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ORIGINAL.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. Bible Characters.—Cain.

Even the short and melancholy history of this poor man is not without interest to the Bible student. The effects of the first transgression had become visible in all nature. The earth, the climate, and the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, all showed "signs of woe." Adam had felt the power of the curse in his own body.

How they watch every motion, and every feature. He soon walks and talks, and how delighted are the parents. He becomes a man—chooses to become a tiller of the soil, "an honorable and useful employment. But he is selfish. He has but one younger brother, a lovely boy, and a good and holy man.

Cain wishes to hear Abel praised by father or mother, or sister. They both worship the God of their father according to the system of religion revealed to them. Cain brings of his first-fruits a good sacrifice and offers it, fruits, trusting, like many worshippers of these times, that because the sacrifice was good, and he was righteous, that it would be accepted. But Abel feels that he is a poor sinner in the sight of God, and that the firstlings of his flock, which were all he had to bring, were unworthy of his Lord. But his faith in the promise of a Saviour, was strong, and that faith made his sacrifice acceptable unto the Lord.

Cain is rejected while his brother is accepted. His countenance fell, not with penitential sorrow, or with holy humility, but with envy. Now sin is to show itself in deeds of blood. He meets his righteous brother in the field, and rises up and slays him. The earth for the first time, drinks in human blood, and that blood, shed by a murderer brother's hand. That blood cries to the just God of heaven against the murderer, and God lays upon him a curse. Whether he ever obtained pardon for this enormous deed or not, we do not know.—Suffice it for us to know that his name lives, and is justly associated with deeds of blood.

Bar has gone to his reward. His spirit has long since met the spirit of his murdered brother. His history, as short and melancholy as it is, should be instructive to us. Let us remember that our nature is sinful beyond our comprehension, and unless renewed by the Spirit of the Lord, we may do as wickedly as he.—Let us seek that blessed Spirit, early, that we may slay the deeds, and be saved from the curse of the first sinner of human race.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
The Atonement.

Thought to God that all the days of Adam and Eve had been thus spent.—C. C.

Thought to God that all the days of Adam and Eve had been thus spent.—C. C. Thought and praises and hallelujahs be unceasingly offered to the Creator of the universe, for his wisdom and goodness as manifested in man's original weakness, as shown in man's original power to pluck, to eat and fall, if he pleased.—Many in the world think with "C. C." and say "would that man never had fallen." But with the great hero of Methodism, John Wesley, I would say, "I should be particularly observed, that where sin abounded grace does much more abound. For not as the condemnation, so is the free gift; but we may gain infinitely more than we have lost. We may now attain both higher degrees of holiness and higher degrees of glory, than it would have been possible for us to attain. If Adam had not sinned the Son of God had not died; consequently, that amazing instance of the love of God to man had never existed, which has, in all ages, excited the highest joy, and love, and gratitude from his children. We might have loved God the Creator, God the Preserver, God the Governor; but there would have been no place for love to God the Redeemer. This could have had no being. The highest glory and joy of saints on earth, and saints in heaven, Christ crucified, had been wanting. We could not then have praised him, that, thinking it no robbery to be equal with God, yet emptied himself, took upon him the form of a servant, and was obedient to death, even the death of the cross! This is now the noblest theme of all the children of God on earth; yes, we need not scruple to affirm, even of the angels and arch-angels, and all the company of heaven,

"Hallelujah they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb."

C. C. in a School of the Prophets.

SELECTIONS.

Support of the Gospel Ministry.

Dr. Murray thus phrased the case in the *New York Observer*:

Not only should they give him a competent salary, but they should pay it when due. Materials for a chapter on this subject, as severely reflecting upon churches as any that has ever been written, might readily be collected from any presbytery, or conference, or association, or diocese in this land. The sin of muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn, is the sin of congregations connected with every branch of the Church, and often because of the want of spirit in pastors to assert their rights and claim the fulfillment.

Some congregations commence thinking about the collection of the salary on the day it should be paid, and pay part of it a few weeks afterward. A part of the salary of each quarter is permitted to run into the next, until the parish is hundreds of dollars in debt to the pastor. What now is to be done? To sue for it would seem hard; to insist on its payment would be unpopular; to permit it to increase would be adding to the evil; to cancel it, or to dissolve the pastoral relation, is the only alternative! States cannot repudiate without losing their character, but churches think nothing of it. And thus parishes will cheat their minister, who would not think of cheating the carpenter that built their church, or the sexton that takes care of it. This, in many cases, is owing more to neglect, and inattention, and the want of spirit in the officers of the church, than to any purpose to wrong the pastor, and may therefore be remedied. A young man settled over a church notorious for the process of starving out the minister; when the first quarter's salary was due, the treasurer came with a part of it, promising the remainder in a short time. "Have I failed in any of my duties?" said the pastor. "By no means," was the reply. "Then," said he to the treasurer, "you must not fail in yours. You have promised to pay me my salary quarterly, not a part of it; I want all of it, and will take none until paid all." The treasurer retired somewhat mortified, if not vexed by the interview. He soon returned and paid all.—The salary was afterward paid, and punctually, to the comfort of the pastor and to the delight of the people. The starvation process was stopped.

A pastor of a church in New England, years ago, sent for one of the professional revivalists with which the Church was more infested than than now. Before commencing his operations, he learned that the church was running yearly in debt to the pastor, and was very remiss in meeting their engagements with him. His first address to the people was as follows: "You have sent for me here to preach to you, and to pray that the Lord may revive his work among you. You have failed in your promises to pay your pastor's salary, and the Lord never blesses a lying people. You must confess and forsake the sin of lying to your minister before I begin my work, for I cannot ask the Lord to revive his work in a lying congregation." This is one of the best things I ever heard of that class of ministers. The people paid their minister, and a great revival followed!

The privations suffered by ministers because of the neglect of their prompt payment are very great. We have known some to sell the best books from their libraries in order to meet current expenses, when the church owed them hundreds of dollars. We have known some compelled to keep their children from school because they could not pay the teacher. We have known some to borrow money and pay interest for it, to keep themselves from starving. We have known an excellent pastor and preacher compelled to borrow from his brother minister twenty-five cents to get his letters from the post-office, before the law of pre-payment was enacted.—Such things are a shame and a reproach to congregations bearing the name of Christian.

The radical difficulty we find in the little value placed upon religious instruction and spiritual things. And yet a faithful Gospel ministry is one of the last importance to a community. In its absence every vice flourishes and every virtue languishes. If one vice cost more than two children, the sins and vices which the Sabbath and a faithful ministry would prevent would cost twenty-fold more than the maintenance of the ordinances of the Gospel at the highest point of vigor and energy. A community without a Gospel! "There is nothing worth living for," says the Rev. Dr. Spring, "in such a community. It may be rich with rivers, in ore, and luxuriant in soil; it may be well watered as the plains of Sodom, and as accursed as they. I would not educate a family in such a community for all the prairies between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains." And when we add to the temporal benefits which it confers, the eternal blessings for which it gives a preparation, we will then

see that there is not a class of men upon the earth more worthy of an adequate and prompt maintenance than are the faithful ministers of the Gospel. And yet there are those blessed in their own souls and in their families by their labors, who would keep them so poor as to destroy their independence, and who would drive them from the care of souls to the most anxious care for their families. Just at this point the Church stands on a very slippery place.—It is driving young men of intelligence and enterprise from the ministry, and is discouraging those already in her service.—There are Levites to all altars, and missionaries for all errors, and preachers for all prices; and when the Church, by its penuriousness, has driven from her ministry all save those to whom her pittance may be more than they can elsewhere secure, it needs no prophet to predict the result. "Who goeth a warfare at any time at his own charges?" What soldier in war is called upon to support himself? If you force him to do it, you make him a robber; and the minister driven to support himself is compelled to be a man of the world.

Our China Mission.

Rev. E. W. SMITH, D. D., Missionary Secretary of the M. E. Church, South:

Dear Brother,—Our reports from China may appear confused and contradictory, simply because they are faithful records of the ever-changing, ever-shifting scenes through which we are passing. To-day all is sunshine—all is promise—full of hope and gladness; we write as if our work was almost accomplished, and we ready to return, "shouting harvest home." To-morrow the heavens are covered with angry clouds, dark and gloomy shadows sweep over the landscape, our hopes die, our hearts grow sick, and, as we bow lowly before God, the storm breaks upon us. For a time all is darkness; neither sun, moon, nor stars for many days appear to cheer us with the promise of deliverance. Such has been our experience in China for the last five or six years, and such has been the character of our reports home. Not long since, the good news that our vast empire was to be thrown open to the preaching of the gospel cheered our weary hearts, and quickened the zeal of the Church in Christian lands. But a change has again "come over the spirit of our dream"—a cloud is upon us, blood is flowing, and the horrors of war once more threaten to desolate the land. We hope, however, that the present difficulty will soon be adjusted, and that it may ultimately tend to the furtherance of the gospel in these ends of the earth.

The time for changing the ratified treaties with China having arrived, Hon. Mr. Bruce, English Minister, Baron Gros, French Minister, and the American Minister, Mr. Ward—with their suites, and a number of war vessels—appeared off the mouth of the Pei-ho, and attempted to open some kind of communication with the government authorities; but failing to receive any satisfactory response, the English and French Commissioners determined to enter the river and proceed toward the capital. They found the mouth of the river blocked up by barriers; these they undertook to remove, when a fire from the Chinese forts on the bank was opened upon them, which of course was returned.—A battle then followed between the English gunboats and the Chinese or Tartar forts, the like of which is not on record in the history of foreign intercourse with China. For seven long hours the awful storm was kept up. The English fired four hundred rounds of shell and shot from each boat (eleven in all) into the forts—the forts returning in full measure all that was sent. The English attempted to land a storming party and take the forts, but were unable to reach them on account of the deep mud and ditches. They were repulsed and had to abandon for the present the attempt to enter the river. The English lost, in killed and wounded, between four and five hundred men. The Admiral acted with great courage—he was wounded; five of his lieutenants and one captain were killed. The Chinese lost a great many in killed and wounded.

Now, what is to be the end of this affair? We can safely predict one thing—the English will avenge the death of the brave fellows who fell on the 25th of June before the Pei-ho forts. They will enter Peking sword in hand, and then dictate their own terms. Russia is ready to take her share of the spoils. The rebels at Peking are ready for anything.—What will be the upshot of it we cannot now predict. One thing we are sorry to know, our going into the interior is exploded for the present. We must content ourselves to be penned up at the ports until this affair is settled. Perhaps it may be only for a short time—perhaps years. We calmly submit all to God, and would say to our friends at home, "Abate not one jot of heart or hope," but rather anticipate more glorious things than ever in the not remote future. The chariot of

God moves onward; though to our eyes, filled with the dust that attends his progress, there seems to be a retrograde movement occasionally, it is only an illusion.—Every event contributes in some way to fulfil his promises to the world. "Hope on, hope ever," should be our motto.—What though "the battlen rage, and the people imagine vain things"—though "the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his Anointed?" He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.—"Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure."

Your brother in Christ,
W. G. E. CENNYNGHAM.

An English Camp-Meeting.

The counterpart of our camp-meetings, in England, is probably the annual meeting at the "Gwap Pit," a natural amphitheater in the mining county of Cornwall, where Wesley preached several times in his life to the largest audiences that even he ever gathered together. Still it is not a camp-meeting, lasting as it does only for a single sermon, instead of for days; but in the out-door exercises and attendant circumstances, it is something akin.—Wherefore we think the following account from a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, of the last annual meeting at that place, will be found interesting:

Imagine a large natural oblong amphitheater, its grassy sides shelving gently down to a depth of fifty feet, and having an extreme width one way of two hundred feet, and the other way three hundred feet. Near the bottom of the amphitheater is a huge mass of granite, called the "pulpit," where the minister stands during the services. The scene, as I witnessed it, was very impressive. From the floor of the pit, which was packed chiefly with youthful hearers, human heads arose tier after tier in concentric circles, standing or seated on uniform artificial terraces, until the summit was reached, crowded with living masses, rooking to, and so under their own pressure. Talk about "immense crowds" on your public square in the Forest City, or political gatherings and Fourth of July celebrations, when you announce in big letters, "Ten thousand people in council," knowing at the time that a deduction of fifty per cent can justly be made—all recollections of such meetings dwindled into insignificance as I gazed on the throng of over thirty thousand persons gathered in and around that amphitheater, to listen to a sermon, a prayer, or two, and a few hymns. I was a sight to be seen once in a lifetime, and to be remembered forever.—Overhead the blue sky, with here and there a wavy streak, varied by throne like cushioned masses of silvery, transparent clouds, capped and crowned the glorious picture.

Ninety-three years ago John Wesley, with his brother Charles preached in this Pit to about twenty thousand people, it being the first time the amphitheater was ever used for such a purpose. Eight years afterward John Wesley preached to another immense throng in the same place. On the next year he again preached there and remarks—"I think this is the most magnificent spectacle which is to be seen this side of Heaven. And no music is to be heard upon earth comparable to the sound of many thousand voices when they are all harmoniously joined together singing praise to God and the Lamb." In his seventieth year he again preached here to over thirty thousand persons. In memory of these great meetings, which were mainly instrumental in changing the Cornish miners from half-savage, godless men, to sober, decent Methodists, the festival of Whit Monday is annually chosen for a great gathering at the Pit, and the celebration of the occasion by religious exercises.

As soon as the preacher reached the granite of the Pit from the bank above, and mounted the rostrum, he exclaimed, "What a magnificent sight!" A Wesleyan hymn, commencing "See how great a flame aspires," was sung by the immense crowd, after which a prayer was made and a portion of the scripture read. Then burst forth a hymn which rang from every part music, which surpassed in enthusiasm and volume anything I ever heard, and which compelled every one to join in the chant:

"I believe the Holy Bible,
Will you go along with me?
I believe the Holy Bible,
Sound, sound the Jubilee."
The sermon was partly historical, giving the history of Methodism, especially as related to Cornwall, and part of a character to promote repentance and a better life. After another hymn and a fervent prayer the exercises were over and the assembly dispersed.

The Conversion of Paul.

He started from a higher point than some men reach throughout their lives. He did not begin with the inquiry, "Lord wilt thou save me?" but, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" That was the key note of life; cordially doing another's will, and that of other, Christ.—*Rev. E. N. Kirk.*

From the Morning Enquirer.
An Hour in the Class-Room.

Not many Sabbath's since, I was seated in the class-room of — Chapel, listening attentively to words that fell from lips that seemed to have been touched with prophetic fire. I had gone there hoping that I might gather some crumbs of comfort on which to feed my weary and straining heart. To hear if any should tell of trials greater than mine, of sorrows more agonizing, and if any could point me to a sure refuge for the weary and oppressed, or tell me where to obtain strength that should endure all and conquer all.

One by one they rose, pilgrims who had long been journeying, and those who had but just set forth, all anxious to tell of the blessings that had met them on the way, and of their hopes and resolves. There was a fervor in all their words that made me feel their hope was not a vain one.—One aged woman, and saint, rose to tell of the many years she had been walking "the road that leads to Zion's gates." Her bent form and furrowed cheeks were eloquent in her description of her journey. They told that it had not all been made under a clear sky and over a grassy turf, but that often the clouds had hung dark and lowering, and that many times her feet had bled as she journeyed. Still, said she, "Through the many years of my life, God has never for one moment forsaken me." Oh! was not that precious comfort to a heart so desolate as mine? Faint no more, said I, put on the whole armor, and fully trusting in Him who never forsakes those who trust in Him, go forth to battle with poverty and toil, believing that in the end I shall be rich. What though the way along life's journey seems very dreary, believe that, as one by one hope's lights die out along thy pathway, newer and brighter ones are lighted along the path that leads to eternal rest. Another rose, a wayworn traveler whose journey was almost done. He had come up to the house of his Lord to give testimony for perhaps the last time. It was more than probable that the next Sabbath would find him singing with the redeemed in Heaven. He was even then suffering bodily pain that would have prevented many from attending upon this, to him much loved service, but with an unwavering voice he recounted his blessings, spoke of the pain that would so soon free his spirit from its earthly tenement, encouraged all to persevere in seeking the home where said he,—"there is no headache and no pain in the breast." What a triumph had faith achieved. The eye, just ready to close on earth, saw across the dark water, even to the green fields beyond; and the ears, fast dulling to the sounds of time, heard above the hoarse murmur of the dread flood, voices of friends long since gone home, bidding him hasten to the bright land to which pain is a stranger. And my frail suffering body seemed to grow stronger as I thought of it; but for a little while, a few short days shall thy head be bared to the rude winds and beating rain, and after that, thou shalt be surely saved in a land where "there is no headache and no pain in the breast." Yes! and God be praised no pain in the breast, no anxious waiting for the full fruition of hopes that "like the bird in the story, fitted from tree to tree." Love flitted by, bearing away all of life's sunshine, till the heart has fallen into the abyss of despair.—No pain, no poverty, no weariness, but rest and an eternal Hallelujah!

Two Kinds of Preaching.

There is one kind of preaching which draws attention almost exclusively to the preacher himself, and with certain classes of hearers, comprising generally a large majority, he is held in very high admiration. Their recollection, indeed, of his sermons is very vague and indistinct, and less have they any definable purpose to obey the truth, neither do they get any vivid conception of Christ; somehow he is kept in the background, being overshadowed by the towering form of his ambassador.

When the people retire it is not to weep and pray, but to talk of the preacher: "Magnificent man!" a "real Beecher." "Chapin himself can not surpass him." "Lofly thoughts." "Burning eloquence." Such are the commendations that fall alike from Universalists, Spiritualists, formalists, half-averted professors of religion, and men of the world. One class alone are silent and sad: the praying members of the church.

There is another kind, in which the preacher is almost entirely lost sight of. The congregation are arraigned at the bar of conscience, and confronted with God. For the time being, they are in the midst of the realities of eternity. Each unconverted hearer is searched by the truth, in the secret chambers of the soul, and

many are led to inquire, with deepest concern, "What shall we do to be saved?" Christ is most conspicuous walking among the golden candlesticks. His voice, full of sweetest encouragement, is heard saying to the believing, "Peace be unto you," and to the fearful, "It is I; be not afraid." In tones of mercy, it falls upon the ear of the repenting sinner, saying, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee." The skeptical and proud are startled into fear or rage by the awful words, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

Ein Feste Burg.

In the following attempt at translating the great War Song of the Reformation in Germany, the liberty has been taken of adopting eight lines unaltered, and seven lines more with only slight changes, from a version by Bishop Whittingham. The doxology at the end is wholly new. This translation has been carefully made, with express reference to the grand old *Choral*, which, as well as the German words, came from the hand of Martin Luther himself, at Coburg, in the month of June, 1530. The *Choral*, with these English words, will soon be issued in cheap form, by D. Dana, Jr., 381 Broadway.

A Tower and Stronghold is our God,
A Sword and Shield before us;
His hand hath freed in every need
That ever yet came o'er us.
The proud, conquering foe
His downfall shall know:
His malice in vain,
With furious wrath, shall reign
O'er earth with power appalling.

Of our own selves we naught can do,
Our gain were then but losing;
For us must fight the Strong and True,
The Man of God's own choosing.
For ever the same,
Christ Jesus his name,
The Lord God of Hosts!
Then where are earthly boasts?
All foes shall fall before Him.

What though the world be thronged with fiends,
All raging to confound us?
We know no fear, for God is near,
With mightier armies round us.
The world and its king
No terrors can bring,
Their threats are no worth,
Their doom shall soon go forth:
One word fulfills their ruin.

God's Word they shall themselves let stand,
Nor thanks to them be owing;
God is with us, through all the land,
His mighty will is blowing.
The body to kill,
Or torture, at will,
The wicked have power;
Yet lasts it but an hour:
The Kingdom's ours for ever!

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
For ever be outpouring,
All glory, from the heavenly host,
And saints on earth adoring:
Through time's utmost bound
That chorus resound,
And swell o'ermore,
Like stormy ocean's roar,
Through endless ages rolling. Jn.
September 23, 1859.

Religion and Business.

"They are saying, sir, that you are neglecting your business, and that it must suffer."
"Who says it?" says the employer.
"All your neighbors along the street, sir."
"Do any Christian say it?"
"Well, I hardly know whether they are Christians or not; I suppose not. But I thought I ought to let you know what was said. Besides, there is a good deal of money to be paid, and I do not know where it is coming from."
"How much are you short?"
"About six hundred to-day, and other bills mature to-morrow and next day, and I felt anxious to know how they are to be met."

"Do you believe our Saviour meant any thing when he said, 'Seek first the kingdom of heaven?'"
"Certainly I do."
"Well, what do you suppose he meant?"
"Oh, I do not know. I never thought of it. Perhaps I should not be able to answer it if I should try. But I do think that business is not to be neglected."
"I am very much astonished to hear you, a professor of religion, talk in this way. As for me, I believe just what he says, and I mean to do literally what he requires. I do not neglect my business. I know what paper is maturing, and I do not give myself the least uneasiness about it. I use all proper diligence, and the rest I leave to God."

When speaking of it the merchant said, I knew where I could lay my hand on the money at once, though I did not tell my clerk of it. I went to the noon-day prayer meeting as usual. On coming home after 1 P. M., I asked my clerk about the means to meet my bills for to-day."
"Oh," said he, "we are all right. Mr. B— has been in, and has paid \$1,800, and some other money has come in."
"This \$1,800 was a bad debt, which I

never expected to be paid," said the merchant. "So the Lord takes care of me, while I take care of the affairs of my own soul and the souls of others, and seek first the kingdom of heaven."

This man is one of the new recruits into the great army. His hand, his heart, his mind, are ready for every good work, every good word, and no duty is left undone.

Truits of John Wesley.

He preached, on an average, fifteen sermons a week. Instead of breaking down even it, when seventy years old he writes that he is far able to preach than when three and twenty. His brow was then smooth, his complexion ruddy, and his voice strong and clear, so that an audience of thirty thousand could hear him without difficulty. This vigor he ascribes to continual travel, early rising, good sleep, and an even temper. "I feel and grieve, but by the grace of God I feel at nothing."

Wesley had not a particle of the morbid or fanatical in his nature, and never knew what it was to be "depressed." His piety was as serene as it was deep. It may be doubted whether there was ever a nature greatly and richly endowed which had not a vein of humor that illuminated even its more serious moods. Wesley had this, and it was intimately allied with the pathos and tenderness that melted his hearers, or the faithfulness that rebuked sin without bitterness.

There was one Michael Fowick that traveled with him as a sort of groom, nurse, and occasional exhorter. The good man was vain enough to complain, one day, that his name was never inserted in Wesley's published Journals. In the next number of the Journals he found his name in a connection that probably did not serve to increase his vanity. "I left Epworth," wrote Wesley, "with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none were moved but Michael Fowick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining haystack."

As leader and organizer he was imperious, and like Paul, required submission from others, as one born in command. But this was under a solemn sense of his responsibilities, for no one had a more meek and forgiving temper. One Joseph Bradford was at one time his traveling companion. Wesley directed him to carry a package of letters to the post. Bradford wished to hear the sermon first. Wesley insisted. Bradford refused.

"Then you and I must part," said Wesley.

"Very good," said Bradford. They slept over it, and the next day Wesley was at first inexcusable. "Will you ask my pardon?" "No, sir."

"Then I will ask yours," said the great man; and Bradford melted under the example, and went like a child. Wesley's Christian liberality was as conspicuous as his piety. He was eminently a "Liberal" Christian. He writes, near the close of his life, "Is a man a believer in Jesus Christ, and is his life suitable to his profession, are not only the main, but the sole inquiries I make, in order to his admission into our society." His only restriction on opinions was that they should not be introduced for discussion and wrangling in their devotional meetings.

In one of his mass meetings a brutal man passed through the throng and struck him in the face. Wesley, the tears starting into his eyes, turned the other cheek. The assailant slunk away, and became his steadfast friend, and even periled his life to save one of Wesley's chaplains from being destroyed. But again Wesley met a man of the same class, who attempted to push against him and throw him down. "I never make way for a fool," said his assailant. "I always do," replied Wesley, stepping aside and calmly passing on.

He died at the age of 84, preaching almost to the last day of his life. Probably no life impressed itself more deeply or beneficially upon the age. Whitefield had no gift as an organizer, and no trace of his work remains. Wesley could not only preach, but organize the results of his preaching; and so his work is effectual to-day as when riding through his circuits and preaching sometimes to thirty thousand hearers. Mr. Stevens' book is an invaluable contribution to religious literature, showing as it does the almost miraculous efficiency of the gospel in transforming human nature and setting free its noblest powers, changing insensate and brutal men as if by the touch of Christ, and giving them not only the love of Christ, but a gift of eloquence that schools of learning and oration had never imparted.—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

Serving God.

Those that resolve to serve God must not mind being singular in it, nor be drawn by the crowd to forsake his service. Those that are bound for heaven must be willing to swim against the stream, and must not do as the most do, but as the best do.