

# STRAY ARROWS.

BY THE

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## Note by the Publishers.

A PART of this little book, with the same title, was published several years since, but the edition having been long ago exhausted and the work still frequently called for, this new edition, with several additional articles, among which are "The Flowers of Culloden," "Two Hours with Dr. Duff," &c., is now presented to the public.

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## The Bow at a Venture.

AMONG the many delightful prayer-meetings held during a revival in the town of B——, there was one which I never can forget, and which some souls, I trust, will remember in that hour when the redeemed shall be summoned in to the marriage supper of the Lamb. It was held in a private dwelling, and the rooms were thronged. The house was as silent as the grave, when I entered, and many were sitting with their heads bowed and their faces covered. An awful solemnity hung over the little assembly, for the Spirit of the Lord "was in that

place." An hour was spent in singing two or three inviting hymns, and while two aged men (both far up the Delectable Mountains) poured forth fervent prayers, which were interrupted by frequent sobs, and ejaculations. When the benediction was pronounced, a request was made that all who desired private conversation on the state of their souls would remain. The whole assembly settled back again, as one man, into their seats! The scene was overwhelming. Some of those before me were professed Christians, some had been openly profane, many of them were strangers. It was evident that a word must be spoken to all, and the bow be "drawn at a venture."

Near me sat a young female dressed in black, whose face betokened a deep solemnity. I had never seen her before, and supposed her to be a member of a

neighboring church who had come in to unite her prayers with our own. Approaching her respectfully, I ventured to ask her if "she had any hope that she was a child of God?" Her head dropped in a moment; she burst into tears, and in her deep emotion her answer to me was not intelligible. With a kind word of exhortation I left her, and after a little inquiry I learned that she had been for a long time utterly thoughtless, and a perpetual neglecter of the house of God. At our next meeting I saw the same face again, but sadder than before. At the end of a fortnight (one of indescribable anguish to her struggling soul) the cloud left her brow, and the serenity of a peace that passeth understanding sat like a dove upon her happy countenance. She is now an humble and consistent member of the fold of Christ.

Farther on was a timid and retiring young member of my congregation, with whom I had never had an opportunity for conversation. As she sat with her face covered, I addressed a few pointed inquiries to her and turned away. The next day a member of my church called upon me to say that the person whom I had addressed as impenitent and thoughtless, was a church-member before I came to B—, but her name had either been omitted from the record, or confounded with that of two others in the congregation bearing the same name. I sent the necessary explanation to her, and thought no more about it. When nearly a month had elapsed, the same person who had before waited on me, stopped me one evening at the church-door and said, "I wish you would call on M— T—, and endeavor to calm her. She is in a

state of utter despair. Those remarks that you made to her in the inquiry-meeting by mistake have troubled her ever since. She fears now that she never was a true Christian, and after a long struggle with her pride, she can no longer conceal her anguish. I fear, sir, that she will lose her reason." I called at once, as requested, and found the unhappy young woman the picture of despair. It was a long time before her weeping eyes could be turned toward Calvary, or she could be persuaded that there was mercy left for one who had so long done despite to the Spirit of divine grace. But the wound which the stray arrow—guided by infinite wisdom—had made, was at length healed. The Master's gentle voice whispered "Peace." She went on her way rejoicing, and though her eye may never rest on this

humble volume, she can hardly forget to her dying-day that interview in the inquiry-meeting.

During the progress of the revival, it was pleasant to hear from one how he had been awakened by a tract handed to him, "at a venture"—how another had been aroused by some particular passage in a discourse—and how some had been reached by truths that were aimed at others than themselves. "Dr. C—— preached entirely *at me* last evening," said a young man to me one Monday morning "He reached my own case exactly, and I never heard such a sermon before." It is certain that he never heard before with such a spirit as then; and for that discourse he will doubtless bless Redeeming Love when the ransomed host shall shout their *Harvest Home!*

Fainting and desponding minister of

Christ! who shall dare to tell you, when you have come back from preaching the cross boldly and earnestly, that many an arrow may not have pierced the waiting souls around you? You may not have seen its flight. You may have heard no outcry of the wounded soul. You may have seen no tears, and heard no groans. You may *never* hear of them in this world. But in the great day of retribution you shall stand as God's appointed archer, with the trophies of redeeming grace about you,—and stars shall blaze in the coronet of your rejoicing, which are now unseen save by Him who seeth in secret and rewardeth openly.

## Rescuing the Lost.

A FEW months since two American vessels set off from one of our sea-ports on a long and adventurous voyage. They were manned by bold and fearless seamen; by men in the prime of their vigor, and in the fresh enthusiasm of youth. A little while before, *other* vessels, freighted in the same manner for a protracted cruise, had shaken out their sails and unmoored from the British ports. They had all turned their bows in the same direction, and bore up towards the Polar seas. The same errand took them all, and in months past had called forth

others still, who had gone below the horizon, and never yet returned. And what was the object of that bold adventure? Have they committed themselves to the perils of those howling seas, for the lust of gold? Have they gone for the Polar furs, or the spoils of the Northern fisheries? Was it a battle-fleet, well manned for slaughter and for victory? Was it even an expedition for scientific exploration—to determine a magnetic pole, or find out the long-sought North-West passage?

No! No! For an object vastly higher and nobler than any selfish scheme of gain, or glory, have they gone. It is an errand of *mercy*, on which they sally forth in defiance of tempest and of iceberg. That fleet—like the squadrons which encircled the shores of famine-stricken Ireland in her hour of misery—is a fleet of

humanity. It goes not out armed with murderous guns, to destroy, but with food and raiment, with chart and compass, to rescue and restore. It goes to seek, and (if possible) to save—to “save the lost.” The whole heart of the civilized world had throbbed with anxiety for Sir John Franklin, and his long-absent crew. One noble woman’s heart—God grant not yet a *widow’s* heart! has touched all the rest with the magnetism of kindred sympathy. Christian philanthropy responds to these generous impulses, and fits out her squadrons to seek and to save the lost.

Now there is no one who does not sympathize with that enterprise of moral grandeur—no one who does not feel for those lost men, and applaud the heroic philanthropy which risks so much to save them. But have you forgotten that *another* expedition was once undertaken

on a far nobler, far grander, far holier errand of compassion? Not to save one commander and his crew, but to save an *imperilled world!* Not to save the countless multitude from physical death, but from an eternal death—a death that never dies. Not to bring them back to human homes and kindred, but to a celestial home—a home in the Paradise of God. This expedition that I am speaking of, was not undertaken by a whole company of men to rescue their fellow-men, but by one Personage to rescue His own rebellious enemies. Not to endure the physical hardships of one Arctic winter did He come, but to endure the sorrows of a whole life of suffering; nor was it with the mere *risk* of death as in the case of our philanthropists, but with the actual and expectant *certainty* of dying an ignominious death for those whom he came to

seek, and save. And when men came around Him with their sneers, and scoffs, and wished to know who He was, and what brought Him among them, He gave them back the glorious answer—"The Son of Man is come to seek, and to save the lost!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Carry your minds forward to the consummation of the magnificent scheme of grace.—The success of the Polar expedition for the lost mariners you can imagine. What a sight would it be to behold the gallant Franklin and his comrades, marched once more through London's streets—all there—all safe—all well—the faces of many weather-beaten tars streaming with tears of joy! What a peal of welcome would greet them, and with what huzzas would their bold deliverers be hailed from every window and

every crowded house-top! But what is such a scene compared with the triumphant entry of the ransomed Church of Christ through the flashing streets of the New Jerusalem! Listen to the hallelujah-peals of joy as they pass along, a multitude that no man can number. One song animates and fires them all! Listen to it as the far-off wave of melody rolls on—**“WORTHY IS THE LAMB!”** And then, as it comes nearer, we hear the whole **“heavenly oratorio,”** with its myriads of voices—**“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive wisdom, and power, and riches, and honor, and blessing. Unto Him that loved us, and gave Himself for us, be the glory and the dominion, forever!”**

## The Church Thermometer.

WELL, what is that? Ask any veteran pastor who has weathered the storms, and rejoiced in the sunshines of a long ministerial life, and he will tell you that it is the social *prayer-meeting*. The true thermometer of a church, to indicate its spiritual temperature, is the weekly gathering around the mercy-seat. A cold prayer-meeting marks a cold church. It is at once the cause, and the effect of spiritual declension.

If the place of prayer is well nigh deserted; if the few who are present bodily seem absent in spirit; if the prayers of

ferred are languid, formal, meaningless, without point, and without unction, then the pastor has abundant cause for heart-heaviness and tears. Sermons preached to such a people, are like discourses delivered in one of the ruined temples of Luxor, with the shrivelled dead embalmed around him, and grim heads of stone looking down from every capital. His hands hang down, and his spirit faints.

And as a church has no surer symptom of decay than a decaying prayer-meeting, so nothing feels the approach of a revival so palpably as the place of prayer. A revival commonly begins there. The deserted seats are filled. Those who "*could not* leave their business," now find but little difficulty in closing the doors of their shops or their counting-rooms. The absent *Thomases* are once more with the deserted flock of disciples, and wonder to

find the risen Saviour there too, with His benedictions. Those who seldom prayed, are now ready to pour out their souls in supplication. The "gift of tongues" has descended. The slow of speech have become eloquent. The timid have grown bold. The sluggish are mounting up with wings as eagles. A latent power is developed in the church, which astounds both pastor and people. The prayer-meeting, too, becomes a place for communion with each other, as well as for communion with God. Old differences are forgotten. Old wounds are healed. Church members will grasp each others' hands, and inquire about a neighbor's spiritual health, with more solicitude than they manifest in asking about a sick friend. They will linger together about the hallowed spot, talking of the mercies of God to their souls, and they will be loath to go away. They

are one in heart; the church is a living unity.

The experienced mariner constantly "consults the glass." Brethren! if we are wise, we, too, will keep a lookout upon the thermometer of the church. A prayer-meeting "below freezing point" is a fatal indication.

## Pulpit Earnestness.

It is recorded of the devoted John Welch, that he used to keep a plaid upon his bed, that he might wrap himself in it when he rose during the night for prayer. Sometimes his wife found him on the ground, weeping. When she complained, he would say, "Oh! woman! I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, and I know not how it is with many of them." Possessed with such a sense of responsibility to God, and to the people of his charge, how can any true minister of the cross withhold himself from an earnest devotion to his work of arousing souls, and point-

ing them to Christ? He feels his momentous responsibility during the week while preparing the beaten oil for the sanctuary. It covers him like a garment. It haunts him in the silent watches of the night. It absorbs his thoughts, and breathes out in every fervid utterance of his closet.

But it is in the pulpit that the earnest ambassador for Christ feels the long-suppressed solicitude break forth in an overflow of fervid and pathetic expostulations. Whatever is most powerful in argument, or most winning in entreaty, or most thrilling in appeal, he then seizes upon, and appropriates it to his mighty theme. He pleads. He warns. He invites. He points now to the yawning pit, red with the flames of wrath, and now to the cross, red with a Saviour's blood. The very grandeur of his theme *possesses him*. It leads him away from the influences of time and

sense about him. For the moment, he is no longer in this world. Its illusions have all passed away. He is surrounded by other and mightier auditors. The light of eternity plays about him, and reveals the tremendous pomp of the judgment scene. To his eye, the awful consummation has already come! The Judge is descending. The books are opening. The heavens are passing away with a great noise. The angels are separating the vast multitudes to the right hand and to the left hand of the Judge, and among them, *he sees his own heavens*. Some of them are crowned with the unfading crown; and some of them—appalling sight!—are driven away wailing to the gates of despair!

With such a spectacle before him, with the shrieks of his perishing neighbors ringing in his very ears, can any appeal be too importunate, can any en-

treaty be too earnest? Is it any wonder that he is ready to throw himself across the pathway of the blinded sinner, and beseech him not to commit the eternal suicide? Even if his overwhelming solicitude move him to tears, he feels that it is better for him to weep here than for his hearers to weep in hell.

It was with such emotions that the great Apostle set before the trembling Felix the realities of a coming judgment, and startled the proud Agrippa on his marble throne. It was with such emotions that the fervid Whitfield was borne on in his impassioned oratory, until his auditors became as "dead men beneath his feet." Such was the intense agony of Bunyan when he "went to his people in chains to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in his own conscience which he persuaded them to beware of."

If an undevout astronomer is "mad,"

how much more is a listless and stupid ambassador of the cross! Amid all the vast assemblage at the judgment-bar, who will appear to have been guilty of a stranger insanity than the unfaithful man who, with the vows of a minister of Christ upon his soul, and the truth of God in his hands, yet forbore to warn men of their coming danger! That sinners themselves were mad in this world, they will then, of themselves, confess. How they came to be guilty of such madness they can somewhat comprehend. But how any man who knew to what a hell they were rushing should have neglected to warn them against it, is enough to fill them with amazement and with horror. And as they turn away toward their long eternity of woe, Oh! how will they vent their fiercest imprecations upon that faithless man as a chief accomplice in their ruin!

## God's Book for Man's Intellect.

THE imagination of man will find its aliment. If high things and pure things are not within its reach, it will condescend to things of low estate. If it is not restrained, it will run riot; if it is not elevated by what is holy, it will be corrupted and debauched by what is base.

Here, as in everything else that is rational and right, God's transcendent Word comes in with its ministrations to man's necessities. It feeds the imagination with the loftiest sublimities,—with the purest and noblest conceptions of the beautiful. Let him who would expand,

and elevate, and invigorate his imagination to the highest degree, go not to the creations of human fancy, to the drama of Greece, to the oratory of Rome, or to the romances of German genius. Let him turn away from the Iliad and the Æneid, from King Lear and Othello. Let him nurture his soul where John Milton fed before he gave existence to the immortal poem of Paradise. Let him contemplate those scenes which inspired a Bunyan to his matchless allegory, and taught Jeremy Taylor his hearse-like melodies. Let him listen to the lyre of David, and the rapt sublimities of Isaiah. Let him give ear to the mystic utterances of Habakkuk, and gaze on the gorgeous panoramas of the Apocalypse. Let him open his soul to that "oldest choral melody, the book of Job, so like the summer midnight with its seas and stars."

Here is enough to stimulate the most torpid soul, enough to task the most aspiring intellect, enough to gratify the most fastidious taste, enough to satisfy the cravings of all created mind, whether human or angelic. Go to the Bible! ye who yearn for the beautiful and the ennobling, unmingled with the degrading and the poisonous. Spend your nightly studies on the word of God, man of taste, and lover of the lovely! Nowhere else will your intellectual hungerings be so fully satisfied. "While the King sitteth at His table, His spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof. His plants are an orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits; a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams out of Lebanon."

## The Flower of Rydal.

A DRY, withered flower lies by me, which I gathered on a sweet July morning, beside the door-way of Wordsworth's cottage on Rydal Mount, and it tempts me to a word of reminiscence of this extraordinary man. I had come up from Ambleside to spend an hour with him, as he always gave a hearty welcome to the few Americans who wandered in to his secluded home. His cottage stands at the summit of a deeply-shaded hill, and is covered all over with ivy and with woodbine. The cottage was just what I expected in appearance, but not

its illustrious occupant. Instead of a grave, pensive man, in scholastic black, I found a most affable, smiling, lovable old man, dressed in a well-worn coat of *blue* (with metal buttons,) and checked breeches, and with a broad-brimmed white hat lying by his side. He looked like a substantial farmer, just come in for his "nooning;" and his greeting had a broad heartiness in it, that took me all aback. His face was long and thin—his complexion highly florid—his hair fell upon his shoulders, and over his half-closed eyes he wore a pair of large green spectacles.

Without any preliminaries, he entered at once into a genial and most familiar conversation, talked of America with great enthusiasm, particularly of his friend Washington Irving, and of Mrs. Sigourney, who had once paid him a

delightful visit. For years he had hoped to see our country for himself, but the duties of a small office which he held, and on which he was partially dependent, had prevented the undertaking.

His library was not large, but among his books he showed me with evident pleasure a beautiful copy of Professor Reed's American edition of his poetry, which he preferred above any English edition that had yet been produced. Had Wordsworth been a richer man, he would hardly have been a great collector of books. When a visitor once said to his servant, "Is this your master's study?" "No, sir," replied the man, "my master's study is *out of doors*."

I was not surprised, therefore, to hear presently from the old poet an invitation to walk out into his grounds, and see the neighboring views. As we moved

about through the well-trimmed walks, he talked on with the most lively enthusiasm. "Yonder is Rydal Water." And there it lay, a mere shellful of water, environed round by bold towering hills. In front, over the steeple of the parish church, was *Grassmere*, the lake along whose beach Coleridge was wont to wander, and beside which he composed the "Ancient Mariner." Beyond was *Helvellyn*, the mountain king, with his retinue of a hundred hills, and at his feet lay ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Of all these scenes, and the great men who had haunted them during years gone by, the aged man talked on until we reached again his cottage door. He then bade me farewell, with a parting "God bless you;" I pulled this little flower, (then fresh and bright,) and turned slowly away from Rydal Mount. That

cottage is now a lonely spot. The venerable interpreter of nature no longer leans on his staff beneath that door-way. Within a stone's throw of that "Mount" is a plain tomb, on which more than one moistened eye has read the name of **WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.**

## Holy Rutherford.

IN the sequestered parish of Anworth, in Scotland, there was standing, not many years since—and perhaps still stands to this hour—a quaint, old, rustic church. The swallows, during many a summer, built their nests in the crannies of its rude roof. The weather-beaten walls were garnitured with moss, and festooned with creeping vines. The rusty key of that kirk door still hangs as a precious relic in the new College of Edinburgh. The old oaken pulpit is still preserved. And well it may be. For in that pulpit once stood a man, of whom it used to be said, that he

“is *always* praying, *always* preaching, *always* visiting the sick, *always* catechizing, and *always* writing and studying.” He it was who uttered that memorable saying to his beloved people: “My witness is above, that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all, as two salvations to me.” That was the pulpit of SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

The savory discourses once preached in that hallowed place, to weeping and melted auditors, have, for the most part, perished long ago. But still that pastor is remembered, and will be while there are loving Christian hearts on earth. His world-known “Letters” will be Rutherford’s enduring memorial. They were written more than two centuries ago, and yet the smell of the myrrh and the cassia has never departed. They have but little historical interest. They are not argu-

mentative. They are not descriptive. They are *pure devotion*—the very pith and essence of a soul that was all alive with love to Christ—the outflow of a sweet fountain that knew no intermission. Those who have read the biography of the sainted McCheyne, will remember that Rutherford's Letters were the constant companion of his private hours; and it must have been a rare book that McCheyne would allow to accompany his Bible into his closet. Cecil used to style Rutherford "one of his classics." Richard Baxter said, "Hold off the Bible, and such a book the world never saw!" This sounds extravagant to those who have never gone themselves into this orchard, and plucked the luscious fruit, and never sat down themselves at the banquet, where the

"Ripe apples drop about our heads,  
And the purple clusters of the vine,  
Upon our mouths do crush their wine."

In reading the beautiful edition of these Letters published by the Carters, we are irresistibly tempted to draw our pencil over the margin of nearly every page. In opening the goodly volume before us, we find a mark beside this passage:—  
“Welcome, welcome Jesus. in what way soever Thou comest, if we can but get a sight of Thee. And sure I am that it is better to be sick, providing that Christ come to the bedside, and draw aside the curtains, and say, ‘*Courage! I am thy salvation!*’ than to enjoy lusty health, and never to be visited of God.” In the same strain he writes afterwards: “His most loved ones are most tried. The lintel-stones and pillars of his new Jerusalem suffer more knocks of God’s hammer than the common side-wall stones.” Sometimes his rapt soul seems in a sort of delirium of heavenly love, as when in wri-

ting to Lady Kenmure, he says:—"Honorable lady, keep your first love. Hold the first match with that soul-delighting, lovely Bridegroom, our sweet, sweet Jesus, the Rose of Sharon, and the sweetest smelled rose in all His Father's garden. I would not exchange one smile of His lovely face for kingdoms. Let others take their silly, feckless heaven in *this* life. Put up your heart! Shout for joy! Your King is coming to fetch you to His Father's house." In writing of the indestructibility of the Church, he says:—"The bush has been burning these five thousand years, *but no man yet saw the ashes of that fire.*"

For that Church he underwent sore and harassing persecutions. He was confined for two years at Aberdeen, but "found Jesus sweet to him in that place." At St. Andrews he spent some years, both as

professor and as preacher. From his collegiate chair he was deposed by the Government, and his works were burned in Edinburgh by the hands of the common hangman. He was summoned before Parliament on a false charge of treason. But the summons came too late. He was on his dying-bed, and calmly remarked, that he had got another summons before a superior Judge, and sent this message:—"I behove to answer my first summons; and ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks ever come."

On the 20th of March, 1661, Rutherford laid aside his earthly vestments to put on the wedding-garment in the Saviour's presence. His last words were, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!" He seemed to be already standing in the pearly gateway. The Parliament, on hearing that he was dying, voted

that he should not die in the College as a Professor. Lord Burleigh arose, and said, "*You cannot vote him out of heaven !*"

## A Death-bed Preacher.

THERE are many ways of preaching Christ's gospel without choosing a text, or standing in a pulpit. This glorious work is not restricted to any time, or place, or class of individuals. A Wilberforce could proclaim the gospel of love on the platform of Exeter Hall, or the floor of Parliament-House, though he never wore a surplice, and never had a prelate's ordaining hand upon his honored head. Thomas Cranfield preached to the boisterous rabble of Wapping, till, in their delight, they were ready to reward him with "three cheers" for his thrilling exhorta-

tion. Hannah More preached Christ in the drawing-room; and Elizabeth Fry in the prison-cell. Harlan Page scattering tracts through a city work-shop, Nettleton whispering his solemn words to weeping souls in an Inquiry-meeting, the Dairyman's Daughter murmuring the name of Jesus with her faint dying voice, and the Shepherd of Salisbury-plain, leaning on his crook to talk about eternity to a passer-by, were all intensely earnest 'preachers of righteousness.' The church has had few more faithful preachers than THOMAS HALYBURTON, and his most impressive discourses were delivered on a dying bed. "This is the best pulpit," said he, "that ever I was in; I am laid on this bed for this very end, that I may commend my Lord."

The careful and erudite sermons that were prepared for the pulpit of Ceres and

St. Andrews are now well nigh forgotten ; but the savory discourses that fell from his lips during that last month of his holy life, will live, we trust, till the last saint shall go down to the dark river. Let him who would learn how the sting of death may be plucked away, and how (to use Halyburton's own phrase) 'a frail mortal may shake hands with the king of terrors,' let him read the closing chapters of that Memoir which the Free Church of Scotland has reproduced for the edification of her children. What a spirit must that man have possessed who could have recorded the death of a favorite son in such words as these !

"March 23, 1712. The Lord's day, a day to be remembered by me. Oh ! my soul never forgot what this day I reached. My soul had smiles that almost wasted nature. My kind colleague and I prayed

alternately ; Oh such a sweet day ! About half an hour after the Sabbath, my child, after a sharp conflict, slept pleasantly in Jesus, to whom pleasantly he was so often given."

To his wife, who stood weeping by his bedside, he once said, "My sweet bird, are you there? I am no more thine. I am the Lord's. On the day I took you by the hand, I wist not how I could ever get my heart off you again ; but now I have got it done. Do not weep ; you should rather rejoice. Rejoice with me, and let us exalt His name together. We shall be in the same family in heaven ; but you, must even stay a while behind, and take care of God's bairns." At another time he remarked to her, after a night of agonizing pain—"Jesus came to me in the third watch of the night, walking upon the waters ; and He said to me,

‘I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, I have the keys of hell and of death,’” and then he added, “He stilled the tempest in my soul, and lo! there was a sweet calm!”

. When the Eighty Fourth Psalm had been sung for him, he said, “I always had a mistuned voice, but, which was worst of all, *a mistuned heart*; but shortly when I join the temple service above, there shall not be, world without end, one string of my affections out of tune.” To his aged elder he remarked—“James, ye are an old man, and I am dying; yet the child is going to die an hundred years old. I am like a shock of corn fully ripe. I have ripened fast under the bright Sun of righteousness, and I have had brave showers!”

We have read of many sublime displays of courage in the dying hour, but

never met with such a calm confronting of the king of terrors as the following passage displays. "I am not acting as a fool," said he to his physician, "but I have weighed eternity during the last night. I have looked on death as stripped of all things pleasant to nature; *I have considered the spade and the grave*, and every circumstance in it that is terrible to nature! and under the view of all these, I found that in the way of God which gave me satisfaction—not merely a rational satisfaction, but a heart-engaging power that *makes me rejoice.*"

On the morning of the 23d of September, he went into the dark valley. Yet he did not go alone, nor did the calm sunshine withdraw from his pathway—for in the "even-time, it was light about him." Just before he died, he said, "I am thinking on the pleasant spot of earth that I

will get to lie in, beside Mr. Rutherford, and Principal Anderson. I will come in as the little one among them, and I will get my little George in my hand, and Oh! *we will be a group of bonnie dust!*" During the last six hours his voice failed him. But his angelic face was eloquent, and when he could not speak, he gently clapped his hands in triumph! So died the holy Halyburton—and on all the face of our earth the ministering angels of God beheld that day no other scene that was more like the heaven which they had left.

## McCheyne.

SINCE the hour when the "Beloved Disciple" went up to lay his head once more—and forever—on the bosom of his Lord, the church has beheld no lovelier spirit than that of ROBERT MURRAY McCHEYNE. His beautiful biography, which is finding its way into every hamlet in the land, is one of the richest treasures which the Great Head of the Church has given to his drooping and hungered flock in this century of time. I know not where such another "living epistle" can be found as the record of this young saint's shining pilgrimage. The biogra-

phy of the apostolic *Brainerd* saddens us by its pervading tone of melancholy. Heroic *Martyn's* life is too painful to be read without tears. To spend an hour with *Payson* is almost like sitting at the feet of the great apostle; but his piety was mournfully tinged by a sombre reflection from a mind somewhat too morbid. But to *McCheyne* was vouchsafed their heavenly spirit, without their trials to sadden it or to shade its beauty. His piety was eminently cheerful and light-some. He dwelt, while here below, far away from the damps that rise about *Doubling Castle*, and hard by the *Beulah* where the sunlight ever falls. Through all the animating record of his life there is almost nothing to pain or to dishearten us.

As most of my readers doubtless know, *Robert Murray McCheyne* was a young preacher of the Scotch national church

who was called away to his crown just before the church had been sundered by the memorable, and glorious "Exodus" from the Erastian establishment. He entered the vineyard at twenty-one, and labored nine years. The scene of his apostolic toils, and prayers was Dundee. There he sowed his precious seed, and every returning season of communion witnessed some sheaves brought in with rejoicing. To pray, and to search the word of God—to prepare the beaten oil for the sanctuary, and to saturate his soul with divine truth—to plead with dying men, and to stand between the living and the dead; these formed the varied but yet unchanging employment of his fervid spirit.

We have never been brought in contact with a heart that seemed to be more deeply impregnated with earnest love for

Christ. This was the master-passion of the soul. His Saviour's business was his, and he was continually about it. "This *one thing*" he did. Every day he gave to Christ. His biographer tells us that he used to seal his letters with a sun going down behind the mountains, and the motto over it, "The night cometh." For the souls of men he was intensely watchful; and like our own Harlan Page he had a word in season for every one. Prayer was his vital breath. The secret of that vigorous and blooming piety whose "leaf never withered" is to be found in the perpetual baptisms which his soul received at the mercy-seat. Prayer, instead of being a penance, was his most chosen delight. He "gave himself" to it. He prayed before he sat down to his studies—before he went out to visit the sick—before he entered on any work for his Master great or

small. Like good John Welsh he rose from his bed to commune with the Saviour in the night-watches. He speaks also of having a "scheme of prayer," and of marking the names of missionaries on the map that he might pray for them in course and by name! His Bible he loved like the mercy-seat; and when he read it, it was with the eager avidity of one who is delving in a golden mine with the shining ore laid bare at every stroke of the mattock. "When you write," said he to a friend, "tell me the meaning of Scriptures. One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams."

Conversing with one of his parishioners not long since, I was not surprised to learn that the striking peculiarity of his preaching was persuasive tenderness. His sermons were "artless spillings of the heart." Once when a brother minister

told him that he had been preaching from that awful passage, "The wicked shall be turned into hell," he inquired with some emotion, "Were you able to preach it *with tenderness?*" The sermons which McCheyne has left behind him are imbued with this warm, affectionate spirit, and to those young men who "fry the unction out of their sermons" by long lamp-labor we can recommend no happier specimens of simple and pungent preaching.

It is now eight years since this devoted young saint went up to be with Jesus. His fatal sickness was brought on by visiting the victims of a prevailing epidemic. He lingered for many days, and the closing hours of his life were overshadowed by the delirium of the fever. In his rational moments he listened to the reading of the word, and even the wanderings of

his mind were broken by occasional ejaculations of fervent prayer. On the morning of the twenty-fifth of March (1843) he sank gently into a sleep which deepened, and deepened until his spirit passed without a groan, to the presence of his God. The tidings of his death fell cold on many a heart, and every eye in his parish was red with weeping. The road was thronged by the thousands who gathered to his burial; they laid him in his narrow bed amid sobs, and gushing tears, and even to this day his smitten flock often speak his name with moistened eye, and lips trembling with emotion.

“ Oh ! star untimely set,  
Why should we weep for thee !  
Thy bright and dewy coronet  
Is rising o'er the sea !”

## Some Methods of Answering Prayer.

IN spite of our practical tendency to incredulity we ought not to allow ourselves to believe that any fervent, importunate prayer which has for its object the glory of God, and which is offered in the name of the Mediator, remains forever unanswered. The answer may be long delayed. It may not come in the way that was looked for. The person who prayed may not recognize the return of his own petition. But that the "fervent effectual prayer of the righteous man" is ever wholly unavailing we should be loath to admit.

Some prayers we cannot expect to see answered at once. Those who plead "day by day" for the spiritual regeneration of the world must not suppose that ere they go hence, they themselves are to see all the heathen nations given to our ascended Master for His inheritance. Yet their prayers are not forgotten. Those pleading saints will yet behold the glorious fulfilment of their desires from the battlements of heaven. How many prayers do we see manifestly answered even long after the saint who breathed them into the ear of Jesus has gone to lay his weary head on that Saviour's breast. A dying mother commits her beloved boy to a covenant-keeping God. She has often borne that child on the arms of faith to the mercy-seat. He has been the child of many prayers; and in the feeble utterances of her passing spirit another, and a

last petition is breathed forth that Christ would have mercy on his soul. Years roll away. The sod has grown green, and the rank grass has long waved over that mother's tomb. In some distant land, mayhap many hundred miles from that spot, a full-grown man who has long been ripening in sin is seen bowed in prayer. He is crying out of the depths of an agonized spirit, *God be merciful to me a sinner!* Behold he prayeth, and *his* prayer is the answer of that fervent petition which his dying mother uttered many long years before. Her prayer was recorded in God's book of remembrance; and but for that, we know not that the prayer of that son would have ever ascended there.

The Scriptures furnish a kindred instance in the case of Stephen, who prayed during the agonies of death for his vindictive persecutors. And when Ste-

phen was in Paradise, the very Saul who was an accomplice in his destruction, becomes a trophy of redeeming grace. The early church prayed for things which did not come about for centuries; and at this very hour men of faith are besieging the mercy-seat for blessings that will, without question, dawn upon their descendants. Let praying fathers and mothers who are growing faint of heart, give heed to this. Let desponding churches give heed to it before they abandon their places of social prayer, where their hearts have often "burned within them." Far above the dark cloud of their discouragement is written as in the clear upper sky, "He that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

II. Other prayers are answered at the

time of their utterance, but in a way so unlooked for, that he who offered them is inclined to think that the very opposite of what he asked for has befallen him. One individual prays that he may be enabled to glorify God. Ere he is aware, some heavy calamity comes crashing down upon him, prostrating him to the dust. His fortune takes wings. His schemes of promotion are blasted. A favorite child is taken. His hopes are "withered like grass." God has answered his prayer, but has answered it, as the Psalmist says, "by terrible things." From under the overwhelming pressure of affliction he flees to Jesus his comforter, and oh! how his love is kindled by the contact! How he glorifies God in the furnace which is purging away the dross of selfishness and worldliness,

and making his pure gold to shine with tenfold brightness!

I once saw an earnest inquirer who was praying most importunately for faith in Christ, and for peace to his troubled soul. But while he prayed, a cloud of blackness gathered across his horizon! And against that cloud, which swung like a funeral-pall before his vision, played the sharp lightnings of Almighty wrath. The thunders of God's law roared against him. Instead of peace came only the sword. Instead of the calm which he sought, came the fearful tempest; and under the stress of its dark terrors the poor baffled soul betakes himself to the "covert" which Christ has raised on Calvary. There he finds the peace he so earnestly prayed for. There the long-sought confidence in Jesus pours its fullness through the soul. His prayer was

answered—first by “terrible things,” but at last by the very blessings which he desired. And without that storm, the true calm would have never come. Had the sinner not have been led to that frightful view of his own guilt, and his liability to condemnation, he might never have gone to Christ, and thus could not have known true peace. As he looks back over the dark valley of sorrow through which the divine hand has wondrously led him, and sees that no other way would have brought him to the cross, he feels a renewed assurance that God is the hearer of prayer—that he that *asketh will* yet receive, and he that *seeketh will* always find.

III. But we may also observe how the petitions of believers are often answered according to their *intention*, and not according to the strict letter of the request.

The utterer of the prayer sought only the glory of God, but in his ignorance asked for wrong things. His prayer was not rejected, however. It was heard. It was answered. But the blessing granted has been something very different from what the believer expected. There has been in this case what an old writer calls "a transmutation of the thing desired into some other great blessing of the same kind; for God often thus improves, and lays out the precious stock of believers' prayers to the best advantage, that the greatest returns may accrue to them." Jacob, when he blesses the sons of Joseph, lays his right hand on the son who stood at his left side. "So God takes off His hand of blessing from the thing we prayed for, and lays it on another which is more for our good, or His own glory "

The case of Paul is a beautiful illustration of this. He is sorely afflicted by a "thorn in his flesh." What the nature of the affliction was, we know not. Perhaps a severe malady. Perhaps the continued enticement of some lust. Perhaps a besetting sin. Perhaps some chronic distortion of his bodily frame, brought on by excitement and suffering, which exposed him to derision, and to which he may have alluded when he speaks of an "infirmity in the flesh" which the Galatians "did not despise." He beseeches the Lord in three earnest petitions that this "thorn" might depart from him. His prayers are heard; they are answered. But instead of the removal of the thorn, comes the cheering assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee." God does not take away the trial, but gives him all that is needed to make it endurable;

and thus the Divine glory and Paul's spiritual well-being were more certainly advanced than if the prayer had been answered according to its letter.

• We have only glanced at this fruitful subject, yet we have seen how essential *Faith* is from first to last. There must be active faith to quicken the soul to prayer. When the believer has come to the mercy-seat, the utterances of his lips must be the outpourings of faith. He must *believe* that God is, and that He is the rewarder of all who diligently seek Him. After the request has been presented, there must be an importunate faith to urge it, and an expecting faith to go up and look for the blessing. If it comes not at once, faith is needful to assure the soul that an answer is kept back in wisdom and in mercy. And if the answer comes, but comes in a shape en-

tirely unlooked-for, it is often the hardest trial of faith to believe that *this is the answer*, and just what our Master's honor and our good require.

But that God is the Hearer of Prayer who shall dare to doubt? The skeptic here must seal his vision, "lest he come to the light" and be persuaded. He must mutilate most sadly the narrative of God's providential dealings. He must erase from his Bible the animating record of Jacob's midnight struggles, the thrilling scenes of Elijah's wrestlings on Carmel and at Zarephath, the "evening oblations" of Daniel, and the angelic deliverance of Peter from the prison-cell. He must even give the lie to that Ineffable Witness who descended Himself from the upper sanctuary, and had there beheld the gracious reception of his children's prayers, and who has said to all

trembling, sorrowing, doubting saints,  
“ Ask and ye *shall* receive, seek and ye  
*shall* find, knock and it shall be opened  
**unto you.**”

## The Active Christian.

WE missed him when he was gone. When he went hence he left something more than a tomb behind him. He left a goodly heritage of holy deeds. There is a fragrant perfume yet lingering about his 'precious' memory—the trail of *light* that followed his luminous pathway has not yet died away from our saddened vision.

He was a *legible* Christian. There was no mistaking him. He never stood upon debatable ground—he never required one to search the church records to see whether he were a "professor of religion." We all *felt* his religion.

You might follow him at any time by the fragrance of his Christ-like deeds of well-doing. You might enter the house of sorrow and see that he had been there by the weeping eyes once more dried, and the broken hearts bound up. You might enter the abode of poverty, and see that he had been there by the plentiful stores which his bounty had left behind, by the food and the raiment, by the consoling tract left upon the table, and the Bible set there, as a household-lamp to cheer the thick darkness. If you saw a group of children gathered by the way-side, you might conjecture that he was there "in the midst of them," opening his package of little books, and dealing them out to the happy little throng. We *all* felt him in every good enterprise—in the social prayer-circle, in the Sabbath-school.

in the church, and (quite as much as anywhere else) at his own hearth-stone.

But now there is a great blank in our social gatherings, in our evening meetings, in *everything*. We wait in vain for his beseeching tremulous voice that well we knew "sank in the ear of Jesus." The Teachers' prayer-meeting is not the same thing that it once was, now that he is gone. And as for the little flock of cottagers that used to gather in to the Widow M.'s Wednesday evening meeting, they are left as sheep without a shepherd. The good old mother in Israel will hear no longer the cheerful salutation that was wont to greet her, as his slender form appeared in her door-way, sometimes covered with snow, sometimes dripping with the rain. She need not set out the little table any longer, with its white napkin, and the tattered Bible and "Village

Hymns" upon it. "Poor Henry!" she used to say, as he closed her cottage-door, "I fear he is not long for this world; there is a red spot on his cheek that looks like consumption; he is ripening fast for heaven."

It was but a little time since a long procession wound its way, with many a weeping eye, out of the village church-yard. That grave, beside which you may sometimes see an aged woman in black, bending at the hour of twilight, is his. There is a touching pathos in the date—"aged *twenty-four years.*" His slight form and boyish expression made him look younger than that, but his piety had the ripe maturity of threescore.

"How short his day! the glorious prize  
To our sad hearts and weeping eyes  
Appear'd too quickly won;

The soldier rushed into the field,  
With arm invincible to wield  
The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield  
When lo! the fight was done !"

## The Self-Doomed.

NOT many years since an eminent London clergyman observed among his regular auditors a young man whose appearance excited in him an unwonted interest. He took pains to learn the young stranger's history; and found that he was the son of pious parents, and had been trained to respect the ordinances of religion. A devout mother had added to her prayers the fervent precept, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

At length the young man was missed from his accustomed place in the sanctuary. The watchful eye of the pastor

sought for him in vain. He had met with a company of witty and engaging skeptics, who had persuaded him to abandon the house of God for the more "manly" entertainments of their infidel club-room, where the ribaldries of Paine were rendered more palatable by the lively jest, and the exhilarating glass. His conscience stung him, but their merry laugh soon drowned the troublesome remonstrance. He proved to be an apt scholar in the ways of sin. His sabbath instructions among the skeptics soon prepared him for the haunts of revelry and for those chambers which lie hard by the door of hell.—A short career of reckless dissipation did its work of ruin upon his slight and delicate frame.

His former pastor, who had well nigh forgotten him, was one day surprised by an invitation to visit the unhappy youth

at his dying bed. He found him sinking rapidly, and sinking without hope. As the man of God approached the bedside the young man hid his face in the clothes, and refused to speak to him. Finding it impossible to draw a word from the wretched victim of remorse who was just about entering eternity in such a state of sullen despair, the pastor offered a fervent prayer, and turned away. He reached the door. His hand was upon the latch when the young man suddenly rose in the bed, and beckoned him to return. He went back and leaned his head over the bed to receive the message. The young man threw his arms about him, and drawing his head close to his lips, whispered in convulsive accents, "I'M DAMNED," and then sunk back silent on his pillow. No farther efforts, or entreaties could rouse him. The heart-wrung pastor plead with

him, but in vain. Having pronounced his own awful doom, his lips refused to speak again; and before the clock struck the hour of midnight, his unhappy soul was in another world.

Young man! as you read the appalling narrative of that poor profligate's doom, you may be reading your own! His history may be yours. If your feet have forsaken the house of God, if you have been seen on the seat of the scorner, if you have returned home at the midnight hour from the card-table or the drinking-circle, you have good cause to tremble. Persist in your course of self-destruction, and you may meet that young man in the world of despair. Partners in misery, you may, to all eternity, curse yourselves as the authors of your own ruin.

## Faith and Works.

THE second chapter of the Epistle by James seems, to my mind, to describe a spiritual wedding. We are "bidden to a marriage." And as at the olden marriage in Cana of Galilee, the Holy Master is present, and consummates the nuptials. The parties to be united are but symbolic personages, and yet are real and life-like too. The bride is young and beautiful—ever young, and ever clothed upon with light as with a garment. Like Milton's Eve, she was—

"For softness formed, and sweet attractive grace."

Her face is clear as the day—her look is

firm, and yet trustful. She is not of the earth, but Heaven-born, and wears her celestial parentage in every lineament of her radiant countenance. Her name is FAITH. She is the daughter of God.

And beside her stands one whose lusty form was made for deeds of daring and endurance. He is sinewy and athletic. There is valor in his eye, and "cunning in his ten fingers," and strength in his right arm. He was created to act, to do, to suffer. He was formed for strife and struggle. His name is ACTION.

With solemn rites the two are joined in wedlock. They are both to love and both to obey. They are always to live, and move, and suffer, and conquer together. They are to be the fruitful parents of everything good on earth. On them, while united, Jehovah pronounces a "blessing" richer than that which gladdened the

nuptials of Isaac and Rebekah, or of Jacob and Leah. While *united*, they are to live, and grow, and conquer. When *separated*, they are to droop and perish. For each other, and in each other, and with each other, their days of struggle and of victory are to be passed, until time shall be no longer. And so *Faith* and *Works* were coupled by Infinite Wisdom,—and in the presence of the world it was solemnly announced, “What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.”

From that union have sprung a glorious progeny. All the mighty deeds which have ennobled and elevated humanity own that parentage. Faith and Action have been the source, under God, of everything good, and great, and enduring, in the Church of Christ; the very Church itself exists through them. The early Apostles went out with their glad evan-

gel to the nations, under this double impulse, and with this double watchword. It was not enough to "believe my gospel;" they were also to "preach my gospel." It was not enough to love in the heart; the whole life was to be an embodiment and outflow of love. It was not enough to have a meek and gentle spirit; the young church was to return good for evil, and thus overcome evil with good. The church was not only to be sound in heart, but active in limb and sinew also. It was to be a militant church, contending earnestly for the faith delivered to the saints—a courageous church, standing fast for the gospel—a suppliant church, praying without ceasing—a busy church, redeeming the time—a patient church, bearing with all long suffering—and a conquering church, to evangelize all nations. Its model men were men of faith and ac-

tion. Through that apostolic Iliad, the great Apostle seems to fly like a thunderbolt, kindling, and consuming! He is all a-blaze with zeal. At Lystra rebuking the deluded worshippers—at Jerusalem confronting the Pharisee, and the rulers on the castle stairs—at Cesaræa startling Agrippa on his tribunal—at Rome preaching the reviled gospel, both in his “own hired house,” and in Cæsar’s palace—he is everywhere the believer in full action, with the heart to feel, and the hand to do. And such have been God’s true evangelists ever since. Such was Luther, the flaming iconoclast of Europe,—to-day writing theses and commentaries, and to-morrow translating the Scriptures, or hurling fresh invective against the black domination of the man of sin. Such were Baxter, the indefatigable pastor, Edwards, the perpetual thinker, Neander, the per-

petual student, Owen, the perpetual writer, Knox, the untiring reformer, Whitfield, the untiring preacher, and Chalmers, who appears to have been pastor, preacher, writer, thinker, and reformer, all in one. Brethren! such may God honor us in being. A faith, sound as that of the Westminster Assembly will not save the dying world around us, unless it flows out into action. For "wilt thou know, oh! man!" and all men in all God's heritage, that "as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."

## Bunyan's Characters.

AMONG character-painters, Bunyan deserves a place in the highest rank. Shakspeare had to do with living men, and Bunyan with personifications, yet in the wonderful tinker's hands these impersonifications *become* living men. To all who read the Pilgrim's Progress, old and young, learned and unlearned, the multitude of characters that throng its pages, are actual persons. We take but a short walk with Mr. *Ignorance*, who came out of the town of Conceit, but we see enough of him to know that he is the perfect counterpart of a dozen good-

for-nothing fellows in our own neighborhood. Mr. *Byends* and My Lord *Time-server*, we have often seen in legislative halls, and sometimes, if we mistake not, have beheld their smooth faces, and heard their fair speeches in the assemblies of the church. Mr. *Talkative* has "pestered" us a thousand times. Mr. *Selfwill* has long been a thorn in our flesh; and we never meet a faint-hearted brother with his head bowed down like a bulrush, without thinking of poor Mr. *Fearing*, who lay moaning so long beside the Slough of Despond, and who went down with trembling steps at last into the deep river. The places described by Bunyan, are as familiar to us as the places among which we spent our childhood—and among all the living terrors of the nursery, there were none for whom we felt a more unaffected horror than for

old *Giant Grim*, or that other monster with the crab-tree cudgel, whose whole court-yard was paved with the skulls of ill-fated pilgrims.

The hero of the allegory is not only finely portrayed, but is himself a portraiture of the highest style of manhood. We know of no hero among all the creation of fiction who is equal to *Christian*. Bunyan's mind seems to have been fully equal to the conception of the true great man. In *Christian*, the hand of a Bible-taught master has drawn everything that is brave, and honest, and true, everything that is genial and simple, everything that is lovely and of good report. He fights like a lion in the Valley of Humiliation, he sings like a lark in the Chamber of Peace; when he beholds the miseries of *Giant Despair's* captives he "gushes out with tears," nor does he

restrain a wholesome natural laugh at the expense of brave Mr. Talkative who came out of Prating Row.

In narrating the personal adventures of his hero, Bunyan kept ever before his mind his own marvellous experience. The long road over which he brings his Pilgrim, is the same path in which the Lord had ever led *him* on—a path full of difficulties and dangers, of dark valleys and pitfalls; but a path on which God's sunshine sometimes fell, beside which living fountains of water gushed forth, and at the end of which rose the city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The City of Destruction, in the mind of Bunyan, was connected with his own early life in the village of Elstow, among a crew of abandoned profligates, who united the license of the higher ranks to the ignorance and vulgarity of their own.

From such scenes and companionships, the voice of the Spirit had called him forth with a loud and terrible warning. He had been mocked, he had been threatened, but the voice had waxed louder and louder. Onward he had gone, driven by the most agonizing pains and fears until he fell into that miry "Slough" where the sins, and doubts, and terrors of the convicted sinner had all settled; and here he had lain for a long time bemoaning his doleful estate. Then had come an interval of joy and triumph. But this was of short duration. For he soon encountered the deceiver, who sent him to the law for relief; and while he was laboring to establish a righteousness of his own he had seen the anger of God to glow, and the flashes of fire had burst forth from the Sinai above him. While he was in this painful state, a good

“Evangelist,” in the shape of the minister of Bedford, had come to him, and with many rebukes, mingled with pity, had set him once more upon the right path. Long was the road over which he had gone before he reached the wicket-gate, and many and sharp were the arrows which Beelzebub had poured in upon his harassed soul. Even after he had entered upon the narrow path, his journey had been painful and protracted before he arrived at the gladsome spot where the burden fell from his shoulders, and while the tears coursed down his cheeks had heard a voice whisper sweetly to him, “Peace be to thy soul!” Then, like Christian, he had leaped for joy, and went singing on his way.

Thrice-blessed Dreamer! thou hast lain for more than a century and a half in Ballhill Fields, but no lapse of years can

destroy the spell which thou holdest over the strongest minds! Thy audience grows with the advance of time. In a country which thou knewest only as a trifling colony, thy immortal allegory lies on the tables of ten thousand drawing-rooms arrayed in crimson and in gold, and lives too in the inner heart of God's struggling church!

## That One Word.

“I NEVER can forget *that word* which was once whispered to me in an inquiry-meeting,” said a pious man once to a friend. “What word was it?” “It was the word ETERNITY. A young Christian friend, who was yearning for my salvation, came up to me as I sat in my pew, and simply whispered ‘Eternity’ in my ear, with great solemnity and tenderness, and then left me. That word made me think, and I found no peace till I came to the cross.”

The sainted McChayne (our Summerfield) was once riding by a quarry, and

stopped to look in at the engine house. The fireman had just opened the door to feed the furnace with fresh fuel; when McCheyne, pointing in to the bright hot flame, said mildly to the man, "Does that fire remind you of anything?" The man could not get rid of the solemn question. To him it was an effectual arrow of conviction. It led him to the house of God, and will lead him, we trust, to heaven.

A single remark of the Rev. Charles Simeon, on the blessings which had resulted from the labors of Dr. Carey in India, first arrested the attention of Henry Martyn to the cause of missions. His mind began to stir under the new thought, and a perusal of the life of Brainerd fixed him in his resolution to give himself to the dying heathen.

It is said that Harlan Page once went through his Sabbath-school to get the

spiritual census of the school. Coming to one of the teachers, he said, "Shall I put you down as having a hope in Christ?" The teacher replied, "No." "Then," said Mr. Page very tenderly, "I will put you down as having no hope." He closed his little book and left him. That was enough. God gave that young man's soul no rest, till he found a hope beneath the cross.

A member of my church, not long since, overtook a young lady on her way to the prayer-meeting. She asked the young woman if she never thought of her own salvation? The lady thus addressed, replied, that during all her life, she had never had one word spoken to her before, about the salvation of her soul! Within a month from that time, she became a devoted member of the flock of Christ.

Fellow disciple! have you never yet spoken *one word* to an impenitent friend

about the most momentous of all questions? Then I fear that you will find no one in heaven that you were the means, under God, of sending there. Though you may reach the "many mansions" yourself, I fear that your crown will glitter with no splendors. It will be a *starless* **CROWN.**

## The All-seeing Eye.

THE human heart, when left to itself, confesses the omniscience of Jehovah. Without the testimony of revelation, we have enough in the testimony of its opponents to convince us that what they affect to deny, is still *believed*, in spite of themselves. This testimony has been unwillingly rendered by them in many an hour of sudden peril and calamity. The secret haunts of iniquity have listened to it; and the dying chamber of the infidel has re-echoed it. It is confirmed by the thief, who trembles over the bag of gold which he has stolen. It is confirmed by the murderer, in the upbraidings of a con-

science which will not "down at his bidding." There was no mortal who saw him commit the murder. Perhaps he did the deed in the depths of a vast forest. No ear heard the death-groan of his victim—and 'dead men tell no tales.' But still there is a voice crying to him from the ground that tells him *he* is seen! that there is an *All-Seeing Eye*, which, piercing through the silent heavens, penetrates to the very bottom of his blood-stained soul. This harrowing consciousness follows him wherever he goes. And solitude becomes no solitude to him! He is ever in the broad glare of an intelligence that reads him and his guilty secret through and through. The whole air is alive; and every rustling leaf and passing wind sound to him like the coming footsteps of a vengeance sent upon him by an omniscient God.

Herein lies the power of *conscience*. It is based on a sense of some Superior Being to whom we are amenable, and who is acquainted with all our actions. This feeling acts like an instinct. It is impossible to argue it down; it is impossible to delude it into silence. Under its influence, when fairly aroused, the strongest intellect quails; and sometimes it unseats the reason from its throne. We occasionally read of men who return secretly to revenue officers, or to others with whom they have transacted business, considerable sums of money, unlawfully obtained. It was not from the fear of *human* detection; for that danger had entirely passed away. It was from the harrowing sense of *Almighty detection*—from the goadings of an aroused and unappeasable conscience. In one of our insane asylums, a man was for a long time confined, who did nothing

but pace up and down his cell, and then turn upon his heel, and give the word to "*Fire!*" He had killed his antagonist in a duel, and gone crazy under the remorse occasioned by the bloody deed. That was the power of conscience! Why is it that the hardened profligate, when brought to the brink of the grave, is visited oftentimes by the most heart-rending compunction? Why does he seek to shut out the sight of the past, that comes thickening up before him—and why does he quail at the mention of the awful future? It is the power of *conscience*, which informs him that all his sins have been open to the eye of that Jehovah whose very existence he has oft endeavored, with a well-assumed bravery, to deny! But now his pallid face and trembling lips confess the base imposture, and tell what his lying heart had long sought to conceal, that he

believes in an All-seeing God! His most *secret* sins he already beholds reflected in the frown of an angry Judge; and trembles at the thought that they are yet to be the spectacle of an assembled universe. Vain man to suppose—what we are all too prone to imagine—that there is any sin which is *secret*. What is a sin? Is it not a breach of the law of the Most High—an offence committed against Him—and if *He* but sees it, what matters it how many or how few of my fellow-worms are spectators of the act? Secret sins! Flatter not thyself, fellow-sinner, that thy chamber is a secret place—or even a privacy so deep that thy right hand knoweth not what thy left hand doeth. The eye of God is there. It strikes through thy very soul—and knows thy half-formed thoughts before they have yet taken shape in thy own mind. When thou didst put

that ill-gotten dollar into thy chest, God saw the theft, and marked that dollar with a rust that shall eat into thy very soul! When thou didst keep back the truth, His flame-bright eye beheld the lie lurking black in the bottom of thy heart! When in thy closet, thou didst mumble a careless prayer to cheat thine own conscience, God beheld the mockery, for "false lips are an abomination unto Him!"

"Surely," as Jeremy Taylor has it—"if we would always remember that Jehovah is the great eye of the world, ever beholding our actions, and an ever open ear to hear all our words, and an unwearyed arm, ever lifted up to crush a sinner into ruin, it would cause much sin to cease from among us, and make us more like those who continually walk in the light before his throne."

## A Contrast.

A COURT-ROOM in one of our large cities is thronged with a dense mass of spectators. From floor to ceiling rises one crowded array of anxious faces. The room is as silent as death. A human being is on his trial for life, and his advocate is just rising to make his last defence. Mark the carefulness with which he reviews the testimony. Mark the intense solicitude with which he avails himself of every symptom of feeling in the jury-box. And as he draws near the close of his argument, see how his hand trembles, how his face is flushed, how his whole

frame is shaking under the weight of an overwhelming solicitude, too great even for utterance. *Is he too earnest?* Is his appeal too impassioned and fervid? Look at that wretched criminal with his quivering lip, and let him answer! Look at that pale wife, and that group of children, all waiting in agonizing suspense for the fate of a husband and a father! Ask that breathless bystander, and he will answer, "No! he *cannot* be too earnest; the life of a fellow-being is at stake; if he manifested any less solicitude, he would not only be wanting in professional fidelity, but even lacking the ordinary feelings of humanity."

When the next Sabbath comes, you meet that same bystander in the house of God. Around you are a large company of travellers to eternity. Some of them are ignorant. Some of them are careless

and indifferent. A large portion of them are enemies of God, with the whetted sword of Almighty wrath already hanging over them. As the minister of Christ casts his eye over his audience, he sees many who are utterly "without hope," and if death were suddenly to overtake them, he knows that they must sink to eternal darkness, and the undying worm. Even *to-morrow* some of those hearers may be wrapped in their shrouds, and their souls be in another world!

Weighed down with the tremendous responsibility that rests upon him, the herald of the cross proclaims his message, with strong cryings and tears. Every argument that could be drawn from thundering Sinai or darkened Calvary, from an open heaven or a yawning hell, is presented from a soul breaking with solicitude for dying men. And when the mes-

message of love has been delivered, and the minister of Christ has returned to his closet, to mourn there that he did not plead his Master's cause yet more earnestly, where are his auditors? How many heard his message? How many gave heed to it? How many remembered it until they reached their own dwellings? Well will it be if some did not retire to mock and sneer at it all as the effusion of crazy enthusiasm, or a fanatical bigotry. The modern Festus, who applauded the eloquent advocate in the court-room, pronounces this man "mad;" and even many a frigid professor thinks that the worthy preacher was somewhat "beside himself," from the ardor of his emotion.

If such painful contrasts sink the souls of God's ministers here into sorrow, and well nigh to despair, how must they ap-

pear to those who behold them from another world! How they must appear to a saint in bliss, or to a lost soul in the world of woe!

## That Master-passion.

THE men who have filled the largest space in the eyes of the world, and who have achieved the most striking results, have commonly been those who were actuated by some master-passion. Their souls were occupied with one great purpose which subordinated everything else to itself. They were, in a certain sense, "men of one idea." For though their souls may have contained many ideas, yet a single aim directed, employed, and animated them all. The master-passion appropriated them to itself, and on the inner throne of the heart, wielded an undisputed sceptre.

Thus with Napoleon the master-passion was ambition. His fierce appetite for self-aggrandizement consumed him. It tasked every gigantic faculty, employed every busy hour, and hurried every step through that whole terrific march over slaughtered millions up to his splendid infamy. It expired only with his expiring breath. For in the delirium of his dying moments he fancied that he was on a battle-field, and his passing spirit was "watching the current of a heady fight."

The master-passion with Isaac Newton that prince of Christian philosophers, was science. His days and nights were given to charts, and diagrams, and telescopes. He often stopped, when half-dressed, in the morning to solve some problem that was agitating his mind, and his servant was obliged to rouse him from his reverv

in order to partake of his meals. For him "to live" was science.

Those who have read the narrative of Thomas Elwes, the celebrated miser, will remember that gold was the object of his low and insane appetite. For this he lived,—if such a wretched existence as he dragged out could, by any courtesy, be called living. He was eaten up by this greed for lucre. And he attained his purpose. He grew rich. He died rich—and leaving his hid treasures to hungry heirs, his pauper soul stole out into its bleak and desolate eternity!

Philanthropy was the ruling thought of Wilberforce. This unified his whole existence. The law of love ran through it like a golden chain, binding with its shining links every thought, and word, and action into one purpose of heavenly beneficence. One day writing his Practical

View of religion among the upper classes—the next day closeted with William Allen, and Clarkson, on the slave-traffic—the next day addressing a Bible meeting in Exeter Hall, and then groping with Elizabeth Fry through the horrors of Newgate prison, his life was like the long clear sunshine of a summer's day, warming, and gladdening all beneath its genial influence.

Now in the very place where Bonaparte put his lust of power, and Newton his love of science, and Elwes his thirst for gold, and Wilberforce his philanthropy, in that very place the genuine Christian puts his love to the crucified Jesus. And he keeps it there. He makes Christianity the sovereign predominating purpose of his soul. "Go a little deeper," said a wounded soldier of Napoleon to the surgeon who was probing his left side—

‘and you will find the Emperor.’ So the Paul-like Christian may say—go deeper—go to the very core of my heart, and there you will find the Saviour. Other affections lie on the surface, but this master-feeling lives and lurks in the inmost depths. Other feelings I am possessed of, but this one *possesses me*. For me to live is Christ. For this *one thing* I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus!

## The Light-House.

LIKE the treacherous signal-boats that are sometimes stationed by the wreckers off an iron-bound coast, the shifting systems of false religion are continually changing their places. Like them they attract only to bewilder, and allure only to destroy. The unwary mariner follows them with a trembling uncertainty, and only finds out where he is when he feels his ill-fated vessel crashing into a thousand fragments on the beach.

But how different from these floating and delusive systems is that unchanging Gospel of Christ, which stands forth like

the towering light-house of EDDYSTONE, with its beacon blaze streaming far out over the midnight sea! The angry waves, through many a long year, have rolled in, thundering against that tower's base. The winds of heaven have warred fiercely around its pinnacle; the rains have dashed against its gleaming lantern. *But there it stands.* It moves not. It trembles not; for it is "founded on a rock." Year after year, the storm-stricken mariner looks out for its star-like light as he sweeps in through the British Channel. It is the first object that meets his eye as he returns on his homeward voyage; it is the last which he beholds, long after his native land has sunk beneath the evening wave.

So is it with the unchanging Gospel of Christ. While other systems rise, and fall, and pass into nothingness, this Gos-

pel (like its immutable author) is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. While other false and flashing lights are extinguished, this, the "true light," *ever* shineth.

The Christian goes to his Bible, and finds it always the same. The life-giving doctrines of the Cross, which first brought peace to his soul, are still his solace; the precepts of the Divine Law are still his delight. They have never lost their ability to guide him, or their power to console him. Upon this Gospel his fathers pillowed their dying heads; upon this he means to rest in the trying hour; and he trusts that it shall be the precious heritage of his descendants long after his own corruptible body shall have mouldered into dust.

## Give up all for Christ.

WHEN our Saviour was on earth, He was accosted by a young man who asked Him, "Good Master! what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He was young. He was amiable. He was a ruler of the people, but still his uneasy conscience told him that all was not well with him. The blessed Jesus turned to the amiable youth and said—"One thing thou lackest; sell all that thou hast, and come and follow me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." The young man was not prepared for this. He wished indeed to save his soul. But when he lifted up his eyes,

and looked out upon the rich possessions that lay stretched before him, and then thought of the unseen treasures of which he had only the promise, and which were to be reached only through a life of privation, he hesitated: "Do I love this Jesus or my possessions most?" we may imagine him to have reasoned with himself. "Can I give them all up for Christ?" He hesitated. The allurements of the world were too strong for him. He turned and *went away sorrowful*. And when in the dread day of final retribution, the rejected Saviour shall spurn such as he from His presence forever, we fear that the young ruler will "go away sorrowful" once more.

In the town of S—— I knew a man some years ago who was eminent for his financial abilities, but remarkable also for his greediness for gain. He was an usu-

rer and a miser. He had amassed nearly all his immense fortune by taking advantage of the necessities of his neighbors. During the progress of a powerful revival in the town where he resided, Mr. M—— was brought to penitence and prayer. He even prayed before his family; and the whole town were amazed when it ran from mouth to mouth that the aged usurer had been seen in an inquiry-meeting. The pastor of the church pointed out to him his besetting sin, and told him that unless he would give up the unjust and illegal practices of which he had been guilty, he would grieve away the Spirit and destroy his soul.

Within a few days he was waited on by a neighbor, who urged him to engage in a pecuniary speculation which would bring him in large but unlawful gains.

He hesitated like the young ruler. But the allurements were too strong. The transaction was agreed to—and the Spirit of God immediately left him! That very night he refused to pray, and relapsed immediately into the most shocking profanity and contempt for holy things. The aged scoffer still lingers, ripening, we fear, for an awful perdition.

I have read too of a lawyer in I——, who was brought under deep conviction of sin. He was in great mental distress, and was urged to embrace the Saviour at once. An election was approaching in which he was to be a prominent candidate. When his pious friends conversed with him, he answered, “I know that I have a more important election to secure than that for which I am a candidate here. When the political canvass is over I will secure the salvation of my soul.” He was

warned that he was grieving the Holy Spirit, but he remained resolute. The canvass ended. He was defeated, and under the influence of shame and remorse he plunged into intoxication, and became a wretched sot!

If these sad incidents shall meet the eye of any inquirer who is hesitating between Christ and the world,—between the Saviour of sinners and avarice, or sensual pleasure, or ambition, let me tenderly exhort you to hesitate no longer. Give up all for Christ. Cry unto God for strength to make the surrender, lest a fate as disastrous as those I have been reviewing should be yours.

## The Place of Honor.

WHY is it that so many professed Christians "feel above" (as the phrase goes) undertaking various labors in the service of the church? Some are unwilling to take a part in the Sabbath-school, strangely forgetting that the blessed Redeemer was a teacher, and that little children were the peculiar objects of His affectionate care. Some hold it to be a piece of condescension to take their places in the church choir, and sing there the praises of Jehovah, just as if it were a dishonor for a poor dying worm to do what the angels of God are doing in heaven

every hour! Some too will not consent to be distributors of Bibles or tracts among the dwellings of the poor, not remembering that their Master "went about doing good," that He was himself a colporteur, and a missionary. Others seem to regard a prayer-meeting as a place of humiliation; and so it *ought* to be in one sense, but not in the sense that they understand it. They consider the lecture-room, or the social prayer circle, rather questionable in point of "gentility," and on the whole better suited for the humble, the obscure, the weak-minded or the illiterate.

Have such never learned that the true post of honor is the post of usefulness? No place is so honorable as the place of duty. Let him who would be the first, be the first in every enterprise of good. Let him who would be accounted worthy of "double honor" aspire to serve well.

Away with the idea that there is anything menial in serving God, and in saving men! The laborer here is a co-worker with the Lord of glory; for Christ himself came not to be ministered unto, but to minister to the wants and woes of others. Every place of usefulness is honorable. "A seat in the Sabbath-school is higher than my seat in the Senate," once remarked an eminent Christian statesman. The pulpit is loftier than a monarch's throne to the man who enters it as a faithful ambassador of Christ. Let him "who will be the chiefest, become the servant of all."

## The City on a Hill.

“How did Roger Sherman vote?” inquired Mr. Jefferson once as he entered the hall of Congress while a question was being taken; and, as the story goes, he recorded his own vote on the same side, without knowing much of the merits of the question itself. This was a high tribute to the good sense of the Connecticut shoemaker, and proved him to be a man for others to *steer by*.

Now it is not improbable that our Saviour had reference to the same thing in morals when he told his disciples that they were “cities on a hill.” The idea seems to be something more than mere

conspicuousness. When the Great Teacher first pronounced this memorable comparison of a good man with a conspicuous city, his eyes may have been looking to the ancient town of Saphet, which stood upon a lofty elevation, high above the waves of Galilee. It was in full sight, and seen from afar. It was as if he had said, "Ye are like yonder city of Saphet, set upon a hill." That city is always there, always in one place, lifting its white domes to the morning sun, and flashing back his evening rays from its high battlements. It is an object to take the compass by—an object by which the traveller from Syria and from Lebanon may guide his steps. The fisherman, as he pushes his light shallop over the placid bosom of Gennesaret, knows which way to steer his little craft, for yonder looms up Saphet, the "city on a hill." The dwellers hard

by knew which way was north, and which was south, by looking out towards the lofty city. It was *always* on its hilly throne.

So it is with a man of Bible principle. He is a moral Saphet. Other men can steer by him. Other men often judge of the wisdom or rightfulness of things by the position which he occupies. They say, "We know that is right, for Mr. A. advocates it;" or, "We fear that it is wrong, for Mr. A. opposes it." He is on a hill—firm, well established, not seeking to be conspicuous, but yet *not ashamed to be seen*. It requires a sound conscience to be all this. It requires grace. It requires holy and consistent living. This controlling and directing godliness of character "goeth not out" but by much prayer, watchfulness, self-denial, and careful walking with God.

**“All these Things are against Me.”**

A GRIEVOUS mistake the patriarch made when he uttered that complaint! All things *against* him? Was it “against him” to have that favorite boy, Joseph, (whose supposed loss he was bewailing,) made the lord of Egypt? Was it “against him” that Benjamin was taken from his arms to be brought back again laden with a brother’s munificent bounty? Was that all-wise Providence, that he so faithlessly distrusted, working “against him” when it evolved at last such a merciful preservation for him and all his house from famine? The man who had wres-

bled with God at Penuel, and experienced the deliverances which the brook Jabbok had witnessed, should never have vented such words as those.

But the race of mistrusting Jacobs has not yet passed away. The assurances of the Christian's Bible, united to the Christian experiences of forty centuries, have not been sufficient to hinder those who have been tried as Jacob was, from complaining as Jacob did—"All things are against me." I stand beside the sick-bed of one who is but ill-accustomed to such hours of suffering and pain. His frame is racked with anguish. The fever is drinking dry his blood. On his uneasy bed he tosses to and fro; and as he remembers the many requirements of his neglected business, he is ready to say—"All things are against me!" But in that lonely chamber he is brought near

to the gates of eternity. The flames of the pit flash in his very face. His sins rise with appalling terrors before his awakened conscience. He cries out—  
God be merciful to me a sinner!

As he rises once more from that couch of suffering—which has been to him the birth-place of his spiritual life—and goes back again into a world now less dear to him than before, his grateful song is—  
“It was *good* for me that I was afflicted! Blessed be God for that near view of eternity! But for that my soul had been lost!”

Mayhap these lines may reach some one who can recall the remembrance of an earthly idol which once held far too high a place in the temple of her affections. Her life was bound up in the life of the lad. To that idol was he “joined;” but a merciful God would not “let her

alone” in her idolatry. At length the trial came. In terror and dismay she saw how the color began to fade out from the cheek, and the much-loved voice has died into a murmur. Each sweet word fell fainter and fainter from his tongue. The mark of the Destroyer grew fatally vivid, and in her wild despair she cried out—“All things are against me. Let me not, O God! see the death of the child!” And when the breath of the departed one no longer fanned her cheek, like David has she exclaimed—“Would God I had died for thee! my son! my son!”

But when the first gush of maternal anguish has passed away, she has had time to look about her and see her danger—a danger from which she is now delivered. Now she beholds with terror and compunction how ungrateful was that idolatry! how completely her first affec-

tions were stolen from the Saviour— how she was leaning on a reed, and how perilous was that guilty idolatry to her own soul. It is not, therefore, the melancholy pleasure of knowing that that tender plant—taken away by angel-reapers from the “evil to come,”—now blooms amid the paradise of God, which alone sustains her, but the sense of *rescue* from a state of guilt and forgetfulness of God, and a rescue too by the merciful hand of that very neglected and forgotten Father in heaven. This, more than all, fills the smitten soul with a strange and trembling gratefulness, and prompts the heart-breaking confession—“What have I now to do with idols? Whom have I in heaven *but thee?* and there is none on earth whom I desire beside thee.”

The record-book of Christian experiences has many such narratives to dis

close. In this way earthly bereavements have been sent in mercy to save the soul from the worst of all bereavements—the loss of God’s favor. Many a commercial bankruptcy has saved from a bankruptcy of the soul. As the idolized riches of this world have taken to themselves wings and flown away, the disappointed soul has been led to look *higher*—even toward those treasures that no moth can corrupt, and no thief can reach. Many a sick-bed has delivered the sufferer from a bed in hell! “There,” said a young man once, as he pointed to a diseased limb that was destroying his life—“there it is; and a precious treasure it has been to me. It saved me from the folly of youth—it made me cleave to God as my only portion, and I think it has now brought me very near to my Father’s house.” It may be “against” the ungodly worldling to go

to the house of mourning, but the true saint finds it often a meet preparation for the Marriage Supper. It may go "against" the enemy of God most fearfully, to lay his head on a dying pillow, but to the saint that pillow is one of down; for

" While he feels his heart-strings break,  
How sweet the moments roll !  
A mortal paleness on his cheek,  
But glory in his soul !"

All things are indeed "against" the sinner, while he remains a sinner; but in my Bible I find that "All things work together *for good* to them that *love God*, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

## The Living Sacrifice.

THE race of sacrificing saints has not yet departed from the face of the earth. Abraham was not the last believer, who, at God's command, laid a beloved child upon God's altar. Such deeds of love are yet enacted.

I have in my recollection at this moment one, who, like Anna of old, "served God with fastings and with prayers night and day." To her, as unto Elkanah's praying wife, a son was given, the son of many hopes. He was the subject of baptismal vows and consecrating prayers. As he grows up to man's estate, the parent's eye

beholds with joy the rising staff and stay on which her old age is to lean when "desire shall fail, and the grasshopper become a burden."

But at length a voice comes from heathen lands—the voice of perishing humanity—the death-cry of dying souls; and with it comes the command of God unto her, as she "waits for the redemption of Israel," *Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest, and send him to the place of which I shall tell thee; the Lord hath need of him.* These seem, at first, to be stunning words. The struggle is a struggle of life and death; but the answer of faith is, "Here he is; do with him, Lord, as seemeth thee good." The sacrifice has been made. The parting word has been spoken amid heart-wrung tears and sobbings, and he has gone "bound in spirit" to heathen shores.

When many weary months and years have rolled on, the tidings come to that mother's ears from those distant lands, that God has owned the labors of that son by a copious return of blessings. Benighted souls have been enlightened; the dead have been restored to life; the darkened idolater has become a worshipper of Abraham's God; broken-hearted penitents have been guided by the widow's son to the Saviour—his mother's Saviour. That stripling, whom her faith laid on the missionary altar, has become the spiritual father of many souls, and in "her seed" a whole heathen people may yet be "blessed." "Merciful God!" she exclaims, with streaming eyes, and her "poor old heart" breaking with joy, "it is enough! it is enough! let now thine handmaid depart in peace, for mine eyes have witnessed thy salvation!"

## “Not ashamed of my Chain.”

“THE Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus, for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain.” Yes! we sympathize in that benediction too. God bless Onesiphorus and his house with the riches of His love! We know but little of this Ephesian worthy, but that little makes us wish to know more. He was a genuine man—of that most ancient of all orders, “the order of manhood.” He was a faithful friend. He looked above appearances, or rather he regarded appearances in their true aspect. He recognized true nobility wherever he found it.

He knew the image and superscription of his Heavenly Master when stamped upon a soul, and honored it for that Master's sake.

How grateful is the recollection of the old war-worn Apostle! He says that Onesiphorus “oft refreshed” him. As a cup of cold water to the gasping, fainting wayfarer of the desert, came that visit of his Ephesian brother unto Paul. When he arrives in Rome, he searches Paul out. He finds him in a prison! “No man stood with” him. The timid have turned their backs, and left him in the lion's paw. There he is,—Nero's captive, but Jehovah's freedman! There he is,—with an iron chain on that arm that waved over the Acropolis, and awed the philosophers of the Violet City into silence—that arm which made Felix tremble, and from which the viper fell off innocuous into

the barbarians' fire at Melita. That scarred and weather-beaten body is in a cell! Like that modern Paul who wrote the Pilgrim's Progress, he is under bolts and bars. And thither comes Onesiphorus, with the refreshment of his fervid sympathy. He is not ashamed of the chain. No! He counts that a badge of glory, the livery of his once persecuted Master. It is a decoration. As Napoleon hung the "grand cross of the Legion of Honor" on the breasts of those who had fought the most bravely and suffered the keenest hardships, so Nero put great distinction on the bold apostle when he bound that chain upon his limbs. He would not have taken so much pains to tie up a coward. A smooth, popularity-hunting preacher is generally safe in "kings' houses," but the Luthers find their meed in Wartburg castles. The Latimers and the

John Husses have their earnest voices smothered at the crackling stake, amid fire and smoke—and the tongues of the bold John Baptists are only safe to Satan's tyrants, when "the head is brought in on a charger."

It was as a badge of honor, therefore, that Onesiphorus greeted the Apostle's chain. It spoke of holy constancy to Christ, and clanked out a noble eulogy, as Paul drew it o'er the cold prison floor. The treatment which Paul's Ephesian brother showed towards him and towards his chain, bespeaks our highest emulation. Oh! for more of the spirit of Onesiphorus in the Church of God—the spirit that holds men at their true value—that looks more at principles than position—that values and cherishes pure worth even when under obloquy and suffering. Paul in poverty, Paul under the ban of power,

and grown unpopular, was as dear to Onesiphorus as if he rode in the second chariot of the empire. Nay, more so. And so to us should poverty be honorable, where it is preferred to knavery or dishonor. It was honorable to that stout-hearted old Pennsylvanian, who, under the offer of a British bribe, replied, "I am a poor man, but, poor as I am, King George is not rich enough to buy me." An empty purse was preferred to an emptied character. Unpopularity should also be to us a guerdon of praise, where it is visited on a man for conscience' sake. There is oftentimes more honor in a pillory than a throne; and a Bunyan in Bedford jail sits a loftier monarch than his royal persecutor amid the debaucheries of White-Hall Palace. Dear to us be the suffering victims for God's truth, who prefer penury to dishonor, and obloquy to a de

sertion of the right; and when "all men have forsaken them," be ours the benediction that fell on him who "oft refreshed" the captive Pául, and *was not ashamed of his chain!*

## A Multiplication Table for the Church.

IN many of our largest and most prosperous Churches, there must of necessity be a considerable number of members on whom there rest but few active duties, and to whom are entrusted few responsibilities. They thus come to feel that they are not needed. The labors of the Sabbath-school, the prayer-meeting, and the trustee room are performed by a certain number of individuals—generally the elder members of the Church or congregation. A large portion of the resources of such Churches is thus entirely undeveloped. Their “capital” for doing good

is, to a great degree, unemployed. But let a *new Church* be set on foot, and a field for the exertion of these dormant energies, and the employment of them is secured at once. Those who were once thrown in the background now come forward. Those who were once inactive now have a work to do. He who has a tact for business arrangements is needed in the new Board of Trustees, and finds there a place. He who saw but little need of his assistance in the old Sabbath-school well stocked with teachers, hastens to volunteer for the new one with its multiplied calls for labor. He who was seldom called on even to pray in public, may, under the new circumstances in which he is placed, most profitably conduct the devotions of his fellow-worshippers in the social circle. In view of all this, is there no call for a more general *colonization* in the large

and flourishing Presbyterian Churches? Might not our undeveloped resources be brought out in such a way as to *double* our effective power for good in nearly all the principal towns, and cities? Might not many a Church-roll soon be multiplied by two?

2. In every large congregation there is a considerable number of individuals who are not Church-members, but who are active and indefatigable men of business, doing "whatever their hands find to do," with all their might. Unless these men happen to belong to the Board of Trustees they can do but little toward advancing the Church in any particular. They occupy their seats on the Sabbath, they pay their pew-rents, and there their interest in the affairs of the Church commonly terminates. But enlist these men in a new Church-enterprise, and their whole

position is changed. They have a work to do—a work which brings not merely a benefit to the enterprise itself, but is productive of rich spiritual blessings to the men themselves. One employs himself in raising money for a new building, and the very labor (in the best sense of the phrase) “does him good.” It teaches him liberality, and teaches others—sometimes old Church-members—a lesson also. It teaches him self-denial, and the value of gold and silver when they are employed in the service of the Saviour. A second is appointed upon a committee to secure a pastor, and he listens to preaching as he never listened before. A third does “yeoman’s service,” in rearing a Church-edifice. Now is it not more than probable that all these individuals, while thus laboring for the *externals* of Zion, will place themselves in a favorable attitude

for receiving *spiritual* blessings from Him whose cause they are promoting? "Them that honor me, I will honor."

3. A third argument in favor of a more general colonization in our leading Churches is found in the fact that every newly organized body will, of necessity, enlist some who never could be reached by churches already established, however faithful or eloquent their pastors. Past unhappy difficulties may have alienated some, who would enter a new Church, although an inveterate prejudice would forever exclude them from their former place of worship. Above all, the necessity for auditors—a necessity which was not felt in a well-filled sanctuary—stimulates to exertion in gathering in the shepherdless from the highways and the hedges. New faces are thus seen in the Lord's house which were often seen on

the Sabbath in the tippling-house, the markets, on the wharves, or at the corners of the streets.

These are but a few of the arguments in favor of more general Church-colonization, but they are enough, we trust, to incite to thought, and action. While so much is said, and wisely said, in regard to establishing Churches in frontier or destitute regions; there is a necessity (too much disregarded) for many a new enterprise, and many a missionary under the shadows of our oldest and most prosperous Churches. We may profitably repeat the battle-cry of the politicians on the eve of an election—“*organize! organize!*” The “children of this world” teach us many lessons which we are slow to heed, and which we neglect to our cost.

## The Zeal of Paul.

**"IT IS GOOD TO BE ZEALOUSLY AFFECTED."**

THESE words come to us with a peculiar force from such a man as the apostle of the Gentiles. From the lips of no man would they fall more gracefully or more appropriately than from one whose whole life had been an exemplification of zeal; who, while he had continued in the service of the devil, had plied the bloody work of persecution with a terrible activity, and when overwhelming grace burst upon him on his way to Damascus, cried out in the fervor of sanctified energy, 'Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?'

Paul was emphatically an earnest man. David and Isaiah were perhaps more sublimely eloquent men. Elijah was clothed with a more awful miraculous power. Solomon possessed more of earthly wisdom. The beloved disciple who rested on the bosom of our Lord, had a more heavenly sweetness of temper. But in the zeal that confers not with flesh and blood—the zeal that *rejoices* in abundant labors, in stripes above measure, in weariness and watchfulness and tears; the zeal that counts not even life dear, but cries out exultingly, '*I am ready to be offered*'—in this, the great apostle outshone them all.

This zeal no waters could quench. No Euroclydon tempests could fright it. No prison dungeons or royal judgment halls could shake it. No labors or painful watchings could weary it. On through every dungeon, and over every difficulty,

and in spite of every obstacle, he went in his holy mission, and became even 'all things to all men,' if by any means he might allure them up to those heights of serene joy on which his own soul was ever basking.

The examples of his zeal that are given in the holy record, are not isolated instances in a life of sluggishness. They were the fruits of a spiritual fervor so great, that if seen but on *one* occasion, might have appeared to be the overflow of a momentary enthusiasm; but the regularity and constancy of their occurrence showed them to be but the customary and natural actings of a soul always impelled by the same living and lofty principle; so that his everyday efforts more than equalled the extraordinary and (as it were) *spasmodic* efforts of mere enthusiasts.

"When I reach heaven," said an aged

saint, just then ascending the Delectable Mountains, "I shall love to talk with the Apostle Paul." This was natural and beautiful. It was not strange that the old pilgrim whose life-struggle was nearly over, and who was just about exchanging the cross for the crown, should long for communion with that glorified saint who had withstood so many trials and borne so many stripes; and (if it be one occupation of heaven to talk of things below) to hear him tell how in his Master's strength he had confronted Grecian eloquence on the hill of Mars—how he had stood before Cæsar unappalled—how he had risen from his bed in the midnight dungeon to sing praises to God—and how he had cast off the weeping brethren from his neck, and cried aloud, 'Behold I go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there.'

Oh! for such a voice again on earth to arouse the slumbering church, and to lead her forth to a second, and, we trust, the *final* contest for the dominion of the world! With a higher meaning may we apply to him the noble lines in which Wordsworth invokes the return of the patriot Milton, and say *v.* the great apostle:

“Thou should'st be living at this hour!  
The WORLD hath need of thee. We are selfish men:  
Oh! raise us up; return to us again,  
And teach us duty, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;  
*Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,*  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.”

## A Reminiscence.

THE sight of the last catalogue of our time-honored Seminary at Princeton—eldest of the Presbyterian sisterhood—has drawn us back to the happy days passed within those walls, albeit we need not travel through many years to reach them. A thick octavo could not have afforded more delight, or awakened a greater multitude of lively recollections. As we look at the modest wood-cut with which they have garnished the slender annual, we are once more there. The old familiar bell is sounding in our ears. We see the troops of students streaming across the narrow

Campus, white-cravated, and "sombre-clad," with lecture-books and Turretines in hand. We follow them in—inhaling, as Charles Lamb hath it, the "odor of learning" in the very atmosphere. There are all the well-remembered spots—the "Oratory" so plain and Presbyterian in its aspect, with great John Calvin looking down serenely from the walls—the old dining-hall, now converted into a place for banqueting on reviews and journal literature—the front lecture-room, in which were dispensed prelections worthy of the prayer-consecrated study of Brown at Haddington, or Edwards at Northampton—and the little Museum with its dumb idols "ranged for show," and reminding us of far distant brethren, toiling under burning skies for dying souls.

Who does not remember well that *Oratory*, where,—if we may give loose for a

moment to a mirthful thought that intrudes upon us—we might tell how often we sat tremblingly waiting for the summons to “call the next;” and how much more freely we breathed when the sentence had been pronounced upon our unfledged ten-minute discourses. But other thoughts crowd upon us as we recall that hallowed spot, and blessed memories that will perish only with our lives. Dear to us is the recollection of that venerated form that appeared, morning after morning, on the platform before us, reminding us by his stooping head and placid face of one with whom he has much in common, *William Wilberforce*. And who shall say that when Western Africa is lined with shining villages, Liberia will not place his name beside those of Ashmun, Finley, and Wilberforce himself? Dear to us too, is the remembrance of his

colleagues, who led us on through the instructions of the day, now narrating the history of God's dealings with His church, now feeding us with "high discourse" about theologic subtleties, and now unfolding the scrolls of Oriental literature, and learning. Perhaps we are somewhat warped by pardonable partialities, but as we look at the short but illustrious roll of those who fill the chairs of that institution, we cannot but ask where can we find greater, truer, or more faithful men? Where shall a more complete training be given to those who are to train their fellow-men for eternity? Where can more be done to hinder the much-feared degeneracy of the ministry than in our best Theological Seminaries?

As we look at the venerable home of our theological boyhood—set upon a hill and seen from afar—we love to go around

its towers, and to mark well its glorious bulwarks. As we wander, again, in fancy, through its halls, the forms of those who have long been uniting in the melodies of another world, throng about us. We seem to meet there the sainted Nevins, treading again that spot in which he once delighted. We pass by the very door through which Wisner and Breckenridge passed in, side by side, to social prayer. We stand on the spot where Winchester once knelt, and enter the room from which Larned looked forth with eager eye, to the whitening harvest. On the record of one room we read the name of Lowrie, and our thoughts wander off to that distant sea, where, "full many a fathom deep," he slumbers till the resurrection morn.

Time-honored edifice! peace be within thee! Long may that goodly array of

venerated names be unbroken! Long may their pathway to the silent tomb remain untrod! Long may the smile of God fall, like the light of the morning, on thy sacred walls. For my brethren and companions' sake, we would again say—  
**Peace be within thee!**

## War as it is.

It is not in the profligate camp that war wears its worst aspect. We must look for that on that terrible theatre of human passion—often the most revolting on which the eye of God can rest—a *battle-field*. Could an angelic spirit alight upon our earth for the first time in the presence of a battle, with what wondering horror would it be affected! As far as the eye can reach through the sulphurous smoke, a mighty host are engaged in dreadful carnage, amid the rattle of musketry, the roar of artillery, and the shouts of the combatants. These men fight as if

they had been enemies from the cradle. A whole army of men are driving their swords through other men whom they never saw before, and whom but for the orders of a king or a general, they might have met in peaceful friendship. Hour after hour, the bloody work goes forward; until the side that is *weakest* (though perhaps *morally* the strongest, in being in the right) is overwhelmed, and the victorious host rushes on, trampling the wounded and dying into the earth. Is it all over now?—No! Let us follow them with sickened hearts as they gather up the wounded victims from the earth, slippery with blood, and toss them into carts, to be borne away to the hospitals—jolting heavily as they go. Oh! for a home then, and the soothing attentions of kindred hands! But a hospital is no home. It is a vast lazar-house stowed

with the dead and the dying, and foul with the effluvia of a hundred wounds! There is no sister's hand there to bathe a feverish head, or no tender wife to wipe the death-damp from the brow. One, perhaps, in the agonies of a fever, crying for a moment's rest—for quiet to his raging head. But his neighbor on one side is raving in a delirium—and the other is already drawing his death-groan. Amidst this awful scene of cries, and oaths, and imprecations, we may even hear the last piercing prayer of some unhappy soul who had forgotten his God in the frivolities of a camp, and now finds that in the last struggle his God has forgotten him! and while amid the turmoil he tries to raise his last piteous cry, the death-rattle fills his throat, and he goes to join the host of his fellow-spirits that are pouring up unbidden before God.

*And this is war!* This is what people coolly talk about as if it were a holyday pastime! This is what men array themselves in gold and plumage for, and go out to, with music playing and colors flying! This is what men go to church and rejoice over, and offer up thanksgivings to Him whom they call the "God of Battles!" Spirit of the benevolent Jesus! is this the religion Thou didst come to teach?

As for myself, whenever I read a high-sounding bulletin of victory, filled with expressions of pompous congratulation, I never can fix my mind upon it. It wanders away to that house of suffering where the wounded victims are breathing out their lives in agony. It wanders to the cottage fireside where sits the lone widow, mourning like Rachel, and "will not be comforted"—where the lisping

child asks when his father will come back? and is told through stifling sobs, what his young heart is slow to understand, that some strange man met his father on the battle-field and smote him to the earth! My mind wanders up to that gathering—so sudden, so awful, before the bar of God! and I ask myself, *when*—WHEN will this stupendous outrage upon religion and humanity be swept from the face of an indignant earth?

## “The Lord stood with me.”

THE Prince of ancient Poets has described his hero as ever attended by the goddess Minerva, who, in his greatest perils, stood constant by his side. In the thickest of the fight, she is seen attired in celestial armor, holding the glittering Ægis before him—warding off the darts that were aimed at his precious life, and cheering him on to deeds of lofty daring. This beautiful and imposing conception was but the creation of fancy; but what Homer only faintly aspired to in this fiction, becomes a glorious *truth* in the economy of God's providence. In the

great struggle of life, an infinitely mightier Being than heathen poet ever conceived of, *does* stand ever beside His chosen people—inspiring them by an assurance of Almighty protection, and strengthening them by the infusion of supernatural power.

The past history of the church is illustrated and *illuminated* by the shining memorials of His faithfulness. A whole cloud of witnesses can testify how often He interposed to deliver them out of perplexity and danger—how often He consoled their sorrows, assuaged their pains, supplied their necessities, cheered their solitude, put to flight their fears, and brought gladness to eyes that were ready to fail 'with wakefulness and tears.'

The Father of Israel from the top of Moriah, proclaims the faithfulness of God. The great Lawgiver, from out of the

depths of the Red Sea—from beside the smitten rock gushing out with water—before the brazen serpent—testifies to the constancy of the Almighty care. From out of the lion's den of Babylon and the seven times heated furnace, comes the same inspiring testimony; and the solitudes of the brook Cherith and of the Rocky Patmos are vocal with it too. Amid the terrors of Cæsar's judgment-hall, we have heard it proclaimed with an unblanched cheek, and an unfaltering tongue—"THE LORD STOOD WITH ME and strengthened me." There was a greater than Cæsar, whose presence overshadowed the intrepid Apostle—whom he feared more than he feared the thirsty blood-hounds around him—and therefore, stretching forth that hand that had been raised above the crowded Acropolis, and lifting up the voice that had affrighted

Agrippa on his throne,—he preaches the very Jesus who had been proscribed, in the ears of the startled tyrant! The sustaining assurance of God's presence made the old man bold—it was this which made his right arm strong, and kept his countenance unblanched.

And what then? Will this Omnipotent protector *ever* forsake him? No! One such divine interposition as that in Nero's hall is enough to found a life-time of faith on. The Apostle knows that his Almighty friend is ever constant; therefore it is, that fortified by the past, and looking down with hope through a dark and troubled future, he exclaims with triumphant confidence: "And the Lord WILL deliver me from every evil, and WILL preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom. To Him be the glory forever and ever."

## Two Hours before Dr. Duff.

AND most instructive hours they were too—not soon to be forgotten. When, towards the close of his masterly discourse, we went to the front of the gallery, (in the Tabernacle,) and looked at the orator in full blaze—his tall ungainly form swaying to and fro, his long right arm waving violently, and the left one hugging his coat against his breast, his full voice raised to the tone of a Whitfield, and his face kindled into a glow of ardor like one under inspiration—we thought that we had never witnessed a higher display of thrilling, majestic oratory. “Did you

ever hear such a speech?" said a genuine Scotchman near me; "he *cannot* stop." Since Chalmers went home to heaven, Scotland has heard no eloquence like Duff's. In London he has commanded the homage of the strongest minds.

When he rose on Thursday evening last, his first appearance was not impressive—for his countenance has no very symmetrical beauty, and his gestures are grotesquely awkward. With one arm he huddles his coat up to his shoulder; with the other he saws the air incontinently, and, when intensely excited, he leaped several inches from the floor, as if about to precipitate himself over the desk. But all these eccentricities were forgotten when his great heart began to open its treasures to us, and the spell of his resistless oratory began to enchain our souls.

After a quiet, graceful introduction of

his theme, founded on the missionary teachings of the Scripture, he led us across the seas to the scene of his apostolic labors. The description was complete. Magnificent India—with its dusky crowds and its ancient temples, with its northern mountains towering to the skies, its dreary jungles haunted by the tiger and the hyena, its crystalline salt-fields flashing in the sun, its Malabar hills redolent with the richest spices, its tanks, and its rice-fields—was all spread out before us, like a panorama. We saw the devotees thronging in caravans to the shrine of Juggernaut. We heard the proud Brahmins contending for the absurdities of their ancient faith, which claims to have existed on this earth for four millions of years.

Dr. Duff's exposition of the Hindoo Pantheism was intensely interesting. To

the Brahmin the chief end of man is to know *Brahma*. the supreme being who pervades everything—who awoke ages since from sleep, and launched into existence the universe, and who, after his creatures shall have gone through certain transmigrations, will absorb all matter and mind into himself again, and sink into another slumber. With this absurd yet gigantic mythology, enrolling its millions of lesser gods, is connected the most ludicrous meteorology and geography. The Brahmin teaches that the tides are produced by a *churning* of the ocean by a tremendous “dasher” some one hundred thousand miles in length! The eclipses of the sun and moon are produced by the vain attempts of a monster “head” to swallow those luminaries, as an anaconda makes one mouthful of an ox! Every young Brahmin who is taught in the mis-

sion-schools the true nature of these natural phenomena, comes to despise the absurd impostures of their national religion. Here lies the vantage-ground of the missionaries. They must begin with the youth, and by instilling true science they prepare the way for true religion. The mission-schools have had great success, and each separate mission, said Dr. Duff, can point to several converts to an evangelic faith.

When the Doctor had completed his survey of India—having condensed a whole volume into an hour's discourse—he opened his batteries upon the sloth and selfishness of a large portion of Christ's professed followers. His sarcasm was scalding upon the mercenary mammonism of the day. Under the burning satire and melting pathos of that tremendous appeal for dying heathendom, tears

of indignation welled out from many an eye.

We all sat in shame and confusion. I leaned over toward the reporters' table. Many of them had laid down their pens. They might as well have attempted to report a thunder-storm! As the orator drew near his close, he seemed like one inspired. His face shone "as it were the face of an angel." He had become the very embodiment of missions to us, and was lost in his transcendent theme. Never before did we so fully realize the overwhelming power of a man who is *possessed* with his theme, and who makes his lips the mere outlet for the mighty truth to find utterance. The concluding sentence was a swelling outburst of prophecy of the coming triumphs of the cross; and, as the last thrilling words died into silence,

the audience arose and lifted up their sublime doxology,

**"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below!"**

## The Flowers of Calladen.

EVERY man is apt to have his favorite study—some specialty that engages his most eager attention. An astronomer lives in the heavens; his converse is with Orion and the seven stars. Glorious company he keeps, too; but he has no right to neglect the watching of his own inner man, the study of that soul which shall outlive the burning planets. The geologist goes *down* instead of *up*; he delves amid rocks and strata, trilobites and “primitive formations.” A fascinating study; but the *primitive formations* of character, and the deep *caverns* of secret

motive, and the several *strata* of habits, good and evil, which are constantly accumulating—can he safely neglect these? Here comes the botanist, with a portfolio full of the autographs of God,—the handwriting of the Almighty on the cunning hibiscus-leaf, the gorgeous rose, and the *Victoria regia*. But the budding of character, the flowering out of heart-graces, the eradication of tares and weeds from the heart's garden—surely here is important work for the spiritual botanist. The mechanic studies inventions. What ingenious fabrics! What subtle workmanship! But is there a watch whose springs and wheels display the delicacy and subtlety of the inner springs that control human existence?—is there an engine imprisoned in the womb of Collins' sea-going steamers, or palpitating through its fiery course on a railway track, that equals

in power and fervor the throb of a great human heart? Politics absorb the statesman. He manages realms and empires. But there is an inner realm that deserves all the control and discipline than can be devoted to it. How to rule the heart well, how to correct its abuses, how to quell its rebellions, how to storm its Sevastopols, how to bring it into subjection to God, how to banish its sins and set up Christ's reign therein—this is certainly an employment worthy of the most gifted intellect. The discipline of the human heart affords one of the grandest arenas on which God expends the Divine wisdom and exercises the Divine love.

Every man has in himself a continent of *undiscovered character*. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul! Our special danger lies in the direction of *undeveloped* character. No man knows

what is in him until he is tried. Then God makes him know "what is in his heart." Abraham did not know how much faith he had until he flashed the naked blade over the breast of his darling son. Moses did not discover how much meekness God had endowed him with, until he was tried by the contradictions of the stubborn sinners in the wilderness. On the other hand Judas probably fancied himself a fair "average specimen" of honesty till the bag was entrusted to him, and the chief priests began to tamper with him. Peter stoutly insisted on his own courage and constancy until God let him know what a *flaw* there was in his iron. And just there the iron broke. For the undeveloped part of our characters is the very part from which we may expect the greatest danger.

The undetected flaw lets the axle break

when the locomotive is spinning over the track at forty miles per hour—and hence the frightful wreck of cars, freight, and human lives. And never are we in greater peril than when dashing along in high success amid the gaze and admiration of all on-lookers. At such times, look out for the axle! The secret traits of character often lie dormant for years in the hidden recesses of the soul. They are like certain seeds that will remain in the bosom of the earth for a prodigious length of time, until some application is made to them. Then they spring up. If no awakening substance touches them, they slumber on unseen and unknown forever.

They tell us that in Scotland is a battle field on which the natives of the soil and the Saxons once met in terrible conflict. No monument marks the scene of the bloody fight. All over the field grows

the beautiful Scotch heather—except in *one spot*. There a little blue flower grows abundantly. No flowers like them are to be found for many a league around. Why are they there? The reason is this. Just in the spot where they grow the bodies of the slain were buried, and the earth was saturated with the blood and the remains of the unhappy victims. *The seeds of these flowers were there before*. As soon as the blood touched them, they sprang up. They developed. And every blue flower on Culloden's field, as it bends to the mountain breeze, is a memorial of the brave warriors who dyed that heathery sod with their crimson gore!

So is it with character. The seeds of action lie deep beneath the surface,—the seeds of heroism and the seeds of crime. Good and evil germs lie latent in the heart. For a lifetime they may remain unknown

and unrecognized ; perhaps never are developed in this lower world. The seeds of the blue flowers at Culloden would, probably, have lain there undetected, to this day, but for the trickling about them of human blood. That called them forth.

Benedict Arnold was for many years a patriot above reproach. No one endured the long marches through the pine forests of Maine and Canada better than he. Had he perished in those forests, he would have left a name to be linked with the names of Knox and Schuyler and Marion. But when British gold glittered before his eyes and he found himself deeply in debt, then the latent devil broke forth. The seed sprouted as soon as the gold touched it. The inward lust broke out into hideous treason ; and the gallant hero of the northern forests sank into the outcast traitor of West Point. There is a kindred

illustration in the biography of David. We do not read that the Jewish king had ever before stained his conscience by any acts of lechery. But when the fair wife of Uriah comes athwart his vision in unexpected exposure, up springs the passion, and subdues him. It starts on him like a tiger from the jungles. He is left wounded and disgraced, and turns murderer that he may cease to be an adulterer! The sudden test brought up so much filth from the bottom of his heart that he was forced to cry out in the agonies of remorse—"Create in me a *clean* heart! oh God! renew a right spirit within me!"

A young man leaves his country-home for this maelstrom of a city, and brings with him little else but an "honest character." So he thinks it; his homespun father thinks so too. He gets, unhappily, into an establishment where frauds are

frequently practiced—all “in the way of *business*.” His rustic notions are laughed at. His shopmates pity his verdant simplicity. It goes hard with him when he finishes off and polishes up the first cunning lie. It roöges his cheek a little. But he soon gets used to it. He grows sharp by practice. He fleeces customers for his employer’s sake, and at length fleeces his employer for his own sake. His master’s dollars begin to find their way into the box-office of the theatres. When he goes into business for himself the swindle is tried on a grander scale; and he ends his career as the hero of a stupendous *explosion*, which blows its fragments right and left through the counting-rooms and warehouses of a score of victimized creditors. How do you explain all this? The solution is easy. That youth brought with him into this city the

seeds of knavery in his heart. Circumstances brought them out. That's all.

Temptation puts such characters to the test. They fail. But on the other hand it is a cheering thought, my young brethren, that trial brings out virtues and develops graces to a glorious degree. This is the bright side of the subject. A man is left to be tried, and he finds in his heart a stout healthy *principle* that is proof against threats, lures, and ensnarements. He bears up against temptation, like a deep-rooted cedar against a tempest. Latent grace is called forth—an unknown strength of holy purpose is developed—and godliness is found to underlie the whole conscience. And so he does not yield. When tempted or assailed he STANDS—stands as *Nathan Hale* stood, or the patriot *Reed*, before the seductions of foreign gold; stands as *Luther* stood before

the Diet, and brave *John Huss* before the Council—stands as *Joseph* stood against the shameless wanton of Potiphar's house, and as the deserted *Paul* stood, alone and unblanched, before the brutal Nero. God left all these men to try them,—and they found that in their several hearts were patriotism, and courage, and chastity, and constancy, and fidelity to truth. When men *fall* it is commonly through their unsuspected weakness. When they *stand*, it is through the imparted strength of God. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the gospel of peace; above all, take the shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one. Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

Taking unto yourselves the whole armor of God, ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to **STAND!**

## New York seen on the Wrong Side.

NOTHING strikes a stranger more vividly on his entrance into New York than the broad and startling contrasts. There is such a prodigious diversity between its different portions and its different people, that he might well wonder how they all belonged to one community. He passes up the great artery of our metropolis—perhaps the most brilliant street in the civilized world. The children of luxury and rank roll by him in the varied tints of the rainbow. Well-housed, well-fed, well-educated, and well-provided, as they are, they do not know what it is to suffer

lack of anything needful to their comfort. They walk life's *sunny side* in "silver slippers." To many of them existence is as merry as a marriage-bell.

But let that stranger turn suddenly out of that magnificent street when he gets abreast of that world-known region of wretchedness, the "Five Points." The whole view changes in an instant! He he has entered a new world! He has gone apparently a score of leagues; so wide is the contrast between the "clean" and the "unclean." The street into which he has turned, takes him down at one swift descent through a dozen distinct layers of society. Every grade of existence, as he advances, becomes darker, filthier, fouler, and more degraded, until he reaches the very dregs. Sickening odors come up from open cellars. Startling oaths ring out from subterranean dens. Children

that have no sunshine on their brows—children that are mere itinerant piles of rags—children that never heard a mother pray, but only swear—the children that will yet occupy prisons, poor-houses, and brothels, (unless rescued in time,) are thronging the filthy sidewalks. Let us follow that stranger on his tour of exploration into some one of the rotting “rookeries” that overhang the pavement. As we enter, the broken door hangs by a single hinge. We grope up rickety stairways, amid strange sounds and stifling odors. We open one of the doors, behind which oaths and wild songs are ringing; and, at first sight, it seems as if a hut of New Zealand savages has been revealed to us—or that a cage of wild animals has been opened by its keeper. Every square foot of filthy floor has some occupant. Upon it are stretched the wretched in

their rags, and the drunken in their debauches. The old and the young, the black and the white, the sick and the sinning, all herd together as in a promiscuous sty. Hither the footpad brings his plunder—the beggar brings his refuse food—the poor, shameless daughter of sin brings her booty, purchased by the price of her character, and of her immortal soul! Here they crouch down to sleep; here they grovel; here they drug their consciences with stupefying draughts of adulterated liquors; here they spend their *only* lives on earth; and when the abused, diseased, and corrupted frame can bear up no longer, here they die, *all in the dark*, and the pauper's grave receives their last loathsome relics!

And all this is to be witnessed every day within sound of New York's one hundred church bells! All this within

five minutes' walk of the great thoroughfare through which the wealth and refinement of this metropolis are constantly pouring. All this within reach of our abounding schools, with their open doors and daily teachings. Ah! we must not dream, however, that all these children of want and vice are growing up without education. They are not. They go to school, and are apt learners. The *devil has his free-schools for them*, plentiful in number, and thorough in their instructions. He has his schools in the corner dram-shops, the gambling-house, the theatre, the brothel, and the very associations of every child with every other like itself. Those whom Christianity does not provide for, Satan takes care of. From his free-schools he graduates thieves for the prison, gamblers for the "dens," paupers for the almshouse, harlots for the pest-house, and

ruined souls for perdition! What other graduates could we expect? For "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one."

Let us look for a moment at the "whereabouts" of a large portion of our population, the places where they live, and where many of them are dying off by inches. Of the people of New York, it is ascertained that eighteen thousand live under ground. They are the occupants of cellars, and many of these cellars are little better than vaults. Damp, impure, and loathsome, they are only the *first* grave, from which the hapless occupant is soon carried off by the undertaker to his second grave. These cellars have no ventilation, and the air, with all its oxygen breathed out, becomes rank poison, instead of being the food of life. The poor lodgers in such caverns, for want of oxygen in the air to

stimulate their systems, have recourse, all the sooner, to the bottle and the dram-shop. This is one of the fruitful sources of intemperance among us. Alcohol is sought as a stimulant to arouse and sustain the bodily systems that have been prostrated by want of healthful diet and the healthful oxygen of pure, wholesome air. Do you not see, my hearers, how directly the physical condition of the poor affects their moral condition and welfare? The dwelling of the body affects the body, which is the dwelling-place of the soul. If a human being is immured in a foul, pestilential cellar, deprived of wholesome food and fresh air—if his raiment is filthy and his whole system enervated and disordered, do you not see that it is almost impossible that his life should be anything else than grovelling and debased? It will be a miracle if he do not sink into a pau-

per and a sot. For "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one."

In one neglected quarter of this huge city is a single lodging-room or den, in which one hundred outcasts, of both sexes, herd together indiscriminately every night! They fling themselves upon the floor in the same tattered rags in which they have prowled the streets and wharves during the day. The policeman, with his lantern, must step cautiously as he treads his way among the breathing heaps of rags, huddled side by side, all through that dismal chamber. Oh! my brethren, how can Christianity lie down so quietly on its pillows of down, while these thousands of outcast humanity stretch themselves on the hard, bare floor, or else have not where to lay their weary heads?

By this time you may inquire—where

is the remedy? what can we do? To these inquiries we would reply, that, as no clean result can come from an unclean source, the primal remedy is to purify the *sources themselves*. This work is a double one. It must be applied both to the body and to the soul. The external man and the internal man should both be reformed. Each one of these processes is essential. The second is by far the most important; but in order to reach it, the first one must not be neglected. For it is no easy work to Christianize a ragged outcast, with a half-dozen layers of filth all over his frame, and no bread in his mouth but what he gets by begging or stealing. It is no easy task to Christianize a child by two hours of Sabbath-school teaching, while the devil has undisputed control over that child through all the hours of all the other six days of the week. It is

no easy matter to make a vagrant girl obey either the seventh or the eighth commandment, if absolute want is driving her to theft or to the sale of her womanhood to buy her bread. The soul must be cared for, and the physical condition too. The Bible and the tract should be given to these outcasts; but a preliminary step is to do all we can to provide for them a clean face and a clean dress, and a better chance *to live without crime*. Let us endeavor to give them employment—to help them into places of livelihood. Let them learn to be, not paupers, but producers—not mendicants and plunderers, but self-respecting self-supporters. And then with this care for the perishing body let us give them the Gospel. Not as a cold abstraction or a theologic dogma do they need it, but as a plain, simple method of salvation, and as a practical rule of life.

Let them have it free, and warm, and loving—just as it burst from Heaven in its fullness, just as it breathed from Calvary in its tenderness. Let it come to them in every possible channel—through the teacher, through the tract visitor, through the school, through the mission church, and through the efforts of private Christians; for *all* the disciples of Christ should covet a place in practical philanthropy.

## What meanest Thou, oh Sleeper?

WE have seldom passed through a certain town, without seeing a certain well-dressed man, loitering listlessly at the railway station; or if we go by on the steamer, he is commonly leaning against a post of the wharf, and looking out of his idle, dreamy countenance, as if he *wished* that some boat would come along, and carry him away *from himself*. Occasionally, we see him dozing over a newspaper, on his shady piazza; and we have often felt like arousing him with the trumpet-call of the affrighted sea-captain

to the slumbering Jonah, "What meanest thou, oh sleeper?"

He would probably answer that he was 'killing time.' He is one of that large class of slow suicides, who murder life by inches. And what a crime against God and the soul, is this murder of a human existence! Killing an *hour*, when a dying queen once offered her kingdom, for an hour to prepare for eternity! Killing a *day*, when a day has oft-times decided a man's whole life, and even a nation's destiny! Killing a *week*, when that short space once sufficed for the creation of our stupendous globe! Killing a *month*, when, through the waxing and waning of one moon, an immortality has oft-times been won! Killing a *year*, when only thirty of them are given to the average of men to be saved or lost! And worse than all, to kill a life—to doze it away in

guilty idleness, and wake only to yawn and sleep again. Surely, if it be a huge crime to take away the life of another, it is but little short of that, to throw away our own.

But the sight of such a purposeless idler as we have just spoken of, reminds us too closely of a certain class of listless loiterers among the ranks of Christ's professed followers. They are the drones of the Christian hive. They do not *live* in the grandeur of that word, as it applies to such an epic as the career of a Paul or a Luther; they only vegetate. They lounge at the "station-houses," and beside the stream of busy existence, and let human plans go forward, and God's providential purposes move along; and yet scarcely open the eye to behold them, much less stretch forth a hand to aid them, or embark themselves in any of the hundred

schemes to glorify the Creator, and to save perishing humanity. What is more provoking and "trying" to a pastor of open eye and active spirit, than to have the avenues of duty in his church blocked up by such masses of spiritual inertia?—to go to a nominal Christian with a plan of charity, and find his eyes so drowsy that he cannot scan it over, his ears so heavy that one might as well exhort a mummy into activity? And within this slumbering form of professed godliness is a voice that *might* speak out for God and truth; and a heart that might break forth in prayer; and to it belongs a purse that might yield up its "shekels of silver" for the Lord's service. In looking at the idle listless piety which, in times of need, and of peril, "goes down into the sides of the ship," Jonah-like, to slumber, we often wish for a voice, like the trump of Ga-

brief, to sound in such heavy ears, "What meanest thou, oh sleeper?" Want is on every side; woes are on every hand. More than half the world is spiritually famished. Five hundred millions of men have never seen a Bible, or heard of a Saviour. Intemperance is drugging its tens of thousands to death. Oppression is fettering hands and hearts in almost every clime. Heathenism is found in the very alleys of our cities, and under the shadows of marble churches; and every hour sees hundreds of souls bursting into eternity, to meet their doom!

How can a Christian sleep in such an age as ours? When life grows grander every year, by the increased knowledge and extended facilities for achieving great results for God and humanity? When so many harvest fields of labor invite the sturdy arm and glowing heart? When

the wails of a world's sorrow rise on every gale? To sleep through such a period of the world's history, is a fearful crime. Truly is it "a sin against heaven, to have no pulse that beats in the palpitations of an age that trembles with the footsteps of an advancing God."

## The Ownership of Sins.

LOOKING not long since into the gloomy cell of a murderer who was under sentence of death, I could not but think how many transgressions of *others* were to be punished in that one man. As my eye rested on that never-to-be-forgotten face, overspread already with the shadow of his coming doom, and upon that haggard form, so emaciated by long confinement from the fresh air of heaven, I fancied that I could see the sins of other men clinging all over that frame, and written out in every lineament of that melancholy face. His own sin was indeed there. The

jury knew his guilt, and the judge too, when, with tremulous lips, he sentenced the poor wretch to an end, the very mention of which sends a creeping horror over us. The unhappy criminal knew it himself quite too well, and his tell-tale-countenance confessed it every moment.

But in that sin of his, how many others were wrapped up and identified with it! He was not the sole transgressor. The hangman's rope encircled other crimes than his own. He had had accomplices and instructors in vice, all of whom were directly or remotely concerned in bringing him to the cell and the scaffold. Perhaps at the very threshold of life his father and mother had been criminally neglectful of parental duty. They did not restrain those fierce passions which often flame forth into *incipient murder* even in the

nursery. For an ungoverned child will often display all the malice and the hateful revenge towards its young playmates that would make that child do murder, if there were the nerve in that little arm to give the fatal blow. That very man's crime may have thus begun in childhood, and been *rehearsed* over and over again among his little companions, while a weak or a wicked parent allowed the *spirit* of murder to grow on apace.

And there were other accomplices beside. The associates of his youthful days helped him on. One taught him to deceive his parent by skulking away from school on some expedition for mischief or frolic. Another decoyed him into the "dark delights" of Sabbath-breaking. Another gave him lessons in profanity, and practiced before him on the vocabulary of hell. Another went with him to

the subterranean haunt, where, through the crimson curtain, a light gleamed out at the midnight hour, to tell the passer-by that there he might "tarry long at the wine." All these wily seducers, and scores of others like them, were "partakers" of his gigantic crime. They all helped him on in his downward course. Each gave his impetus to the unhappy man as he rushed along towards a ripe maturity in wickedness. And then the awful crime itself, which brought him at last to the gallows, was committed under the maddening excitement of strong drink. The hand must be nerved and the heart must be calloused to the deed; and what stimulus to the passion so strong, or what opiate to the conscience so deadening as the intoxicating glass? The trafficker who for paltry pence sold him

the poison-draught was another accomplice in the outrage. And so, as I looked at my poor, desolate fellow-being, trembling on the verge of his hopeless eternity, and crimsoned all over with the iniquities of his tempters and seducers, as well as his own, I could not but feel the warning, "*Neither be partakers of other men's sins!*" "Woe unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor!"

It will require the opening of the books of remembrance at the judgment bar, to exhibit in its completeness the responsibility of individuals in each other's actions. How this partaking in other men's sins will complicate the decisions of that day! How interwoven will be the web of human influence! And how many a sin will wander about that countless multitude of waiting men in search of its real

owner, until it fastens on some individual who, for the first time, shall appear to those around him, and perhaps to himself, as having been a thief or a blasphemer, an adulterer or a murderer!

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## Preaching and Paper-Reading.

“Do you ever have any preaching down here?” inquired a colporteur once of a coal-burner in the New Jersey pines. “Sometimes we have preaching over in the school-house,” he replied; “and once in awhile a *paper-reader* comes along, but we don’t set much store by them, no-ways.” And the “Piner” was not far from right in his judgment. A man who could not utter his simple message in a rustic school-house without having recourse to a pile of manuscripts, might well question whether he did not lack at least one most desirable faculty for a Christian minister.

The distinction made by this illiterate collier between preaching and “paper-

reading," is one that is pretty deeply ingrained in the popular mind. The *masses* certainly prefer extemporaneous speaking, whatever may be the judgment of the learned and the refined. In fact we question whether there is a single minister of the gospel who can succeed to his satisfaction in extemporaneous preaching, that is willing to write out his discourses habitually. He is prompted to this decision, not by the dictates of indolence, but from a clear conviction of the superior freedom, gracefulness, and acceptability of the "off-hand" method. "I always find," said the beloved Payson, "that when any good is done, it is my extempore sermons which do it."

But in spite of such strong testimony as this from one who wrote many of his discourses, and of the popular preference too—it is very clear that a large number

of clergymen *must* write their sermons, or else abandon the ministry. Those who are not gifted with any fluency of utterance, and who cannot possibly acquire it, and those who have a great fondness for close argumentation and nice distinctions, will continue to use notes to the end of the chapter. The practice of sermon-reading has undoubtedly the sanction of many of the most effective preachers of modern times. The brilliant Melville of London writes out his discourses—sometimes two or three times over. Dr. Mason prepared in manuscript some of his noblest pulpit productions. Dr. Chalmers wrote his magnificent astronomical discourses, and then delivered them in tones that sometimes “made the rafters roar.”

It must be admitted that the very highest effects of eloquence are seldom gained from a written discourse—for the atmosphere of

a study does not warm us like the presence of a living, listening auditory.

But there are many men who are always more successful without any written preparation than with one, and who make a deeper impression, too, in spite of laborious old Doctor Emmons' smart saying that "extempore preaching was generally *pro tempore* preaching." The late Dr. John Breckenridge was one of this number. Place such a man before a large audience, and leave him to the stimulus of the occasion, and he will rise to a vigorous and impressive eloquence that enchains every listener, while in the chilling atmosphere of his study he would write out only stale truisms, or feeble common-places. Extemporaneous preachers are very apt to be *uncertain* men in the pulpit. The man who wholly dispenses with notes needs to have a large store of words, and ideas

too, at immediate command, and needs to look after his *digestion* also; for bodily health has much to do with mental action, and it is hard to be very fluent under the nightmare of dyspepsy.

Many persons have attained to great excellence in extemporaneous speaking, by writing with great care, and then leaving their notes at home when they went to the pulpit or the platform. As they gradually acquired a greater command of language, uniformity of style and method in reasoning, they laid aside their pens, and made only a mental preparation of their public productions. Looking over a manuscript letter lately, which was written by the fascinating Summerfield, we ascertained that his method was to revolve his subject fully in his mind, and leave his words to be gathered while in the pulpit. "The best word,"

he says, "is the word that suggests itself in the heat of the moment." One of Summerfield's discourses, when it left his study, was a literal *skeleton*, but it appeared before his charmed auditory as graceful as the Apollo, and glowing with the warm life-tints of Raphael's Madonna.

As a pupil learns well his alphabet, and how to write it, and then leaves his hand to fashion the letters rapidly by a sort of instinct, so the off-hand orator may discipline himself well in language, style, and gesture, and then trust that he will utter correctly and gracefully the thoughts which his mind is coining during the heat of the delivery. We once had the good fortune to sit near the accomplished Preston of South Carolina, while he was pronouncing an extemporaneous address under very exciting circumstances. He commenced very tamely. Presently his

hand began to tremble, and the papers which he held in his hat began to rattle. Then he flung aside his hat and threw himself into the full tide of his sweeping oratory. But under all his intense excitement, he did not make one ungraceful gesture, or utter one awkward sentence, or miscall a single word. Such perfection requires great study and long training, in addition to no ordinary gifts of eloquence. Whitefield only gained his pre-eminence at the expense of his *earliest* auditors.

But we must close; and if any one asks what is the "conclusion" of this rambling paragraph, we can only say, with the late dear and venerable Dr. Miller, that, "considering the diversities of men's tastes and gifts, *no rule at all is the best rule.*"

THE END.