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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THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Up and away! like the dew of the morning
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;
So let me steal away gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb, all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away! like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on
So be my life—a thing felt, but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness
When the flowers that it came from were closed up and gone.
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone!
The things we have lived for let them be our story,
We but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed; if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom and the fruit and the seed of its season,
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed; if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown,
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper.
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken—
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying—
So let my name be unblazoned, unknown—
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall yet be remembered;
Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

—*Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.*

Unction in the Pulpit.

We all know that the effect of preaching depends very much upon a good delivery. The voice must be clear, the modulations natural, the articulation distinct, and the [illegible]es and cadences adapted to the subject in hand. The preacher must be animated, and carefully guard against falling into monotonous tones of voice, whether high or low. But all this is not enough; nor when graceful attitudes and gestures, not too many nor too few, are superadded. It is the becoming and pleasing drapery of the pulpit, with which it should be adorned, and cannot be acquired without careful training. But we want something more. However dazzling, it is too superficial to meet the wants of the soul. It may flash and play around the head, while it leaves the heart unmoved.

To make full proof of his ministry, the preacher must feel what he says, and show that he does. He must convince his audience that he is not acting a part, but that he comes to them as an ambassador of Christ, beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God. To be a truly effective preacher, in the highest and best sense, he must have a holy unction in his delivery; must put himself in communication with his hearers by what, for want of a better term, I venture to call a sacred magnetic attraction, emanating from the depths of his own yearning soul. It must show itself in his countenance, in his eye, in the tones of his voice. And when it does, there is a power in it which it is hardly possible for the most careless to resist. When it springs up spontaneously in the pulpit, it will sometimes be felt in a moment, like an electric flash, by the whole congregation. No matter whether we can account for it or not, so it is. We are so made that we cannot avoid it, if we try. And no preacher whose discourses want this unction, emanating from the Holy Spirit, is in a right frame to win souls to Christ.

We know, indeed, that ministers, like other men, are constitutionally different in their emotional influences. In some they lie much nearer the surface than in others. One is easily moved himself, by the solemn truths which he utters, and his voice trembles, and the tears start in his eyes, while the fountain lies deeper in another; and we are not to infer that a preacher does not feel, because he is ordinarily less tender in his delivery. But the topics on which every faithful minister dwells, are of such amazing importance, involving the immortal destinies of his congregation, that if the yearnings of his soul do not impart more or less unction to his discourses, it should lead him to enquire, whether he has not mistaken his calling. It proves at least that he is in too low a state of declension to expect much fruit from his labors. While one minister, who is quite deficient in the outward adornments of the pulpit, may be eminently successful in winning souls to Christ, by the depth of his piety and the unction that flows from it, it is no wonder, if another, whose praise is in every mouth as a great preacher, but who has little or no unction in his delivery, should, for the want of it, fail to accomplish the great ends of the Christian ministry.

How then is this motive power to be obtained? It is the gift of God, and the heart of a preacher can be filled and kept full of this holy unction, by prayer and devout meditation. It is not possible for every minister to be an eloquent orator. But every preacher "who is called of God as was Aaron," can open his heart to receive the divine afflatus, and can pour it out from the pulpit with an effect, which no talents or rhetoric can produce, where it is wanting. To this end, ardent piety is an essential qualification, for which there can be no substitute. Let the preacher of ordinary talents imbue his preparations with humble and earnest prayer, from beginning to end; let him go from his knees to the pulpit under the full impression that he "watches for souls as one who must give account;" let him pour out the mighty yearnings of his soul over those that are ready to perish, and, by the help of God, he will pluck them as brands from the burning, when they would be entirely beyond the reach of the masters in Israel, without the anointing of the Spirit. This is what I mean by unction in the pulpit, and when there shall be a great deal more of it the success of the Christian ministry cannot fail of being proportionately increased.—*Rev. Heman Humphrey.*

The Irish in America.

BY JOHN EDGAR, D. D., OF BELFAST, IRELAND.

NO. III.

The interest of my journeys through America was immeasurably increased by interviews with those Roman Catholics and others, in whose conversion, reformation, or general prosperity, I had been instrumental. It was, beyond expression, delightful to witness the greatness of their change. Their feelings in meeting me, and often my own, were beyond control.

One of the noble patronesses of my schools in Connaught, writes, since my return, that she had heard of me from a young Romish convert of her school, to whom, as well as many others, she believes our Scriptural and industrial instruction to have been blessed. This was one of the converts who came to me after public meetings, and she expressed great gratitude towards her kind patroness, who had been at the expense of delivering her from persecution, by sending her to the American Christian lady with whom she lives.

One of the converts of our Connaught mission, with whom I renewed acquaintance in America, and who received free education from us, is now a fixed pastor of the Old School General Assembly. A blind pupil of our Deaf and Dumb and Blind Asylum for Ulster, occupies a similar place.

The man, distinguished in America among the most powerful defenders of Protestant truth, of whom it might be said, as Burke said of Kirwan, "He shakes one world with the thunders of the other;" the man second to none in standing and influence over all the broad Union, was once a poor, friendless, papist, Irish boy.

While sitting in the pulpit of the Reformed Dutch church in Manyunk, the following letter was handed to me.

"Manyunk, Nov. 8th, 1859.

"My Dear Friend,—I am rejoiced to hear that you and your brethren are coming to this part of the city, to tell us of the great revivals in our native land. Some of us heard you in Jayne's Hall with joy; and I hope the people of Manyunk will not soon forget the honor the Irish Delegation conferred on them. I assure you there are warm hearts to welcome you, and we pray God to bless you and your visit to this country, as he has blessed your labors in Ireland. The writer of this letter is a young woman from Connaught, that benighted province you have labored for so faithfully. My teacher there was a true and faithful Christian, and loved you very much, and our missionary, too, whose labors the Lord blessed. Oh, my dear friend, I cannot tell you how thankful I am to you for sending missionaries and teachers to Connaught, to tell us the glorious news of salvation. Oh do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your friend, and may he be with you to the end. There are other fruits of Connaught labor here to-night. You know, as well as I can tell you, how our priest tried to shake the faith of the converts. I trust that some were converted, not merely from Popery to Protestantism, but to the living and true God. My dear sir, if I could sit by your side one hour, I would tell you my whole heart, but since that can't be, I hope you will not think me selfish for sending you this note. If you ever see my dear teacher, tell her to write, or send me her address. It is seven years, to-morrow, since I came here. I had no Christian friend to go to when I came, and our priest wrote to my father and mother to have me watched closely. I suffered much for two whole years; but the Lord raised up friends for me. Our worthy pastor has taken care of me, and he is one of my best friends; and I hope, my dear sir, you will thank him for his kindness to me and many others. If you will have no time to speak to me to-night, I would be happy to receive a few lines from you. I cannot tell all I would. Pray for me, that God would keep me faithful unto the end. Dear Christian friend, perhaps I shall never see you in this world, but I hope to meet you in heaven. When you go to Ireland tell my own dear and faithful missionary that I am faithful still. Tell him that his labors in Connaught were not in vain. He will see many in heaven he little expected to see. God bless you and be with you, my dear friend. I am yours truly, a sister in Christ."

When I read this letter, of which I suppress only the names, I turned to the worthy pastor to whom it alludes, and showing him the signature, asked,—Do you know any person of that name? Oh yes, said he, I know her well; she is an excellent teacher in my Sabbath school. After the service I had an interview with her and others whom she introduced to me, and I need not describe our mutual feelings of joy, and gratitude, and triumph.

Scotland in the Middle Ages.

We may say of history, and especially of ancient history, what the Apostle Paul says of law, "It is good if a man use it lawfully." But it must be quite apparent, that, with so little general knowledge abroad on antiquarian subjects, it is not difficult for the few who have some considerable information to give almost any colour to the facts which may exist in their own minds. That Mr. Innes is a man of very considerable antiquarian knowledge is readily admitted, but no one can read his new and learned volume without observing that he has no real sympathy with the Reformation, nor any well considered opinions in regard to the character and pretensions of the Church of Rome. This will appear immediately from our quotations; and yet his facts are sufficient to demonstrate both the novelty and the mischiefs of that system of falsehood and tyranny. For example, take the following in regard to the novelty of Popery. It is well known that before the introduction of Romish corruptions a purer form of Christianity existed in Scotland—a form similar to what exists now under the Reformation—although it is not known at what precise period Christianity itself was introduced into the country. Popery was certainly an incrustation upon the simple faith and worship of the Culdees which existed previously. The Reformation, therefore, in this aspect was like the disinterring of some ancient city, some Christian Herculaneum, from amidst the dust and rubbish which had accumulated during many preceding ages of corruption and neglect. This fact is thus admitted by Mr. Innes:—

Of the first foundation of St. Andrews, which is said to have taken place about the year 825, we have no details; but some of the earliest records of its Church are connected with its Culdees, who then formed the chapter of the Bishop.

The Church tradition, and indeed somewhat better evidence, ascribes the first foundation of the Church of Dunkeld to St. Columba himself; but its re-founding and dedication to St. Columba seem to have taken place about the middle of the ninth century. From that period, at least, the Culdees were established there; and we know that they were the chapter of the bishopric until they were ousted by King David, in the beginning of his reign. . . . Many of the monasteries, which are said to owe their foundation to David, were restorations of decayed houses of the Culdees. Such was Melrose, which still preserved much of its old sanctity in the estimation of the people, though ruined and impoverished.—pp. 109, 113.

Still, although this is admitted, and although in the following passage the fact comes also out that "forbidding to marry" was a novelty in the Church, that "from the beginning it was not so," the Romeward leanings as we think of our learned Professor are also too plainly developed.

Whatever may have been their original institution and discipline, the Culdees, in the time of David I., lived in a manner that must have been inconsistent with any monastic or collegiate discipline. They were generally married, which brought about the appropriation of the common property by the individual members of the house, and not less certainly led to a hereditary succession in the office of the priesthood, than which no greater mischief can befal a church and country. We are not to be surprised, then, that David, the friend of religion and civilization, endeavored first to reform those irregular monks, and afterwards, finding them irreclaimable everywhere superseded them, by the introduction of the strict monastic orders brought from France and England. For the most part, the canons regular of St. Augustine took the place of the Culdees. They became the chapters of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Brechin, and obtained possession of the property of many of the rural houses of the Culdees. One of David's charters concerning them is short and characteristic:—"I give to the canons of St. Andrews the island of Loch Leven, that they may there institute their order of canons; and the Culdees, who shall be found there, if they please to live regularly, let them remain in peace under the canons; but if any of them resist this rule, I will and command that he be turned out of the island."—pp. 111, 112.

In another passage the extremely favorable view which Mr. Innes is disposed to take of the monks of the middle ages is no less distinctly marked:—

It is difficult, at the present day, to consider the monastic institutions apart from the change of religion which overthrew them. I fear that it is almost as rare now as in the heat and zeal of the Reformation, to find the freedom from passion and prejudice, necessary for forming a correct estimate of the good and evil of the convent. I wish to consider the institution only as it was exemplified in Scotland, after the great spread of monasteries during the time of king David and his grandsons; and we have abundant materials for testing its operation. I think it is a mistake to suppose that any great body of men, professing a common object, and that a high and sacred one, are ever wholly insincere. I apprehend another mistake consists in our misapprehending the duties which the monks themselves professed to consider the objects of a monastic life. If we were to consider the monks in Scotland, as charged with the instruction and religious discipline of the people, we should at once pronounce them inefficient, and all but useless; but if it be held that that duty did not lie upon them, but chiefly, at least, upon the secular clergy, we begin to view the monastery with more favor. We regard the monks as a set of religious men, freed from domestic and worldly ties, whose time ought to be devoted, first, to divine exercises and contemplation, and afterwards, to the duties of their society, to the duties imposed upon them by their relations as neighbors and as great landholders. All the monasteries were zealous agriculturists and gardeners at a time when we have no proof that the lay lord knew anything of the soil beyond consuming its fruits. They were good neighbors and kind landlords, so that the kindly tenant of the church was considered the most favored of agriculturists. Their charity and hospitality have been acknowledged by their enemies. Above all, they were by their profession and situation addicted to peace. Surrounded by warlike nobles, unarmed themselves, they had nothing to gain by war, and it is not easy to over-estimate the advantage to a half-civilized country, of a great and influential class, determined supporters of peace and order.—pp. 123–125.

It is well, however, to read in connexion with this the following passage also:—

That the Church thus protected fugitives among ourselves, we learn from the ancient canons of the Scotican councils; where, among the list of misdeeds against which the Church enjoined excommunication, after the laying of violent hands upon parents and priests, is denounced "the open taking of thieves out of the protection of the Church." But, though all were equally sacred by the canon, it would seem that the superior sanctity of some churches, from the relics presented there or the reverence of their patron saints, afforded a surer asylum, and thus attracted fugitives to their shrines rather than to the altars of common parish churches. We must not be surprised that in rough times even Holy Mother Church was not always able to afford protection to her ungrateful children against the avenger of *red-hand*; and it was to strengthen her authority, and to support what in the circumstances of society was a salutary refuge against rash vengeance, that the Sovereign at times granted his sanction to particular ecclesiastical asylums.—pp. 195, 196.

The theory of defence of middle-age Romanism, generally maintained by certain writers, including evidently Mr. Innes, is that the monastic system must not be tried by the test of Scripture or of the present experience of monasteries, but by the rules of secular life; and so tried, they maintain it to have been an evil less intolerable before the Reformation than the brutality of the nobles. This idea we hold to be inadmissible, and its inferences to be refuted by a wider experience. Whatever pretends to be the Church or part of the Church of Christ, and especially His Church, by peculiar and infallible right, must be tested in all its arrangements only by the Divine word. Besides, a system of compulsory celibacy on a great scale can only be productive of "evil, and that continually," as the records of the middle ages demonstrate. Above all, had not the Reformation torn up and abolished those nests of drones, and let in the light and liberty of sacred truth upon the land, this system would have continued to produce ever-increasing mischief till the present. See how such countries as Spain and Italy have been gradually degraded and ruined by the monkish hordes by which they are infested. See how such a land as South America is blighted and cursed by the same incubus. See how Central America, as described by Mr. Crowe, has become so wicked in connexion with the right of asylum for thieves and murderers, referred to by Mr. Innes, and always claimed by Rome, that they swarm in multitudes there in the streets, and set all justice at defiance. It is a thorough mistake to represent Popery in its essential nature, and except, by mere accident, as an element of civilisation at any period of its history. It has ever been the upas tree under which all liberty and social progress have been gradually crushed. One cannot help wondering at the infatuation of men who durst not have written their works at all, or breathed a free idea, if Knox had not fought his glorious battle for civil and religious liberty, hankering still, even in the most remote degree, after a system of spiritual corruption and tyranny, alike condemned by all reason and experience. At the same time, we cannot refuse to admit that Mr. Innes proves himself to be a man of kindly human instincts. The nobles of Scotland have certainly turned the Reformation mainly to selfish account, and, as a body, have done little for the country except in immediate connexion with their own aggrandizement. With him we too can sigh, in one sense, after the hearty social life and number of small and comfortable proprietors and tenants on easy terms scattered over the land, and living in the middle ages under the shadow of perhaps milder secular influences than are often found at the present moment. But in order to form a correct estimate we must consider the whole picture together, and especially what Scotland would have been had no Reformation taken place. In order to determine that, we must look also at the spiritual aspect of the question, and at all the countries of Christendom still under the Popish sway. The inestimable blessings of an open bible, a free press, civil and religious liberty, more than outweigh by infinity all other possible advantages without these. It is to be hoped also, that a growing social progress will soon sweep away all existing anomalies, and elevate the great mass of the common people. Here we scarcely think Mr. Innes is sufficiently alive to the vast leeway which the Scotch people have to make up, as compared with the English, and especially in the rural districts. In the following passage he states the truth, but not the whole truth:—

This is not the place to notice the efforts of the modern Scotch agriculturist, which have not only increased beyond all former belief the produce of the soil, but are mitigating our climate, and improving the health of the people. The improvement in their own dwellings was slow to follow; but it has come. Old men still remember when the dwelling of the Scotch peasant farmer was not secure against wind, or rain with no window, or one made to open—with the damp earth for floor, earth doughill and green pestilent pool at the door. The "black but" that is still to be seen in a few glens of the highlands, is a less unhealthy abode than the houses of the yeomanry and peasantry of three fourths of Scotland were half a century ago. The change is still going on universally over Scotland, not in fancy cottages dressed up to please the lord or lady, but in the acquisition of habits of cleanliness and comfort, which require better accommodation for our cattle now than was bestowed on human beings in the last generation.—p. 319.

It is true that there is a great amount of physical progress in certain directions. But it is also true that even in the richest agricultural districts, whilst landlords, farmers, and cattle have all been advancing in comfort, ploughmen and labourers confined to miserable "bothies" are often in a much worse state than that in which their ancestors lived. Nay, cattle are often much better accommodated than men. This, however, is not the fruit of Protestantism, but of that selfish disregard to relative duties which springs up in the absence of all vital religion, and has been the fruit of a long night of coldness and neglect. A better spirit is happily arising now, and it is hoped that a day of more thorough Reformation in every respect is also at hand.

In a word, no country illustrates the blessings of the Reformation from Popery more strikingly than Scotland. Lord Macaulay's remarkable contrast between the neighbourhoods of Edinburgh and of Rome at the present day must be familiar to all our readers, and time is only confirming the justice of every such contrast between nations made free by the Bible and nations still enslaved in the fetters of Romish tyranny. —*Prof. Innis, University of Edinburgh.*

Treasury.

Live for Jesus.

A WORD TO OUR DAUGHTERS.

Some laughed, because the gay Virginia Barry called herself a Christian; some were sorry, but none doubted that it was genuine.

A few weeks later, Virginia sat by her glowing grate in the evening. Pleasant were her thoughts.

"I am satisfied now," she murmured softly, "I'm satisfied that I am happy, truly happy. I no longer hate to live; I feel as though I were living for something. Yes, I have a grand aim, and my motto shall be 'Do good.' And the smile of Jesus is so sweet to me! I feel he loves me, and I know I love Him. All that I do, I do from love to Him. Yes, I am happy, blessed be His holy name, and I trust I shall be happy in the glorious Beyond. I am not worthy of it; I am not worthy to work for Him; yet what I find to do I will do it with all my heart, mind, and strength. I thank Him that He has shown me the way of life; and I pray that I may walk humbly in His footsteps, that I may live holily, even as He did."

Reader, are you satisfied? Does life seem sweet? Are you happy? Does your heart cling to life's gaieties, or do you feel "all is vanity?" Love Jesus! Do good! Let your life praise Him! Remember all that He has done for you; all He bore; think of His dying agonies! Go to Him. Tell Him all your sorrows. See, He sympathizes with you! His love *is infinite!* Then cling to Jesus.

Better than gold of Ophir, better than diamonds of Peru, better than sparkling rubies, and sweeter than all earth can give, is Jesus' love.

This world has many pleasures, and 'tis a beautiful world, with its azure canopy pinned with stars, its tall, waving trees, its green grass or snowy carpet of nature's weaving, with its flowers of richer than Tyrian dye, its sweet, gorgeous, perfumed blossoms, with its "winged flowers," those dear little humming birds, its hills and its valleys, its nooks and niches, its woods and prairies, moors and forests; oh, yes! 'tis a beautiful world, and its pleasures are many. But, delighted with their beauty, you grasp them, and, like the Dead Sea apples, they turn to ashes in your grasp.

No, they cannot satisfy. Young lady, the world seems sweet to you, with its joy and gaieties, but *sometimes* you are unsatisfied. Why? It is your spirit's cry for something nobler, purer, better. Heed it!

Young man, absorbed in business, or with "nothing to do," you, too, are often unsatisfied, and you would turn with loathing from the scenes you love: you are sometimes sad without apparent cause, sometimes oppressed, feeling burdened—though such hours with you may be few, they are given you that you may turn to Jesus. Love Him!

Mother, father, children, all feel "unsatisfied," oftentimes, but the love of Jesus satisfieth for evermore. Love Him, I entreat of you!

And the little trials of life shall never harm you, and the large ones shall leave you unscathed, for the "Rock of ages shall be your defence; He shall be your fortress, your strong tower, your shield and buckler.

And when the night of life comes on, and you grow weary, gently He'll lead you down the valley, so that you "fear no evil," and the light of His love shall shine on your struggling spirit, and the valley shall only be dark enough for you to see the glory "across the river."

Like the beautiful sunlight shall your dying hour be; His love shedding a light stronger than aught else, and overpowering the darkness of death.

Let your life then be a hymn in His praise. Live a hymn! A sweet hymn, whose melody shall touch many a heart. Let your thoughts, words, professions, and actions join in one grand, glorious harmony, and the melody therof shall float up to Jesus' throne, and, mayhap, the angels shall pause to listen.

And hearts around you, sad, weary hearts shall grow lighter, and many a life shall be tuned to just such harmony, if yours be. Try it! Don't mind if here's a discord, there a false note played, but do the best you can, and no matter who you are, your living anthems shall be sweet to Him who loves us.

Young and gay, bright and joyous, mirthful, perhaps calling yourselves happy! do you love Jesus? O love him, ere the dark hour comes, dark to you, if you love Him not.

Ye weary, fainting, hungering, and thirsting, ye who have found the waters of Marah, and thirst longingly for the shady palm tree and the wells of Elim, turn oh turn, to Jesus.

"He is all things to all men." Just what you need. Love Jesus! Do good! Live for Jesus!

Building a Character.

"What are you going to build here, sir?" said a lad to a man who was unloading some lumber near a spot where the ground seemed to be graded for a building. "I am going to put up a building," he said. "What kind of a building, sir?" "I don't exactly know." "Are you going to build a barn?" "I don't know." "How can you tell whether the materials you are collecting will answer your purpose? It seems to me that you can't tell what kind of materials to collect, till you know what kind of a building you are going to put up."

My young friend, you are a builder. You have a character to build up. Observe, character is something different from reputation, with which it is often confounded. You have a character to form. On that character depends your success for time and for eternity.

The first thing to be done, is to get a clear idea of the character that is to be formed, of the work that is to be done. What kind of a man do you mean to become? A weak, frivolous, indolent, vicious man? You know what means will accomplish that end. Do you mean to become an intelligent, energetic, pious man? You know what means will accomplish that end. Having the end clearly in view, you can select and employ the means best adapted to accomplish that end. In regard to character, as well as in regard to everything else, a clear view of the work to be done must first be had, a plan must be formed, and effort must be put forth in accordance with that plan.

We have the model of a perfect character set before us in the history of Christ. Here we have the perfect idea which we are to seek to realize in life. All systems of education are defective which do not aim at the formation of character after the model of Christ's character. My young friend, the great work you have to do is to become Christ-like.—*Am. Mess.*

The Reason of Immediate Acceptance.

God has provided such a religion as leads us at once into His temple, and brings us not only across the threshold, but up to himself. He completes the reconciliation at once, and, placing us on the footing of entire acceptance, He bids us lay aside our dread and begin at the same moment our worship and our love. Gradual approximation to God and to His fellowship is all that man's religion can promise us; immediate entrance upon a secure and happy friendship is what God's religion accomplishes in every soul that receives it.

But we must inquire as to the method by which this wondrous result is secured. An instantaneous reception into favour, such as this can be brought about by no common means. The end is marvelous, so may we expect the process to be by which it is effected. Man tries gradually to lessen the distance between himself and God, by his own doings; God annihilates it at once, by the doings of another, which accomplished in a moment that which a whole eternity of doings could not have enabled man to effect. Man plies every effort to crumble into pieces and carry away the mountain barrier which rose between God and him; God steps in and wipes away the barrier, and levels the mountain into a plain. Man tries, by endless instalments, to pay the eternal debt which has cast him into prison, and made him an alien from his Creator; God comes forth, and in one sum pays the infinite debt, and the prisoner goes free.

To do by means of another—one far greater than man—what man could only do by eternal working and eternal suffering, is God's way. To exhaust the penalty at once, so as to replace man in the position whence sin had cast him, is God's purpose.

The exhaustion of the penalty is indispensable. Any other way would be connivance at sin, for you cannot annihilate sin. Once committed, it must remain. You may perhaps obliterate some of its effects, but the sin itself is indelible. It cannot be put out of being. So is its guilt, and so is its penalty. Once incurred they are irrevocable. They must stand. Physical evils pass away, and cease to be. The lightning cleaves the sky and shakes the earth, and is no more. The storm convulses the ocean, and then disappears in the level calm, leaving behind no trace of its power. Not so moral evils. One single transgression of a soul is ineffaceble. It can neither be reconciled nor cast out of being. Once done, it stands; and with it stands its penalty.

In such a case, finite help is vain. To efface the ineffaceable! To eradicate the ineradicable! How vain and hopeless!

Only one way of help appears. But the helper must be infinite. For what must he do? He must stretch forward into the coming eternity, and gather up into one the whole of that awful penalty which made sin so indelible—which floated it upon the waters, and prevented its sinking, and being lost for