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The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess., v. 21.

Vol. 3. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, August 17, 1861. No. 7.

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Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. [To prevent disappointment, all advertisements should be sent to the Office before 3 o'clock on Friday.]

A Dream and not a Dream.

My life is but a dream:—
Swifter than eagle's flight
Your chases year in full career,
Like spectres of the night.

My life is but a dream:—
What phantoms come and go!
Unreal gains, and joys, and pains,
In ceaseless, endless flow!

This life is but a dream:—
Some walking in their sleep,
Some grasping there the empty air,
Some sunk in slumber deep.

My life is not a dream:—
Soaring on faith's strong wing
I upward rise, till these dim eyes
Behold the Heavenly King.

My life is not a dream:—
I work and wait for thee,
Till then appear, my Saviour dear!
In glorious majesty.

Yet life is but a dream:—
These shadows of the night
Shall flee away at break of day,
Before heaven's endless light.

—Cor. British Messenger.

Temperance Memorials of the Great Havelock.

An Address delivered by desire of Lady Havelock by Lieutenant-Colonel Wakefield to the Havelock Temperance Rifle Corps, in the Temperance-hall, Victoria street, Westminster, on Saturday evening, May 18th: Joseph Payne, Esq., in the chair.

[Concluded from our last.]

Why should not moral England, with all its moral union and all its moral suasion—why should not we set the example? Oh, let us set the example, my good friends, not of the drunken Englishmen—not of the dram-drinking, beer-drinking, or the public-house Englishmen, but of the sober Englishmen—(applause). I have been in France and in Germany—although in Germany they do drink a good deal—but the Frenchman is an extraordinary fellow, he is actually satisfied with his *eau sucre*—sugar and water, and I wish the Englishman, with all his noble qualities, would take to sugar and water instead of brandy and water, and then just by one united, noble effort, shut up your gin-shops and your public-houses, and your beer barrels, filled with cocculus indicus, and all sorts of poison that makes fish float on top of the water—(cheers and laughter). Well, how can we do this? Just, as I say, with a hundred gatherings like the present.—But more especially, my friends, I speak to you as an old soldier, with the feelings of my heart that soldiering cannot be done properly except by sober men—(hear).—Remember, the soldier is not now what he was forty years ago—(cheers). He is an educated man, he is a man who thinks and acts, and knows his rights as a citizen, and at the same time acts as serving his country. He is a different man to the formal machine of forty years ago; and is he not to take part and portion in the progress of civilization that is going on? Is it not now an accepted fact that to be drunk is to make a beast of one's self—is that not now, more so than before, an accepted fact? In all ranks of life it is looked upon as a degrading thing to get drunk—for a man to lose all the noble powers that God has given him to be an ornament to the station in which He has placed him. Therefore it gives me immense pleasure, in connection with my remembrances of the noble advocate of Temperance, Henry Havelock, to address the body of men who have taken up his name as their banner—(cheers).—My good friends, the very name is a tower of strength—(loud applause). I am not a hero-worshipper, but I am a worshipper of good men and true—(hear)—and I feel that every man who serves upon the Havelock principle—for it is a *bona fide* principle which he introduced into the British army—is fighting under a banner which will impart to him a positive blessing.

I myself am occupied in Oxford now with a working man's room, and for your encouragement I will tell you a little history of it. After I had entirely altered my mind upon the subject of abstinence, I felt that the best thing I could do was to be a teetotaller. I also began to carry out the second department of my pledge, which was that I should do the best I could to persuade everybody else to abstain. So when I got into Oxford I asked some of my clerical friends, "What is the bane and curse of your parish?" "Drunkenness, sir. It is at the root of nearly everything. If a fellow steals we generally find out that he had been at the drink," and so on. I said, "I am very much interested in this cause; can I be of any aid to you?" "Oh, yes; come to my school-room, and give a lecture on teetotalism." I did, and I gave them many of the circumstances that I have given you; and, finally, I was enabled, with the help of some good friends,—I have got some teetotallers in Oxford who have held me up in this matter, and was enabled to get a house, and collect some £25. The house is small, it is true—everything must have a beginning; we pay £15 a-year rent, and we have now one hundred and twenty six members, and eighty of them teetotallers—(loud applause). They get their cup of coffee for a half-penny, and their slice of bread and butter. There is coffee served out from six in the morning till one in the day; and again at eight in the evening. I go down once a week and have a talk with my working men. Now to come to the fruits. I am not going to give you a florid description, but I have to speak to positive facts.—There was a man named Perry (!) in Oxford, he had been a flourishing market gardener—they say at one time he had been well to do in the world, but drunkenness had ruined him. There is an Oxford Association for the encouragement of Temperance and Abstinence. One of these men said to me, "Now you are trying your hand on drunken men, just try your hand on Mr Perry." I went down and found him in a place that was not fit to put a dog in. He was in rags—in fact, in all the misery and destitution incidental to the confirmed drunkard. He was so bad that they would not have him in the public houses; the fellows said, "You get out; don't come in here"—because whenever he got the drink he began to fight.—Now I spoke to this man as follows: I said to him, "You wish to reform?" He said, "Surely I do." I said just what Havelock said to his men, "Try to do it, but cannot do it in your own strength, make it a subject of prayer to God, and you will be enabled, I trust, to do it." That man is now my gardener; he puts my garden to rights—he has picked up in flesh, and health and strength, and I have promised him if he goes on as he has done for nine months clear, that I will get his clothes out of pawn, and make a gentleman of him.

That is one instance—I am proud even to have one, because one is as good as a hundred in respect to proving the truth of what I say. But I have got some others. There were some men amongst those, to whom God had given tremendous power of muscle and limb, prize-fighters, and they were the terror of the parish. The other day I met one of the policemen, and he said, "Sir, you seem to be getting on with your room." "Yes, sir," he said, "one or two of your men we were continually having in jail; they were always kicking up a row and disturbing the peace." I am happy to say I have got some of the biggest scamps in the parish coming there of an evening and sitting in their right mind. I assure you there was a thing occurred the other night that made my eyes fill with tears. I was talking to some of them and distributing some little practical tracts in connection with Temperance and other matters and there was a man, sitting on a form near where I was. "Well," I said, "how are you getting on to-night?" "Very well, sir, much obliged to you." I gave him a tract, and I said, "Here is this lady by your side, I will give her one too." "Oh, no, sir, he said, we are man and wife;" and the grateful expression of that woman's face that she had her husband, who had been the terror of her life, and who had been accustomed to beat the children, sitting sober at her side, repaid me amply. I will tell you what is my experience. There is nothing like the gratitude of the reclaimed drunkard. He is a grateful man. I have a lady who assists me too in my labors, who is something like the type of Mrs Wightman, who has written that book, "Haste to the Rescue." They call her Lady E——. She can manage those big navvies wonderfully well—one look of hers puts them all to rights. Sometimes as, of course, we must have—I have had some who have fallen; but they come back sneaking into the room, looking like fellows who have done something very bad but I say, we must make allowances for the weakness of human nature; we must not drive men to despair—(applause.)

I was reading to them the other night a little paper, the history of Mr Vine Hall, who was positively, for thirty years, a most desperate drunkard, but who afterwards, through the grace of God, became an eminent minister. I read this to the men in consequence of one of them that was in the room who had fallen. Now, he has got up again, and I trust he will go on steadily. When once we can form a nucleus in these things we make progress. There is no retrograding in the matter after that; but the great thing is for every man in his particular sphere to do all he can. We are members of families—we have all got our homes, we have all got our associates, we have all got our friends who live around us. Do not leave them alone: button-hole your man and speak to him and do not let him go. Talk to him in all kindness and affection—no bullying, you know, but moral suasion—(cheers.) Say, "My good fellow, look here; you recolect me, how I used to take my glass; you know I spent every farthing I had to get my gin; but now I don't, and you see me in a comfortable home, you see those around me that look up to me, and respect me, loving me and blessing me. Why don't you do the same? Make the experiment, and see whether you do not find an amount of happiness that you cannot have while you give way to drink." The result of such an effort must be success, just as the efforts of Henry Havelock had success—immense success. During all his great battles I only know one instance where he served out any grog. Now, you will say that is very extraordinary that a teetotaller should do anything of the kind. I will tell you what was the history of it. There is no doubt that alcohol has its place, in the pharmacopia mind you, as a medicine—(hear)—I do not slur that over at all; it is a positive fact. His men had been marching for thirty hours under a burning sun. They had no rations whatever—you understand, but empty stomachs. The enemy hove in sight; you know Englishmen must fight, and ready enough they were to fight, but they literally had not the physical strength. Under that peculiar, anomalous, and extraordinary circumstance he gave them spirit rations. They did their work. The moment after they had done it he sent in his commissariat officer into Cawnpore—for they were close to that city—to buy up every particle of grog, and had it all destroyed; because he said, if I allow them to take alcohol as food my forces will be disorganised, and we shall get well licked by the enemy. It was a peculiar case—an extraordinary case; but we in our quiet chimney nooks here, with our ordinary humdrum life, do not meet with such extraordinary emergencies. That does not back up the doctors when they say, "You must have your glass"—not a bit of it. I do not believe it. I believe if the doctor would say, "Go to bed perfectly sober, and get up perfectly sober, and in a week let me know how you are," the end of that would be, that he would say, "I do not want to see anything more of you"—(laughter.) But the doctors cannot do it. You know there are certain vested interests in society which exist among the medical profession as well as others. It is part and parcel of their profession to look to the drunkards and if they had no drunkards, they would have no practice, as far as I can see. If the secrets of the medical profession—very properly they are secrets—were revealed to-morrow, what an awful account we should have of how many of their patients were suffering from small habits of intemperance, both men and women—as I know thoroughly well!—(cheers)

There is another thing which has often struck me since I have been enabled, by God's blessing, to stick to this. These are my armorial bearings,—water is my crest, and water is my motto,—(the lecturer lifted the glass before him.) I have found that all my powers of mind and body have been amazingly improved. I have keener perceptions; my sight is better, my smell is better; I can sleep well. I can walk five or six miles at a stretch, and that although I am getting on for sixty, and have been living thirty years in the tropics; and, as I said before if I had not been a temperate man I should not have been here to tell the tale—(cheers.) I have only one request to make, which is, will you do me the great honour of enrolling me in your body?—(loud and long continued applause). Thank you, my friends; when I become a substantive portion of my dear friend Havelock's Temperance Society, which exists in the 24th Surrey, do not suppose I shall forget to come up occasionally from Oxford and give you a yarn—(cheers) I am not yet, of course, aware of the statistics of the society sufficiently well to talk upon the subject, but when once made a member of your body I have no doubt some of your acting officers here will let me know how the thing is going on. I can thoroughly understand from the little experience I have had in this matter now in England, that there must be very great temptations in a large town like this. I have no doubt they are greater than in the country; but still I find that somehow or other drunkenness goes on pretty steady throughout the land. I asked a country gentleman the other day, "How do you get on with your estate?" "Oh," said he, "My farmers and my people drink like." And that is the general answer when I go into a manufacturing town. I remember once driving through the City of Glasgow: I think we were some three quarters of an hour driving through, and I got quite tired of counting the grog-shops. I gave it up as a bad job. But you see we hear now a great deal of this cause of Temperance. There is one noble advocate of it, the Dean of Carlisle.—(cheers).

I find now, in reference to my own sphere where I am moving, among the dons and lovers of old port, and wine and strong ale in old Oxford, that there is a monstrous good effect produced by the silent testimony, when the servant comes up and says, "Burgundy?" "No." "Champagne?" "No, thank you. Water?"—(loud applause). It has its effect, you know. We should never be ashamed of the matter. Out with your principles like a man—(cheers). I have made up my mind and nothing will alter me—(loud applause). Well; then, do all you can to persuade men. I am convinced that the time is fast coming when drunkenness will be in the minority instead of in the majority as it is now. But there is a great deal to oppose—the social habits of certain seasons—Christmas, the meeting of friends—marriages especially, and so on. Well, you know, when a man turns round, and goes, against the positive accepted habits of all those that are near and dear to him, why, of course, he must feel rather uncomfortable about it. But, as I say, it is a great cause; it is the cause of religion as well as of mere sobriety. You know it is all very well for a man to talk to me about his being a regular attendant at public worship, and a very religious character, when he is tippling all the time. It is a parcel of nonsense; a man cannot be a righteous and holy man until he is a sober man. I do not hesitate to say it. I have often spoken to dear friends of mine, who are ministers of the Gospel, and they say, "Oh, I must have my glass before I go into the pulpit." Well," I say, if you take my advice, I should recommend you to take it after you go into it, if at all. It is a bad example to the flock; they say, 'I cannot go to church without my glass of wine;'" and that is not the end of it. The other day I was invited to give a little account of Indian affairs to a number of country parishioners outside of Oxford, and this Temperance matter ebbed up somehow or other—(cheers) I could not keep it in, and after I had given an account of India, and all its peculiarities, I said, "Now there is a subject very dear to my heart which I cannot refrain from bringing before you and it is the subject of abstinence." To my extreme delight, the clergyman grasped my hand very cordially and said, "Oh! you are a teetotaller?" "Yes, I am." "So am I, and I have found that ever since I have abstained I have had the greatest success among my parishioners." I am glad to say that he afterwards wrote to tell me that they were not at all tired with my lecture, and would have been happy to sit up all night. I mean to go there again as I will come here again—(loud applause.) You know the great secret of our strength is union. You can understand that—I am, talking to Englishmen, they understand that sort of thing thoroughly. We know that it is the united voice of Old England which puts things to rights constantly all over the world; and so it puts things to rights all over the world, and puts things in social life. When men are united in the cause of Temperance and sobriety it has a wonderful effect, and I have no doubt that this effort will finally succeed. I feel it a very great privilege to have had an opportunity of addressing you upon this subject. All I can say is, that if there is anybody in this room who is what I call halting between two opinions, if my weak voice can persuade him to halt no longer I shall feel very thankful—(applause.). I should feel highly grateful if any man felt that he was in any way strengthened by the arguments that I have brought forward. I think they have all been facts. There is no fiction in them, and you will find that there is a blessing in abstaining altogether from intoxicating and stimulating drinks. I wish you every prosperity, and I am specially requested by Lady Havelock to be the means of her telling you, as if she were here in person, that she has the greatest sympathy in your success—(cheers.) I am deputed especially by her and her whole family to say that they sympathise in every movement of the 24th Surrey Havelock Rifles—(loud and long-continued applause)

Italy and the Papacy.

The following article, from the Paris *Presse*, is of much interest, as indicating the spirit of inquiry abroad in France in reference to the claims of the Papacy, and the great freedom of discussion prevalent, as well as for its fruits:—

"The Papacy," says the *Monde* this morning, "has always lived in peace with Italy; and so long as Italy remained Christian, she surrounded with respect the sovereign pontiffs." To express one's self thus, one of two things is necessary—either the *Monde* knows very little of the history of the popes, or else it calculates largely on the ignorance of its readers. Not only has Italy not always lived in peace with the Papacy, but on the contrary, she has been the country where the popes have met with the strongest and most constant opposition. Dating from the accession of John VII. (A.D.872,) they have been at feud continually with all parties. In the course of the 105 years that elapsed between the death of Formose in 896 and the election of Sylvester in 999 there were 29 popes, 11 of whom were strangled or assassinated; 3 died in prison or exile; 14 were only popes in name, and one could only reign in the society and with the protection of the famous Theodora."

After giving other historic references, the article proceeds:—

"The Romans have risen in insurrection one hundred and fifty times against the Papacy; the Roman states, taken in a lump, one hundred and eleven times.

"To give an idea of the obstinacy of the Romans in rejecting the temporal dominion of the Papacy, we will limit ourselves to reminding our readers of the principal facts since the twelfth century; the deplorable end of Arnold of Brescia in 1155; the exile of Alexander III. in 1159; the splendid episode of Rienzi in 1347; the general insurrection under Boniface IX. in 1375; the new Roman republic proclaimed by the people in the time of Eugene IV. in 1434; the conspiracy of Stephen Porcari, under Nicholats V., in 1453; the general revolt of the provinces on the death of Alexander VI. in 1503; the revolution, under Clement VII. in 1526; the revolution of 1590, that of 1618, and the entire history of the Roman State down to the French Revolution.

"We have no occasion to recall to mind what was the fate of the Papacy from 1796 to 1815; and no one except the *Monde*, has forgotten the movements of 1821, 1831, 1843, 1845, 1848, and 1849. All that we can say is, that in no country have the people evinced more obstinately the most implacable hatred, the most persistent hatred of their Government. Such is the fashion in which the Papacy has always lived at peace with Italy.

"The Papacy in Italy has been, on the contrary, almost always either little esteemed, or called in question, or openly attacked. The Italians have laughed at excommunications, even at the time when excommunications made the whole Christian world tremble, and shook upon their thrones the most powerful sovereigns. When Henry III., being excommunicated, degraded himself at Canossa, the Lombards were treating Gregory VII. as a heretic, simoniac, and adulterer; when Gregory IX. excommunicated the Romans, they drove him out, pursued him with arms in their hands, and compelled him to revoke his excommunications; when Innocent IV. quitted France, after having set Europe aghast by deposing and excommunicating the Emperor Frederick II., he entered Rome himself in terror at the threats of the Romans, and did not dare stir abroad from his palace.

"How many times have not the Venetians, Florentines, Milanese, and Bolognese replied by war to Papal excommunications? The well-known history of the interdict at Venice is unique of its kind. Even under the wretched Spanish dominion, under the tortures of the Inquisition, Italian anti-papism made its influence and strength felt; then it was that Fra Paola Sarpi wrote.

The whole of the Italian literature is notoriously anti-papal. Dante scourges the popes; Petrarch does not spare the lash; Boccaccio treats them with contempt; all the Italian romance writers, including Monseigneur Matteo Bandello, Bishop of Tortona, have taken for their plots the vices and excesses of the court of Rome and Italian clergy. Doubtless we need not speak of Macchiavel. All, or nearly all, the Italian historians and poets are anti-papists; Manzoni, despite his genius, has tried in vain to stem the stream; and Cesare Cantu, by an attempt of the same description, lost his popularity immediately.

"The *Monde* pretends that the war between Italy and the Papacy, between the revolution and the church, 'has been excited lately.' The foregoing facts, though very incomplete, being written *currente calamo*, prove such is a great historical error. The public spirit of the Italians is now what it has been essentially in every age; and one must either grossly ignore history, or wholly misrepresent it for the sake of a bad cause, to dare to affirm that 'the Papacy has always lived in peace with Italy.'"

Absent Friends.

Ties and cords run from heart to heart, binding each to each in endearment and love. These neither time nor distance can fully destroy. The dead and the absent, we love them still; and the heart turns toward them fondly as to its best and sweetest treasures.

The noble dead are not forgotten. Indeed, in our hearts of love they are not dead; only gone—not lost. We enshrine in our memories each loved one, and upward we look, and forward to the great awaekning and re-union of heaven, and we sing,

"Hail, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sacred hope," &c.

But the absent friends on earth, scattered here and there abroad; these are not uncared for nor forgotten. In sweetest memories they twine around our hearts. At one time the silent tear, at another the earnest prayer, is an assurance that the absent are not effaced. The son who is far away, the daughter whose new home is made amid other circles, are no less in the daily thoughts of the parents who have brought them forth and brought them up. Those fountains of love which have so long been gushing, flow onward still, and for these absent household treasures fond hearts beat fondly as ever.

To perpetuate and strengthen these ties the ways and means are almost infinite. At parting, keepsakes and mementoes are exchanged, and these are deposited in some choice place, where it pleases one to resort when recollections of the absent steal as melancholy music upon the soul. But this is never enough; and the kind greetings, silent as falling snow-flakes, must pass and re-pass, those missives of love and affection which the mails carry forth and back. And what words and tokens do these contain; with what solicitude looked for; and what consolations do they yield!

These chaste affections, these thirstings of soul for the loved and absent, at once assure us that true love does not really die—that God has made the ties which bind human hearts together—that Celestial Love and Infinite Goodness has ordained that a re-union of the good and true is in part the best realization of heaven. "Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood out of every nation, and people, and tongue"—the joy of praise to Christ, and of mutual recognition as fellow-saints.—*Morning Star.*

Treasury.

The Christian Conflict.

"Do you think," inquired a dear member of my flock who had long been an active Christian, on her sick and as it proved her dying bed—"do you think we shall be entirely justified? altogether acquitted—acquitted of every thing? It seems that I have left so much undone; I knew it was duty, and yet I did not do it. God loved me—Oh how much he must have loved me, to give his Son to die for me, and I have not loved him. Jesus loved me, and died for me, and I have done comparatively nothing to manifest my love to him."

She was answered, "It is not for what *we* have done that we shall be acquitted, but for what *Christ* has done; 'he is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' By him *all* that believe are *justified* from all things.' 'We are *justified freely* by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus;' and the question with us is, Do we believe in Christ, do we trust him, have we cast ourselves on him and do we rely on him for salvation."

"I know it," she replied, "and this is the question with me; If I believed and trusted Christ, should I have lived as I have done? Should I have loved so little, and done so little?"

After a pause of some minutes she added, "Oh, it is a blessed thing to have a Saviour. What should I be without a Saviour? *Where* should I be without a Saviour and such a Saviour? One who has done all for me, will give me a wedding garment, and God will accept me *complete* for Christ's sake. I have seen it many times, but not as now—not just so."

Something new had burst on her mind; a new and startling view of the holiness of God and the sinfulness of sin, and in review of her life a feeling that it was hardly possible she should be altogether forgiven. This woman had been for more than thirty years a teacher in the Sabbath-school; a uniform attendant on all the religious meetings of the church; active in the female prayer-meetings; had kept up the family altar in the absence of her husband; allowed no hinderance which she could overcome to keep her from any public or private duty; was both faithful and successful. In two of her classes of young ladies, she had the pleasure to see the entire classes converted, and individuals from other classes.

However different the experience of Christians may be in some particulars, they seem to be alike in this; that the more they see of God's holiness and majesty, the more deeply are they impressed with the exceeding sinfulness of sin and their own sinfulness.

"Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips." "Behold, I am vile! what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand on my mouth." "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Such was the experience of the apostle in the 7th of Romans, of the three at the transfiguration, of John in Patmos, and others who experience is left on record.—*Am. Mess.*

Mercy and Long-Suffering.

"The *mercy* of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting." Yes; but the *long-suffering* of the Lord is not from everlasting to everlasting. Awful truth! The hundred and twenty years passed, and then came the flood and destroyed the world of the ungodly. The forty years passed, and carcase after carcase fell in the wilderness, until the whole had perished excepting Caleb and Joshua. The fifteen hundred years passed, then came the destruction of Jerusalem, the slaughter, the captives—and where are the Jews not? The long-suffering of God is *not* from everlasting to everlasting! "Because I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; therefore I will laugh at your calamity—I will mock when your fear cometh!"

"Deliver me from Blood-Guiltiness."

What thoughts we have of a murder! How we shrink back with horror from the very thought of touching him, as if the stain of blood that is on him would communicate itself to us. But there is another sort of murder, a guilt of blood that lies at the door of many of us, and to which we give but little heed. Did we ever, by precept or example, lead a brother into sin; and did he live and die in his sin? Does the blood of that soul not lie at our door?* Are we not guilty at least in some part; and if no more, are we not consenting to his death? What sort of sleep could we find if we had even by carelessness done any thing that either directly caused, or in a remote degree helped to the death of a man? If we saw a dangerous place or thing on a public road, passed an unwary traveller going in that direction, and passed him unwarned; and if his feet stumbled, and he fell, and died a bloody death, what would be our thoughts and feeling ourselves? If we saw our neigbour's house on fire, knew that the family were all asleep, passed in to our own house, and went to our rest, and were informed next day that the house was burned down to ashes, and that the whole family had perished in the flames, what would be our thoughts of ourselves? Did we never pass a man unwarned, who for the lack of our warning went on and down, his feet stumbled on the dark mountains, and his soul perished for lack of knowledge which we had, and might have communicated to him? Do we know of no mother who has seen her child perish before her eyes, because she failed to warn and instruct, failed above all to preach that most effective of all sermons, a godly, holy, and self-denying life? What a question for fathers, masters, servants, ministers of God's Word?—*From "The penitent's Prayer," by the Rev. Thomas Alexander, Chelsea.*

Resting—not Rusting.

When Christ promises to the believer a rest on earth as well as an enduring rest in heaven, he means something more than relief from the galling burdens of sin. He promises the repose of blessed activity, in contrast with the repose of selfish indolence. In other words, the proper state of a healthy Christian is resting—not rusting.

We could hardly say of the waters of the Dismal Swamp that they are at rest; for theirs is anything else than the normal condition of that crystal element as it came from the Creator's hand. That fetid mass of sluggish liquid, scummed over with green slime—stirred by no breeze and polished by no sunbeam—breeding malaria and death, is a vivid emblem of a selfish soul in the stagnation of a godless existence. But a running brook, leaping to its own silvery music, prattling over the shining gravel and sliding in and out over the sandy shallows—is not such a happy stream at rest? Stop it for a moment by throwing some obstruction across its flow, and it is at once in unrest, foaming and boiling against the unwelcome hindrance. That stream is only at rest when running with obedient feet its heaven-appointed course. Such is a healthy Christian's rest—the rest of willing joyful obedience.

The Garment.

We are required *to be* humble, and *to appear* humble For as the garment is first seen, so should our humility always appear. How much we have to humble us, and keep us low before the Lord. If we look to the rock whence we were hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence we were digged. If we look back on the days of our unregeneracy, spent in sin and folly,—if we reflect on our ingratitude, inactivity, and numerous imperfections manifested by us, since the Lord has called us by his grace,—if we look to Gethsemane, or to Calvary, and consider ourselves as the cause of the Redeemer's agonies and bitter death,—or, if we look forward to the glorious heaven provided by free grace for such poor, vile, and unworthy creatures. Each and every one of these views is enough to lay us in the dust and keep us in the dust, if properly realized by us. We ought to be humble, for our God is humble; for "though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." Our Saviour is humble. He said, "I am meek and lowly of heart." The doctrines of the gospel are humbling, for they make man nothing, and Jesus all in all. Grace is naturally humbling, so that if we have much grace, we shall have great humility. God loves humility. Saints admire humility. Heaven is the home of humility. And solid happiness springs from humility. Let us, then, encourage humbling views of ourselves; and while we walk humbly with our God, let us wear the garment of humility before our fellow-men. Precious Lord Jesus, let me daily walk with thee, in holy fellowship and communion; this will produce and preserve profound humility in the soul.

A Happy Man.

This is what you like to be. It is quite natural. All people want to be happy. But remember my words this day. The true Christian, the believer in Christ, the converted man, he is the only happy man.

Such an one is in an ark. When the last fiery deluge is sweeping over all things on the surface of the earth, it shall not come nigh him. He shall be caught up, and borne securely above it all. He is in Christ.

Such an one is in an hiding place. When God