

## LOVE.

This is one of the most interesting and beautiful words in the English language. It is of Heavenly origin, but has a wide and powerful influence upon earth. The entire absence of love from any part of the universe would turn into hell the fairest paradise. Its delightful influence is unknown among the fallen angels, and the finally lost of earth.

It is an essential feature of human nature, though greatly perverted by man in his fallen condition. It has a God-ward, as well as human aspect. By nature man loves many things, but without the new nature, no one loves God. Supreme love is due to God, but it is often given to the creature. This interferes with man's safety and enjoyment. Love to the *unseen* results from faith. If we love God it is because we believe, he first loved us. "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, &c." Faith is not requisite when sight realizes the object. Love of parents and of offspring is not produced by faith, it is imbedded in the constitution of the soul. Its dictates may be disobeyed from wicked motives, but is hard to expel it from human nature.

Ability to love implies the capacity to hate, but it is well for our world that hatred is less prevalent than love. If hate universally had sway, our race would be more like devils than men. Alas! that its influence is so extensive in our day. But it is matter of rejoicing that the right kind of love is progressing, and by degrees banishing hatred out of humanity. Every true Christian is less or more influenced by this heavenly power or feeling of the soul, for though it is a principle, it is also a feeling; and cannot be separated from our emotional nature. It is a conscious feeling,—there are no other kind of feelings. We know when we love just as surely as we know when we hate.

There may be much religion among men associated with satanic enmity, but it is not true religion; for true religion is love. It will of course, manifest itself in various ways, but this is its essence. If our religion lacks this element, we ought to be alarmed, and look carefully at the foundation on which we are building for eternity. There is an awful possibility of self-deception in this matter. "To the law and to the testimony." "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." "Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."

Love is not only the most prominent, but it is the strongest element in the Christian character. It is stronger than sin or death. It is the life-blood of Christian morals; the great lever of the missionary enterprise, the dread of Satan, and the joy of angels. Paul declares of him and others, "The love of Christ constraineth us." We fear that many professing Christians know nothing of this powerful influence. If they did they would *think, speak and act* for God. An increase of love to God and each other is now the chief want of the various sections of Christ's church.

In some hearts and lives it does abound, but these are yet in the minority. We are however, quite sure that they have increased more rapidly of late years, than at any former period since the early days of Christianity. This is a comforting thought. Providential indications and Gospel appliances, warrant the statement, that God is preparing the way for the universal spread of holiness or love.

The Bible speaks much of love, both human and Divine. The word in its various forms occurs more than four hundred times. It is used oftener in the New Testament than in the old. Cruden's Concordance tells us that the expression, "The love of God" is not found in the Old Testament, while in the New it occurs thirteen times. This we would expect because God is more fully revealed in the Gospel than in the former dispensation. And the more He is known, the more we see of love, "for God is love." His love does not however under any circumstance eclipse his justice, for justice is love guarding the best interest of the universe.

The existence of suffering, among moral creatures, does not conflict with the great truth, "God is love." The penal sufferings of criminals inflicted by our Government, do not prove that

the administrators of the government are destitute of love. Enlightened Christian love is an essential qualification for a preacher of the Gospel. So our Lord thought when he examined Peter. Yes, it is supreme, undying love for the Master that prepares the servant to "feed my lambs." Destitute of it he will make sorry work in the vineyard. The most successful in winning souls for Christ, are those who love God the most.

It is needed among all classes, and in all positions. The master will teach more effectually, the scholar learn faster, the mechanic work better, the lawyer plead more wisely, the merchant feel better, and the physician do more good, because of the love of God shed abroad in the heart, by the Holy Ghost.

"O love divine, how sweet thou art,  
When shall I find my willing heart,  
All taking up by thee!"

G. O. H.

Maitland, August 1877.

## DU GUESCLIN.

"When a man's ways please the Lord,  
He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."—Prov. xvi. 7.

History records no one, whose profession was better calculated to illustrate my text than Du Guesclin, the Constable of France in the reign of Charles V. Nature had not been favorable to him; he possessed no grandeur or beauty of person to awe his enemies, or amiability of temper to charm his friends. Yet this man strove so hard to eclipse these defects, by his actions and his mode of life, that at his death there was for a considerable time no man in France who deemed himself worthy to succeed him in office.

He always tempered justice with mercy, and there is not one act of meanness or cruelty recorded of him; thus did his ways please the Lord. Death overtook him while he was besieging a castle in Languedoc. The Governor had promised to surrender by a certain day if he did not receive reinforcements in the interval, but ere that day arrived Du Guesclin had expired. So greatly did the Governor esteem the character of this great foe, that he said he would be as faithful to him in death as he would have been in life; and on the day appointed he marched with his followers to the French camp, and placed the keys of his castle on the coffin of the dead warrior. Du Guesclin's "ways pleased the Lord, and he made even his enemies to be at peace with him."

## DR. OSBORNE ON THE "SPIRITUAL STATE" IN THE ENGLISH CONFERENCE.

DR. OSBORN: May I be permitted to give expression to some thoughts, partly suggested by the present conversation, in regard to our great spiritual work? I wish to endorse, in the first place, the remark of Mr. Coley in regard to the almost incalculable importance of children's meetings. We constantly complain of the number of persons who leave us; of the slight hold we have upon our people; of the fact that every year we report thousands of backsliders. I venture to think that the remedy for this is in a very great degree to be found in laying hold of the young. These who have been not merely attached to us by the bonds of personal kindness, but well catechised in their youth, will not be so ready to leave us when they become men. So far as I have been able to form an opinion in regard to the best means of preserving, and extending our Methodist Societies, if there is one to which I should be disposed to give prominence at the present time, and a preference to every other it is catechising. (Hear, hear.) It is our great weakness that we have so little catechising. We have plenty of exhortations; we put people into a spiritual furnace, so to speak, and try to keep them in it; we sow the seed broadcast but we do not take pains enough to prepare the ground into which the seed falls; and a great deal of the seed springs up in an hour, and withers away. This is the secret of the superficial character of very much of the religion which we have to deplore. We can never entirely prevent that; but it is my deliberate and solemn conviction that we may diminish the evil to an almost incalculable amount by diligent and universal catechising. I trust the idea will germinate in the minds of many of those who are equally anxious with myself to see the prosperity of religion, but whose thoughts have never been turned to the paramount importance of this subject. Again and again I have felt it my duty to refer this Conference to the practice of the Church of Rome, and I may now add, to the Romanising members of the Church of England. Whatever they do, they take care of the young. They may be the varied summiest in

the world in the pulpit, but they will answer the purposes of that Church if they will be incessantly in the schools; if they will see that both on Sundays and week-days the children are saturated with notions which it is their business to disseminate; and, if we could imitate them, we might yet form an effectual barrier against that rising tide of Romanism which is the subject of just apprehension both to Churchmen and Dissenters. The tide of Romanism is rising, and the best break-water that we can build will be a well catechised youth. Those of you who live another generation will find out how true it is that by catechising you can keep your hold upon the children's consciences and memories and judgments, even when they go away from under your direct personal influence. For many years I have felt there was great force in a remark of the late Rev. R. Cecil, whose name I hope is not quite forgotten, although the place in which he exercised his ministry is pulled down, and the circle of his personal admirers has long since been obliterated by death. He calls himself to account for what he did in his study.

"Other people may read what they like, but I am in my study, and my conscience dictates that in my study I must be preparing for my work in the best way I can." I have been led to remember this by the many lists of books which it has been my official duty to review in the course of the last ten or twelve years. I would suggest to my younger brethren, and to superintendents also—a part of whose duty it is to look to the reading of their colleagues, as well as to see that they want for nothing, and behave well—I would affectionately suggest to them whether the amazing activity of the press in these days does not expose us to some danger of overlooking a class of theological works which were constantly presented to our fathers, which are now supposed to be behind the times, but which are in reality equal to all time, and which will not be behind the times a thousand years hence any more than they are to-day. Some brethren speak much on the subject of a progressively-developed theology, as though we were to look for anything better than the Day of Pentecost—(hear, hear)—as though the perfection of the Church would not be found in the return of Pentecost; as though the whole body of revealed truth had not been delivered to us from the beginning. The depths of Christian truth have been explored; the whole mind of God has been revealed—we have not to seek, we have found. "We have found the Messiah;" and in the Messiah we have found the truth, the truth." "We know that the Son of God is come, and we know that he has given us an understanding to know Him that is true; and we are in Him that is true, and this is the true God and the eternal life." I want that tone to pervade every Methodist pulpit, every Methodist class-meeting, every Methodist preachers' meeting. There is nothing to be discovered. Our people are being told that the saints in another world are to preach the Gospel to those who have not heard it in this world: our people are being told that the destinies of the human race are not yet decided; that during the present dispensation only a few of us can be brought to share the blessings of the Gospel, whereas hereafter they may be indefinitely extended; we know not how, and we know not to whom. Are we to allow these notions to creep in among our people, and amongst ourselves? or are we to take the stand that John Wesley took, and to maintain it under all circumstances? We have been accustomed to say, dear brethren, that we have the experimental seal to the doctrine which we have delivered; we have been accustomed to represent that as our glory. God grant that it may never depart from us! But what would our hands be without bones? And what our hands would be without bones, our preaching will be without the doctrinal theology, the old-fashioned dogmatic theology, which is to be clothed, if you please, with flesh and with sinews, but without which all our preaching will be feeble and unimportant, and of course, with sorrow and shame to ourselves, no longer that power in the midst of the land which God has designed to make us. ("Heat,

hear," and applause.) I have this supreme anxiety. Letters have poured in upon me from every part of the kingdom since I took the liberty of expressing it in the Conference a week or ten days ago, which shows me that I did not speak too strongly—(hear, hear)—or too soon. I have this supreme anxiety, that the doctrinal testimony shall not be in the slightest degree varied or diluted, and that, while the experimental confirmation of it is cultivated with all the zeal which we can desire, no sensational theology out of doors, and no undue preferences to a light and fictitious style of preaching within doors, shall for a moment deflect the Methodist Connexion from the straight rule, which, by the blessing of God, it has hitherto kept. If we continue in the doctrine we shall "save ourselves and them that hear us." (Applause.)

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Forty-eight Associations from the state of Illinois reported to the Louisville Convention. The total membership of these Associations, 4,247. They expended in the work last year \$12,363.

The Annual State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. of Indiana, was held in the city of Indianapolis, Aug. 17, 18, 19. The reports presented showed an increasing interest in the work. The International Executive Committee was represented by Mr. R. R. Burney, of New York. The session for the discussion of the Y. M. C. A. Railroad work was well attended, Mr. Lang Sheaff and other prominent Association men were present.

The St. Louis Association held its regular monthly meeting Aug. 16th. Gratifying reports were read in reference to the membership of the organization. During two months 162 new names had been added to the roll.

It was announced that a new Association had been formed in Sidalia, and that steps are being taken to organize Associations at Columbia, Kirkeville, and other important points.

An interesting extract is found on the last page of "Young Men's Magazine," of London, relative to a Y. M. C. A. in the city of Florence, Italy. The Association, we are told, is in correspondence with other societies in Italy, including the Associations of Venice, Naples, Rome, and Milan, as well as in Foreign lands. The special objects of the young men who compose this organization is religious instruction for themselves and others, and to care for the sick; in the latter field they have visited over 300 patients in the Hospitals during the last two years.

"Hazlewood" House (Ryde England) was formally reopened a few weeks since by a prayer and praise meeting. The building was erected by the generous Mr. George Williams, the father of the Y. M. C. A.'s, and is designed as a home of rest and recreation for commercial young men. Fitting remarks were made by several gentlemen interested in the work, and the exercises closed with prayer and the benediction.

## DANIEL WEBSTER'S PRAYER.

The death of Hon. Peter Harvey, Webster's most intimate and confidential friend, recalls a conversation held with him by the writer, some time since, relating to the character of the great statesmen, wherein many of his excellent qualities are mentioned, and among the rest, his deep religious feeling, which notwithstanding the numerous claims upon him—many diverting his attention from serious reflections—never wholly lost its hold, though dulled, perhaps, for a season. He was educated in the old Presbyterian faith, strengthened by his training at Dartmouth College, and the religious sentiment held a prominent place in his mind. His reverence for the Scriptures was very marked, and his speeches and letters abound with quotations from the inspired writings. Mr. Harvey dwelt with especial interest on this trait in the character of his distinguished friend, and gave as an illustration of what he conceived to be one of the greatest incidents of his career.

Webster left his home early for busy life, and returned there only on periodical occasions. There were sisters who grew up after he left, and one of them was married to a man whom he did not know—I write from memory—and removed to his home in another part of New Hampshire, or in Vermont, and he never saw her again. Her husband was a violent and profane man, but her gentleness subdued him; and when she died, he was left in the deepest grief.

On a visit with Mr. Harvey to the old homestead at a late period of his life, an old man then, but vigorous in body and intellect, he proposed to his friend that they should go in pursuit of John Colby, whom he had never seen, and the description of this journey, as given by Mr. Harvey was charming to listen to. As they rode along, every scene had its history or tradition. Reminiscence crowded upon reminiscence, and Webster's memory seemed exhaustless as scene followed scene in the panoramic display. And where the memory was not called into action, the grandest reflections were introduced, making every step of the way replete with the sublimest interest. Here was a spot wherein he had played as a boy, there a pond in which he had swam or shot water fowl, there a withered tree which had served as a target for the young sportsman, and there a mountain whose lofty peak had drawn his aspirations heavenward in his early days. All were as fresh in his feelings as things of yesterday, and he was a boy again with all the abandon of the boy—a delightful companion, and his friend a delighted listener.

Thus they went on in the full enjoyment of everything, until they came to their destination. This was a neat white house upon a gentle elevation, with a verandah about the structure, upon which, in the shadow, commanding a view of the beautiful landscape, sat an old white-haired man reading. He looked up from his book as they entered the yard leading to the house, and came to meet them. Mr. Webster abruptly accosted him:

"Are you John Colby?"

"I am," was the answer.

"Then," said his interlocutor, with a trembling voice, "I am Daniel Webster."

The greeting that followed was of the most hearty description; both wept as they embraced again and again.

"And are you," said Colby, holding the statesman at arm's length, "the Daniel Webster whose name has been so long and so conspicuously before the public?—of whose fame I have been so proud? Oh that your sister had lived to see this day!"

"Brother Daniel," continued the old man, "are you a Christian?"

"I trust I am," was the emphatic reply.

"Then let us pray."

They all three knelt, in the open air, the Bible open between them, and Webster prayed. "And such a prayer," said Mr. Harvey, with tears in his eyes as he recalled the scene, so long afterwards, "I never listened to, as came from his lips. Such power, such fervency, such reverence, such tenderness seemed never before blended with such intellectual grace and beauty. All were melted by the effort, as, with clasped hands and bowed heads the brothers poured out their souls in praise and supplications."

Then they arose, and in that sweet communion of spirit, talked of the past and the future, the light of heaven resting upon them and seeming to transfigure them as they walked arm in arm across the verandah, and oftener by expressive silence saying more than words could convey. Their parting was very tender. They knew it was a final parting, and a deep solemnity rested upon the ceremony. But the farewell was at last said, and as they looked back the hands of the old man were raised in benediction.

And this was Daniel Webster's prayer; an effort not known to the world, but which was heard by auditors other than those of earth—greater than his forensic efforts, greater than the sublimest pleas with which he ever moved men. It is a pleasure to recall this incident from the lips of his friend. It shows Webster in a new light, and reveals a phase in his character—perhaps the most prominent feature in his character—which the world does not give him credit for, that deems his greatness was eclipsed by the passion of ambition, and a carelessness regarding sacred things which amounted almost to rejection of moral control. This simple scene goes far to vindicate his better manhood, which earlier and wider revealed, might have rayed his name with a glory far more effulgent than his intellectual acumen achieved. —Boston Journal.