The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

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The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

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BY

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A STRANGER HERE.

I murmur not that now a stranger
I pass along the smiling earth;
I know the snare; I dread the danger:
I hate the haunts; I shun the mirth.

My hopes are passing upward, onward;
And with my hopes my heart has gone;
My eye is turning sky-ward, sun-ward,
Where glory brightens round yon throne.

My spirit seeks its dwelling yonder;
And faith foredates the joyful day
When these old skies shall cease to sunder
The one dear, love-linked family.

Well-pleased I find years rolling o'er me,
And hear each day time's measured tread;
Far fewer clouds now stretch before me,
Behind me is the darkness spread.

My future from my past unlinking,
Each dying year untwines the spell;
The visible is swiftly sinking,
Uprises the invisible.

To light unchanging and eternal,
From mists that sadden this bleak waste;
To scenes that smile for ever vernal,
From winter's blackening leaf I haste.

—*Bonar.*

Missionary Intelligence.

The following letter from Rev. Petros Constantinides, foreign missionary of the Free Church of Nova Scotia, we feel assured will be read with interest. We regret that we have not space to publish it entire:—

"Demirdish, October 23, 1859.

"My Dear Mr. Stewart;

"'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed,' is one of the sweetest promises to the heralds of the cross, 'shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him.' Blessed experience has taught me very recently something of the meaning of these words. Dark clouds of doubt and of unbelief overcast the horizon before me when, about this time last year, I left the favoured shores of Nova Scotia for this, the field of my labors. I have been sowing the precious seed and watering it with abundant tears during a whole winter, and now, ere the year is over, with unutterable joy, I see a vast and rich harvest before me.

"I have informed you in my last letter of the colporteur I have engaged, and of my intention to visit some of the towns along the coast of Asia Minor, I was very glad at the thought of my trip, as I felt very much the want of a change of air and of a little rest. I chose this place as the beginning of my tour, but as soon as I came here the Lord has showed me that he has prepared a great work for me in this place, and he has reminded me in a wonderful manner—as he has been ever dealing with me—that "this is not" my "resting place."

"I left my little flock in Constantinople in the charge of my father and of our colporteur, and came here to open a school—with a small sum of money which some kind ladies in Scotland, who take a deep interest in our mission, have sent me for that purpose—to stay a short time with the few Protestants who have been left without a preacher for many years now, to stir up and encourage them, and then to proceed to Smyrna and Thyatira, two of the "Seven Churches." I came here in weakness and full of fears, intending to leave soon again; full of hope and encouragement I find that I cannot leave this place for some time to come. * * *

"When I came to Constantinople from Nova Scotia I wondered how I could make my mission known to the Greeks. The Greek papers were the best, the only medium, and the last to answer my purpose. He, in whose almighty hand is everything, has done what men might deem impossible. My visit to this place, my preaching, my schools, and my success, have been the principal subject of some of the leading articles of the papers.—Some approving and others disapproving of my proceedings, and earnestly entreating both the nation and the Church to do their duty. Of course, my success is exaggerated to a great extent, in order to rouse the Church the sooner against "the Evangelist," but they only encourage those weak brethren who but for want of courage and fellow-travellers, would have followed "the way everlasting." The chief subject of common conversation has become "the gospel," and many who knew nothing of these subjects are roused to inquire after them. Thus thinking to do me evil, they help me mightily. Thus, "Every way Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him."

The encouragement I have received was enough to show me that there was not a moment to be lost, and that I should open a school immediately. I returned, therefore, to Constantinople to settle my affairs there, and to purchase a few necessary articles for the school. In a few days I was ready to leave again, and my kind sister has taken such a deep interest in this work that she has made up her mind to come and teach the girls herself till we procure a female teacher. Accompanied by her I left once again for Demirdesh. Demirdesh and Beans are inland some fourteen miles from Kios, the landing place. * * * * *

"I have opened a school for boys and a school for girls, and we have already above seventy pupils. There is a school in the village, but it belongs to the Greek Church, and we could not have the building. We have, however, left it almost desolate. The people would help us cheerfully, but their bishop has put the village in debt, and they have to pay above £3,000 sterling. What could we expect from them just now under such circumstances?

"I preach twice every Sabbath, and every Thursday evening. Many of our pupils attend regularly, sometimes accompanied by their parents, and my audience swells into a regular congregation. The girls seem to take a great delight in singing, and are giving us great encouragement.

A fortnight ago a bishop was sent by the patriarch from Constantinople to deal with the agitated people here, and to endeavor to reconcile them with their degraded bishop. He preached—a very rare event in the Greek Church—on the duties of love and forgiveness. After the sermon he gathered together the session, and with all his eloquence tried to persuade them to forgive and bring back again his degraded brother. They brought their many grievances before him, but he would not hear. His only motto was "forgive." I brought a small bell from Constantinople for the use of my school, and if rung out of the window of the school room in a calm day it may be heard by all the village. Just then one of the boys began to ring the bell, summoning the Protestants to worship. The bishop listened to the strange sound. "Do you hear, father?" asked the doctor with a smile, "It tells us in very eloquent accents that the time is come. God is a Spirit, and we are called to worship him in spirit and in truth. Do you see yon large house at the end of the village? Our school, our church, our bishop, the everlasting gospel, all are there: you may bring back the bishop or not, as you please. Know of a truth that henceforth we shall have nothing to do both with him and with the patriarch, and with the Greek Church"—and turning to his companions—"but we must not tarry any longer, let us go to hear the gospel. Farewell, father." Full of astonishment and lost in deep thought they left the bishop and came to worship with us. After the service we had a meeting and spoke a little on the subject, but we left its further consideration for a future day.

In the afternoon I preached in the house of one of the Greek Protestants. * * * * * The Lord gave me power, and I preached with great freedom. No sooner had I commenced my sermon than the door right over against me opened and a stream of people began to pour in. In a short time the court was crowded and the street was full, and I preached to as great a number of people as I ever did in Nova Scotia about this time last year. There was a crowd of women and girls out of the door, some of them not daring to come in. I was speaking of the courage with which the Apostles left their all and followed Jesus. An old woman took courage and came in. I spoke and she came farther on till she came and stood before me. Ever since, whenever I preached, I had the same crowd.

There is an old Protestant here whose wife was opposed. One day she went to the priest to confess, and among other questions he asked whether she lived friendly with her husband. "Very friendly," replied she, "but I have a deep sorrow in my heart which you might alleviate, father." "What is it," asked he roughly. "My husband is very good," proceeded the old woman, but he has a book which he calls 'the Bible' and which he reads every day. He often reads to me, and I hear a great deal of Christ. I like to hear him read, but I am afraid at times, as the book is a Protestant. He constantly brings the temptation before me, and I constantly indulge in the sin of listening to his Bible." "He reads the Bible!" exclaimed the priest, burning with anger, "the devils have taken hold of that man and are hurrying him fast to hell! Who can read, who can understand the Bible? We, the very priests of God, cannot read, cannot understand it, and we *know nothing of it.*" "They are right then," muttered the old woman. "Who?" asked the priest in a fit of rage. "The Evangelicals," replied she, "for they oft tell us that our priests do not know the Bible, and we think that they are accusing them falsely." "Begone, penance! penance!" roared the priest. Without the benediction of the man she had hitherto revered so highly she left his cell, and ever since she has learned where to go for comfort and advice. She is one of the most zealous Protestants.

Our congregation increases daily, and what are we to do? Very often the multitudes are great. Where shall I preach in winter? What shall we do for our school? There is no house here which we could hire. We *must build* a place. The bell of a Protestant church among these Mohamedan hills would sound like celestial melody every calm and serene Sabbath morning. The time is near when I shall have to come and beg, if none of you would save me the trouble, and, instead of "serving tables," let me attend to the Eternal Word. With a sum of about £1,500 we could build a chapel and a schoolroom or school. Of course, the people here would help a great deal. The times are wonderful. The Spirit is working mightily on the earth. From east to west, from north to south, religion is the chief subject that occupies the thoughts and the attention of the troubled nations of the world. "Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation." A voice whispers in my ear, and the thought makes my heart thrill. A few short days and this will become an evangelical land! Who would not help in the mighty work?

A terrible fire has consumed the house and all the property of the Rev. Mr. Thomson, the Jewish missionary, in Constantinople, and he is thinking of leaving soon. I shall be left quite alone. Yet the Lord is near.

With my love to you and to all your family, I am, dear sir, most faithfully and affectionately yours.

Petros Constantinides.

Rev. Mr. Stewart, N. S.

Revival Intelligence.

Belfast.—The Victoria-Hall union prayer-meeting on Saturday, between three and four o'clock, was largely attended. Although the day was very unfavorable, the large hall was almost filled.

In great George's Street Presbyterian Church not a night passes on which convictions and conversions (so far as man can judge) are not witnessed in this house of worship, many of which are of the most hopeful character. The anxiety amongst the people was never at any previous period more marked than it is at present, and even the inclemency of the weather does not prevent them from attending. An interesting case occurred during last week:—A man and his wife were both brought to Christ at the same time, and the impression created in the church can more easily be imagined than described.—*Banner.*

Ardglass.—We have most encouraging accounts from this quarter. Three revival prayer-meetings are held every week in the Presbyterian church; and, in addition, two union prayer-meetings assemble in the town weekly, in which Captain Beauclerk, agent for the estate, takes part by reading portions of Scripture and engaging in prayer. The results which have hitherto followed this earnest prosecution of the work have been highly satisfactory.—*Ibid.*

London and Bicester.—The following interesting information respecting the progress of the revival work in the capital of England, and in the second place mentioned, is from the Rev. Dr. Graham, missionary to the Jews at Boon The communication from which we make the extracts was addressed to a young lady in Belfast:—"I mentioned that many prayer-meetings were springing up in all directions. I can now state more particularly that these are above one hundred prayer-meetings in London which have arisen within the last few months. These are all union prayer-meetings, embracing all denominations, and are in no sense clerical, though ministers often take part in them. Of these hundred prayer-meetings, twenty-five are daily, and the rest weekly. Now, be it remembered that there are very many denominational prayer-meetings, in which the different churches find the proper channels of communion with God, and you may imagine what an impulse has of late been given to the Christian people in this great capital. Over all the cry is for the Holy Spirit, and everywhere I find the expectation that something great and glorious is at hand. I was present at a Young Men's Association, and just as I arose to address it, a letter was read requesting the meeting to render thanks to God for the conversion of three individuals in answer to our prayers the week before. Of course, this solemnized the assembly greatly. After that, some twelve or fifteen of us united, on Saturday, to pray to the Almighty for a blessing on the services of Sunday, and the result was indeed blessed. Such a solemnity had rarely been witnessed, and the consequence was a melting of all hearts into one stream of holy sympathy and divine love. On the Monday after, nine came to me in the vestry, some of them in the deepest distress of mind, and others rejoicing in the quickening of the Holy Ghost. This was His answer to our prayers; and on last Monday (December 12) the number who came to me was eighteen. They were more quiet than the Irish converts, and, with the exception of one lady, were all able to state their desires and resolutions, though in the midst of many tears. The vestry was a Bochim, a place of weeping. I had, indeed, never seen anything like it in my life. Is not God arising to bless the earth? "I should mention, also, that in Bicester the mighty power of God is manifested in the sudden, immediate conversion of souls, as with you in Ireland, and many of them have also been stricken down, as in the Northern Revival. God is, indeed, manifesting His grace and power to poor sinners, and we have only to stand still and see the salvation of God."

Scotland.—Hopeful reports are still received from various parts of the sister country, especially from Glasgow. With regard to the Wynd Church, we learn that it "continues to be crowded every night! So great is the interest manifested, that the services have to be extended to a very late hour each evening. On Wednesday night, manifestations of deep feeling were presented in a greater degree than for some time back. About 100 individuals seemed deeply affected by a sense of sin—many of them weeping and showing great distress of mind."

Australia.—A letter from Geelong, dated 14th Oct., contains remarkable details. The writer says—"We have revival prayer-meetings here (Geelong), which are held weekly in the large hall of the Mechanics' Institute, in which all denominations of Christians, not excepting the Roman Catholics, many of whom attend, take a deep interest. The first prayer-meeting was a sight so sublime that I know not how to describe it. Between 1,600 and 1,700 persons assembled together of an ordinary week-evening for singing and prayer, in this distant part of the world, was quite enough to gladden one's heart. The meeting was composed of all classes—high and low, rich and poor. Some of the most abandoned and immoral characters in the town were present. Already a devout and serious feeling manifests itself in the conduct of many who would some weeks ago, have made mockery of everything savouring of religion."

The Pope and the Congress.

The very remarkable pamphlet, bearing the above title, is causing no little excitement amongst Roman Catholics everywhere, as was to be expected. It is well known that the ostensible writer of the pamphlet, M. de la Guerroniere, has long been the literary exponent of the views of the French Emperor. "Napoleon III. et l'Italie" came from his pen; and whatever he writes, with the Imperial "sanction," may be regarded as coming from the Emperor himself. It would not suit Imperial dignity to pen pamphlets, however convincing, and therefore M. de la Guerroniere, and the Bishop of Troyes—long known at Paris as L'Abbe Cœur, Professor of Sorbonne—are the chosen scribes whose business it is to ventilate Imperial projects, and give currency to the Napoleonic ideas.

As a literary production, the pamphlet is decidedly creditable to the talents of all concerned. As an exposition of opinion and policy, it is no less meritorious, being forcible, plain, and terribly out-spoken.

But the sinister signs of intrigue, of double-dealing, and of falsehood, are perfectly apparent on the face of this document. Under a respectful mask, the Man of Mystery smiles grimly at the "Holy Father," and in very reverent tones insults him. He has found out, for the first time in his life, of course, that the Papal Government is irreconcilable with all notions of political freedom; and this, not from the oppressive and tyrannical character of individual Popes, but from the sheer necessities of the system.

The Emperor and his scribes have discovered that the time has now come for "placing the Head of the Church in a sphere where his spiritual authority can neither be shackled nor compromised by his political authority." Very kind, and very considerate, and, doubtless, well-appreciated by Pope Pius and Cardinal Antonelli, though certain Irish Roman Catholic Bishops, of the "patriotic" complexion, who have all along placed their faith in Louis Napoleon, are incontinently making such faces as do not increase our belief in their general amiability.

The Pope is King as well as Bishop—Prince as well as Pontiff; but because of his pre-eminent position as "Head of the Church" it is clear that more glory comes to him individually, and to the "Church" in general, through the exercise of his spiritual functions and prerogatives, than from the splendour of his royal sway. As a prince, he is comparatively weak; as supreme Pontiff, he is all-powerful. Let the diamonds in the princely crown be extracted, to add lustre to the priestly mitre. Let the Pope not give up his royalty, but let him study to render it subservient to his far loftier Pontifical pretensions.

As a sovereign, the position of the Pope is quite exceptional. There are few potentates who would be willing to exchange temporalities with the old man at the Vatican; and then, on the other hand, as he is obligingly informed, by the "Eldest son of the Church," there is no monarch so lofty but that he might deem it an honour to bend his imperial or kingly head so as to bring his lips on a level with the Pontifical great toe—gouty or otherwise!

All this must be very comforting and very reassuring to the said old man at the Vatican!

He is affectionately informed, in a public though strictly confidential manner, that neither he nor his predecessors have properly understood their business. They ought to have perceived that their temporalities have suffered, as well as their spiritual dignity, through their insatiable greediness in reference to terrestrial acres and local revenues. Popes should be above such things; men who have such vast possessions in the shadowy realms of superstition, and who rule over so many millions of souls should be quite above the mere management of mundane affairs.

It is true, it seems, that the man who professes to rule over the spiritual destinies of two-hundred-millions of human beings ought not to be the subject of any temporal potentate on earth; but then, it is argued that, the less local his sway, the more universally will it be appreciated; that the splendour of his temporal dominion is, unlike that of every other monarch, entirely dependant on the narrowness of his dominions and the fewness of his subjects; and that the only way in which to elevate the Papacy above all other human powers is to contract its dimensions until, like a pyramid, "growing small by degrees and beautifully less," it shall end in an apex only, wide enough to provide a foundation for the chair of 'St. Peter: and the Pope will thus occupy his proper position at the head of all the powers of the earth, and almost on a level with him who is styled the Prince of the power of the Air.

Only let the Pope stick to the chair of St. Peter, and see how many hands, French and other, will be ready to hold it up!

Indeed, all past Popes have been cruel to a degree. They have hindered all "loyal Catholics" from supporting the "Head of the Church" voluntarily, while they have pressed upon their own people, by taxes which did not fill their coffers, except by throwing discredit on their names.

One principle, however, should be recognised at the Congress—the necessity for the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. But, be it observed, it is to be only a principle, the value of which is increased according to the limitations of its application. It is highly important that the Pope should remain an independent sovereign; it is no less important that his sovereignty should be restricted within the smallest possible compass. The principle will be recognised though territories may be lost. What matter? Though he should be lord of a chair only, it is something to know that he will still be a lord.

This idea seems pretty plainly developed in the following passage:—"First, we wish that the Congress should recognise, as an essential principle of European order, the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope. That is for us the chief point. The principle here appears to us to have more value than the territorial possessions, more or less extensive, that will be its natural consequence. As for this territory itself, the city of Rome includes all that is most important in it; the rest is only secondary. The city of Rome, and the Patrimony of St. Peter must be guaranteed to the Sovereign Pontiff by the great Powers, with a considerable revenue, that the (Roman) Catholic States will pay, as a tribute of respect and protection to the Head of the Church. An Italian militia, chosen from the *elite* of the Federal army, should assure the tranquility and inviolability of the Holy See. Municipal liberties, as extensive as possible, should release the Papal Government from all the details of administration, and thus give a share of public local life to those who are disinherited of political activity. Finally every complication, every idea of war and of revolt, must be for ever banished from the territory governed by the Pope, that it may be said, where reigns the Vicar of Christ, there also reign well-being, concord, and peace."

The upshot of the whole affair, if we have read it rightly, is just this:—The Pope is, in future, to rely more amply on his distant spiritual children, who will, of course, look after his temporal well-being. The Papal army is to be merely symbolic of law and order—all real fighting to be done by the armies of the Pope's dutiful children—and the Pope himself is to be a symbol of sovereignty—the real kingship to devolve upon others. Romanism is a system of symbols, and we can see no logical reasons why the Pope should object to these propositions, though we are quite willing to allow that there may be other reasons, not strictly logical, why he should demur.—*Downshire Protestant.*

Reading of Fiction.

The danger of an elegant and polite education, is, that it separates feeling and acting; it teaches us to think, speak, and be affected aright, without forcing us to practice what is right. I will take an illustration of this, though somewhat a familiar one, from the effect produced upon the mind by reading what is commonly called a romance or novel, which comes under the description of polite literature of which I am speaking. Such works contain many good sentiments; (I am talking of the better sort of them), characters too are introduced, virtuous, noble, patient under suffering, and triumphing at length over misfortune. The great truths of religion are upheld (we will say) and enforced; and our affections excited and interested in what is good and true. But it is all fiction; it does not exist out of a book, which contains the beginning and end of it. We have nothing to do; we read, are affected, softened or roused, and that is all; we cool again—nothing comes of it. Now observe the effect of this. God has made us feel in order that we may go on to act in consequence of feeling; if then we allow our feelings to be excited without acting upon them, we do mischief to the moral system within us, just as we might spoil a watch, or other piece of mechanism, by playing with the wheels of it. We weaken its springs, and they cease to act truly. Accordingly, when we have got into the habit of amusing ourselves with these works of fiction, we come at length to feel the excitement without the slightest thought of tendency to act upon it; and since it is very difficult to begin any duty without some emotion or other (i. e. on mere principles of dry reasoning), a grave question arises, how, after destroying the connection between feeling and acting, how shall we get ourselves to act when circumstances make it our duty to do so? For instance we will say we have read again and again, of the heroism of facing danger, and we have glowed with the thought of its nobleness. We have felt how great it is to bear pain, and submit to indignities, rather than wound our conscience; and all this, again and again, when we had no opportunity of carrying our good feelings into practice. Now, suppose at length we actually come into trial, and let us say, our feelings become aroused (as often before) at the thought of boldly resisting temptation to cowardice, shall we therefore do our duty, quitting ourselves like men? rather, we are likely to talk loudly, and then run from the danger. Why? rather let us ask, why not? what is to keep us from yielding? Because we feel right? Nay, we have again and again felt aright, and thought aright, without accustoming ourselves to act aright, and (though there was an original connection in our minds between feeling and acting) there is none now; the reins (so to say) within us are loosened and powerless. And what is here introduced in the case of fortitude, is true in all cases of duty. The refinement which literature gives, is that of thinking, feeling, knowing, and speaking right, not of acting right; and thus, while it makes the manners amiable, and the conversation decorous and agreeable, it has no tendency to make the conduct, the practice of the man, virtuous. Observe, I have supposed the work of fiction, I speak of, to inculcate right sentiments; though such works (play-books, for example), are often vicious and immoral. But, even at best, supposing them well-principled, still after all, at best, they are, I say, dangerous in themselves; that is, if we allow refinement to stand in the place of hardy, rough-handed obedience. It follows, that I am much opposed to certain religious novels, which some persons think so useful; that they sometimes do good, I am far from denying; but they do more harm than good. They do harm, on the whole; they lead men to cultivate the religious affections separate from religious practice.

And here I must notice something further in elegant accomplishments, which goes to make us over-refined and fastidious, and falsely delicate. In books, everything is made beautiful in its way. Pictures are drawn of complete virtue; little is said about failures, every day obedience, which is neither practical nor interesting. True faith teaches us to do numberless disagreeable things for Christ's sake, to bear petty annoyances, which we find written down in no book. In most books, Christian conduct is made grand, elevated, and splendid; so that any one, who only knows of true religion from books, and not from actual endeavors to be religious, is sure to be offended at religion when he actually comes upon it, from the roughness and humbleness of his duties, and his necessary dificiencies in doing them. It is beautiful in a picture to wash the disciples' feet; but the sands of the real desert have no comeliness in them to compensate for the servile nature of the occupation.

Treasury.

Heart Learning.

It is a striking idiomatic phrase of our language in the lips of children, *learning by heart.* "I have got it all by heart, every word of it." Things got by heart, are generally lasting. But there is a great difference between getting them by rote. Some things may be learned by rote, others can be learned only by heart. Too much of our learning is mere rote-learning, too little of it is real heart-learning. Heart-learning is the best; heart-learning stays by us

Heart-learning is the only true learning in the school of Christ. There is head-learning, book-learning, word-learning, chapter-and-verse learning, system-learning; but if it does not come to heart-learning, it is all useless. Heart-learning is heaven's learning. The angels know all things by heart and the head-learning of saints on earth, in proportion as they get near to heaven, is all changed into heart-learning. Heart-learning is that celestial geometry of which the Apostle speaks, the comprehension of the breadth and length, the height and depth of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. Heart-learning is the book of faith's natural philosophy, whereby we can understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God, and can hear their music,

"For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine."

Heart-learning is the origin of true lip-learning, for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness," and then with the mouth confession is made unto salvation, and the conversation is with grace, seasoned with the salt of heaven. But, on the other hand, "if any man seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart," that man's religion is vain. He has not heart-learning.

True scriptural-learning, and true theological learning is heart-learning. Many things may be gotten by the head, and there are many head-theologians very subtle and speculative: but theology must be gotten by heart, or it is worthless. Head-learning may be other men's learning; heart-learning is our own. Head-learning is second hand and imitative; heart-learning is original. Head-learning is dry study; heart-learning is experience. Head-learning is often filled up with prayer; heart-learning is gotten on one's knees, and with sighs and tears.

The lessons which are learnt by heart, without prayer, have to be unlearned, for they are mostly the lessons of our depravity. If not unlearned and repented of, they are lessons of misery. The lessons of God's grace, learned by heart, stay by us to eternity, and bless us for ever increasingly. The lessons of Divine grace, once learned, are never forgotten. Happy are they in whom the lessons of the word are lessons of grace, lessons got by heart. "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I may not sin against thee."

The True Source of Happiness.

Towards the close of a life of devotedness to God, that eminent minister, Dr. Payson, observed that Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them supremely happy in himself, independently of all circumstances.

"They imagine," he writes, "that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were removed, they should be miserable; whereas God