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For the N. C. Christian Advocate. Proselytism and Proselyters.

NUMBER IX.

MR. EDITOR:—I am now to show, that the system of proselytism, of ten places the proselyted in a false, and consequently an injurious position. This grows out of the wide extremes of doctrinal tenets, which distinguish the different branches of the universal Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. The criteria by which we are wont to judge, indeed the only consistent rule by which we can determine a man's faith and doctrines, is his Church connection. The geographical divisions of the earth are not more distinctly marked, than are the doctrinal complexions of the different denominations which make up the Catholic Church of God. Nor can it with truth be said, that these differences are unimportant. Protestantism may, for party purposes, seek to make this impression, but honesty and truth will discover and teach that they "affect the leading principles of the divine government, and the answer to the question, 'What must I do to be saved?'"

The Rev. Mr. Hodgson very justly remarks, "It would be exceedingly difficult to find justifying reasons for joining a church, the doctrines of which we do not believe, unless it were impossible, on account of distance, to join one of our faith." While it would be exceedingly difficult to find justifying reasons for such a course, it is by no means difficult to originate reasons for so doing; still, to enlighten and unprejudiced minds, such reasons are very unsatisfactory—bear a very doubtful moral aspect. One pleads ancestral predilections; another, the connection of relatives; another, makes the membership of dear friends the occasion of his choice; while the large majority—though not publicly confessed—find their true and controlling motive in the prospect of acquiring respectability and influence, or to escape the reproaches of the last—and this might be well enough, if no sacrifice of principle were involved; but where this is the case—where the doctrines and usages of the Church are distasteful to, and at war with their feelings and judgments, even those amiable considerations lose their virtue, and great inconsistency, to say the least of it, attaches itself to every such case.

Men who are accustomed to think, can never regard Church connection, as a matter of indifference; nay, viewed in the proper light, it is of much greater consequence than is generally supposed. In connecting himself with a Church, a man must be considered as giving his countenance and support to its doctrinal peculiarities and ecclesiastical regime. This being the case, it is highly necessary that every one should be connected with that Church, whose tenets and usages correspond with his own opinion and preferences. For a man to connect himself with a Church whose peculiar doctrines he does not believe, is tantamount to saying that error is better than truth, or at all events, just as good; or that it is a matter of perfect indifference with him, whether error or truth prevails. A well grounded suspicion of such unconcern is a death blow to religious character; and eternal truth has said, "a double minded man is unstable in all his ways." With what propriety can an Arminian connect himself with a Calvinistic Church; or a Calvinist, with an Arminian? With what consistency can one who believes that salvation is "by grace through faith," unite with a Church whose formularies teach that we are justified in baptism; sealed with the Holy Ghost in confirmation; and confirmed in Christ by means of the eucharist? And, in fine, how incongruous for one who believes that all who truly love and serve our Lord Jesus are accepted of him, and if faithful unto the end will be saved, to be associated with a Church that unceremoniously cuts off all but their own party from scriptural communion with Christ,—places them in "an intermediate state between Christianity and Heathenism," or in the utmost stretch of their unbounded charity, piously consigns them "to the uncovenanted mercies of God" as the only hope of their final salvation? The presentation of these cases—and they are very common, especially among the perverses—is, as it seems to me, sufficient to expose the glaring inconsistency of every such connection; and when duly considered, will suggest the injury that must necessarily result to the parties.

As illustrative of the extreme inconsistency and folly, not to say wickedness, of being connected with a Church, the doctrines of which are adverse to our own sober judgment, and enlightened faith, I will submit the following from the sermon of *Doctor Hodgson*:

"There is yet another serious difficulty. What doctrines will a man teach

his children, or allow them to be taught?—those which he believes, or those which he does not? Imagine him returning from public worship with his family, on a pleasant Sabbath morning. His little son says to him, 'Father, how did you like the sermon this morning?' 'Very well, my son.' 'Did you believe all that the preacher said, father?' 'No, not all; I believe that the sermon was eloquent, but I confess I was not pleased with all its doctrines, and I will give you some of my reasons when we get home.' 'Why, father, we are taught those doctrines in the Sabbath School nearly every Sabbath.—They are in the catechism.' 'Are they?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, my son, they are the doctrines of the Church. They are in the Creed, or Confession of Faith in the Church. The minister is required by his ordination vow to teach them.' 'Do all ministers believe those doctrines?' 'No, my son.' 'Well, father, what ministers do not?' 'You know the Church we attended before we came to the one we now attend? The ministers of that denomination do not.' 'Then you believe as they do, father?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, father, what do you wish us to believe, that which is true, or that which you say is not true?' 'That which is true, of course, my son; why do you ask me that question?' 'Because I was thinking it strange that you would take us away from the Church which you say has a true creed, and where the minister preaches the truth, and take us to one which holds and teaches what you call false doctrine. You and mother always told us that we must love the truth, and always speak it, and keep out of the company of those who do not.'

What can excuse such humiliating inconsistency? In such a case as the above—and there are many such—the man actually withdraws his all of influence and talents, from what he conscientiously regards as true, and pledges them to the support and advancement of that which in his heart, he believes and holds as false. He practically repudiates the truth, and in defiance of reason, justice and faith, condemns the church that holds and disseminates it. He conscientiously defends; unless his conscience has become so impaired and perverted, that it is a matter of entire indifference to him whether he propagates truth or error. Aye, and exposes his children to the influences of radical error.

The case here presented—and it is no fancy sketch—is, heaven knows, but enough when applied to laymen; but what can be said when the perpetrator is a minister? Must he, standing in that holy place, preach the creed of the Church to which he has been allured? The very conception of such a thing is shocking to every moral feeling of the soul. But what is he to do? If he preach the doctrines he formerly promulgated, and still believes, he forfeits the approbation and support of those whose friendship he has purchased at the sacrifice of other and more endearing ties; and, if he dare preach the doctrines of the Church into which he has been allured, he would only labor to defend and establish tenets which he holds to be false and exceedingly dangerous. In what light would a politician, placed in such a position, be regarded? Would not all honest men shun him as a traitor to his principles? Shall the minister of the living and true God "stoop to deeds which would blast the reputation of irreligious politicians?" And when he thus stoops, does he not suffer from the merited contempt of those from whom he has separated; and enjoy the felicity of being suspected by those unto whom he attaches himself? Such are the results of proselytism, and the sad reward of proselyters!

I have already conceded that persons may conscientiously change their church relations. I will now go farther, and say, that under given circumstances they are bound to do so, or be guilty of inconsistency, if not of moral dishonesty. "Dissatisfaction with the doctrines or polity of a Church, after long and prayerful examination, may be a sufficient reason why a new church relationship should be formed." A change under such circumstances is not only admissible, but a duty. Such changes do now and then occur, but the cases are comparatively "few and far between," and they are never the result of proselytism; they spring from the honest convictions of an enlightened judgment—from an earnest desire to know and do the will of God. But, as already stated, the most of those who change their Church relations, and especially those who leave the Methodist E. Church, are influenced by the hope or prospect of acquiring respectability and influence, or to escape odium. How often do we meet with persons, who in their youth, during their apprenticeship, and while poor, "bowed at the altar of God in Methodist churches, with whom Methodist ministers prayed with agonizing fervor, whom they instructed and watched over, and who were glad to receive the attention and assistance of plain, but godly men, have become wealthy, and have turned their backs upon their former ministers and religious associates, to

join a fashionable church." These are the blinded dupes of unprincipled proselyters; and verily they receive their reward. Formality and a senseless Christianity are substituted for holy zeal and heart-felt piety; and the dying hour often finds them "without God and hope in the world."

Thus, Mr. Editor, I have tried to portray the evils of proselytism, and the wickedness of proselyters. Whether the exposure of the system will in any degree arrest and correct the evil, time alone can determine. Having done my duty, I will patiently abide the issue. EPISTOLEUS.

Virginia.
Make the following corrections in No. VI. of Proselytism and Proselyters: In third paragraph, 10th line, strike out the word *not*. Second column, paragraph 3d, 1st line, for *neither* read *either*; 3d paragraph, 2d line, for *scals* read *scabs*.

Selections.

Gems from the Mine.

As the Christian Church nears the true perfection contemplated by its great founder, we think the writings of St. John will be read more and more. One reason why we so think, is, that in proportion as the single Christian ripens in grace, he dwells with increasing delight upon the gospel and epistles of John. In the college of apostles, he seems to have been professor of the theory and practice of perfect love.

And it is one of the marvels—nay, one of the miracles of the Inspiring Spirit, that this household pastor—the lover of the quiet manifestations of grace, should have been made the New Testament Homer, and come to chant the grand Apocalyptic epic—should write the wars of angels and devils, the conflicts of the ages, raise the alleluiah shout for the overthrow of the mystic Babylon, and peel the anthem of the cherubim! It is wonderful; for the child who would read the life of Jesus, seek the gospel of John; and when should give immortality to his mother tongue, he turned to the Apocalypse of John.

But to-day, dear reader, we do not read him as the New Testament Homer, nor read his wars of angels. No—it is our household apostle, whose soul is ever permeated with love, and whose heart is ever young.

These things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.

The sweet assurance of divine favor made him happy, and he wrote that others might share that same thrill of abiding joy. Not merely that they might have joy, but that it might "be full." Fullness of joy! Is such a state a cold, rayless obedience, from mere principle? The first, the joyful service of sonship—the second that of bondage. And, alas! thousands go through the world, seemingly devoted men and women, who never pass beyond the bondage—who go sighing and sorrowing, and almost resorting to penance. Would that they might pass into the service of adoption. Does one such read these lines? Brother, sister, the Great Father has painted the universe in bright colors; he has awakened music from every quivering string, has gemmed the vault which overhangs it, and, placing you amid those bright creations, says to you,—"Rejoice evermore!" Dare not go longer with that heavy heart, lest you sin against God.

And our times have seen the bringing in of a praiseworthy piety, which teaches us never to part for joy! Teaches us that this is unworthy a highly developed piety! Why, then, did John write this verse? Why did one of old cry from the depths of his heart, "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation!" Why did one of the heroes of the ancient church say, "The joy of the Lord is your strength?" And much we fear, that too often teachers of religion lose the "life and fire of love"—come to be formal and lifeless, and then they warn us that we are not to pray for Christian joy!

No, brother, aim to be holy, seek all so to be happy—let your joy be full! Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!

Love is still the theme! This time the divine love! Every way he looks, it sweeps beyond his vision! He stands with us, and says, "Behold! what manner of love!" What is the evidence? What is the crowning proof "that we shall be called the sons of God"? We! We have sinned—rejected, contemned, despised! We are the wayward prodigals, and yet we may be called the "sons of God!"

"Oh, how shall I the goodness tell, Father, which thou to me hast bestowed? That I, a child of wrath and hell— I should be called a child of God?"

And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his son Jesus Christ and love one another.

Toward the heavens faith—toward earth love—then will we ever be true to God and man. Faith unites the soul to the Infinite, but when we cease to

love the finite, the bond is broken; for "he that loveth not his brother abideth in death."

God is love! He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God!

Here is the same song of love, but now it swells into an anthem. Oh, what a dwelling-places this! Not the high tower standing upon the mountain's beetling brow! That may be shattered by the thunderbolt, riven by the lightning, or destroyed by the earthquake. More secure by far. Dwelleth in God! Wonderful are the mysteries of love. Here is the true home for earth's humblest ones. Well may those who love, talk of a shelter from the blast, and of a home which is security itself. Well may such feel safe! Dwelling in God! We can add nothing to that declaration.

But what shall we say of the sentence, *God is love!* It is indeed a gem from the mine? *God is love!* Let Eden, with its countless sweets, blooming flowers, and tree of life, laden with fruit which give immortality, explain it.

GOD IS LOVE! Let Calvary and Gethsemane pass before us, and let us read, in letters of blood, divine love, an exposition of this wonderful utterance!

Come witness of adoption, and while attesting our sonship and daughterhood, enable us to grasp these mighty words! Open our understanding; but when opened, and celestial teaching has made known to them the deep things of God, this mystery of love is extended!

Look upward to the throne of light to the crowns of glory, to the mansions of the palms, the robes, the tree of life, the sea of glass, the gates of pearl, and the city with the twelve foundations! Now list to the song of the seraph, the cherub, the mighty angel, and the whole host of redeemed ones. But that song, many-voiced as it is, commemorates, but does not explain, the mystery of love! Bright, intense, and clear is the light beaming from the throne; but while it increases the space we may see and know, it also widens the outer rim—the circle of our sweepings.

Within that circle we stand. What shall we say? What shall we sing? Be this our song—be this our anthem—*GOD IS LOVE!*—N. W. C. Advocate.

Touching Story.

The following touching and felicitous illustration of the power of idea was given by Wendell Phillips the other day in a public speech at New York. The eloquence of Phillips is surpassed by nothing but his fanaticism:

I was told to-day a story so touching in reference to this that you must let me tell it. It is a temperance case, but it will illustrate this just as well. It is the story of a mother, on the green hills of Vermont holding by the right hand of a son sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate on a sunny morning, she said: 'Edward, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink.—Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink.' And said he (for he told me the story), I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, and Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hill side of Vermont, did not rise before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor.—(Applause.) Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was but half. For, said he, yesterday there came into my counting-room a young man of forty; and asked me, 'Do you know me?' 'No,' 'Well,' said he, 'I was once brought drunk into your presence on ship-board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother; I said I never knew a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am the master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I come to ask you to call and see me.' How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word on the green hillside of Vermont! Oh, God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word! (Applause.)

Sunday Trains.

Have Railroad Directors and Superintendents ever for a moment considered on the enormity of this great and palpable sin? We are surprised at the impunity with which they disregard both the law of God and the law of the land. And who demands this violation at their hands? Certainly not the moral and religious community. Sabbath-travelers are suspicious men and women, wherever they are, and should not be gratified at the expense of an institution which should ever be dear to the American people.

Extract from the Memorials of Mrs Heston Missionary in Turkey.

The Baptism.
"Saviour, on her young heart sprinkle Thy atoning, precious blood: Like her brow, nor spot nor wrinkle Be upon her soul, my God."

On the morning of the Sabbath, death seemed to have commenced his last attack. A sense of prostration, and an internal falling of all the powers of life, made her feel that she was near her home. She was placed upon pillows in her rocking-chair near the window. Her person was emaciated to the last degree, and her lips pale and parted in her panting for breath; and yet her eye was bright and beaming, and her countenance sweet and calm. They had desired to have the baptism of her infant in the morning; but the dear sufferer was struggling for breath, and committed her soul to Him who holds the keys of death and the invisible world. Towards noon she was relieved, and about 1 o'clock the holy rite was performed.

A little china bowl had been procured for the baptismal font, and as they had no table, a white napkin was spread upon a rude stand. Here were gathered the dying mother, the afflicted father, and their five little daughters.

There was nothing externally imposing in this scene, but to the eye of faith, invisible spectators were there,—an immeasurable cloud of witnesses, to behold that mother's last offering. Especially was He present, the Shepherd of Israel, in pity and in love. And who could say that the departed grandparents were not with them in that hour?

The meaning of the sacred ceremony being explained to the two elder children, they solemnly pledged themselves to perform to their little sister the duties of a mother, so far as their childhood and experience will allow.—The Holy Scriptures are read, the blessing of God implored, and then, at the mother's request, the infant for the last time is laid in her arms.

Again they kneel to pray, but the fountains of the great deep are broken up; and, while the little Mary is smiling, the father weeps alone with his weeping children. After a time he can only plead, 'Jesus wept.' But they rise not from their knees till he has earnestly besought the good Shepherd that he would look with an eye of loving mercy upon this lamb of the flock, and take it into his own fold. The soul of the mother meantime had reached a higher sphere; it was far above the human sympathies which pierced and crushed their hearts, and though dissolved in pleading for the blessings of the everlasting covenant upon her child, not a tear dimmed the serenity of her countenance.

The napkin and bowl, thus rendered sacred, she placed together, wishing to have them preserved as mementoes of the scene.

Lay the mother's tender blossom Gently on her loving bosom: Slowly comes that mother's breath, Gathers fast the cloud of death.

Soon her precious one she leaveth, Yet her heart unto it cleaveth; Who its infancy will bless? Must she leave it motherless?

But 'twas God her faith is testing, And on God her soul is resting; He has calmed her anguish wild, Now to Him she brings her child.

Silent is her earnest pleading, For her darling interceding; On her placid brow the while Beaming a celestial smile.

Speechless grief his spirit rending, O'er that babe the father's bending; Holy drops he sprinkles now On its smiling, happy brow.

When the Trine names are blended, And the sacred rite is ended, Low he bends in fervent prayer, For the gentle Shepherd's care.

Yet that prayer is all unspoken,—Tears and sobs his words have broken; Father, now his soul sustain! Let him seek Thee not in vain!

Little ones are by him kneeling,—Mourful is the gush of feeling Bursting thus from childhood's heart, From a mother's love to part.

'Jesus wept,' the father pleadeth, Weeping low now intercedeth; Man of grief! our tears behold! In thine arms this lamb entold!

Angels' tears are hither tend'ring, The Redeemer o'er them bending, With an eye of pitying love, Bears their pleading love above.

Child of tears, baptized in sorrow! Shrouded by a dark to-morrow; Never more wert thou to rest On thy mother's loving breast.

But her God he beheld that weeping; He, sweet one, is covenant-keeping; He, the pure, the undefiled, He will bless thee, darling child!

ALEX. MAYER.

An old lady, up in Vermont, was asked by a young clergyman, to what religious denomination she belonged. 'I don't know,' said she, 'nor I don't care anything about your nominations. For my part, I hold on to the old meeting-house; and what's more, I mean to belong there.'

Reflect before you act; be just and wise in all your dealings.

An Itinerant Preacher.

Not a few preachers will recognize a bit of their own experience in the following, from the N. W. Christian Advocate:

Rev. W. W. Hibben, P. E., of Jeffersonville district, thus describes the recent move, or rather the preparation to move:

But it must be confessed moving is not the most pleasant part of the ministerial itinerary. The preacher himself can 'go' and not feel it much, but when it comes to the transportation of wife, children, household goods, including bedsteads, chairs, cooking-stoves, bureaus, beds and bedding, with all the little notions of a domestic establishment, the exercise is not very transporting, at least we never so realized it.

'I wonder,' said Mrs. H. the other day, when we were packing up, 'if we ever will get used to moving.' I believe this is our thirty-second move since we were married, and our thirty-first since we entered the itinerancy, and I do not feel that I am any more used to it than when I first began.' Moving, I replied is among those incidents of life that we never get used to. I reckon, though we may learn to endure it for the sake of the church and the salvation of souls. Our reward will come 'when we cross over Jordan.' After all, it is the wife of the itinerant who bears the heaviest burdens, especially if she have a large family of children to care for and watch over.

The poverty of the itinerancy falls with its heaviest force upon her shoulders, yea, often upon her heart; for often while the husband is sitting for the comfortable parlor fire of some rich member, she, with her little ones, is gathering over a few embers, feeling that 'this is a bitter lot to be poor when it snows.' Her last dollar is gone, and her scanty table will compare very poorly with that of the kind brother who has invited her husband to partake of his hospitalities. May God pity all who thus suffer in the vineyard of our Master.

But then this is not all; the time has come to move again, and 'the little all' of the previous move, is to be packed up, safely, and expeditiously. 'Moving is hard work,' so says every one who has ever tried it, and, besides, so far as expense is concerned, 'three moves is as bad as a fire.' One might reasonably suppose that the moving portion of Methodist itinerants would have to make an 'assignment' about every three years! Many, alas! have had to locate, and the brilliant talent all over the land in the local ranks tells us how much the church has lost by such transactions.

Christ Our Life.

The life which we have from Christ hath no seed of mortality in itself, because it comes from Christ; and as he saw no corruption, so nothing that riseth from him doth of itself tend to corruption; for 'Christ dieth no more; death hath no more power over him.' He now liveth ever, not only by himself, but by his members; not only as a man, but as a member of his own body, in that spiritual and heavenly constitution, and under that denomination can no more die than Christ suffer again.

The life of Christ is ours. 'Christ liveth in me,' saith the apostle. Now the life of Christ is free from the power and reach of death. If death could not hold him when it had him, much less can it reach or overtake him, having once escaped. He died once unto sin, but he liveth unto God: 'Likewise,' saith St. Paul, 'reckon ye yourselves to be dead unto sin, and live unto God'; by whom we, in like manner, are made partakers of that life which, by rising again from the grave, he did assume, as we were by Adam made obnoxious to the same death which he, by falling, did incur and contract.

The sonship, and, in consequence, inheritance of Christ is ours. I speak not of his personal sonship by eternal generation, but of that dignity and honor which he had as the first-born of every creature, and heir of all things. Christ's victories are ours. He overcame the world, and temptations, and sins for us; and therefore they shall not be able to overcome him in us.—He is able to succor them that are tempted. He who once overcame them for us, will certainly subdue them in us; he that will overcome the last enemy will overcome all that are before; for if any be left the last is not overcome.

The Rainbow.

Shortly after her arrival in Ireland, where Mrs. Hemans died, she was extremely unwell. When among the mountain scenery of the fine country of Wicklow, during a storm, she was struck by one effect in the hills. It was produced by a rainbow driving down into a gloomy mountain pass, which it seemed really to flood with its colored glory. 'I could not help thinking,' she remarked, 'that it was like our religion, piercing and carrying brightness into the depths and sorrow of the tomb.' All the scene around that one illuminated spot was wrapt in the profoundest darkness.

A Candid Deacon.

Deacon M. was an honest old codger, a kind, obliging neighbor, a good church-going christian, believing in the Presbyterian creed to the fullest extent; but alackaday! this pillar of the church was, at times, a little 'shaky'—in fact, the deacon would, occasionally, get exceedingly 'mellow,' and almost every Sunday at dinner he would indulge in his favorite cider-brandy to such an extent that it was with some little difficulty he reached his pew, which was in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, and between the minister's and the village squire's. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he should preach a sermon to them in the afternoon, touching many glaring sins that he grieved to see so conspicuous among them; and that he hoped they would listen attentively and not flinch if he should happen to be severe. The afternoon came, and the house was full; everybody turned out to hear their neighbors 'dressed down' by the minister, who, after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressor in a loud voice, with the question—'Where is the drunkard?' A solemn pause succeeded this inquiry; when up rose Deacon M., with his face radiant from copious draughts of the favorite drink at his noontide meal, and staidly himself as well as he could by the pew rail, and looked up to the parson and replied, in a piping and tremulous voice—'Here I am.' Of course a consternation amongst the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response; however, the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, commenting severely upon the drunkard, and winding up by warning him to forsake at once such evil habits if he would seek salvation and flee the coming wrath. The deacon then made a bow and seated himself again, 'And now' out spoke the preacher-man in his loud-est tones, 'where is the hypocrite?' A pause—but none responded. Eyes were turned upon this and that man; but the most glances seemed directed to the squire's pew, and indeed the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the eye was directed, and where it should be aimed, and rising once more, turned over his pew rail to the squire, whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed:—'Come, squire, why don't you get up; I did, when he called on me.'—Boston Post.

Hope, Faith, and Love.
A magic boat I saw afloat,
On the stormy sea of life;
With pure bright brow, a child at the prow
Steered through the raging strife.

And 'mid the storm, that cherub form
Sang clearly, ceasing never—
'Bright hope will sail through the fiercest gale
On the sea of life forever!'

The boat sped on; the day was gone;
Dark clouds that child surrounded;
Yet like a star, it shone afar
As it ever onward bounded.

And higher grown, its altered tone
Sang firmly, faltering never—
'Faith steers aright, through the blackest night,
On the sea of life forever.'

Through peril dark, that magic bark
To its heavenly haven bounded;
And the child full-grown, like an angel
Shone,
Its brow with a crown surrounded.

And high it hung, with seraph tongue,
Its music ceasing never—
'Love, shining bright, is the highest light
On the sea of life forever.'

The Land of Promise.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF HILAND.]
There is a land where beauty will not fade
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true hearts will not sink nor lie dismayed,
And love will never die.

Tell me—I faint would go;
For I am burdened with a heavy woe;
The beautiful have left me all alone;
And true, the tender from my path have gone.

And I am weak and fainting with despair,
Where is it? Tell me, where?
Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before,
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as His meekly bore,
Sorrow, and toil and strife.

Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths hath trod;
Think how He longed to go,
Yet tarried out for these 'th' appointed woe;
Think of his loneliness in places dim,
When no man comforted or cared for Him;
Think how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that dread agony 'Thy will be done!'
Friend, do not thou despair—
Christ, his heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer.

APPLAUDING PREACHERS.—In the 4th century the preachers were applauded during the delivery of their discourses, after the manner of popular lectures and political assemblies in modern times. Indeed, the frequent cries of "Orthodox," and the clapping of the hands and stamping of the feet in the Churches, were as common at this period as similar proceedings now are at the opera. It is related that Chrysostom, the celebrated preacher, was applauded in the great Church at Constantinople by the people waving their palms, and by others laying their hands on their hearts, and exclaiming, "Thou art worthy of the Priesthood."