

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1854.

Selected from Friends Review. THE HIDING PLACE. Thou art my hiding place, O Lord! In thee I fix my trust: Encouraged by thy holy word, A feeble child of dust, I have no argument beside, I urge no other plea, And 'tis enough—the Saviour died— My Saviour died for me.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

One morning about ten o'clock, a dear brother came into my room, and after talking with me for an hour or two, left me with a feeling similar to nothing which I ever experienced, save that which I felt in the hour of conversion. I saw again the beauty of God in Christ, and trusted in him fully, not as then, for the salvation of my soul, but for its sanctification. I knew that I might look to the Lord Jesus as my friend, who would come to my help in the time of emergency, and I felt a great repose of my soul in his keeping to save it from the penalty of the law, but this had been all. The work of overcoming sin in the soul, and of thus preparing it for heaven, I thought Christ had committed to me, and I had been accustomed to look forward to life, as one unbroken series of struggles in the effort to accomplish the task. At death I thought Christ would finish what I had left undone; but until then I must do better myself, and "work out my own salvation." I use this language still, but in a different sense from what I formerly gave to it. My friend convinced me that the work which I was undertaking was useless. I was endeavoring to perform that which was comprised in the office of Christ. Sanctification, he assured me, was as truly the work of Christ as salvation. It startled me, though joyfully, and at first I could not believe it. He insisted that Jesus had bought with his blood the privilege of fitting his soul for heaven, as truly as he had that of eventually saving it from hell. He quoted the passage in which Christ is declared to be not only our wisdom, but our sanctification and redemption—other passages in which Christ is described as working in us the good pleasure of the Lord, &c., and assured me that in the case of salvation, my part was to trust in him for that which I desired.

While he conversed, the character of Christ had been expanding and unfolding, till it seemed most beautiful. Still I felt that I was not confiding in him, and asked my friend how I should do so. Then, said he, you are making a work of trusting, and are fancying that until you do something you call trusting, Christ will not receive you. Simply look to Christ and rejoice in him, leaving with him your soul, that he may sanctify it, just as you would leave it with him to be saved, or just as you would confide to me any business which you knew I was fully competent and willing to perform giving up all anxiety concerning it. I saw that he had exposed the true nature of the difficulty, and as I saw the snare of Satan, I felt as I never felt before, the utter hopelessness of ever escaping, unaided, from nets so refined, and so cunningly laid. It seemed as though he had thrown a fine invisible silver wire around my soul, and thus, unperceived, was detaining me from Christ, while I sought first to put forth the effort of trusting

The moment I perceived the difficulty, I rested calmly upon Christ, my anxiety fled, and sweet tranquillity stole over my soul. I seemed resting on his bosom, and, there, panting, exhausted, scarcely daring to breathe, lest I should fall again, I lay, feeling that he bore me in his arms. This was the thought which filled me with calm delight. I need no longer struggle with difficulties, external or internal, for Christ will go with me and bear me over them in his arms, as the mother bears her child over obstructions which it cannot surmount.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

My dear fellow Yonths: By the permission of the worthy Mistress of the Message, I will relate to you the means, whereby, I found grace in the sight of God, and also some feelings, that were aroused in my breast, by that "unspeakable gift." About six years ago, I professed religion, I professed it, truly, but I do not believe to this very day, that I possessed it. However I united myself in the bonds of Christian union to the Methodist church. I maintained my position for only a short time. I had a great aversion to being called a member of "the christian church," without having the witness whereby, I might testify to my belief in "the blood of the Lamb." Nevertheless I was very young and also unacquainted with the arts and devices of the great enemy of souls. Being considered as an expelled member of the church, I returned to my former vices, and am sorry to relate, that I was a great deal worse, as regards morality, than I was before. Notwithstanding the Lord had preserved a precious blessing for me. Had I been dealt with as I deserved, I would have been suddenly cut off, and my soul buried in the awful pit of everlasting woe and misery. Merely intervened, and pleaded in my behalf. But instead of accepting the calls of divine mercy, I turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. Justice again, would have executed his work had it not been for the earnest supplications of divine mercy. I persevered with untiring assiduity in my sinful course, and was rapidly traveling the road to ruin. I knew that I was tottering on the very verge of hell, and was convinced that I could only be saved, by the instrumentality of the religion of Jesus Christ. Still I would not make any effort to escape the impending wrath of God. I prayed once in a while, but I did not pray, as becomes one so near the brink of ruin. I offered my supplications to the Almighty in a careless manner. I had a hope that he would answer my prayers but did not have faith enough to believe it, therefore they were not answered. A protracted meeting, was being held, near where I reside; I attended it. Notwithstanding my wickedness in the sight of God, I listened very attentively to the man of God as he was proclaiming the sacred truths from the pulpit. Every sermon he delivered seemed particularly applicable to my situation. I began to reflect on my danger, when I saw so many persons endeavoring to secure their soul's salvation. The spirit of God wrestled with me day and night, still I would not yield to it until I heard the minister relate a certain case, which happened under his own observation, in which a gentleman resisted the spirit of God to such a degree, that it finally took its everlasting flight. This alarmed me and I resolved to obtain the pearl of great price. I went up to the altar, and before the sun had lowered itself behind the western horizon, I could testify with joy that the Lord was gracious. Thanks be to God! Praises to his holy name! Perhaps, dear reader, you are in the same situation that I was. If you are, by words that proceed from my heart, I now advise you to turn from your sinful course. It will be more difficult for you to obtain the blessing, tomorrow than it is to-day. Then why not try and obtain it now! I know you are about to say that you do not feel like it. Then if you have not the right feeling in your breast, ask God, with an earnest heart, and he will give it you. Remember the rule. "Do not defer until to-morrow, what ought to be done to-day. You know you ought to be saved to-day. Then, Reader, I do ad-

vice you, now to accept salvation, while it is presented to you—while the spirit of God is striving with your spirit. For to-morrow, it may have taken its everlasting flight. I say—Reader, beware of to-morrow. May God bless and save you in the prayer of your,

Affectionate, fellow youth, J. E. MILLER. Grove cottage, Prince Edward Va.

A SMALL DISCIPLE.

There are small disciples. We have seen them. If our readers never saw them we are glad. We will give a brief description of one, hoping they may be profited by the picture.

The small disciple has little acquaintance with the Bible. If the actual worth of that book could have been an increment to a large acquaintance with it, or the earnest injunction of its Author to study it had prevailed, there would have been much knowledge of it. But they have both failed. The scriptures are a territory into which he has taken only now and then a hasty ramble. Long and diligent journeyings there, to learn what might be known, has never been practiced; hence a very small circle of ideas would embrace all his knowledge of the lively oracles.

2. He is very sparing in his attendance upon Christian privileges. Custom, and perhaps other motives, make him acquainted with the Sanctuary on the sabbath, but he is seldom discernible on other occasions. If he only had the heart to turn into all the fat pastures that are open to him, he might find ample food, and increase in spiritual stature.

3. His prayers are small. The whole heart and soul is not in them; only a part of it: and when but a small part of the heart is engaged, the prayers cannot be otherwise than small. They do not go largely forth, expanding and increasing, as they must from a heart all on fire with love and zeal. They are fettered and cramped, and dwarfish. There is nothing of the giant about them.

4. His faith is small. A grain of mustard seed is too large an object for the comparison. If his faith filled but that small measure, one would not be long in learning that man's spiritual strength. But he has only dim visions of eternal things. Instead of soaring upward as on eagles' wings, he grovels and preeps. If you were to place him beside some of the men of strong faith that may be found in Zion, you would be surprised at the contrast.

5. He is very small, also in his charities. They are drops, small drops, and not very near together either. We have heard one commended who gave all that she had, which was a large donation; and of others who have given themselves; and of others who have done what they could, all this is large and noble. But this disciple was never found in such company. It is pitiful to see one who is so largely indebted to God's beneficence, as a disciple, one whose profession implies so much—and one whose hopes embrace so large and glorious an inheritance hereafter, so small in his charitable contributions. Charity ought to be one of the largest of his christian graces: indeed, Paul would have disciples abound in it so much, that it should be like a mantle, covering and binding together all the other christian graces—the very bond of perfectness. We wish this disciple had hearkened to Paul. What a noble position he might have held, compared with the sorry spectacle he now presents!

Now, because all these things are true, we do not see how we can call the person any thing else than a small disciple. We looked about for a better name, but could not find one. The scriptures speak of growing in grace, and of rising unto the measure of the fulness of Christ; but it has not been so in this case. We have to tax charity heavily, to hope he ever began to grow at all. We trust there is some life in what so nearly resembles a dead body; but all the indications are so small, that we cannot but have anxiety. We should like to make a personal address to all the small dis-

ciples who read this article: but we have misgivings about its being of any use, because the really small disciple is the last person to suspect his own diminitiveness. He would not dream this article had any relation to him, hence the shot would fly harmless over his head: we will therefore, leave him, hoping that to some of our readers this account of the small disciple shall at least be of some advantage.

Due-West Telescope. Alexander, Sept. 3d, 1854.

THE BIBLE IS MY PREACHER.

Said an aged disciple of Jesus, yesterday, while speaking of being unable to attend meeting, "Others can go to meeting; I cannot; but I have a preacher at home; the Bible is my preacher." And who has a better preacher? thought I, as I meditated on the saying while walking homewards. I might rather ask, Who has so good a preacher? Let him go the world over, and he will not find the like.

1. It is a plain preacher. The doctrines are plain, especially such as are essential to the well being of the hearer; and the language in which they are spoken is plain. No pompous, newly coined words are used, but such as can be comprehended by the unlearned as well as the learned. The meaning is plainer. It says not one thing while it means another. When it speaks of God's loving and loving holiness, it means so. When it declares that coldness or lukewarmness, or the "putting on of gold," whether it be rings, necklaces, chains; or "costly apparel," are inconsistent with the Christian profession, there can be no reasonable doubt of the meaning of the same. So, also, when it affirms that "without holiness no man can see the Lord," the meaning is equally clear.

2. It is a faithful preacher. There is no softening down of the truth to save a shock to the head or the heart of the offender. There is no passing over the offence because its professor is honourable among men, or rich in the gold and silver of earth. All must be exposed. Though a fine article of dress, splendid equipage, or costly furniture is condemned, no matter how rich the possessor, it is not to be coveted, hated his brother, or dealt dishonestly with his neighbour, he can find no place of concealment—he must be exposed. So, also, every good is encouraged, as faithfully as the evil is condemned.

3. It is a powerful preacher. "The Word of God is powerful, sharper than any two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." What other preacher is found equal to this, even to discern "the thoughts and intents of the heart." It has pointed arrows and sharp swords for the guilty. None are so stout-hearted but they must fall beneath its power, either to be raised in newness of life, or to remain slain for ever. It is a saviour of life unto life, or of death unto death. Who can stand before such a preacher? Where can one hide from such mighty searchings? Alas! it will search him out even unto the ends of the earth.

4. It is a compassionate preacher. None can be more so. It "feels for other's woes." Though it slay the wicked, even so that none escape, it has always a word of consolation for the penitent. Never was such a one passed by unnoticed. The sorrowing, too, are always met with a blessing, be they ever so unknown among men. And whoever heard of a mourner that remained uncomforted who was willing to receive consolation in humility? Were ever the distressed left without timely aid, or the dying without support, who sought it? Was every one tried or tempted who could not find deliverance? Oh, how many broken hearts have been bound up. How many mourners have been comforted, and how many enslaved have been set at liberty, and how many tears have been dried up. This no tongue can tell, no language can convey. It is written on many thousands of hearts, and can be communicated only in the language of eternity. There it will be revealed how many abodes of misery have been visited and made happy how many of the cast down have been lifted up and saved, and how

many of the distressed and sorrowing of every condition have been blessed by this inimitable preacher.

5. It is a preacher of peace. It has a message of peace for all—"Peace on earth." "Follow peace with all men," is an expressly enjoined duty that can be put down by no one, however rich or great—and another, "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

9. It is a preacher of holiness. It gives no quarter to sin, whether in heart or life, in politics or religion. "Be holy," is the text and sermon to every age and name. It gives no leave for the merchant to play his tricks of trade, nor for the common dealer in the affairs of life to cheat a little, if need be, to get the best end of the bargain, but preaches purity of heart and honesty of life to high and low.

7. It is a preacher of benevolence. No covetous man can sit at ease under its sermons, nor while away his time asleep, because it makes him feel; it touches his treasure, his purse, and heart, of course. Yet, what wholesome lessons of benevolence it teaches—"more blessed to give than to receive," who believes this? Few, I fear. Then it is taught, one must give as God has prospered him. What excellent doctrines, how reasonable and right. And what shall I say more of its glorious preaching? Indeed, time would fail me to enumerate its wonderful teachings. Thrice happy, then, is that person, whether the aged saint or the youthful Christian, who has such a preacher, and who loves and practises its precepts—happy for ever.

A. I. COOPER. Copot, May 8, 1854.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

Every minister of the Christian sanctuary is, ought to be, in a high and peculiar sense, a man of prayer; but let us never forget that acceptable prayer is not limited to him. For, what is prayer? Prayer is, after all, but the breath the direct and necessary outgoing and emanation of the quickened spirit. Let the soul be effectually touched by Divine grace, and immediately it lives, however feebly; and, living spiritually, it must and will breathe out its heavenward desires and wishful longings; and this soul-breathing is the very essence of prayer. One friend may pray for another, in the sense of intercession, as a friend, but not for another vicariously, as a hired or appointed priestly substitute. To pray in this manner is to pray by proxy; and to pray to God by proxy, as tens of thousands of mere formal, superstitious worshippers are now doing, is in itself, as absolutely preposterous and useless as for a man to eat or drink by proxy, or to breathe by proxy, or sleep, or walk, by proxy. If there be a particle of physical life in a man, he must eat, drink, breathe, sleep, walk, and perform all other corporeal functions, for himself; otherwise, it is a sign either that there is no life in him, or that it will soon expire. So it is with the soul of man. If it be awakened by the Spirit of God, it must pray and perform all other spiritual functions for itself; and if it do not, it is a sure and infallible sign either that there is no spiritual life in it, or that it is fast lapsing into inaction or total extinction.

As there are no exclusively authorized persons, so neither are there any exclusively authorized forms, for prayer. Is it not true that the very babe, not yet able to speak in accurate grammatical style, or even to lisp a single intelligible sentence, can make its wants thoroughly known to the loving mother by sighs and cries, if in no other way? And so with the babe in Christ. In the absence of distinct verbal utterances, there may be heartfelt sighs, and groanings which cannot be uttered, but which reach and pierce the ears of God, and, clearly apprehended by him, are answered, and soon return with richest blessings. In like manner, there are no exclusively authorized times for prayer. The God whom we worship is not like the feeble dependent God of the blinded pagan, who needs sleep and rest, and who therefore must have special times for his service. Our God, the Good Shepherd of Israel, neither slumbereth nor sleepeth. The Psalmist could rise at midnight to praise him. Neither are there exclusively authorized places for prayer. The gods of

the heathen, who have material forms or images, can only be addressed in prayer where the image is. Jehovah, our God, is omnipresent, and all places are alike unto him. The housetop, the verdant field, the mountain solitude, the ocean shore the wooded wilderness, the naked desert, the noisy street, the densely thronged market-place—all, all are alike unto him, and no man can be where he cannot give vent to the aspirations of a quickened soul, at least in secret sighs, or broken ejaculatory utterances.—Dr. Duff.

PAUL'S PREMINENCE AND THE SECRET OF IT.

"I labored more abundantly than they all." This was his preeminence. This he regarded as among the greatest "signs of an apostle." And well he might; for even his Master and Exemplar said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day. The night cometh, when no man can work." Must Christ work, who created all things, John 1, and "upholdeth all things by the word of his power," Heb. 1, and who by that simple word expelled diseases and demons, and raised the dead; and must not we? "Work therefore, abundant labor," stands high among the "signs of an apostle," and not only so, but among the "signs of a Christian;" for our highest distinction and purest glory, as well as our clearest evidence of Christian character, lies in our resemblance to Christ. We follow a working Redeemer, and we must be working disciples. The more, "abundantly" any man "labors," if he "works the works of the Father," the more nearly and manifestly does he resemble Christ, to whose "image" it is the glorious dignity of the child of God to be "conformed." Rom. 8.

What then was the secret of Paul's preeminence? "Howbeit, not I, but the grace of God which was with me." This reveals the whole secret of that activity which, from Jerusalem, he carried about unto Illyricum, fully preached the gospel of Christ." If Paul was eminent, it was "grace" that made him so. And that grace is just as free to you, and to me. "He giveth more grace." Let us then "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may find grace to help us," and then pour out that grace in "abundant labors" for God and the souls of men. Is not this the sweetest life on earth, and the surest path to heaven.

Christianity alone can reconcile the two opposite qualities, self-abasement and elevation, lowliness and dignity, the being nothing and becoming every thing.

Can we silently bear, or ingeniously extenuate, the faults and mistakes of our own party, while we are all zeal and emotion to expose, censure, and condemn what is amiss in others?

When we first enter into the divine life, we propose to grow rich; God's plan is to make us feel poor.

When a Christian goes into the world because he sees it in his call, yet while he feels it also his cross, it will not hurt him.

A man, truly illuminated, will no more despise others than Bartemeus, after his own eyes were opened, would take a stick and beat every blind man he met.

I set no value upon any doctrinal truth, farther than it has a tendency to promote practical holiness.

To be humble, and like a little child, afraid of taking a step alone, and so conscious of snares and dangers around us as to cry to Him continually to hold us up that we may be safe, is the sure, the infallible, the only secret of walking closely with Him.

Those who pray "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," and yet are implacable, pray to be damned!

Romantic Libels of Common Schools.

The Cleveland Leader asserts that the Papist editor of the Chicago Tablet, in a lecture delivered at Joliet, Ill., gave this libel on our Common Schools. "The Common schools of America are fountains of prostitution and crime, and all manner of indecencies and immoralities are practiced in them; I know it to be so, because I was educated the first 20 years of my life in them."