

and promises, but we have a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost almost every time we meet; so it is all the same!!'

"In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men," said the Saviour. And here it seems to me to be a fact that "faith is made void and the promise made of non-effect."—Whom shall we believe, the modern ministers or Christ and his holy apostles? This is a strange world.

D.

### EXTRACTS AND REMARKS.

"I suppose you would like to know how I get along; how I enjoy myself, &c. Well, brother Eaton, I can hardly tell you. My work is driving me a little at present. This takes my mind from reading; I indeed cannot read so much as I should like to. I soon forget the relish of the past unless I keep storing my mind with a fresh supply from the fountain of truth. When I work hard I mourn over my worldly-mindedness, and I sometimes fear that my whole treasure is in what I am doing. I feel sometimes as though I should like to lay by every thing else and study to obtain religious knowledge. Yet I am patient and impatient! I am selfish and yet I wish others well! I am sometimes at a loss to know what manner of man I am; and I am not sure that you would not were you to become partly acquainted with me! I sometimes think that a Phrenologist cannot read a Christian so well as he can a worldling. A Christian can learn himself only by every day experience and by the Chart that was dictated by the "Spirit that searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God." A Christian! a dead living man. His life is hid away out of sight, and yet a living epistle. A bye word—a reproach in society—friendless and alone, yet surrounded by and enjoying all the friendship in the world worth possessing! \* \* Brother E., what is a Christian? This question may lay the foundation for a good article from your pen for the *Christian Banner*. \* \*

"Let us therefore be sober and watch unto prayer," forget the things that are behind and press forward to the things that are before and with constant care ever keep our eye upon that bright and shining light which ever illuminates the pathway of the just until the perfect day appears. How dark and dreary was the grave before our Saviour arose; "the first fruits of them that slept." "The soul that sinneth shall die." "Thou shalt surely die." Although there were faint glimmerings of hope, yet none had risen. The "prince of this world" had not been dethroned. Although Job could say "Thou wilt call and I will answer," and David "Then shall I be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness," yet none of the ancients could say with Paul, "Now is Christ risen and become the first fruit of them that slept;" "for since by man came death, by man came the resurrection of the dead." No; for then was the "prince of this world"—he who had the power of death—unconquered. He held this world in his grasp, if I may so speak, but could hold it no longer—our Elder Brother burst the bars of death and "brought life and immortality to