

# CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

G. W. Johnson



5 FOR

OPAL CHURCH, SOUTH—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, Editor.

\$1 50 a year, in advance.

Vol. III., No. 33.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE METHODIST

RALEIGH, THURSDAY.

AUGUST 19, 1858.

## Original.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.  
A Remedy for Church Evils.

Our present course in neglecting to enforce the rules of the church is well calculated to spread and perpetuate among the masses of our people, not only ignorance of the obligation, but the existence of these rules.

The persons referred to, may have heard them read from the pulpit, or may have met with them in turning over the leaves of the Discipline. But what attention will be paid to rules that are never heard of, except in the pulpit or in the book? The church does not require their observance as necessary to membership, they cannot, therefore, in the estimation of our people, be necessary to salvation. They have no time nor inclination for works that are utterly useless. What motive is there to heed and remember? Surely ignorance of our rules is the natural and inevitable growth of our present policy. But if the knowing and the doing of them are, so far as we have opportunity, necessary to salvation, then those who know them, are persisting for the lack of knowledge. So ignorance and destruction rise and spread from our present course, as malaria from stagnant waters. Can we be willing to pursue in the very teeth of our Discipline, a policy that must, inevitably, entail death and woe upon immortal souls? Brethren for whom Christ died, and to whom Christ is precious, perish for the want of that knowledge which the faithful enforcement of the Discipline would have imparted! What comfort can we find in these sad reflections? That ignorance and violation of the rules do not produce spiritual death? An Antinomian may get comfort from this source, but a Methodist preacher never. Can we take comfort in the thought that our course of neglect does not necessarily involve ignorance and ruin? That some of the members do know and observe the rules, and all might? This is a general source of comfort among the preachers, and I shall endeavor to remove it.

To take comfort from this source, we must believe that we are not guilty of other men's sins, so long as we know there are persons in the same circumstances who do not sin; that we are not guilty of the sins of our members who violate the rules, because there are others under the same administration that observe them. If this be true, I may, without guilt, desert from any further effort in behalf of all who have had the means by which others have been brought into a state of salvation. If this be true, we may, without guilt, abolish church discipline entirely, because numbers have been saved who never, by joining the church, came under its restraints. If this be true, we may, without guilt, confine ourselves to the bare placing the means of salvation within the reach of men, without urging, or to use the words of Christ, "compelling them" to accept. One class of means may be adapted to one class of people, and when these means have been properly applied and pressed, we may be clear of the sins of that class. But other means are adapted to others, and these must, if they are at our command, be applied and pressed, or we are verily guilty of our brother's blood. The simple preaching of the Gospel, without any church organization, will save many souls. But the great mass of mankind must have the benefit of an efficient church government, or the preaching of the Gospel will be lost upon them.

We, therefore, have no right to any comfort in reflecting upon the ruinous ignorance that grows out of our neglect of Discipline from the consideration that some do, and all might, know and observe the rules. Our present method of applying the means of salvation, can develop the vigorous religion of the Gospel in only a small class. Whereas, if church government were administered, with firm and holy hands, this vigorous religion would be the wide-spread, universal growth of the church. Under the faithful administration of our Discipline, the rules of the church, would be as well known to the members, as the regulations of a well-ordered school are to the students. And I add, we had just as well expect sound scholarship in a school, where wise regulations are unknown and unobserved, as to expect sound and vigorous piety, where the wise, the scriptural rules of our Discipline are unknown and unobserved.

"My people perish for lack of knowledge." J. TILLET.  
Ridgeway, Aug. 12th.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.  
A Brace of Stories.

FROM THE GERMAN.

HOW THE PROFESSOR FOUND A SUBJECT FOR A BOOK.

A Professor had upon his writing-table, as all Professors have, paper, ink and pen. A Professor, my dear children, is a man to whom grown people go to school, as boys and girls go to a Schoolmaster; a man who has learned so much that many

a time he does not know what to do with all things he has in his hand, and in that way occasionally loses some of them; a man who has read a great many books, and who has written almost as many as he has read; wherefore he needs pens, ink and paper.

Once upon a time such a Professor sat at his table and thought about the book which he wished to write. The pen was already in his hand, but it was evening, and he was fatigued with work, and—presumably—down went his eyelids, and he was asleep.

It seemed to him that he heard a stir, that the paper began to creak and to crackle, [zu knistern und knattern] and he finally heard it say, in a soft tone,

"I should like to know what the Professors would do without me; he could write no more, as I am the chief thing in the whole operation of book-making."

"O, you dummy of a paper," here the ink broke plump into the discourse,—how can you talk in that fashion? It is the black letter which makes the book, and which always stays upon the page face and upon when every one turns his attention."

"You are both ignorant," the Pen cackled, still retaining some of its original goose nature,—for it is plain as the day, that I am the principle personage in this business, am not I that, without which, the letters could not be formed? Do you really, O Ink, imagine that you make them? What beautiful blots we should see, if you should undertake to write?"

The pen continued its clatter, still louder and louder, while it roused the Professor. He had, in his sleep, made a great blur with the Pen, over the Paper, and had borne with such a hand as to split the Pen all the way up; thereby he had approached too near the inkstand, which had tumbled; and the Ink had overflowed the table, now over the Professor's study-gown, and fallen upon the floor. This was a sore mishap for the good man, as he did not wish to spoil the colors of his robe by having it marked. But the Professor was thoroughly aroused by the aspect of this unfortunate accident, and wrote his book, the subject of which was, that when any thing discharges its appropriate function it is as good as it can be, and that all seeking together can produce something great and useful, which nothing else can accomplish.

The book had a great run; and even the Paper, the Pen, and the Ink, seemed to have laid the lesson to heart, as thereafter, when the Professor slept late beside his work, he heard no more such altercations as had aforesaid distracted him.

## II.

A COSPOLING REFLECTION.

The rabbits were once grieving over the precarious mode of their lives. "Do we not live?" said one, "in perpetual terror of men, dogs, wild-teats and wild-birds? Are we not the prey of all these, just as often and as much as they choose? And is it not better once for all to die, than to live in a perpetual anxiety which is a greater anguish than death itself?"

The words of the speaker found ready audience; and it was resolved that they should forthwith and unanimously proceed to drown themselves. There was a pond near the church-yard, and thither they hastened with the utmost speed. The noise of their coming and the very appearance thereof so frightened a number of frogs who were sitting on the banks that they precipitately plunged into the water.

"Ha! what is that?" spoke one of the most reputable Rabbits. "Behold, there are other creatures who are frightened by us as much as we are by our enemies—After all, our circumstances cannot be the most desperate in the world. And we can, at any rate, postpone this water-death a season."

The adoption of this proposition has preserved the race of rabbits to this day. And thou, in thy severest tribulations, should not allow thyself to be tortured by disquiet. Look around among thy fellow-men, and thou wilt certainly behold some, with whose fate thou wouldst not exchange thy own. Compare thyself with these, and be comforted.

Our young readers are requested to notice the discrepancy in the Professor and Schoolmaster. How wretchedly narrow-minded these Germans must be! Why, in this glorious country, our teachers of a school of country youths at a cross-roads may take the name of Professor, or even a teacher of a school of "Professors of the Syringmation-Art." But German ideas, no matter how deep, are not like American notions, "mighty broad."

## Dr. Tyng on the Prophecies.

The Commencement of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., opened with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, on Sunday, 1st inst. A correspondent of the N. Y. Post says: Instead of gratifying the audience by one of his extempore speeches, he read a long, learned and labored discussion of the prophecies of the Bible, as to the inauguration of the kingdom of Christ upon the earth, altogether novel in its character, and somewhat remarkable in its views and conclusions.

He held that God's will had never been dominant in any human government, but that they were all mere organizations of man's apostasy to God. God, in his authority, is banished from the earth. He spoke severely of the way in which Great Britain panders to Indian superstitions, and America to slavery.

Dr. Tyng found in the prophecies the ground of his hope and confidence. He interpreted them as predicting that four successive and universal monarchies were to rule the world, all subservient to God's will, the kingdoms of gold, silver, brass and iron. Finally there would be a fifth universal kingdom—the real reign of God on earth.

The four were the Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All these are passed. This is the stage of transition and chaos. Soon, and by a mighty and sudden revolution, the last kingdom will be ushered in.—The time, he argued, was very near.

## Selects.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.  
Methodism and the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Bishop Smith—Which should supercede the other, the Methodist Episcopal or the Protestant Episcopal Church?—Precedent Claims of Methodism—Misrepresentations of Wesley—Did Wesley approve the Methodist Episcopal Church?

Bishop Smith, in his late annual address to the Kentucky Protestant Episcopal Convention, said:

More than a quarter of a century ago, after first surveying Kentucky as a field of labor in connection with the higher culture, the moral improvement, and the spiritual welfare of the general population, to come, I made a remark, which I have since never failed to repeat on all proper occasions, that the Methodist and Episcopal branches of the Church in America ought never to have been two. They are, under very different circumstances, it is true, an offshoot of the same venerable, live oak-stock—the Church of England. It was not intended by Mr. Wesley that his societies should ever be other than supplementary to the Church of England. Transplanted to the soil of Kentucky, they stand more evenly supplementary to each other still. As Mr. Wesley never would leave the Church of England, though he mourned over its declensions and deplored the evils of an establishment, much less, in Kentucky, could he be found anywhere, except in the ranks of the clergy of the same Church, here somewhat reformed, and entirely so in all those respects which grieved his pious heart. Here they are more than ever supplementary to each other.

There is a tone of liberality in these remarks, but it is all on one side—a style which, by a paradox of poor human nature, expresses liberal feelings, while it means only prejudice and selfishness. The good bishop loves his Methodist neighbors, but loves them so much that he cannot but mourn that they should remain Methodists any longer, though they differ not essentially in his opinion from his own people. He sees clearly, as most men of his good sense see, that there is not sufficient reason for the existence of two such bodies as the Protestant and Methodist Episcopal Churches in any part of this country, but he would have the more important body annihilated to make way for the smaller one. In no part of the nation do we believe there exists any necessity for both Churches. There is no public advantage afforded by the Protestant Episcopal Church, not even in this city of New York, which the Methodist Episcopal Church could not as freely afford, were the former to give way to the latter; but on the other hand, who does not see that there are the most important advantages of religion, the most needed methods of labor, and discriminations of religious doctrine afforded by Methodism, which are not, and probably could not be afforded by the Protestant Episcopal Church under its present regime? Which is the most successful?—The question is not an invidious one; it is here simply a test one. Which discriminates best before the popular mind, the theological opinions that are most essential to the popular reformation and to vital religion? Which has the most effective organization? Methodism certainly takes precedence in these respects. And then, as to the invidious fact of numbers, the preponderance is altogether on the Methodist side. While Methodism is the popular religion of this country in a more eminent sense than any other Church, our Protestant Episcopal brethren are but comparatively a small ingredient of the religious mass, scarcely perceptible in most places, and perceptible in a few, chiefly by wealth, or similar facts of social position, which, Septuagintally considered, are far far from being the best proofs of a true Church.

In fact, in every respect Methodism takes the precedence. It does so, even chronologically. Both the Methodist Episcopal and the Protestant Episcopal Churches were originally parts of the English national Church in the American colonies. The Revolution dissolved their relations to England, and left them adrift, unorganized on the current of the events after the war. Both attempt to collect their respective fragments, and to obtain from England some form of reorganization as a substitute for the defunct Anglo-American Church. Methodism obtained it first—in an Episcopal Church government, with a bishop, ordained by Wesley, in solemn forms, he being a presbyter of the Church of England, and acting in this case according to good precedent in Church history, as confirmed by some of the highest au-

thorities of the Church of England itself. The Methodist Episcopal Church, we repeat, is not only the most effective in regimen, the most effective in theology, vastly the most effective numerically, but the most effective in organization. We mean in the name of common sense, and it is called upon to give way to a more vigorous denomination having the same parentage and the same general features, but a subsequent birth, and less efficiency.

The Protestant Episcopal Church, on all terms of Christian expediency, ought to be merged in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The latter is the true offspring of the English Church in this country; the former is but an after-birth, and practically out of place, and had Methodism retained the old ritual, as it does retain a part of it, or should it ever resume it, (as it never has, and never will, so long as it remains a part of the strength of the Protestant Episcopal Church) would be gradually transferred to it. It is not impossible that it may yet effectively displace the latter on this continent, and there are strong probabilities that instead of being swallowed up by the national Church in England, Wesleyan Methodism will absorb the latter after that coming and inevitable event—the dissolution of Church and State in England.

Why, then, should not the good Bishop of Kentucky propose to merge his own Church in ours, rather than ours in his? The only obvious ground of hesitation must be his notions of ecclesiasticalism, but these John Wesley, whom he claims as his opinion on the question, threw to the winds. Wesley pronounced the apostolic succession "a fable,"—that is his phrase about it—and yet this fable, with its logical sequences, can be the only important reason why Bishop Smith could not consent that his own denomination should be absorbed in ours.

The remark that Wesley never designed that his societies should separate from the Church of England is one of those incessantly repeated but irrelevant sophisms with which the Protestant Episcopal Church has tired out the patience of American Methodists who know anything about the case. This was Wesley's views respecting the societies in England, and perhaps there was a providential design in the fact; it may be that thus Methodism, so rapidly absorbing the population of the English Church, is yet to supercede the Establishment, especially at the no very distant day when the latter must fail, and when Methodism must be a much greater necessity for England than it has ever yet been. But Wesley did not entertain this view of American Methodism after our Revolution. On the contrary, he organized American Methodism as a distinct Church. It is absurd to question the fact in view of his acts and correspondence. No fact in history is better demonstrated, and it is not too much to say that it is absolutely impossible for an honest man to doubt it, after an examination of the history of the question. He ordained Thomas Coke as the episcopal head of the new American body—Thomas Coke, who was already a presbyter, and therefore could be ordained only to the next office above that of presbyter, namely, the episcopate. Wesley followed the Rubric in ordaining him, by having the required number of presbyters to assist at the ceremony; he assigned a written reason for the act, which shows that he understood it to be an ordination to the episcopate, namely, the proof of Lord King that presbyters could in the ancient Church ordain bishops—a curious fact to cite, if he did not think he was ordaining one himself; he called Coke "a superintendent," which means the same as bishop, he did not like the latter title because of its adventitious associations, but he liked the thing, the office; he sent over a liturgy by Bishop Coke to be used forever in the new Church, and in this liturgy were retained the English forms for the ordination of, not only deacons and presbyters, but also of bishops, though the latter were named simply "superintendents." Wesley himself did all this, and after the organization of the Church, published at his own Book House in London, its Minutes, in which it declared that, "following the advice of Mr. Wesley it had formed itself into an Episcopal Church;" and Charles Wesley, whose high-churchism was always cramping Methodism, complained that Coke had done wrong, Wesley defended the latter as having done right. He did, we say, all this, and did it before the present Protestant Episcopal Church was organized.

Our readers know well that we are heartily catholic, and care little about ecclesiasticalism of any kind, except to scot it as the blighting curse of all Church history. We greet every intimation of catholicity that appears amid the prevalent dogged sectarianism; but this sort of liberality, that comes from one of the numerically and morally feeblest of the sects of the country, proposing to swallow up, through sheer love, the largest and most effective, strikes us as characteristic of a consummate denominational vanity and arrogance; and when we remember that the generous proposition is made chiefly, if not only, on the ground of the

ecclesiastical folly of the "Apostolic Succession," it appears to us the completest exemplification of the "found any where of Christ's vain sauciness about straining at a gnat" and swallowing a camel; or at least attempting to swallow one.

We regret not only Bishop Smith's remarks, but much more the occasion of them. That occasion was the reception of several presbyters of the Methodist Episcopal Church into the Protestant Episcopal ministry. We would treat all such cases with a vacancy. Where the conscience is involved, as in important theological opinions, a good man not only may, but sometimes should, change his Church relations. It is an example due to the supremacy of truth. We can conceive too of other strong reasons for such a painful change; but they are rare. In the early Methodist Episcopal Church, there have been frequent, and not a few of its preachers in England and America yielded to them; but seldom with advantage. As late as thirty years ago, when we entered the ministry, few young men, especially such as had struggled for an education, and were indebted for it, could enter our ministry without despondent misgivings. We know a preacher whose whole youth had been a desperate struggle, and who about that time commenced his public life in one of our churches in a dense and expensive city; his board was paid by the society in an humble home, and his salary was one hundred dollars a year. Before half the first year was gone, a debt of eighty dollars for his education came upon him, leaving him twenty dollars for all his expenses of travel, books, clothing, and charity during the year. He was surrounded with good Protestant Episcopal brethren, who, as usual, held out the kindest and most tempting offers to him. He could not but feel their seductions; but we know that he has often since been inexpressibly grateful that he finally escaped from what he now believes was a temptation, which, with all its apparent justifications, would have afflicted his whole life with painful recollections.—There are sometimes still more urgent motives appealing to the young preacher's most affectionate sympathies and dearest hopes of domestic life. Let us not then be too harsh with such cases. But it can be affirmed that such motives, though once common among us, are now almost exceptional; and that in any instance, the sense of suffering for a good cause, and for a generous example among his suffering brethren, is a richer consolation to a noble heart than any temporal advantage. It is difficult for us to recall a single instance in which such changes have not left an unfortunate trace on the character of the preacher. Any man who finds himself capable of succumbing to the usual motives that lead to them, may conclude that the elements of true heroism, of true greatness, are not in him; and no man, no young man especially, should ever admit that conclusion. Had the men who have gone to Bishop Smith, who have turned away from the Church which saved them and gave them rank as preachers of the Gospel—a rank which they probably would never otherwise have obtained, by reason of the requirement of theological education by other churches—had they left their brethren for any poorer or less ostensible denomination, their example would have been more excusable; had they turned aside to a Church of more contrasted theological opinions, it would have been less suspicious; had they even turned to popery, the public, regretting their greater error, would, nevertheless, have charitably felt that the change might have been more conscientious; but the nearly identical character of the Protestant Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal Churches, in all fundamental theology, allows no such honorable excuse for these clerical somersets. Self-seeking, social position, salary, or ease, or some kindred motive, will inevitably be suspected by the most charitable minds, in most such cases. However legitimate these motives may be to clergymen, when kept in subordination to higher ones, the public mind will never allow them, now that our Church finances are so much improved, to be sufficient to justify the evil effects which always attend a revolution like this in the position of a clergyman—the grief of Christian brethren, the breaking up of old Christian ties, the ungrateful disregard of precious memories and obligations to the people who saved and nurtured the heartless proselyte, the scorn of honest but godless men, who think they see the virtual simony of the act. Conscience can seldom be pleaded in cases like these, because it can seldom really act in them; never, perhaps, but when deluded by a self-sought sophistry. We say to any man who, after a fair examination of the matter, wishes to desert the M. E. Church, Go! the quicker the better, if you are capable of the deed; but for the honor of our common Christianity, of our common humanity even, give, in so extraordinary a change, some show of heroism; don't go where you can sink away from your toiling and self-sacrificing brethren into gilded ease, and competent obscurity and inefficiency; there

are poor and struggling churches enough, where you can find opinions or forms to meet your consciences; go among them; go with the self-sacrifice that is necessary for your self-respect in an act so suspicious and painful to most good men. The Moravians have the "Apostolic Succession," the Free-Will Baptists will meet your scruples about immersion and your Arminianism also; if you must shock the whole circle of your public influence, by such secessions, give at least to Christian men the comfort of seeing that you choose for conscience sake to take the lower rather than the uppermost seats in the synagogue.

## Remarkable Special Providences.

It is an authentic fact that during the terrible massacre in Paris, in which many eminent Christians were cruelly slain, a young man, named M. de Moilin, was preserved for further usefulness to the cause of the gospel in a most remarkable manner. He crept into a brick oven to conceal himself, but had little hope of remaining undiscovered in the ferreting search for slaughter that was carried on. In the kind providence of God, a spider immediately crawled to the opening of the good man's retreat, and wove a web across it. The dust blew upon the airy screen and made it dingy; so that the place appeared long unfrequented.—The enemies of the Christians soon passed by, and one of them carelessly remarked, "No one could have been in that oven for several days!"

What a touching idea does this incident give of our Father's protecting love for his children!

An anecdote similar in character is related of Mr. Churchill, a native of England, who had taken up his abode in India, about two miles from Vizagapatam. Soon after sunset, on one occasion, while he was sitting in his dwelling, of which the outer door was thrown open, meditating with deep sorrow upon the recent loss of his wife, and the helplessness of his little children, who were lying asleep near him, he was suddenly thrilled with terror to see a monstrous tiger cross the threshold of his house, and enter the room, with glaring eyes and a ferocious howl. But the animal caught sight of his full-sized image reflected in a large mirror opposite the door, and rushing at it with all his fury, breaking it into a thousand fragments, he suddenly turned and fled from the spot. Thus providentially did God preserve two little children and their father from the jaws of a wild beast!

Less thrilling, but not less remarkable, is the incident related in the following epitaph, which is copied from a tomb near Fort-Royal, in the isle of Jamaica:

"Here lieth the body of Louis Calda, a native of Montpellier, in France, which country he left on account of the Revocation. He was swallowed up by the earthquake which occurred in this place in 1692, but, by the great providence of God was, by a second shock, flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived forty years afterward."

It is said of John Knox, the great Scottish reformer, who had many friends and many enemies, that it was his frequent custom, while in his own house, to sit at the head of a table with his back to the window. On one evening, however, he would not take his usual seat, and gave a positive command that no one of his family should occupy it. He took another chair in a different part of the room, and shortly afterward a gun was fired, the bullet of which passed through the favorite window, grazed the top of his vacant seat, and shattered the candlestick that stood upon his table! This is not the only wonderful escape he had from his malicious and determined foes.

In the Bartholomew massacre, which we have already mentioned, at the order of the King of France, the Admiral de Coligny was put to death in his own house. His chaplain, the pious Merlin, fled from the murderers, who designed also to take his life, and hid himself in a loft of hay. After the days of blood were over, and the Protestants were suffered to keep their lives and their religion, a Synod was convened, of which he was the moderator. In this assembly, when it was stated that many who taken refuge in similar retreats perished from starvation, he was asked how he contrived to keep himself alive. He replied—giving thanks to God while he said it—that a hen laid an egg every day during his concealment, in a nest so near to him that he could reach it with his hand.

The celebrated Dr. Calamy, in his "Life and Times," related that he knew a sea-captain named Stevens, of Harwich, England, who was once, by a wonderful providence, preserved from drowning, together with all his crew. While on a homeward passage from Holland, the vessel sprung a leak, and the water gained in the hold so rapidly that, in spite of the pumps, which were worked with the energy of despair, all on board soon gave themselves up for lost. Suddenly, however, and to the surprise of all, the water ceased to gain in depth, and the pumps being again plied, the ship safely reached her harbor. After her arrival, it was discovered

ered, on examination, that the body of a fish had become so firmly wedged in the leak that it could with difficulty be taken out whole! It is of but little consequence, though it is an established fact, that the fish was preserved in alcohol, and kept as a curiosity in the family of Capt. Stevens.

In view of these striking instances of Divine Providence, how can we think of our Father in heaven and not be touched with the thought of that tender love which leads him to take such wonderful care of his children? Truly, we may "cast all our care upon him; for he careth for us."

## The Vantage Ground.

"No pleasure," says Bacon, "is comparable to the vantage ground of truth." And in this case, as in Gurney's maxim on happiness to be found in kindness, the pleasure is fully equal to the power.

There is real, genuine, whole-hearted pleasure in knowing that you are right—that God is on your side—that his word has revealed the truth so plainly that there is no mistaking the mind and will of the Spirit. Then a man rises up to a noble enthusiasm in the defence and spread of his faith. He counts it all joy if he suffers for it, and is ready to die a martyr if a victim is demanded.

There is great power, too, in having this vantage ground to stand upon.—Any man fights better when he has the best ground. It gives him confidence, and the prestige of victory. Sure of being right he presses his argument home upon his adversary, with a will, and every blow tells. He is not fighting his own battle only. He is the champion of truth; and men, angels and God himself are interested spectators of the conflict in which he is engaged. Compressed with such a cloud of witnesses, and shielded with the consciousness of being right, and wielding the sword of truth, he has indeed the vantage ground, and is sure to win the day.—N. Y. Observer.

## Luther.

A coarse, rugged, plebeian face it was, with great gaps of cheek bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of tears; and deepest melancholy, sweetness, and misery were all there. Often did these seem to meet in Luther the very opposite poles in man's character. He, for example, of whom Richter had said that his words were half battles, he, when he first began to preach, suffered unhealed agony. "O, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz," said he to the Vicar General of his order, "I cannot do it; I shall die in three months. Indeed, I cannot do it."

Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, Sir Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember that they need good heads up yonder, too. So preach, man, preach, and then live or die as it happens."

So Luther preached and lived, and he became, indeed one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world, and also before he died he wrote very many books—books in which speaks the true man—for in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay! Look at the Table Talk, for example.

We see in it a little bird, having alighted at sunset on the bough of a pear tree that grew in Luther's garden. Luther looked upon it, and said, "That little bird, how it covers its wings; and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces, and the great blue depths of immensity. Yet it fears not—it is at home. The God that made it, it is there." The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in the other passages of his book. Coming home from Leipzig in the autumn season, he breaks forth into living words at the fields of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "ereat on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head with bread in it—the bread of man sent to him another year." Such thoughts as these are as little windows through which we gaze into the interior of the depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see, visible across its tempests and clouds, a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted—he might have sung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo.—Carlyle.

## Humility.

They who in reality know much, are the most easily satisfied that they know but little. The last sentence uttered by the distinguished La Place was, "What we know, is little; what we are ignorant of, is immense." Sir Isaac Newton, before his death expressed a similar sentiment.—I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the vast ocean of truth lay still undiscovered before me.