

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



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Proselytism and Proselyters.

NUMBER IV.

Mr. Editor—*I assume, III. That the Proselyter acts unfairly and ungenerously toward those whom he seeks to convert to his party, because he assaults them on subjects peculiar to himself, but to which they have given little, if any attention.*

It is presumable that a clerical or lay proselyter will acquaint himself with the doctrines of his Church, and especially with those which are regarded as essential to her being and well-being. In the Episcopal Church, apostolic succession is the doctrine, and her ministers and their drummers, profess great familiarity with this subject—say they can trace the episcopal succession with as much ease and accuracy as they can their own natural pedigree; while in the Baptist Church, "IMMERSION by a regular authorized administrator" is a sine qua non of Christian character, and a sure entrance into the kingdom of grace; and they declare, with unabating effrontery, that "The Baptist Church is the Primitive Church—there has never been a time when it was not in being—it is now, as it was in its origin, and has been in its history in all ages of Christianity, essentially the same." (The Baptist Denomination, p. 21.) This is assuming perfect familiarity—a knowledge that defies contradiction. Now, it is a fact known to every one who has paid any attention to the subject, that the large majority of the laity, and especially the young, never concern themselves with doctrinal subjects, and are, for the most part, strongly averse to religious controversies. They rarely, if ever, look into or examine any work put forth in defence of those points which constitute the basis of discord and contention among the Churches. True, they have heard of apostolic succession and its associate assumptions, but contenting themselves with the belief (and it is a true opinion) that they are "old world fables," they have not thought it worth their while to costume time in examining the matter; and as to the assumptions of the Baptists, they have considered them as the conventional gasconade of right faced bigots, and as such, have given the subject the go-by. The champions of these extreme systems, know this fact. They know, also, that their own members, as a general thing, are as ignorant on these points as others; and yet, with this knowledge, they are so ungenerous and arrogant, and taking advantage of their known and acknowledged want of information, seek to undermine their faith, and convert them over to their party. I ask, if any high minded, honorable gentleman would be guilty of a course of conduct so unworthy the character of a minister of Christ—a man? True religion is soul—that nobleness which religion inspires, disdains to take advantage of the weakness and ignorance of others. It is recorded of Balaam, that his chivalrous spirit forbade his holding on to his well tried "tricks" of "tough bull-bull," while his antagonist was armed with simple "falchion," but casting it to the ground, said:

"See here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed like myself, with simple brand."
But, those ecclesiastical "crisp knights," who shrink from encountering foemen "worthy of their steel," are ever engaging the inexperienced and uninformed. Shame on them for their cowardice, their meanness.

The subject, Mr. Editor, when presented in this light is bad enough—repugnant to every manly and refined feeling; yet there are other aspects in which it appears still worse. Those most liable to assault are inexperienced females, who have but recently professed faith in Jesus, and attached themselves to the Church of God. These are necessarily unskilled in doctrinal polemics. Young in their first love, they only part for the streams of salvation—desire to be conformed to the will, and transformed into the image of God. Filled with love to God and all mankind, they look upon all professing "Christianity" as brethren, and children of the same great Parent. To attack such, is as pusillanimous as for a full grown, armed man to assault a helpless, smiling infant. And yet, alas! how often is this done? Almost every revival is followed by efforts to draw away the converts, either to their Church, or "down into the water." Verily, proselyting is a degrading, contemptible business! The most appropriate indignation I ever heard given it, was by Bishop Morris, who styled it, "Ecclesiastical Sheep-stealing."

In this crusade the means resorted to are not always of the purest character; and no marvel, since a dishonourable warfare must give rise to, and sanction expedients consonant with the motives that prompt it. It is not infrequently the case that the proselyter is found entering to the proselyting of fallen humanity, or almost defying an ordinance, in order to carry his point. He will tell those whom he seeks to "convert to his party," that the rules of the Church to which they belong (especially if they are Methodists, and they seem to have an insatiable hankering after the Methodist fold) are entirely too rigid; that they are cut off from all those innocent amusements and refined gratifications—such as dancing, attending the theatre, etc., etc., so consonant with our natures, and which are repugnant only to the puritanical. In the Church no such tight laced opinions obtain, and no such rules are tolerated and enforced; for, all that she requires is a decent conformity to the order of worship; and to avoid any open infraction of general morality. These being observed, little if any thing more is required or expected. To be regenerated in baptism; receive the Holy Ghost in confirmation; and sustaining, conquering grace in the Lord's Supper, constitute the

Churchman's status of religion ad novum. It is sometimes the case that the Proselyter appeals to the pride or vanity of his intended victims. The subjects are given to understand that their intelligence and respectability are of too high an order to be allied to an association, composed principally of the middle or lower classes of society; and who, in consequence, are not so intelligent and refined as could be desired; therefore, they should seek connection with a Church composed of persons whose advantages and position are like their own. Here they can find society for themselves and families; there they have very little, if any. Thus, the weakest point in human nature, vanity, is assailed. It is unpleasant to believe, that men and women professing godliness—professing to be ministers of Jesus Christ, can descend so low as thus to cater to the passions of the human heart, merely to swell a "party," and yet, I must follow to a still lower step. It ever and anon happens that those sought to be proselyted, are fond of the Methodists in poverty and obscurity, and raised to independence and some degree of prominence. On these the Proselyter fixes his longing eyes, and approaches them on this point: they are captivated into the belief that a connection with the Church, which comprises the elite, the very honours of society—which constitutes the status of respectability, will not only increase their respectability, but facilitate their temporal outside, by affording them different and more fashionable society, and ultimately secure advantageous matrimonial connections for themselves, or the sons and daughters of those already married. This appeal to self interest tells with powerful effect upon the minds of some who are taken out of the very dust and raised to respectability by a connection with the Church they are now desired to abandon. Being ambitious of yet greater elevation, and forgetting the pit whence they were dug, and the debt of obligation under which they are placed, they yield to the Tempter, and in so doing often make "shipwreck of faith and a good conscience." I will now ask, if any one with proper self-respect can become a proselyter? And if, how common is this habit! And they try hard to persuade themselves that it is a duty—that they are bound to get the poor schismatics and heretics into their Church, that they may finally be saved. "O tempora, O mores!"

The Immersionists have to practice upon a different system of tactics: since they cannot invoke the aegis of the elite and bou ton, they apply the power of water. They tell those whom they have marked for "the liquid grave," that "infant baptism is no sin," and that "immersion in water, by a regularly authorized (dipped) administrator" is essential to, and that "this alone is baptism." That in order to "obey Christ"—to follow his example, and be a real Bible Christian, they must be immersed. But as long as they live in the neglect of this duty, they live in a state of sin; are out of Christ's Church, unfit for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and have no covenant assurance of heaven. That the ministers of Methodist E. Church are religious tyrants, and her government an ecclesiastical despotism; and as to the Presbyterians, they are all "true blue," and "Still so perverse and opposite, As if they worshipped God for spite." Indeed, in ecclesiastical matters, they are religious Ishmaelites, whose hands "are against every man"; they are the excluders of all excludents; and their battle cry is "water, water, water."

"In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple as assuming
That one's self is his outward part."
"Hiding the grossness" of their pretensions, with the "fair ornament" of a text, they lead many unsuspecting, double minded, unstable creatures to a "liquid grave"; and I fear some to a liquid hell. On them rests the fearful responsibility; and they shall answer for it.

Virginia. EPISTOLEUS.

Selections.

Deacons of the Olden Time.

Deacon John Benedict was a worthy old man, and enjoyed many claims to respect. He was not only a deacon but a Justice of the Peace; moreover, he was the father of Aunt Delight—of whom I desire ever to speak with reverence. She not being a beauty, was never married, and hence, having no children of her own, she combed and crammed the heads of other people's children. In this way she was eminently useful in her day and generation. The Deacon respected the law, especially as it was administered in his own person. He was severe upon those who violated the statutes of the State, but who violated the statutes of Deacon John Benedict committed an unpardonable sin. He was the entire police of the meeting house on Sunday, and not a boy or girl, or even an humble bee could offend without condign punishment. Nevertheless, the Deacon said in one case—rather before my time—to have met his match. There was in the village, a small, smart, nervous woman, with a vigorous clack, which, once set a going, was hard to stop. One day she was at church, and having carried her dinner of mince pie in a little cross-handled basket, she set it down under the seat. In the midst of sermon time a small dog came into the pew, and, getting behind her petticoats, began to devour the pie. She heard what was going on and gave him a lick. Upon this the dog backed away with a yelp, but bringing the dinner basket, hung across his neck with him.

Back, back he went across the pew into the broad aisle.

"Oh, dear!" said the woman in a shrill voice—"The dog's got my dinner! What will Deacon Benedict say? Why, I'm talking all the time. There it goes again. What shall I do?"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Deacon, who was in his official seat, fronting like a charm, and the nervous lady was silent. The next day Deacon John appeared at the house of the offender, carrying a calf bound volume in his hand. The woman gave one glance at the book and one at the Deacon. That was enough; it spoke volumes, and the man of the law returned home and never mentioned the subject afterwards.—This is the whole of the story as it was reported to me in my youth.

Deacon Hawley was very unlike either of his two associates. He was younger, of a peculiarly mild and amiable temper. His countenance wore a tranquil and smooth expression. His hair was fine and silky, and lay as if oiled to his head. He had a voice and an ear for music. He was a cabinet maker by trade, a chorister by choice, a deacon by the vote of the church, a Christian by the grace of God. In each of these things he found a place, as if designed for it by nature and by Providence.

How easily did life flow on for him! How diffident was his peaceful current from the battle waged by Gran'ther Baldwin from the beginning, and ceasing only when death put his cold finger on the heart and silenced it forever.—Oh, nature! thou art a powerful form, sometimes moulding the heart in love and charity, and sometimes as in bitterness and spite. Let those who become the judges of man here below make due allowance for these things.

In worldly affairs as well as spiritual, Deacon Hawley's path was straight and even; he was successful in business, beloved in society, honored in the church. Exceedingly frugal by habit and disposition, he still loved to give in charity though he told the world not of it. When he was old, his family being well provided for, he spent much of his time in casting about to find opportunities of doing good. Once he learned that a widow, who had been in good circumstances, was struggling with poverty, for fear of wounding her pride, he more sensitive, perhaps, because of her change of condition. He therefore intimated that he owed a debt to her late husband, and wished to pay it to her. And how was that? said the lady, somewhat startled.

"I will tell you," said the Deacon.—"About five and twenty years ago, soon after you were married, I made some furniture for your husband—to the amount of two hundred dollars. I have been looking over the accounts, found that I rather overcharged him in the price of some chairs; that is I could have afforded them at somewhat less. I have added up the interest, here, madam, is the money."

The widow listened, and, as she suspected the truth, the tears came to her eyes. The Deacon comprehended all in an instant; he did not pause for a reply, but laid the money on a table and departed.

Another trait of this good man was his patriotism. The prosperity of his country seemed always to be in his heart—a source of gratification to himself and a cause of thanksgiving to God. His conversation—his prayers were full of these sentiments. Though of moderate intellectual gift, his temper was so even, his desires so just, that his judgment was almost infallible; and hence he exercised a large though quiet and unseen influence upon other men. It is strange in this world to see a man who always and under all circumstances seems to have as his master motive—the wish to be doing just right. Yet such a man was Deacon Hawley.

Scottish Superstitions.

On an infant entering the first strange house, the person who carries it demands a piece of silver, an egg, and some bread, for good luck to the child. This is a folk lore in Edinburgh; does it exist elsewhere?

2. When a pea-pod containing nine peas is found by a young woman while she is dressing, she places it above the outer door, and the first young man who enters the door thereafter is to be her future husband.

3. There are fishermen in Forfarshire who, on a hare crossing their path while on their way to their boats, will not put to sea that day.

4. In some parts of Scotland a horse-shoe that has been found, when nailed to the mast of a fishing boat, is a great means of ensuring the boats safety in a storm.

OVERWHELMING APPROBATION.—A toper, quite the worse for liquor, reeled up in front of a pulpit, from which the Rev. Mr. Kidwell, a Universalist preacher, was proclaiming that there is no hell. After listening a while, the drunkard cried out: "That's it, Kidwell, my old friend! Make them words true, for if you don't I'm a goner."—The sermon was, at the same time, cut short and refuted, by this unexpected approval.

From the Nashville Christian Advocate.

The Conference.

An Annual Conference is a season of peculiar interest to the itinerant preacher. Having completed his year's toil, he goes to meet his fellow-laborers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus. The usual salutations and happy greetings past, each makes his report, showing the fruits of his well-meant efforts, and prepares for another year's work. It is a time for reflection and a prayerful review of the past, and hopes and pledges for the future. He asks:—"How have I demeaned myself; what has been my success, and how shall I stand at the last day, in view of the work I have done, and the manner of its performance?"

Again he inquires with a degree of anxiety, with deep concern: "Where shall my lot be cast for another year; what shall I win to success, and how many souls shall I win to Christ?"

These are a few of the thoughts which occupy the mind of the faithful itinerant. His own case, his own conduct are not questions which concern him; nor is he so much interested about his support or that of his family. The main questions with him are: "Shall I please God and do good?"

One of the most morally sublime scenes we have ever witnessed is to behold a body of faithful Methodist preachers, receiving their appointments in the spirit of Christ, and setting forth full of faith and the Holy Ghost to their various fields of labor. There are no flying banners; no sound of martial music; no glittering swords or waving plumes; none of those evidences of parade and pomp, of splendor and glory thrown around the moving battalions as they march to the field of blood; but there is the great command of the Master: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" and the encouraging promise: "Lo, I am with you." These are enough. He shouts:

"My life, my blood, I here present,
For thy truth they may be spent;
Full for thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!"

Give me thy strength, O God of power!
Then let wide blows or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
"Thy fixed—I can do all through thee."

Large body of men constancy of love of Christ thus moving to action. Their motto being, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Such men deserve well of the Church, and of every philanthropist, and wherever they go they should be received as messengers of mercy, heralds of the cross. They are the benefactors of their race, and confer blessings upon society which come from no other source. True, they are men of like passions with their brethren; yet they are the depositories of the grace of Christ, having rich treasures in earthly vessels:

"Gold is but dress, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare;
How mean when set against those joys
Thy poorest treasures share!"

"Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay;
And the weak sons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey."

Cast thy Burden upon the Lord.

Dr. Payson, when racked with pain, and near to death, exclaimed, "O what a blessed thing it is to lose one's self! Since I have lost my self I have found happiness! There cannot be such a thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desires but that God's will may be accomplished."

John Newton, in his old age, when his sight had become so dim as to be unable to read, hearing the scripture repeated, "By the grace of God I am what I am," paused for some moments, and then uttered this affecting soliloquy: "I am not what I ought to be. Ah! how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be. I abhor that which is evil, and I would cleave to that which is good. I am not what I hope to be. Soon, soon, I shall put off with mortality, all sin and imperfection.—Though I am not what I ought to be, yet I can truly say I am not what I once was, a slave to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.'"

"I was once called," says Mr. Jay, "to attend the dying bed of a young female. In answer to my inquiries, she replied, 'I have little to relate as to my experience. I have been much tried and tempted; but this is my sheet anchor. He hath said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' I know I come to him, and I expect he will be as good as his word. Poor and unworthy as I am, he will not trifle with me nor deceive me. It would be beneath his greatness as well as his goodness."

"Providence does much to save us from real evils, but we must save ourselves from imaginary ones."

God made Washington childless, that a nation might call him father.

THE ATONEMENT.

REV. DR. DRUMMOND.

The benefits of the atonement are not limited by the decree of God to a certain number of our race styled the elect. Many great and good men, whom we honor as servants of the Most High, and whom we heartily bid God speed in all their labors of love, still have inscribed upon their creed, that none were "redeemed by Christ . . . but the elect only," and that "the rest of mankind, God was pleased . . . to pass by, and to ordain them to dishonour and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice." Glorious justice! "To pass by" men and leave them without a Saviour, and consequently without any chance or possibility of salvation, and to damn them for not believing in a Saviour who never died for them—and in whom they surely ought not to believe if he never "redeemed" them—is called "glorious justice!" Well, if that be justice, it is, as some one remarks, "justice stamped with the most terrific features of its opposite, so that no human mind can see the glory of the one, for the inevitable manifestation of the other."

The scheme of absolute predestination, by which God carries out his purposes, touching both the elect and reprobates, is thus delineated by Dr. Chalmers, a great and good man, who possessed liberal views, and a warm benevolent heart: "The will of man, active and spontaneous, and fluctuating as it appears to be, is an instrument in his (God's) hand, and he turns it at his pleasure, and he brings other instruments to act upon it, and he piles it with all its excitements, and he measures the force and proportion of each of them, and every step of every individual receives as determinate a character from the hand of God, as every mile of the planet's orbit. . . . This power of God knows no exceptions. It is absolute and unlimited. . . . It reigns and operates through all the secretaries of the inner man. It gives birth to every conception. It yields an entire ascendancy over every attribute of the mind, and the will, and the fancy, and the understanding, with all the counter-operations, are subordinated to the progress movement and direction through every one point in the line of our pilgrimage. At no one moment of time does it abandon us. It follows us to the hour of death, and it carries us to our place of everlasting destiny in the regions beyond it." Now, wherein, as regards man's free agency and his destiny, does most rank fatalism differ from this rigid predestination? Can fatalism do more than to ply the will with "all its excitements," and measure the "force and proportion of each of them," and give "birth to every purpose," impulse to every desire, form and color to every conception, wield an "entire ascendancy over every attribute of the mind," give "movement and direction through every one point in the line of our pilgrimage," and "carry us to our eternal destiny"? No; fatalism cannot go beyond this. For there is nothing in thought, desire, or action—nothing involving our happiness or misery, in time and eternity, that is not ascribed in the foregoing quotation, to the resistless power of God.

The Mountains on Fire.

The Rev. H. . . . of the Kentucky Conference, related to me the following incident, in regard to himself: When admitted to Conference, his first appointment was to the mountains of Western Virginia. His presiding elder requested him to study first the regular course of reading for candidates for "deacon's orders." He remarked that during the winter he could study but little, as he had to lodge in the same room with the families among whom he had labored. In those days of log-cabins, parlors and well-furnished parlors were not to be found in that region of country. However, in summer he resorted to the woods to study the "prescribed sciences." "O sir," said he, "no language can describe how Satan buffeted me for a long season.—Logic and rhetoric were dry and uninteresting studies to a man far from home—from wife and children. 'At one time,' said he, 'I had a fearful struggle, which lasted for several hours, and I had almost made up my mind to quit the field and return to my worldly occupation. But God be praised, as I put my books on science into my saddle bags, my hand rested upon my pocket Bible. I took it out and commenced reading in it: I soon became deeply interested. Bright and celestial rays darted into my soul, and divine glory gilded the sacred page. O, brother Gaddis, said my dear brother H. . . . 'the mountains were soon on fire, and I arose and made the grand old forest echo with my loud shouts of 'glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will to men.' Ah! my dear reader, he saw by faith while reading the Bible, what the servant of Elisha could not see—the mountains full of horses and chariots. 'After this victory,' said the minister, 'I al-

ways took my Bible with me to the woods, to set my rhetoric on fire.' O, then, read God's precious word constantly. Pray also as did Baxter, Lathrop, Wesley, Whitfield, Fletcher, Asbury, M. Kendree, Hedding, and many whom I might mention of more modern times, and God will make you strong to labor. We may almost do as much good in our closets by importunate, agonizing prayer, as many ministers accomplish in the pulpit.—The Sacred Hour.

The Treasures of the Deep.

Those of our readers whose recollections date back twenty-five years will remember with what pleasure they were accustomed to read a new poem from the pen of Mrs. Hemans. There are few female writers in the whole range of English literature deserving a higher place. She had not the strong intellect, the lofty imagination, and power of analyzing passion possessed by Joanna Baillie—"Sister Joanna," as Walter Scott was accustomed to call her—but she had the spirit of a true poet, and wrote many things that the world should not willingly let die.—The deplorable loss of the Central America, of the treasure and brave men, that, with the ill-fated bark were swallowed by the remorseless sea, reminds us of the best of her short poems. We give it below entire, with the exception of two stanzas:

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold!
Far down, and shining through their stillness,
Them hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wretful main!
Earth claims not these again.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast,
They hast not the booming waters roar,
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy gold and gems, thou stormy gale!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and loved! Those for whom
The place was kept at board and berth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's
Breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning made 'midst festal
song,
But ah! it had no power.

To thee the love of woman hath given down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er melancholy's
head,
O'er youth's bright looks and beauty's dewy
crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the
dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from
thee—
Restore the dead thou seest!

Preach Holiness.

Of all the Wesleyan tenets, none was received by my father more heartily than the doctrine of Christian perfection. He saw it with the eyes that fiction, compiled the Wesleyan Hymn-Book, and throughout his long Christian career he held it to be just as important as Mr. Wesley himself did when he said, "This doctrine is the grand deposit which God has lodged with the people called Methodists; and for the sake of propagating this chiefly, he appeared to have raised us up." Where it is not strongly and explicitly preached, there is seldom any remarkable blessing of God; and consequently little addition to the society, and little life in the members of it. Speak and spare not. Let not regard to any man induce you to betray the truth of God. Till you press believers to expect full salvation now, you must not look for any revival. That point—entire salvation from inbred sin—can hardly be insisted upon in preaching or prayer without a particular blessing—Honest J. B. firmly believes this doctrine, that we are to be saved from all taint in this life; but I wish, when opportunity serves, you will encourage him, trust, strongly, and explicitly. 2. Explicitly to assert and prove that it may be received now; and, 3. That it is to be received by simple faith.—Preface of life of Carver.

The Pastor's Appeal.

"Ye who have sat for weary years
And criticised my voice and tone,
And sorrowed that the word of God
By hands so feeble should be sown;
My Christian friends, a suppliant,
Your Pastor comes to you, this day,
And asks you in the name of Christ,
For his immortal soul to pray,
Tempted without and weak within,
Storm-tossed and tempest-driven,
I struggle, 'mid wild waves of sin,
To point to you the shores of Heaven.
The very office that I bear
Attracts the wily tempter's eyes,
For where there is a leader's place,
There quick the foe's arrows flies.
Although of all my own dark sins
I cannot tell the vast amount,
For souls committed to my charge
I shall be called to give account.
Oh, Christian friends, will ye not heed
The solemn words I speak, this day,
And for a blessing in Christ's name
Upon your Pastor, humbly pray?"
Author of Helbert Aberton.

Tears of Luxury.

"What is the matter with that young man? It was the thought of many, one Sabbath at the Marine's Church, as a well appearing young man wept much during service."

"What was the matter? O, they were tears of joy!"

Joy! for what!

He shall tell his own story: "I am steward of a ship: I am on my way home to Baltimore from Boston; I have not had the privilege of meeting with the people of God for twenty months; I feel that it is good to be here."

How does this correspond with the feelings of those who live alongside of a church, and seldom, if ever visit?—Christian Observer.

From the Texas Christian Advocate.

Holy Conviction.

Never, in our whole life, either in sermon or literary, have we permitted our tongues to utter, or our pen to trace, a denunciation of any one of our sister protestant churches. We as strongly object to some things in connection with our Church; and we are as certainly well satisfied with the correctness of our doctrines and polity, as they can possibly be with theirs. Yet, bound to believe them conscientious as well as we; and conscious that they as well as we are striving to glorify God and save the souls of the people; alive to the solemn fact that there is more work to be done than we all can accomplish; convinced that the spiritual unity of protestantism is not only important in theory, but indispensable in practice, bearing as it does, upon the success of the gospel; and knowing that war between the churches, is not only utterly incompatible with that beautiful and all-embracing charity which is the very life of the religion of Jesus, but that it destroys the confidence of those without, in the sincerity and piety of the churches; we have always felt that we not only had no right to denounce them, but that such a course would be an absolute sin against God. We thus believe now. Observation and experience, in addition to the teaching of the scriptures, have but confirmed these impressions. We solemnly record our conviction, as in the sight of God, that the bitter sectarian bigots with which the land is burdened, and the pulpit and religious press disgraced, and God's sweet atmosphere polluted, and simple-hearted persons deceived, are doing more harm to the cause of Christ than all the infidels in the United States. Indeed, they create more than one-half of the infidels. All good people in the churches, and all large-minded men out of them, are rapidly opening their eyes to the shame and sin of those things, and as intelligence and piety advance, such men will find their "occupation gone."

A Prayer for the Times.

Lord, save me from the sinfulness of my own heart and life!
Save me from the false doctrines, false authorities, and hypocritical piety, and iniquity of fashionable religion!
Save me from the over-valuation of anything because it is popular!
Save me from the utter valuation of anything because it is not popular!
Save me from the awfulness of infidelity—from all forms of godlessness and hopelessness!
Save me from all social and political corruptions and delusions!
Help me to live and die a penitent, faithful, holy, and happy Bible Christian!

Our Pastor.

We have no sorrow that he does not feel,
No joy he will not share;
No wound which sympathy has power to heal,
But we may care if there,
The romping child he passes at his play—
Stops for his welcome smile;
The beggar wight, who meets him in the way,
Treads lighter for a while.
Even the furrowed brows of the tolling man,
Grow smoother when he comes;
And they whose lives are dark with many a stain,
Welcome him to their homes.
Yes, we might love our pastor all too well,
But that his faithful hand
Leads us with gentleness (no words can tell)
To a still better friend;
And so the love he bears not first to take,
Comes back in higher tone;
We love him better for his Master's sake,
Than even for his own.

Church Journal.

A Pretty Stout Petition.

The chaplain of the Indiana Legislature recently opened the session with a prayer, which closed with the following eloquent and sensible invocation!

And, O Lord, have mercy upon the Legislators. Be with them and bless them, even if they know Thee not.— Spare their lives and teach them to glorify Thy name. Hasten them to their homes, where they may direct their attention to good works and general usefulness among their families and neighbors. May the people resolve to keep them there, and in future elect men of morals and temperate habits, so that good may hereafter result from legislation. Save the good people from the disgrace which must follow if the same crowd should again come here to make laws. Hear us, Lord, and grant our prayer. Amen."

Tears of Luxury.

"What is the matter with that young man? It was the thought of many, one Sabbath at the Marine's Church, as a well appearing young man wept much during service."

"What was the matter? O, they were tears of joy!"

Joy! for what!

He shall tell his own story: "I am steward of a ship: I am on my way home to Baltimore from Boston; I have not had the privilege of meeting with the people of God for twenty months; I feel that it is good to be here."

How does this correspond with the feelings of those who live alongside of a church, and seldom, if ever visit?—Christian Observer.