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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LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something, be not idle—
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary—
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles,
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary:
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy onto thy soul returning,
From this perfect fountain-head,—
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

From the New York Observer.

Kirwan's Letters from Europe.

North Wales, July, 1860.

We left Caernarvon in the early morning; and by Bangor, and over the Tubular Bridge which spans the Menai Straits, and across the island of Anglesea, we sped our rapid course to Holyhead, to meet an engagement for the evening. Going to the Calvinistic chapel at the time appointed, we found a large congregation in waiting for us. We pursued the same order of service as in other places. Mr. Phillips conducted the service in Welsh, whilst we made addresses in English. The solemnity seemed to us most marked, and the attention of the people, great. As it was the last, so it was the most interesting, service we attended in Wales. The singing was such as we had never heard; it was singing with the heart, and making melody unto the Lord. The tunes, the language we did not comprehend; but we were moved by the earnest devotion of the people as all the organs, and Handel and Haydn Societies in the world could not move us! And when the services were ended by the singing of the Doxology, first in Welsh, and then, as if for our benefit, in English, the feelings of the people seemed wrought to the highest pitch. We felt somewhat as did Peter, on the Mount of Transfiguration, when he said, "let us make here three tabernacles." The elders and chief men of the congregation, and several ministers of the town, collected around the pulpit; we were introduced to them all, and received from them all the warmest expressions of christian affection. They seemed aglow with the spirit of revival. That meeting around the pulpit we can never forget.

Holyhead, though of remote antiquity, derives all its importance from being the principal station of the steamers that ply between England and Dublin. There is a headland which protects the harbor from the westerly winds;—a hermit called St. Cybi, once lived on that headland; and hence the name, Holyhead. As the learned Alban Butler says nothing of this St. Cybi, he must have been one of the small saints who have been crowded into All Saints Day, and whose modesty as to miracle working rendered him unworthy of a place on the Calendar. But Cybi selected a most romantic residence; as the "Head" which he rendered "Holy," is strikingly peculiar. Towards the sea its sides are almost perpendicular, and, at some points, are worn into caverns by the continued beating of the waves. One of these called "the Parliament House," consists of a series of receding arches, supported by massive and lofty pillars of rock, and presents a scene at once grand and impressive. But gulls and cormorants now scream and chatter where, it may be, the fabled St. Cybi counted his beads, or nursed his disgust with his fellow men; or indulged the fancies of a crazed intellect, if such a thing he possessed.

"The South Stack," as it is called, is one of the lions of Holyhead, and is a spot fearfully wild. It is three or four miles from the town, and is reached by a circuitous road up a rocky hill. Reaching the top, you leave your carriage, and then descend by a steep stone stairs of nearly four hundred steps. There you are met by a chasm through which the sea fearfully roars, and over which is thrown a chain bridge, one hundred and ten feet long, and about seventy feet above high water mark. Crossing this bridge, you step upon the barren rock called the "Stack," over which you could fling a stone, and which rises one hundred and forty feet from the sea. On its top is built a lighthouse sixty feet high, which is surmounted by a lamp twelve feet high; making in all 212 feet from the sea to the top! We crossed that wire bridge, and went over that rock, and conversed with the members of the family that live there, as keepers of the lighthouse. And we found them with the Bible in their house, and the love of God in their hearts; and regular attendants, even upon the night services, at Holyhead, although they had to go down the Stack, and cross that wire bridge, and ascend those 400 steps, and then walk four miles to the place of worship! and back again!

We saw on this "Stack," what we had never previously seen,—the sea gulls perfectly tame. The rock seemed alive with them; and they would walk around you, and permit you to walk among them, without fear. Their plumage is exquisitely beautiful. We asked the reason of their tameness, and as there is humanity in it we will give it. The first keeper of this "Stack" spent his lonely hours in watching the sea gulls, and in rearing and feeding them. He acquired a great love for them, and they for him; and he left it as his dying request that a gun should never be fired at them, nor a stone thrown at them, nor anything done to molest them. And that request has been obeyed. And they are as tame as the hens of a barn yard. There was humanity in the breast of that keeper; and blessed be his memory!

The revival has exerted a powerful influence in Anglesea, and nowhere on the island more powrful than in Holyhead. The population is about 9,000; and whilst its evangelical churches are large and numerously attended, yet one thousand have been added to them within the year! On the rocks south of the harbor, and fronting the town, is an obelisk erected to the memory of a Captain Skinner, a man greatly beloved, who was lost in a storm in 1833. The spot is a beautiful one, and especially on a clear moonlight night. And when the evening services in the churches were ended, the people, as by common consent, would go over to Skinner's obelisk, and there, until long after the noon of night, spend the time in singing, exhortation, and prayer! These were open-air meetings, at midnight! And one who had often attended them told me that they were wonderfully refreshing, and have been blessed to the conversion of many.

The boats from Holyhead to Dublin, stop at Kingston, six or eight miles from Dublin, directly on the sea; and as there has been a great revival of religion in both places, the boat hands have been greatly cared for. Meetings have been held purposely for them, and often on board the boats. As a result, forty-five out of the fifty-six hands on board the regular packets have been converted; and the converted hold a daily prayer meeting for their unconverted companions. "In truth," says Captain Evan Lloyd in a note to a friend,—"In truth, our vessels, instead of being floating hells, are floating heavens;—Or emember the sailors, that they may be as good missionaries as were those of Galilee of old."

A deeply interesting incident was told us by the captain of one of the packet steamers from whom we received the kindest hospitality. Two gentlemen, in crossing from Dublin, were standing near the wheel, when they were asked for their tickets. They gave them to the collector, who at once retired. They were then thus addressed by the man at the wheel, steering the boat: "You had a ticket for your bodies, which takes you to Holyhead;—you need a ticket for your souls. You are crossing the sea of life; and need a ticket to take you to heaven. Have you such a ticket?" Struck by the sense and seriousness of the sailor, they entered into conversation with him. He told them that they needed a ticket crossed by the blood of Christ; and in words brief and simple explained to them the way of life. They went to the captain and told him that they never had heard such language from any man. And these men thus kindly and pointedly addressed, by the man at the wheel, were an Irish earl and lord. God often yet selects the weak things of the world to confound the mighty! And instead of being offended with his intrusiveness, they expressed their admiration of his fidelity.

As we were taking our seats, at the depot, for Liverpool in the early morning, we were recognized by some of the men in attendance there who were at the service of the previous evening. They came forward with their warm expressions of christian regards; and told us that of the fourteen hands employed at that station, twelve had recently been converted. And, taking Mr. Stuart into a small room, they said to him, "In this room we meet for prayer every day for the conversion of those two, and we will not let God go until he grants us our requests." Their earnestness was that of souls alive unto God.

We are less acquainted with the Welsh in the United States than we are with the English, the Irish, or the Scotch. They are a less migratory people. And when they do emigrate, by reason of their language, they are more clannish than others from Britain. But they are a noble, moral, industrious and frugal people. They are a religiously educated people, loving the Bible, the school and the schoolmaster. They are a blessing to this land, and must be to all lands whither the tide of emigration may carry them. We have read, heard, and seen much of the work of grace in America, and in England, and in Scotland, and in Ireland; but we doubt whether the gracious work of revival in Wales has been exceeded in depth and power by any similar work in ancient or modern times.

Revival Intelligence.

The following selections show that the work of Revival is still in progress in Britain and America:—

DUNLOP, SCOTLAND.

Having visited Dunlop during the second and third week after the commencement of the movement, we must say that we had reason to regret much that seemed to be of man, but in no cases could we feel justified in taking the scorner's chair. We might have overlooked many anxious ones, both young and old, come bearing their burden to the cross, with others who had already found that burden roll off when in view of the cross, pointing the way, and encouraging them forward, and listened upon the air of levity and curiosity so apparent in many countenances, to speak down the good that was being done. But the tares and the wheat must grow together, and so it is not sure to separate them. We know individual cases where parties have gone to mock but have been mercifully dealt with, in having an arrow from the Spirit's quiver, dipped in the poison of their own wickedness, sent to the heart, extorting from them the cry for mercy, and they are now rejoicing in their Saviour.—*Correspondent of Ardrossan Herald.*

THE NEW YORK DAILY PRAYER MEETING.

Several very marked and striking cases have occurred recently. One requires special mention.

All who were present at the anniversary of the 23d ult. will remember that when the exercises were about half through, the chairman announced a personal request for prayer. He said he had been informed that an individual was in the meeting in a state of great religious anxiety, who desired the meeting to pray for his conversion. This individual proved to be a gentleman of high professional position in the city—being a physician and a professor attached to one of the Medical Colleges in New York.

He continued to come regularly to the Fulton Street prayer meeting, and promptly at the hour of 12 M. he would be seen entering the place where prayer was wont to be made, and through the services paying the most diligent attention. At length, one day he arose and asked the meeting to pray for him, a poor, blind sinner, who needed the illumination of the Holy Spirit, to lead him to seek salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. He confessed that he knew not how to get relief.

A very deep sympathy was awakened in the meeting in behalf of this awakened, religious inquirer, who did not know what to do. Tracts were given him, which he gladly received. Spiritual counsel was given him, and his case was often remembered in prayer in the meeting.

At length the light began to dawn upon his mind—feebly at first—but it was the true light, so far as we could judge, that enlightens every sinner's soul, who is brought to believe in Jesus. At first, hope was feeble and light was dim. But it rapidly grew brighter, and hope grew stronger. That dreadful load of anxiety was gone, and the lately despairing, lost sinner was found sitting at the feet of Jesus, and rejoicing in the great salvation with great joy. When inquired of how he was getting along, he would speak with great modesty, but with a good degree of confidence of the great change. Yet there were times when he would be at a stand, and could hardly persuade himself that all was real. It was so great a change that he was afraid of some kind of illusion of the mind. He would say that such a sinner as he had been, to be found depending alone on Jesus Christ, and believing in him unto eternal life, as he hoped he did, was beyond his comprehension. He sometimes doubted whether he was not deceived about his own convictions and consciousness. But as time passed on he became more assured.

An Infidel in the Fulton Street Meeting.—A young girl came to the meeting, and was observed to be weeping. Some one inquired into the cause of her weeping. "Oh!" said she, "if my father only knew of my being here he would not let me come. And I fear I cannot come any more."

"Why not?" asked the inquirer.

"Oh! my father is an infidel, and he does not believe in these places of prayer. He would not let me come."

The next day she came again, and, coming up to the gentlemen who had spoken to her on the previous day, she said, with a smiling face, "Father is here. I told him I had been to the Fulton Street meeting, and instead of saying I should come no more, as I expected, he said he would come himself and see what sort of a meeting it was—and here he is."

Now he comes every day, and has become deeply interested, and there is strong hope that he will soon become a Christian. He says that he cannot avoid coming. The daughter is already rejoicing in the hope that she has been born again, and is really a new creature in Christ Jesus. And, now she is praying with great earnestness that her father may be brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd. He acknowledges that he is not without deep religious anxiety. He believes that this is truly a place of prayer.

Pastor Chiniquy.

We are delighted to find that Pastor Chiniquy has made such progress in England. We have much pleasure in inserting the following appeal:—

London, Nov. 1, 1860.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—As in the providence of God, you have been the blessed means by which the children of the Gospel in Great Britain have come to the help of our dear converts in Illinois, you will not rebuke me if I ask you to be the interpreter of our gratitude towards our benefactors.

But now that our dear brothers and sisters have so charitably answered the voice of our bodily sufferings, I ask them for Christ's sake, not to shut their hearts to the voice of our spiritual wants. I have now around me seven congregations, scattered over a space of more than 200 miles, numbering more than 6,000 souls, which God has brought from the servitude and degradation of the Papal yoke to the liberty of the children of God, these last four years. And a much greater number of Roman Catholics, speaking the French, all over the United States, are ready to receive the Gospel as soon as it shall be preached to them in their own tongue. I constantly receive invitations from places to go and preach the Gospel. All these things are very rejoicing indeed. But *a very grave question* presents itself here. How will these congregations be supplied with ministers of the Gospel, and how will those hundred places longing after the Word of God hear that Word, when there are scarcely any French-speaking ministers of the Gospel in the United States, and there is not a *single college* to train French-speaking ministers of the Gospel in that country?

In North America there are not less than fifteen colleges, academies, and universities to train priests to preach the errors of Rome, raised and maintained at a cost of more than a million of dollars, and *there is not yet a single college worthy of that name* to provide ministers of the Gospel for the 1,500,000 people speaking the French language in America!

I will ask the disciples of Jesus all over England, Scotland and Ireland, "Will you permit this to continue? When the slaves of Rome are so liberal, so zealous, to propagate their errors, will the children of light and truth be less zealous and liberal to make known the Word of God? Will you refuse me, when, in the name of more than a million of perishing souls—when, in the name of our common Saviour, I ask you to help us to build a college to train the ministers of the Gospel who are wanting to distribute the Bread of Life to these multitudes of famishing souls?"

I have now in my colony of St. Anne, thirty young men, who desire to consecrate themselves to the preaching of the Gospel. I have already begun to teach them the Holy Scriptures, which they are studying. I have to lodge, feed, clothe, and teach them, and I am alone for such a work. Need I tell you, that such a work and such expenses are above the strength of a poor missionary, whose people are only coming out from three years of famine? Every one understands that we want a college, where those thirty young men, and the many more who will join them, may be prepared to preach the Gospel to the French-speaking population of America.

This great religious movement which has so providentially begun in our colony of Illinois, and which is spreading every day its blessed influences all over the land, is shaking the power of Rome all over Canada and the United States. This is not only seen by the Protestants, but it is confessed even by the priests of Rome. Is it not, then, the moment to strike a decisive blow against the crumbling walls of the great enemy of the Gospel?

Noble people of Great Britain! at the price of your blood you conquered Canada, some eighty years ago; but here you have a new and a more glorious conquest to make of that country. You must conquer it again, not by the power of the sword, but by the power of the Gospel of Christ. Nothing could daunt your heroic courage and perseverance in the first conquest; you lavished your millions of pounds, you sent your bravest soldiers, you covered the American waters with your unconquerable fleets, you shed your noblest blood.

Ah! for Jesus' sake, be not less noble and generous and persevering in the new conquest which God is calling you to make for His glory. Do not complain of the daily sacrifices you are making for the support of the Gospel all over the world. *Remember what you owe to the Gospel!* Is it not to the Gospel you owe your liberty, your strength, your purest glory? Is it not to the Gospel that you owe to be the arbiters of nations and the masters of the seas! Does not every page of your admirable history tell you that the more sacrifices you have made for the Gospel the more you have been raised above all the other peoples of the world, and the more you have been blessed by the great God, in whose almighty hands are the destinies of the nations? You have not only raised your fervent prayers to God, to ask his blessing upon the soldiers of liberty in Italy,—you have sent your treasures and some of your noblest sons to the help of Garibaldi, whom God has so visibly raised up to break the tyranny of the Pope, and to prepare the way for the Gospel. And, far from regretting your sacrifices in that great cause, you bless God to have had the privilege of doing something for it. Now, look to America, and you will see a small but noble band of soldiers of Christ, fighting hard against the giant power of Rome, and pulling down her citadels. But, in the heat of the battle, like the soldiers of God in Italy, they want the help of their brothers and sisters in this blessed Gospel land. Ah! come, come to their help; and before long, in America, as well as in Italy, and all over the world, if the children of God unite their efforts, a cry of joy will be heard in every land, "The great Babylon is fallen! the great Babylon is fallen!"—Believe me, my dear Mr Thomas, your devoted brother in Christ,

C. Chiniquy.

Tractarianism in the United States

The New York *Protestant Churchman* describes a meeting recently held, at which the question of the present position of Tractarianism in the United States was discussed. Its ready alliance with Rationalism was also referred to.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Evangelical Knowledge Society, Bishop M'Ilvaine made an address of considerable length, in which, while allowing that, so far as the argument was concerned, this erroneous and dangerous system had been killed, inasmuch that it had no logical or theological ground from which it had not been driven, yet maintained that the leaven was working, still working extensively, and with fearfuly disastrous results. It seemed to be his settled conviction that the agents of this system are now disseminating it through the *eye* and also by means of the constant use of a peculiar phraseology that familiarized the Church to the views and impressions that belong to that form of doctrine. The communion-table is neither seen nor heard of more. Altar-cloths and altars are before the eye and upon the tongues of the majority of our young ministers and their admirers. Presbyters are seldom heard of, we having now only *priests*, the use of this term being made to suggest almost invariably a *sacerdotal* person. Simple modes of performing of the services have given way to all manner of attitudinized devotions assimilating as nearly as possible to the methods of Rome. The Bishop continued his remarks in a strain of sadly eloquent and impressive thoughts, developing the practical lesson, not of fear and despondency, but of the importance of distinct and determined opposition to the corrupt and dangerous system in question. We should now especially utterly disregard the clamour raised against us as ultraists, disturbers of the Church's peace, etc., and expose and resist error with the utmost purpose and energy. These remarks were listened to with profound attention, and we venture to say every one had his heart stirred within him. He was followed by Dr. Tyng, who corroborated the bishop's views. The doctor spoke in his most vivid and luminous style, and, we thought, with more of the semblance of discouragement than we had heard from him before. He dwelt with special emphasis upon the tendency of young ministers, nominally evangelical, to profess excessive devotion and loyalty to the Church, and regarded this tendency as a lure for many feet, since our solicitude should be to show loyalty directly to our Master and His truth.

Allusion was made by both of these speakers to the ready alliance which Tractarianism forms with Rationalism. We were reminded by their remarks of ground taken by ourselves in a leading editorial more than a year ago. We maintained that old-fashioned High Churchmanship was virtually merged into the more recent and vigorous growth of Tractarianism, and now it seems evident that Tractarianism is taking to its arms, if it is not running into, certain forms of unbelief. In truth, it is a painful and significant fact, that the sacramentarian system is ready to form alliance with any form of error that will seem to help it to fight against a distinctly evangelical faith. This fact places our duty clearly before us. We need expect no favour in the effort to promote the gospel as evangelical men hold it, but from distinctly evangelical men. Courting no treacherous alliances, then, let us work for the great object in our own methods, and so far as may be in our own organizations.

Garibaldi Again Denouncing Papacy.

The following letter has been received from General Garibaldi by an Irish gentleman, who wrote to explain that it was Popery, and not Ireland, which sent a band of misguided youths to uphold slavery in Italy. The following is the translation:—

Caprera, Nov. 12, 1860.

Much-esteemed Sir,—Who could ever think that your fellow-countrymen were not deceived when they served the cause of the Pope under Lamoricière? Every one in Italy knows the heavy burden of oppression under which your country as well as ours is still groaning. The offspring of ignorance and imposition—Papacy—dwells unfortunately in the powerful with hypocrisy, and in the poor with the concomitant evils, prostitution, degradation, and misery. Albion became great and prosperous when she courageously cut off that cancer. Rome! she ceased to be great, she continued to be prostrate, and still lies in that filthy sink, because the Almighty was pleased to visit the queen of the world with that scourge. We pity the deceived ones of Ireland, as well as those of Italy and other countries; but we know, indeed, that the hearts of the millions in your noble country, as well as all over the globe, beat for the liberty of nations. We know but too well that if four hundred deceived youths were compelled to take service under the most despicable government, it was not with the consent of the brave and generous Irish nation, with whom we are united in bonds of brotherhood by a community of misfortune, and by the same foe still frowning on us.

The time is not far distant when this people will inflict the last blow to its sacrificers and tyrants. In that solemn combat we shall decide, not only on our national existence, but the foundation will be laid for the rising of kindred nations; then the Italians, together with Hungarians, English, and other brothers, will joyfully and gratefully see the sons of Ireland whom you shall lead to the holy banquet.

Affectionately and gratefully yours,

G. Garibaldi.

Treasury.

Christ's Advice on Prayer.

Who can direct, counsel, and encourage us in this all-important matter but Jesus? As man, He is not only acquainted with our necessities and wants, frailties and temptations, but sympathises also with our sorrows and trials; and as *God*, the only-begotten of the Father knows the character, mind, purpose, and love of Him who is the hearer and answerer of prayer. When Jesus the God-man says, "Ask, and it shall be given you," the words have infinite weight and authority, trust-worthiness and comfort.

How precious, for the same reason, is that perfect model of a prayer given to us by Christ, the Searcher of hearts and Friend of sinners, the Son of the Most High and the Redeemer, not ashamed to call us brethren! He shows us here the things we truly need, and the things God is willing to give. As there is but one Mediator between God and man, there is but one infallible interpreter of man's need, and God's riches in mercy and glory to supply man's wants.

Christ gave only one model and form of prayer—that perfect prayer, so simple, and yet so clear, and deep, and inexhaustible; so elevating, and soul-searching, and humbling, and yet so tranquillizing and strengthening—but He gave many exhortations, warnings, directions, and encouragements concerning prayer; because it is easy to learn the form of prayer, but difficult to learn to pray aright, that is, in the spirit.

Jesus often impresses on us that we ought to pray. He who is wisdom thought it needful that we, self-willed and blind creatures, should be reminded that heavenly treasures, honours, and gifts, divine life, peace and holiness, are things necessary and desirable; and that the invitations of the King of glory and His promise to bestow blessings in answer to prayer, ought to be received and embraced with gratitude and diligence. Do we not require to be thus urged and stirred up by way of remembrance?

Jesus often impresses on us that God is good, and loving and willing to bless and to help. Why does He so very frequently repeat this? Because although we are often credulous and ready to bestow our confidence upon men and things, changeable and weak, we are slow of heart to trust the *true* Father, who is the source and fountain of all fatherly kindness, faithfulness, tender pity, and compassion. Oh, what a fearful thing is sin, that we who are evil do not give credit (*believe*) to Him, who has given us whatever unselfishness, and love, and trustworthiness we have, and do not realize that He will give us good gifts if we ask Him! Therefore Jesus reminds us that God is the true Father, Friend, and Helper.

Jesus often impresses on us the danger of mere outward, formal, mechanical prayer. He urges us to pray in secret, that is, to realize God's presence. Christ prayed before His disciples, and we know that a special blessing is promised to the united prayer of His people. I may be alone in my room, and on my knees, and yet not be praying in secret; for instead of being alone with God, and speaking to Him, a multitude of thoughts and plans may keep me company, and God be neglected. While, on the other hand, I may be praying aloud with my household, or a large assemblage, and yet pray in secret, and speak to God face to face. Christ's command requires us to remember, that prayer is a spiritual act, demanding concentration of our spiritual energies, and that we must carefully guard against the danger of formalism. Oh, how very strongly, and urgently, and frequently does our blessed Saviour, the kind and wise Physician, warn us against pharisaical, thoughtless, heartless lip-work, prayers of the intellect or memory, or prayers to be heard of men, even though it be to do them good! And here again, brother, does not Jesus show that He knows what is in man, in us? and must we not praise God for such an unerring Teacher and Guide?

Jesus advises His disciples to approach God as their reconciled Father. The Father himself loveth you! It is right to confess our sin—it is necessary to cry for mercy to pardon and to forgive—it is salutary to remember the horrible pit and the miry clay out of which God took us; but the believer is to believe and feel, that he is accepted in the Beloved, and ought to seek to cry, Abba, Father. Such prayer of faith and trust in the word and promise of God produces a life of filial love and obedience.

Jesus advises us to apply our prayer immediately to our hearts and lives. As an illustration of this general principle, take the petition: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." While offering this petition, we are to examine ourselves, to confess, to crucify our unforgiving pride, and to put on as the elect of God, bowels of mercy, compassion, long-suffering, forbearance.

Seek, dear reader, to understand, and remember, and practice the counsel of Jesus concerning prayer; collect them from the various chapters in the Gospels, and ponder them in thy heart; watch unto prayer, lest thy prayers cease to be prayer, and strive that it may be said of thee as it was of Elijah: "He prayed in praying." (James v. 17.) Jesus is not only our Teacher, but also our triumphant Advocate, our compassionate High-priest, and the Spirit himself helpeth our infirmities.

To be a man of prayer is the highest attainment on earth: in heaven we shall hear and receive the Amen to our petitions, and Jesus will say unto us: "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"—*Good Words.*

Jesus the Word of God.

Words are the representatives of thought. God had a great and glorious thought in his infinite heart which no mere words could embody or represent, and he gave Jesus to represent that thought. If I could get at God's heart, it must be through Jesus. If I would know God's thoughts, I must study Jesus. He tells us in one sweet passage, what God's thought was, and what he came to be and to do: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." God's thought was our salvation. Our salvation by mere grace. Our salvation, to be realized and enjoyed by simple faith in Jesus. He sent Jesus to express this thought. To give utterance to his infinite love. Jesus therefore in his life, in his works, in his discourses, in his sufferings, and especially in his death, represents the deep thoughts that had been working in the mighty heart of God. My soul, wouldst thou know what God has thought, is now thinking, will ever think, study Jesus, for Christ alone is the Word that embodies and makes known the glorious thoughts of God! Through Jesus I learn to know God's mind, God's nature. I see that God is love, pure love, to all who embrace his word, and are reconciled to him by the death of his Son. O Jesus, I will look upon thee as the living, working, speaking word of the Father by which I may not only come to know him, but to rejoice in him! O Spirit of the Lord, do thou reveal Jesus to my mind more clearly, more fully. Unfold Jesus to me, that so I may know, love, and give glory to the Father. I would henceforth study Christ more.—Christ who leads to the Father.