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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"Patience."

A gentle angel wanderth
Throughout this world of woe,
Whom God in mercy sendeth
To comfort us below;
Her looks a peace-shining
And holy love proclaim:
O follow then her guiding,
Sweet Patience is her name!

She leads us through this tearful
And sorrow-stricken land,
And speaks, resigned and cheerful,
Of better days at hand;
And when thou art despairing,
She bids thee clear thy brow,
Herself thy burden sharing;
More hopeful for than thou.

She echoes into sadness
Thy grief's extensive smart,
And steeps in peace the madness
And tumult of the heart.
The darkest hour she maketh
As bright as sun at noon,
And heals each wound that acheth,
Full surely, if not soon.

Thy falling tears she chides not,
But pours in healing balm;
Thy longing she derides not,
But makes devout and calm:
And when in stormy seasons
Thou athest, murmuring, why?
She giveth thee no reasons,
But smiling, points on high.

To every doubt and question
She seems not to reply;
"Bear on," is her suggestion,
"Thy resting-place is nigh."
Thus by thy side she walketh,
A true and constant friend;
Not overmuch she talketh,
But thinks, "O happy end!"

—*Lyra Domestica.*

Napoleon and Pilate.

Should the Emperor of the French ever ask what he has gained by establishing himself in Rome, and becoming master of the situation, he may now accept an answer on sacred authority. It is that he may become the Pontius Pilate in the last drama, the last trial, the last agony, and abandonment of the Church. When he sent his legions to Rome, a foolish vanity persuaded him, perhaps, that he was securing the power which he might henceforth use to his advantage. He could not be far wrong in the Capitol. Holding in his hands the very key of the position, he might admit or exclude as he listed, giving laws and dominion at his pleasure. No doubt, the situation is one to gratify a mind with the least instinct of ambition. It was for the time to be Emperor of the West, and all that is implied in that noble denomination. Yet a time must come when Rome must be either retained or relinquished; and when it will be necessary to determine in favor of the one out of the many possible uses to which it might be applied. When that time comes, as, indeed, many suppose that it has come, what shall the Emperor set down as the fruit of a policy that has brought on him so many jealous reviews and unfriendly criticisms? The Bishop of Poitiers informs the faithful in France that their Emperor has done all this simply to do what nobody else could do, and to give up Pio Nono to his enemies at the very moment when the game was about to be triumphantly concluded. The Bishop has made it a labor of love. The Emperor had chosen, for his own convenience, to express his views of the situation in an anonymous pamphlet. No doubt, he found it much easier to inspire, or even to indite, *Rome, la France, et l' Italie*, under the name of M. Laguerronniere than to state his intentions and offer explanations under his own name, and in a direct manner. But, if the domino is convenient to him, so also is it to those who differ from him and deprecate his policy. They may attack the shadow with blows that reach him; and what is really a personal assault can in that case only be reached and punished for its intrinsic wrong. Hence we are favored with a specimen of political audacity to which no Bishop, or any other subject, would be equal in this country.

The good Bishop luxuriates in the parallel. He omits no detail that may establish the closest identity between the Pontius Pilate of the first century and of the nineteenth. He proves the grandeur of the crime and the supreme character of the infamy. It is the Emperor who, after scrupulous hesitation, has yielded to the demands of a hunted people. It is the Emperor who has finally disregarded the warnings of his wife to do nothing to that just man. It is the Emperor who has weakly attempted to wash his hands, first of Francis II., then of Pio IX. It is the Emperor who has absolved himself in vain. So he is "God-murderer." His name will ever stand among the highest and greatest; and the fact will be recorded in the very articles of the Creed. In vain does he apologize and explain. In vain does he attempt to throw the blame on neighbors, on nations, on princes, on his own people, on priests, on all the world. The Creed makes no mention of Annas and Caiaphas, Herod, of Judas, of Pharisees and soldiers; so also is it below the dignity of the subject to insist on the crimes of Sardinia and other actors or ministers of wrong. By his own doing Louis Napoleon has been the chief personage in the drama, and he must bear all the burden. The others are but ciphers and counters. They have done as they were bid, or as nature and circumstances led them. Not so the Emperor of the French. He has assumed the responsibility of the Italian Kingdom. Like Pilate, he has come forward. He has wished to save the victim of popular injustice. He has invited the attention of the world to his humane endeavors, his lofty justice, his self vindication. He has ordered the water to be brought, and then with all the pomp of innocence he has renounced any share in the crime. Yet he has permitted it, as he alone could permit, and the Bishop of Poitiers accordingly gives him a niche in the hagiology of crime. There stands Napoleon III., a recreant among the faithful, a murderer among the saints, a self-banished apostle. Tied to the skirts of Pontius Pilate, he will pass with him through the mouths of true believers, and go wherever Pilate will go.

The Emperor is very naturally indignant at the new species of honor provided for him by the fathers of the Gallican Church. We are accustomed to hear Sovereigns compared to David, to Solomon, to Josiah, to Hezekiah, and such other good Royal names, if there be any, in the Bible. An official document, a *mandement*, addressed by a Bishop to his flock, and commended to the study of all the clergy, elevates Napoleon III. to the dignity of the Roman Governor of whom the tradition is that he wandered over the earth, asking the mountains to fall upon him, and found apparently what he wished, far away from Jerusalem and Rome itself, in the mountains of Helvetia. We may pardon the indignation of the Imperial pamphleteer on being answered, not with argument, or with a trial, but with summary condemnation. The Bishop instals the Emperor in a gloss upon the Apostles' Creed. In this country there are those who would smile at the atrocity of the parallel. Indeed, Englishmen feel that when a man compares an antagonist to Judas Iscariot, or Pilate, or Herod, or Simon Magus, or any other objectionable character in Scripture, the charge answers itself, and there is no occasion to reply to the man who proclaims his own folly and shame by the very language he employs. In France it is evident there is a very different estimate of persons, of things, and of words. The Emperor, or the faithful guardians of his name, tremble for the consciences of the citizens. It is declared necessary to protect the innocent French mind from offensive allusions and improper ideas. The Council of State is charged with the trial of this transgression, and the precedents will have to be ransacked for the right way of dealing with the Episcopal fanatic. Meanwhile the crime has been committed, and has been stamped indelibly on the recollections of France. The Bishop of Poitiers' parallels will be read at least as much as Rome, France, and Italy. It is, indeed, much easier to call a great man a bad name, and pull down his reputation to the level of a miscreant, than to prove the error of his policy. Under these circumstances, we are promised an edifying conflict between the civil and religious authorities. Liberty and plain speaking are not extinguished in France. The newspapers may not always say what they please, but the Emperor may be lampooned in every church of a diocese, at the same hour, at the most solemn act of worship. We of this country have too much respect either for Sovereigns or for churches to gibbet the one in the other; and of all odious things a sermon of personalities, or even a personal denunciation in the guise of a charitable prayer, is here the most odious. The Bishop of Poitiers, therefore, will have few friends in this country, and the value of his observations, if any, will depend, not on the man or the office, but on the statements themselves.—*London Times.*

The Dublin Protestant Association.

We have before us the annual report of this association. As might be expected from men who are called to grapple hand to hand with the emissaries of Rome, the Dublin Protestants speak out manfully in regard to the true nature of the Popish system, and the manifest infatuation implied in the Romeward policy of all our recent Governments. The following remarks are equally just and melancholy:—"Satan has, to an extent almost unparalleled, succeeded in pouring blindness and delusion upon the eyes of most men, so as to create a most dangerous diversion from attention to his grand attack, and to deceive almost the very elect. This latter is accomplished by a no more complex or subtle plan than superinducing an apparent zeal for religious interests, and urging far and wide, at the same time, the cry—'Religion has nothing to do with politics.' This has been successful to such an extent that scarcely a single existing religious society in this country will in any way whatsoever meddle with or take part in anything bearing the semblance of politico-religious action, such as petitioning Parliament, memorialising the Throne, addressing the masses from platforms upon the dangerous tendency of modern propapal legislation, &c., &c., and even excellent and pious Christians are so fatally under the influence of this diversion, or fearful of running counter to this false and dangerous but too general sentiment, that they shrink from any participation in the above-named acts, though they may secretly pray for our success, and silently send in their subscriptions. The consequence of this is, that the great labour of working this society so important to maintain, (for its special object is to supply this great want,) falls on a few devoted men, but for whose zeal and energetic action, amid numerous other cares and duties, it must have ceased its action long since; and its peculiar and valuable testimony being silenced, scarcely an obstacle would be opposed to Rome's most successful action and machinery, the politico-religious, or, at least as far as this country is concerned, to still more complete anti-Christian legislation, and the complete dominacy of an anti-national, anti-British, Popish faction. With marvellous and indeed inexplicable inconsistency, while English statesmen give moral and material support to bleeding Italy in her struggle for emancipation under the God-sent Garibaldi, they treat Ireland as a province of the Papacy, on which they help to rivet the chains they elsewhere seek to burst—an inconsistency only paralleled by the treachery of the President of the French Republic towards young Italy in 1848.—*Bulwark.*

Gavazzi at Naples.

We have received the following in a private letter:—

Gavazzi has remained in Naples during the winter, quietly laboring, and waiting for the time when he might have the opportunity of publicly declaring "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." That time has now arrived; the work has commenced; and God has blessed it. You are aware that he was deprived of the larger of the two Jesuit churches given to him by Garibaldi, and he has not yet been permitted to preach even in the smaller one; but it is thought that the present Government will feel obliged to confirm this grant, or to allot some other place for his services and schools. In the meantime, whilst this question is pending, feeling that he should no longer remain silent, he, a few weeks ago, accepted an invitation to speak in a small room, where he had the happiness of proclaiming "justification by faith in Christ alone." He was encouraged by seeing the little hall quite full. The commencement could not have been better; and there is reason to believe that this new kind of preaching, entirely Evangelical, will find favor in Naples. He has now felt constrained to rent a more commodious room, offered to him for the evangelization. This hall contains seats for 200 persons, and about 50 more can stand in the anteroom. He has opened it for two public services on the Sunday; and he will now be able to carry out his plans for commencing a school for adults, on three evenings in the week, in the first instance, for secular instruction. On the alternate evenings he hopes to commence a course of lectures on the Romish controversy, similar to those which excited so much interest in Florence. Some one is needed at the present moment boldly to attack Romanism in front; and in addition to his other gifts, the Lord has endowed Gavazzi with an indomitable courage, which will not permit him to shrink from the most deadly warware by which he may promote his Master's glory. He is, of course, aware that his position is one of extreme danger; the persecution, menaces, and insults he has already endured from the priests are indiscribable; and the police have now informed him that they cannot be answerable for his life. But, though detested by the priesthood and its slaves, he has much confidence in the good feeling of the people; placing his chief trust, however, in God, who is his refuge and strength; and in the prayers of his Christian friends, which he frequently intreats with earnestness. Let us hope that this request will not be forgotten, but that many, many supplications will ascend for one so well known throughout Great Britain and Ireland as an eloquent Christian patriot, who is now called to contend, almost single-handed, in his native Italy, for the faith once delivered to the saints. May the Lord also influence the hearts of those to whom He has given the silver and the gold, to come forward with material assistance, without which the expenses of the room cannot long be sustained. I am sure you will kindly take charge of any offering which may be sent to you. The ten guineas you forwarded after a former appeal for the support of the worship in Florence were most acceptable and helpful. Till many of the Italian people have truly received the Gospel, they must be assisted by British Christians. What mission can be more important? A little aid, just at this juncture, may be the means of conferring a great and lasting benefit, of the highest order, upon Italy. Assistance is also greatly needed, just now, to provide bread for the ecclesiastics who have been under Gavazzi's instruction, and who are now on the point of abandoning Rome. One has already given in his public adhesion to the Evangelical Church, and has commenced preaching the Gospel, and others are prepared to follow.—*Evangelical Christendom.*

Turkey.—The Decline of Islamism.

The following is an abstract of the address delivered by Rev. Mr Marsh, of Mosul, Missionary of the American Board, at the Montreal Union Missionary Meeting held on the Friday evening of the Anniversary Week. Mr Marsh said:—There is an almost universal feeling in the minds of the Moslems that their day is past, and that Christianity is to take possession of the earth for a thousand years. If you ask any intelligent Moslem anywhere, whether Mahomet or Jesus Christ is the greater, he will say Christ. We also find in the Word of God, that two greater powers are to disappear at this time—the false prophet and the beast. The Moslems have an idea of the same kind. There are many more idolaters under Queen Victoria than any other class, and there are more Moslems than Christans. England did not take India from the idolaters, but from the Moslems. At the great Indian rebellion it was the Moslems again that were the leaders, and they were subdued. This victory gave joy and safety for the time to every Christian in the Turkish Empire. Abd-el-Kader has written that the conduct of the Moslems in Syria was so atrocious, that the power must pass out of their hands. This man, the greatest hero that the present generation of Moslems, or perhaps any other, had produced, was conquered and led captive by France. Schamyl, too, who professed to be a prophet of God, was subdued by Russia, another proof to the whole Moslem world that they were powerless. When England was at war with Persia, it was like a man fighting with a fly. The war was over before England knew she was at war at all. This made little impression on the English mind, but made a great impression on the Mahomedans. The same result was seen in the contest of Spain with Morocco, and in every case where Christians and Moslems came in contact, so that the latter were convinced that strength had departed from them. The Apostate Churches of the East were not fit to convert the Moslems, or they would have succeeded ere now. They kept the Bible shut and could do nothing. The Eastern Christians were so cowardly, they dare not avow their belief to a Moslem that Christ was the Son of God; but in the 41 native Christian Churches, gathered by the American Missionaries, the people were preaching the Gospel, as well as the native helpers and American Missionaries. A watch-maker in Mosul has been preaching the Gospel to his customers nearly all day long, most of them being Moslems. The most prominent Moslems and first scholars among them send for Missionaries to discuss Christianity. 5,000 Bibles have been sold to Moslems. Some Moslems have been converted and baptized; and since he was in Constantinople in July last, for the first time in the history of the world, a small number of individuals, born Moslems, organized themselves into a church to partake of the Lord's Supper. The head of a village came to him for three weeks, at his own expense, and went preaching the Gospel from house to house. This was just as if a prominent merchant of this city should go to Pointe aux Trembles, and stay there three weeks preaching the Gospel from house to house all around. For some time past a large emigration of Circassians and other Mahomedans had taken place from Russia, for the purpose of settling in Turkey, and the very fact of their journeying through Turkey left everywhere a strong conviction of the power of Russia, which could subdue and expel such fierce, warlike Moslems. The Turkish mind was, therefore, by a great variety of circumstances, not only open to the idea of great changes, but fully prepared to expect them. And it was providential that Protestant missions were at present in full operation in that country, after many years of patient preparatory labor and suffering.—*Montreal Witness.*

Pastor Chiniquy and his College.

To the Editor of Record.

Sir,—I would be much obliged to you if you would have the kindness to publish in the columns of your journal the enclosed letter of our dear young converts, who are preparing themselves for the holy ministry, and in favor of whom I have lectured in England.

Truly yours, C. Chiniquy.

St. Ann, Kankakee Co., Illinois, Jan 31, 1861.

LETTER OF THANKS

Of the Young Men of St. Ann, County of Kankakee, State of Illinois, whom Pastor Chiniquy is training for the holy ministry of the Gospel.

TO OUR DEAR BENEFACTORS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

Dear Benefactors,—Our beloved pastor, the Rev. C. Chiniquy, is among us, since a month, and he has told us the Christian sympathies with which you have responded to his requests in our favor. He has assured us that more than £2000 had been put into his hands to help us to study; and he has already begun to feed, and clothe, and lodge us, in order that, having no care of the things of this world, we might better devote all our energies and days to the study of the different branches of learning necessary to the ministers of the Gospel.

How can we sufficiently express the gratitude we feel for what you have done for us!

The God of the Gospel alone can reward you for such a charity. Be assured that not a single day of our life, not a single moment of our existence will pass that we will not ask our Heavenly Father to pour down upon each of you his most abundant benedictions.

Now that you have so promptly provided for our wants of this temporal life, and given us the food of the body, we hope you will interest yourselves more than ever that our souls and hearts may abundantly receive, from Heaven, that food which is for the eternal live.

We are born only yesterday to Christ: our steps are still very slow and weak in the ways of God. But we trust in Him who is the way, the light, and the life. Ask Him to prepare us himself to the great work of preaching his Gospel to our dear countrymen, who are still the slaves of Rome. The only desire of our hearts, the only object of our ambition, are to extend the kingdom of Christ We know that the best way to show you our gratitude is to do everything in our power to make ourselves, with the help of God, worthy of the mercies of the Lord towards us; and you may rest assured that no effort will be neglected by us to accomplish the views of a merciful Providence towards us.

In our name, in the name of our parents, and of the whole colony of St. Ann, and in the name of our beloved pastor, we send you the most sincere assurance of our gratitude; and we ask you all, dear brethren and sisters in Christ, to pray for us.

Your grateful brethren in Christ,

P. Bourrantt,
John B. Paradis,
Jos. Paradis.

In the name of the thirty-six Students of the Saviour's College of St. Ann, County of Kankakee, State of Illinois.

St Ann, Kankakee County, Illinois, Jan. 31, 1861.

True Devotion.

Not very long ago, a valued friend requested me to visit a young woman, lodging in an alley in Holborn, who was dying of the most painful of all diseases.

The small room was delicately clean and neat, and on the little table stood a jar adorned with a few country flowers—the offering of an early friend. By the bedside stood a pale young woman, with a gentle and sympathizing countenance, smoothing the sufferer's pillow. It was scarcely whiter than her face; the mouth and chin of which were covered by a cambric handkerchief, to veil the ravages which her terrible disease had made.

After a few inquiries of the nurse, I spoke a little to the sufferer; and then remembering that it must seem so easy for one in comparative health to speak to her of the goodness of God; but how much harder it must be for her to believe it,—lying there, hour after hour, in anguish, which suffered her scarcely to sleep by night or by day, increasing during the thirteen months past, and leaving no hope of alleviation in the future but by death. I thought it best to tell her all that was passing in my mind, and then I added: if you can believe that the blessed Saviour, who when He was on earth, healed all manner of disease with a touch or a word, and who has the same healing power now, yet withholds it from you—does so for some infinitely wise and loving reason; it would do me good to hear it. If it be so, will you just lift up your finger in assent?

She raised her pale transparent hand, and waved it over her head, with an expression in her sunken eyes which almost glorified her face.

I could not help saying to her, when I could command my voice enough to speak, I believe that one wave of your hand gives more honour to your Saviour in the sight of all the angels of heaven than whole years of any little services which He might permit me to render Him, in comparative health and ease; because your faith is so much more severely tried. It seemed a new and delightful thought to her, that patience having its perfect work would glorify her Saviour. She had just meekly borne because it was His will. The tears gathered in her eyes, and she made a sign for her slate, and wrote upon it, "This makes me *so* happy. How wonderful and how kind, if He will make glory for Himself out of such a poor creature as me." Soon after she added. "He has taught me to say of Him, 'my beloved is mine, and I am His.' He has forgiven all my sins. He loves me freely. He fills me peace and joy in believing."

When her companion came down stairs, I asked her if she tried to go out for a little fresh air sometimes, and had any one to relieve her occasionally of the nursing by night.

She said, "I take a turn in the alley to get a little fresh air, now and then; but I should not like to leave her for many minutes, nor to be sleeping much, while she is suffering."

"Is she your sister?" I inquired. "No ma'am, we are not relations; we were fellow servants together at a hotel in the West End. And once when I was ill, she nursed me very kindly; so when this terrible illness came on her, I could not let her leave her place alone to go among strangers, for she is an orphan; so I left with her."

"And may I venture to ask, how are you both supported?"

"She had saved a good bit, which lasted some time; and now I have still some left of my own savings whilst I was a housemaid."

"A housemaid!—a Queen!" I thought to myself, and could have laid down my hand for her to walk over, and felt it honored.

That woman of a royal heart, sent me through London that day, feeling the whole world better because I had met with such an instance of disinterested, self-sacrificing love. One word revealed its inner secret "We *are* as good as sisters," she said: "We both know that our Saviour loves us, and we loved Him, and want to love Him better."

It seems scarcely necessary to add, that when a few weeks later the afflicted one entered into rest, in the full assurance of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, her faithful and devoted friend was not left friendless. Fine houses were thrown open to receive her, but she preferred returning to her original situation, where she had been treated with uniform kindness and consideration.

This story was told the following day to a few young men, who were members of a Christian Association in Beckenham, and who were chiefly men of the working classes. Early the next morning four pounds were sent me, to be conveyed anonymously to the sufferer and her nurse, with those words written on the envelope,—'A token of sympathy and respect from christian brothers.'

Treasury.

Take Heed how ye hear.

I want your serious attention to *the needful accompaniments of hearing the Word.*

There are many men who get blessed by the Word through God's sovereign grace, without any of the accompaniments of which I am now about to speak. We have connected with us, as a Church, a brother in Christ who came into this place of worship with his gin-bottle in his pocket one night. A chance-hit of mine—as some would have thought it, when I pointed to the man and told him of it, not knowing aught but the feeling that I was moved thereunto—was the man's first awakening. That man came without any preparation, and God blessed the Word. Numerous have been the instances, which those who have not proved them deem utterly incredible, in which persons have absolutely come to me after a sermon, and begged me not to tell anybody about them, being firmly persuaded from what I said that I knew their private history, whereas I know no more about them than a stranger in the market. But the Word of God will find men out. Preach the gospel, and it will always find the man and tell him all his secrets, carrying the lamp of the Lord into the hidden recesses of the heart.

But to you as a mass I speak this, if you would be blessed under the Word, I would that you would *pray before you come here.* You sometimes hear of preparation for the Lord's Supper—I am sure if the Word is to be blessed, there ought to be a preparation for hearing it. Do you, when you come up to this house, pray to God before you come, "Lord, give the minister words: help him to speak to me to-day; be a quickening word to my poor soul!" Ah! my friends, ye would never go without the blessing, if ye came up prayerfully looking for it, having asked it of God.

Then after prayer, if you would be blessed under the Word, there should be *an expectation of being blessed.* It is wonderful the difference between the same sermon preached in different places, and I do not doubt that the same words uttered by different men would have different effects. With some men the hearers expect they will say something worth hearing—they listen, and the man does say something worth hearing; another man might say just the same—nobody receives it as other than common-place. Now if you can come up to the House of God expecting that there will be something for you, you will have it. We always get what we angle for. If we come up to find fault, there always will be faults to find. If we come up to get good, good will be gotten. God will send no man empty away; he shall have what he came for. If he came merely for curiosity, he shall have his curiosity gratified; if he came for good, he shall not be disappointed. We may be disappointed at man's door; we never were at God's. Man may send us away empty, but God never will.

Then while listening to the Word with expectation, it will naturally come to pass that you will *listen with deep attention.* A young boy who had been awakened to a sense of sin, was remarked to be exceedingly attentive to sermons, and when asked why it was, he said, "Because I do not know which part of the sermon may be blessed to me, but I know that whichever it is, the devil will do his utmost to take my attention off then for fear I should listen to the whole of it, lest by any means the Word of life should be let slip. So do you, and you will certainly be in the way of being blessed by the Word.

Next to that, all through the sermon *be appropriating it,* saying to yourselves, "Does that belong to me?" If it be a promise, say, "Is that mine?" If it be a threatening, do not cover yourselves with the shield of hard-heartedness, but say "If that threatening belongs to me, let it have its full force on me." Sit under the sermon with your breasts open to the Word; be ready to let the arrow come in.

Above all, this will be of no avail unless you *hear with faith.* Now faith cometh by hearing. There must be faith mingled with the hearing. But you say "What is faith? Is faith to believe that Christ died for me?" No, it is not. To believe is to trust; it is the same word, though believe is not so plain a word as trust. To trust Christ is to believe. I feel I cannot save myself; that all my doings and feelings cannot save me; I trust Christ to save me. That is faith; and the moment I trust Christ, I then know that Christ died for me, for they who trust him, he has surely died to save; so surely died he to save them that he will save them; so finished his work that he will never lose them; according to his own word—"I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." "But may I trust it?" says one. *May?* You are *commanded* to do it. "But I dare not." What! dare not do what God bids you! Rather say—"I dare not live without Christ; I dare not disobey." God has said—"This is the commandment, that ye believe on the Lord Jesus whom he hath sent." This is the great commandment which is sent to you. To-day trust Christ and you are saved; disobey that command, and do what you will, you are damned.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Joy in Christ

The best and most excellent things God hath made single—one sun in the firmament, one tree of life in Paradise, one heart, one head on the body, so to us there is but one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him. He the alone, living, elect, precious, chief corner-stone; no other name under