

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, Editor.

Vol. II—No. 10.

RALEIGH, THURSDAY OCTOBER 1, 1857.

\$1 50a Year, in Advance.

Original.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
Presbyterian and Presbyterians.

NUMBER I.

MR. EDITOR: Christianity, properly understood, is a system of love, and Divine brotherhood. Coming from the heart of Jesus Christ our Lord, it attracts and draws all believing hearts to Him; and fuses the hearts of those thus drawn to his great heart into a sentiment, a passion of universal fraternity. Bible Christianity—the religion of Jesus, is as far removed from sectional exclusiveness and selfishness, as it is from sordid, envenomed cupidity. Says the eloquent Harris:—"By rendering us necessary to each other's welfare, he sought to train us up to a humble imitation of his own goodness, to make every hand and heart a consecrated channel for his love to flow in, and thus to find our own happiness in the happiness of others." And another distinguished writer remarks:—"Now, this exceedingly 'peculiar people' are found, not exclusively within the lines of any one Christian community, but in greater or less numbers, within the limits of all." (Dr. Stone.) Where these liberal sentiments and catholic emotions exist, sectarian selfishness and bigotry are strangers and intruders. And they should dwell among all those who bear the name of the crucified One. But alas! this is not the case; and hence alienation and opposition are rife in the universal Church. The saying of the apostle falls with withering force upon too many of the professed followers of our Lord, "All seek their own, and not the things of Jesus Christ." This spirit is peculiarly apparent in that system of proselytism that obtains among some professing the Christian name and character.—Believing, as I do, that the practice of proselytizing is destructive of the peace, harmony and fraternal intercourse of God's people, I propose, Mr. Editor, with your permission, to examine and expose the custom, with what little ability I possess.

In order to understand the subject in hand, it will be necessary to examine into the meaning of the word proselyte as originally understood, and compare it with the sense in which it is now employed.

Proselyte is from the Greek, *proselutos*, and means, "One come from a different country; a stranger, foreigner; in the Old Testament, a proselyte, i. e. a convert to the Jewish religion; so called to distinguish one who was born a Jew; literally, a comer to."—(Pickering.)

The following is taken from Horne's Introduction:—"On the proselytism of the Jews, Jesus Christ appears to have formed the principal qualities which he required in the proselytes of his covenant. The first condition of proselytism among the Jews was, that he, who came to embrace their religion, should come voluntarily, and that neither force nor influence should be employed in this business. This, also, is the first condition required by Jesus Christ, and which he considers as the foundation of all the rest. 'If any man be willing (saith the Lord) to come after me,' (Matt. xvi. 24.) The second condition required in the Jewish proselyte, was that he should perfectly renounce all his prejudices, his errors, his idolatry, and every thing that concerned his false religion, and that he should entirely separate himself from his most intimate friends and acquaintances. It was on this ground that the Jews called proselytism a new birth, and proselytes *new born* and *new men*; and our Lord requiring men to be born again, not only of water but by the Holy Ghost." (John iii. 5.) The third condition, on which a person was admitted into the Jewish church as a proselyte was, that he should submit to the yoke of the Jewish law; and patiently bear the inconveniences and sufferings, with which a profession of the Mosaic religion might be accompanied. Christ requires the same condition, but instead of the yoke of the law, he brings his own doctrine, which he calls his yoke. (Matt. xi. 29.) The fourth condition was, that they should solemnly engage to continue in the Jewish religion, faithful even to death. This condition Christ also requires, and it is comprised in this word, *let him follow me.* (Matt. xvi. 24.) Horne, Vol. 1, p. 109.

The modern sense, or application is as follows:—"Proselyte, a new convert to a creed or party. Proselytism, the making converts." (Webster.)

The most superficial observer cannot fail to discover the difference in the word as originally employed, and as now understood. Originally it implied the conversion and withdrawal of hearers from their idolatry and corruption, to the knowledge and worship of the one true and living God—a perfect renunciation of all their prejudices, their errors, their idolatry, and every thing that concerned their false religion, and that he "new men;" and when the Master issued the commission, "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations," &c., he meant, that they should make proselytes of, or convert

all nations from sin to righteousness, and from the power of Satan unto God. This was the great design and appropriate work of the ministry; and when the ministry is confined to its original object, it is the most honorable office, and glorious work in the world; ay, and the highest in the solar system.

Most stand well-remembered with the world shall stand.

The most important and effectual guard, Support and ornament of virtue's cause."

But alas! an abuse and prostitution of the ministerial office have necessitated a signification which this word in its original import never sanctioned or contemplated, viz: "a convert to a creed or party;" which signification neither implies nor requires any moral improvement, or religious elevation whatever. The word as primarily used, conveyed an idea or implied a work in which an angel might rejoice to engage; but, as now understood, it signifies a course of conduct, that might almost cause a fallen spirit to blush.

In the days of our Lord's sojourn upon earth proselytism had so far degenerated, as to call from his lips the following withering rebuke:—"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves" (Matt. xxiii. 15.) And Paul, under the light of Inspiration, sketched the character and style of proselyters in this graphic work:—"Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away."

"For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts."

"Ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

"Now as James and James withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth; men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith." (I. Tim. iii. 5-8.)

How strongly does the word of God reprobate such a course of conduct! How surely does it denounce those who lend or sell themselves to this unchristian and unchristian practice! I do not, of course, undertake to say, that every one who descends to the office of a proselyter is as deeply immersed in moral obliquity as were those characters who came under the scathing rebuke of the Master and his apostles; still, I give it as my deliberate conviction, that the practice is at open war with every honorable, manly and christian principle, and especially with every quality that should control the heart, and regulate the deportment of every one who ministers in holy things. Religion is both renovating and elevating; and when possessed and cultivated, it raises its possessor above every thing otherwise, would be to degrade the Christianity of the Bible.

Virginia. EPISTOLEUS.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

MEMORABILIA.

I am in advancing years—have passed the grand climacteric of human existence, and I remember many things that have passed away from the memories of some; and were never known to others, who figure, at present upon the stage of action. I have sometimes thought, that scenes and incidents, which, though not remarkably singular, and possessed of no extraordinary interest at the time of their occurrence, might yet possess an attractiveness when called up from the rubbish and dust of the past, because they would serve as indexes to the changes that take place in the manners, customs, and modes of thought, as well as the fashions and feelings of the human race.

Let us draw a pen-painting. There stands an old frame building, surrounded by native forest trees; oaks, hickories and pines. A few men, in their serious attire are seated on a log near the house. Their conversation seems of a serious nature. If we take a peep inside the house, we shall see, seated on uncouth forms, a number of women, young, old and middle aged, all seemingly impressed with a feeling of reverence for the place and the occasion. It is a week day, the week day appointment for circuit preaching; and being a week day, there are not many of the butterflies and moths of fashion present; but those gathered, seem to have come for a purpose.

"He's coming!" This was spoken of a man of mild, earnest, placid countenance, seen approaching on horseback. It is the circuit rider. He dismounts, and, having tied his horse, lifts from the saddle, the well-packed saddlebags and proceeds toward the house. All are glad to see him, and he has a kind word for each. He ascends the pulpit, and after a secret and earnest invocation for strength to the source of all strength, he arises to preach. There are no white-handkerchief displays, no scent of musk or *mille fleur* about the discourse—it is plain, and suited to the condition of the hearers; for the preacher has made himself acquainted with their condition and knows what food they need. Presently there is a warmth of feeling, manifested by a

glow of countenance, and a tear that is not a tear of sorrow, marks its course on many a cheek. No one could look upon that group without seeing, at a glance, that there was deep, earnest praying going on. The preacher feels it, he knew it, he preaches under its influence, and presently the effects are more and more manifest upon the audience, until the loud shout, the hal-lal-lah's shake the very rafters of the old frame building, and reverberate through the surrounding forest and are re-echoed from the neighboring hills, till the old house seems "none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven," to the souls of the fathers, mothers, sons and daughters present.

Such scenes have I witnessed in the days of good old brothers, Bain, Carson, Compton, Drumgoole and others; many of whom have gone up to the goodly land to possess it; while others are wearing away to their rest and will soon be with them. The days of the saddlebag itinerancy, and shawl-belted coats, when church members didn't wear gold rings and breast pins; and when *hooops* were considered useful only for *cocks*, were the days when Methodism was "Methodism in earnest." O that we could "reform backwards" to those good old times.

Yours HARVETUS.

Selections.

THE LITTLE BOUND BOY'S DREAM

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

A little fair haired child laid his pale cheek against a pillow of straw.

It had toiled up three pair of narrow, dark stairs, to gain its miserable garret, for it was a little "bound child," that had neither father nor mother; so no soft bed awaited his tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one coverlet.

It had neither lamp nor candle to lighten the room, if such it might be called; still that was not so bad, for the beautiful round moon smiled in upon the poor bound boy, and almost kissed his forehead, as his sad eyes closed dreamily.

But after a while, as he laid there, what wondrous change came over the place. A great light shone down, the huge, black rafters turned to solid gold, and these seemed all crowded with tiny, precious sparkling stones. The broken floor, too, was all encrusted with shining crystals, and the child raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed with a half-fearing, half-delighted look upon the glorious sight.

One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision to endure, but presently, as if emerging from it, came a soft, white figure, that stood by the poor bound boy's bedside.

The child shut his eyes, he was a little, only a little frightened, and his heart beat quickly, but he found breath to murmur, "tell me, who are you?"

"Look up, be not afraid," said a sweet voice, that sounded like the harps of heaven, "look up, darling, I am your brother Willy, sent down from the angels to speak with you, and tell you to bear all your sorrows patiently, for you will soon be with us."

"What, you my brother Willy, oh! no, no, that cannot be, my brother Willy was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn, and there was a hump on his back, and he used to go into the muddy streets and pick up bits of wood and chips, but your face is quite too handsome, and your clothes prettier than I ever saw before; and there is no ugly hump on your back—besides, my brother Willy is dead long ago."

"I am your brother Willy, your immortal brother; my body, with the ugly hump is dead and turned to ash; but just as soon as that died, I went up to the great heavens, and saw sights that I cannot tell you about now, they were so very beautiful. But God, who is your Father, and the holy name of Eternity, gave me these bright garments that never get soiled, and I was so happy that I expect my face was changed very much, and I grew tall and straight; so no wonder you do not know me."

And now the little bound child's tears began to fall.

"Oh!" he exclaimed earnestly, "if I too could go to heaven."

"You can go," replied the angel with a smile of ineffable sweetness, "you have learned how to read; well, to-morrow get your Bible, and find very reverent—for it is God's most holy book—these words of the Lord Jesus: 'But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use and persecute you.'"

"Do all these; and you shall be the child of your father which is above."

"Even if they beat me?" murmured the little bound boy with a quivering lip.

"A flash of light passed over the angel's face as he replied; 'the more you forgive, the nearer you will be to heaven.'"

In another moment the vision had gone, but still the room was all blazing with unearthly radiance.

As the little boy fell back upon his pillow, his wan face reflected the angel's smile, and he thought, 'I will forgive them even if they beat me.'

Suddenly a most musical voice than the former fell upon his ear. This time he was not afraid, but sitting up on his miserable couch, he saw a figure that seemed to fit itself to the wall, a ray of intense light shined out from its form; its eyes glared, yet there was a mild beauty in them every time they looked into his.

"Little one, I am your father," said the form in melting accents.

"I don't think you can be my father," whispered the boy timidly. "My father used to be very old indeed; and he got hurt and wore a crutch; there were wrinkles on his face, and all over his forehead, his hair was short and white; not long like yours. And my father used to stoop over and wear a little black apron, and put patches on shoes in a little dark room."

"And what else?"

"He used to pray and sing very sweetly, but I never hear any praying and singing now," sobbed the child, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, dear little boy, but listen to me, I am your father, your immortal father, that poor hump body is all gone now, mingled with the dust of the grave yard. As soon as the breath left that deformed body, I was with the shining angels, hosts and hosts of them bore me up to heaven; and the king of that glorious place clothed me in these robes, white and stainless, and gave me this beautiful body, which shall never feel corruption. And this was the reason, dear little orphan, because I loved Him, and my chief delight was in praying to Him, and talking about Him, although I was very poor I tried to be honest, and many times went hungry rather than do wrong."

And you, if you never forget to say your little prayers that I taught you, if you will keep God's holy commandments, and trust in him always, shall soon be with me in my sweet heavenly abode."

Once more the child was left alone, and still the rafters were golden, the walls pearly, the old floor studded with brilliants, and the same soft, mysterious light over all.

A strain of holy music fell faintly upon his enraptured senses; it grew louder and came nearer and nearer to the head of his little bed. And then a voice—oh! far sweeter than either of the others, sang: "my child, my little earth child, look upon me, I am thy mother."

In a moment what emotions swelled the bosom of the lonely boy. He thought of her cherished tenderness to him long years ago, of her soft arms around his neck, her gentle lips pressing his forehead, then came up the cruelty of strangers, who after she had been put away in the deep ground, treated him with harshness.

He turned toward her, oh! what a glorious being; her eyes were like stars; her hair like the most precious gold; but there was that in her face that none other might so truly know. He had doubted if the first risen was his brother, if the second was his father, but not once did he doubt that this beautiful being was his own dear mother.

A little while he kept down his strong feelings, but the thoughts of the past and the present overpowered him.

"Oh! mother, mother, he cried, stretching forth his little hand, 'let me come to you—let me come; there is nobody in the world like you; no one kisses me now, no one loves me, oh! mother, mother, let me come!' and the hot tears rained down his cheeks.

"My orphan child," she said, in low tones, that thrilled him to the heart, "you cannot come to me now, but listen to me. I am very often near you when you know it not. Every day I am by your side, and when you come to this lonely room to weep, my wings encircle you. I be- hold you suffer, but I know that God will not give you more sorrow than you can bear. When you resist evil, I whisper calm and tender thoughts into your soul; but when you give way to anger, when you cherish a spirit of revenge, you drive your mother from you, and displease the great and holy God."

"Be good, be happy, even amidst all your trials, and it is a consolation, know that your immortal mother often commures with you. And farther, thou shalt soon be with me."

"Oh! mother, mother," murmured the boy, springing from his bed, and striving to leap towards her. The keen air chilled him, he looked eagerly round—there was no light, a solemn stillness reigned, the radiance, the rafters, the angels—all were gone. And then he knew that he had been dreaming, but oh! what a dream; how strengthening, how cheering; never would he forget it.

The next morning when he went down to his scanty breakfast, there was such a beautiful serenity upon his face, such a sweet gladness in his eyes, that all who looked upon him forbore to taunt or chide him.

He told his dream, and the hearts that listened were softened, and the mother, who held her own babe, was so choked with her tears that she could not eat; and the father said inwardly, that henceforth he would be kinder to the poor, and so he was. The child found his way into their affections, he was so meek, so prayerful, so good, and at the end of a twelve-month, when the angels did in very deed take him far above to heaven, the whole family wept around the little coffin, as if he were one of their own. But they all felt that he was in the bright heaven with his brother, his father, and his dear angel mother.

Pulpit Power.

The power of a believing mind requires the preacher's acquaintance with the truths of the Gospel to be intimate, as they are found, not in human "composures," but in the Divine instrument, so that men will feel that he is speaking to them fairly in a way to be understood, and that, though he may not always bargaining against opponents, he makes it clear to them that he could and does on fit occasions. The strongest make the least show of strength. Faith is a tranquil power. What we venture to recommend is that spiritual *askesis*—self-discipline of all the faculties—which imparts to the preacher's faith the property of being imperturbable, not because he dares not think, but because he has thought; not because he takes for granted that other men are to be trusted who tell him that the foundation is *all right*, but because he knows this for himself, whether men tell him so or not, and that he is sure what he preaches is true, even though the whole world were laughing him to scorn for saying so. So Luther preaching that a man who has sinned can be set right with the righteous God by trusting in Christ. Thus Baxter warned; thus Whitfield pleaded; thus Chalmers reasoned; thus thundered Mison in New York; thus Hall poured out the affluence of his learning, and the creations of his genius, in the kindling stream of golden sentences. Those were men of power. In their faith was no staggering; in their words no faltering; in their ministry no weakness. Luther was a tower of strength, because his whole "trust" was in the Lord. Baxter was a burning flame, because he lived hard by the mercy seat, where upon the glory dwelt between the cherubim. Whitfield's was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, because, like John, his cry was, "Behold the Lamb of God!" Chalmers foamed like a cataract, because the deep rapids came rushing down upon him from the everlasting mountains. Hall's words were molten in the furnace where his faith was tried with fire. These were great preachers because they were *strong believers*, and they were strong believers because they loved the truth, kept their hearts with all diligence, and walked in the light of heaven. There is no age in which such preachers would not have power. Men gave to their efforts as though they were of an order different from themselves. Noble, truly, was the mold in which their Maker cast them; but the mold is *not broken*. Rare indeed were the stores that filled those golden vessels; but the mines whence they were dug out. Let the preacher press into that mold. Let him delve into those rocks. Let him be no man's copy. Let him be himself original; let not oddity or extravagance, the least original of all absurd impertinences, but in simplicity and independence, and naturalness.

Two Opinions of a Sermon.

Lady Huntington's Chapel at Bath was no common mere for fashionable sinners. It was a neat, pure Gothic building, faultlessly arranged and furnished. And then, she engaged for it such preachers as Whitefield, Romaine, Fletcher and Wesley.

The gay and noble, who spent a season at that resort, often found better things than pleasure or even health, in Lady Huntington's Chapel.

Once Horace Walpole, that abandoned and elegant sinner, went to hear. His taste was gratified at the architecture, the furniture and the singing. John Wesley preached that day, and we have on record Walpole's judgment of the sermon: "The congregation sit on forms. Wesley is a clever, elderly man, fresh colored, his hair smoothly combed, but with a little soup-oon of curls at the end. Wondrous clever, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. There were parts and eloquence in his sermon, but towards the end he excited his voice and acted very vulgar enthusiasm."

Perhaps the courtier had appraisals made to his conscience, that left him ill at ease, and that word, enthusiasm, served a purpose, not for the first or last time, with men in his case.

One feels interested to know Wesley's opinion on the occasion. Here it is in his own style: "Many were not a little surprised at seeing me in the countess of Huntington's Chapel; the congregation was not only large, but serious, and I fully delivered my soul."

O, man of God, happy art thou in such a feeling, such a self-conscious verdict.—Let faithful hearers say what they will. Be plain, be earnest, be true, and fully deliver thy soul!

Think you Wesley and Walpole differ more about that sermon?—N. O. *Chris. Advocate*.

Silence is a gift without peril, and a treasure without enemies.

A Bit of Experience.

Rev. Mr. Taylor, the California revivalist, says: "Having been regenerated, my power of conscience had greatly increased, and putting the great jacket on my physical laws, I retaliated on them for their early victories, and would have controlled them at the east offside. A few months sufficed to bring on dyspepsia, which came very near killing me outright, body and soul. A little judicious advice would have saved me from these dreadful struggles and their sad consequences. I have by experience, learned a few things about the philosophy of life. The necessary alternation of toil and recreation; intense application for the attainment of difficult achievement, and of by stations along the toilsome way, where the weary may sit by the running brook, listen to the song of birds, spend an hour on the green lawn of social life, and gather sweet flowers, or engage in vigorous muscular amusements, according to the character of the recreation demanded by the peculiar nature of his calling; these all are but to prepare him the better for the prosecution of his adventurous journey. The burden of my life is to study and labor in the great business of soul-saving. For recreation, I play with the children, dig in the garden, ramble over the fields, run a mile occasionally, take vigorous gymnastic exercises daily, and thus I keep up a constant vigor of constitution that enables me to preach five or six sermons per Sabbath for years together, without any hoarseness and with but little weariness. A short time ago, when I returned to the home of my youth to see my dear parents, after an absence of more than eight years, and having just closed a revival campaign of five months, during which I measured my powers daily up to the tax of their capacity, I felt the reaction telling upon me, causing great lassitude of mind and body. To relieve this unpleasant state of things, I ascended the lofty heights of my native mountains to rock rocks, and to see the huge boulders bounding down the mountain steep, sweeping the saplings and cracking and peeling the sturdy oaks, and disappearing in the bushy vale beneath. The air was pure; the scenery and the exercise exhilarating. I renewed my strength. The rock rolling over, I knelt on the mountain summit, and O, how precious was that hour! Jesus was in the habit of going up into a mountain to pray." I have always found it a good place to pray. I have proved it on many a mountain height, on both sides of our continent. These recreations extraordinary, such as the rock-rolling, awakening a mental vigor that is felt for months. Returning from the mountain, I was ready again to engage in the great battle for souls with renewed energy. I shall not try here to designate the kind of sports and recreations necessary for Christians, only to say that they are necessary to physical development, and therefore not inconsistent with moral law.

Facts Worthy of Notice.

It is a fact that nine tenths of the inmates of our poor houses were brought there indirectly by the use of ardent spirits.

It is a fact that three fourths of all the convicts in our state prison were hard drinkers previous to the commission of the crimes for which they are now imprisoned.

It is a fact that the greatest sufferers from disease, and those whose maladies are the most difficult to cure, are addicted to the use of ardent spirits.

It is a fact that all who commit suicide in this country, ninety-nine one-hundredths are the immediate or remote victims of ardent spirits.

It is a fact that in all families where the children are dirty, half-naked, and ill-fed; the rooms filthy and in disorder, the husband cross, discontented and peevish, and the wives slatternly, ill-tempered and quarrelsome, one, if not both the parents, are drinkers of ardent spirits.

It is a fact that those who least frequently attend the worship of God in the sanctuary, most of those who by their oaths, blasphemies, and horrible execrations shock the ears of modest people, are spirit-drinkers.

It is a fact that those who are most easily led to ridicule and profane sacred things, and to join in every kind of dissipation and profligacy, are spirit-drinkers.

It is a fact that of all that have died of the cholera in Europe and America, seven tenths at least were spirit-drinkers, and one half decidedly intemperate.

PLAIN PREACHING.—Dr. John M. Mason, while preaching on the text, "What shall it profit a man, etc.," referring to the apologies given by the impatient for refusing to accept the gift of eternal life, mentioned the common plea, "We do not want to profess Christianity, because many dishonor the profession; we do not want to be hypocrites; we are candid men."

"And so," said the eloquent preacher, "you are willing to go to hell as gentlemen of candor." It is said that a distinguished lawyer in this city was led by this pointed rebuke to renounce the hypocrisy of unbelief for a sincere faith in the Son of God.

The Process of Faith.

There is firm groundwork for faith. Yet in its full exercise, or, if the reader please, in its exercise unto full salvation, there is a venturing movement of the heart. The intellect apprehends the groundwork, that God is, and that he is a rewarder, and it commands the heart to abandon itself by one sudden impulse to the mere mercy through Christ, of the great Invisible. But the heart shrinks, as if from some terrible experiment were to be tried. However distinctly the heart may have the needful consciousness of having surrendered all idols, it is inclined to wait passively for God to come to it and lead it to faith by feeling, rather than actively to venture upon God, to find feeling by faith. At least, it would not move till it have a sign. It has been accustomed to tangible pledges. Its attachments and its studies of prudence have been confined to temporal things "which are seen." To press along toward the invisible and untried sea, then (not absurdly waiting first to feel the unanchored element) to drop right off, without plank or plummet, this is venturing, heart venturing.

Such process, it is believed, is more or less vivid in the memory of most persons who have experienced the deep things of God. Testimonies might be supplied. For brevity, the following only are cited:—"The Rev. Jno. Butterworth, a minister of England, says: 'One day as I was reading in a book called the Marrow of Modern Divinity,' a sentence from Luther was quoted, which was this: 'I would run into the arms of Christ, if he stood with a drawn sword in his hand.' This thought came bolting into my mind, 'So will I too;' and these words of Job occurred:—'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' My burden dropped off, my soul was filled with joy and peace, thro' believing in Christ; a venture some believing, as Mr. Becher calls it, was the means of setting me at liberty."—Arvine's Cyclopaedia, Art. 'Faith.'

Dr. Adam Clarke testified that his successful struggle for a clean heart was "while earnestly wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and endeavoring self-desperately to believe." See his letter inserted in the Christian Advocate and Journal, July 16, 1857.

It is hoped that no reader who is without the witness either of justification or of perfect love will slight the idea of venturing faith, because it is somewhat mystical to him. It need not remain mystical. O delay not, after a speedy act of entire consecration, to give this faith a thorough trial. It can not be in vain. D. F. R.

"OVER THE RIVER."

Over the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their sunny robes I see,
But their voices are 'low'—by the rushing tide.

There's one with ringle of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

We saw not the angels that met him there;
The gate of the city was closed not see—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Mamma! I see her yet!

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sun shone green strangely dark.

We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail—
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;

They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not under the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.

We only know that their locks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
Yet some cheer, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me!

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar,
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall gasp from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land,
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of Death shall carry me.

[Springfield Republican.]

Tattle.

When about to publish tattle
That may mar the husband's fame,
Let this simple, second thought,
Serve to guard that brother's name.
'Unless certain that 'tis true,
I've no right the thing to show;
And, if certain, only to
Hint that has a right to know."
[Lavater.]

A young wife lamented with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift on his conduct: "My love," said he, "I am like the Prodigal Son; I shall return by-and-by." "And I will be like the Prodigal Son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father." And accordingly off she went.