

The Cedar Christian.

And other Practical Papers

And Personal Sketches.

By

THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn.

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MANY of the following articles have already appeared in the *New York Independent* and *New York Evangelist*, and are now collected in a permanent form. The volume takes its title from the first article ever contributed by the Author to the *Independent*.

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The Cedar Christian.

STROLLING one bright summer morning over the velvet carpet of "Chatsworth Park," we came suddenly upon a CEDAR OF LEBANON! It was the first and only one we ever saw; our first impulse was to uncover our head, and make obeisance to this monarch in exile, this lone representative of the most regal family of trees upon the globe. Every bough was laden with glorious association to us. Broad, gnarled, severe, rough old tree as it was, yet it blossomed with poetry, and hung golden with heavenly teachings. As we gazed through our tears at the exiled sovereign, the voice of the Psalmist was in our ears—" *The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.*"

With that hardy veteran of Chatsworth in our mind's eye, let us say a word about the style of cedar Christians that we need in our day. Of

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I. And the first quality of the cedar is that it *grows*. It is a living tree. Where there is hearty life, there must be growth. And it is the lamentable lack of inward godliness that makes the stunted professor. There is not vitalizing sap enough in his heart-roots to reach up into the boughs of his outward conduct. There is not vigor enough in the trunk of his character to stand erect. No answering showers brought down by fervent prayer to cleanse the dust of worldliness from his yellow, sicklied leaves. There he is—just as he was “set out” in the Church a score of years ago, no larger, no broader, no brighter in graces than he was then; the caterpillars of lust having spun their unsightly webs all over his branches. He has not grown an ell in any one Bible trait. He has not yielded one single fruit of the Spirit. He is a cumberer of the ground—in the way of a better man—all the while drinking up God's pure air and

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II. But the cedar not only grows it has a peculiar style of growth which God's people may well imitate. It grows through all weathers. It is a *hardy* tree, or else it could not live a month in the Arctic climate of Lebanon's sky-piercing summits. Delicate plants might thrive on the warm lap of southern exposures, but not up among the rifts of whirling snows, or where the steel-like air gleams under the silent moon. Sudden hurricanes may twist off the gorgeous magnolias of the vale, or crack the brittle bay-tree, but let the gale rage ever so fiercely on Lebanon's blustering heights, let the snow squadrons join battle in the hurtled air, the cedar tosses the tempest from its elastic boughs, and *stands* like the everlasting mountain under it. In God's Church there are to be found just such *lignumvitæ* characters—storm-proof, gold-proof, temptation-proof. What a plantation of such cedars were the early apostles! What a coronet

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Morning Hours.

Beginning the Day with God.

A MAN of average duration of life (thirty years) sees about ten thousand *mornings* in the course of his existence. He begins ten thousand days; and as the after-issues and conduct of the day depend so much upon the beginnings, we wish to say a few practical words on beginning every day with God. Morning piety has much to do with household piety and with the whole current of one's every-day religion.

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must seize and save its earliest hours. How often do we see some poor, careless, dilatory fellow rushing in blundering haste through the whole day in a vain chase after the hour he lost in the morning!

II. Every day should be commenced with God and upon the knees. "In the *morning* will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up," said that man who was "after God's own heart." He begins the day unwisely who leaves his chamber without a secret conference with Christ, his best friend. The true Christian goes into his closet for his armor; before night he will need the whole panoply. He goes to his closet for his spiritual "rations" for the day's march. As the Eastern traveller sets out for the sultry journey over torrid sands by loading up his camel under the palm-tree's shade, and by filling his water-flasks from the cool fountain that sparkles at its roots, so doth God's wayfarer draw his morning supplies from the unexhausted spring. Morning is the golden hour for devotion. The mind is fresh. The mercies of the night provoke to thankfulness. The buoyant heart, that is in love with God, makes its earliest flight, like the

dawn, toward the gates of heaven. Gratitude, dependence, love, faith, all prompt to early interviews with Him who, never sleeping and never slumbering Himself, waits on His throne for our morning orisons. We all remember Bunyan's beautiful description of his Pilgrim who "awoke and sang" in the *Chamber of Peace* which looked toward the sun-rising. If stony Egyptian *Memnon* made music when the first rays of the light kindled on his flinty brow, a living Christian heart should not be mute when God causes the outgoings of his mornings to rejoice.

III. Closet devotions are the precursor to family worship. Family religion underlies the commonwealth and the church of Christ. No Christian government—no healthy public conscience—no Bible-philanthropies—no godly church-life, can exist without their roots beneath Christian hearth-stones and family altars. The "*tu-tamen et decus*" of dear old Scotland is found in those scenes of fireside worship which Burns has so sweetly pictured :

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

No prelude to the day is so fitting, so impressive, so powerful in its sacred influence as the union of household hearts around the throne of grace. When a cheerful morning-hymn is sung, even the "wee bairnies" can join their carol; and what might be tortured into a penance is transformed into a delight. Morning worship at the family altar is a "strong seam" well stitched on the border of the day, to keep it from ravelling out into irreligion, indolence, contention, and sin. Wise is that Christian parent who hems every morning with the Word of God and fervent prayer!

IV. When the early devotions of the day are over, and a distinct plan of useful labor laid out, then let us shoulder up the day's load *cheerfully*. God will make the load light if we ask Him. And the happiness and serenity of the whole day depend much upon a cheerful start. The man who leaves his home with a scowl on his brow, with a snap at his children, and a tart speech to his wife, is not likely to be a very pleasant companion for any one through the day, or to return home at night less acid than a vinegar-cruet. But more than cheerfulness is needed

for some days, whose advancing hours come loaded with unexpected sorrows. For such days let us make ready *every* morning by putting ourselves under the wing of a Saviour's loving care. We know not how soon the last sunrise may light us on our way, nor how soon we shall hear on earth the last "good morning."

We have just returned from the funeral of the heroic veteran, LYMAN BEECHER, and as we gazed on his sleeping clay, we could not but think, "Oh, sainted patriarch! how many must be thy glorified spiritual children on the 'sea of glass,' who have already greeted thee with heaven's glad *good morning!*"

All that we have sought to say is finely condensed by Bonar into these lines :

"Begin thy day with God;
He is thy sun and day;
His is the radiance of thy dawn;
To Him address thy lay.

"Take thy first meal with God;
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed with and on Him; He with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

"Take thy first walk with God;
Let Him go forth with thee;

Morning Hours.

21

**By stream, or sea, or mountain-path,
Seek still His company.**

**"Thy first transactions be
With God himself above ;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love."**



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lark, toward the gates of heaven. Gratitude, dependence, love, faith, all prompt to early interviews with Him who, never sleeping and never slumbering Himself, waits on His throne for our morning orisons. We all remember Bunyan's beautiful description of his Pilgrim who "awoke and sang" in the *Chamber of Peace* which looked toward the sun-rising. If stony Egyptian *Memnon* made music when the first rays of the light kindled on his flinty brow, a living Christian heart should not be mute when God causes the outgoings of his mornings to rejoice.

III. Closet devotions are the precursor to family worship. Family religion underlies the commonwealth and the church of Christ. No Christian government—no healthy public conscience—no Bible-philanthropies—no godly church-life, can exist without their roots beneath Christian hearth-stones and family altars. The "*tu-tamen et decus*" of dear old Scotland is found in those scenes of fireside worship which Burns has so sweetly pictured :

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

No prelude to the day is so fitting, so impressive, so powerful in its sacred influence as the union of household hearts around the throne of grace. When a cheerful morning-hymn is sung, even the "wee bairnies" can join their carol; and what might be tortured into a penance is transformed into a delight. Morning worship at the family altar is a "strong seam" well stitched on the border of the day, to keep it from ravelling out into irreligion, indolence, contention, and sin. Wise is that Christian parent who hems every morning with the Word of God and fervent prayer!

IV. When the early devotions of the day are over, and a distinct plan of useful labor laid out, then let us shoulder up the day's load *cheerfully*. God will make the load light if we ask Him. And the happiness and serenity of the whole day depend much upon a cheerful start. The man who leaves his home with a scowl on his brow, with a snap at his children, and a tart speech to his wife, is not likely to be a very pleasant companion for any one through the day, or to return home at night less acid than a vinegar-cruet. But more than cheerfulness is needed

for some days, whose advancing hours come loaded with unexpected sorrows. For such days let us make ready *every* morning by putting ourselves under the wing of a Saviour's loving care. We know not how soon the last sunrise may light us on our way, nor how soon we shall hear on earth the last "good morning."

We have just returned from the funeral of the heroic veteran, LYMAN BEECHER, and as we gazed on his sleeping clay, we could not but think, "Oh, sainted patriarch! how many must be thy glorified spiritual children on the 'sea of glass,' who have already greeted thee with heaven's glad *good morning!*"

All that we have sought to say is finely condensed by Bonar into these lines :

"Begin thy day with God;
He is thy sun and day;
His is the radiance of thy dawn;
To Him address thy lay.

"Take thy first meal with God;
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed with and on Him; He with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

"Take thy first walk with God;
Let Him go forth with thee;

Morning Hours.

21

**By stream, or sea, or mountain-path,
Seek still His company.**

**"Thy first transactions be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love."**





A Day on Mount Righi.

EVERY traveller has a few un-forget-able days in his experiences ; and one of these is the day he spends on the great observatory of the Alps, Mount Righi. If it is a stormy day he never forgets his disappointment ; if it is a clear one he never forgets his delight. Yesterday was a fair one after many dark days and fog-bound. The sun conquered the mists as full-orbed truth vanquishes error.

We set off from Lucerne in the morning. A swift steamer took us over the blue water of the peerless lake in half an hour to Kussnacht. Here we landed, and securing a Swiss lad for porter of overcoats we started for the Culm. Pedestrianism is fashionable in Switzerland ; it is vulgar to ride except for weak-ankled men and ladies. One of my companions wore a pair of

thick boots which he said "knew every road among the Oberland Alps." The distance to the mountain-house is at least six miles—the first part of the way through orchards loaded with fruit. On every side we pass brown-faced women (innocent of bonnets) toiling in the fields, for in Switzerland woman is made a beast of burden. I have seen a young girl hitched with a small steer before a cart. They are healthy, virtuous, and even the poorest female peasants seemed happy under their hard lot.

By 12 o'clock we had reached the half-way house, drenched with perspiration. We halted at the smoky chalèt, and found a loaf of the delicious Swiss bread, and a bowl of milk, for this is the land that literally "flows with milk and honey." I peeped into the side-room of the cottage and discovered a stream of water flowing through it, with a dozen bottles of wine and beer keeping cool in the bottom of the stream for the refreshment of mountain-clamberers. Over head on the rough timbers was a sort of ark or huge box in which the family enjoy their dormitory. In such rude cabins dwell the hard-toiling peasantry of this beautiful land; from such homes

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came forth the stalwart arms that fought the battles for Tell and liberty.

While we are lunching under the trees we begin to catch ravishing views of the lake below us—of Lucerne—of the bluest of blue waters of Lake Zug, and of the distant vineyards towards the Rhine. The last part of the way is like Christian's ascent of the Hill Difficulty, where the pilgrim "falls from running to walking, and from walking to clambering on the knees." Wearily we toiled on until three o'clock when the welcome balcony of the "Hotel du Righi-Culm" broke upon our delighted eyes, and the summit was gained. Overcoats are in demand at once, for a July noonday on the Righi is about like our November. We are 5670 feet above the sea-level, and on a bare mound, destitute of trees, but covered with a soft velvet turf. For that single acre of ground the landlord paid ten thousand dollars!

With map in hand we commence our survey of the wonderful panorama. Forty mountains are in sight—nearly all the finest lakes in Switzerland—and a circumference of three hundred miles, with every variety of scene from the polar

solitudes of the ice-clad Wetterhorn to the emerald vineyards that nestle in the vales of Zurich. The lofty group right before us are the Monch, the Eigher, and the beautiful Jungfrau. This is the mountain which Prof. Agassiz had the hardihood to ascend, when even his guide gave out through cold and terror. It is commonly enveloped in clouds, but towards sunset last evening the "bride of the Alps" unveiled herself, and stood forth in snowy vesture to receive the parting kiss of the king of day.

Next to the Jungfrau lies the enormous glacier of Grindewald which projects its shelf of blue ice clear to the borders of the vineyards and the harvest fields. That glacier is of solid ice eight hundred feet in thickness, and the drippings of its Summer thaw supply a rapid river! Towards its summit no sun-beams ever have even softened one of its glittering pinnacles, and every drop of rain that descends from the clouds is frozen to snow before it touches the ice-sea beneath! As the sun falls on that glorious glacier, it shines like a stairway of pearl leading up from earth to heaven. An arch of cloud o'erhangs it, and through it we gaze, as the seer of Patmos

26 A Day on Mount Righi.

gazed through into the streets of shining gold like unto transparent glass.

Beyond this glacier tower the four pyramids of the Wetterhorn, or the "Peak of Tempests." Then comes the Finster-aarhorn or "Peak of Darkness;" then the Schrekhorn or "Peak of Terror." But why attempt to enumerate the whole retinue of mighty mountains that here do wait before the throne of the GREAT KING? Earth has no sublimer scene. In no spot can one open the one hundred and fourth Psalm, and so take in the transcendent grandeur that must have possessed him who first sang it in the Creator's praise.

For hours I stood enraptured with the ice-mountains in the South. Then I turned eastward, and the panorama changed. Instead of bold bleak battlements of ice and granite, lo! a sweet green vale lay before me so far down that the houses seemed but nut-shells, and the highways but threads across the landscape. This was the famous and ill-fated valley of *Goldau*. Above it hangs the Rossberg mountain, and that huge scar on its side marks the spot whence the avalanche of earth broke away that overwhelmed

the unhappy village in its fall. It occurred on the afternoon of September 2, 1806. The inhabitants were startled by a sound like thunder. The air began to fill with black dust. In five minutes the lid of their mighty sepulchre had fallen; and in one huge grave three miles in length lie buried four hundred and fifty beings, husband and wife, parent and child, lover and mistress! It is now one heap of broken earth, covered with a few scattered chestnuts, through whose branches the evening winds sigh forth the requiem of departed Goldau. From the dizzy summit of the Righi, multitudes look down on that vast grave with silent awe, and turn shuddering from the spectacle.

Beyond the Rossberg lies the celebrated battle-field of Morgarten. The lake of Zug—with the church of Kappel beside which Zwingli the reformer fell—spreads its pavement of sapphire below us. Then the eye takes in the spot where the heroic Tell shot the tyrant Gessler. Off to the West—glittering in the setting sun like a golden shield—shines the Lake of Sempach. On its shores Arnold of Winkelreid gained his famous victory at the price of his own precious blood.

What an assemblage. What a panorama of history illuminated with settings of mountains and of waters—of icy coronets set upon the everlasting hills! We question whether our globe has another spectacle more sublimely eloquent in its utterances to the eye of the historian, the poet, or the student of nature in her most magnificent unfoldings.

While we stood, at sunset, gazing on the enrapturing scene, the notes of an Alpine horn sounded out through the crystal air! This was all that was needed to complete the enchantment. The liquid music echoed back and forth from cliff to cliff, until it seemed to be strained of all its grosser qualities and returned in pure delicious melody upon the ear. It was a *dream of Switzerland* from my boyhood's days, all realized in one ecstatic moment. And as the visions of the past came back—of Arnold, of Tell, of Zwingli, and of the glorified Calvin—I was ready to break into tears and weep with wonder and with joy.

From such scenes it is not easy to turn away; but on Monday next I set my face homeward. The object of my brief tour is accomplished, and

I cannot consent to be seeking for the pleasures of foreign travel while the William Tells of my own dear native land are warring the decisive conflict for our nation's life and liberty.

LUCERNE, August 9, 1862.

3*





To the Seeker after Christ.

ARE there no longer any inquirers in our congregations? Amid the financial anxieties, are there none anxious about their souls? Amid the civil commotions about saving the Union, or saving the cause of freedom, is there no awakened sinner crying out, "What shall *I* do to be saved from the wrath to come?" We do not doubt that among the tens of thousands who sit weekly around *The Independent*—as round a well-spread table—there must be many who are even now seeking after Christ. To make this search successful, two or three things must not be forgotten.

I. Remember, then, my anxious friend! in the first place, that simply to *feel* anxious is not enough. You may have great depth and intensity of feeling; it may sometimes amount to agony. If that feeling is the legitimate contrition

of a conscience awakened to the enormity of sin, then thank God for it. But do not be content with mere feeling. Tears never yet saved a soul. Hell is full of weepers weeping over lost opportunities, perhaps over the rejection of an offered Savior. Your Bible does not say, weep and be saved. It says, believe and be saved. *Faith is better than feeling.* Even faith in the abstract is not enough; without "works," without *action*, faith is dead. "The devils believe and tremble." There is not an atheist, no! nor an indifferent trifler, in the world of woe. The devils believe, but they do not obey God or love God. You must *obey* as well as believe. Begin, then, to practice on your first promptings of duty. Try to walk; if not able to walk, then creep; but do not lie still, vainly longing to be a Christian, without trying to be a Christian. Do not wait for more emotion. Act out your present feelings. Begin to discharge duty *from principle* and with a purpose to please Christ. We will not dictate what it shall be; but let us ask a suggestive question or two. Have you ever prayed with your family? Or if you have no family, have you ever prayed with your room-

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mate? Try it. No matter if there is some staring, or even some smiling. People sometimes smile to keep from crying. You need to pray where your prayer will do yourself good at the same time that it does others good. Have you an intimate friend or kinsman that is yet living without God? Then take him by the hand and invite him to Christ. Helping others you will help yourself. And it is well to begin practicing the generousities of the Gospel at once. Christ will rejoice in the honor you bring to him by trying to lead a sinner unto him.

Do you owe an old debt, that was outlawed long ago? Then go, and astonish your *quondam* creditor by paying it up in full. Let him see that you are beginning to practice that divine code which says, "Owe no man anything—but love." In some way, and in every possible way, crystallize your religious feelings into religious acts. You never will be saved by works; but let us tell you most solemnly that you never will be saved *without works*. You must "keep the commandments," or the love of Christ cannot be within you.

II. Do not ask God to save you precisely as

he has saved some others of whom you have read or heard. Do not judge your feelings by theirs. Judge yourself by the Bible, and do not say, "Why am I not wrought upon just as my friend A—— was?" "Why do I not get those views of Christ which Mr. B—— has?" God is a sovereign, and will save you in his own way—not in yours. He no more requires you to pass through the same experience with A—— and B——, than he requires you to look like them or to dress like them. His command is—*repent and believe on Christ*. Are you honestly and prayerfully struggling to do that? Then you are beginning to have a spiritual experience of your own; and one of its beauties will be that it resembles exactly no other human experience under the sun. Oh, how rich God is! He does not need to copy himself. He loveth to please his own sovereign skill. Some hearts he opens with the gentlest touch of his love; others he pryeth open with the heavy bar of arousing judgments. Some sinners are sweetly and quietly won to Christ; others are driven to him through the hail-storm of threatenings and the thunderings of an upbraiding conscience. Spurgeon.

pothily remarks, "When the lofty palm of Zeilan puts forth its flower, the sheath bursts with a report which echoes through the forest; but thousands of other plants of equal beauty open in the morning, and the very dew-drops hear no sound; so many souls blossom into grace and the world hears neither whirlwind nor moral hurricane."

III. Let me entreat you not to be discouraged if your searchings after the Saviour do not bring an immediate assurance of pardon and of peace. Christ parried the Syro-phenician woman's entreaties in order to test the sincerity of her faith. If a heart's happy hope were gained too easily, it might be valued too lightly. Give not up, my friend! if every hour were required to be spent in the search for Jesus until your dying day. But no such protracted experience need be yours. I fear that you do not grasp the full meaning of God's permission to come "with *boldness*" to the throne of grace. Ask what you want, and *all* you want. You are not a stranger at the door of the Great King. The King's Son is ready himself to take in your petition, and intercede with his Almighty Father for you, and to press your suit. Despair never saved a sinner yet.

We are "saved by hope." You lose everything by discouragement and retreat. You gain everything by pressing on. Suppose that Columbus, when within a few leagues of the West Indies, had yielded to despair, and sailed homewards. It was the *last league sailed over* that gave immortality to him, and a new continent to civilization. So it will be the last decisive step of surrendering your whole soul to Christ that unlocks to you the eternal glories of the heavenly inheritance.

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“ During a revival of religion in Yale College, several years ago, two young men were awakened at the same time. One of them had been remarkably correct in his general deportment, and was amiable in his disposition ; the other was a wild, frolicsome, sportive youth. As they walked one evening, they agreed to call upon the professor of theology and make known to him their anxiety, and seek advice. They came to the gate, when the amiable young man leaned over the fence and said, ‘ I believe I won’t go in ; I don’t know as it will do me any good.’ His companion replied, ‘ You can do as you please ; but, for myself, I feel that I need all the counsel that men of experience can give ; I am resolved

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Have You an Anchor ?

LOOKING out from our upper window this morning toward the bay, we can see a home-bound ship riding gallantly up past the quarantine station and the leafy shores of Staten Island. She looks weary from a long voyage ; and on her bow, as a field-marshal wears a star upon his breast, she bears her *anchor*. It has done good service, and deserves its place of honor on her front. It has been her salvation on many a night of tempest. Though it hangs idle now beneath her bowsprit, yet more than once, when the gale struck her in the open roadstead, or, when off a wild lee shore, the hurricane made hideous music through her cordage, like one immense harp strung to the gales, that anchor was unloosed, and, running out with merry rattle of the chains, it dove straight downward to its resting place. Upon the bottom of the deep its flukes

took brave hold ; and while the ship strained on the cable above, the patient flukes stoutly held on below. As soon might she attempt a voyage without a compass to guide her, or without canvas to impel her, as without an anchor to keep her from the devouring rocks or the yawning lee shore. So, when she returns in triumph from a campaign with the elements, scarred with collisions of the angry deep, it is fitting that she bear on her bosom, as a trust and a trophy, the good anchor that held her safely.

Voyager to eternity, have you the "anchor of the soul sure and steadfast?" It is the Christian *hope*, Paul tells us. It is the hope in Christ which holds the soul of man as an anchor holds a ship. You cannot have it without knowing it, and if you have it, you will be none the better if you do not use it in the hour of need.

I. You will need it to keep you from drifting away into skepticism and unbelief. There is no such safeguard against practical infidelity as the possession of a living faith in Jesus. And the secret of so many a lapse into error—of so much veering about with "every wind of doctrine"—is found in the lack of a well-grounded hope in the

inner heart. As soon as the soul begins to swing away into painful doubts—doubts of God, of the truth of his Word, of the mercy of his dealings, of the triumph of his cause, or of the reality of heaven, then let go the anchor to the bottom. Nothing else will hold against that devil of doubt but a practical faith in the Lord Jesus.

.II. But if you are not assailed with doubts, you are certain to be assailed with troubles. No hurricane can arise more suddenly upon a full-rigged ship, when moving gracefully before an evening breeze, than will the storms of adversity burst upon you ; they will come, too, at the most unexpected moment. God lets loose his tempests in the soul, as he lets loose his tempests on the sea, without an hour's warning. As a vessel is often stripped of her mainsails, or looses her spars before the seamen can man the yards to take in canvas, so may it be with you. You may be struck "all aback"—may be obliged to heave overboard many of your cherished possessions—you may be stripped of many a topsail which ambition had hoisted, or many a spar of prosperity ; but if Christ is in the soul you cannot suffer wreck. Christ in the depths of the soul will an-

chor you. You do not *see* what holds a vessel when the storm is smiting her. The anchor is all invisible, as it lies in the untroubled quiet "full many a fathom deep." So when we see a man beaten upon with adversity, or lying under a perfect Euroclydon of trials, and yet preserving a calm, cheerful spirit, we do not see, always, what is the secret of his serenity. We wonder why he is "not moved as other men are." But God sees a hope sure and steadfast, lying down deep beneath the surface. Trouble strips the man of much of his external gear and cordage, but never touches the interior source and strength of his piety. When Martin Luther was struck with sudden tempests, he used to sing the forty-sixth Psalm above the roar of the winds; his anchor never dragged. The devil let loose the utmost of his fury upon Paul; but the brave apostle had an "I know whom I have believed," that struck its flukes under the Rock of Ages. O God, thou wilt keep in perfect peace the soul that is stayed on thee.

III. There is a danger to the Christian greater than adversity or the persecution of enemies. It is from the stealthy *under-currents* of temptation.

pothily remarks, "When the lofty palm of Zeilan puts forth its flower, the sheath bursts with a report which echoes through the forest; but thousands of other plants of equal beauty open in the morning, and the very dew-drops hear no sound; so many souls blossom into grace and the world hears neither whirlwind nor moral hurricane."

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chor you. You do not *see* what holds a vessel when the storm is smiting her. The anchor is all invisible, as it lies in the untroubled quiet "full many a fathom deep." So when we see a man beaten upon with adversity, or lying under a perfect Euroclydon of trials, and yet preserving a calm, cheerful spirit, we do not see, always, what is the secret of his serenity. We wonder why he is "not moved as other men are." But God sees a hope sure and steadfast, lying deep beneath the surface. Trouble strips the man of much of his external gear and cordage, but never touches the interior source and strength of his piety. When Martin Luther was struck with sudden tempests, he used to sing the forty-sixth Psalm above the roar of the winds; his anchor never dragged. The devil let loose the utmost of his fury upon Paul; but the brave apostle had an "I know whom I have believed," that struck its flukes under the Rock of Ages. O God, thou wilt keep in perfect peace the soul that is stayed on thee.

III. There is a danger to the Christian greater than adversity or the persecution of enemies. It is from the stealthy *under-currents* of temptation.

An unanchored ship may be lying on waters as smooth as glass, and yet, before the master is aware, his keel is on a rock. The invisible tide bore him away so softly and so silently that he did not observe the motion. Had the wind risen, he would have taken the alarm : he did not suspect that an under-current was stealthily carrying him away. So are thousands of Christian professors carried on the rocks every day, not with shocks of adversity, but by invisible under-currents. One man insensibly drifts into neglect of prayer, and into laxity of Sabbath observance. Another one feels the hand of sensual temptation on the keel, but takes no alarm until he strikes the rock with a hideous rent of his Christian character. Another gets in an under-current of worldliness ; it swings him along slowly, but surely, until he has lost sight of the lighthouse on the headland ; he is aroused by no sudden shock, but when we look for him where he used to be, and where he ought to be, he is not there. The world got hold of his keel, and his anchor had no hold on Christ. Is not this the secret of by far the larger part of all the backsliding in the Church ?

It is not strength of intellect that saves a man, or the surroundings of society, or alliance with a church, or orthodoxy of belief. All these have proved but ropes of sand attached to anchors of straw. They never hold a man when the tide of temptation sets in. He must have Christian principle, or he is lost. No man is safe in business, or safe in public life, or safe in private morals, when his conscience is unloosed from Christ. When his godly principle gives way, he may float smoothly for a while; but it is a mere question of time how soon he shall strike and go to the bottom. Remember, God never *insures* a man, even in the church, who has no anchor of true religion. And if you ever reach heaven, my friend, you will come in, like yonder vessel, with your anchor at your prow. You will give all the glory then, not to your own skill or your own seamanship, but to the blessed "anchor, sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the vail."

"There are ships," says the eloquent Melville, "that never will founder in life's battles, or go down in life's tempests. There are ships which shall be in no peril when the last hurricane shall

44 Have You an Anchor?

sweep earth, and sea, and sky ; and which, when the fury is overpast, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, shall be found on tranquil and crystal waters, *resting beautifully on their shadows*. These are they who have trusted in Jesus ; these are they who have been anchored upon Christ.”





The Model Prayer Meeting.

IT began punctually at the moment. As the clock struck eight the leader rose and sounded the *reveillé*. by giving out the inspiring lines—

“Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer.”

A sweet symphony was touched on a piano in one of the crowded rooms, and then the words of the hymn were sent heavenward on a full tide of united and enthusiastic song. Every voice chimed in. Each verse was sung with more spirit than its predecessor, marking the outcome of the rising devotion; and, like a strong “off-shore” breeze, the opening chant of praise carried the whole meeting out of harbor into the larger liberty and deep waters of the open sea. Then the leader invoked the descent of the Holy Ghost,

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the gift of utterance, and the Pentecostal baptism. It was a very short prayer, but very full. He prayed for the gift of prayer upon all, for honesty of speech, for deliverance from dead formalities, for sincerity in confession, for child-like familiarity of approach to God, for filial faith; and then closed by inviting Christ to "come in, as through the closed doors of the disciples' upper room at Jerusalem, and speak, *Peace be unto you.*"

As soon as a fitting passage of the Word had been read, each one present seemed ready to bear his part in giving life and interest to the occasion. Each one felt, "This is not the leader's meeting, nor the pastor's, but *my* meeting with my own spiritual family at the feet of my own Saviour. Here I have a right to speak. Here I have a right to weep, and sing, and melt in spirit, and flow out in social communings with the brotherhood around me. If I am silent, then the meeting may prove dumb; and if I freeze up, then my neighbor may chill through, until the place becomes an ice-house." So there was no entreaty required on the part of the leader to "draw out" those present. He was obliged to

use no turnkey. What is more pitiful than to see a poor embarrassed elder or deacon sit before a petrified company, and after a long, awful pause, in which you can count the clock-ticks, beseechingly implore "some brother present to *improve the time?*" As if the dreary dribble of dulness that was forced out by such a process was not a downright *mis-improvement* and murder of the sweet, sacred hour of devotion. It is no wonder that so many of us grew up with a loathing for the very name, and next to a taste of the birch that grew behind the school-house, we dreaded a sentence to "go to prayer meeting." Our only solace was a sound nap, until some one shook our eyes open, and with an admonitory thump informed us that "meetin's out; it is time to go home."

But even a child of eight years old would have been interested in the enlivening service we are now etching. Not a moment was lost; not a syllable of persuasion was needed. One man rose and gave a touching account of the scene a few evenings before, when he had first set up a family altar in his once prayerless house. That was his first audible prayer, and this was his first

48 The Model Prayer Meeting.

speech. While he is speaking, the tears stream down the cheek of his astonished and overjoyed wife. Then comes a fervid prayer of thanksgiving to God from some one present, and a petition that the family altar thus reared may never be desecrated, or thrown down. After this a youth arose, with a blue jacket, and an anchor embroidered on his broad collar. He had been brought there by a tract visitor. The burden of his short, artless speech was, Come to Jesus. "Whosoever will, let him come," said the sunburnt youth; "that means that everybody on board may come, from the captain to the cabin boy. We are bound for heaven. Christ is our pilot. The anchor is sure and steadfast. Come aboard, friends, before eight bells strike, and your time is up." No one felt like criticising this earnest lad, or objecting to his simple vernacular of the sea. He spake as the Spirit gave him utterance. So did they all. One young man asked counsel in regard to the rightfulness of his discharging some prescribed duties in a government office on the Sabbath mornings. The leader answered his question briefly, and a brother offered prayer that God would guide aright his perplexed

child, would enable him to "do right even if it cost him his daily bread," and would deliver the land from Sabbath desecration in high places.

When his prayer was ended, a tremulous, stammering voice was heard in the further room for a moment, and then it stopped. There was a breathless pause. Every one felt for the young beginner. Every one wanted to help him out. He began again, hesitated, stammered out a few words brokenly; at last he said, "O Lord, thou knowest I cannot tell what I want to say, but thou hearest even what I do not say. Have mercy on my poor soul, for Christ's sake. Amen." An audible sob broke out throughout the whole apartment. Then outspoke a gray-headed veteran, in tones like old Alexander Peden's among the Covenanters of the Highlands. The old man went into his prayer like Gideon into the battle with Midian. The sword of faith gleamed in his right hand; the light shot forth as from the shivered pitchers, and the whole hosts of doubts, and sins, and fears were scattered like chaff at the breath of the gale. How he took us all on eagles' wings heavenward! How he enthroned the glo

١٠ The Model Prayer Meeting.

rified Lamb! And the close of his rapturous outbreak was in a "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs, and harping symphonies."

When the old man's prayer was ended, (it was the *seventh* prayer offered during that one busy, blessed hour,) the time had arrived for closing the service. The leader touched his bell, and read the doxology. We were all in the very frame for that most celestial of strains—glorious *Old Hundred*—that magnificent battle-hymn to which Luther marched against principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places. Immortal is that strain, like him who gave it birth. There is not a Christian's tomb in all our land where repose not the silent lips that once sang that matchless tune. If any of earth's music shall be heard amid the "new songs" of Paradise, be assured that the one surviving piece that shall outlive the judgment will be that "king of sacred airs," *Old Hundred*. With this ancient song upon our lips, we closed our service, spent a few moments in hand-shakings, in introducing strangers, in cordial heart-greetings; and so ended a model prayer meeting.

The spirit that pervaded the meeting was too

The Model Prayer Meeting. 51

intensely earnest for phraseology as sapless and dry as last year's corn husks, and at the same time too reverential for affectations and flippancy. We lingered about the hallowed spot, loth to go away. But for the rigid rule that restricted the service to a single hour, we might have tarried until midnight, praying and singing praises to God. And as we turned reluctantly homeward, more than one gratefully said, "Truly the LORD was in this place." Why may not every church of Christ have one or more just such *model prayer meetings*?





Jesus Only.

IT is very probable that Christ's transfiguration took place upon Mount Hermon. The outlook from that summit carried the eye from Lebanon, with its diadem of glittering ice, southward to the silvery mirror of Gennesaret; but it was not that vision of natural beauty that the disciples looked at chiefly; they saw "Jesus only." Two illustrious prophets, Moses and Elijah, had just made their miraculous appearance on the top of the mount; but neither of these mighty men appeared any longer to the disciples' view; they saw no man save *Jesus only*."

In this expression we find the clue to the power of apostolic preaching. That solitary figure on the mount became the central figure to the eyes and hearts of the apostles. One Person occupied their thoughts; one Person filled all their most effective discourses. It was no such

benevolent charlatan as poor *Renan* has lately attempted to portray; it was the omnipotent and holy Son of God. They saw in him "God manifest in the flesh;" they saw in him an infinite Redeemer, a divine model, an ever-living intercessor and friend. And they saw no one save *Jesus only*. Paul gave utterance to the heart of the whole apostolic brotherhood when he said, "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Has not this been the key-note to the best sermons of the best ministers ever since? Is not that the most powerful sermon that is the most luminous with Christ? Depend upon it that the pulpit, the Sabbath-school, and the volume which God honors with the richest success are those which present "no man save Jesus only."

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“Now, madam, when you went to church, or prayed, or read your Bible, did you rely on these means to give you comfort?”

“I think I did.”

“To whom did you pray?”

“To God, sir; to whom else should I pray?”

“Now, read this verse, ‘Come unto me and I will give you rest.’ Jesus said this. Have you gone to Jesus for rest?”

The lady looked amazed, and tears welled up into her eyes. Light burst in upon her heart, like unto the light that flooded Mount Hermon

on the transfiguration morn. Everything else that she had been looking at—church, Bible, mercy-seat, and minister—all disappeared, and to her wondering, believing eyes there remained no man save *Jesus only*. She was liberated from years of bondage on the spot. The scales fell from her eyes, and the spiritual fetters from her soul. Jesus only could do that work of deliverance; but he did not do it until she looked to him alone.

This incident—which has been given at length in one of the American Tract Society's narratives—reached us during the first years of our ministry. With this "open secret" in our hand, we approached the first Roman Catholic that ever attended upon our preaching. He had turned his troubled eye for a long time to the Holy Virgin and to sainted martyrs in the calendar. He had been often to a priest; never to a Saviour. We set before him Jesus only. He looked up and saw the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. "My Romish mother," said he to us, "would burn up my Bible if she knew I had one in my house." But she could not burn out the

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Next we took this simple revelation to a poor invalid of threescore and ten. His sight was failing, and the vision of his mind was as blurred and dim as the vision of his body. We set before him, in our poor way, *Jesus only*. The old man could hardly see the little grandchild who read aloud to him. But he could see Jesus with the eye of faith. The patriarch who had hardened under seventy years of sin became a little child. The skepticism of a lifetime vanished when the Holy Spirit revealed to his searching, yearning look the divine form of a Saviour crucified.

We never forgot these lessons learned in our ministerial boyhood. From that time to this, we have found that the only sure way of bringing light and peace to an anxious inquirer is to direct them away from themselves—away from ritualities and stereotyped forms—away from agencies of every kind—away from everything save Jesus only. John the Baptist held the essence of the Gospel on his tongue when he cried out, “Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin

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Here is a hint too for desponding Christians. You are harassed with doubts. Without are fightings. and within are fears. Why? Because you have tried to live on frames and feelings, and they ebb and flow like the sea-tide. You have rested on past experiences and not on a present Saviour. You have looked at yourself too much, and not to him who is made to you righteousness and full redemption. Do you long for light, peace, strength, assurance, and joy? Then do your duty, and look to Jesus only.

When the godly-minded Oliphant was on his dying bed, they read to him that beautiful passage in the seventh chapter of Revelations, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." (It is the passage which poor *Burns* could never read with a dry eye.) The old man exclaimed, "Perhaps that is so. The Bible tells me that there is no weeping in heaven ; but I know I shall cry the first time I see my Saviour." He was

10 The Model Prayer Meeting.

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right. The first object that would enchain his view on entering the gates of glory, would not be the jewelled walls, or the shining ranks of the seraphim. It would not be the parent who bore him, or the pastor who taught him the way of life. But amid the myriad glories, the thousand wonders of that wonderful world of light and joy, the believer's eye, in its first enrapturing vision, shall "see no man save JESUS ONLY."





Love's Labor Light.

THAT is a beautiful picture which is revealed to us through the lens of the following passage : “ And Jacob served seven years for Rachel ; *and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.*” The picture before us is of a Syrian valley, with flocks and herds sprinkled over the green pasturage and along the uplands. Among them, with watchful eye, moves a young Hebrew shepherd. Fear sent him hither from his father's home beyond the solemn Euphrates. But love has drawn him too. To woo the beautiful daughter of Laban, as well as to escape a resentful brother, he has come. He has made a bargain to watch Laban's flocks for seven long years ; and his wages are to be— *a wife.* So, as he tends his fleecy charge beneath the palm-trees, his thoughts are of her who comes out occasionally to the well's mouth, and rewards

him with a glimpse of her countenance. At eventide, as the maidens grind the grain, it is her voice—singing at the barley-mill—which heals the hardships of the sultry day, and sends him happy to his rest. And so we read that the seven years seemed unto him but a few days, for the *love* he had to her. Within himself there was a relief from every load, a solace for every sorrow, a perpetual stimulant to toil and patience. He lived on love.

Is there not a principle here worth every Christian's study? The principle is this—the service of God is only pleasant, is only thorough, and is only effective, when it is a *labor of love*. Our heart must be in our religion, and our religion in our heart, or else it is the most toilsome of drudgeries, and the most intolerable of hypocrisies. Here lies the simple reason why the duties of Christianity become so irksome to many a church member. He has no heart in them. It is all toil and task-work. He tugs at it as a galley-slave tugs at the oar. He takes his Bible as he would take a dose of medicine. He goes to his closet as an anchorite clammers to his mountain cave, or to the top of his pillar. The church-bell

rings him to the sanctuary, but no answering bell in his own grateful soul responds, "O come, and let us worship." He hungers not, he thirsts not for the Word of Life. Money-giving for Christ's work is to him a downright robbery, and he flings his unwilling pence *at* the Lord's treasury, as if he would say, "There it is, since you *will* have it; when will these calls of charity be done with?" The whole routine of his external performances in the church is gone through slavishly, carelessly, hypocritically, as if the sharp eye of a taskmaster were upon him, and the lash of an overseer were cracked about his head.

My brother! there is but one way to become a happy, thorough, effective Christian. Whether you are a pastor watching over the church-fold, or a Sabbath-school teacher tending the little flock of your class, or a parent guarding the fire-side lambs, or a philanthropist keeping guard over the rights of the neglected, the ignorant, the guilty, or the oppressed, you must learn to work *heartily*. A man who sincerely loves the Lord Jesus Christ will love to labor for him. He will welcome toil. He will bend cheerfully to every burthen. rejoicing to be Christ's willing bondman

—and Christ's "freedman" too. For to him liberty is but the possibility of duty.

Would you then be a happy Christian? Get the heart full of Jesus. Would you be a thorough Christian? Get the heart full of Jesus. Would you be safe from spiritual declension? Then "keep yourself in the love of God." Put your love of the Saviour so deep down that it shall underlie all selfishness—so deep that the frosts of unbelief cannot reach it—so deep that the devil cannot come at it—so deep that the friction of daily life cannot wear upon it—so deep that when even the powers and passions of our nature are dried up by old age, this hidden fountain shall give out its undying stream.

It is said that artesian wells never go dry; but when the torrid heats of July are parching the upper surface into drifts of dust, there is an unexhausted vein far down below that gushes up through its rocky tube, and defies the thirsty sunbeams to quench its perennial flow. So does Christ within us break up through our dusty, selfish humanity, and overflow our nature with graces, until even the desert-spot becomes a garden of the Lord.

Again we say, if you would be a lightsome laborer in Christ's vineyard, you must love your Redeemer. Do you love him now but a little? Then despise not the day of small things. You have made a good beginning. There may have been but a slight heart-beat in Jacob's breast when he first met Rachel at the well's mouth in Haran. But that young affection grew into a love that made the happy hours to tread on roses. And it was with a breaking heart that he hung over his dying wife as she lay moaning in woman's sorest sorrow on the wayside to Bethlehem. So may your love to Jesus grow until it becomes the master-passion of the soul—until it conquers lust and subdues accursed self—grow until you *enjoy* the blessed service of the Master—until there is nothing on earth you desire beside him—until you can exclaim with the victorious apostle, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the *love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!*"



Quench not the Spirit.

IF a party of Arctic explorers, after a long, perilous march through driving snow-storms, were to find themselves under the lee of a rock or an ice-hummock for the night, how carefully would they draw forth the single match or bit of tinder that was to keep them from perishing. All depends on that one match. How they hover round it to protect the first faint flicker from the gale. "Be careful, *be c-a-r-e-f-u-l*," says the anxious leader, with suspended breath, as he watches the spark light into a little blaze, and the blaze slowly creep up until it takes hold of a dry faggot, and begins to ignite the heap of drift-wood. To put out that flame is suicide. To fan it is the first instinct of self-preservation. And when the seed of fire has grown into a crackling flame, illuminating rock, and ice, and fur-

clad men with a ruddy glow, they all thank God that no careless hand was permitted to *quench the fire* on which their lives depended.

This scene illustrates the graphic simile of Paul, "Quench not the Spirit." It is equivalent to his saying to the sinner, *put not out the fire* which God's Spirit is kindling in thy heart. The figure will bear study. In whatever way we look at it we find it full of suggestion and most solemn admonition. Why are inquiring souls to take heed not to "quench the Spirit."

I. Because the Holy Spirit is the soul's *enlightener*. Put not out the light is the apostle's tender caution. A sinner's heart is by nature enveloped in darkness. As absence of light makes darkness, so absence of spiritual knowledge makes ignorance, and absence of godliness makes depravity. This midnight of the heart can only be illuminated by the incoming of the Spirit. It is one of the blessed offices of Him whom "the Father sends to teach you all things," and to "guide you into all truth." It is his work to reveal the iniquity of the heart. It is his to show the sinner his besetting sin, and to make known its exceeding heinousness. It is his, too,

to reveal the way of salvation. As the Alpine traveller at night needs the lantern at his waist to find his way to the hospice, so does the inquirer for salvation need the divine Enlightener to guide his trembling footsteps to Calvary. *Put not out the light.*

II. The Spirit resembles fire, in the second place, because it *melts* the flinty heart. A "heart of stone" is the Bible's description of the stubborn sinner. There is no contrition, no tenderness, no godly love in it. It needs melting. Go into a vast iron-foundry, and witness the extraordinary processes by which fire conquers the solid metal until it consents to be cast, or stamped, or rolled into the form which the artificer desires. This is a type of God's moral foundry (as seen in a revival of religion), where an obdurate heart is first so softened as to feel the truth; then to weep over sin; then to be ductile and malleable; then so flexible as to be "formed anew" into a shape that pleases the Lord Jesus Christ. This melting process is wrought by the Holy Ghost. Just what the fire accomplishes in the foundry the infinite Spirit of love accomplishes in a convicted soul. As the Holy Spirit alone

can melt you into penitence, alone can subdue your stubbornness, and mould you into obedience to God, as he alone can transform your hard, ungrateful deformity into the "beauty of holiness," we entreat you, awakened friend, *quench not the fire.*

III. The third office of the Spirit is that of a purifier. Have you ever witnessed the *smelting* process by which the dross is burnt away and the pure metal is made to flow into the clay receptacle? Then you have witnessed a vivid illustration of the Spirit's work in sanctification. How the corruption runs away under the blessed action of divine love! How the dross goes off! How the graces burnish into brightness! How the pure gold is eliminated! Oh, ye who yearn for a better life, for conquests over indwelling sin, for the incoming of holiness, as ye love your souls, *quench not the Spirit.*

IV. One other agency of God's Spirit we glance at; it is the heating, soul-propelling power. Every heart is more or less frozen by selfishness—more or less torpid to the claims of heavenly benevolence. Now, what is accomplished in the engine-room of an ocean-steamer when a flame is

kindled under the dead mass of coal in the furnace, is accomplished in the cold, selfish heart of man, when the divine Spirit brings in the new inspiration of love to Christ. The mass kindles; the soul moves; the powers begin their play; the whole man gets in motion; and as long as the fire of holy love burns on in the depths of the soul, so long do men see the steady, triumphant march of a life of radiant zeal and Christ-like philanthropy. This was the fire from heaven that descended at Pentecost. It was the young Church's inspiration that propelled it to the spiritual conquest of the globe. Here is the one greatest, sorest, saddest want of our modern Churches. Pulpit and pew need alike the blessed propulsion which God's Spirit alone can kindle.

Do you not see by this time, my unconverted friend, how much your very life depends on the Spirit's influence? Already have you felt his power. In all your compunctions for past wasted hours of selfishness and sin—in all your aspirings for a better life—you felt that power. He it was who thrilled you under that solemn discourse in God's house. until your conscience

smote as the reed is smitten under a mighty wind. He startled you on that bed of sickness, when eternity came near and looked you in the face. He melted your heart under the pleading appeal and the touching prayer of that faithful friend, who yearned for your salvation. He came with that affectionate pastor to your fireside, and warned you to flee from the wrath to come. He spake to you out of that hollow tomb that opened for your departed, and bade you prepare to meet your God. A monitor has he been to you : he waits to be a teacher, a comforter, a purifier, a sanctifier of your soul. Dare you grieve him away? Oh, as you value your present peace and your hope of future salvation—as you desire life, and joy, and glory everlasting—as you would shun the agonies of hell and secure the blessedness of heaven—we entreat you, *quench not the Spirit!*

Said an old man once to his pastor :

“ When I was seventeen, I began to feel deeply at times, and this continued for two or three years ; but I determined to put it off till I should be settled in life. After I was married, I reflected that the time had come when I had promised

to attend to religion ; but I had bought this farm, and I thought it would not suit me to become religious till it was paid for, as some time would have to be devoted to attend church, and also some expense. I then resolved to put it off ten years ; but when the ten years came round, I thought no more about it. I often try to think, but I cannot keep my mind on the subject one moment." I urged him by all the terrors of dying an enemy of God, to set about the work of repentance. "It is too late," said he ; "I believe my doom is sealed ; and it is just that it should be so, for the Spirit strove long with me, but I refused." I then turned to his children, young men and young women, who were around him, and entreated them not to put off the subject of religion, or grieve the Spirit of God in their youthful days. The old man added, "Mind *that*. If I had attended to it then, it would have beer well with me to-day ; but now it is too late."

Alas for him ! He had quenched the Spirit. The last ray of light was extinguished, and through the darkness of a spiritual midnight he groped his way down to his hopeless grave.



Show Your Colors

THE name of Captain Hedley Vicars, the Christian hero of the Crimean War, is familiar to most of our readers. On the morning after his conversion he bought a large Bible, and placed it open on the table of his room. He was determined that an open Bible, for the future, should be his "colors." "*It was to speak for me,*" he said, "before I was strong enough to speak for myself." His military comrades came in, and laughed at him; nicknamed him *the Methodist*; hinted to him that he had better not turn "hypocrite;" but in spite of a perpetual guerilla warfare of sneers and scoffs, he nobly stood by his colors. Having "clean hands, he waxed stronger and stronger." In time he became a spiritual power in his regiment, simply by a steadfast, bold, decided witnessing for Christ.

To his early disciples Jesus Christ said, "Whosoever shall *confess* me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." Solemn injunction, solemnly heard; heard as with chains already on their wrists, and the loud crack of the scourge echoing through prison corridors. But Christ did not mean this command only for his original apostles. It was intended for all times, and for every man who wishes to be saved. It is intended especially for a timid, compromising class,—unhappily a large class,—who hang about the debatable ground between Satan's rebel provinces and Christ's loyal realm. They are the people who want to be on Christ's side in eternity, but are not exactly willing to be on his side in this Christ-despising world. Before this vacillating, man-fearing class, Christ lays down sharp, clear lines. He says, "He that is not for me is against me." And no man is for him who does not confess him.

Confession is a broad, far-reaching word, as the Saviour employed it. It refers, first, to the heart, then to the lips, then to the life. Whosoever would be saved must embrace Christ in the heart; this was conversion. Next, he must

acknowledge him with the tongue: this was confession, or what we style a "profession of faith." Chiefest of all, he was to honor Christ by his daily living: and this was vital Christianity.

Jesus did not refer to the first point when he gave the command to confess him "*before men.*" He presupposed the secret interior work of conversion; he presupposed the root; what he demanded was the leafing-out and the fruit-bearing of the tree. He demanded a bold, resolute, outspoken, love-inspired acknowledgment of him as their Saviour and their king, from every man who expected to be acknowledged in turn before the Father and the holy angels. This confession was to be open, spontaneous and sincere. Has the reader of this paragraph never made such an acknowledgment of Christ? Then, my friend, you must not be astonished if Christ refuses to recognise you in the last decisive hour of judgment. It will then be too late to take the oath of loyalty. He who does not confess Christ in this world, will be lost in the world to come.

I. In nearly every congregation there are a few halting, timid, irresolute persons, who have a trembling faith in Christ, but who do not come

out decidedly and confess him. They may be Christians, but the world is not allowed to know it. They carry dark lanterns. "Shining lights" they certainly are not. No one is the better for their secret, clandestine attempts to steal along quietly toward heaven without letting any one overhear their footsteps. Now this is a miserable—we are almost ready to say contemptible—mode of living, this concealment of the colors when danger threatens, this following along *after* the church, with a vague hope of being counted in among God's people when heaven's prizes are distributed to the faithful. We do not say that no one can be saved who does not openly join some Christian church. But we do say that the person who expects Christ to acknowledge him in heaven, and yet refuses to acknowledge Christ "before men," is a self-convicted coward; and while disobeying his Master's orders, has no right to expect his Master's blessing. After fifteen years of pastoral observation, we have come to the conclusion that every day spent by the genuine convert outside of the church of Christ is almost a day lost; he loses the sense of *responsibility* that he needs to feel: he loses the

opportunities of doing good; he loses in self-respect, in the respect of others; he loses the approbation of Him who has so impressively said. "Whosoever is ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed when I shall come in my own glory." When God *gives conversion* he *demand*s confession. To be effective and useful, this must be prompt, open, hearty, and decided.

II. But the confession does not end with the public acknowledgment of Christ before the church. It only begins there. This is the one decisive step, to be followed by a thousand other steps in the same direction. We do know, however, of many a church member whose single solitary act of loyalty to Christ was their standing up to respond to a church covenant before the pulpit; from that moment onward all that the church had of them was their idle name on the roll. Like too many of the boasted recruits in new regiments, they enlisted, drew their "bounty," and then "straightway are they heard of no more." In the campaign for Christ and the truth, they never answer to the roll-call of duty: it is very certain that their names will

not be called when the victorious Immanuel announces the rewards to his faithful followers, on "the sea of glass like unto pure gold."

A true Christian will rejoice to confess Christ everywhere and before every body. He will aim to make his daily life lustrous and legible. He will *glorify* his Master by every-day acts of loyalty and love. He will live Christ. And when duty bids him open his lips, he is ready to speak for Christ. At such a time silence would be treason. The Christian who will sit with sealed lips when his Master is assailed, when religion is attacked, when wickedness is broached and defended, when truth is denounced, is a denier of his Lord, as guilty as Simon Peter in Pilate's hall.

It is pitiful to observe what cowardly shifts some professed Christians resort to in order to avoid an acknowledgment of their loyalty. We are all guilty of too much time-serving; too much concealment of truth; of too much compromise with Christ's enemies. The boldest are not bold enough; and the cowards are as much despised by themselves as loathed by their Master in heaven. When will we learn that the *only*

course for a Christian is to "stand up for Jesus"? Men expect it of us; they in turn despise us for our shamefacedness, and doubt the sincerity of our professions.

We began this brief article with an incident from military life. We close it with another. "Last night," said a Christian soldier to his chaplain, "in my barrack, before going to bed, I knelt down and prayed, when suddenly my comrades raised a loud laugh, and began to throw boots and clothes at me." "Well," replied the chaplain, "suppose you defer your prayers till after you retire, and then *silently* lift up your heart to God."

Meeting him soon after, the chaplain said, "You took my advice, I suppose: how did it answer?" "Sir," replied the soldier, "I did take your advice for two or three evenings, but I began to think it looked like denying my Saviour; so I once more knelt down and prayed as at first." "What followed?" "Why, sir, not one of them laughs now. The *whole fifteen now kneel down* too, and I pray with them!"

"I felt ashamed of myself for my cowardly advice," said the chaplain, when relating the in

cident; "that young soldier was bolder and wiser than myself." Yes, and he might have added that the sermon which the godly private preached to his fellow-soldiers by that simple act, was a more impressive one than any discourse they were likely to hear from such a chaplain. Vicar's motto was the true one,—"*God's Word shall be my colors.*"





Somebody's Son.

[For New Year's Day.]

A RUNAWAY horse was one day seen **dash-**ing through the streets of New Haven at a terrific rate, dragging a wagon that contained a small lad who was screaming with fright. The wagon brought up against the sidewalk with a fearful crash. A crowd hurried to the spot. One old lady, with cap-strings flying, rushed out into the street, although her daughter exclaimed, "Mother, mother, don't get into the crowd ; you can't do any good." Seeing her agitation, a lady who was passing by kindly inquired, "Is he *your* son ?" "Oh no !" replied the true-hearted ma-
tron, "but he is *somebody's son.*"

The good mother was ready enough to lend a hand to *save* somebody's boy who was in danger of death ; but we fear that there is many a ma-

tron and many a daughter, who, during the approaching holiday festivities, will lend a hand to lead somebody's sons right toward destruction: They are already planning a Christmas party or a New Year's entertainment; and in their liberal bill of fare will be included a full supply of champagne and sherry, perhaps, too, of hot punch and brandy. These are days of fast living; money comes easy; who cares? Good friends! there are many of us who care for our children if we do not for your purses; and before you set forth those attractive poisons, suffer me to make an honest appeal in behalf of one hundred thousand tempted young men.

I. Let me say to you that true hospitality does not require intoxicating liquors on such occasions—nor on any occasion. We honor the kindly spirit which, on the birthday of the year, prepares a liberal entertainment. We honor the hospitality which flings wide the door to all who wish to come in and enjoy it. But the well furnished markets and groceries of every town have an ample store of "creature-comforts" without drawing upon the liquor-cellars and the wine-vaults. There are many drinks both palatable

and proper that never cause redness of the eyes, or thickness of speech, or delirium of the brain. Under their influence, young men do not reel on the side-walks, or mistake the door-plates of their friends, or venture on silly impertinences toward the ladies who entertain them. Under their influence *nobody's son* is carried home drunk—to shame and rend a parent's heart. But the pernicious custom of wine-giving and punch-brewing on New Year's Day produces many a sad scene of excess and inebriation. On all festive occasions temptation grows strong, and self-restraint grows weak. On every New Year's Day, hospitable private dwellings are turned into drinking-houses. Young men enter them with flushed faces, and with tongues quite too rapid for propriety. Many a merchant's clerk has whetted an evil appetite that has cost him a valuable situation. A returned officer who went out last New Year's Day to receive the congratulations of his friends, found the decanters more fatal than rebel shells, and when he reeled home, his shame-stricken family would rather have received him wounded and bleeding from the battle-field. He was *somebody's son*—and somebody's *husband*

too. Friends! you have no moral right thus to tamper with other people's appetites, or to rob other households of their hopes and their happiness. "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor!"

II. As a second reason against offering strong drinks on holidays or at any social entertainment, we would urge that many persons are confirmed by them in habits of intoxication. Social drinking, yes, and drunkenness, were never more prevalent than now. There are members of my own church, probably, too, of most other churches, who are already sliding insensibly over that "*glass railroad*" whose smooth track leads downward to perdition. Thousands of young men are facing an enemy more deadly than ever frowned from the heights of Fredericksburg. With such young men a contest is now waging between conscience and appetite. They see their danger. They realize, in their calm moments, that they will soon lose their self-control, and are perilling their places, their health, their lives, and their undying souls. These young men enter your dwellings with a sharp conflict going on between their sense of right and their appetite or

their regard for *fashion*. If no intoxicating cup is held out to them, they are comparatively safe. They will not seek the drink, unless the drink seeks them. But *one glass may ruin them*. On the summit of a hill in a Western state is a court-house so situated that the rain-drops that fall on one side of the roof descend into Lake Erie, and thence through the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic; the drops on the other side trickle down from rivulet to river until they reach the Ohio and the Mississippi and enter the ocean by the Gulf of Mexico. A faint breath of wind determines the destination of these rain-drops for three thousand miles. So a single act determines sometimes a human destiny for all time and for eternity! A fashionable young man partially reformed from drinking habits came home to his father's house, rejoicing in his emancipation. His gay, light-hearted sister thoughtlessly proposed a glass of wine "to drink his safe return." He was excited and off his guard; he yielded, and the single glass rekindled a thirst that carried him back again into drunkenness. The hand that should have sustained him laid him low. If all the ruined men who have first received the

fatal glass from woman's hand could utter their testimony, how many a drunkard's grave would become vocal with terrible upbraidings! Surely one would think that woman had already suffered enough from the poison of this adder to make her refuse to touch the cup that conceals his serpent fang.

Mothers! fathers! it is not only *somebody's son* who is in danger. There is a boy nearer home who is watching your example. The darling who nestled in your own arms may be the victim of the glass you offer to others. And how dare you warn your own children against dissipation when they see the decanter on your own sideboard, and are confronted by the tempter on your own tables? You may remember the anecdote which Dr. Lyman Beecher loved to tell of the London clergyman who, while walking the street, saw a loaded dray coming on rapidly toward a little school-girl who was just crossing the way. The foremost horse was almost upon her. Forgetting self he rushed into the street—caught the child in his arms—bore her safely to the sidewalk, and, as her bonnet fell aside and she looked up with her pale face to see her deliv-

erer, the good man looked down into the face of his own little daughter! In attempting to save *somebody's child* he saved his own. Banish then the wine-cup from your house, and you may preserve not only somebody's son from redemption, but also the lad whom your dear wife taught to say his prayers at her knee. God send to you a Happy New Year! and may we all make it a day of new consecration to temperance, to liberty. to patriotism, and to the cause of Christ.





The Inexhaustible Barrel.

“**I** DECLARE,” said Deacon Worthy, as he touched up the old gray mare on his way home from church: “I declare if I believe that Parson Honeywood’s sermon-barrel will ever giv’ out. It is like the widder’s barrel in Scriptor. Now there was Parson Leane, who used to preach for us; he allers gin us the same sermon, no matter which end of the barrel he took it out of; and as we sot pretty close to the meetin’-house door, it got to be mighty thin preachin’ by the time it got back to us. But Parson Honeywood has bin here going on twenty years, and his sermons come out fresher and fresher every Sunday. Wife, I wish your butter-firkin would keep as sweet through the winter.”

The good Deacon resolved that the first time he saw his minister go by, he would have a talk with him on the subject. So a few days after

—hailing the well-known old sorrel and parochial buggy as it jogged along—he left his plow and hurried to the roadside. After the usual meteorological questions, the plain-spoken deacon blurted out—“ Well, parson ; that Sunday mornin’ sermon was number one *prime* ; may I ask you which end of the barrel that come out on ? ” “ I am glad the sermon suited you,” replied the genial dominie—“ for I got part of that at your house ; part came from neighbor B——’s, and part from the Widow R——’s ; and one of the best hints in it came from seeing your boy Frank riding home on old gray from the pasture without any saddle or bridle. I picked up that sermon in one day of pastoral visiting.”

Parson Honeywood was a shrewd man, and a wise pastor. He had not many books ; (but the few he had were gold-mines ;) and his family increased faster than his library. His Bible he had at his finger’s end ; there was not a line in it on which he had not made up his mind definitely as to its meaning. It was his one book of heavenly knowledge. But he also had a book of human knowledge second only to it. In the morning he studied his Bible ; and in the after-

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noon, he sallied out with horse and buggy and studied his people. He rode with his eyes open, finding illustrations (like his Divine Master) from the birds of the air, from the flowers of the field, and the sower or harvester by the wayside. He lost nothing that he could turn to his purpose, for his mind was on his sermon all the week. If he saw a farmer letting his team "b'ow" under a roadside tree, he drew up and fell into a chat with him. He observed closely the man's style of thought—gave him a few words of good counsel, and drove on, leaving the farmer something to think of, and something to love his pastor for too. If he saw a boy on his way to school, he took the youngster into his buggy, told him one or two riddles, and then asked him several questions out of the Bible, which set the lad to studying when he got home. It was something for the lad to tell his school-fellows that he "rode to school with the minister;" the next Sunday he was pretty sure to keep awake through both the sermons. Such a man was, of course, ready for a talk with the limber-tongued Deacon Worthy, who pressed him close to know "what part of that sermon had been found at his house. For I

didn't know so much good could come out of Nazareth."

"Well," replied the parson, "I was studying on the subject of *Trusting God in times of trial*. First I went to my Bible. That book never runs dry. As good old Dr. Spring down in New York says, 'Men may be exhausted; *the Bible never.*' I studied my text thoroughly. I compared Scripture with Scripture. I prayed over it, my dear brother; for one hour of prayer is worth two hours of study for getting light on a subject. Then when I had committed what we ministers call our *exegesis* to paper, I sallied out to find my 'practical observations' among our congregation. I rode down to your house, and your wife told me about her troubles in regard to the doctrine of assurance. From there I went over to neighbor B——'s. He is terribly cut down since he failed in business. He told me that with the breaking down of his oldest son's health, and his own break-down in the store, he was hardly able to hold his head up, and he was beginning to feel rebellious toward his Heavenly Father. I gave him a word or two of cheer, and noted down in my mind just what his difficulties

were From his store I went over to Widow R——'s, who had her usual lamentation over the death of "her old man," and needed a kind word of sympathy. She told me before I left that her daughter M—— had as yet found no peace, though her mind had been under deep conviction of sin for several weeks. I sat down and drew from her all her difficulties. Some of them were peculiar, and such as I never found treated in any book of theology, or in any Cases of Conscience. By the time I had finished my advice to her, and had read over to her a chapter out of Dr. Spencer's "Pastor's Sketches," (which I often carry in my buggy with me,) it was almost dark, and I hurried home. Before I went to bed, I worked all the material which I had gathered into my sermon. I took up all the doubts which were disturbing the minds of your good wife, and of neighbor B——, and of Widow R—— and her anxious daughter. I studied out the solution of their difficulties from the Word of God, and then (without, of course, mentioning any names or making any personal allusions) I wove all their cases into my sermon. I knew that it would be certain to reach *four* people in the

church, and if it fitted them, it would probably fit four times forty others. For after all, deacon, human nature is pretty much alike. If I can preach a discourse that will come home close to my own heart, I take it for granted that it will come equally close to every one in the house."

"Yes, parson, some of your sermons cut a pretty broad swath. I often feel *thou art the man*. And when you teched so sharp the other Sunday on the liquor-trade, I saw that Squire P—— fairly looked white in the gills."

"I preached on Temperance that day," replied Mr. Honeywood, "because I knew that more plain preaching was needed in these days, when the wine-bottle is stealing back again on the sideboards and tables even of church members. Then again I came to the subject in my exposition of the passage, and my rule is, when I come to a subject in the Bible that folks don't like to hear about, I don't skip it. A good plowman never *makes a balk*, as you farmers say. If I come to slavery, or war, or liquor-drinking, or using false weights, in my course of Scripture-expounding, I give it just as the Word of God

declares it. If God says a thing is sinful, I try to say so too. The business of the minister of Christ is to unfold the whole Bible, its doctrines, its history, its biography, its every jot and title. He who preaches the *whole* Bible will reach, in time, the whole range of his people's spiritual necessities. He need never to fall into a rut. The Bible and the human heart are reservoirs that will always keep a minister's barrel full. But, deacon, your boy's harrow yonder is waiting for your plow to move on. I must not keep you any longer."

"Well, parson, I have long been wantin' to ask you why your sermon-barrel never has giv' out."

"Why, as to that," replied Parson Honeywood, "I will tell you, as the great Dr. Bellamy once told the young clergyman who asked him what he should do to have matter for his discourses. The shrewd old man said, "Fill up the cask, *fill up the cask*, FILL UP THE CASK! Then, if you tap it anywhere, you get a good stream; but if you *put in* but little, it will dribble, dribble, dribble, and you must tap, tap, tap, and get precious little after all.' Good afternoon, deacon."



Famous Men Twenty Years Ago.

DEAR T—: I have just been enjoying in the last volume of Washington Irving's *Life* his pleasant reminiscences of the literary celebrities of Great Britain. Perhaps a few memories of some other notables—preserved by me from a visit to Europe in the year after graduation from college—may interest you and your *Independent* family. The first week after my arrival was spent in the exquisite *Lake District* of Westmoreland. I gathered holly-leaves in the grounds of "Ellery," the shooting and boating-seat of old Christopher North; I rowed past the homes of Bishop Watson and Mrs. Hemans, and put in at sunset to the "Salutation Inn" of Ambleside, where Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth often stopped to "have a crack wi," the broad-visaged landlord. In the twilight, Wordsworth trotted past the door, with a bunch

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of heather stuck in his "bonnet" and his white hair falling on his shoulders. The next morning I spent with him at Rydal Mount, in full view of the mountain-scenes that inspired him to his best poetry. In walking about his grounds, the poet-philosopher looked like a Berkshire county farmer — wore a blue coat and broad slouched white hat, and "goggles" bestriding his portentous nose. He was the patriarch of nature to the life. He spoke tenderly of Irving—sadly of poor Southey, who was then in ruins—and pointing toward "Dove's Nest," the former abode of Mrs. Hemans, he said "she was a most clever lady, but we never thought her very original." His quiet wife sat knitting at the door as he reëntered his cottage. Nature's best interpreter since Cowper, he now lies in the little Gothic church just under the hill.

Reaching Edinburgh by way of "Branksome Tower" and Abbotsford, I called at the house of Professor Wilson, in Gloucester place. But old Christopher had fled to escape from the small-pox, which had broken out among his domestics. He was famous for his carelessness in dress. Just then Edinburgh was laughing over a story of Wilson's

being stopped on his way to lecture in the University by a street-vender of old clothes, who wished to strike up a bargain. Christopher, with a loud laugh, caught at his threadbare trowsers and said, "What'll ye gi'e me for these?" Not long before he had lost his lovely wife. Returning some essays unread to his students, he tenderly apologized by saying, "I could hardly see to read in the valley of the shadow of death."

Dr. Candlish was then the most conspicuous Edinburgh preacher after Chalmers. Prof. Addison Alexander says that he heard from him the best discourse he listened to in Europe. Candlish reminded me of Van Buren in the face—spoke with awkward vehemence—and delivered a powerful discourse on the Creation, which has ever since found a place in his volume on Genesis. In manner he was *brusque* and abrupt—quite in contrast with the Henry Clay-like *bonhomie* of Dr. Guthrie. Have you noticed that the London Times has pronounced Guthrie "the most eloquent man in Europe?" Sickness has now laid him aside—it is feared for ever.

A few days passed at Sheffield gave me an opportunity to meet James Montgomery, whose

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hymns will be sung when his elaborate longer poems will be forgotten. A small, refined, old man, with very silvery hair, he always looked oddly from being swathed up in a huge cravat that reached from his chin quite down on his breast. He was full of enthusiasm for America, and full of indignation too, that so many people would persist in confounding him with *Robert Montgomery*, whose poem on *Satan* has been impaled (like a beetle in a museum) by the keen pen of Macaulay. "Only think," said the dear old poet to me, "that I should have just got a letter telling me that my poem on Satan is the *best I ever wrote!*" It was enough to make the gentle Moravian grow red in the face to have such a bantling laid at his front door. At Sheffield I heard a melting sermon from Pike, whose "Guide to Young Disciples" was once more read than now. John Angell James I expected to find thin, pale, and *spirituelle*; but instead of this delicate ideal I found a bluff, broad John Bull, with the genial look of a sea-captain. No English minister of our time—unless it be Spurgeon—has brought the Gospel-essence into so many hearts. Was he not the model man of our

modern pulpit—better than he would have been if he had even been a genius?

Twenty years ago Charles Dickens ruled the realm of fiction. We college boys joked in Wellerisms, and wept over Oliver and Little Nell. With a letter from our friend Mrs. M——, I sought the young lion in his lair; but he was at the sea-side finishing his famous “American Notes,” that bore so hard on our national *saliva* and *slavery*. On his return he called and invited me to his sanctum. It was graced with sketches and statuettes of Sam Weller, Pickwick, etc., and with a fine portrait of one whose sad domestic history he has told the outside world quite too much about. How handsome he was then! With the great lustrous eyes that you saw yourself in—and the merry mouth wreathed with laughter—and the mass of glossy hair! He overflowed in rapid talk, but shyed off from the least allusion to his works. His home was then happy with child-music. The bright-eyed little daughter who came in to give me a kiss before going to school, is now wedded to a son of Wilkie Collins, the novelist. Dickens’ last words to me were, “Tell Mrs. M—— I have not *forgotten*

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the slave.” If Dickens had always written with the Bible at his side, and the religion of Wilberforce in his heart, he might have been the foremost writer on social reforms in his day.

Carlyle I would speak of, and a memorable walk with him ; but I have already pencilled it for your columns. Emerson’s late apology for Carlyle’s blundering assault on the free North is not satisfactory. He seems to forget that years ago Carlyle wrote rude and coarse jests against giving freedom to “ Quashee” in the West Indies. He would have done the world better service if he had remembered more of the Westminster Catechism that his minister taught him in Ecclefechan. German literature has improved Carlyle’s scholarship at the expense of his theology.

One of the pleasantest mornings I spent in London was with the “ Female Shakespeare,” as her admirers were wont to call her — *Joanna Baillie*. I found her a bright-eyed, vivacious little old lady, with the apple-bloom still fresh on her cheek. Her first words were, “ What a pity that you did not come sooner ; Thomas Campbell has just left the house.” I was surprised to hear this : for at that time the poet of Hohenlinden

had nearly ostracised himself from such society by his indulgence with the bottle. He grew exceedingly coarse in conversation when steeped in strong ale; and at the Literary Fund Dinner of that year, his friends held him in his chair to keep him from maudlin exhibitions of himself. It is painful to allude to this infirmity of the gifted man who has so enriched our literature; but there is a solemn warning in it to every man of genius. Mrs. Baillie warmed into enthusiasm over Dr. Channing's essays (which she pronounced superior to any living writer's,) and ran on delightfully with chat about Sir Walter and Wordsworth. "There is no one left of the old circle but Wordsworth and myself," said she sadly.

Melvill was at that time the planet of the London pulpit; Spurgeon being still a school-boy, and the prophetic polybiblicious Dr. Cumming yet unknown. I heard Melvill at his old Camberwell chapel, the crowd so great that I was glad to get a seat on the gallery-steps. He was a *stylish* man, and delivered an ornate sermon on Pride in a tone somewhat theatrical. His most splendid discourses were rewritten several times; the im-

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press of Chalmers is easily detected in some of them. The sermon on the Bible as an intellectual study is a master-piece. Thou shalt not steal *from Melvill*, is a commandment not always remembered in some minister's studies. But here I am at the end of my sheet without any sketch of Binney's preaching, or of pleasant evenings at the cottage of Mrs. S. C. Hall, which I would like to have etched hurriedly. You may commit this rambling letter to the Balaambasket, or to the columns of *The Independent*, as you may fancy. These twenty dead years have not left England's sky as thickly sown with stars as when I gazed up thither with my boyish eyes of wonder and delight.





Little Sorrowful.

“**A**ND Jabez was more honorable than his brethren; and his mother called his name Jabez, saying *because I bore him with sorrow.*” Through this little passage, as through a lens, we look back and see a sorrow-stricken Hebrew mother, yet pale and weak from child-bearing, with a new-come infant in her arms. She puts the mark of her grief on the brow of her boy in the name she gave him. She calls him Jabez, which signifies “sorrowful.” Why, we know not. Whether it was that she brought him into life with no common anguish, and at the peril of her own—or whether the time of his birth was the time of her own widowhood, so that he had no father living to welcome him—or whatever the disaster that darkened her lot, so it was that she put the gloom of her own heart on the name of her darling. She called

him Sorrowful, and he kept the name to his dying hour.

Short-sighted mother! While she thought of her child as born in sorrow to bring her new anxieties and cares, while she baptised him in tears, lo! this very object of her grief and solicitude becomes the ornament and glory of her house! He lives to outstrip all his brethren. The prayer recorded of him in the fourth chapter of Chronicles is one of the most beautiful in the whole Bible. God answered it all. His after career was so lofty and so beneficent that people must have wondered how he came to bear so doleful a name. None so happy—none so prosperous—none so honored—as poor *Little Sorrowful!* His history is like the April shower that begins in clouds and tears, but ends in brilliant sun-bursts, and in rainbows painted on the sky.

Now, we are all of us just as short-sighted as this Hebrew mother who named her boy from her fears and not from her faith, and at last found God better to her than she expected. We persist in naming things sorrows which prove to be blessings in disguise. We often congratulate

people on receiving what turns out to be their ruin. We quite as often condole with them over a lot which is fraught to them with blessings above all price. Let us be careful how we condole with those who are under the merciful discipline of a loving God. We may make worse mistakes than was made by the mother of Jabez. Be careful how you condole with a man who has lost his fortune, or has been disappointed in his ambitious schemes. While his purse is becoming empty, his soul may be filling full with God's grace; while he is walking through the vale of humiliation, he may be getting more of the "herb called *heart's-ease*" into his bosom than he ever knew while on the giddy heights of prosperity. Many a man has been bankrupted into heavenly riches. Be careful how you tell a sick friend that his sickness is an affliction—when it may be sent him to melt his heart, to alarm him into reflection, and to bring him to repentance. Many a man's sickness has given him an eternal health; and his room of suffering has been the vestibule to Christ's favor, and to the inheritance of the saints.

Let us be careful, too, in what terms we con-

dole with the weeping mother whose darling child has just found its angel-wings, and flown away to Paradise. If we wish to sorrow for any parent, let it be for her whose living child is debased into an idol, or a frivolous, overdressed toy, or a hard, cunning self-seeker, or a self-indulgent tyrant, who shall yet break the heart of her who bore him. A thousand times over have I pitied more the mother of a living sorrow than I have pitied the mother of a departed joy. Parents! spare your tears for those whom you have laid down to sleep in their narrow earth-beds, with the now withered rose-bud on their breasts. They are safe; Christ has them in his sinless school, where lessons of celestial wisdom are learned by eyes that never weep. Save your tears for your *living children*, if they are yet living in their sins, untouched by repentance, unfeeling, and unconverted. Those of your family whom God considers dead are those who are yet dead in trespasses and guilt—alive to the world and the devil, but dead to the voice of Christ.

How often do we cover our best blessings with a pall, while we decorate with garlands our temptations or the sources of our saddest sorrows or

our spiritual shame ! Any one who had looked in upon the old patriarch Jacob on that gloomy evening while he was bewailing the absence of his sons in Egypt, would have heard the querulous complaint, "All these things are against me." He is rather a Jabez than a Jacob then. Joseph is not; Simeon is not; and they have carried away Benjamin, too, who bore in his boyish face the photograph of the beautiful Rachel, whom he had laid to her sleep by the wayside of Bethlehem. He calls his lot a sad one. But just at the door are the returning caravan who are bringing to him the sacks from Egypt's granaries, and the joyful invitation to go up and see his long-lost Joseph in Egypt's imperial palace. His dark hour is just before the day. His trial proves his deliverance. God is better to him than his fear. What he baptized a "sorrow" has grown into a mercy too big for words.

There are a hundred lessons to be learned from this brief passage about Jabez and his short-sighted mother; it is a bough that if well shaken will rain down golden fruit. We learn from it not to be frightened by present fears, or

cast down by present troubles. We learn from it that many of life's best things—yea! the life of heaven-seeking piety itself begins in tears and griefs for sin, in oppositions and sharp-conflicts of the soul. We learn not to lose heart in labors of love for Christ and humanity, because the infant enterprise had to be "brought forth in sorrow" like the Hebrew mother's son. The very labors that cost us the most anxiety and self-denial and toil, often, like Jabez, "enlarge their borders" and grow into the most honorable and useful of all our undertakings. Never despair of a good work. Never despair of the cause of *Right*; baptised with tears in its infancy, it has the life of God in its young veins. Never despair of a child. The one you weep the most for at the mercy-seat may fill your heart with the sweetest joys. Never despair of a soul. And never name either your children or your good enterprises "sorrowful" until you know how they are to turn out, and what an All-wise and All-merciful God means to do with them.



Prayerless Prayers.

PRAYER is one of the simplest things in the world, and yet one of the deepest of mysteries. In its motive and in its method it is perfectly simple; the talk of a child to its father could not be more so. In its prevailing power with Jehovah, and its unity with the great doctrine of his fixed decrees, it is to us a profound mystery. Such let it remain. It is not given to us to know all mysteries; but it is permitted us, and it is commanded us, to “pray without ceasing.”

What is prayer? Is it the rehearsal, on the bended knee, of a set form of solemn words, learned by rote from the Bible, from a liturgy, or from the traditions of the elders? Many seem so to regard it. To them it is no higher, no deeper, no holier thing than that. Millions of so-called prayers have risen no loftier in charac-

ter or meaning ; and however devout or elegant in language, they cannot but be regarded as *prayerless prayers* ; for true prayer is an earnest soul's direct converse with its God. Many other definitions might be given. This one answers our purpose now—the direct and earnest converse of a soul with God. By it, a poor, guilty soul confesses its sins ; by it, a needy soul makes known its wants ; through it, a devout, God-loving soul pours forth its adoration ; and by means of it, infinite blessings are brought down from heaven. The characteristics of the best prayer would be reverence, directness, sincerity, faith, and expectation of an answer through Jesus Christ. The lack of any one of these vitiates our petitions, and goes far toward making them prayerless.

Let us offer a word or two on the characteristics of *faith* and *directness* of meaning.

I. Faith is vital to every true prayer. It is the very child of a believing spirit. We must draw nigh to God, fully *persuaded* that we are asking for the right thing, that we are asking at the right place, that we are asking with the right spirit ; and there must we plead the promises

again and again and again, till the windows of heaven open above our heads. Not only must we believe in God, but believe also in prayer; not only that it is a good thing, but the *only* thing for our emergency. And when we have sought a longed-for object from our heavenly Father—using all the while our own best exertions too—then a truce to all worrying anxieties as to the result. Faith never worries. Selfishness does; so does Unbelief. But he that trusts God, and uses all human agencies to secure the result he aims at, has no right to borrow trouble as to God's disposal of his petitions. When I have done the utmost that skill and patient love can do for my sick child, and when I have laid the darling in the arms of Christ with beseeching prayer, I have the assurance that he *will* answer me; if not by restoring the dear sufferer to health, then by restoring my soul to a better spiritual health by taking her away from me. At any rate, my faith must be strong enough to believe that God will so answer me as to please himself and to profit my own soul, or else I have but offered a poor apology for prayer. True faith takes God at his word. True faith reckons

on answers to prayer as a fixed object of expectation, just as surely as the seed-scattering husbandman reckons on the May rains and the July sunshine. Have you *done* your own utmost, my brother? Have you prayed your utmost? Then bid adieu to anxiety. Sit down, and eat your bread in peace. Lay your head at night on your pillow, and go to sleep as a tired child falls asleep on the breast that heaves in the undulations of love. You have no business to put one wrinkle in your brow, or one thorn under your pillow. Wait on God. Keep waiting. Don't be uneasy. You will find your answer coming all in good time; and God's time is always the best time. "Faith," as the great Dr. Mason used to say, in his broad Scotch style, "is joost the delightful recombency of the soul on the bosom of the Redeemer."

II. Is this the way you pray? Or is your uttered liturgy at the throne of grace a faithless mummerly of words, not merely with no expectation of an answer, but really without anything to be answered? This is possible. I fear that more than half the smoothly-worded "addresses at the mercy seat" (that is the very word for them—

addresses) have no definite object, no aim, no purpose. They embody no felt want; they express no genuine desire. However elegant, however scriptural in phraseology, however orthodox they are really *prayerless* prayers.

To test ourselves as to this point of directness of meaning, let us habitually ask our hearts, when we arise from our knees, "What have we been asking for? anything? Was there any clearly understood desire in our mind which we took to the throne of grace, and laid there?" For what is a petition but the asking for some appreciated, desired, and needed *thing*? In all our intercourse with our fellow-men we never practice the preposterous farce that we so often play off upon God. When we enter a neighbor's house to borrow a certain article, we have no difficulty in making our neighbor comprehend just what we are after. The merchant does not enter the bank until he has a definite idea of the amount he wishes to raise upon his note, and he makes the officers understand the precise sum he requires. If our child is dying, we know just where to go for a physician—just what to tell him; and we do not leave him until we ascertain

whether he is coming. Here is precision, and also pertinacity of purpose. Faith in the physician and his remedies sends us to his house; and our directness of purpose leaves him in no doubt as to our errand. Now, in every rightly-conceived and rightly-presented petition to the heavenly King there will be the same confidence to lead us to his presence, and the same definite utterance of the heart's desire when we have come there.

If prayer only had a clearly defined, deeply felt *object to plead for*, it never would be a dull drudgery or a painful penance. We would say to ourselves, "How shall we best bring our burden of desire before our heavenly Father?" Oh that we knew what argument to plead with him! Oh that we might come near enough to touch the hem of Christ's garment! then would we entreat him to make intercession for us at the court of heaven; then would we pray as sick Hezekiah prayed for health, as blind Bartimeus cried out for recovery of sight, as the heart-wrung Jairus besought Christ's interposition for his dying daughter, as the conscience-smitten publican begged for mercy to him, a sinner. And there are two or three things we would not do. We would

not so often be guilty of solemn falsehoods told in pious language to the truth-loving God. We should not so often starve our souls, or insult our heavenly Father. We should not so often be guilty of uttering—what we have all uttered quite too often already—the hollow mockery of *prayerless prayers*.

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Christ the Open Hospice.

THE *Hospice* on the Alpine Mountain of St. Bernard, is a beautiful emblem of Christ as a refuge for sinners. Let us briefly point out some of the coincidences, and hope that among our readers may be some awakened penitent who feels his need of a Saviour.

I. The Hospice is ample for all the weary and cold-struck travellers who knock at its gates. So did Jesus "taste death for *every man*." The merits of His atonement are sufficient for a whole universe of sinners. It is world-wide in its efficacy as it is world-wide in its offer. And what was necessary in order to save a single sinner—a Paul or a John Newton—is all that is necessary to secure the salvation of a nation or a globe. How much would be required for the protection of one poor half-frozen traveller over the ice-fields of St. Bernard? Simply that he should

be roofed from the descending snow, and walled in from the surrounding cold—that he should have food, and fire, and shelter. But when the thick walls have once been reared, and the broad roof has once been spread above them—when the cellar has once been stored full, and the blazing-fire once kindled on the huge hearth-stone, why may not hundreds come in and be saved from exposure and icy death? The great thing to be done was to build the Hospice, and so large, too, and so well provided, that accommodation should be assured to every Alpine pilgrim who could ever sue for admission.

So in the economy of grace, the great indispensable was to provide an atonement ample for a guilty race—to open a house of refuge so capacious, so strong, so safe, that a world of sinners could be saved, as well as a single pauper child. This has been done. Christ's death has an infinite efficacy. He satisfied the demands of the law, and purchased a ransom for every believer, and then invites every guilty perishing soul to become a believer. The Hospice does not save a solitary man who stubbornly *stays outside*; neither does the atonement of Jesus

avail for a single sinner who refuses to accept it and believe. Over the portals of the Asylum on Mount Calvary, the pierced hand has written, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden. Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. And yet there is room."

II. But while there is abundant room for you, my awakened friend, there is no room for your *self-righteousness*. A sharp-eyed sentinel stands at the door. He holds in his hand the fixed bayonet of this truth, "By the works of the *law* no man shall be justified." You cannot evade this sentry. He will not let you bring in that back-load of your own paltry trash. Cast it away. There is room for you as a sinner in Christ's Refuge, but not an inch for your worthless wares of self-righteousness.

Nor is there room for worldliness. If you come to Jesus with your head full of business and your heart full of lucre—if you wish merely to get out a "policy of insurance" for your soul against the hour of death, and then go back to your money-getting, you will find the door hedged up. The wary guard on duty at the gate will stop you with the challenge, **Ye**

cannot serve God and Mammon. There is cordial welcome for you, but Christ will not consent to share your heart with his own bitter enemy.

III. There are many contraband articles to which no admission will be allowed at the door of Gospel-love. No man will be permitted to smuggle in the implements of any illicit trade, or sinful practices. The flagons of strong drink—the cards and dice-box of the gamester—the passion-kindling literature of lust—the volumes of infidel lore; yea, even the beads and tapers of self-saving superstition, are all excluded. Nor will it fare any better with you if you are smuggling in a concealed enmity towards a fellow-man in your heart; or a darling appetite; or a favorite sin. Of all these must you make a “clean breast” when you knock at that door over which is written, *Whosoever will, let him come.* If you have ever wronged a fellow-man in any business-transaction, you had better make honest restitution, before you apply again, in prayer, for admission to the priceless blessings of salvation. Many an awakened sinner has failed to find peace, simply because he was cherishing in his

heart a wicked grudge, or was withholding an honest due from some one he had wronged.

IV. While there is no room for your sins or self-righteousness, you will find ample room for all your talents, all your wealth, all your activities. If success in business has filled your purse, Christ will demand to share it with you. A large portion of your time he will levy on; and all your influence. Within the Church of Jesus there is ample scope for the most colossal reason—for the most brilliant imagination—for the most fertile invention—for the most soul-cleaving eloquence. Come in, my friend; Christ hath need of thee; but yet not so much as thy guilty, wayward, condemned soul hath need of HIM.

V. We write this brief hurried paragraph for the benefit of some disheartening inquirer. Perhaps you have not yet found entrance into Christ's House of Salvation, because you have been too intensely *selfish* in your search. You have cared for no one but yourself. Try now to do some good to other souls, and see if it will not bring blessings to your own.

You remember, perhaps, the incident—on the

St. Bernard mountain—of the freezing traveller who was just settling down into the snow-drifts, despairing and half dead. The whirling snow-flurries were fast weaving the white shroud around his dying form. Just as he is about sinking into the numb insensibility, he hears the distant, cry of another traveller who, like himself, is perishing in the storm. He rouses up. He makes a sturdy effort to reach his companion in suffering—finds him—chafes him—lifts him on his feet, and supports his trembling steps onward towards the welcome light of the Hospice that now glimmers through the driving snow. The effort warms his own freezing frame into life again, and in trying to save another, he saves himself. Join hands with some friend who is yet out of Christ, and together struggle on towards the blessed “covert from the tempest.” There is room for you both in the heart of Christ, in the atonement of Christ, in the Church of Christ, and in that everlasting rest which his blood has purchased for you. Remember this—that *no man perishes for want of an atonement.*



Motley and his Monument.

THIRTY years ago, a handsome boy—famous among his classmates for his poetical quotations, and his Byronic shirt-collar—graduated at Harvard University. He was only seventeen. Coming from an aristocratic family of old Dorchester, it was not predicted of him that he ever would rise beyond the elegant literateur—scribbling a few dashing magazine articles, or perhaps a circulating-library novel. The articles were in time forthcoming, and appeared in the *New York Review* and the ancient *North American*. The novels, too, appeared—a brace of them—and after a very brief career, were gathered to the silent dead, and slept among the poems of the “Milford Bard” and the speeches of Counsellor Phillips. It was easy to predict flashing review articles and romances; but no one suspected that in the handsome John Motley lay

the "terrible toiler," who would yet immortalize his name in seven magnificent volumes of the History of the Netherlands. Five of these volumes lie before us, as we write on this bright spring morning; the other two are on their triumphal march towards us. When the great work is complete, it will stand as the noblest monument of historical genius since Prescott was laid in Mount Auburn, and Lord Macaulay was laid in Westminster Abbey.

In comparing the last instalment of Mr. Motley's history with the previous volumes, we are struck with their superior originality and depth of research. The salient incidents in the "Rise of the Dutch Republic"—the horrible blood-hound raid of Alva through the Low Countries—the romance of Count Egmont—the thrilling siege of Leyden—the solemn grandeur of Silent William's career of patriotism and patience, which no one has ever painted indeed like Motley—the final catastrophe of that career, were all more or less familiar to every well-read student of history. But the new volumes are literally *new*. They put a window into the secret history of that eventful age. We stand quietly by, and look

into the very *penetralia* of Queen Elizabeth's Cabinet—nay, into that proud woman's selfish soul. And after the sharp scrutiny, we are compelled to confess that she is not as great a Queen Bess, nor as "good a Queen Bess," as we had once been taught to believe her. We also get wonderful glimpses into the interior life of the young Dutch Republic; and after a thorough study of such men as modest Maurice Nassau, sagacious Olden Barneveld, and sharp-witted Paul Buys, we own to a prodigious liking for them all. We even fancy the slashing, dashing freebooter Martin Schenk; and half wish that he were alive again, in order to reënforce Fort Sumter, under the very nose of General Quattlebum. But the rarest revelation of Motley's book is that of the ghostly chamber of the Palace of the Escorial, where sits, day and night, the old Popish spider, spinning his everlasting net of tyranny, and intrigue, and hellish hate—the hardest, coldest, most infernal picture of a "spiritual wickedness in high places" that modern history has furnished. Philip of Spain is to Motley what the second King James is to Macaulay. He delights to paint the gloomy Spanish tyrant so black, that

ordinary human blackness shows almost white on the hideous background. A good service to our race has the Dutch historian rendered, by gibbeting the career of Philip, for the study and the detestation of all coming times; nor from that gibbet of deserved infamy will any future chronicler find it easy to take the loathsome carrion down. The world will love to draw the comparison between Protestant William of Nassau, and Philip, the foster-child of Rome and the Inquisition.

The labor which these two latest volumes must have cost the "handsome youth" of Dorchester, is beyond the conception of those who knew him in his sophomoric days. Reams of dispatches had to be overhauled. Tons of dusty volumes ransacked. Whole boxes of chaff had to be winnowed, in order to come at a few precious grains of truth. Several months were spent in the single task of reading the vast secret correspondence of Spain and its proconsuls, from the "Archives of Simancas." As we sit comfortably on our lounge, and follow the thrilling narrative of Spanish prowess, and of indomitable Dutch bravery—as we watch the siege of Antwerp, or listen to wordy debates in Queen Elizabeth's council-

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chamber, or gaze at the inglorious rout of the Invincible Armada—we can have but little idea of the weary years of study with which Mr. Motley has purchased for us our hour of intellectual luxury. It is like the pearl which beams on the brow of a bride. We admire the soft hue of the brilliant; but we do not see the pearl-diver venturing his own life at the bottom of the sea, or lifted half dead into his boat, with the blood gushing from his nostrils. Hard work is it, and slow, for a historian to build such a monument as this which Motley has reared to Dutch heroism and Protestant faith; but when once built, it bears its builder's name to after generations, and will prove to be a "*monumentum ære perennius.*"

These volumes before us are not without their faults, which slightly mar the effect of their undisputed splendor. The style is sometimes affected and overwrought. Occasionally it is singularly careless; and on a few occasions the mirthfulness of the satire is out of place. We do not think the style of the newer portion superior to the older; and we heartily wish that Mr. Motley had let alone all flings at the Genevan theology. Those gibes and jeers might better have

been left to sleep under the elms of Cambridge.

No one can read these most masterly volumes without a temptation to throw them down at every few pages, in sheer indignation at the shameful political and military blunders which they so truthfully describe. The History of the United Netherlands is one of the most provoking of all histories. At one moment we are provoked at the obstinacy of Admiral Treslong—then at the rashness of Saint Aldegonde—then at the stupid folly of hard-drinking Count Hohenlo, for losing the town of Bois-le-Duc—then at the intolerable blunders of “unlucky Koppen Loppen.” We lose all patience with Queen Elizabeth, for her stingy clutch of her pennies while her troops were starving among the fens of Holland. Her ill-timed parsimony, coupled with her cheap professions of sympathy, remind us of the windy exhorter in the class-meeting, who boasted that his religion only cost him twenty-five cents a year! “The Lord have mercy on your stingy soul!” exclaimed the indignant class-leader. We get out of patience, too, with the foppish Liecester; and feel indignant that such a curl-pate should

have represented Old England on the soil of Holland, in the days of Bacon, Sidney, and Shakespeare. We are annoyed with his whimpering love-makings, in the midst of the stern strife of liberty with despotism, and only despise him less than we do the fickle folly of his royal mistress. But much as this history provokes us, it all the more delights us as a glorious epic of Protestant heroism. It stirs the Dutch blood in our veins. We feel proud of claiming descent from the men who stood around William the Silent, and from the heroes of Leyden, who fought the Spaniards without the city walls, and starvation within the walls, until they contested with the dogs for the bones and offal of the streets. As we lay down these records of godly patience and valor, we think of what Thomas Carlyle once said to us, in commenting on the pluck of the besieged citizens of Leyden. "The Dootch," said he, in his broad Scotch style, "are the brawvest people in the wurld. Men have roon after a red rag of a Frenchman; but the defence of Dootch Protestants against Spain, is the grondest thing in history. Ah! when Phee-lip sent the Duke of Alva and his Popish cut-throats to do the beesi-

ness for Holland, those Dootchmen *just squelchea him as ye wad squelch a rotten egg!* Ye may depend, that there was niver a brawver thing than thot in all moodern times!" To all which, we—sitting under our catalpa this morning, with these splendid pages of Motley before us—do most cordially respond, Amen!





The Flaw in the Wedding Link.

THE wedding was a pleasant one, and full of promise. The bride was as clearly formed for "attractive grace" as Milton's Eve. Her bright face glowed with the white and red which "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on." The man at her side was every inch a man; and his face flushed with honest pride when her softly spoken "Yes, I do" fell upon his ear. The link, that day welded before God with prayer, seemed so bright, and firm, and strong, that no eye could detect a flaw.

A few weeks after, when the bridal tour was over, we saw them at church, side by side. A good beginning, thought we. It was the Sabbath for celebrating the Lord's Supper. When the time came for distributing the bread and wine, the non-professors either changed their

seats or left the church; not all, but many of them. The young bridegroom rose reluctantly, halted a moment, then took his hat and went over to a side pew, and sat by himself. The bride was left to commemorate the love of her Saviour *alone*. It was their first separation, and in a moment a "great gulf" seemed to open between them! Ah, thought we to ourself, there is a flaw in that wedding link already; they are one toward each other, but toward God they are *two*! How can two walk together toward eternity when they are going in opposite directions? Which of them will draw the strongest? If God gives them a household to rear up, which will the children follow soonest, the praying mother or the irreligious father? Will it not be a house divided against itself?

Looking around the church, we saw other separations just as wide and melancholy as this one. Husbands and wives were there that day who, during the previous week, had dwelt lovingly together. They had sat at the same table at home; they had wept and rejoiced together in the sorrows and the joys of one common fireside. But at the table of their divine Lord and Re-

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deemer *they parted*. To human eyes, but a narrow church aisle divided them, yet in God's sight, they were spiritually as wide asunder as the poles. Looking at this scene of separation, the question came up to our mind, "In the great day, when Christ the Judge shall separate souls, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, will the wedding tie hold then? Or will there be found a fatal flaw in the link that will leave husband and wife to break asunder with a parting that shall never again be followed by a meeting?"

To many a loving wife who will read these lines this a sore and tender subject. What shall I do to save my husband's soul? has been the burden of her own soul for more than one anxious year. We would reply to such as she, You can *pray* for him. But to make your prayer of any avail, be careful not to contradict it by your life. Do not ask God to direct him to the Saviour, and then yourself stand in his way. You can do more than pray for him; you can *draw him*. By driving, you cannot move him one inch heavenward. You cannot force him to the church, to a prayer meeting, to his Bible, or to

the Saviour. But if, in the name of Jesus, you fasten the silken hawsers of affection to him, and apply the persuasions of earnest lips, still more of a holy, sweet-tempered, noble life, you may be delightfully surprised to see how he will "go after you." As the huge man-of-war, on its way down out of the harbor, seems to say to the little steam-tug, "*draw me*, and I will go along with you," so has many a resolute will and carnal heart been won along steadily toward Christ, by the gentle power of a sweet, prayerful woman's life. The positive efforts that you make for your husband's conversion must be made wisely. There is a sort of holy tact in this business. Watch your opportunities. Do not approach him with it when he is out of temper. Do not *worry* him with teasing talk, or with taunts; do not assume the tone of pity,—it will only irritate. Watch your chances and aim to cooperate with the Spirit of God when you see the heart moved by the truth, or moved by affliction, or by any event of Providence, then *work with the Holy Spirit*.

One good illustration is often worth a hundred counsels. And an actual incident we have some-

where met with fits our case exactly. During a period of general religious interest in the city of B—, a wife of devoted piety persuaded her husband to go with her one evening to her church. He tried to think himself an infidel, and made sport of religion on every opportunity. "I will never go again," said he, angrily, to her. "I was provoked and insulted; that sermon against infidelity was aimed at me." She saw that the shots were striking, and said nothing. But prayer was made for him, without ceasing by herself and a few friends.

One evening the wife kindly said to him "Dear, will you grant me one little request?—go with me to-night to meeting." "I will go to the door, and no further." With true womanly tact she says, "Very well, that will do." He goes with her, parts from her at the door, stays out in the cold, while she goes in, and breaks into fervent prayer for him as soon as she reaches her seat. She is trying not only the strength of her marriage link, but of that mightier link that binds her faith to the God of Promise.

Presently the door slowly opens; a man walks straight to her seat, and sits down beside her!

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He listens; goes home quietly; she, meanwhile, talking more with God than with her husband. The next evening, after tea, as they sit chatting by the fire, he rises, and with some emotion says, "Wife, isn't it most time to go to church?" She springs from her chair; it is entirely too early, but she will not risk delay; and hurrying on hat and cloak, they are off. A happy evening was that to her yearning, loving heart! For his stubborn soul melts down under the truth like wax in the flame; his infidelity is conquered where it only can be vanquished—at the cross of Christ!

From that evening he is a new man. His home is a new place. There is an altar at his fireside. Behold, he prayeth! And ever after, through their happy lives, there was *no flaw in the link* that bound them in their daily walk toward heaven. "What knowest thou, O wife whether thou shalt save thy husband?"



Do All for Christ.

THE celebrated Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, kept a portrait of Henry Martyn hanging over his fireplace. It was always in sight. Looking up at it, he used to say, "There; see that blessed man! What an expression of countenance! No one looks at me as he does. He seems always to be saying, '*Be serious; be in earnest; don't trifle.*'" Then, smiling and bowing toward the sweet, thoughtful face, Simeon would add, "And I won't—I won't trifle."

So, fellow-Christian, there is hung up, by the divine Spirit, a picture before our eyes. It is the heavenly countenance of our blessed Saviour. The traces of the sorrow in the garden, of the agony on the cross, are yet written on that visage, "marred more than any of the sons of men." The serenest patience sits on that face, and it yearns with a love stronger than death. Holi-

ness dwells there, which cannot look upon sin save with abhorrence.

And that face of Jesus seems ever to be saying to us, "Live for me. Whatever ye do, do it unto me." When we sit alone and dejected, the countenance comes up near to us, and says, "Let not your heart be troubled. Lo, I am with you always." When we are tempted to sin, the face rebukes us with the words, "Wound me not in the house of my friends." And when we have come back, ashamed and disgraced from a cowardly desertion of his cause in the hour of trial, oh, how that look upbraids us, as he seems to say, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Sometimes a poor, needy servant of God comes to us for a word or deed of sympathy, or for a gift to his necessities. Selfishness begins to mutter about "interruptions," and the "many calls," and the "no end to cases of charity." But the down-looking Jesus says, "Do it unto me. He is one of my poor children; give him for my sake." There is not a struggling church that knocks at our heart, or a hungry beggar that knocks at our door, for relief; there is not a lone widow who asks a pittance to warm her shiver-

ing frame, or a neglected child running in rage and recklessness through the broken Sabbath, but ever the same voice says to us, "Help them for my sake; inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me."

An incident in John Falk's German Charity School illustrates this idea beautifully. When one of the boys at table had said the pious grace, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest and bless the food thou hast provided," a little fellow looked up and said, "Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes!" "Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure he will come, for he always hears our invitations." "I shall set a chair for him, then," said the little fellow; and he did so. Presently there was a knock at the door. A poor, frozen apprentice entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome to the empty seat the boy had set. The little fellow was thinking hard for some time. "Ah," chirped he, "Jesus could not come to-night, and so he sent this poor man in his place; is that it?" "Yes, child, that is just it. Every cup of water or piece of bread that we give to the poor or hungry, for Jesus' sake, we give to him; inas-

“Write all these truths for me. Feed *my* lambs. Save those souls committed to thee by my gospel and for my glory.” As the Sabbath-school teacher lays down this paper and hurries off to his class, he will meet the blessed Saviour beside his seat, and hear him say, “Whatsoever ye do for the least of these immortal souls, ye do for me.”

Yea, more. When a Christian leaves the sanctuary or the communion-table, and goes to his counting-room, shall he be less a Christian there than he was in the house of God, or at the family altar? No: for there is an invisible Saviour beside him there, saying, “‘Provide things honest in the sight of all men;’ ‘let not your good be evil spoken of;’ you are my representative.”

Do Christian men of business always remember this? Do they always so keep their ledgers that they would be willing to have their Master audit the accounts? When a church-member wrings out the last dime from an unfortunate debtor, does he do it for Christ? When he rents his property for dram-shops, or brothels, or haunts of vice; when he drives a sharp bargain with misfortune or inexperience, does he do it for

the honor or for the shame of his Sabbath professions? Ah, my friends, it is not only from the study walls of pastors, but from the walls of every shop, every counting-room, and every hall of justice and legislation, that the countenance of the all-holy Jesus is looking down, and saying, "*Do all for me.*"

Whether ye eat or drink ; whether ye buy or sell ; whether ye labor or pray ; whether ye rejoice or suffer, **DO ALL FOR MY GLOBY !**





Answering our own Prayers.

WE use this expression, not too literally, but simply for want of a better one. The idea we aim at is, that every Christian is bound to do his utmost for the fulfilment of his own prayers. He is never to ask God to give what he is not trying his utmost to obtain ; he is never to ask God to make him what he is not faithfully trying to become.

This is our idea. It is partially illustrated by the familiar fable of Hercules and the wagoner. When the overloaded wagon sunk into the mire, instead of laboring to pry out the imbedded vehicle, the wagoner fell to praying Hercules to interpose his brawny arm for his relief. The god of muscle thus appealed to, reminded the luckless teamster that, while he prayed for help, he had better put his own shoulder to the wheel, and help himself.

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In one sense this heathen fable illustrates the true relation between the sovereign God and the child of prayer. On our side is complete dependence. On the side of Omnipotence is infinite mercy. From HIM cometh down every good and every perfect gift. And because we *are* so dependent upon our heavenly Father, and owe him so much of submission, obedience, and trust, therefore are we to “pray without ceasing.” But while we pray we are to *work*: first, as a proof of the sincerity of our desires; and next, in order to obey God, who commands us to become the very men that we ask him to make us by his grace.

Does every child of God do his utmost to secure the answers to his own uttered requests? Most emphatically we reply, No! With even the best men there is a sad disparity between prayer and practice—between the askings of the lips and the actings of the heart—between their *life* and their *liturgy*.

I. Take, for example, the oft-repeated prayer for *growth in grace*. This is a vital request, and the most formal Christian professor will utter it nearly every day of his life. If he would re-

ist the continual gravitation of inward sin and surrounding worldliness, he must cry as continually for heart-grace. But just imagine the owner of a vast field of weeds kneeling down among the "johnswort" and Canada thistles, and praying God to give him from that field a plentiful corn harvest! Not a furrow has been turned. Not a kernel planted. But the insane husbandman implores from heaven a crop, toward the growing of which his sluggish fingers have not been lifted. My Christian brother, you never are guilty of such folly in the management of your secular interests. You never expect cargoes without sending ships seaward; you never count on crops without ploughing, manuring and seeding your acres. No school-girl would expect to see her pet flower grow in the conservatory without water and fresh earth. She sprinkles the azalea leaves until they drip, and feeds the delicate tuberose with new earth as often as its wasting leaves telegraph its hunger. God takes care of her plants; but she takes care of them too, and does not expect him to work miracles for the benefit of lazy people. Her prayer for her flowers is in the brimming pitcher and the virgin

earth which her careful hands bring to the greenhouse.

Carry this same principle into your religion. Do you pray with the lips for growth in holiness, growth in heavenly-mindedness, growth in spiritual *stamina*? Then to the work of cleansing the heart-field! Then to the cutting up of the tares of covetousness—the johnswort of pride—the nettles of selfishness—the briers of deceit—the overgrown burdocks of sloth—and the seed-scattering thistles of unbelief! Pull them by the roots. Give your inward lusts no quarter. Keep no terms with them. Make no compromise with some darling sin to sprout and grow unobserved in some back corner of your soul-garden. Clear out every weed, in order that the seed-corn of godliness may have the full strength of the affections and the energies to make it grow. Watch over that precious seed. Water it with prayers and penitential tears. Strengthen it with Bible truth. And as you pray for the growth of heart-piety, let no indulged lust, no pet sin, harbored in secret places, prove your uttered prayer to be an abomination in the sight of the all-searching God. “If I regard iniquity

in my heart" (that is, if I cling to it and cherish it) "God will not hear me." Nor will the Lord of holiness answer with a *Yea* what we are practically answering with a *Nay*.

II. Let us illustrate and apply this principle, in the next place, to parents who are praying for the conversion of their children. No petition is more fitting than this; none could be more acceptable to God. But what hope have you, my friend, for the renewal of your children's hearts, if you pray in one direction with the lips, and quite in the opposite direction with the life? We see constantly the two antagonistic types of parental influence. Both are nominally Christian: only one is really such. The one man pleads at the altar for the sanctification of his household—that his sons may become sons of God, and his daughters may be as polished stones in the temple of Christ. He makes religion prominent in his family; it is visible, legible, and *above board*. The books that are brought home for the children to read, the newspapers that are taken, the amusements that are chosen, the society that is sought, the aims in life that are set before those children, all bear in one direction and in the right

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direction. God is not asked by that father to convert his offspring to godliness while he is doing his best to pervert them to sin and worldliness. Nor is God implored to convert them while the parent uses no agencies to affect the longed-for result. No more than the Lord would be asked to restore the sick boy from a typhus fever, and yet no physician called in and no medicine administered. How much worse if the father, having prayed that his child be restored, should fall to giving the poor boy strychnine or prussic acid in large doses!

Yet professed Christians do this very thing often in morals and religion. They pray for their children's recovery to holiness, and then poison them! They pray for a son's purity, and then flash the wine-cup before his eyes. They pray for a daughter's conversion, with a theatre-ticket in their pockets—a "family ticket" for the whole household! They go to church, look devout, and then come home to trifle, to gossip—to entertain Sunday visitors at a sumptuous feast, to talk politics, to do anything, in short, but follow up the teachings of God's minister with affectionate, faithful home instructions. The practi-

cal effect of their whole conduct and conversation, both on the Lord's day and *all* the days of the week, is to undo whatever good may have been done by the earnest labors of the pulpit. What must such children think of those fluent prayers that they hear every night at the family altar? What of the consistency of those parents who utter such solemn mockeries? Oh! it is better never to pray at all for the conversion of your offspring than to ask God, in solemn tones, to *save* them, while you are using your whole influence to harden and destroy them. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou unfaithful servant."

In eternity it will be a terrible thing for many a man to meet his own prayers. Their very language will condemn him; for he knew his duty but he did it not. Those fervent prayers, which the good man labored to make effectual, will be "shining ones" in white raiment to conduct their author in to the banqueting-house of the GREAT KING. But the falsehoods uttered at the throne of grace will live again as tormenting scorpions in the day of the Lord's appearing. "Be not rash with thy mouth, nor let thy heart be hasty

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to utter anything before God," is an injunction that forbids more than irreverence in prayer. It forbids us, by implication, to ask for that which we do not sincerely desire. Above all, it forbids the asking from God those blessings which we are hindering by our neglect, or thwarting by our selfishness and unbelief.



Our Stumbling Brother.

AN aged man—the noblest man then living on our globe—once sat down and wrote, under the inspiration of God, these words : “It is good neither to eat flesh, *nor to drink wine*, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.” Now, who is our “brother?” In this passage Paul may have referred to his brother in Christian fellowship; he was to do nothing wilfully offensive and injurious to his fellow-disciple in God’s household. But if he is to be thus tender of the feelings and watchful of the interests of other Christians, how much more ought he to avoid anything which would be morally hurtful to the impenitent masses of his fellow-men.

Let us look at the teaching of this famous passage, so redolent of Christian philanthropy. What does the passage teach? To our mind it

clearly teaches the moral obligation to abstain from practices and usages that inevitably injure others. We are to abstain from that which works mischief to our brother-man, and we are to do so from the *law of love*. This is the drift of the passage, and of the whole chapter in which it is imbedded. Even so conservative an expounder as Professor Hodge of Princeton says, (in treating of this passage,) that things not sinful in themselves are to be given up for the sake of others. The legal liberty of a conscientious man, is never to be exercised where a moral evil will inevitably flow from such exercise. If my "liberty" puts a stumbling-block in the way of another, and trips him so that he falls, then woe unto me for persisting in using this liberty. The principle is a broad one, and it is as noble as that Gospel of love that gave it birth. It is the principle that good men are to sacrifice everything and anything that is destructive to the best interests of humanity.

We lay down then, this proposition, that no man of conscience has a moral right to abet any system or practice which is known to be inevitably hurtful to his neighbor man. I have a

legal right to do many things which, as a man of principle, I ought not to do. I have a legal right to take opium or arsenic, or swallow vast quantities of fourth-proof brandies; but I have no moral right thus to commit self-destruction. I have a legal right to attend habitually a theatre, even though every play there enacted should be surcharged with moral poison, and every tier were thronged with harlots. There is no written law to forbid my going there, and no officer stands guard to repel me. But I have no moral right to go there—not merely because I shall see and hear what is ensnaring and polluting to myself, but because that whole garnished and glittering establishment, with its sensuous attractions, is to many of my fellow-men a chandeliered and crimsoned hell; a yawning maelstrom of perdition. The dollar I give at the entrance, is my direct contribution toward sustaining an establishment whose dark foundations rest on the murdered souls of hundreds of my fellow-men. What right have I to contribute my money and to give the sanction of my example to the support of a perfect slaughter-house of character and of immortal souls?

Now on this same principle—not merely of *self*-preservation, for of that I am not now speaking—what right have I to sustain the magazines of moral death where poisonous drinks are vended? What right have I to sustain a traffic which is simply *dealing out death by measure*? What right have I to abet the drinking usages of society? If a glass of intoxicating drink on my table (be it sparkling Madeira or Bourbon whisky) will entrap some one of susceptible or excitable temperament into dissipation, what right have I to set that trap for his life, to tempt him to his own ruin, and make myself the *particeps criminis* in his destruction? If the contents of the glass which I give my brother cause him to stumble, he stumbles over me. If his moral restraints are broken, I helped to break them. I am an accomplice in his sin. If he goes away from my table with an increased thirst for the bottle, I have helped to make him a drunkard; and, to that degree, have helped to shut him out of heaven. The words he may have spoken, the blows he may have struck, the excesses he may have committed under the stimulation of my offered glass, are, to a certain degree, my words

and deeds of folly and of wickedness. But for me he would not have uttered the words or done the shameful deeds. The man who (in the language of Scripture) "puts the bottle to his neighbor," is partially and largely responsible for all the havoc which that bottle makes, and for the dark damnation which may follow in its train. Of course, this principle makes fearful work with the wilful traffic in intoxicating drinks as a beverage; and when society punishes the drunkard for his outrages, and licenses the drunkard-maker, it simply punishes the *effect* and protects the *cause*!

We might say a thousand things here on the woes of the drunkard, on the guilt of the dram-seller, on the poisonous nature of the most popular alcoholic drinks, and on the frightful havoc which the bottle is working in the army, in our households, and even in our churches. But we prefer now to speak on one specific point, viz., the duty of all conscientious people to abstain from drinking and offering strong drink, while that drink makes others "stumble." It is the *stumblers* that we are now pleading for. It is for those whom your wine-cup—offered in mis-

taken hospitality, or under the tyranny of fashion — may precipitate into drunkenness and perdition. Oh! those stumblers! Who are they? I hardly dare tell; for it would touch many of us too tenderly. It would tear open too many secret wounds which pride and affection are attempting, but in vain, to conceal. It would reveal *wrecks* that angels might weep over. It would open afresh some tombs where the charitable green turf now hides out of sight what surviving friendship would love to have forgotten.

For the sake of my stumbling brother, I am bidden to abstain. Is this asking too much of me? Let a single incident answer. In a certain convention of temperance philanthropists, a clergyman made a plausible defense of the moral right of even good men to drink and to offer alcoholic liquors. Teetotalism he denounced as fanatical and unscriptural. He talked glibly about the wine used at Cana of Galilee, (though not very understandingly,) and insisted that for one *he* should claim the right to use liquors at his own table and in social gatherings. When he had concluded his sophistical argument, an old man arose under much emotion. His voice

trembled with grief. Turning to the convention, he said in substance to them, "I know a young man. He is fast becoming an inebriate. I fear he is ruined. When he is urged to give up the wine-cup, he always pleads the example of a certain popular clergyman. He says that while that minister takes his glass and defends it, he means to do the same. Gentlemen! that poor intemperate youth is *my son*; and the clergyman whose evil example he is following is the very same one who has just addressed this convention!"





A Christian's Right Place.

IN a well-organized army every man has his place. The mathematical head goes to the engineer corps. The medical skill and steady hand are assigned to the surgical department. The sharp-eyed man shall handle the Enfield rifle; and the well-taught graduate of a half-dozen hard-fought fields, receives the sword of a brigadier. He who has the most of Napoleon in him soon fights his way to the supreme command. A Wellington or a Scott would not be more out of place in the ranks than would a Paul or an Apollos be in spending their precious time in teaching the children of a mission school to read the alphabet. "Every man in his place," is as much the motto of the *Church* as it is of the camp; the wrong place is well-nigh as fatal as no place at all.

Now what is a Christian's right place? Manifestly it is the place that his Creator made him for and trained him for. To mistake it is a misfortune; to desert it is a disgrace and a crime. The Bible answer to our question is given in these words: "Having then gifts *differing* according to the grace that is given us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness." The principle here laid down is, that every true Christian, after a candid, honest inspection of his own physical and mental and moral qualifications, should take the post of duty or the line of labor for which his gifts best fit him. But no man—no! not one, is to "neglect the gift that is in" him.

Some men were manifestly created for the pulpit. God gave them clear heads, warm hearts, and strong lungs, a love of Jesus and a love of saving souls. To possess these is to have a divine call for the ministry; for such to stay

out of the pulpit (if strong inclination draw them thitherward) is as grievous a mistake as it has been for hundreds of others to enter the pulpit.

But because a man is not called to preach Jesus in the sacred desk, must he preach nowhere else? Is all the earnestness, and all the persuasive power, and all the hunger for souls, which a pious lawyer or a pious mechanic may possess, to run to waste? No! Let him tell his neighbor of the great salvation wherever he can find him—whether in the public meeting for conference, in the prayer-circle, by the wayside or the fireside, in the sick-room, or in whatever place God brings a soul within his reach. And how successfully this work may be done, let such men as Harlan Page, and Robert Haldane, and Cranfield, and the good Methodist Carvosso, answer. God is opening a wide door for lay exhortation in our time. Brownlow North, in Great Britain, is proving what can be achieved by a practical man throwing himself upon practical men without any professional technicalities, and pouring gospel truth into their hearts in the every-day language of life. This corps in Christ's army will bear

enlargement. They are un-uniformed sharpshooters, stealing singly or in squads upon the enemy wherever a point is left exposed, or a straggler can be "sighted."

What our Churches sorely need is the *development of the members*. Too much is thrown upon the ministry. The Church becomes Dr. A——'s Church, or Mr. B——'s Church, or Mr. C——'s Church, instead of being the people's Church, with those men as its ministers. A pastor is expected to make two studied expositions of Bible truth every week, to conduct the public devotions of his flock, to labor at the fire-side, in the sick-room, and the house of death. During our early ministry, we were called to do all these, and to superintend a Sunday-school and teach a Bible-class besides. Now we love to work better than anything else, unless it be to see other people work. And no member of our Church has any more right to turn over his spiritual labors on me than he has to hand me his market-basket, or to ask me to eat and digest his dinner for him. He *needs* to do his own work as much as the cause of Christ needs to have it done. And when, in seasons of revival, the la-

tent lay power of the Church is brought out, we see how much may be done by the Priscillas and Aquilas, by Onesiphorus, and by Lydia, and by the "faithful Persis" who labors in the Lord. The Church then is a hive without a drone, and the air is musical with returning bees bringing in their blessed spoil.

A Christian who is keen for work will soon find his right place. If he is "apt to teach," if he has the knack of breaking the truth up into small morsels for children's mouths, then he will soon scent his way into the Sabbath-school. Another one has leisure and love of souls; to such an one tract-distribution is a welcome work. It requires only health enough to *walk*, and Christian courtesy enough to *talk* acceptably to the family visited with the Bible or the tract. It is not too much to say that Harlan Page, with his Gospel under his arm, is equal to many a learned divine, with his ponderous columbiads aimed forty degrees above the hearts of the people.

Here again is another whose "gift" is a melodious voice—that "most excellent thing in woman," and hardly less so in a man. A homely

woman becomes beautiful while she is singing; and a melodious voice will outlive a plump form or a rosy complexion. Whoever can sing belongs to God's great multitudinous *choir*. Whoever can sing, and will not sing, does not deserve a seat in church or the feast of a good sermon. They will be ashamed to sing in heaven if they were too indolent or too fastidious to sing in the earthly temples of God's praise.

Nor are these the only gifts. We can now recall a member of our first flock who possessed no qualifications to exhort, or to teach in the Sabbath-school; he had no gold to give, and no musical skill to sing the praise of his Redeemer. But he *did* possess a rare earnestness and Bible-richness and soul-fervor in prayer. That good old man's single prayer saved more than one evening meeting from drouth and dreariness. A blessed gift was that veteran's power of pleading at the mercy-seat; and a fountain of blessings did it prove to the Church for which he besought the heavenly baptism.

Reader! have you found your place? Then stick to it. Work there, even though it be in the humblest corner of the most out-of-the way

vineyard. An idle man in the Church is a monster. And you cannot give a cup of gospel-water to a beggar's child without receiving Christ's smile in return for it. Wherefore "neglect not the gift that is in thee;" and whatever thou doest for the Lord, "do it heartily."





The Whole Heart.

A FEW years ago, a distinguished American naturalist was discovered, by one of our vessels, wandering alone on the silent shores of the Pacific Ocean. He was strolling by the water-side on a sharp search for specimens of natural history for the cabinet of Harvard University. Five thousand long miles separated him from his comfortable Boston home. But what were privations, or loneliness, or scanty fare, or the absence of loved faces, to him? Was not his whole soul embarked in the search for rare flowers such as flame on California plains, and for the cunning shells that the Pacific waves cast up on the pebbly strand? His *heart* was invested in the enterprise; he was a self-devoted missionary of science.

This was the secret of Newton's imperial success. He gave his days and nights to physical

science. And when his magnificent discoveries had been achieved, and the heavens had yielded their hidden secrets to his telescope,—when the solid globe had been weighed by him as in a balance,—then the Genius of Truth crowned his honored head with the benediction, “Thou hast sought me and found me, for thou didst search for me with *all the heart*.”

Show me the effective Christian, too, and I will show you a man whose whole heart is in love with Jesus. The will to serve God (implanted by the converting Spirit) is at no loss to find ten thousand ways to do it. He is “always abounding in the work of the Lord.” On the Sabbath he always manages to get to church, however fiercely the sun streams down its fire, or however violently the rain-cloud pours its deluge upon the pavements. His heart so aches for the poor waifs gathered into his mission-school class, that a headache is no hindrance to him. When the Wednesday night comes, it finds him weary with a long day’s work; but the bell rings for the weekly lecture, and a *heart-bell* within responds to the welcome music. He says, “I cannot afford to miss my soul’s food to-night.” No more

can his pastor afford to have him absent. It is so on the night for the prayer gathering. He will be missed if he takes counsel with tired limbs or sleepy eyes. His soul will miss the meeting, too, and be the leaner for the loss. So he fires up the engine once more, and with a wide-awake heart in a weary body, he sallies off to the prayer circle. The neighbor who dropped in to discuss the war, or to inquire about stocks, or to take a game of chess does not detain him. His *heart* is with Jesus and the disciples in the prayer meeting already, and his body "follows suit." Does a lover ever find the night too cold, too stormy, or too dark for him to venture off to find her "in whom his soul delighteth?"

Such service of Christ is downright enjoyment. It is a daily luxury. It is none the less enjoyable because it entails some hardships and self-denial; because it sometimes sends a head wind of unpopularity into his face; because it requires him to wear an old coat the longer in order to have a few extra dollars for a work of charity; or because it involves some sacrifice of money-getting or of social comfort. He turns work into play. His soul lives in a constant

sunshine; and all the aches, the pains, the rheumatisms, and bad digestion of a spiritual dyspeptic, he knows no more of than of the plague or the Jewish leprosy. But take the *heart* out of man's religion, and it becomes the most pitiable penance, and the dreariest of drudgeries.

Perhaps, too, we may find in this very spot the reason why so many awakened and once anxious sinners have never yet found the Saviour. They only sought the infinite blessing with but a fraction of the heart. God was in earnest when he invited them; they were not. The Spirit of grace was in earnest when he strove with them; they were not. A fragment of the heart—a few hours of the Sabbath—an occasional fitful thought—they were willing to give to Christ if he would insure them a safe escape from perdition. But the very least and lowest terms which the blessed Saviour could offer them were, “Ye shall seek me and find me when ye shall search for me *with all your heart.*”

Unconverted reader, does not this touch the very “sore spot” with you? Is not this your very sin and danger? You ask everything from God; you will not give everything to him. Just

as surely as the day of judgment comes and finds you hopeless and Christless, you will take up a bitter lamentation in words like these: "I am lost—lost for ever! I might have been saved. I often came near to heaven; I was more than once at the threshold. Others passed by and went in. My intimate friend went in. A brother entered in at my very side; my wife, with a tearful pleading to me to follow her, passed through the open door. I might have gone. Conscience bade me go. Reason urged it. A crucified Saviour with pierced hand, opened wide the gate. I *expected* to come in ere it should close. The Spirit strove with me to give God my heart. But the conditions of salvation were 'Ye shall seek me and find me when ye shall search for me *with all your heart.*' This I would not give. I kept back what God asked, and I have *lost everything!*" To sink into perdition is a fearful doom at best, but infinitely more harrowing and awful for the soul that remembers that it fell there from the very threshold of heaven!



Christ a Companion.

ON a certain "first day" afternoon—more than eighteen hundred years ago—two men set out on foot from Jerusalem to the little village of Emmaus. The journey covered seven miles, but they were not easy miles to travel, for much of the way lay over rugged hill country and through deep ravines. The village toward which they walked is perched, like a bird's nest, on the cliffs that look off toward the Mediterranean Sea. It was a bright vernal landscape that smiled around them; but sad hearts were they that moved slowly over the hills toward the mountain village. Talking sadly and despondingly of the terrible tragedy that had just been enacted on Calvary, the two disciples walked on.

A stranger accosts them by the wayside. They do not know him. Their "eyes are

holden." A supernatural obstruction blinds their vision for the time. So they address him as a stranger. "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem," inquires Cleopas, "and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" "What things?" Then they begin, and give a brief, artless narrative of the barbarous tragedy that had ended in the judicial murder of Him whom they had hailed as the Redeemer of Israel. "Oh, fools, and slow of heart!" exclaims the mysterious Stranger; "ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" And beginning at Moses and the prophets, he pours out upon them a stream of rich, instructive, and precious talk, that makes the road seem short to Emmaus. They are there before they are aware, and so charmed with their delightful companion, that they court his society for the night. "Abide with us," is their hospitable invitation. The kind offer is accepted. He comes into their house, reclines beside them at their table, and while he is breaking bread with them, he breaks the illusion, too; and lo, the affable comrade of the journey is no less a personage

than their adorable Master. Wonderful Guest. Wonderful Instructor! "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked with us by the way?" said one. "Mine did," replies the other. And well they might. For the light that had beamed on them, and the heavenly warmth that had kindled their souls, poured from no less a source than the divine heart of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Thanks for this delightful episode. I learn from it one precious lesson—that Christ Jesus is willing to *be the companion of my life-journey* until I reach my heavenly home. Blessed is the man whose heart burns within him from the constant presence and inspiration of the Saviour!

I. The first benefit to the believer from having Christ with him is, that the life-journey will be a *safe* one. He need never miss the right road. He will never be led astray. Christ knows the whole pathway thoroughly from the "City of Destruction" to the City of the Great King. And wherever Christ directs us to walk, there we ought to go. It matters not that we can not see the end from the beginning. Christ sees; that is enough. He sent Paul on many a perilous path of duty, and when the boiling deep threat-

ened to ingulf him, Jesus stood by him, and said, "Fear not, Paul; thou must yet stand before Cesar." The courage that quailed not in Nero's judgment hall is easily explained by the heroic apostle's assurance, "The Lord *stood with me* and strengthened me." What Christ did for Paul, he will do for you, my brother. Invite him to be your companion. Ask his direction: never take a decisive step in life without it. Covet his fellowship, for he that walketh with Jesus "walketh surely."

II. The life-journey, in the second place, is made *pleasant* by having the Saviour as our constant associate. You all know the charm that is imparted to a voyage by having a genial friend to pace the deck with us in confiding conversation, to gaze with us on the glories of the changeful ocean, and drink in the witchery of the sunrises and the sunsettings. The road to Emmaus may have seemed long to Cleopas and his companion in other times, but when the affable Stranger joined them, how fast the furlongs were measured off! How unweariedly they climbed the rugged hills! Charming was that excursion from the charm of such society.

Christian believer, you may walk your daily life-journey with the same celestial companionship if you keep a good conscience and a praying heart. Begin each day with a cordial invitation to Jesus Christ to vouchsafe to you his presence. Think of him all the while as close by you. The busy bustle of the counting room did not hinder the fellowship with Christ of Henry Thornton, of Garret Bleecker, and many a godly-minded merchant like them. Many a farmer has communed with Jesus as he followed his plow, until the acres that he trod had "the smell of a field that the Lord had blessed." Many a pious housewife has made the hours seem short as to the merry music of her wheel her heart has sung,—

"No journey is without its cares:
 Life's journey, too, the spirit wears,
 It is not all a path of roses;
 The road is narrow; foes are strong,
 And oft mislead me to the wrong;
 The tangled thorn my way opposes;
 O'er sorrow's wilds I'm forced to go,
 And groping march the journey through.

"But Jesus, once a pilgrim too,
 Will be with me a pilgrim true,
 Of all my anxious cares a bearer.

Thy warning words in mind I'll keep,
And by thy guidance every step
Shall bring me to salvation nearer,
Till to my journey's end I come,
And live with thee in yonder home."

We may have hard and trying places just before us on our life-march. Sick rooms and beds of suffering may be a few weeks or months in advance. Perhaps the agonies of a military hospital, with its festering wounds and racking pains, may be preparing for some patriot, who reads these lines. But no part of our pilgrimage is more cheerful than that which is spent in the sick room, with the blessed Saviour as the companion of our meditations and devotions. "Here I lie," said the heroic Halyburton, "pained without pain; without any strength, and yet strong. I am not faint; I am refreshed with the spiced wine. Christ comes to me in the watches of the night and draws aside the curtains, and says, '*It is I, it is I; be not afraid!*'" His heart burned within him with a holier glow as he neared the journey's end, and took the way upward from the land of Beulah to the gates of the Celestial City.

III. Once more. Christ's presence with believers shames them from sin and stimulates them to duty. Paul assures us that Jesus is "made unto us sanctification" as well as redemption; i.e., his spirit is a spirit of holiness. And when we live in union with Jesus, it has a tendency to make us holy.

The sense of Christ's immediate presence is a perpetual check upon our lusts and passions—a perpetual spur to our spiritual indolence. Are we tempted to hurry off in the morning under the pressings of business without our usual season of devotion? The thought that Jesus witnesses the petty larceny of his few moments is enough to send us mortified and penitent to our closet. Does an irritating vexation prompt the sharp answer or the angry blow? One look from the all-forgiving Lamb is enough to hush the tumult and smooth the ruffled brow. Am I tempted to a keen bargain? "Why not?" "It is all fair in business." Yes! but what will Christ say? And so on through all the calendar of besetting sins. The sin-hating eye of my spotless Saviour follows me by day and by night; and while in his holy fellowship how dare I play

the coward, the cheat, the sensualist, or the poltroon ?

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An Evening on the Cayuga.

HERE, Augustine ! take this paper ; I have read war news enough for to-day, and more than enough from that Aceldama of " Bull Run ;" push off the boat, and let us have one hour's blessed truce on the bosom of this bewitching lake. Leave the nightmare of news behind us. It is Saturday evening. The last parting kiss of the setting sun is making yonder hilltop blush. To-morrow's Sabbath lies hid beyond those eastern forests. Trim the boat, and hand me an oar.

Our friend takes his place in the stern, and the little shallop floats like a swan over the water. A glassy wavelet flows away from the bow, and a little gurgle is heard under the rudder. This is the only sound that is audible except the tinkle of a bell that is wandering amid that herd of cows in the green pasture-ground beyond the

road. The bell sounds livelier, for the barefooted boy is starting the full-uddered cows homeward for the milking. Somebody will have a luscious bowl of bread and milk to-night, fragrant and creamy, just such as my boyhood used to feast upon. I have sat since at the tables of Parisian hotels and of English mansions; but never have I tasted such flavors as were hidden in that porringer where the bread and milk combined the aroma of the new-ground grain and the sweet-breathed clover. I pity the unlucky fledgling of Fifth Avenue, who never feasted his childhood on a bowl of snow-white bread and newly-strained milk, eaten on the broad piazza of a shady farmhouse. Midas has a splendid palace of freestone on Murray Hill, but he cannot "keep a dairy," or regale himself with the "sincere milk" warm from the udder.

Look a moment at yonder group of cattle who are standing leg-deep in the shallow water of the lake under those sycamores, switching the cool drops over their backs with their tufted tails. It is a picture for Cuyp. A big farm-dog, with loud bark, dashes into the lake and hurries the loiterers on. The barefoot boy cracks his whip,

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Now let us halt the boat a moment. Lift up the oar, and let the "musical pearls" trickle off into the water. Look down into the depths. It is not the green of Niagara and of Church's cataract. It is not the blue of Lake Lemman. It is a shade between both, and so clear that we can count the stripes on the backs of the perch that are swimming half-way to the bottom. A mile beyond us—where the salmon trout are taken with two hundred feet lines—the water is as dark and impenetrable as the Atlantic. Three miles of rowing will carry us across the lake to the shores of Seneca. From the point where our boat is floating, the bay of Aurora looks like a miniature Bay of Naples. Imagine the beautiful village to be Naples, and yonder Prospect Hill with its cottage-smoke rising from the summit to be Vesuvius, and you have the "glory of the Mediterranean" seen through the smaller end of a spy-glass. In all my life-wanderings, I

have never seen a village as faultless and fair as yonder Aurora, which is just now bidding the lake good-night.

For half a mile the shore is lined with gardens and summer-houses. Behind them, the pointed gables of elegant villas rise through the trees; and the broad street is sentinelled with a regiment of elms and poplars. Up on the hillside, over the tree-tops, we can just catch a glimpse in the twilight of white objects gleaming among the foliage. That is the churchyard—death's silent fold in which the dark-browed shepherd tends his sleeping flock. He unlooses not even the tenderest lamb until that morning when the resurrection-angel shall roll away the stones from the narrow door, and they that hear a greater SHEPHERD'S voice shall come forth. Two graves we can almost detect from this distance; in one of them sleeps the father of the village, in the other, the father of the hand that pens this simple sketch. Long years ago, on a summer morning, we can yet detect a group of weeping villagers gathered around this last-named grave, and among them a wondering child of four years old, who, with silent awe, leans over to gaze into a

narrow pit that he fancies to be the gate into eternity. How vividly comes back that scene to us now—with its harsh grating of the descending coffin against the gravel, and the heavy sound of the descending clods upon the sleeper's breast, and the rustle of departing footsteps through the rank grass of the church-yard. A few days after that scene, a sprig of myrtle was planted on that new-made mound, but five and thirty years have expanded it into a dark-green mantle that now covers a dozen graves in the neighborhood. We always judge of the refinement of a town by its keeping of its cemetery. A well-inclosed, well-shaded, well-trimmed church-yard bespeaks a cultivated community. But heaven preserve us from living among a people who leave their own fathers and mothers to decay in a neglected sheep-pasture under a wilderness of broken stones and mullein-stalks! My native village, I am happy to see, "sets a watch" at the door of its sacred sepulchres.

The twilight deepens, as we row along the margin of lawn and gardens. That building which begins to show many lights is the village hotel, now occupied by wanderers from the city.

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Among its guests is the most eminent sculptor who dwells on American soil. In his room he has now hanging the last and finest landscape of James Hart. We spent an hour before it to-day ; it is a noon-day scene in the valley of the Housatonic. It was a pleasant thing to study a picture by Hart in company with PALMER. *Inter arma silent artes.* May returning peace soon again give employment to the chisel that produced the "Indian Maiden" and the "White Captive."

Yonder comes the moon ! There is a great fire kindling through the trees beyond the graveyard, and then a long bar of shimmering gold begins to lay itself across the waters. Voices float through the silvered air ; a party of singers are in the boat that steals in and out among the shadows by the shore. When is music so bewitching as on the water of a placid lake on a moonlit evening ? Listening to those mellow voices,

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of this sweet singing."

We go back to the distant past on those strains

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have never seen a village as faultless and fair as yonder Aurora, which is just now bidding the lake good-night.

For half a mile the shore is lined with gardens and summer-houses. Behind them, the pointed gables of elegant villas rise through the trees; and the broad street is sentinelled with a regiment of elms and poplars. Up on the hillside, over the tree-tops, we can just catch a glimpse in the twilight of white objects gleaming among the foliage. That is the churchyard—death's silent fold in which the dark-browed shepherd tends his sleeping flock. He unlooses not even the tenderest lamb until that morning when the resurrection-angel shall roll away the stones from the narrow door, and they that hear a greater SHEPHERD'S voice shall come forth. Two graves we can almost detect from this distance; in one of them sleeps the father of the village, in the other, the father of the hand that pens this simple sketch. Long years ago, on a summer morning, we can yet detect a group of weeping villagers gathered around this last-named grave, and among them a wondering child of four years old, who, with silent awe, leans over to gaze into a

narrow pit that he fancies to be the gate into eternity. How vividly comes back that scene to us now—with its harsh grating of the descending coffin against the gravel, and the heavy sound of the descending clods upon the sleeper's breast, and the rustle of departing footsteps through the rank grass of the church-yard. A few days after that scene, a sprig of myrtle was planted on that new-made mound, but five and thirty years have expanded it into a dark-green mantle that now covers a dozen graves in the neighborhood. We always judge of the refinement of a town by its keeping of its cemetery. A well-inclosed, well-shaded, well-trimmed church-yard bespeaks a cultivated community. But heaven preserve us from living among a people who leave their own fathers and mothers to decay in a neglected sheep-pasture under a wilderness of broken stones and mullein-stalks! My native village, I am happy to see, "sets a watch" at the door of its sacred sepulchres.

The twilight deepens, as we row along the margin of lawn and gardens. That building which begins to show many lights is the village hotel, now occupied by wanderers from the city.

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Among its guests is the most eminent sculptor who dwells on American soil. In his room he has now hanging the last and finest landscape of James Hart. We spent an hour before it to-day ; it is a noon-day scene in the valley of the Housatonic. It was a pleasant thing to study a picture by Hart in company with PALMER. *Inter arma silent artes.* May returning peace soon again give employment to the chisel that produced the "Indian Maiden" and the "White Captive."

Yonder comes the moon ! There is a great fire kindling through the trees beyond the graveyard, and then a long bar of shimmering gold begins to lay itself across the waters. Voices float through the silvered air ; a party of singers are in the boat that steals in and out among the shadows by the shore. When is music so bewitching as on the water of a placid lake on a moonlit evening ? Listening to those mellow voices,

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of this sweet singing."

We go back to the distant past on those strains

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We hear again sounds long silenced, and voices that have passed into the harmonies of the heavenly world. We hear a mother's cradle-hymn. We listen to "Sweet Home" sung at the evening fireside. The grand old Sabbath airs—chanted in yonder church or the one that stood there before it—sound in our ears from lips now silent in the tomb. We hear again the dirge on which our griefs were borne up when we went out to bury our dead. Sing on, sweet minstrels! It is a fitting prelude to to-morrow's Sabbath worship. And so when the Saturday evening of our life shall come, may voices sweeter yet than yours fall upon our dying ear, the prelude to celestial anthems that shall usher in the morning of an eternal day!

AURORA, July 27, 1861.





Light-Holders.

EVERY voyager through the British Channel will remember the famous light-house that stands near the gates of the Atlantic. It rises from a rock in the midst of the waves ; its beacon-blaze streams far out over the midnight sea. The angry waves, for many a long year, have rolled in—thundering against the 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 ; it is founded on a rock. Year after year, the storm-tossed mariner looks out for its star-like light as he sweeps in through the British Channel. It is one of the first objects that meets his eye as he returns on his homeward voyage ; it is one of the last which he beholds after his native shores have sunk beneath

the evening wave. On the base of its tower is this inscription: "*To give light and to save life.*"

That tower of Eddystone is a LIGHT-HOLDER to all who come within its range. It does not create light, it only sheds it, and "giveth light" to every passer-by on his watery way. This image of a light-house may have been in the Apostle's mind when he wrote to the Philippians of the surrounding heathen and idolators, and said to them, "Among whom ye shine as lights in the world." Some translate the word *torch-bearers*. Others hold that it refers to stars in a dark night. All the interpretations look to the same idea, viz., that *Christians are Christ's light-holders to their fellow-men.*

The lantern of a light-house is not self-luminous. It has to be kindled by a hand from without itself. By nature, every Christian is as unfitted to give spiritual light as the empty tower on Minot's Reef or on Sandy Hook would be to guide the mariner at midnight. God creates the natural power, the mental faculties, as the builder rears the stone-tower of Eddystone or Sandy Hook. Neither natural heart or stone-

tower is self-luminous. A hand from without must bring them light.

Conversion by the Holy Spirit is a spiritual illumination of the soul. God's grace lights up the dark heart. Sometimes suddenly, as in the case of Paul. Sometimes, as in the case of John Newton, there is at first a feeble germ of light, like the little blue point of flame on a candle-wick, and this germ of light grows into a clear, full blaze. The beginning of true religion is in the first acts of sincere penitence—the first breathings of earnest prayer—the first hungerings after God—the first honest attempt to do right and to serve the Lord. God's grace, remember, is the only original source of the light that makes any man a luminary in society. And when a man has once been kindled at the cross of Christ, he is bound to *shine*.

And, in order to do this, he need not be conspicuous in society for talents, wealth, or intellectual culture. The modest candle by which a housewife threads her needle shines as truly as does the great lantern that burns in the tower of a City Hall.

An humble saint who begins his day with

household devotions, and serves his God all day in his shop, or at his work-bench, is as truly a light-holder as if he flamed from Spurgeon's pulpit or illuminated a theological class from a professor's chair. To "shine" means something more than the mere possession of piety, or the enjoyment of piety; it is the *reflection* of Gospel religion that makes the *burner*.

Martin Luther was an Eddystone-tower to bewildered Europe. On the other hand, the humblest tract-visitor or mission-school teacher is a lantern-bearer to guide some lost wanderers toward heaven. Harlan Page, the pious carpenter, never talked with a person for ten minutes without saying something to benefit his soul. He was a steady burner; so was Deacon Safford, of Boston. Thomas Dakin, a poor pensioner of Greenwich Hospital, distributed over one hundred thousand tracts every year, and when at last death smote him down suddenly, his pockets were found filled with tracts entitled, "Are you prepared to die?" Dr. Nettleton carried his gospel-lamp from town to town—held it forth every evening to gathered companies of anxious souls—and during his lifetime guided many thousands to a knowledge of

the Saviour. Oh! what a heaven Nettleton will have!

If every Christian who trims his lamp and keeps the oil of grace up to its full supply is such a blessed benefactor to others, what a terrible thing it is for a Christian to let his light go out! A traveller who once visited a light-house in the British Channel said to the keeper, "But what if one of your lights should go out at night?" "Never," said the keeper, "never—impossible. Sir, yonder are ships sailing to all parts of the world. If to-night my burner were out, in a few days I might hear, from France, or Spain, or from Scotland or America, that on such a night the light-house in the Channel gave no warning, and some vessel had been wrecked. Ah! sir, I sometimes feel, when I look at my lights, as if the eyes of the whole world were fixed on me. Go out! Burn dim! *never, Sir, never!*"

How closely this incident comes home to us all. Perhaps in eternity I may hear that some precious soul was wrecked, because my pulpit was not a faithful light-holder to my congregation. Some Gospel-burners were neglected and grew

dim. One man, perhaps, stumbled into a drunkard's grave, because I did not warn him soon enough against the peril of the first glass. Another broke God's Sabbath for want of keeping the fourth commandment trimmed and burning. Before another was not held up the exceeding sinfulness of sin; and JESUS, the light of the world, may not have been set forth aright to wandering sinners. "Go out—burn dim!" God help me to say, "*Never—NEVER!*"

I know of certain households in which I fear the lamp is out. That boy would not be seen so often on his way to the theatre, or the drinking-saloon, if father and mother held up the torch of loving warning! That giddy daughter, who was once thoughtful about her soul, might now be a Christian, if there had been a light-holder near at hand, to guide her to Jesus. There was a lamp of profession in the house. It *did not shine*. The oil was out. Love of the world had extinguished it. That dark lantern left the house in midnight.

Thank God! some lights never go out. Death cannot quench them. They shine forever. Luther's great lantern, "*the just shall live by*

faith," still gleams from Wartburg Castle. John Bunyan's lamp twinkles yet through the gratings of Bedford Jail. Old John Brown is still lighting ten thousand fugitive footsteps to liberty. Pastors, parents, teachers, may be called home to heaven ; but like the good mother of the story, they "set a light in the window," to guide souls to the mansions of glory.

**"Then gird your loins, my brethren dear,
That distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning!"**





Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh.

“**T**HE Henry Clay of the pulpit !” exclaimed our friend H——, as he moved out through the crowded vestibule of Dr. Guthrie’s church on a bright September morning of last year. He had sat for nearly an hour, entranced under the spell of the first living orator of North Britain. He had listened to that rich melody of Scotticized English, flowing from a soul on fire, through lips touched with the live coal of heaven’s own inspiration. There was something in the tall, long-armed figure of the preacher—in his latitude of mouth and expanse of brow—that reminded our friend of the great Kentuckian in his glory ; there was still more in the magnetism of the man—holding, bewitching, electrifying all auditors ; and so the comparison grew stronger at every moment. Guthrie resembles Clay in something more than *physique*. He

has the same emotional power, and the same oratorical tact, with a stronger memory, and a more varied and choice phraseology than the silver-tongued Kentuckian ever possessed. Since Chalmers went up to his reward, Scotland has had no pulpit orator who can attract and hold such congregations of intellectual piety as Thomas Guthrie. Not so erudite as Candlish [nor so uncouth either], not so classical as Caird, not so able in Church economics as Cunningham, he yet possesses a range of pulpit power beyond either of those remarkable men. In pathos he is unrivalled. During the delivery of the celebrated discourses on the "Sins and Sorrows of Great Cities," tears stole down over hard "canny" Scotch visages from eyes unused to weep. The lecture on "Ragged Schools"—pronounced in London four years ago—contains passages that stir the fount of tears like the most pathetic scenes depicted by Gough in his marvellous dramatic efforts.

This intensity of emotion and rare fluency of speech—which make Guthrie so effective in the pulpit—place him in the front rank of living platformers. At one moment his audience are

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convulsed with laughter under his broad, riotous fun ; in the next they are hushed into a breath-holding by the fine touches of his delicate pathos. Guthrie has what is essential to all platform success — enthusiastic *downrightness*. He feels nothing, expresses nothing “by halves.” He is whole-souled, outspoken, brave, sanguine, and uncompromising. More than all, he is that *rara avis* — a Calvinistic reformer. Stiff as John Knox in his theology, he is as large and liberal as the present Lord Shaftesbury in his philanthropy. One of the few eminent Scotch divines who has opened his lips for teetotalism (instead of opening them for the wine-glass, like too many of his predecessors)—one of the earliest battlers for “non-intrusion” — a ready spokesman for anti-slavery, mechanics’ schools, and shoe-black brigades, he yet builds up all his plans and arguments for humanitarian reform on a firm, stout Calvinistic basis. His doctrines are the doctrines of Geneva ; his ethics are the ethics of Exeter Hall. In this respect he is a representative man, rearing on the old foundations of total depravity and justification by faith, the practical, open-doored asylums for human guilt and woe, the

practical realization of human recovery. There is room in our own land for more of this wise and winsome Christian charity. The only way to save the precious interests of freedom and temperance from final ruin, is to rescue them from the hands of Pelagian philanthropists and scolding freethinkers, and commit them to men who recognize in the Divine Redeemer the world's underlying hope of salvation.

Thomas Guthrie is in the vigor of a ripe three-score—having been born in the opening year of this century. His native town is Brechin, a thrifty town of linen-manufacture, not far from the river Esk. Among the hills of Forfarshire, in view of the tempestuous North Sea, he spent his boyhood. One of his most famous parishioners, and most intimate friends, the world-known HUGH MILLER, was born at Cromarty, on the coast of the same “mare Germanicum.” Guthrie and Miller were bosom friends, co-workers in the Free Kirk movement, and sympathetic in their passion for outdoor life and nature's kindly face. In his early life, Guthrie gave himself to a course of medical study, so that like Richard Baxter and the late missionary Scudder, he can

prescribe for the ailments of both soul and body. After a medical course at Paris, and a theological course at Edinburgh, he was ordained over the parish of Arbirlot in Forfarshire.

From his rustic flock, Guthrie was invited to Old Grayfriars church in the Scottish Athens; and until this hour those modern Athenians, who love nothing so much "as either to hear or to tell some new thing," find no such delight as in listening to "Gooth-rie." His church is as thronged as Spurgeon's. Admittance is granted by ticket; and our friend, the late Dr. Alexander, told us that he once nearly lost his coat from his back in the pressure of the suffocating crowd. The edifice is not large; nay, it is a burning shame that Edinburgh has not reared for her most eloquent orator such a house as Brooklyn has built for Beecher, and London is rearing for the young Whitfield of Surrey Hall. "Why don't you give your minister a bigger church?" inquired an American of one of Guthrie's parishioners. "Ah!" replied the calculating Scotchman, "what if Dr. Goothrie should die; and then what 'na would we do wi' it?" This same question often presents itself to us when we hear

of the mammoth Coliseum that was projected for the blazing "star" on Brooklyn Heights.

To the same seething crowd, Dr. Guthrie preaches his earnest, and picturesque, and soul-melting discourses every Lord's day. The leaves of the Bible flutter back and forth—as if a little breeze swept through the house—whenever the preacher makes a Scripture quotation. All eyes are rivetted on the tall, awkward athlete, who is dealing his tremendous strokes from the pulpit. All ears are open to catch the lowest notes of his pathetic undertones. All hearts sway to the touch of the divinely inspired magician.

He preaches Christ. This is the secret of his oratory—the glory of his ministry. When pleading with broken utterances for the neglected and besotted outcast, he sets forth JESUS as the Saviour of the poor, whom all "the common people heard gladly." When expounding the visions of Ezekiel, he detects in many a prophetic line the trace of Jesus' coming footstep. When pouring the thunder of his argument for a Free Kirk and a free pulpit, he is on fire with holy loyalty, for he is denying the claims of arrogant "Cæsar" to rule the Church, and he is insisting that "there

is another king, one JESUS." It is to Jesus, the author and finisher of faith, that the eyes of all the breathless assembly are pointed; none other name is heard before that name of Him who saves His people from their sins.

Such is Thomas Guthrie in his splendid maturity of sixty. May that melodious voice—a score of years hence—still be heard, in no faltering tones, PREACHING JESUS!





Three

Pictures on My Study-wall.

THREE pictures look down upon me this morning from my study-wall. One of them is of the man whose name makes the "high-water mark" to which pulpit power has attained in this XIXth century. Looking at that lofty mountain of a brow, we do not wonder that great senators and statesmen crowded in to hear him preach, and that Canning, after hearing one of his magnificent discourses, exclaimed, "The tartan beats us all." Chalmers's eyes in this portrait look slumberous—like dull furnaces that wait to be kindled. His broad, benign face has a fine leisurely look; the mouth is as obstinate as Washington's. Chalmers's great pulpit feat was his "Astronomical Discourses;" his great

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Feat in philanthropy was in bringing the Gospel to the outcast poor by means of kirk-visitation and ragged-schools; his feat of ecclesiastical generalship was in launching and conducting to victorious success the Free Church of Scotland. When an enthusiastic Scotchman had finished a glowing eulogy of the pulpit-masters of his Church, some one said, "What about Chalmers?" "Ah," replied the Scotchman, "Chalmers is the mon that tak's the breath oot o' ye."

On the opposite wall hangs the other illustrious Caledonian of this century. Look at that shaggy pow—that wrinkled forehead scarred with mental toil—those grizzly whiskers hanging over the rumpled shirt-collar—that stone-mason's jacket wrapping as true a gentleman as God ever made—look at the gnarled and knotty head, so top-heavy with brains that it hangs over toward the right shoulder, and you will see how HUGH MILLER looked when he wrote the "Old Red Sandstone." Those who have known Miller only as the profound geologist, will see him in a new and equally striking character if they will get the lately published volume of splendid and elaborate "Essays, Historical and Critical,"

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which he wrote while editor of *The Edinburgh Witness*. Every line cost him hard labor; for he wrote very much as he hammered granite in the quarries of Cromarty. To Hugh Miller belongs the credit of handling the most vigorous and graceful pen ever wielded by a practical mechanic. These brilliant essays are selected out of *one thousand* which he contributed to *The Witness*; and each one is as finished as one of Palmer's marbles! As I look at that toppling tun of brain, overhung with the shaggy forest of hair, I can understand the source of these crystal streams of thought; they are the mountain streams like those which flow down Ben Lomond. I would not exchange those two portraits of Scotland's kings for any single picture in the Academy of Design; for they are a gift from the Dr. John Brown who gave the world "Rab and his Friends."

Between Chalmers and Miller hangs a greater than either—the man in fact, who helped to make them both. The picture represents a thin, emaciated countenance, of which nothing scarcely remains but eyes, brow, and long beard; the quaint form is propped up with pillows; the

bloodless hand is laid on an open Bible. A group of bearded men in ruffs and robes are gathered around his dying bed. They are the Syndics of Geneva assembled to hear the last words of JOHN CALVIN. The patriarch in the foreground is *Farel*, now eighty years old—who has journeyed from Neufchatel to get one more grasp of the hand that wrote those fifty volumes of theology that will outlast the stars. Calvin looks as old as he; for into the fifty-five years of his life was compressed the work of a score of giants, and a host of diseases, within and foes without have worn him to a skeleton. Little children, as they look at that ghastly face, would at first be repelled with fear. But they would not have drawn back from the original. Calvin, with all his stern theology, and his vehement hatred for tyranny and imposture and superstition, had a warm, fervid heart beating under the unsubduable granite of his will. He was a lovable man. His wife found a warm southerly exposure on one side of his Alpine mind, where her affection grew like the soft blue flowers that grow in the green clefts of the base of Mont Blanc. He returned Luther's affection cordially.

Melancthon often said to him that he "wished he could only lay his weary head upon that faithful heart and die there." When Idelette de Bures, his wife, was laid in her grave, his grief was overwhelming, and he confesses that it required the strongest effort to keep him from sinking. The common people of Geneva so loved him that, on his return from unjust banishment, they welcomed him back with shouts of acclamation; and to-day, if the precise place in which his ashes sleep were known, the best living men of Geneva would build a monument above his dust such as Oxford built for her sainted martyrs, and Edinburgh for Walter Scott.

Everything that can be known about Calvin the world is anxious to hear. Presbyterians cherish his very shoe-latchet. He not only organized their church-system, but became the great organizing spirit of the Reformed churches throughout Europe. For the majestic doctrine of the Divine Sovereignty, Calvin did what Lord Bacon did for the philosophy of Induction. For republican freedom he did a work that made Geneva not only the freest but the most virtuous city on the Continent. It was not only Edwards

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who built on foundations which Calvin had laid ; but in building up free commonwealths, John Hampden, William the Silent, and George Washington reared on those same foundations too. It is not too much to say that John Calvin underlies not only all the sound Biblical theology, but all the republican liberty upon the globe. Even the most sagacious Romanists confess that his immortal Institutes constitute "the Koran, or rather the Talmud of the Protestant heresy."

We therefore thank Dr. Merle D'Aubigne that he has found time in his sweet villa on the banks of Lake Lemane to give the world his two late superb volumes on "The History of the Reformation in the times of Calvin." We thank, too, those loyal Scottish-Americans' the Carter Brothers, that they have given us the volumes in such an attractive dress, and under an arrangement which will insure to its eloquent author a share in the pecuniary profits of his toil. These books read like a romance. No man but a Christian and a Frenchman could have written them. The whole spirit of the Reformation-period is photographed on these sparkling

pages; we catch a most beautiful portrait of that sweet angel of the churches, Mary of Alençon; while through the whole work we follow the Genevan hero as we follow William of Nassau through Motley's charming history of the Dutch Republic.

On the record of Calvin's conversion D'Aubigne's volumes throw new light. That conversion was sudden and decisive. At the beginning of the year 1527, the youthful Calvin was so obstinately enslaved to Popery that it seemed impossible that his feet should ever be plucked out of the mire. Before the year closed, he was emancipated into the liberty of the sons of God. His cousin, Robert Olivetan, began the work. The fires of Romish persecution warmed the seeds of truth in his heart. But God's Spirit wrought the transformation. "When I was the obstinate slave of Popish superstition," says Calvin himself, "and it seemed impossible to drag me out of the deep mire, God by a *sudden conversion* subdued me, and made my heart obedient to his Word." When a city is taken, a sudden assault may place the conquering flag on the ramparts, yet for many months that con-

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queror may have been battering at the walls. The truth by which Calvin's strongly-fortified heart was stormed and carried by the Spirit was the simple, irresistible truth that *Jesus Christ died to save sinners.*

In these days of tremendous battles for God's Right against the Devil's Wrong, every pastor and every patriot may catch new inspiration from the heroic story of John Calvin's stern, victorious fight for truth and liberty. D'Aubigne's book has nerved me anew to pray and hope for our country's deliverance; and as I look up at the central figure on my study walls, I am thankful to believe with D'Aubigne that "the greatest of modern republics may boast as its father the valiant Reformer on the shores of **Lake Lemman.**"





Eternity.

“ I NEVER can forget that word which was once whispered to me in an inquiry-meeting.” “ 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 of Christ for salvation.”

It is enough to make any one think. My friend, have you ever taken the measure of that word ? Have you ever weighed it ? You are wearing out life, perhaps, in the desperate endeavor to grow rich ; have you ever asked yourself how much you will be “ worth ” in eternity ? Some men will be millionaires in heaven ; men

like Paul, and Oberlin, and Luther, and Wilberforce; how rich will you be when death has reduced your form to a house of six feet by two? You are anxious, perhaps, about your society on earth; have you thought, With whom shall I spend my eternity? and where?

Eternity! Dwell on that portentous word. Revolve it. Study it. Hang over its infinite depths; *fathom* it, if you can. Gaze upward, and scale its heights, if you can. Stretch away over its illimitable breadth; *measure* it, if you can. Give wings to your imagination and speed onward; *find its end*, if you can.

Think of as many centuries as there are drops in yonder Atlantic. When these have all passed away, begin a new series of as many centuries as there are sands on the Atlantic shores. Multiply all these centuries by the number of the stars in the sky, and then remember that eternity has but *begun!* The music of heaven just opened! The remorseful agonies of the pit still in their first pangs of wretchedness; the death of the lost soul ever undying! Let but the lost soul be left to itself—let it only grow worse and worse by the natural law of growth in iniquity—let all grace

be totally withdrawn and the soul be given up to upbraid itself, and torture itself, and sting itself with hateful memories forever, and you need to conceive of no material hell. You need no accessories. We are not obliged to conceive of a sulphurous lake foaming in crests of fire, nor of undying worms shooting their fangs into writhing forms; the simple withdrawal of God's love forever from a wicked soul, and the imprisonment of that soul forever in a dungeon of depravity without a ray of hope, this will be a "death everlasting" too fearful to think of without a shudder.

At the end of myriads of centuries, these pangs will have just begun! The worm yet undying—the fires of remorse yet unquenched! The damnation unslumbering! On every wall of this vast prison-house of despair the self-tortured soul will read, as in letters of fire, "*Ye knew your duty, and ye did it not.*"

Heaven will be as endless in its joys as hell is endless in its remorseful agonies of soul. So I read, for one, the revelations of God's Word. In heaven new joys must open every moment. New recognitions of the Lord; new discoveries of

God's unexhausted truth. New strains of rapture will fill the ear; new banquets of God's beauty and glory fill the soul. And yet newer, fresher, sublimer, more magnificent revelations ever bursting upon the glorified spirit!

"How long art thou, Eternity?
As long as God is God—so long
Endure the pangs of sin and wrong:
So long the joys of Heaven remain;
Oh! endless joy! oh! endless pain!
Ponder, oh man! Eternity!"

This eternity is just at the door. You and I may be launched into it before to-morrow's sun goes down. What is time to us but the brief hour for preparing to meet the destinies of that eternal state? What have we to do but to save our souls, and to save others, too, with the utmost alacrity of Christian love? Every moment spent for God and our fellow-men now will yield its centuries of bliss. Let us live—as earth's best and holiest have lived—in the light of eternity.

"Here, take this watch, my friend," said the noble Lord Russell, when he mounted the scaffold to die as a patriot-martyr; "take this watch, I

have no more to do with *time*. My thoughts are now about eternity.”

So would I say to many a reader with whom I have grown intimate in these columns—take Bible, my friend; learn from it how to live how to die. You will soon have done with **et your thoughts be about ETERNITY.**

18*





Ready !

“**W**HEN Death calls the roll, always be ready to answer, *Here!*” was the everyday motto of the famous trapper of the prairie. It was the shrewd backwoodsman’s paraphrase of a still wiser and holier maxim, “Be ye also ready ; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.” This is one of our Saviour’s aphorisms that will be always timely to the end of time. Every one admits its truth. Every one will admit the necessity of preparation for death. And yet there may be many a reader of these pages, who is within a few months, or even a few weeks of the eternal world, and yet has a very indistinct idea of what constitutes a fit preparation for death. Perhaps the following brief questions may aid those who are sincerely desirous not to be found wanting when the grim messenger—in the trapper’s expressive phrase—“ calls the roll.”

I. Is your business in the right state to be left? We do not mean, is every honest debt paid? for it is hardly possible for even the most careful merchant or mechanic to so manage his affairs as to be entirely free from even the smallest obligations. But we do mean that every man should endeavor, as a matter of conscience, to keep his affairs in such a well-ordered state, that if death should meet him in the rail-car, or smite him from the summer-cloud, his creditors should not suffer the *unjust* loss of a single farthing. Nor should his executors be obliged to wade through a quagmire of confusion in order to arrive at an accurate knowledge of his estate, and its indebtedness. It is no more honest to cheat our fellow men from our coffins than to cheat them while alive. The debt I bequeath to my family or my executors is just as binding as the note that to-day lies in the bank with my signature on its face. It is hardly worthy of a Christian manhood to "take the benefit of the act" by creeping into one's sepulchre. Let us see to it that no reproaches of the wronged and the defrauded are ever heard above our sleeping dust.

II Have you made your will? Some men

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member that their wills are not only to be recorded in the surrogate's office, but in those books which will be opened on the day of judgment. Give everything you can spare to the Lord while you live ; and leave him the rest when you die. It will be a blessed thing to have some well-trained orphan, or liberated slave, or Christianized outcast, come and plant roses on our tomb, and say with grateful tears, " Here lies one who cared for my soul."

III. Are you forgiven ?

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like Paul, and Oberlin, and Luther, and Wilberforce ; how rich will you be when death has reduced your form to a house of six feet by two ? You are anxious, perhaps, about your society on earth ; have you thought, With whom shall I spend my eternity ? and where ?

Eternity ! Dwell on that portentous word. Revolve it. Study it. Hang over its infinite depths ; *fathom* it, if you can. Gaze upward, and scale its heights, if you can. Stretch away over its illimitable breadth ; *measure* it, if you can. Give wings to your imagination and speed onward ; *find its end*, if you can.

Think of as many centuries as there are drops in yonder Atlantic. When these have all passed away, begin a new series of as many centuries as there are sands on the Atlantic shores. Multiply all these centuries by the number of the stars in the sky, and then remember that eternity has but *begun* ! The music of heaven just opened ! The remorseful agonies of the pit still in their first pangs of wretchedness ; the death of the lost soul ever undying ! Let but the lost soul be left to itself—let it only grow worse and worse by the natural law of growth in iniquity—let all grace

be totally withdrawn and the soul be given up to upbraid itself, and torture itself, and sting itself with hateful memories forever, and you need to conceive of no material hell. You need no accessories. We are not obliged to conceive of a sulphurous lake foaming in crests of fire, nor of undying worms shooting their fangs into writhing forms; the simple withdrawal of God's love forever from a wicked soul, and the imprisonment of that soul forever in a dungeon of depravity without a ray of hope, this will be a "death everlasting" too fearful to think of without a shudder.

At the end of myriads of centuries, these pangs will have just begun! The worm yet undying—the fires of remorse yet unquenched! The damnation unslumbering! On every wall of this vast prison-house of despair the self-tortured soul will read, as in letters of fire, "*Ye knew your duty, and ye did it not.*"

Heaven will be as endless in its joys as hell is endless in its remorseful agonies of soul. So I read, for one, the revelations of God's Word. In heaven new joys must open every moment. New recognitions of the Lord; new discoveries of

God's unexhausted truth. New strains of rapture will fill the ear; new banquets of God's beauty and glory fill the soul. And yet newer, fresher, sublimer, more magnificent revelations ever bursting upon the glorified spirit!

"How long art thou, Eternity?
As long as God is God—so long
Endure the pangs of sin and wrong:
So long the joys of Heaven remain;
Oh! endless joy! oh! endless pain!
Ponder, oh man! Eternity!"

This eternity is just at the door. You and I may be launched into it before to-morrow's sun goes down. What is time to us but the brief hour for preparing to meet the destinies of that eternal state? What have we to do but to save our souls, and to save others, too, with the utmost alacrity of Christian love? Every moment spent for God and our fellow-men now will yield its centuries of bliss. Let us live—as earth's best and holiest have lived—in the light of eternity.

"Here, take this watch, my friend," said the noble Lord Russell, when he mounted the scaffold to die as a patriot-martyr; "take this watch, I

have no more to do with *time*. My thoughts are now about eternity.”

So would I say to many a reader with whom I have grown intimate in these columns—take Bible, my friend; learn from it how to live how to die. You will soon have done with **et your thoughts be about ETERNITY.**

18*





Ready !

“**W**HEN Death calls the roll, always be ready to answer, *Here!*” was the everyday motto of the famous trapper of the prairie. It was the shrewd backwoodsman’s paraphrase of a still wiser and holier maxim, “Be ye also ready ; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.” This is one of our Saviour’s aphorisms that will be always timely to the end of time. Every one admits its truth. Every one will admit the necessity of preparation for death. And yet there may be many a reader of these pages, who is within a few months, or even a few weeks of the eternal world, and yet has a very indistinct idea of what constitutes a fit preparation for death. Perhaps the following brief questions may aid those who are sincerely desirous not to be found wanting when the grim messenger—in the trapper’s expressive phrase—“ calls the roll.”

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midnight in God's view, they must be forgiven or you are lost. Those evil words that ought to have blistered the mouth that uttered them—those ungrateful deeds flung back into the face of heavenly love—those breakings of God's holy law—those profaned Sabbaths, and lost opportunities for saving souls—those woundings of Christ and grievings of the Spirit—those sins so exceeding sinful, have they been blotted out? The path of pardon you probably know. It leads to the cross of Christ. "Through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." In the pages of my Bible I read, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Have you made honest confession of your offences against God? Have you clenched the sincerity of your confession by abandoning all discovered sin, and by refusing any quarter to your dearest lusts? Have you earnestly and believingly sought pardon through the atoning Saviour? Then do not distress yourself about any "*unpardonable sin.*" There will be none such standing against you on God's book. For he has pledged himself to forgive every sin that you repent of in the name of

Ready!

Christ, and which you abandon to please your Redeemer. Blessed is the man whose transgressions are covered! Blessed is the man to whom God imputeth not sin!

Many other important questions might be started. But if you can give a prompt unhesitating Yes to the above-named interrogations, then fear not to hear your own name in the fatal roll-call. You are ready to answer, "Here!" You need not to be either ashamed or afraid to make your appearance at the door of your Father's house. That door will open to you with an "abundant entrance." You will need to shed no tears on your dying bed. In view of parting with life you may say, with one of England's sweetest singers:

"Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not *good-night*; but in that happier clime,
Bid me *good-morning!*"