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TOIL AND REST.

When sets the weary sun,
And the long day is done,
And stary orbs their solemn vigils keep;
When bent with toil and care,
We breathe our evening prayer,
God gently giveth His beloved sleep.

When by some sland'rous tongue
The heart is sharply stung,
And with the sense of cruel wrong we weep;
How like some heavy calm
Comes down the soothing balm,
What time He giveth His beloved sleep.

O, sweet and blessed rest,
With these sore burdens pressed,
To lose ourselves in slumber long and deep;
To drop our heavy load
Beside the dusty road,
When He hath given His beloved sleep.

And on our closed eyes
What visions may arise!
What sights of joy to make the spirit leap;
What memories may return
From out their golden urn,
If God will giveth His beloved sleep.

And when life's day shall close
In death's last deep repose,
When the dark shadows o'er the eyelids creep,
Let us not be afraid
At this thickening shade,
For so God giveth His beloved sleep.

To sleep? It is to wake
When the fresh day shall break—
When the new sun climbs to the eastern steep?
To wake with new-born powers,
Out from the darkened hours—
For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

To die? It is to rise
To fairer, brighter skies,
Where death shall no more his dread harvest reap;
To soar on angel wings,
Where life immortal springs—
For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

DR. PEYTON RANDOLPH BERKELEY.

The late reference of "W. S." to my beloved friend and brother, has revived in me a desire long cherished, to plant a laurel on his honored grave. This I craved to do, not at the prompting of a personal attachment begotten by a friendship almost life-long, but because his character presented so fine a type of that race so often lauded, and out of Virginia, so much misunderstood.

When Dr. W. S. White was a young pastor in Nottingham county, he secured the assistance of Dr. George A. Baxter at a sacramental meeting; and the great divine was lodged at the house of Dr. James Jones. As Dr. White conducted his clerical father back on Monday towards the Seminary, he remained for a long time silent and musing—He last he said, as though soliloquizing, "Well! surely the loveliest specimen of humanity is the old Virginia gentleman truly christianized." The enemies and detractors of Virginia, while ascribing to her old society an aristocratic structure, have always conceived of that aristocracy, according to the usual prejudiced fancy of the levelling demagogue, as a class rolling in useless and wasteful luxury, swollen with arrogance, and overriding the feelings of others with ruthless tyranny. Had these men known Dr. Berkeley before, and especially after the war, they would have perhaps been undeceived, and would have opened their envious eyes to the truth that there was among us a true aristocracy—the influence of the best—grounded not in mere birth, still less in pomp and luxury, but in superior self-denial, hardihood, Spartan simplicity, unshakable integrity, and gentleness and humanity, most conspicuous towards the lowliest and poorest. If there was a man in Virginia whose descent would have entitled him to that distinction which the social democrat secretly envies, while he professes to disdain it, my friend was one of them. Descended through his father, William Berkeley, Esq., directly from the loins of Sir William Berkeley; he had for his mother, Elizabeth Randolph, daughter of the old house of Wilton in Henrico, sister of Peyton Randolph of Prince Edward, and cousin of John Randolph of Roanoke. What manner of thing would the Northerner have found this Virginia aristocracy to be, as represented in the history and character of my friend? Going to the beloved spot where he was born and bred, he would have found a modest dwelling, rising little above the pretensions of a cottage, surrounded indeed with tasteful flowers and trees, yet in every other respect so humble, that the least of your *parvenu*, money-aristocrats of the democratic North would have torn it away as so much rubbish, unfit to shelter his pampered menials. He would have found the venerable father, with his sons, usually clad in Virginia "jeans"; and the mother and daughter diligently devoted to household duties. They were the owners of thousands of acres, and scores of servants; but they preferred to devote their means to the comfort of these dependents, and to kindly hospitalities, rather than to pomp and luxury of living. Such is a fair picture of the life and state of the old land-holders of Virginia. There were a few mansions of more pretension; but even these did not rise to the extent or elegance of the present ordinary country-seat of the retired Yankee merchant or manufacturer of *medium* wealth. Usually, the vision of the colonial gentry of Virginia in their "lordly halls," was merely a dream of the novelist. Their dignity consisted in their character, their honor, their breeding, their courtesy, and their honesty. It was the dignity of the true republican, as opposed to the pomp of the sham-democrat inflated with money and vulgar arrogance.

Dr. Berkeley, after securing at Hampden Sidney a classical education, prepared himself for the profession of medicine, and during the whole remainder of his life devoted himself without remission, save while in the army, to the laborious duties of the country physician. His labors were great; the pec-

uniary rewards small. To me it always seemed that the noblest manifestation of his character was that presented after the close of the war. He returned home, prematurely aged by the hardships of warfare, and found the modest earnings of a lifetime mostly swept away by confiscation and the bankruptcy of his debtors. Without spending a day in repinings, he addressed himself with a sturdy independence to manual labor and to his old profession for a livelihood. His zeal for Christ's cause was only enhanced by the calamities of the Church. His contributions to it remained as large as they had been in his prosperous days. It was a sight to touch the heart of any man to see the old soldier, dressed with the simplicity of a day laborer, on foot and with his knotted staff of buck-thorn in his hand, bearing his saddle-bags of medicine across his shoulders, marching through the neighborhood to carry his science and experience to the mansions of the polished and the cabins of the freedmen. His aid was refused to no sick person, however poor, or of whatever color; and never had he performed a larger share of gratuitous practice than during these hard years. With this harness on he died. The last act of his life was to close a laborious day, at an hour when all others were in bed, by a surgical operation for the relief of a sufferer. Before the next morning came he was smitten by the violent disease which in a few days carried him to his grave.

The character of Dr. Berkeley's intellect was an illustration of our Saviour's maxim: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." The sterling integrity of his heart made his judgment luminous and clear. He reasoned with a masculine vigor, with an independent boldness, because he desired only to find the truth. No better instance can be given of this noble quality than the one discussed in recent numbers of the *Central Presbyterian* by "W. S." and "T. T." The facts which I give are carefully derived from old trustees of Hampden Sidney, who were actors in the transactions I describe. In 1847 the corporation of Hampden Sidney offered to the country a large number of scholarships at a stipulated price. It was then determined that "the money raised by the sale of said rights of scholarship shall be invested in six per cent. State or United States Government bonds, and the interest arising therefrom shall be faithfully and only applied to the payment of the salaries of the Faculty of said College; and no part of the principal shall be applied for any other purpose whatever than in said investments." Says one who was present, "Well do I remember, when this article was under discussion, how Dr. Berkeley contended for that which he considered the most stable and imperishable investments, and opposed those which gave promise of perhaps a larger temporary income, but were wanting in that feature which he considered of vital importance—*stability*." The whole was invested in Virginia State bonds.

In January, 1863, a called meeting of the trustees assembled for the purpose of considering the proposal—to which many were inclined by patriotic ardor and the hope of larger interest—that all these State bonds be converted into eight per cent. Confederate bonds. There were ten members present. *All favored the change except Dr. Berkeley.* The same trustee continues: "Well do I recollect how, with a persistence amounting to a righteous obstinacy, the Doctor fought this resolution hour after hour single handed, taking the broad ground that the transfer would be a violation of the pledges made by the trustees to the stockholders. But no one dared to doubt his patriotism or his ardent love for his afflicted country. The resolution was passed however, and he, contrary to custom in this Board, asked that his vote, single as it was, should be recorded in the negative; and this was done." Another trustee who was present adds: "Dr. Berkeley made several speeches against the proposed change. I am sure that I never saw him when he seemed more determined in his course than he was upon this occasion, although solitary and alone, he was contending with the whole Board. The odds against him, so far from paralyzing his efforts, seemed rather to arouse him, and he appeared to exert every power he possessed in defence of what he really believed to be right." His resistance had so much weight, at least, as to limit the authority given the treasurer as to changing the investment to a discretionary permission, instead of a decisive injunction. Thus much of pause Dr. Berkeley's opposition gave to the Board. The treasurer was directed to seek the advice of A. G. Mollwaine, Esq., also a valued trustee. "T. T." has told us how that officer sought also the views of him and of the Speaker of the Confederate Congress, by whose advice his doubts were ended, so that he left the investments untouched. Within less than six months the resolution empowering him to make the change was rescinded.

It is clear from this outline, that the merit of saving, single-handed, the endowment of Hampden Sidney may be properly claimed for Dr. Berkeley. But for his inflexible opposition, the measure would have been positively decided at the College; the treasurer would have been clothed with no discretion as to taking the advice of absent counsellors; and "T. T." and the Speaker would never have had a chance to interpose their wise cautions. Dr. Berkeley fought the contest alone, guided only by his clear and honest sagacity; possessing none of the inside lights as to the future of the Confederacy, then seemingly victorious, enjoyed by persons near the government. With him the ruling thought was, that the corporation having contracted

with the holders of the scholarships, and having received the purchase money, were morally bound to make the safety of the trust the chief consideration. Their charge was virtually fiduciary. The moral argument was preëminent in his mind. We see here a striking instance showing how *safe* righteousness is. Had the Treasurer and his advisers been less scrupulous, the College would have been bankrupted. By regarding the rights of the stockholders, the property of the College was saved.

To comprehend the sturdiness of Dr. Berkeley's integrity, we must know the intensity of his zeal for the independence of Virginia and the South. The Confederacy was calling for loans. The General Assembly of Virginia had passed an act authorizing and even requiring the Courts to invest in the Confederate loan the money of persons committed to their guardianship. Dr. Berkeley, although far past the military age at the beginning of the war, had given himself to the service, as long as his health and age could endure the fatigue. He had given all his sons. But this devoted zeal did not blind his judgment or conscience, as to the funds of others entrusted to him. Doubtless the desire to lay the tribute of this large fund at the feet of the Confederacy was the strongest, the most plausible temptation he had to resist. But in the stern performance of duty he breasted it, as he did the solicitations and the ardor of life-long friends. In all the bounds of the Confederacy there was not a heart that was more wrung by its overthrow; yet, rather than tamper with a trust, he did not shrink from the unwelcome and thankless task of reminding his brethren that it might fall. Had there been more men like him, with the nerve to tell the people distasteful truth, perhaps it would not have fallen.

R. L. DABNEY.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

PRAYER BEFORE DEATH.—John xvii.

As Christ is an example in life, so also may He be in death. Yet, inasmuch as He was God as well as man, there are many things in His life, which we, being mere men, may not attempt to imitate; therefore, His death, in so far as it was vicarious, can be no model for us. But this distinction being made, as he lived, so ought we to live, and as He died, so should we wish to die. As we give up the ghost, if conscious, we should say, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit; and when we feel that death is near, with a longer prayer we would take leave of life. For such a prayer He has left us a model.

Let us suppose that it is a father surrounded by his family, who is departing. He realizes the last solemnity, and prays for support. He professes his faith; he looks back upon his past life; and then he intercedes for those he has loved, still loves, and is leaving for a time behind, his children, his children's children, and his church. Suppose we were to prepare for ourselves a form for the occasion—commit it to memory, meditate upon and often repeat it. It would steady our devotion in the hour of weakness, and it would keep us mindful of the sort of life we must lead, if with any comfort, we would venture to use our prayer on our dying bed. Something like this we might write:

"Father the hour is come." Sustain Thy servant, and enable me to glorify Thee even in death. Thou didst give me this mortal life which now, according to Thy will and providence concerning me, is about to end. Give me, I beseech Thee, eternal life—that eternal life which consists in knowledge of Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. I have sought to serve Thee on the earth, and now I have finished what Thou gavest me to do. O, Father, my service has been full of sin, and altogether unworthy of Thine acceptance; yet has my purpose been sincere. Forgive my sins, and accept me and my poor work, I pray, through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, my Saviour. In His name I dare to ask that I may share Thy glory which He has purchased for all that are His.

And now, Holy Father, keep through Thy name those whom Thou hast given me—children and friends. I have taught them Thy name, and blessed be Thy Holy Spirit, they are within the covenant. Sanctify them through Thy truth, and keep them from the evil. O, Father, grant that those whom Thou hast given me, may at last be with me around Thy throne, that together, we may forever behold Thine eternal glory and enjoy Thine everlasting love. Neither pray I for these alone, but for all true believers and their children,—for Thy Church universal, and especially for the Church to which my love, my labors and my prayers have been given. May they all be one in Thee, and perfect in faith and holy living, that the world may know that, as Thou dost love Thy Son, so Thou dost love the Church. He bought with His own precious blood.—Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Amen." S. L. C.

PROUS BY PROXY.—Here is a good hint from the *Churchman*:
A secular journal describes a certain Colonel, who is the brother-in-law of Carl Schurz, as being "eloquent by marriage." There are a good many men in the warm season who may be described as religious after the same fashion. Their piety is represented by their wives. Why able-bodied men should be unequal to the fatigues of walking to church and listening to services, it is hard for the ordinary mind to understand. Especially is it edifying, when after the Scripture is read, "Give honor to the woman as to the weaker vessel," the weaker vessel stands up and repeats her Creed, and then kneels down to say her prayers, while the athletic head of the house remains seated throughout, and fans himself assiduously with the only palm leaf within reach.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

EVANGELICAL LOVE.

True love is the great golden chain that was forged in heaven, and let down to earth to bind us all to each other, and all to the throne of God. Like the universal law of attraction in the material universe, in the exercise of it each individual of the species would feel himself closely allied to all the rest, and pledged in every possible way to promote their happiness. But sin has disorganized the moral world, and by the introduction of selfishness has left all the parts in a state of repulsion to each other, and all disjoined from God the great centre of bliss. Such is the egotism of the human heart by nature, that every individual discovers a propensity to isolate himself from the common brotherhood, and constitute himself the centre of an all-subordinating and ever-enlarging circle. He is not only stoical to the wants of others, but possesses a morbid thirst that is always crying, "Give, give," and is never satisfied. This innate and insane misanthropy brings him at every step of life into collision with the interest of his fellows, and often leads to injustice, strife and blood.

But it is the glory of the gospel that it is designed and calculated to irradiate this foul principle, and restore to the world the lost spirit of benevolence. It is written, "God is love," and "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." To effect it Christ laid aside his glory, descended to our sin-stricken world, bore the reproaches of men, and endured the agonies of the cross; but we are slow to learn. His last command was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; and those who heard it hastened to accomplish the great work. But as all are born in sin, it must be kept up to the end of the world, both at home and abroad, in reliance upon the accompanying promise. We know that every soul that is born of God at first feels the celestial flame burning in his bones, and is ready to say, "Here am I, send me." He begins to warn others, and, like Melancthon, thinks he can convince every person. But he soon finds that "old Adam is stronger than young Melancthon," and is discouraged. In half an hour after I first obtained a hope, I addressed a gay young man upon the subject who was an acquaintance, and who was blessed with pious parents. But he made light of it, and died soon after without giving any evidence of piety. Thus the young convert, by discouragements and a press of business, without proper training and instruction, is apt to become cold and careless. But the Christian ministry should guard against it. We are taught that it is our duty and privilege to live in grace, and no ground should be left for backsliding. By due vigilance and earnestness the churches might have, we presume, what we may call a constant revival, as we see in some cases. Some allowance must be made for peculiar temptations, or an unstable nature; but with kindness and attention those who fall may rise again, and like Peter, be more useful than before.

But as love is the essence of religion on earth, and the great cement of all holy beings in heaven, it should be the most prominent theme in the pulpit for the edification of the church. Paul says, "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity," or love, as it is in the original. And the great commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." Should any inquire as did the captious lawyer of Christ, "Who is my neighbor?" they should be taught that their love must burn for friends and foes, and for all the world, as we learn from the parable of the good Samaritan. And then, if they feel it, their hearts and purses will both be open. We will then hear less complaint about the want of money to send the gospel to the heathen, or to supply our own destitution. But if they have lost their first love, and the world has filled up the vacuum, they will have no heart to do it, and like the sordid priest and Levite, will walk by on "the other side."

While we may occasionally find it necessary to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, we should not, in this day of light and life, spend our chief strength in contending for the minor points that divide Christian denominations, or in defining abstract theories in divinity, but in urging the practice of what the people already know. They must be brought back to their vows of consecration, taught the proper purpose of life, and set to work in the Lord's vineyard. While as a great people we are glorying in our material prosperity, it is to be regretted that the cause of God is so little regarded, and so much talent lies buried in the church. Why are Christians kept on the earth but to labor for the glory of God and the good of precious souls? As a zealous speaker once said, "They are more needed on earth than they are in heaven." God is able to carry on his work without men and women, Bibles and churches, but he chooses to call into requisition the social principle as a mighty source of bliss to his creatures both in this world and the world to come. In some of the churches our laymen are very active, and the women and children are working nobly; but in a heavy majority little is done. It seems that without a miracle or something like it, many hopefully pious will not see their error and the utter vanity of the world until they lie on their deathbed, and may then say in the language of a dying man whose last letter I recently read, "I never awaked till now. I have just commended the dignity of a rational being. Till this instant I had a wrong apprehension of everything in nature. I pursued shadows and

entertained myself with dreams. I have been treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with the wind." And with the old man's privilege I may add that my father, who has been dead about half a century, and is spoken of to this day as a very active Christian, in his last hours said to his family physician, that while he had not actual transgressions to reproach himself with, he was very conscious of sins of omission. O, what a score of these might a faithful conscience lay to our charge! But why stand idle all the day or sport with shadows until the world recedes from our view, and an endless eternity opens up before us? Let us, then, be determined to live every day as if it were our last.

SENEX.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

THE AUTHOR OF ROBINSON CRUSOE AND THE PRESBYTERIANS.

In the year 1706 Daniel De Foe was employed as an agent for the union of Scotland with England. In this character he resided for a considerable time in Edinburgh, and the result of his studies and observations while there was an admirable, compendious history of the Scottish Church. "Nothing," says an author from whom we quote, "seems to have astonished him so much as the weight and multiplicity of a clergyman's duties, and the fidelity with which they were discharged. Even one of his own countrymen who accompanied him, declared that the life of an English pastor was easy compared to that of a Presbyterian minister in Scotland." The annual ministerial visit through the families of the parish, the catechizing of the young and the ignorant, the cognizance of the moral character of every individual under his charge, the visiting of the sick, the care of the poor, and laborious attendance upon Presbyteries, Synods and Assemblies, in addition to the public duties of the Sabbath,—where two discourses and a lecture were regularly preached,—seem to have suggested to De Foe and his companions an impressive contrast with the easy lives of the mitred and benediced clergy of their own country. "All this," he adds, "is supported and discharged with such courage and temper, such steadiness in affection, such unwearied diligence, such zeal and vigor in the work, that our English *sermon readers* know little of; not having the support, and I fear, not the same spirit to carry them through. In a word, as they have a work which human strength is hardly sufficient to discharge; so they have a support which human nature is not capable to supply. And I must acknowledge that there seems to be such an appearance of the spirit and presence of God with and in this Church, as is not to be seen at this time in any Church in this world."

The Scottish minister, at this time, had to be educated amid all the hardships and disquietudes of a fierce persecution. Even when the storm had passed away their position was one of trial and difficulty, the most unfavorable to literary occupation. This last defect was not remedied until 1709, when an act of Assembly was passed for the establishment of a public library in every Presbytery throughout the Kingdom. This is the reason assigned for the fact that so few good writings characterize the period. But better than the productions of learned and eloquent works were the fruits of their sacred labors. These, indeed, were living epistles seen and read of all men. "You may pass," says De Foe, "through twenty towns in Scotland without seeing any broil, or hearing an oath sworn in the streets; whereas if a blind man were to come from thence into England, he shall know the first town he sets his foot in within the English borders by hearing the name of God blasphemed and profanely used, even by the very little children in the street."

His sketch also of the earnestness of the people in hearing the Word preached is a noble attestation to their religious character. "As there is," says he, "among the ministers a spirit of zeal, and an earnest devotion of all their powers, faculties, strength and time to this work, so the people's part is in proportion equal. Their taste of hearing, their affection to their ministers, their subjection to be instructed, and even to discipline, their eagerness to follow the directions given, these are things so visible in Scotland that they are not to be described, but admired. To see a congregation sit with looks so eager, as if they were to eat the words as they came from the mouth of the preacher, to see the affection with which they hear, that there shall be a general sound of murmuring throughout the congregation, upon the extraordinary warmth of expression in the minister; and this not affected and designed, but casual and undissimulated. De Foe then mentioned "that in a whole church not one shall be seen without a Bible; if you shut your eyes, when the minister names any text of Scripture, you shall hear a little rustling noise over the whole place, made by turning leaves of the Bible; nay if a blind man be at the church he will have a Bible which he will give to the person next to him to fold down the texts quoted, that he may cause somebody to read them to him when he comes home."

Reflections on this passage of history.
1. Ministers laboring among the ignorant in our country with zeal and fidelity are laying the foundation of a Church similar to that which is the glory of Scotland.
2. New measures and eloquent preachers are not so much to be coveted as the Spirit of God.
The Bible, with the catechism, prayer, hard study and perseverance are the only essential means to be used.
4. If the fruits which have followed the

labors of the godly in former generations are to be realized in our own Church, our young men must endure hardships as good soldiers of Christ; and learn that the ambition of a preacher should not be so much, in a remote and obscure corner, to prepare himself for a more conspicuous field, but powered by Divine Grace, and the supernatural power of the Gospel, to gather and train a people, who shall rise out of darkness to be a light of the world.

A COUNTRY PASTOR.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

THE DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED.

The character of the apostle John possesses for Christians the deepest interest, because he is designated as "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

We know that a precious thing the love of Jesus is, and we would fain lay hold of the secret which would enable us to enjoy such a double portion of that love as seems to have been bestowed upon this favored disciple. If we ask why it was that John was so loved, the answer I think is plain. It approached more nearly than that of any other disciple to the character of his Master. This, it seems to me, is in a few words the whole secret; there was a similarity between their characters that rendered them mutually attractive. It is true, we often hear it said that the most strongly knit and striking friendships among men are between persons whose characters differ in many points.—"There is much truth in this remark, and the explanation is easy. Our characters are all imperfect. We are painfully conscious, though we generally fail to admit it, of our own defects. When therefore we see persons whose characters possess those elements in which ours are deficient, our attention is drawn to them, and our admiration elicited. Thus a person who is modest and retiring to a fault, will be drawn towards one who has boldness and confidence in himself; and on the other hand the bolder character will admire that gentleness and modesty which he has failed to keep abreast of his confidence. Thus we see the reason why opposite characters are mutually attractive is because they are both imperfect. Now of course this could not have been the case with our Saviour and John. The Saviour was perfect, and it was because He saw that John, though still far off, was nearest to Him in this respect that He so loved him.

This view is sustained by what the scriptures tell us of John. What gentleness and woman like tenderness were his, and yet what fearlessness and boldness, for were not he and his brother surnamed Boanerges?—How deep and strong was his love, and how far-reaching the radius of his charity, drawing its circumference around the world. How well poised too was his sense of justice.—Truly he was like his Master, and as he grew older that likeness increased more and more.

Here then is the secret. Let us use it. But in order to become like Christ we must know what He is. Let us then study his character, so that we may have before us, not as it were some vague misshapen spectre whose dim and wary outlines insensibly mingle with their twilight background; but a distinct, clear-cut figure, kept before us like the sculptor's model, till we know its every form and lineament. In order to obtain this knowledge we must study His character as portrayed in the Bible; mere casual glances will not suffice. The traveler who is carried through the mountains of Virginia at the rate of twenty five miles an hour, cannot become acquainted with them. At the end of his journey he remembers only a few of the taller peaks, or deeper valleys, or some scene of more than ordinary beauty to which his attention was called. He can claim to have seen the mountains, but no more. It is only the dweller in the mountains, he who sits at their feet to learn, that is acquainted with them. He alone knows their refreshing, ice-cold springs, their beautiful fir-shadowed dales, their sweet sunlit nooks, and their bounding cascades. He alone, as he sits at eventide and sees the gathering gloom of night creep along the sunken valley, and up the fissured heights, feels that though known they are yet the symbols of something unmeasured and mysterious; and to him alone are they the standing types of the sublime, the heaven-aspiring and the immutable.

And so to use this illustration, it is not he who glances at his Bible a half-hour on Sabbath or ten minutes another day, and then rushes into other scenes whither his mind has already preceded him; it is not he who knows Christ, but he alone whose soul's home is amid the scenes of the Bible, and who delights not only to read but to meditate upon and ponder the record concerning Jesus of Nazareth. He alone knows the grandeur, simplicity, and beauty of that blessed character, and can therefore become assimilated to it. If we would be loved by Jesus let us be like Him, and if we would be like Him, let us know Him. Then we can say in the words of the apostle Paul, "But we all, with unveiled face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed in the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." F. W. L.

No PHYSICIAN ever weighed out medicine to his patient with half so much exactness and care as God weighs out to us every trial; not one grain too much does he ever permit to be put in the scale.—*Cecil*.

THERE is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it.—*Mary Lyon*.

THE resolution of a moment, with some men has been the turning point of its fate issues to the world.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

ADDRESS OF PULPIT TO PEW.

"It is a poor rule that will not work both ways." There is a better rule than this known even by the children, to wit, "The Golden Rule." If you expect your pastor to visit you and your family, is it not reasonable to pay him and his family a visit occasionally? I say occasionally. In these addresses, not knowing each other, much can be said which would not be considered courteous, were we "face to face." Allow me to repeat the word "occasionally," and give reasons for using it.

1. There may be some reason or occasion for your visiting him. Sometimes the patient goes to the doctor's office, why not the parishoner go to the pastor's office, and lay the case before him? It may be your own case of spiritual disease; a case of awakening in your friend; an opportunity of aiding in the pastoral work, &c., that will call you to make the visit.

2. A visit occasionally—that is not too frequently, will show your interest in the pastor and his household, and at the same time not take up too much of his time.

3. It may lead you into a way of helping along the inner works at the parsonage. Allow me to close, saying, "Do not visit the pastor's house every day in the year, but do not let every day in the year see you away from it."

With or Without Christ.

Luther declared there were three things of which he durst not think without Christ—of his sins, of his death, and of the day of judgment. Now that which gives all the horror to these three things is that the wrath of God abideth on all them who are without Christ. Death fixes the everlasting condition, and the day of judgment begins the full dispensation of divine wrath for the sins committed here. And that which gives a fearful augmentation to sins here committed and to be hereafter answered for, is the rejection of the help of Christ, who offers to take away the guilt of sin, and to free us from the power of sin. Christ has solved the great problem of earth, which is sin.—Now no man need stay guilty, no man need remain the slave of sin, and no man need remain under bondage of the fear of death and of the day of judgment. Christ has bought freedom from all the three, for every human being who will come to Him and ask Him for freedom from them.

Those with Christ are guilty no more; there is no condemnation for them who are in Christ. The love of sin has received its death-blow in the soul of a man the very moment he is in Christ. Its supreme power over that soul is done forever. And what is death to such a man but the completion of hope in the fulness of fruition? How much then is included in those two words *with Christ*? All the good things which God can and will give them who honor His Son are included; with the exclusion of all the divine wrath at the believer's sin, for that wrath on the believer's behalf expended itself in the garden and on the cross.

Why then will professing Christians play fast and loose in regard to such a great interest as the soul's safety? St. Peter tells us to give diligence in order to make our calling and election sure. It can then be made sure, and would it not be the part of a wise man to insure it? But on the other hand one may make a mistake. There were foolish virgins who had no oil in their lamps. Profession may be all our possession—Christians in name, Christless in deed. To such, sin, death and judgment may well continue to give alarm. And yet it continues true as ever, he who will may have Christ, and may be assured that he has Him and all good things with Him.

One in Language.

There is a suggestive incident related in Welch history, which may well teach us a lesson. In one of the fierce wars of France and Britain, it so happened that a company of Welch soldiers were opposed to a company of the French from the province of Bretagne, which had been originally peopled by a colony from Wales. They were just ready to fall upon each other in bloody conflict, when, upon uttering their war-cries, they discovered that they spoke the same language! Instantly the tears came into their eyes, they threw away their weapons, rushed into each other's arms, and embraced as brothers and countrymen!

Thus it is, brethren of every name, if we indeed are Christians, then we too speak the same language, are citizens two of the same heavenly country, and expect to meet in the same heavenly home at last. Surely, then, if we hear from each other the common language of Canaan, we may well throw aside the weapons which we had grasped with which to assail each other, or turn them upon the common enemy, and feel that we indeed are one.

May it not be true that we, Christians of different name, love each other no more because we know each other so little? When we come together—as sometimes we do—on our union platforms, and especially in our union prayer meetings, or on our knees, bowing together at the same mercy seat, do we not sometimes wonder to find that, in spite of our different opinions and different names, we speak the same language—and that not the shibboleth of party, but the sweet language of Canaan?

SLANDERERS, like flies, will leap over sound places that they may light upon sores.
That thou mayest injure no man, *doe-like* be.
And serpent like that none may injure thee.