LIBERTY.

Sermon Preached in Sussex Baptist Church by Rev. Mr. Wainwaring.

Text, 2nd Cor., 3rd chap. 17th verse: "Now the Lord is that spirit, and where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

There are recesses in every soul no human eye can penetrate, intricacies no human plummet-line can fathom; but how frequently is the experience present that one of the noblest, truest, mightiest and most absorbing aspirations if this mysterious and undefinable faculty of our being is for liberty. For liberty the undaunted heroes of the irrevocable past have struggled and secured, transmitting it to us as an inheritance consecrated by their blood and tears, an inheritance upon which we have entered and which we to-day enjoy and possess. From the ages gone by voices come to us of poets who in rapturous strains have sung of liberty, of martyrs who have bled for her, of Gospel pioneers who have maintained her cause with their lives, of students who have indefatigably toiled for her, of warriors who have fought for her; and this word "Liberty!" Liberty?" which was the inspiration and impelling power of the distinguished of the past, has become an enthusiastic watch word and pole star of the multitude of to-day.

Nothing but the cry of liberty can arouse the nations of to-day to a map in the protection of right and in the revolt against tyranny, oppression and wrong doing, and no other word expresses more frequently and forcibly the craving of the individual heart, which in its refusal to be satisfied with the finite and transient, strives to apprehend the infinite and eternal, and soars away to a Supreme Personality as its centre of repose and everlasting portion.

And so we stand where we can hear the loud voices of the mighty and illustrious dead, and the manifold clamor of the nations, and the cry of the individual soul, who all worship at the shrine of liberty, and we call upon her name until our own souls are fired with ravishment; and borne with irristible momentum along the current of the world's enthusiasm we yearn, we cry and crave, and echo back to our faith and to our brethren: Who, who is free? Where is Liberty? Can no one answer? Is there no response to our piteous wail? Yes; oh, yes; for back comes to us the glorious and inspired answer of the great doctor of the Gentiles. He speaks out of a heart not craving because of its emptiness, but satisfied in the preciousness of its fulness, and with a tongue trembling, not with a half-disappointed yearning, but quivering in the intensity of apprehended joy in possession, and he tells us that "The Lord is that spirit, and where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

To the personal experience of the Apostle many of us whose hearts have been set on fire with the unquenchable flame of God's love can add our own hearty and spontaneous amen, for we feel indeed, as soon as we hear his words, that this truly was liberty in which the Apostle so exultingly gloried. It speaks with power to our souls, it finds a response in our spirits. For it presents a bold and sharp antithesis to the false liberty which the poor vain deluded world has so often grasped after, but which ever proves itself to be an apple of Sodom when possessed, on apple fair, specious and pleasing to the fascinated eye, but which when it come to fruit fills the hungry mouth with villainous dust, disagreeable, choking and nauseous, worthless and unsubstantial.

The only tyranny which the natural man troubles himself about is the tyranny of another man over him; the only liberty he aspires after is the freedom to do that which is right in his own eyes. How our bitter experience of waywardness goes back even to our nursery days, for as little children we have rebelled against the authority of others. By the fury of passion we parraded our own independence, we asserted our own self will, only to awake in the moments of calmness to the blush of shame and the tears of vexation, contrition and remorse. In childhood's days we thought and felt that our glory was our shame, our imaginary triumph an inglorious defeat, and our self-willed liberty a heavy miserable bondage of self over self, of our worse self over our better self. Yet the delusion has come over us again, and the golden dream of boyhood and of youth has been to throw off the bonds of tutors and governors, and to be a man free to obey our own will, pursue our own course and work out our own fortune.

Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. When we survey the history of the nations we find the same truth is written in bolder, larger lines. We live in times which profess to have realized the aspirations of ages past, and the nations boast to one another of their liberty. This is the land of liberty, and as one of the ablest divines of the Baptist denomination has prettily said that here "in the western land, washed by western seas, liberty has built its temple, that here the shackles of superstition fall from the captive's hand, and the blood redeemed soul exults in conscious freedom; that there the humbled believer is taught that he is superior to priests and popes, and destined unto the influence of immaculate love to rise superior to ignorance and sin, and wear a crown brighter than flaming suns or shining constellations."

Yes, this is a land of civil liberty, and a great many of the nations of to-day govern themselves, in which the people's will is the people's law. But ask the Apostle if the self-governed nations of the world are free, and he will reply that where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. And if the truth of the Apostle's words is certified in our experience, if it be proclaimed aloud by the history of the nations, still it is in the church, in the higher sphere of human life, that its truth is most evident. As Baptists, we thank God that we are free to worship him according to the dictates of our own conscience, and unencumbered with any stereotyped Romanizing ritual. We refuse all traditions and sayings of men, and regard God's holy word as the only chart to guide us from Time to Eternity; as the only rule of faith and practice; as the loving revelation of His will full and free, adapted to all our wants and circumstances and worthy of all acceptation. All this we have, are we not free? Brethren, all this is but the mere form, the shell, the outer husk, the outward sign, the possibility of freedom; but the Eternal Divine reality is here that "where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

Can you stand alongside the Apostle to-night and testify that you are truly free? But what did the Apostle mean when he spoke of liberty? He meant deliverance from the bondage of self, and that rebellion which by asserting itself had driven us like the prodigal into a far country, away from the presence of His Gracious and loving Majesty on high, and a finding coming to ourselves, when restored by sovereign and free grace to our place in the kingdom, a finding there of such true harmony of relations, a field of unparalleled exertion, a never-failing well of water springing up as of everlasting life which makes us feel truly free.

What freedom is there comparable to the heaven born soul beautified with salvation through the merits of a crucified, risen, exalted and interceding Saviour? What liberty bears any comparison to that enjoyed by the man transformed into the image of Deity? whose acts and examples are seen in the well regulated household, the prayer meeting and the house of God; whose conversation is refreshing and delightful, and always tending to edification; whose walk proves that he has been with Jesus on earth, and learnt of Him; whose prayers are a mighty power perfumed by the incense of the merits of King Jesus; who has, from attachment to God, unwavering confidence in his promises; whose faith supports him in the deepest sorrows and brings indescribable comfort in darkest hours; whose whole existence is radiated with a glorious hope, sustained by an abiding trust, and cheered with the assurance of attaining to the ultimate possession of that rest that remaineth to the people of God; Is not this liberty? If the fugitive slave kisses the soil of freedom and exults in his emancipation and security from the bay of the bloodhound, the tyrannical slave master and the clanking chains of servitude; if the criminal condemned by earthly tribunals to suffer the last dread penalty of the law, but who is reprieved, yea, more, pardoned by a compassionate sovereign, makes his dungeon ring with shouts of rejoicing and acclamations of praise; how much more should he who is redeemed from the terrible condemnation of sin, and who knows it because he feels the power of sin broken barriers swept away, and gracious heaven speaking peace and liberty to his burdened soul, how much more can such a one sing,

I've found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy,
And sing I must for Christ is mine,
Christ shall my tongue employ.

Strictly speaking, there is but one that is truly free, God. The Lord over all. His sovereign will controls everything, is controlled by none but rules all that He hath called into being with absolute away. To man the high and glorious privilege is granted of making God's will his will, and only in this high estate of losing sight of our own self-will, which is often our largest sacrifice, and consecating and yielding ourselves as willing channels through which that divine will can operate, can we feel ourselves truly free. When we feel the divine presence and the divine grace pulsating in us in the fulness of energizing power, then and not till then are we conscious of liberty; when emptied of self, and willing to be nothing, that Christ may be everything, when we can truly say—

I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,
Jesus Christ is all in all,

then we are truly free, then our religion will be a delight, our hearts will be at rest and our days will be filled with peace. Now there are two forms of self imposed bondage from which the possession of the holy spirit can set us free.

There is first the service of form. There is an alarming tendency now-a-days in the church to degenerate from the spiritual into the mere formal, of having the profession without reality, of putting on a garb of religion to please men, to keep up appearance by a fair show in the flesh when the heart is entirely devoid of spirituality in order to maintain a respectable standing in society, or to advance in some way or other our worldly prospects. Oh, this counterfeit religion, this terrible amalgamation with the spirit of Jesuitism, this keeping up religious forms and assumptions without the inward spiritual grace, this dressing of the devil's servant in the livery of Immanuel, this practising of deceit under the cloak of saintliness which now-a-days characterizes many professing Christians, is a shocking trifling with Him who can read the thoughts and intents of the heart which will, as Milton says—

Provoke the highest to make death live in us.

Of all manner of deception, self-deception, and especially religious self-deception, is the most unsatisfying and injurious, and I often think it is one of the greatest stumbling blocks to the unconverted when they see Christian people not what they profess to be. When men resist the authority and rule of the Holy Spirit they fall into the bondage of the service of form. This was the case in the Corinthian church. The Apostle Paul went to Corinth preaching the Gospel of the Everlasting God, that they the ministers of Christ might as far as possible present everyone blameless at the second appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ. For awhile the Corinthian church worshipped God, and the Holy Ghost dwelt among them. In the absence of the Divine Spirit they were left themselves, and not seeking nor submitting themselves to the Holy Ghost's influence and guidance they degenerated into the service of form. Such a service of form it is possible for us to fall into, we have as simple a worship as the Corinthians had, and are by birth and education as far removed from superstition as were they, yet if our religious liberty means only self goodness we shall certainly become mere formalists. When the heart is not right, worship is mere formality, for we may meet together, following in the prayers, but not one sigh of prayer ascends to God's throne unless the Holy Spirit inspires it, and unless we are strengthened with might by the spirit in the inner man.

There is another form of bondage from which the presence of the Holy Spirit alone can free us, and that is the service of sin. There is no slavery more absolute and despotic in its operations than that of sin. It is the bitter wail of the miserable victim of the thraldom of sin as he wallows in his unbending habits and degrading indulgences. O! wretched man that I am who shall deliver me from this bondage, and wretched man he will be until the spirit snaps the manacles and rolls away the stone of debasing captivity. What a slave the drunkard is to the horrible craving appetite for intoxicants, the infernal thirst that refuses to be slaked, crushes him by inches, fills him with horrifying and maddening ideas and binds him in the devil's chains to such an awful degree that he is taken captive by the evil one, at his will; is confirmed by the slavish habit, which bites like a serpent and stings like an adder, and which eventually launches him into a drunkard's grave; what a captive the covetous person is to the golden chain of sordid avarice which is wound about him; it has poisoned his very being, and he finds himself a slave to the degraded money-making which damned Judas, the selfish greed which enwrapped Achan, the trouble of Israel as the cause of a national disaster and culminated in his being stoned to death with all his family. And so we might go on naming one sin after another which leads to bondage and conscious guilt and tyrannies over body and soul. The spirit alone can bring liberty to the burdened sinner's soul. The spirit alone can break the power of conscious sin and set the prisoner free.

It was the simple operation of the Divine Spirit which led to the inward conviction of the ignorant and benighted Philippian jailor, that he was a lost soul, tied and bound with the fearful chain of unforgiven sins, and in the power of Satan. It is the spirit's work to convince of sin and bring about that change which we call conversion, a change that goes down to the very roots of our nature, and by which we are transformed into the glorious liberty of the children of God, receiving the spirit of adoption into the royal family of heaven. As that spirit who in the Miltonic sentiment

"Was present and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove like sat brooding o'er the vast abyss,
And made it pregnant,"

So to-day he broods over the chaotic state of the unregenerate soul anxiously awaiting to chase away sin, clear faith's horizon of doubts, penetrate and sunder the heart, and after revealing the innumerable evils accumulated there to cleanse and fill that heart with all the fulness of God. What are you doing to-night with your convictions, these arrows of love, these shafts of mercy? Are you resisting them pure and simple, putting them away through hating to be made uncomfortable. Conscience as the vicegerent of duty condemns you in your unsaved state, troubles, torments, and unnerves you, as you ponder the evil consequences of resisting the spirit's striving, the madness and grievous risk of losing your immortal soul when life, "shall put off its mortal coil," God says my spirit shall not always strive with man.

Would you experience this new birth, this passing from the death of sin into the life of righteousness? It is all a question of renouncing self-support, and receiving the Son Jesus Christ by faith as your personal Saviour. Yours will then not be a dying existence in trespasses and sins, but a bright and glorious life unto righteousness, a life of faith upon the blessed Son of God, who loved you with an everlasting love: a life free from insidious fetters of sin and Satan; a life full of rejoicing as a free man in Christ. This is liberty; liberty to be happy. The indwelling influence of the spirit is indispensible to holy living; as the sun He will both enlighten and invigorate, He will shed abroad the love of God in our hearts, will stamp the divine impress on the soul, will gently but efficaciously influence the heart so that there will be an entire renunciation of self and an entire mastery ever everything that is contrary to the Divine will. He will produce in our hearts the joy of salvation, the peace which passeth all understanding, and lead us to realize that where His presence is, there is liberty. May ours be the spirit of liberty.

Prayer-Meeting Testimonies.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

They should be *testimonies*. Not sermonettes, nor long speeches, nor prolonged exhortations, but Christian hearts witnessing to the truth. Some laymen seem to think the prayer-meeting a good place for them to practice preaching. Others, who never say anything to a sinner in private, use it to exhort and exhort. Others improve the time to make a fine speech; some to criticise the church, others to ventilate their particular religious hobby; others to pour out their complaints, and make public confession of (that which all know) what sinners they are; others to get off some new idea, or to express a different opinion from some one else; and still others to lecture the brethren upon the cold state of the church. But all such are death to a prayer-meeting.

There should be no disputing or wailing, or lecturing, or criticising, or preaching, or talking about disputed questions in a prayer-meeting, but a testifying to the truth of Christ. If the subject is faith, let each one witness to the power of faith as they have found it in their particular relations in life. If the subject is hope, let each one tell how the gospel hope has helped him in conflicts. Whatever the theme may be, testify to its helpfulness in your life; and these testimonies should be, like the prayers, short, prompt and tender. "Camp-meeting John Allen," says, he learned a long while ago, that the way to feed lambs is "to give it to them often, a little at a time, and warm."

Let the remarks be prompt, without long pauses between. Good old Father Phinney said, when he first began to speak in meeting, he would move his right foot a little and then wait, and move his left foot a little, and then move the right foot once more, and then the left foot, and before he got either foot in the proper place some one else was up before him, and he found the best way was to "move both his feet at once and done with it." The better way is to speak the first opportunity given, for then you are out of others way and have prevented others from "stealing your thunder." It is not modesty to wait, but pride. As one brother is taking his seat, let another rise; and if two or three are standing at the same time, the very act is an eloquent exhortation in itself. There is no excuse for not being prompt, and the moral effect of promptness is more than can be expressed. Don't talk too long.

Look out about that. A gift of talk is a misfortune sometimes, and as the facility increases men do not realize how long they speak. Sometimes men seem to talk because they like to hear themselves, or to kill time, or because they have not much to say; and they keep pumping away with a poverty of ideas and a generosity of words. Do not try to say more than one thing at a time. The prayer-meeting boores are those who keep saying, "Now just one thought more," and then "one thought more," and so on. Better speak two or three times, and say one thing each time, than speak too long. The people like to have you short and warm.

Say cheerful, helpful things. Don't lash the absent brethren over the backs of those who are present. Remember the men and women who have come to the meeting are most of them tired and bearing burdens, and need help. There, say something that will cheer them. If they are cold in their hearts, a sunshiny testimony will make them up sooner than a scolding breeze. Speak tenderly out of a warm heart. Be sure your heart is full, and let your remarks be the bubbling over of your heart. It is heart which speaks to heart.

Do not try to be bright, or smart, or profound, but just a simple brother telling of Christ's love. Be natural. Do not manifest more feeling than you have. Let your earnestness be in your soul, and not simply in your lungs. Be hot rather than roaring. On the other hand, manifest all the feeling you have. Don't be afraid of boiling over. Be honest with yourself, and as the fire kindles in your soul, let it burn and blaze and spread until it melts you.

Be determined to testify for Christ as often as you can; and the more difficult it seems to you, be the more sure to do it. Keep trying, till you conquer the fear of man. Don't be frightened at your own disgust of yourself. When you feel that you have made a fool of yourself, in all probability you have done the most good. When a man is not disgusted with himself generally others are for him. Keep at it. Be determined to do it. Speak with a tender anxiety for souls. Be joyful, but be serious. Speak as a lost sinner saved with a heart longing to see others saved. In other words, be so full of love to Christ and love to souls, that you must speak, and then your words will do good—good to yourself, good to the church, and good to sinners. Speak up, brother, promptly, briefly, loudly, tenderly, earnestly, from a heart boiling over.

Sometimes a "promise meeting" is good. That is, let each one tell the most precious promise to him. Sometimes an "evidence meeting," each one giving the strongest evidence that he is Christ's. Sometimes a "hymn meeting," each one speaking of the hymn he enjoys best, and then all singing it. Sometimes a "question meeting," in which, after a season of prayer, all present shall ask the pastor a practical question. And once in a while a "symposium." Let the pastor invite three or four of the brothers to take seats beside him, and then let them enter into conversation for the benefit of others. All these special suggestions are only occasional things to keep the meeting out of the ruts. *Be sure and do that!* Break up stagnation. Do not allow any one to be able to say he can tell before he goes just what the meeting will be. Let the minister wake up, and put a little campaign fire into the social meeting! —*Pulpit Treasury.*

The Jewel at Burrill's Court.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHENEYS.

In a large, handsome parlor, richly carpeted, sumptuously furnished and delightfully heated, a pretty young lady gazed disconsolately out of the plate glass windows and along the cheerless street.

Helen Luther would have been prettier still had she worn a less dissatisfied look than the one which had settled on her fair face. But the wonder was, that with her comfortable surroundings and easy, sheltered life, anything could bring such a shade over her young face.

But Grace Hemmerton had just abandoned the idea of giving a large party which had been in contemplation for a long time; and at the same time it had been decided not to have a bazaar at the church of which Helen was a member.

So everything seemed insufferably dull. The last new story had been read, the current magazine well perused and there seemed to be absolutely nothing of interest to engross the attention of the fortunate maiden who still stood gazing with a clouded brow from the great window of her father's house.

It had been some satisfaction during the previous week to help decorate a new silver blue silk, with seed pearls, in anticipation of Grace Hemmerton's party, but now there was no knowing when the beautiful dress could be worn, and so no greater grievance than a lack of amusement and excitement was proving very trying to this favored child.

"I believe I'll take a walk and see if I can't get rid of these blues," she said to herself; and hastily arraying herself in comfortable garments she started out in the chill, cutting air of the early spring day.

The store windows were filled with all kinds of tempting wares in the way of food and raiment, but the richly clad, well-fed young lady glanced listlessly at what would have proved tempting and attractive to many a young girl on the busy avenue.

She had turned into a quieter street, and was thinking of running in to see Grace Hemmerton, when she saw her minister approaching. He was a man enlisted in a busy, wearing service which admitted of no listlessness, no lagging. His usually pleasant countenance was anxious as he saw Helen approaching, but at sight of her it suddenly lighted.

He was an elderly man, and greeted Helen in a kind, fatherly way. Then noticing her slow, easy manner, as if she were indeed only leisurely seeking diversion he said:

"My dear young lady, could you help me a little to-day? I think it might be in your power to render me great relief and do great good at the same time."

Helen replied cordially that she should be pleased to assist him if she really could. She was a young church member, and loved and respected her faithful pastor, and more than once she had vaguely wished she could serve her great Master in some more efficient way than merely saving a part of her spending money for the contribution box.

But the pastor began:

"I have a young friend of about your age down in Burrill's Court, to whom I am accustomed to read every Thursday; it really constitutes the one great charm and anticipation of the week, and I let nothing short of actual necessity stand in the way of my keeping the engagement. To-day, however, I must attend old Mr. Smith's funeral; now if you could make it convenient to go and read for an hour to this poor, needy girl it might possibly do you both good."

"Burrill's Court!" a place where their women lived who came each week to help cook with the washing! a place such as she never had entered in her life!

The patient man at her side saw the momentary start at mention of the place, and her apparent hesitancy.

"You know," he said gently, "our great Master who went about doing good, told us to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. We are all alike in his sight."

"Yes, I'll go;" said Helen with sudden decision.

Oh dear, and oh dear! Such a room! no carpet, no easy chair, only a rickety table, a scantily furnished bed and two kitchen chairs," wooden chairs with no arms, and a pure-looking sweet-faced girl of about twenty, well gone in consumption sitting in one of those merciless chairs with an old cushion to make it more endurable, and her feet on an inverted box!

Helen swallowed hard before she could say a word. Then she spoke very softly and pityingly:

"Mr. Carlton was obliged to go in another direction this afternoon so I came to read for you, if you would like to have me."

But not a word did Helen read that afternoon except a short chapter from the Bible just before her call was concluded. When she entered Burrill's Court, she thought with what relief she should leave it. But the lengthening afternoon was on the wane and twilight coming on when at last she started for the home avenue.

She had asked Melly Holmes if she suffered much, and heard the strange reply:

"Yes, I do suffer sometimes, but there are so many comforts, I try to think of them and not mind the suffering.

"Comforts?" involuntarily queried Helen with a quick glance around.

"Oh yes, Miss;" said poor Melly with a smile. "You may think my room looks poor and plain, but Mrs. Smithers has a room opposite on this same floor, and she takes wonderful good care of me. Mr. Carlton's society pays her for it, but they can never pay her for all her kindness. She goes out working, part of the time, but nights she sees I'm comfortable; and she attends to my food, such as we have, and it's never failed yet. A good woman gave me a good mattress, and Mr. Carlton begged this cushion for me. But best of all, dear Miss, I've found right here in this room the Pearl of great price, and it's going to stand right by me to the very end.

Helen suggested she had probably seen better days.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I used to earn ten dollars a week one time making artificial flowers; but it didn't agree with me. I think there was that in the coloring that injured me to begin with, but in those days I was gay and thoughtless, very fond of pleasure and in great danger, had I only known it. It was good of God to bring me to this safe place, and send dear, good Mr. Carlton to tell me all about Jesus and the beautiful home he has prepared for poor, tired folks like me."

Dear child! Tired so young. One question lead to another and so they talked on as young girls will, when each is attracted by the other, and when Helen went home it was with the promise to call again the next day.

Mr. Luther thought Helen had never looked so pretty nor talked so well as when telling that evening of her day's experiences; and finally she concluded with:

"And now, papa dear, you will let me have a nice soft rocking-chair, a great big one, if I won't ask you for a single dress this spring, won't you? I've everything I shall want, and my poor invalid will want fruit, and a warm comfortable dress, and a decent foot-stool, and more bed-clothes, and—"

"Here, here!" laughed Mr. Luther, "one at a time if you please, my dear. We will try and do what we can, but you know there is prudence in all things, and my own girl is just beginning to discover one of the thousands of cases in our own city where sickness and poverty reign supreme. You are just beginning my child."

"Well, I never shall stop," said Helen impulsively, "I've found a jewel in that poor miserable room of Melly Holmes's such as I never knew of before. I've seen what the religion of Christ can do for a person destitute of almost everything else. And I shall never forget how my own blessed home looked to me when I turned to it to-night. I went out, proud, discontented, with time hanging heavily on my hands; I came back, humbled, thankful, with a prospect of something useful to do in this needy world hereafter."

The next time Mr. Carlton met Helen Luther, she thanked him with so radiant a face for putting her in the way of such delightful employment, that he realized anew how blessed was the work of doing good.

And Helen never did stop after once discovering how helpful to her own soul were timely ministrations for Christ's little ones. And many disciples of the Master blessed the day when Helen first entered their doors.

But she always declares that the sweet lesson of contentment she first learned at Burrill's Court, provided a jewel of inestimable value to her life, and opened her eyes to the great privilege of copying the great Example whose life was spent in acts of benevolence, and was sacrificed to save us all.—*Golden Rule.*

The President's Mother.

The Bible on which President Cleveland took the oath of office on the day of his inauguration is said to have been one which his mother gave him, and from which she taught him in his boyhood. Of course this Bible was brought from home to be used for this purpose. To some this may seem to be a childish conceit; but to us it shows a trace of tender sentiment, reflecting credit on the President's affectionate reverence for his mother, and of his regard for the value of her teachings. It is the first inauguration of a President at which the memory of a mother's religious instructions has been so quietly, yet so publicly acknowledged and held sacred. It touches a tender chord to think of a great man, on so great an occasion, about to assume the headship of a great empire, paying tribute to the memory of a woman, long since dead—the teacher and guide of his early days. The affair of the mother's Bible may be an insignificant thing in the eyes of many; but as for us, it inspires us with hope for our country.

It is remarkable that two of our Presidents in succession should have been the sons of preachers. President Arthur is the son of a Baptist preacher, and President Cleveland is the son of a Presbyterian preacher. Doubtless he was well drilled in the Shorter Catechism, and this again inspires us with hope. He has a brother who is a Presbyterian preacher, and this also strengthens us. And here are the closing words of the President's inaugural address, to which we respond with an earnest Amen:

"Our duties are practical and call for industrious application and intelligent perception of the claims of public office, and, above all, a firm determination by united action to secure to all the people of the land the full benefits of the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man; and let us not trust to human effort alone, but humbly acknowledged the power and goodness of Almighty God, who presides over the destiny of nations, and who has at all times been revealed in our country's history—let us invoke His aid and His blessing upon our labors."

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