The Protestant
AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

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The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

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BY

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"GOD IS NEAR."

O'er Time's great ocean, O my God,
My shallop frail I calmly steer,
Safe in the storm as in the calm,
For thou, my God, art ever near.

When raging winds with angry voice,
Sound wildly on the listening ear,
They wake no echo in my breast—
I smile, and murmur "God is near."

In all my doubts, and all my cares,
I know no grief, I shed no tear—
For welcome joy, or welcome woe,
If thou but tell me Thou art near.

When sickness comes with pallid face,
And Death would strike my soul with fear,
I smile at his uplifted dart,
And tell him thou, his Lord, art near.

In youth, in age, in joy, in grief,
One hope I have, my soul to cheer—
In heaven my joys shall perfect prove,
For there, for ever thou art near.

—*Cor. of Am. Messenger.*

From the Downshire Protestant.

The Latest Papal Pageant in Italy.

Popery is essentially melodramatic. It has always lived on exaggerations, and has always preached the doctrine of the exceptional and the extravagant. Just at present, the Romish hierarchy are engaged in acting a sublime tragedy, with the most "telling effect;" and as sympathy meetings are being held for the Pope, the old man at the Vatican is determined to show that he needs all the sympathy he can get, let it come from what quarter or in what quantity it may.

The Italian correspondent of the *Leader* describes the latest Papal absurdity-demonstration, in Rome, in a very lively manner. The occasion of this demonstration was the inauguration festival of a new American College, which was proposed and established by Pius Ninth. The Pope honored the ceremony with his presence, and the *Giornale di Roma* published a full account of the proceedings, the intense silliness of which is only surpassed by the absurd manner in which they are related.

The Pope very recently assured his London sympathizers that he was quite prepared to die, if need be, for the preservation of the privileges and prerogatives of the "Church," and intimated that he would rather quit the world altogether than give up the possession of his temporal sovereignty. Those were heroics which could take nobody in but Irish priests. Nevertheless, it is in this strain that the miserable old Pope persists in talking, amid circumstances which cast ridicule on his pretensions to the glories of martyrdom. It is silly, as the correspondent of the *Leader* maintains, even to the irritating point, to rave about the stake and the martyr's crown, when nobody has the slightest intention of hurting a hair of your head; "silly to talk of your paternal love, when your provinces are in arms against your 'cruel mercies;' silly to boast of your independence, when you are guarded in your own capital against your own subjects by foreign troops;" and assuredly it is silly to bark when you cannot bite, and to lie when you cannot deceive.

In the lying part of the business, the Pope is well supported, by the Popish press of Rome, as well as by that of Ireland. At the time when this "great" demonstration was made, the provinces of the Romagna were about to take the first final step towards their separation, by electing members for the Sardinian Parliament; the question whether or not the French troops were to retire from Rome, "or, in other words, whether the Pope could remain in Rome," was undecided; we are told that the streets of the city were crowded with Pontifical Sbirri and French patrols, "to suppress the excitement caused by a score of lads, who shouted 'Viva Italia' a week before;" and the misery and poverty of the Roman populace were so great, that the approaching Carnival time was viewed with the gravest apprehension, and it was a question whether it would be more dangerous to permit or forbid the celebration of the festival. With this "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin" written on all around, with disaster in the air, and everything telling—to quote the language of the *Leader* correspondent—"of disaffection and despair, and revolt and ruin,"—Pope Pius ventured to utter his oily sentences as though all was well with him and the Papacy, and to hurl denunciations on the impotent heads of those who desired it to be otherwise.

The *Giornale*, seeing everything in connection with the Pope in rosiate hues, as in duty bound, declares that from early dawn, as soon as it was known that "his Holiness" would be present in the body, an immense concourse of people assembled, who not only "filled the church, but the adjoining rooms and corridors." This crowd was not a mere crush of common people, but was composed "of the flower of Roman rank and beauty, and the *elite* of the strangers residing at Rome, both French, English and American, who desired the blessing of assisting at the bloodless sacrifice celebrated by the vicar of Christ, and longed to receive from his hands the angels's food." This is fiction. Fact, speaking through the pen of the correspondent of the *Leader*, declares that this "immense assemblage" consisted of from one to two hundred individuals, and that the only persons of any note, among this Lilliputian crowd—not being priests—were General Guyon, the American Minister and Consul, and the senator of Rome.

So it would seem that the "flower of Roman rank and beauty" happens to be a small one.

What was lacking in numbers was made up in enthusiasm. The pupils exhibited all manner of signs of devotion, kissing the hands, feet, and garments of the Pope. The speech of the latter is a curiosity in its way:—

"'There was no need,' he said, 'to refer to the imprisonments and martyrdoms of past persecutions, when every one was an eye-witness of the onslaught which is now made in like manner upon the Catholic faith, and upon all who would sustain its purity and dignity. . . . Although in the midst of persecution, it was his duty to arm himself only with firmer courage. Yet the grief of his heart was rendered still more bitter by beholding how, in this very peninsula, so highly privileged by God, not only with the gift of the faith, but with the blessing of being the centre of that faith, and of possessing the most august throne on earth—how even here the minds of men were hopelessly perverted.' His Holiness then went on:—'No, it is not the arms or armies, or the forces of any power on earth, which can cause me fear; not the loss of temporal dominion which can create in my heart such bitter grief. The guilty authors of this loss must bear, alas! the reprobation of the Church, and be given over to the wrath of God, unless they repent and trust in his mercy. No, what afflicts and terrifies me far more than all this, is the perversion of ideas, the frightful tendency to make all ideas false. Vice, in truth, is counted for virtue; virtue taken for vice. Indeed, in some cities of this unhappy Italy, men have sunk at last into deifying the robber and assassin. Praise and glory are poured lavishly on the most villanous of men and actions, while yet people have the audacity to stigmatize as hypocrisy, fanaticism, and abuse of religion, all constancy in the faith, and even episcopal resolution in preserving the sacred doctrines of that faith and its greatest blessing.'"

The Pope was unquestionably alluding to Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel, and Count Cavour, and the tone in which he spoke seemed to cause some consternation among those who were present. But the *Giornale* took no note of this, and saw only admiration, awe, and trembling reverence. And then, after paternal and loving words, the Pope returned to the Vatican—"returned"—as the *Leader's* correspondent says—"past the French troops, and through the beggar-swarming streets, amidst cold, sullen glances, and averted obeisances, back to his dreary palace, there to await wearily for telegrams from Paris."

The Revival in Wales.

A correspondent of the London *Record* furnishes a striking account of the revival in Wales. We subjoin an extract:—

"This revival has not been so powerful, nor so general, hitherto, as some of the previous ones; but it has been more sweeping. Though the torrent does not carry people away with such rapidity, by the opening of the windows of heaven, and the unlocking of the chambers of the deep, as some that the old people saw, yet it moves and tears everything by the root; and few are the mountains which are not covered by it. People of all grades and characters are indiscriminately and indifferently carried away by it. Young and old, high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, no matter what their previous opinions or predisposed feelings towards religion were, they are irresistibly swept before it as before a mighty tornado; which gives us a practical answer to that question, 'Shall a nation be born at once?' Some that were remarkable for their ungodliness, indifference and criminality, we heard unfolding their petitions, and breathing up their sighs before the throne and to the bosom of God, in words of such heavenly and humble strain, that appeared to us little less than a miracle, and an exposition of the words of the Spirit of God (Isa. xxxv. 8). Others, who were remarkable for their Socinian tendency, were heard to confess, with deep feeling, that every foundation is but sand, and vanity of vanity, but the atonement and propitiatory sacrifice of the God-Man, and bless God for sending his Spirit to guide them to the way everlasting. The revival broke out at first without any effort or expectation on the part of the Church (by the Church I mean professing Christians of all denominations); but it came like a rushing mighty wind, when she was not in the upper room waiting for the promise of the Father. But suddenly she found herself clothed with power from on high. The effect of it was almost incredible, and carried the mind irresistibly in associations to the time of Whitefield, Harris, and Rowlands, and from them back to Peter, James, John, and Paul. Thousands upon thousands have been added to the disciples in a few months, and that among all Evangelical Churches. Both the Church of England and Dissenters have had their share. 200, 300, 400, &c., joined different places of worship as members or communicants in a very short time; and, in some instances, all the hearers became members of the Church.

"It is worthy of remark, that it broke out at first among the hearers, before the Church felt any thing. But afterwards, the cloud that watered the dry desert rained also upon the fertile field; the fountain that was opened washed the house of David, as well as the inhabitants of Jerusalem. Some of the meetings we shall never forget to the day of our death. The scene defied both alike the pencil and the pen. There was no shouting, no noise, no appeal to the natural passion, but a flood of tears and sighs, indications of the deep emotion and inward working of the heart. There was something awful in them. Every face manifested the consciousness of the presence of the Invisible. It was the lifting up of the veil to look upon the Shekinah in the Holy of Holies, the cloud filling the temple that the priests could not minister. I have seen strong men trembling like the leaves of the aspen. I cannot compare the effect upon the people, but to a forest shaken by a storm, or ripe corn bending its head to the gale, or the waves of the sea driven and lifted up by the wind. Some of the meetings have been such that the people did not wish to come down from the mount, but were ready to say, 'Let us make here three tabernacles.' Some of the most sober-minded persons told me, that in some of their meetings all the congregation expected to see Christ himself coming among them. Such was the effect upon their feelings. While most of the Churches, acting upon the wise and safe rule of breaking up their meetings early, to avoid any cause of scandal, and giving room to the enemies of religion to blaspheme, found in some instances that some companies of young men in returning home, being already filled with the heavenly wind, turned into some vacant buildings on their way, and spent the whole night till morning in prayer, singing, and praising God. A minister, well known for his intelligence and sober-mindedness, was once preaching, and, like as with the gathering of the house of Cornelius, while preaching, something descended upon every one in the house, till they were all overpowered. The minister could not go on; his heart was too full to speak; the rest of the meeting was spent in praises and hallelujahs to God. One person present, who was noted for his worldliness and indifference of religion, was heard say that he had rather be in that meeting that day than to have had ten thousand worlds given him. The subsequent life and conversation of the new disciples give every room to hope that most of them know of a real change of heart. Young men, instead of gathering together in groups to talk about their neighbors, and to watch and offer remarks on all that pass by, gather themselves together to read the Bible and pray; instead of spending their time in idleness and the public-houses, spend it in searching after useful knowledge. Some old people that did not know one letter from another some months ago have learned to read, so as to be able to read a chapter night and morning in their family worship. One remarkable fact is, that very few have relapsed. Out of four hundred in one place, no more than two have backslidden, and one of those two turned back, seeking his place in the house of God with weeping and tears."

Prayer for Italy.

Critical periods in the life of nations, as of individuals, leave no alternative but prayer. Diplomacy has its office; the sword may have its uses; popular demonstrations may not be in vain; but not all these can maintain, if they can secure, lasting freedom for a nation. "Where the Spirit of God is, there is liberty;" and the Spirit descends in answer to prayer.

If we comprehend the position of Italy, she is just where help from on high is preeminently needed. Her people—Venice, Naples, and a part of the States of the Church of course excepted—are freed from the Austrian rule. The sweets of religious liberty are tasted for the first time by the present generation of Italians. The martyr people so long hemmed in among the Alps, have now the opportunity to become a missionary people, and are improving it with energy. The word of God is accessible at every principle bookstore, and dozens of colporteurs traverse the plains with the inspired treasure. The Madiai, who suffered all but martyrdom for reading the Scriptures, now spend their days in diffusing and explaining them; while the grand duke who persecuted them is a crownless outcast from the people he oppressed. The triple crown topples on an anxious and an aching brow—a breath from Paris, or the retreating tramp of the French army of occupation, may hurl it into the Tiber. The eyes of all Europe are strained to behold the solution of the complicated problems relating to the near future of the Italian race.

Meanwhile the people of Italy, with a unity and dignity quite unprecedented in their modern history, await their destiny, hoping for the best, preparing for the worst. What shall it be? Those who know Italy and the Italians best, apprehend that there is too slight a foundation in the education, habits, and morals of the people for the permanent establishment of a free government. Then, the bane of centuries has been the sectional jealousies of contiguous states, and the ambition of incompetent statesmen. Milan and Genoa, Florence and Turin, and their several champions, have had little affiliation; and should the pressure of common peril and the presence of a large French army of observation be removed, it is perhaps too much to hope that these old animosities would not revive, to render impossible the word of conciliation and consolidation.

But considerations like these shut up the friends of Italy to prayer. The marvellous events which have so changed the aspect of affairs in the Peninsula, in so brief a period, may be the precursors of spiritual changes like those occurring in other portions of the world. The "kingdom" that "cometh not with observation" may be approaching in power; and though it be "not of this world," it may supplant and for ever exclude the empire of superstition hitherto seated in terror and blood, and lay foundations for a government of right and security.

Christians in America cannot be indifferent to the fate of Italy. They may not have any other duty, or other means of influence than prayer. This is open to all; is it not imperative on all? May we not thus rightly intervene against intervention? May we not plead, for wisdom to be imparted to her counsellors and patience to her people. May we not implore the God of the Bible to send forth his word, and to multiply the oral and written interpreters of its saving truths? May we not beseech the descent of the life-giving Spirit, to impart his enlightening, converting, sanctifying influences to the millions who are but just coming to know that the Spirit of God *lives* and *dwells* with men. —*Am. Mess.*

Spurgeon in Paris.

A correspondent of one of the daily papers, writing from Paris, says:—

The Rev. Mr Spurgeon, the famous English preacher, was in Paris on a recent Tuesday, and gave the American and English residents an opportunity of hearing him preach, the same evening, at the American Chapel, in the Rue de Berri. The edifice is large, particularly when the customary attendance is taken into consideration; but on this occasion it was crowded to overflowing; both aisles were filled with people, wedged against each other most uncomfortably, and many doubtless went away unable to obtain admission. Mr Spurgeon appeared in the pulpit at half-past seven o'clock, and the services were opened with a prayer and hymn, the clergyman reading each verse before it was sung. He gave a specimen of his originality immediately after the first verse of the hymn, by observing—"Our singing is very feeble praise; could we not make it more earnest?"—which made a manifest addition to the strength, if not to the number of voices.

After the preliminary exercises, Mr Spurgeon announced as his text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house," Acts xvi. 31. I never heard more impassioned or eloquent pulpit oratory; though from a single hearing of this celebrated preacher, I feel confident in the assertion that we have in America divines not less masters of simple rhetoric and brilliant imagery than Mr Spurgeon. His great forte is in the former; and, after once having listened to him, it is easy to understand the influence of his preaching over the humbler classes of the English, among whom the vast majority of his admirers and disciples are to be found. Physically, Mr Spurgeon gives no evidence of inspiration. His person is, on the contrary, very ordinary. He is a short, heavily built man, with a large, fat face, smoothly shaved, and without perceptible expression. His voice, however, is magnificent, and would fill any large American hall, as, for instance, the New York Academy of Music, with perfect ease. Its intonations are boisterous or gentle, as he pleases, and never, as often the case with public speakers, sing-song and monotonous. This fact proves that Mr Spurgeon utters his words without effort, and his wonderful clearness of pronunciation is as remarkable as his voice. Both the sermons of Tuesday evening were preached extemporaneously, or, at all events without notes, and the second occupied fifty minutes' rapid delivery, during which the orator never faltered nor stammered, nor sought a word, but went on as readily, from first to last, as if he was reading a book. At the close of the exercises, before dismissing the congregation, the clergyman stated that it had been his intention to preach for the benefit of the American Chapel in Paris, in whose pulpit he stood, but that the authorities of the church insisted that the proceeds of the collection about to be taken should be applied to the edifice in progress of construction in London, for the use of his own congregation, composed mostly of poor people. He added, that one hundred thousand dollars has already been raised for the purpose, and fifty thousand more still to be obtained. He accepted the offer of the American brethren, but would consider himself bound to return the favour in kind. The collection was then taken up.

Treasury.

Death by Sin.

Sin, the great destroyer, has entered into our world! Awake, O sleeper, think of it, and be afraid! Would it not be alarming to hear, upon unquestionable authority, that the armies of all the great powers of Europe had landed on our shores, and that our country was being ravaged by a devastating host? Would it not be alarming to find that the enemy was carrying all before him, and that we were in his power? But is it not much more alarming to learn, both from revelation and experience, that sin has entered, and laid our fair world in ruins? that the malignant monster has entered every home, entangled every individual of the race in its serpent-coils, and diffused through every soul the fatal poison which sooner or later must "work death?" Ah, my friends, all your thoughtlessness, levity, worldliness, and indifference to religion, cannot avert this catastrophe, or give you exemption from the common doom! Lay sin to heart! Repent of it, and turn from it unto God. Beseech Him for Christ's sake to pardon it; and rest in nothing short of forgiveness through the blood of Christ. Think not of reformation as your Saviour. All your good resolutions, pious wishes, religious observances, and moral actions, cannot efface from the records of the upper sanctuary this terrible sentence, "Condemned already!" "The blood of Christ alone cleanseth us from all sin." You are under the curse of a broken law; and even could you render a perfect obedience to the will of God from this moment to the end of your days, that obedience would only be reckoned for the time in which it was given,—it could do nothing to remove the curse and avert the death-penalty. How few really feel that they are sinners before God, and that they are entirely sinful, even were they able to prove that they bore no malice in their heart to any one, and had never done the least injury to their neighbours! But we are taught in the Word of God that all have sinned in the first Adam; and we know from experience that all have sinned in their own persons; and none can escape the penalty due to sin, unless they are united to the second Adam, "who was made sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him."

Reader, have you believed in the Lord Jesus Christ to the salvation of your soul?

Sorrow for Sin.

There have been many instances of children as young as any of you discovering the wickedness of their nature, and repenting of the sins which they humbly confessed. I knew of a little girl only between four and five years of age, who repented of her sins, and sought the Lord with her whole heart. Her parents thought she was too young to be told about her soul; they meant to wait until she would be older, and, as they thought, better able to understand them. And so they passed her over and spoke to her brothers and sisters who were further advanced; but their hearts were hard, and they showed no feeling, and gave no attention to the pious teachings of their father and mother. The little child, however, who had been passed by, listened and learned the lessons which the others refused; and her mother began to notice her go regularly into a little room by herself, and shut the door. Hearkening there, she heard her with a broken voice and a broken heart earnestly crying to have her sin taken away and to receive a new heart. The Spirit of God had been working in her, and she yielded to his gracious impressions. And surely if this tender infant could understand the nature of sin, so as to hate it and repent of it, every child who reads this may do so too.

Faith in Jesus Christ.

Many very young children have received the Lord Jesus Christ into their hearts by faith; and you might receive him too as well as they. I know a little girl in my old church who believed in Jesus Christ, and was made happy in his love. She told her mother afterwards, that as the minister was preaching in the church, he said that Jesus was standing knocking at the door of the people's hearts, and, "mother" said she, "I just looked up in my heart, and asked him to come into mine; and, mother, he is here, I feel him here," putting her little hand to her breast. Now, here was a little child one of the "babes and sucklings," hid from the preacher, and unnoticed by any, sitting at the foot of a crowded pulpit-stair, looking up and listening, learning words whereby she might be saved. The minister was speaking to the multitude of grown-up persons before him, and trying to make an impression on them; he never thought of the little girl sitting in the corner, almost out of sight; but the Lord saw her, and had mercy upon her, and revealed to her those things which he hid from the wise and prudent. By that child's temper and behaviour, from that day, it was very evident a work of grace and renewing power had been wrought in her. Now, my dear young friends, Jesus is standing waiting at your hearts. Will not you also invite him to come in? Hear what the beautiful little hymn says—

"Behold a stranger at the door;
He gently knocks: has knocked before;
Has waited long; is waiting still—
You use no other friend so ill."

O, let me urge you to do as the dear child; I have been speaking about did! Ask the Lord to come into your heart. O, do not keep him waiting and knocking any longer!

If I am lost, I will serve God.

A Minister of the Gospel had once, from intense mental application, lost his reason. Such was the delicate organization of that noble intellect, that its powers for the time gave way, and his mind was shrouded in darkness.

Sitting one day with a beloved brother in the ministry, bowed down in gloom and despair, "I am lost!" he exclaim in a hollow, mournful tone, "I am lost. I am going down to hell, brother E——." But presently a light shot across that darkened face. His eye brightened; he jumped from his chair. "What if I *am lost*; what if I *do* go to hell? *I will serve God there.* I will preach *Christ* to the lost spirits in hell."

He had gained the victory. He had found *Christ*, and the power of the prince of darkness was destroyed. He is now again labouring earnestly and successfully in the vineyard of his Master, and a rich harvest of souls has been recently gathered through his instrumentality, to be, as we trust, his eternal crown of rejoicing.

Let us *forget self, live for Christ*, and leave the result to Him.

A Sabbath Evening Study.

Prayers presented to the Saviour in the New Testament.

The following may be mentioned as specimens: many more may be searched out. The references are not given, that our young readers may find them out for themselves.

"Lord, help me!" "Lord, save me!" "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief!" "Lord teach us to pray!" "Lord, increase our faith!" "That I may receive my sight!" "Lord if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean!" "Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy!" "Lord, grant that my two sons may sit, the one at Thy right hand, and the other at Thy left, in Thy kingdom!" "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!" "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

There are others in the Gospels, and several in the Epistles, and the searching of them out would be a profitable exercise. But notice from those referred to—

1. The variety of persons who offered these prayers. Apostles, beggars, rulers, lepers, blind people, distressed parents, a thief, a martyr, a murderer. Observe how Paul's prayer follows after Stephen's.

2. The different circumstances under which these prayers were offered. In sorrow, in weakness, in want, in terror, in amazement, in death, on the sea, and on a cross. God places us in a variety of circumstances, that we may learn to pray. "I will that men pray everywhere."

3. Mark what a vast number of blessings these short, simple, and earnest prayers brought from the loving heart to which they appealed—Healing, deliverance, strength, instruction, paradise, employment,—all were answered but the *one* which had "greatness" for its object. Think of the power, the willingness, and fulness of the Lord Jesus, and be continually praying "to Him."

4. We may confidently infer from all this the Godhead of the Lord Jesus. These incidental proofs of His personal Deity are most valuable. He is repeatedly called "Lord," and is asked to do things which only God can do; which things He performed in answer to prayer. It is therefore proper to pray to Christ; though to come "to the Father through Him" is the more usual way. We should take care in prayer not to confound the Persons in the blessed Trinity.

5. The Lord Jesus should be the object and subject of perpetual blessing and praise. There is no prayer to Christ in heaven; but there is perpetual praise, and He who was the lowly Lamb on earth is the object of all heaven's loftiest adoration. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

All who "call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved;" such may claim Him as their own now, and should spend their lives in endeavouring to bring others to Him.

The above study is apparently a short one; but if carefully gone over, as it ought to be, with Bible in hand, it will be found a tolerably long, as well as a most profitable one.

How we get the Living Water.

Of these things, we bring you the glad tidings, that in the belief of these each listener may be gladdened and blest. For it is not to him that *worketh*, but to him that *believeth*, that the salvation comes.

It is not by man's might, or effort, or skill, that the rivers of earth are filled, or that the sun comes up each morning, with new light and warmth for a sleeping earth; so it is not *work*, or wisdom, or power, or cost on man's part that brings into the soul all this fulness of the eternal life and joy.

It comes in as light comes, without noise, and without effort, in the belief of the Father's testimony to the glorious person and finished work of him whom He hath sent,—the Christ of God, who is at once the revelation of the Father's mind, and the expression of the Father's love.

We announce, then, this Christ to you, as the living one and the life; as the enlightener and the light; as the healer and the medicine; as the word spoken and as the speaker of the word; as the wisdom and the teacher.

We proclaim him to you as temple and as priest; as altar and as sacrifice: as the life and as the death; as the ransom and the ransomer; as the bearer of the curse and the bringer of blessing.

We present him to you as the filler up of all blanks, as well as the forgiver of all sins; the remover of all sorrow as well as the bestower of all joy; the bearer of all burdens, and the looser of all bonds; the appeaser of all cravings, and the satisfier of all desires; the feeder of our hunger, and the quenching of our thirst; the giver of our earthly foretaste of that time when we "shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on us nor any heat, for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to the living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The Universal Thirst.

The thirst of the soul, the feeling of emptiness, is not one which can be concealed. It is constantly taking voice, and making itself known, so that it is