionary were members of the Georgetown church, and lived at Eden Bows, in proximity to the place. His father was a lawyer, but abundant in means, he relinquished the pursuit of the law. After his return from Princeton, he became an agent in Virginia for the distribution of tracts and religious books among our valleys, and carried the anction of our blue tints to the hues of the east. He was ordained to the ministry, and set apart to the work of a missionary by the hands of the Presbytery in the church so long attended by the family to which he belonged. The ordination sermon was delivered by the Rev. Robert Berry, at that time pastor of the church, from the text, "Unto me, the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." An appropriate discourse. He then sailed for Canton, in the land of Confucius, where he acquired the language; went to his missionary work, and by marriage associated with himself an accomplished lady with the same philanthropic spirit which he had nursed almost from his boyhood. We shall not enter into the detail of his labors, for all Christian readers know perfectly well the duties of missionaries, and the moral darkness which hovers over the millions of China, India, and Japan. The monthly *Missionary*, both North and South, are rich in tidings from those benighted lands. Suffice it to say that John B. French took delight in his toils.

After ten years of labor in an extensive field, the health of our young brother became seriously impaired. Leave was given him to return at least for a season. As his consort who accompanied him did indeed renew

her pleasant vocation, but her beloved husband died on the homeward voyage, and his remains were committed to the deep. He was never more to behold the land of flowers. But he died in resignation to the Divine will. His heart was a purified urn into which angels had cast many a rose culled from the upper Paradise. We have attended many burials on land, but not one at sea. When the last trumpet shall sound, and the revolving earth shall be brought to a solemn pause, the final Judge will not forget his jewels dispersed among the shells of the ocean. He will count them up that they may appear at His right hand, and hear those blessed words, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." To the eye of God—

What is the sea? a drop of dew  
Beneath a sky of endless blue;  
Reflecting golden suns by day  
That never waste themselves away  
In kindling silver moons by night;  
And stars that make old ocean bright  
In Nature's Book, a period dim,  
Although ten thousand fleets may swim  
Within the boundary of its rim.

I shall not soon forget my native town on the day I received the mournful news that our missionary had departed this life on his way to the home of his widowed mother, the walls of whose dwelling had long been covered with Chinese paper, and rooms furnished with Chinese objects. It devolved on the writer to preach the funeral discourse from the text, "Here am I, send me." The congregation was immense. The Sabbath Schools, the ministers of the towns, people from the various churches, the students of Columbian College, led by Professor Ruggles, were present. Such was the sympathy felt for his mother who, anticipating his coming, had been counting off each day, not on her ceremonial but spiritual bead-rod.—But he is to appear. His work in China was done. But that mother had given up her son to her Divine Lord.

## FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

### PAUL NOT A "BAPTIST."

BY REV. H. H. HAWES.

No. 4.

We come now to Rom. vi: 3-11, which has been a passage for great controversy.—It may be well to refer to Col. ii: 10-15, which treats of the same subject, and where similar expressions are found. The modern views of Immersionists have wholly perverted these passages, by rash and heedless interpretation. Here they find their great stronghold for the baptism into "the liquid grave." But Paul had no such thought.—He gives no such teaching. To show this, notice:

1. The baptism here spoken of is "into Christ" and "into his death," not into nor with water. How are we baptized into Christ? Not with nor into water, but "by one Spirit, are we all baptized into one body." I Cor. xii: 13. We are baptized into Christ by the Holy Spirit. Thus we "put on Christ." Gal. iii: 27. This then is not a water-baptism, but the work of the Holy Spirit who makes us one with Christ, in His death, burial and resurrection. Therefore Paul says, ver. 6, "Our old man (sinful nature) is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed." And Gal. ii: 20, "I am crucified with Christ." That is:—all that was done to Christ in His atoning work is imputed to us when the Holy Spirit unites us to Him. We are accounted as having been in Him. So we were "buried with Him." We were raised "with him through the faith of the operation of God, who raised him from the dead." Col. ii: 12. Paul says to Timothy (ii: 11): "It is a faithful saying: For if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him." This baptism into His death is also baptism into His resurrection, and through Him, into eternal life. Will water suffice for this?

2. Notice the parallel. We do not read—like as Christ was raised up from the dead, even so we are raised up from the "liquid grave"; but—"like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory (power) of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Christian life follows this baptism. Will water produce it? Or take Col. ii: 12. We do not read: Buried like Him in baptism, but "Buried with Him." Nor do we read:—"Wherein also ye are risen like Him, but 'with him.'" And there is no reference to, nor hint of human instrumentalities performing this burying and raising,—"but ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God." What is this "operation of God"? Evidently the working of His Spirit. This is the Holy Spirit's work. "And it is our salvation." See Col. iii: 1-4. No man has the right to turn the words from their meaning to the support of a denomination.

3. This baptism is effectual and permanent in its results. Is it so with water-baptism? This baptism is also called by another term in ver. 5—"For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Now we have precisely the same idea in Col. ii: 6, 7, "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus, the Lord, so walk ye in him; rooted and built up in him, and established in the faith." First the planting then the taking root; then the growing: Does this look like a teaching of immersion? Does putting a sinner under water and taking him out again, plant and root and build him up in Christ? No one will dare to say so.—Yet this is the result of the baptism of which Paul is here speaking. This is what his baptism does. It plants, and roots and builds us up in Christ. Then it is not water-bap-

tism. Verse 11 explains that we are to "reckon" ourselves dead unto sin, and alive unto God, as the result of this baptism. So faith looks back to Christ's atonement, and this faith is the result of this baptism,—the gift of God by His Spirit—the baptizer.

4. Here too circumcision and baptism, ("made without hands," Col. ii: 11) are identical. "Ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh, by the circumcision of Christ; buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him." Not like Him, but with Him. The circumcision and the baptism are one:—two names for the same thing signified. Christ is the administrator of both and each, by His Holy Spirit. In Rom. ii: 29, "Circumcision is that of the heart, in the Spirit." In Rom. vi: 4, Baptism is "newness of life." In Col. ii: 11, Circumcision is "putting off the body of the sins of the flesh." And in I Peter iii: 21, baptism saves us, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. "Not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God." The grand result is "the new creation." Can water baptism create him? See Phil. iii: 3.

5. The burial in baptism Col. ii: 12, is followed (verse 13) by being "quickened together" with Christ. In Rom. vi: 5, We are "planted together." Here we are "quickened together." That is:—together with Christ, when He was dead, buried, and in His resurrection. Does water baptism effect this?

6. In conclusion: Even if we should grant that immersion is taught here, the thing thus taught is and never was practiced. What likeness is there between lifting up a dead body and burying it, covering it up in the grave, and leaving it there to decay, and the act of immersion? We lift up the dead body, without its help. We carry it to the grave, without its help. We lower it into the grave, without its help. Then we pour in the earth upon the coffin, and leave it. That is burial.

What is "immersion"? A man walks or rides to the water, at church or elsewhere. He walks into the water, a certain distance. Then the minister takes hold of him and presses his head and shoulders back under the water, and raises the head and shoulders out of the water. Then the man himself walks out of the water, and home again.—This is immersion? Between the two is not one jot or tittle of likeness. This alone is enough to show that Paul was not teaching immersion here, or anything akin to it.—Much more could be said of these passages. But enough has been said to show that Paul was not a "Baptist." It is simply absurd to make his words here teach the water-baptism of Immersionists.

## FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

### WAS SOLOMON SAVED?

UNDER THE CROSS, OR NEVER!

There seems to be a possibility looming up, as yet no larger than a man's hand, that our Church will be divided into two new factions. These to be known as the Solomon-saved-ites, and the anti-Solomon-saved-ites. It seems that the fate of that millia-married man is not yet settled, and that nothing less than a decree of the Pan Presbyterian Council can decide the question.

It was none of our funeral that was preached in a late *Central* over some brother who, as it seems, has been passing sentence on Solomon. We were always taught that it was eminently improper to pronounce *perdition* upon any body, mentally, vocally, or penally. It is often said that the Bible, out of all the persons it names, declares the evil doom of but one man. This is an example of reticence we should do well to imitate in all cases. But strong and strange indeed must be the faith in damnation which consigns to eternal wrath a man who built the Temple, who wrote three books of the Bible, and who loved God. Still more impossible is it to hold such a view when that man, in what can be called his dying inspired confessions, declares that in all his experiments of life he yet acquainted his heart with wisdom, and that he was not seeking personal pleasure, but in a dark age was trying to find with his magnificent opportunities some good for man. At least if such is not the meaning of Eccles. ii: 3, we confess our inability to understand language.

Yes, we have well-nigh positive assurance that that weary heart rests after its hot life fever, in the land where its sore sickness is healed, where its bitter disappointment and sense of vanity are felt no more. We hold this, yet does it appear that the minister alluded to in the article already named, taught exactly the true earthly lesson of this life, and that his critic has as exactly missed it.

The fourth chapter of Proverbs seems to show that if Solomon was ever a true servant of God, he became such under parental teaching, in the days of childhood. The third chapter of I Kings records that he loved the Lord, before as yet the Lord had appeared unto him. There was then in his selection of wisdom, nothing of a religious or spiritual character. To him alone of mortal men the gift was given which perhaps all have craved. The gift of wishing and having choice was in accordance with his natural nobility and gracious uprightness. He had a great people to rule. He asked for mental capacity to rule them well. He chose well, and the Lord was pleased; for he had taken the best of earthly gifts that he might do good to others. The Lord was pleased. This by no means implies that Solomon had made the best possible selection. Every Christian knows he did not. The royal race, aliens to the earth and contemptors of its rewards, have thirsted for God, for the living God. Often tried, tempted, sinning, and failing, they still came back, like a child that

has wandered from home. It was earthly, not heavenly goodness that decided the choice of Solomon. At all events, he was the one man of the race who had this wish-gift, and he selected an earthly advantage. And now the figure moves before us, not as that of others, but isolated from humanity by this splendid endowment. What will be the history of the man to whom heaven first gives the choice and then gives every earthly good? The short answer he gives himself—*Failure, disappointment, and wretchedness.*

He tried everything, music, architecture, land improvements, gardening, writing poetry, natural philosophy, and mental philosophy. He tried money-making, art collections, stock-raising, grape growing; and turned disgusted away from them all. He found that nothing could satisfy the soul made for God. His whole life was a disappointment. He was a failure in all things. He failed to love even in the domestic circle, failed to train his son rightly, failed as a ruler. The government he inherited he divided. He failed as an author. Of his vast works only a few have survived. As one says, "he has failed speaking humanly as a Bible writer." All of his three books together have had less effect on the world than that one psalm his father wrote when pouring out his own repentance before God. He supplied the phrases which shall be re-echoed as long as human sinfulness shall seek Divine pity. "Have mercy on me, oh God." The lessons largely those of worldly wisdom, which the great son inculcates, are forgotten. Four times, for instance, he warns against the security business. Who heeds him? He failed most of all to exhibit the life of the faith which we believe was in him. Is it not strange that Presbyterian preachers, believers in the perseverance of the saints, are disputing about his final salvation?

Such is the life, the brightest, the darkest, the most brilliant, the most disappointed in the records of time. The life of the one man of the race who had the wish-gift, and who selected the best thing of earth. As the great shade passes out of sight, it points to the wreck of its happiness, and lifts up the veil that shows a heart tortured with longing for good the world could not give. The final utterance is, "Let God be the centre of action and passion." He had learned the last, the highest lesson of the saints. Too late to undo the waste of a mistaken life, but not too late to teach to men, his brothers, toiling and weary along the great highway of time, that the great Father chooses better for them, though now they see it not, than they could choose for themselves. Not too late to teach every child of sorrow and doubt to cry, after reading the history of the one man of earth who had the wish-gift, "Not my will, oh Lord, but thine; and not thy gifts, but Thyself." W. S.

## THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

[Translated for South-Western Presbyterian from Adolphe Monod's Sermon on La Femme.]

UNDER THE CROSS, OR NEVER!

The living Jesus, complete type of the gentle as well as of the strong virtues, is the example for woman, as for man; and Jesus crucified, the only victim who expiates sin, is the only source of that holy love, which, varying only in its application, enfranchises from sin both woman and man. But as between man and woman, if Jesus could find more access to either, would it not be to woman?—He who "is love," "who came not to minister to, but to minister." He who fulfills all in self-abnegation and sacrifice; He who has only appeared on earth to exercise the highest love in the most profound humility? Sisters! do I deceive myself in thinking that there is nothing on earth more sympathetic to Jesus Christ than the heart of woman? Superfluous question! No, I could not be deceived, unless your heart denied all its instincts. Christian faith, clinging so strongly to the depths of humanity, is it not strange that by the mere force of its naturalness it adapts itself so marvelously to all the necessities of our moral nature that you cannot be truly woman, but on condition of receiving the gospel? The Christian woman is not only the best of women; she is, at the same time, the most truly woman. Oh, then, you who desire to accomplish the humble and beneficent mission of your sex—under the cross, or never!

Also, dear sisters, the first help which man has a right to expect from you is a spiritual help. It is little that he owes you the consolation of this life of a day, if he does not—as much as lieth in you—owe you the possession of life eternal.

Not only does true charity—that which subordinates time to eternity—demand it of you, but, as the Scriptures teach, justice itself binds you to this.

Your sex has to repair towards ours an original wrong, and it is a spiritual wrong. What we should reproach you with in the fall, where we have only followed you—did we not think it due to reserve our severity for ourselves—is not that death you introduced into the world, nor that life poisoned with numbered littleness, which your tender sympathy itself cannot always alleviate; it is a greater evil, the only real and absolute evil—sin—for which the first man was doubtless inexcusable, but he committed it, drawn thereto by the first woman.

Picture Eve, kneeling with Adam, by the corpse of the one son murdered by the other, as the Divine malediction drives them far out into the desert and silent earth! At the sight of the visible and present fruits of sin; at the thought of its future and invisible fruits; if the tender regard of Adam does not say to Eve: Restore me the favor of God, peace with myself, the days of Eden, innocence, and the holy love for God and thee! doubt not she speaks it all to herself. She thinks it too little to give to Adam the consolations of earth, could she not bear to him those of heaven. And, unable to undo the evil already done, she urges and implores him to turn his weeping eyes to the deliverer promised to repair all, and to re-establish all, and to open to the race fallen, but reconciled, a second Eden more beautiful than that whose entrance is barred by the swords of the cherubim. If such are the sentiments of Eve, let every Eve be blest! With that heart Eve touches many; and in the woman who lost the world by sin, I already discover the woman who is to save it. If there be any who has been an Eve for man, shall there not be those who shall be to him as Mary, and give him the Saviour? Behold your task! If you respond not to it, though you passed your entire life in benevolence, your action would be incomplete; and after having been hailed with the name of "good woman;" "deaconess;" "sister of charity," you would appear before God as "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." But how give the Saviour to others if you possess him not in your own heart? Women who hear me, once more—under the cross, or never!

When the Prophet Hosea would turn Israel unto God with a great repentance, what was his expedient? Strange enough this—"Take with you words and turn." An easy and cheap repentance it would seem to be. For how much do our popular writers and talkers (and they should know) tell us what an age of wordiness this is. There is no currency so debased as the ordinary professions of social intercourse. If speech has any value, how much more silence. If speech is silver, silence is gold, while action without profession is above rubies. How contemptuously does even Shakespeare cry out "Words! words! words!"

How then does the prophet, when he would bring back wandering sinners from the extremes of wickedness, cry, "Take with you words and turn unto God?" Why does he say nothing about deeds, nothing about the bringing of sacrifices and the rendering of services? Because, after all, he knew that words are among the most priceless and potent of all good agencies the world has in its keeping. Even those who inveigh against the cheapness of words do it in words. Those who praise the gold of silence use the coinage of words in its eulogy. The highest efforts of genius have been manifested in words. Think of the poems of Homer and Milton—words with the preciousness of immortality in them. The Bible itself—what is it but a book of words? The Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, the Epistles of Paul, are verbal agencies of blessing among the mightiest ever conceived of for man's salvation. The fate of nations has been decided by a single sentence, as when it was blazoned on the palace walls of Belshazzar, "Thy kingdom is divided;" or when those two words were spoken by Imperial Rome of her great rival—*Carthago delenda est.*

It is earnest and honest words the prophet meant when he told the people to take them and turn to God. Such words he knew would have the same power with God they do with men. They would not be cheap, but costly things. You go to your neighbor in your need, with a note of hand for a thousand dollars. He writes two words on the back of it—Roger Sherman—it is his name, and the words are worth \$500 apiece. They are more serviceable than his deeds would have been in bringing you in several visits a thousand silver dollars in his hands. Your are in business straits, and say so to your banker. He replies, "Come to me for the accommodation you need." If it is \$5,000 you need, those words are worth \$1,000 apiece; because your banker is an honest man and means what he says. His words are not cheap, but costly. Just so mightily are honest words in our dealing with God. Paul midway to Damascus cried "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" They were honest words, and cost him all the hardships and heroisms of his future apostleship. Peter's "Thou knowest that I love thee" were costly words that had to be paid for in martyrdom. What recompense they gained him for the cost, I need not say. 'Twas a joy eternal that made the brief pains of the Roman cross too insignificant to be remembered. What high valuation the Lord set upon his servants' word that he should reward them in that way. Every honest word of repentance and prayer you speak to God, he as truly values. Suppose you take the short prayer Hosea taught to Israel, and make it your own. If you are a wicked man it will revolutionize your whole life. The first sentence of that prayer would do it. "Take away all iniquity." If you honestly say that, you mean "Strip me, O Lord, of all my sinful practices, and do it in any way that will accomplish the end." Iniquity is my greatest shame and sorrow, take it away, no matter what goes with it; though it cost me the good opinion of men to stand well with thee; though it cost all my fortune to make restitution for my wrong doing; though it cost me a struggle with my appetites and lusts like the plucking out of a right eye."

"Take away all iniquity" means take away all dishonesty and envy and jealousy; take them away by making me put them away at every sacrifice and suffering. Men have a thousand times uttered such prayers at all this expense. But they were honest prayers, and the words were not cheap but golden. It was a speech more precious than the silence David kept when his bones

waxed old, and which he so happily superseded by the words of confession that brought him forgiveness of sin and freedom from its power.—N. Y. Evangelist.

## DIVINE VALUATION OF WORDS.

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waxed old, and which he so happily superseded by the words of confession that brought him forgiveness of sin and freedom from its power.—N. Y. Evangelist.

## WHAT IS FAITH?

It was a dark night; a high wind was blowing without, while the family of Mr. H. were lying quietly in their beds, breathing calmly in the soundest slumbers.

All at once Mr. H. was aroused by the terrible cry of fire. He was not sufficiently waked, at first, to understand the cause; but the sound grew nearer and nearer, and soon many were gathered under his windows.—"Fire! fire! your house is on fire!" they shouted, as they pounded heavily upon the doors. Throwing a few clothes around him, Mr. H. rushed to the door, and what was his surprise and fear to discover that his own dwelling was in flames! He hastily returned, called up his terrified wife, and taking the babe and the next elder child, they quickly sought a shelter in an adjoining house.—His eldest son, about ten years of age, slept in a chamber in another part of the house, near the room of the servant-maid who lived in the family.

Immediately the father hastened to rescue him, feeling but little anxiety for his property, if his family only might all be saved.—On his way he met the maid. "Where is Charles?" said Mr. H., surprised to see her alone.

"Crying in his room," answered the frightened girl. "I have but just escaped, and the stairs are now all in flames."

The fire had broken out in that part of the house, and the flames were now spreading with fearful rapidity. Almost distracted, Mr. H. rushed out, and hastened to the part of the house beneath the window of his son's sleeping room.

The window was thrown up. The terrified boy was standing there, crying out in agony: "Father! father! how shall I get out?"

He could be seen by the glare of the fire in the room; but he could see no one beneath him—it was so dark—although he heard many voices.

"Here I am, my son," cried out the deeply moved father. "Here I am: fear not. Lay hold of the sill of the window, and drop yourself down. I will certainly catch you."

Charles crept out of the window, and clinging with the grasp of a drowning person, he hung, trembling, and afraid to let go.

"Let go, my son," cried the father. "I can't see you, father."

"But I am here, my son."

"I'm afraid, father, that I shall fall."

"Let go; you need not fear," again shouted the father.

The flames began to approach the window—the casement grew hot—if he stayed there he would be burned. He recollected that his father was strong; that he loved him, and would not tell him to do anything that would injure him. He drew in his breath, unclasped his fingers, and in a moment was in his father's arms, overpowered, and weeping for joy at his wonderful escape.

Now notice, little friend, that Charles first felt his hopeless situation. He could not escape any other way save by the window.—He could not see his father, but heard his voice. In the second place, he thought with his mind that his father was strong, and able to catch him. And, thirdly, he believed, or trusted, with his heart, that his father would save him, and then dropped trembling, into his arms.

So when we feel that we are sinners, there is only one way to escape the punishment. We cannot save ourselves. We do not see Jesus, but we hear His voice in the Bible, and know He is here. We believe His word: we fear no longer: Jesus will not deceive us and we fall into His arms.—*The Way to Jesus.*

The Power of a Hymn.

The suggestive story is quoted by the Rev. J. Belcher, D. D., in his *Sketches of Hymns*, that "Rev. Dr. Perrine one Sabbath morning preached a peculiarly effective sermon on the consequences of an evil life. At a dinner table, where was present a large company, a young man exclaimed, 'Such preaching only hardens me, and makes me worse.' I replied, 'It is possible you think it makes you worse, when it makes you conscious of sin that was before slumbering in your heart.' 'No,' said he, 'it hardens me. I am at this moment less susceptible to anything like conviction for hearing that discourse. I feel more inclined to resist everything like good impressions than usual.' 'Yet, I rejoined, 'good impressions are those best adapted to secure the desired end; and I am greatly mistaken if an increase of the effect which you feel would not be greatly useful to you. If, for instance, you should read now Watt's version of the 51st Psalm, it would take a deep hold on your heart.' 'Not in the least,' said he. 'I could read it without moving a muscle. I wish I had the book, I would read it to you.' 'We have one,' said the lady present, who was fully aware of the excitement under which he was laboring.—He commenced to read with compressed lips and firm voice:

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not Thy mercies broad and free?  
May not a sinner trust in Thee?"

Towards the last part of the stanza a little tremulousness of voice was plainly discernible. He rallied again, however, and commenced the second verse with more firmness: "Oh, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes."

At the last part of the stanza his voice faltered more manifestly. He commenced upon the third with great energy, and read

in a loud, sonorous voice, the whole company looking on in breathless silence:

"My lips with shame my sins confess,"  
As he read the second line:  
"Against Thy law, against Thy grace,"

his lips quivered, and his utterance became indistinct, and he rushed from the room overwhelmed with emotion.

Oftentimes the power of the Holy Spirit, convicting of sin or impelling to duty, is greater than we realize. Let no one, therefore, dare to frustrate the grace of God."

Beirut, Syria.

Bishop Marvin says of his recent visit there:

We received very cordial attention from Mr. Edgar, the American Consul at Beirut. He is the son of Dr. Edgar, one of the former Presbyterian pastors of Nashville, Tenn., a man largely known in the South.

Our visit to Syria has been very suggestive. Here, where there was a high state of civilization, while yet the greater part of Europe was still in a savage condition. How is this? Why is it? Is Islamism responsible for it? Did the Christians, in rejecting Christ, recoil into stagnation and render progress an impossible thing? A mere glance at the country is sufficient to show that it is not due to physical conditions, for there is every thing here to constitute the basis of the highest prosperity. Enterprise, intelligence, and moral power, are all that is needed to make this what it once was, one of the most magnificent countries on the face of the earth. The Turk and the False Prophet have shed a blight upon it. In proof, see the prosperity already brought about, in less than twenty years, under the Christian Government of Mount Lebanon.

Protestant Missions are not a failure, but a great success. We have had large observation of them now, from Yokohama to Beirut. The men engaged in the work are generally of a high order of intelligence and personal force. They are the representatives of the Son of God among the heathen—and among the half heathen found in degenerate churches. They are charged with his word, which is quick and powerful, and is proving itself to be so by innumerable victories already achieved. This divine word is the sword having two edges that proceeds out of his mouth, and pierces to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, of the soul and spirit, being a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. The nineteenth century is a new point of departure in the history of the Church. It opens the missionary epoch, and is itself the outgrowth of the great revivals of the eighteenth century. Those revivals are again the fruit of the Reformation, which expended itself in controversy for two hundred years, until its ideas became crystallized and its forms defined and animated with their proper spirit.

The forces that are potential in the eternal Word are coming into full expression, and he is going forth conquering the nations.—Surely he will never stay his hand until the last enemy is prostrate under his feet.

## Meeting a Sermon.

Archbishop Leighton, returning home one morning, was asked by his sister, "Have you been hearing a sermon?"

"I've