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For the Provincial Wesleyan.
NOTICE OF REV. N. D. GEORGE'S BOOK.
"ANNIHILATION NOT OF THE BIBLE."
NO. 3.

It is not necessary to state here all the particulars in which the soul of man is the "image of God." One feature of the resemblance is immortality. There can be no doubt of this, the plain and obvious meaning of the Scriptures is the proper one. The Saviour says "These (the wicked) shall go away into everlasting life." The quotation varies a little from the original version. We have made the change intentionally, because precisely the same adjective is used in the Greek to qualify the "life" and the "punishment." But, says the annihilatorist, this everlasting punishment is annihilation. We reply how can that punishment which terminates in a short time be everlasting? The man is annihilated; he does not exist; he is as though he had never been. What then is punished? Nothing, for nothing exists. Ah! "but it is everlasting, because its consequences are everlasting!" By this sophistry we can with equal truth show that the righteous are to be annihilated, that there is no immortality for them, that the life is everlasting only because its consequences are so. Besides, the punishment in the case of annihilation must be the same for all the wicked, whereas Christ speaks of different degrees of punishment, as for instance when he says to the Pharisees, "Ye shall receive the greater damnation."

What kind of punishment annihilation is, either in itself or its consequences, may be judged from the opinions of a French materialist, named Lacaze, who when condemned to death for murder, "gravelly told the court that he had made a sort of *algebraic equation* between the advantages and the dangers of crime. In his calculation he, that by killing others I expose myself to perish on the scaffold? But what is the punishment of the scaffold? It is a momentary pain, and then comes annihilation. I foresee what has overtaken me; but meanwhile I have enjoyed the fruit of my calculations. I have examined the advantages of crime, and I have found them to be a good calculation. Since I have fallen into your hands condemn me and cut off my head. You are my enemies and I am yours; we shall be even. I do not at all regret having killed several persons to seize what belonged to them. I would do it again if I could. Thus spoke Lacaze at his famous trial."

We will now present a few instances of the circumlocutions as quoted by our author, to which annihilatorists are obliged to resort in their interpretation of the Scriptures.

"And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit." The Acts of St. Paul.

"We have already shown that the righteous have an undying spirit, that at death returns to God who gave it. If they are Christ's, they have his spirit. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, said, 'Lord Jesus receive my spirit.' Mr. George replies very correctly, 'Thus Stephen is made to say, 'Lord Jesus receive my Holy Ghost.' Seeing this was so glaringly false that it would not kill the text, Mr. Campbell backs straight out of it and tries again. Hear him: 'But, on our examination of the text, it does not appear that he prayed to the Lord to receive it.' Well, what twist next to wring off the neck of truth? Why, it was not Stephen who said 'Lord Jesus receive my spirit,' but the Jews. We leave Mr. Campbell in the hands of the grammarians, and arraigned at the bar of the common sense of our readers, and pass on. Stephen is dying and commends his spirit to Christ. And David says, 'Father into thy hands I commend my spirit,' and the dying Saviour says, 'Father into thy hands I commend my spirit.' Let us ask, what does the word 'spirit' mean in these texts. Does it mean 'ghost'? This will not be pretended. Does it signify the Holy Ghost? We have already seen that this is so absurd, that even Mr. Campbell does not give utterance to it. Does it mean breath? It cannot be supposed that either of them wished to commend to God the last portion of air they breathed. Does it mean animal life? Animal life, of course, exists no longer than the animal exists. Mr. Blair says, 'When an ox or a man is dead, life is annihilated.' It means then as all must see, the immaterial soul, the conscious being of man."

"I knew a man in Christ about fourteen years ago, (whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell)." 2 Cor. xii. 2. "This passage is such a standing protest against the views of materialists, that but little is said about it by their leading writers; for even to call attention to it is an effort against themselves. Mr. Z. Campbell, who is a bold man, after quoting it ventures the following: 'Well, if it had not told whether the man was in the body or out, Mr. George cannot; hence he cannot tell whether the text proves the immortality of the soul or not, though we will let it pass? In this way he slips over it, as if conscious to say more would weaken his cause.' We may add, that a barefaced sophistry, what an ill-disguised attempt to get rid of the force of a passage which so distinctly implies Paul's belief in the possibility of the soul's conscious existence, either in the body or out of the body!"

"These illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. They show the weakness of the cause, and as it is to resort to such artifices. Yet there are persons who appear to think such quibbling is argument, and are highly satisfied if by any arbitrary wresting of a word or clause from its proper connection or by arbitrarily imposing upon it an unusual and fanciful construction of their own, they are able to gain a momentary triumph over those who have been accustomed to regard the obvious meaning of the Scriptures as the correct meaning, and to interpret well understood local phrases which they employ as they would be interpreted if found in any other book."

In these articles nothing at all has been said of what may be regarded by some persons as the stronghold of annihilatorism, namely in those texts in which "destruction" and "destruction" occur. Neither on the other hand, has reference been made to the texts which speak of the resurrection of

all, both just and unjust, and the separation which will take place at the great day of judgment. We could not attempt this without extending our remarks to a greater length than at present seems desirable, and our chief purpose has been to direct the attention of those whose minds may be troubled or unsettled by the cavillings of false teachers, and who are anxious to be directed to the truth of the matter, to Mr. George's book. It is an excellent repository of the arguments *pro* and *con*, and has received the highest commendations.

TILL HE COME.
"TILL HE COME."—Oh! let the words Linger on the trembling chords; Let the little while between In their golden light be seen; Let us think how heaven and home Lie beyond that "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love Enter to their rest above, Seems the earth so poor and vast. All our life-journey o'ercast? Hush, be every mourner dumb: It is only—Till He come.

Clouds and conflicts round us press: Would we have one sorrow less? All the sharpness of the cross, Death and darkness and the tomb Only whisper, "Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread! Drink the wine and break the bread; Sweet memories—till the Lord Call us round his heavenly board; Some from earth, from glory some, Severed only—Till He come.

REVIVALS.
What are they, and how to promote them, are questions of ever present and vital interest. A revival of religion is indicated by an awakening of the Church more or less extensive as the case may be. It is not implied that all the Church is actively and vigorously engaged in Christian work, nor that half or even a quarter of the membership are thus engaged. It would certainly be a revival in many places if even so large a proportion as a quarter of the professors of religion were alive and active, but there may be a genuine revival when only a few, and a very few, are aroused to put forth unswerving exertions for the salvation of souls. Besides this it is always expected that in a revival sinners will be converted. So often has the trial been made, and so invariable have been the results, that it is looked upon as certain that the impenitent will be awakened and the unconverted saved, if only a half-dozen real Christians are revived and commence to labor with new-found faith, and zeal, and hence the conversion of sinners is considered more than a mere concomitant of a revival; it is a part of every real work of grace by which the cause of the Redeemer is carried forward on the earth.

Time and place and a multitude of circumstances must decide to a great degree as to the best methods to promote revivals. There can be no doubt that the most excellent way would be for every Christian to carefully examine his life and condition before God, and, finding anything in his heart or life contrary to the divine will, to seek for a complete reformation, and a new and more blessed experience of salvation. That is what ought to be done, and there may be no living in any other state than that of full enjoyment of the saving grace of God. There is in this respect a terrible responsibility resting upon the Church. It might seem as though there must be a ceaseless agony of soul, on the part of believers, to be all that grace can make them, to prepare them to discharge the obligations under which they are placed. If such an experience as we have supposed could be realized, then it is evident that the life would abound with continuous and well directed efforts to lead men to Christ. Personal persuasion would characterize the contact of the saint and sinner. Loving, tearful entreaty would often fall upon the listening ear of the hardened. The Holy Spirit, would be wisely employed to alarm and attract the careless. But after all the constant prayer of faith would ascend for the promised gift of the Spirit to convert and convict and enlighten; the conditions upon which the promise rests would be complied with, and faith would demand with holy boldness the Almighty assistance without which all human efforts are in vain.

But how shall the church be brought into such a condition of interest and labor? One, two, possibly nearly three years of toil have been expended by the preacher, and the church is about where he found it.—Little life, feeble faith, desultory conversions. There is no reason why there should be so long a period of trial, and no reason why there may not be an immediate and wide-spread reformation. Perhaps it will be brought about, if the preacher humbles himself before God, and renews his consecration, and preaches for immediate results, and redoubles his efforts in pastoral work. Perhaps the end will be gained if a day of fasting and prayer be appointed and the church get down very low at the foot of the cross, and all hearts be melted together in love, and in answer to prayer the spirit of love is rolled upon my soul.

Perhaps revivals will be promoted if a protracted meeting be held, and only home talent be employed, or neighboring ministers may be called in, or evangelists or praying hands from other churches may be sent for. All these methods and means have been employed with greater or less success. If one instrument fails or is out of reach, try another. At all events, be resolved there shall be a revival, and use every divinely honored means to secure it.

A million souls ought to be converted through the influence of the Methodist Church before the opening buds of the next spring; they may be if ministers and people will do their duty. W. E. M.

SHINE THROUGH.
When we are willing to show all the best things there are in us, and let somebody else have the glory, if there is any, we are prepared to live and go to sleep.

We meet some such people in places of trust and position, and some in the family circle.

I knew a noble man who from boyhood, by prayer and work, has built a character that a king might envy. He had learned to be unselfish; always brought home the first flowers, the first fruits, the best things to his wife and children. It anybody had new garments it must not be. If anybody needed a rest in the summer by the seashore, he needed it last and least. He had no extra steps taken for him.

With a finely cultivated mind, he was not unkind of the ignorant. His life was a sunbeam, and it shone through everybody. He was needed in higher duties and he went away; yet still he shines through a lovely family, one of whom has consecrated her life to "going about doing good."

Her father shines through her as she puts shoes on her poor children's feet, or leads weary ones to the shelter of a great rock in a weary land; as she goes without dinner, giving it to some hungry one, or without her sleep, watching beside somebody sick and homeless in a great Western city. Such a man has not lived in vain.

There are many such lives among women. Mary Lyon's example shines through hundreds of missionaries, teachers, wives and mothers. The wife of Lyman Beecher, the mother of the Wesleyes, the three Judsons, Elizabeth Fry, and hosts of others, have been so luminous themselves, that their reflected light has been wonderful. Nobody can tell how many of our greatest men and women are but glowing the light of some soul, given in the right time and circumstances for their full development.

A woman in the southern part of our State has, by her suggestion, constant encouragement, and criticisms, made her husband a most eloquent public man. The world does not know her as yet, but him more.

A good minister shines through his congregation. You see it in their faces, in their conversation, in their deeds.

Make up your mind to make somebody better; to make somebody's life more a power because of you; to make somebody more genial, more noble, more consecrated to the great work of life, and God will see to it that your own light is not put out. If you want fame, riches, you will have them sooner the less, perhaps the more; if you want to be known in the hereafter, whether you are now or not, shine through somebody.—Sarah Knowles Bolton, in *Christian at Work*.

SELF DENIAL is in itself noble, and always no thing than self gratification. It would be so in things indifferent,—where we might most innocently indulge, but prefer to relinquish to others. In things that are evil, self-denial retains its nobility of rank, but becomes also imperative in its obligations. He whose whole nature is perverted by avarice, and resists it even unto large and constant generosity, becomes therefore a noble liberal. So an irascible disposition that will be amiable, a proud man who mortifies himself perpetually by his humilities, and an envious one who, in spite of his nature, is ever exalting his rivals, are all of them exercising the highest discipline and performing gloriously the first duties of manhood. God delights in our sacrifices, helps us as we make them, and rewards us with consequent joys and triumphs. To fight with one's self is the most difficult of duties; to treat our own nature and disposition as an enemy, this is our nature, and to shiver our hearts with the cold of the living soul toward the God in whom it trusts. The medicant finds a joy even in his misguided self-mortifications, but this is bare self-denial and mistaken at that; add to this, now, a rational and religious element, and it ceases to be what men and angels admire, and God commends: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." If the current of our nature is downward the way to heaven is necessarily up stream. Often we come to comparatively smooth water, and with favoring breezes, may set our sails and glide gladly onward. So it is quite likely next to be called to stem the rapids. So our strength is diversified, but the current is ever strong or less downward, and all heavenward effort to antagonize it.

"Sure I understand if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord!"

PEOPLE WHOM I HAVE SEEN.
A driving snow storm this! How the wind howls and shrieks around the houses! How fast and thick fall the feathery flakes! God help the poor!

I turned from the window, and sat down to the glowing comfort of a cheerful wood-fire and a new book, prepared to enjoy the brief hours of a winter afternoon to the utmost. But somehow the enjoyment failed to come. Up from the printed pages a group of faces looked wistfully into mine—hungry faces with lean cheeks and hollow eyes; weary faces; bearing the traces of hard and ill-requited labor; sorrowful faces, out of which all smiles had faded; despairing faces which had forgotten or were afraid to look up to the heavens; these, and also, most touching of all, patient faces of the poor members of my book, and seemed crowded back to me from their spivering lips my prayer—God pity the poor!

It at ease I certainly was, and yet not quite ready to harken to the inward voice which bade me go forth and make good my petition, by doing what I could for their relief. It was so rough without—so bitterly cold,—"Ye old ladies!" Bridget's head, ducked inside the door waited an answer. "I have not forgotten it, but it is so stormy I dislike to go out this afternoon." "Indeed, then, it is my own self I'll go, ma'am, though I've not washed the clothes, nor—" "Please put the broom in a tin pail, Brid-

get," I interrupted thoroughly ashamed of myself, "and I will take it at once."

Fifteen minutes later I set forth, and soon found myself at aunt Patty's door. The old lady sat crooning over her fire, with her knitting work in her hands. "Good afternoon, aunt Patty. How are you feeling to-day?"

"Miserable, miserable, ma'am, thank you. Didn't sleep a wink last night; wind a-blowing and a-thrashing the blinds—rain a-driving against the window close to the head of my bed, and such a pain right straight up the spine of my back! Seemed as though I should give up."

"You look pretty well this afternoon; and how pleasant your room is! You get a great deal of sunlight here."

"Well, when the sun shines, I have it in the afternoon, and part of the morning, but we don't seem to have any pleasant weather this winter. I never saw anything like it."

"We need the rain, I suppose, aunt—"

"Of course we do; but it's only drizzle, drizzle, drizzle, for the most part, and now it's snowing the well'll give out, I don't doubt, for the springs ain't a quarter full."

"I see you have had a present of a new shawl and cap. How pretty they are, aunt Patty!"

"I'm glad you like 'em, but I didn't need a shawl. I've got two a ready. I'd like it if it had been a gown; and as for the cap, I wish it had been a muftin flit instead of lace, and black strings instead of purple. I never did favor purple. But there, beggars must be choosers."

"What a comfortable fire you have, aunt Patty! Are you well provided with coal?"

"Well, I've got enough to last a couple of months unless we have a cold snap, and I expect we shall; but I don't know where the next is coming from, I'm sure."

"Take no thought for the morrow, aunt Patty."

"That's very well for you to say, ma'am, when you have a full pocket-book right to your hand."

"I suppose the Master meant it for the comfort of those who have not a full pocket-book. I am sure he will provide for you, aunt Patty."

"I hope he will, but I don't feel so sure as you seem to, ma'am."

"I was glad to see you at church last Sunday. Mr. Smith was very kind to take you."

"It ain't very often he puts himself out. I don't suppose he'd have thought of calling for me, if he hadn't happened to be a going through somebody.—Sarah Knowles Bolton, in *Christian at Work*."

"Didn't you like our new minister? What a good, practical sermon he gave us. It seemed as though every one must be benefited by it."

"It was good enough I suppose, but it wasn't the kind that suits me. I want strong meat and then, I don't like his ways at all. He ain't a bit like dear old Father Senter! What a good old saint he was! But there, we don't have any such preaching now-days as we used to have when I first made a profession. Times have changed for the worse, for the worse!"

"How many years is it, since you made a profession, Aunt Patty?"

"Well, pretty nigh on to thirty-six, I believe."

"How much you must have enjoyed, and what experiences of God's loving care you must have had! Don't you love to look back upon them?"

"Well, I don't know. To tell the truth, I haven't enjoyed much. Seems though I've had my own's share of trouble. Here I'm a poor, lone widow, living all by myself, with expectations to keep soul and body together. I expect I shall come to the poor-house before I die, and it don't seem just right."

"Have you ever wanted food and clothing, Aunt Patty?"

"As to that I have had enough as a general thing, such as it is, but folks like their pick once in a while. There's that ain't any better than I—no, no so good either, that just I'd rather in riches. I can't understand it, and I don't expect I ever shall."

"If you are really a child of God, Aunt Patty, you are sure of an inheritance in heaven, and of riches that shall endure forever."

"Well—yes—yes, the good Book says that, but it does seem kind of hard that a body has to go to wait till they're dead, before they can enjoy themselves! Are you going so soon, ma'am? That's always the way. No one ever stays with me more'n ten minutes. If you see the minister you may tell him for me, that when he gets ready, I'd like to have him call, but it ain't likely he will. Poor, dear Father Senter always came once a fortnight, as regular as clock work, but then it didn't make any difference to him, whether a body was rich or poor."

"I will give Mr. Ritchie your message, aunt Patty, and I think you may expect him to call soon."

"Oh, well, he won't. Nobody ever comes, and when they do, they don't stay. I'm much obliged for the broom, ma'am I'm sure. Good-by."

I hastened away from Aunt Patty's door, and crossing the street, rapped at the one opposite.

"Come in, come in," cried a cheerful voice.

"Why, it is you, my dear, in such a storm as this? How good your face is, and the old lady set for me a chair, her face beaming with pleasure. 'I don't believe there's another woman in this town, that has such friend as I have.'"

"Come in, come in," cried a cheerful voice.

"Why, it is you, my dear, in such a storm as this? How good your face is, and the old lady set for me a chair, her face beaming with pleasure. 'I don't believe there's another woman in this town, that has such friend as I have.'"

"Oh, my dear, what more do I need? This is just what will do me good, and I am so fond of it."

"But, Miss Anne, please tell me what you had for dinner?"

"I had crackers soaked in warm water, and a little salt sprinkled over. You don't know how I enjoyed them; the salt gave them such a relish!"

"And what will you have for your breakfast?"

"Why, bless you, my dear, I don't look ahead so far as that! I'm sure to have something. The Lord takes care of me, and he never lets me go a-hungry—never."

"How have you been since I saw you last, Miss Anne?"

"Oh, happy, happy, my dear. I've my aches and pains as usual, but only enough for my good."

"Your room warm enough, Miss Anne? It is very cold weather, and with your dreadful rheumatism, and cough, I should think you ought to have more fire."

"Well, my dear, I manage to keep comfortable; you see I have a warm rock to my feet, but I want to be a little careful of my fire, because my coal is about out, and me other hasn't come yet. I've got on nice thick flannels that Mrs. Jewis was so kind as to send me, so I don't require quite as much heat in my room."

"Have you ordered more coal, Miss Anne?"

"I haven't exactly ordered it, my dear, but I've asked the Lord to send it, and he will. He never lets me get quite out."

"You won't be able to go to church much this winter, I suppose?"

"Well, no, unless some one takes me once in a while. Mr. Smith has come on purpose for me twice already, the Lord will reward him for it. But then, when I can't go, my dear, I feel as though I had my church right here in this room. I have some precious times with my Bible and hymn-book, and the Lord preaches to me!"

"You have heard our new Minister? How do you like him?"

"Very much. He is just the kind of a preacher that we need, so plain and practical, and so earnest. We must pray hard for him, my dear."

"Has he called on you Miss Anne?"

"Not yet. I haven't expected him, for he has such a large parish, and so much to do, but I shall be glad to see him when he can come."

"I will ask him to call if you wish?"

"No, indeed. I wouldn't have you, my dear. He will come in good time, I know."

"Miss Anne, do you ever find anything to complain of?"

"Complain of? My dear, how could I, when my cup is running over with blessings! I don't think I am one of the happiest women in this town! I believe I have been one of the Lord's children for thirty years, and He has kept me walking in green pastures, and still waters, all the time!"

"But you have had sickness and pain to bear, and you have known sorrow, my dear?"

"Not lost," interrupted Miss Anne, with a tender smile. "I have good hope that every one that is safe in heaven, and that I shall soon be with them. The sickness and the pain don't hurt my soul; they only worry my poor body a little, but that is of no account, so long as I can hold fast to my Lord."

"But you are poor, Miss Anne?"

"Oh, no, no, my dear. I am rich! I have everything I need."

"And have you no anxious doubts or fears?"

"Never. I cannot think that after bringing me all this way on my journey, the Lord will leave me to suffer for anything that is needful. He has promised to keep his children to the end, and, my dear, He always keeps his word."

And so I left her, with heaven's peace shining on her face, and heaven's peace in her soul, and went on my homeward way, buffeted the storm, and pondering the lessons I had learned.—*Christian Union*.

METHODIST DOCTRINE.
The substance of Doctrine is the great dogma of justification by faith, and the doctrine which flows out of it—the divinity of Christ. If we must be saved by justification, Christ must be divine to save us. It is not into converted questions that I care to lead you. Do not trouble your heads about predestination, and questions of metaphysics, which belong to the region of philosophy, and ought to be taken out and kept out of the area of religion. We are endowed with the will to repent, and the knowledge that we are all sinners and need a Saviour, and that Jesus Christ is ready to be our Saviour and will save all that come to God through him. In the provision of God it has come to be considered that the Methodist Church is intrusted with two doctrines—the doctrine of the wreness of the Spirit, and that of Christian perfection. They are not doctrines in the strictest sense of the word; they are not theories or dogmas at all. No dogmatic statement is needed of the fact that when a Christian man is received into the favor of God he receives the witness of himself; the Holy Spirit witnesses to his spirit that he is a child of God. This doctrine is as old as the Church of England—yours will find it in her dogmas; as old as the Church of Rome—you will find it in the lives of the saints who, in the dark ages shone like lights in a benighted land; you will find it in the writings of Augustine, Cyprian, Tertullian; it is as old as Paul, and is taught by Christ to his disciples: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." This doctrine is the doctrine of the Church, and you will find it illustrated in practice by every Christian—Christ—at least by all with whose worship I have ever come in contact.

The doctrine of Christian perfection is on the same basis. We are bound to love God with our whole soul; bound to take God at his word when he says, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father, who is in heaven, is perfect." There are two errors into which this exhortation may lead you: one is to think dependently that it is utterly impossible to attempt to approach such a standard; and the other is, to excuse your faults by saying it is impossible to be a perfect Christian. You have no right to lower the standard of Christianity, and it is perilous to yourself to do it. Never dare to say that God is impossible, or that he sets before us

Bullock's hotel, where we stayed, the orgies of some of the members of Congress, and heard of the wickedness of others. Before sermons the Bishop offered a prayer which seemed to shake the capital, where we were met to worship. How he prayed for sinners in high places. How faithfully he preached to them afterward! We well remember the impression of awe and solemnity which was produced on the audience. It is due to say that he was treated with the reverence due to a prophet of God. The most wicked among them honored him for his boldness and fidelity, because they saw that

—the fervor of his zeal, Was the pure flame of love.

We have been led by these reflections by the following communication of Mrs. Palmer to the New York Christian Advocate:

It was during the prevalence of the cholera in New York in 1832 that I witnessed one of the most extraordinary manifestations of the Divine Spirit I ever remember. The fearful pestilence walking in darkness, and the destruction waiting at noonday, was making many afraid. Multitudes had fled from the city, and fortitude constrained many to think of their latter end, and with singleness of purpose crowd the house of God.

One Sabbath morning during the prevalence of these solemnities the Rev. B. Waugh, soon afterward Bishop of the M. E. Church, had been announced to preach in the Allen-street M. E. Church, New York. He commenced the service with reading Psalm cxxvii. The reader turning to it, will find that this sublime Psalm is an exhortation to give thanks to God for particular mercies, commencing with, "O give thanks unto the Lord," and each verse ending with "for his mercy endureth forever." Would that I could portray on paper the divine pathos, the holy union, that clothed the word as the devout Bishop, with an inspired emphasis, repeated at the close of each invocation, calling forth the lofty praise to God, "For his mercy endureth forever."

Then followed the hymn and prayer. And such a prayer! How shall I describe it! The voice uttering it, and the power attending its sentences were so indescribably unctuous that language fails in the attempt to delineate. Spiritual things cannot be described in human language. I can only think of it as an electrified shock of divine power, reminding one of the time when the apostles prayed, (Acts iv. 31), and the place was shaken where they were assembled.

The prayer of the eminently devout minister of Christ had touched the shrine of Him who dwelleth between the cherubim, and sent a flood of holy purifying fire, light, mercy, and love burst forth upon the people. Many were amazed! Saints shouted for joy! And the uninitiated in halting, spiritual manifestation appeared bewildered and confounded. A lady in the pew just before the writer, perhaps of the latter class, rose from her seat, turned her hands in rapt ecstacy, raised round again and again exclaiming, "O, O, O!" The manifestations all over the house were various and singularly thrilling.

Certainly it was not the fires of Sinai's mount that were now enveloping the people, alarming them by the laws fearful terrors. Mighty prayers had opened heaven, and revealed in wondrous sublimity the stupendous grace of Him whose "mercy endureth forever." How long the beloved and honored Bishop thus continued in audience with the Triune Deity in the presence of that entranced assembly, I cannot say.

As with Moses in audience with the High and Holy on the mount, the good Bishop seemed to lose all thought of time, and remained greatly beyond the ordinary season allotted to prayer, in rapt communion with God, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. It occupied a large portion of the time usually devoted to preaching. The kneeling worshippers, by the strong arm of faith, seemed well-wish to have opened the portals of the unseen world, and

And Heaven came down our souls to greet, And glory crowned the mercy-seat.

The short address that followed was a rhapsody of adoration, love and praise, making the spirit of that eventful Sabbath morning of good sacred, memorable interest. Speaking to the good Bishop, years afterward, of this remarkable meeting, he manifested deep emotion, and, if I remember correctly, said that the subject that he intended to bring before the people that morning had been taken from his mind, and his thoughts all absorbed in the most inspiring of the hour.—*Nashville Advocate*.

DEAN ALFORD.
To the Editors of the Watchman.
DEAR SIR:—The lamented death of Dean Alford has filled all Christendom with grief, for whilst a dignitary of the Church of England, he was a true member of "the Holy Catholic Church," and greatly valued "the communion of saints."

A scene witnessed in 1857 in Berlin has been vividly recalled by the notices of his removal which have appeared. During the session of the Evangelical Alliance Conference held at Berlin, it was agreed by the English speaking members of the Conference that they should unite in celebrating the Lord's Supper. The place was the Hotel de Suisse, and the company, numbering considerably more than a hundred, were seated around the large hall. As ministers and laymen of all evangelical denominations were present, no form beyond the reading of the institution of the Lord's Supper as given by the Apostle Paul was used. The late Rev. W. M. Bunting offered prayer, the latter was requested to give an address before the bread was distributed, and the Rev. Dr. Paton of New York, spoke before giving the wine. The Dean of Canterbury, accompanied by three Nonconformist ministers handed the bread to the communicants as they were seated. Eardley, Farmer, Baird, Prescotes, Bunting, Krumacher, M'Clintock, and many others then present have since met in the "better country," and assuredly they look back with halting pleasure on the affecting scene now recalled.

Yours truly,
GEORGE SCOTT.
Bury, Jan 23, 1871.