

to myself, 'If there is such a supply for our natural wants, is there not also that which will satisfy the soul's undying thirst after God?' I began to cry to God to shew me His will and give me the full experience of His salvation, at whatever cost. And I found this was no empty phrase. Though, as in the case of the well, the fountain-head was far above, yet in order that the refreshing stream might come unto my soul, I found it necessary to go very low, and open my heart to the keen piercings of the Spirit, that the hard rock of evil nature and sinful habit might be penetrated.

"But the blessed experience came and was indeed like a well of water, springing up within me unto everlasting life. I will not say that it has always been full and satisfying as the flow of the well, but it has at least resembled it more than anything in my early experience. Formerly, at the best estate, I had to work the pump to get water; now it gushes forth by its own pressure."

"And very much the same experience do I find in my religious life. I have no occasion to look back regretfully to the joys of the new Christian life, for precious as they are, God has provided some better thing for us, if we abide in Him, and His Word in us."

On further acquaintance, I found my neighbour's reputation among his fellows correspond with the experience he had related. Do not many of us find our experience unsatisfactory? Is it not a drop when we need a stream; a taste when we want a feast? Does not our faith often set narrow limits to the boundless grace of God? Possibly we may learn something useful from the story of "Neighbour Dodson's Well."—*New York Observer.*

WHITEFIELD.

With no companion but his Bible, and no object but the salvation of sinners from the dreadful fate which he believed to be impending over them, he plunged fearlessly into trackless forests, over untrodden mountains, across unfréquented seas, through treacherous morasses, and swamps reeking with deadly miasma. Thirteen times he crossed the Atlantic Ocean, when steam navigation was unknown and the perils of the deep struck terror even into Wesley. Almost as many times he penetrated the tremendous solitude of those majestic forests which then covered so much even of the eastern portion of the United States. Twice he preached through Ireland, fourteen times he traversed Scotland, one visit he made to Holland, one to the Bermudas, and pilgrimages innumerable into almost every county in England. . . . He was in the habit of speaking in the compass of a single week, and that not once or twice, but continuously for years, generally forty, and very many weeks sixty, hours per week, and to audiences of many thousands of people. . . . John Wesley, during a ministry of fifty-two years, travelled over two hundred and fifty thousand miles and preached over forty thousand sermons, making an average of about eight hundred every year. Excepting Wesley, it is probable that no other man ever preached so many sermons as Whitefield. Indeed it has been said, and the statement is warranted by facts drawn from sources so various and trustworthy that they cannot be questioned, that "if the time spent in travelling and some brief intervals of repose be subtracted, his whole life may be said to have been consumed in the delivery of one continuous and almost uninterrupted sermon." . . . There was a general complaint that all labour was practically suspended at Whitefield's approach. Stores were closed, shops deserted, factories abandoned, while rude mechanics and unlettered labourers, neglecting the daily toil upon which the support of their families depended, could think of nothing but hearing sermons or discussing these great moral and psychological problems which lead only into a labyrinth of reasoning too intricate for even an Aristotle or a Bacon. So great was the enthusiasm aroused that people sometimes followed him on foot for sixty miles, merely to hear him preach. They sat and listened unwearied until two o'clock in the morning, regardless of the weather, and unprotected save by the open heavens. . . . Whitefield was fully conscious of his histrionic powers, and cultivated them with an assiduity which would have done credit to a disciple of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. It was not difficult for those who heard him often to distinguish between sermons which he preached for the first time and those which

he had repeated before; and both Garrick and Foote declared that he never reached his greatest perfection until he had preached a sermon forty times. Then every sentence that was powerless had been pruned off, every gesture that did not speak to the eye was omitted, and the great preacher stood before his vast audiences the impersonation of a divine power, armed with the wrath of Jehovah, or clothed with the gentle meekness of the Son of man. . . . While preaching to a congregation of sailors in New York he compared the state of the sinner to a ship about to be lost at sea. "How the waves arise and dash against the ship!" exclaimed he. "The air is dark, the tempest rages! Our masts are gone, the ship is on her beam ends! What next?" "The long boat! Take to the long boat!" shouted the sailors naively, springing to their feet.

On another occasion, while addressing a congregation among whom were many learned and aristocratic hearers, so powerfully did he expose the peril of the sinner by describing a blind old man, deserted by his dog, and groping along with his cane, unconsciously drawing nearer and nearer to a frightful abyss, that, just as he brought him to its brink, the elegant and polished Lord Chesterfield, forgetting the presence he was in, exclaimed aloud, "My God, he is gone!"—*International Review.*

LUTHER'S BATTLE HYMN.

"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

I.  
God is our tower of strength and grace,  
With shield and sword He arms us;  
He gives us help in every place,  
No present danger harms us.  
The old fearful foe,  
Would fain bring us low;  
His malice and mail,  
Make firmest courage quail,  
On earth there is none fiercer.

II.  
By our own power we fail to stand,  
But from the field are driven;  
Yet for us wars the proper Man,  
Whom God in love hath given.  
He, the Holy One,  
Jesus Christ the Son;  
God of hosts is He,  
Which was, is, and to be—  
He wins for us the battle.

III.  
Did swarming devils fill the world,  
All bent on our destruction;  
We could not from our faith be hurled,  
Nor drawn by their seduction.  
This world's prince may stand  
With grim terror grand;  
We fear not his nod,  
For he is judged of God—  
A word can overwhelm him.

IV.  
God's Word shall stand for all their rage:  
No thanks to them, nor merit;  
God acts with us upon this stage  
By His own grace and Spirit.  
Though they take our life,  
Gods, fame, child and wife,  
All shall freely go—  
We seek no gain below:  
God's kingdom stands forever.

—*Lutheran and Missionary, 1863.*

ANTIOCH.

The ancient metropolis of Syria has secure for itself a manifold celebrity on the pages of history. It has been celebrated as the splendid residence of the Syrian kings, and afterwards as the luxurious capital of the Asiatic Provinces of the Roman Empire. It has been celebrated for its men of letters and its cultivation of learning. It has been celebrated for the magnificence of the edifices within its walls, and for the romantic beauty of its suburban groves and fountains. The circling sun shone nowhere upon more majestic productions of human art than where it gilded, with its rising or its setting beams, the sumptuous symbols of its own deluded worshippers, in the gorgeous temple of Daphne and the gigantic statue of Apollo, which were the pride and the boast of that far-famed capital. While it was from one of the humble hermitages which were embosomed in its exquisite environs, that the sainted Chrysostom poured forth some of those poetical and passionate raptures on the beauties and sublimities of nature, which, alone have won for him the title of the "golden-mouthed."

At one time, we are told; it ranked *third* on the list of the great cities of the world, next only after Rome

and Alexandria, and hardly inferior to the latter of the two—at least in size and splendour. It acquired a severer and sadder renown, in more recent though still remote history, as having been doomed to undergo vicissitudes and catastrophes of the most disastrous and deplorable character—now sacked and pillaged by the Persians, now captured by the Saracens, and now besieged by the Crusaders; a prey at one moment to the ravages of fire, at another to the devastations of an earthquake, which is said to have destroyed no less than 250,000 human lives in a single hour. Its name has thus become associated with so many historical lights and shadows, with so much of alternate grandeur and gloom, that there is, perhaps, but little likelihood of its ever being wholly lost sight of by any student of antiquity. Yet it is not too much to say, that one little fact, for which the Bible is the sole and all-sufficient authority, will fix that name in the memory, and rivet it in the affectionate regard, of mankind, when all else associated with it is forgotten. Yes, when its palaces and its temples, its fountains and its groves, its works of art and its men of learning, when Persians, and Saracens, and Crusaders, who successively spoiled it, and the flames and the earthquake which devoured and desolated it, shall have entirely faded from human recollection or record, the little fact—the great fact, let me rather say—will still be remembered, and remembered with an interest and a vividness which no time can ever efface or diminish—that "the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch;" that there the name of Christian, given at the outset, perhaps, as a nickname and byword, but gladly and fearlessly accepted and adopted in the face of mockery, in the face of martyrdom, by delicate youth and maiden tenderness, as well as by mature or veteran manhood, first became the distinctive designation of the faithful followers of the Messiah.—*R. C. Winthrop.*

INFANT SALVATION.

A Philadelphia paper, the "Episcopal Register," says: "Within the memory of living men the declaration or intimation has been frequently made by Presbyterian preachers, that unbaptised infants are condemned to never-ceasing torments; but the clergyman who would make such an assertion now would shock his hearers, and would soon find himself very unpopular in his congregation." To this the "Presbyterian" replies: "We say deliberately that, in the memory of living men, there never was uttered a more unpardonable falsehood. The editor cannot find a case that he can authenticate within the limit of the life of any living man; and we doubt if there is, in the records of the past, any such doctrine taught or held by any respectable Presbyterian minister. We shall wait for the proof. We have spent some considerable portion of our life in the study of ecclesiastical history, and in sharp research for the birth-place of this oft-repeated falsehood, and have sought in vain. May be at last the editor of the "Register" can shew us. But what inducement any writer could have for such a statement passes our comprehension. All our principles in regard to baptism are in stout opposition to such. We deny and abhor baptismal regeneration. It belongs to Rome and the Episcopal Church, and if anybody ever held it, it was one or the other, or both. The Scotch Solemn League and Covenant, an old Presbyterian document, protests specifically against Rome's 'cruel judgment against infants departing without the sacraments,' which Dr. Schaff says, is the 'first confessional declaration against the damnation, and by implication in favour of the salvation of unbaptized infants.'"

EVERY Christian is born great, because he is born for heaven.—*Massillon.*

A QUARREL, nine times out of ten, is merely the fermentation of a misunderstanding.

DON'T despise the small talents; they are needed as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun.

FEW persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is needful to them, to praise which deceives them.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

A CHRISTIAN must be a man of faith every step of the way. One whom the world knows not though he so well knows the world.—*Cecil.*

STRONG in the goodness of his cause, with his back to the throne of God and his foot on the rock of truth, a man can stand against the world.—*Guthrie.*