The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

Vo. 2. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, January 5, 1861. No. 27.

The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

Is issued every Saturday from Bagnard's Printing Office, South Side Queen Square,

BY

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TERMS:

Twelve Shillings if paid within the First quarter after being taken, or from the date of the last payment; Thirteen Shillings, if paid within the Second quarter; Fourteen Shillings, if paid within the Third quarter; after which, Fifteen Shillings will be charged.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. [To prevent disappointment, all advertisements should be sent to the Office before 3 o'clock on Friday.]

Italy.

Across the sea I heard the groans
Of nations in the intervals
Of wind and wave. Their blood and bones
Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones,
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

I dreamed of freedom slowly gained
By martyr meekness, patience, faith;
And lo! an athlete grimly stained,
With corded muscles battle-strained,
Shouting it from the fields of death!

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,
Among the shouting thousands mute,
I only know that God is right,
And that the children of the light
Shall tread the darkness under foot.

I know the pent-fire heavens its crust,
That entry chies the bolt will form
To smite them clear; that Nature must
The balance of her powers adjust,
Though with the earthquake and the storm.

And who am I whose prayers would stay
The solemn recompense of time,
And lengthen slavery's evil day
That outraged Justice may not lay
Its hand upon the sword of crime!

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice;
I bow before his sternar plan.
Dumb are the organs of my choice;
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,
His praise is in the wrath of man!

—*John J. Whittier.*

From the New York Observer.

Kirwan's Letters from Europe.

South Wales, July, 1860.

Leaving Bangor late in the afternoon, we had a pleasant and romantic ride, by rail, to Caernarvon. We had an appointment for a religious service here. The evening was unpleasant; and the Calvinistic Methodist church wasnot full. Our friend Mr Phillips conducted a service in Welsh; and Mr Stuart followed with a most earnest appeal, in English. The service was a deeply solemn one; with the usual responses to the pulpit, from the people. Although very much unaccustomed to response, and to signs of approbation from the congregation, we confess that we were favorably impressed by them, as witnessed here. They keep up the attention of the people, and prevent listless hearing; and they greatly encourage the preacher, who learns from the demonstrations of the audience that the truth he is announcing is at once understood and felt. Among the many sad sights that we see, the saddest is that of a fashionable audience in a fashionable church, sitting under the preaching of the gospel by a popular minister, and no more affected by what they hear than are the sands of Sahara by the rain and the dew. In reference to such we have often thought of the prayer of Dr Mason, "that God would wake them up to a sense of their duty before they woke up amid the fires which burn forever." Is not much good sacrificed simply for the maintenance of a fashionable propriety and a cold correctness in our worshipping congregations? We have not a doubt but that the demonstrative habits of the Welsh, in public worship, have had very much to do, as a cause, with the leavening of the people, to such a remarkable degree, with the leaven of the Gospel.

Caernarvon, on the Menai Straits, is not very much of a place, but it has rather a remarkable history. It is said to be the old Segontium of the Romans;—to have been the battle-field of tribes, clans, and parties, who adopted

"The good old rule—the simple plan,
That they should take
Who have the power;
And they should keep who can."

Edward the First, in order to secure his conquest of Wales, built the old Castle, which is the great attraction of the place, though now in ruins. Under the guidance of the Rev. Mr Humphrey, a native of the town, we wandered over this great ruin, and learned its true history from him, as well as some of the many legends connected with it. And as we stood on its highest battlements, which we reached with difficulty, and looked out on the glassy ocean before us, and then on the hills of Anglesea, and on the lofty Snowdonian range of mountains in the distance, we thought of Llewellyn, the last of its kings, and thought of the sad verses written at his grave:—

"And is this thy grave, Llewellyn,
Here by the pathway lone?
Where the stern Mountains are bending
Over the moulder stone?
And the rolling thundered echoes
O'er torrent and mountain free;
But alas! alas! Llewellyn,
It will not awaken thee."

And these walls were erected to keep this people quiet under the yoke of their conquerors. Knowing their intense dislike for the Saxon rule, and their great love for a native prince, it is said that Edward promised them "a native prince" for their ruler. This promise was accepted with great joy. On the eve of his queen presenting him with an heir, he sent her to the Castle of Caernarvon, where she soon gave birth to a son. And here, in the massive "Eagle Tower," you are shown the very room in which the Second Edward was born. Collecting the barons and the people together, his father took the baby to the window, and holding him forth to the multitude, said: "*Eich dyn*," which means—"This is your man." He insisted that in all this his promise as to a native prince was fulfilled; as the baby was born in Wales,—could speak no English,—and possessed a character without reproach!! Such was the origin of the title, "*Prince of Wales*;"—and "*Eich dyn*" is yet the motto upon the crest of the royal boy, who is the first son of England's King or queen. Perhaps it is but right to say that what the Welsh narrate to show the duplicity of the First Edward, Hume calls a "vulgar story." But whether truth or romance, narratives like this quite excite the imagination when narrated on the spot where they are said to have occurred seven centuries ago!

But more interesting to us than its ivybound castle, now the finest ruin in Wales,—than its ancient history, running far beyond the line which separates the truth from the fabulous, were the narratives given us of the work of grace in the churches of Caernarvon. In no county in the Principality was it more extensive than in this. It commenced about three miles from Caernarvon, in a small place called Waunfawr; thence it spread until "the whole surrounding country was in a blaze. Pentecostal scenes were to be witnessed on every hand." One thus writes:—"Our religious meetings now often continue until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, and scores of people retire from them to weep and pray until the sun of another day dawns upon them. During the silent watches of the night, the rocks of our country are heard resounding to the voice of prayer and praise; and our majestic mountains testify to the greatness of the work which is carried on amongst us. A short time ago, a prayer meeting for quarry-men was held on one of the mountains between the Dinormic and Bethesda slate quarries. About four thousand persons attended, and the Lord graciously met his people. An eye-witness told me it was an occasion ever to be remembered."

Another thus writes: "The spirit of prayer possesses the Lord's people. They draw the heaven of heavens, as it were, into every prayer meeting. Hence, such congregations as were never before seen are brought into these meetings. But in every one of them there is something more than a large congregation; the prayers penetrate the hearts of those who attend them." And in February last a clergyman thus writes: "The revival began here in August last, and on the same Sunday night in different places of worship. I shall never forget that Sunday night, The power which accompanied the word rivetted the attention of all; every one seemed to be listening for his life, and many were bathed in tears. In a few days after this the whole neighborhood was in a blaze; prayer meetings were held in the open air, as well as in places of worship, and scores were crying for mercy." And these illustrate the character of the work all over the county, and in all its churches.

In the town of Caernarvon four hundred members were added to the two Calvinistic Methodist churches in six months. And proportional additions were made to the other evangelical churches.

Near to the town is a church whose adult worshippers are nearly all christians. There are but very few adult persons who are not in the communion of the church. And we were informed of a village in the county in which there was not left an adult person unconverted. Indeed we have never seen nor read of a work of grace so extensive, powerful and pervading, as that which has been granted to Caernarvonshire within the last twelve months. In its influence upon the people it places before us a type of what the world will be when the sun of the millennial day shall have risen over it. May that sun soon arise!

There is an annual meeting held by the Calvinistic Methodists within the walls of the castle of Caernarvon at which thirty or forty thousand persons usually attend. They are a people alive unto God

Kirwan.

From the N. Y. Independent.

Thanksgiving Sermon.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We give publish entire an excellent sermon preached by this pulpit orator, on Thanksgiving Day, 1860, from the following text:—

"And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."—*Luke* iv. 17–19.

These words are remarkable, to-day, for their meaning and for their historical position. The first sermon which Christ made, upon entering his public ministry, was this one at Nazareth, where he had been brought up. That he chose these words in entering upon his mission—these words, of all the Law, of all the Psalms, and of all the Prophets—gives them peculiar significancy. And when we consider their contents, they become yet more memorable, since they were the charter and index of his mission:—the text not only of his sermon, but of his life. Christ came to save the world: not laws, not governments, not institutions, not dynasties, but the *people*. The fulfilment of his mission is to be looked for in the condition of nationalities and the character of peoples. If peace breathe balm over all the world, and every law is obeyed, and every government rides among the people as a man-of-war upon a tranquil sea dressed for holiday, there is no reason for rejoicing if the people are ignorant, their capacities are undeveloped; if they are mean and sordid, and their morals, like a Chinese foot, are cramped too small to walk upon. But though there be wars and rumors of war, revolutions and tumults, the world is prosperous if by these convulsions the race is freed from oppression, thoroughly aroused, and incited to bolder enterprise, and to nobler moral character.

We are, then, to study the advance of Christ's kingdom in the whole aspect of the world. The church is of the people. God's church includes the whole human race. Our separate churches are but doors to the grand spiritual interior. The good men who love God and man with overmuling affection—of all nations, and of every tongue—are the true church.

To-day we are assembled to give thanks for national mercies. I need not remind you of the year that is closing. Who knew, when January set her cold, calm face toward the future, that she was the herald of such a summer! When was there ever a year so fertile? so propitious to all industry? It has been a procession of rejoicing months, flower-crowned and fruit-laden,—a very holiday year!

The soil awoke with new order: everything that lived by the soil felt the inspiration. Every root, every blade, and every stem, and every bough has this year touched itself for prodigal beauty. Except a narrow strip, this continent has been so blessed with husbandry as to make this year memorable even among years hitherto most ominent. The meadow, the tilled fields, the grazing pastures, the garden, the vineyard, the orchard, the very fence-row berry-bushes and wild wall-vines, have been clothed with unwonted beauty and beauty. Nature seems to have lashed messengers to convey her intents of kindness: and the summer, like a road surprised with quadruple freights, has not been able to find conveyance for all its treasures. The seas have felt the divine order. The fishermen never reaped such harvests from the moist furrows of the ocean as this year. And those husbandmen of the sea, who reap where they have not sowed, and grow rich upon harvests which they have not tilled, have, this year, put in the crooked hook for their sickle with admiring gladness for the strange and unwonted abundance of the deep.

All the sons of God rejoice: and all good men rejoice. It needs but one element to complete the satisfaction. If we could be sure that this is God's mercy, meant for good, and tending thereto, we should have a full cup to-day. That satisfaction is not denied us. The Mayor of New York, in a public proclamation, in view of this prodigal year, that has heaped the poor man's house with abundance, is pleased to say that there is no occasion apparent to him for thanksgiving. We can ask no more When bad men grieve at the state of public affairs, good men should rejoice. When infamous men keep fast, righteous men should have Thanksgiving God reigns and the devil troubles. Amen. Let us rejoice!

But it is not, now, upon these topics that I shall confine my remarks. I propose to glance at other reasons for thanksgiving.

1. The advantage and increasing influence of nations which, in the main, tend to conserve human liberty; and the decadence and dwindling of those nations that have flourished by exaction and tyranny, is matter of gratulation. It should make good men glad when wicked men and wicked nations grow weak.

2. The emergence of the common people to that degree of political power that makes it necessary now, for the whole of Western Europe to ask their permission for the establishment of any throne or monarchy, is cheering and auspicious. Crowns were once made of gold beaten out on the people's backs. Now the strongest crowns are made of paper—the paper votes of the common people. Therein we rejoice, and will rejoice.

3. The resurrection of Italy is another memorable event of the year. I see as many tokens of a Divine presence in Italy as, of old, there were in the emancipation and conduct of the Israelites from Egypt. That such a conjunction of events should have taken place; that such a monarch as Victor Emanuel, who almost reconciles republicans to kings, should have sat waiting; that such a consummate statesman, of noblest patriotism, as Cavour, should have been prepared and waiting; that such a hero, simple, true, pure, disinterested, self-sacrificing, skillful, and lion-like, as Garibaldi, should have come at the hour, marks the planning of God. Men never devise such combinations. It would have been significant had either of these men come singly. That all should have come together—a soldier to beat down the old despotism, a statesman to organize the new liberty, a just and patriot king to preside over the people's government, and a people, divided for centuries, but now at last united—this reveals the mind and will of God. Let us rejoice!

4. The growing moderation of the Russian monarchy, the quiet improvement of the people, the emancipation of the serfs, ought to engage the attention and receive the sympathy of every Christian people. There is a great work begun in Russia. This gigantic nation, the antithesis of America, politically and geographically, is, like her, almost half a globe of herself. The end we cannot nor even suspect. Prophets are dead. God no longer tells beforehand what he is going to do. But, by the clearing that has been made for the foundations, by the materials that are gathering, and by the workmen that are employed, we judge that no mean structure is about to arise to the glory of God. There is an immense History now in birth. Let us hope that the unmeasured future will be for Humanity, Justice, and Piety!

5. In the rest of the world there are signs, but more remote, of good. Heathen nations are growing weaker; Christian nations are growing stronger. The nations of Heathenism are imbecile. The nations of Christianity are of vigorous stock, and have a future. Already Christian nations rule the world. Who may war, how long, for what, with whom, depends upon the will of Christian peoples. There is a Christian police around this globe!

6. Our own land has not been behind. In this march of nations our country has kept step. We know it by the victory of ideas, by the recognition of principles instead of mere policies, by the ascendency of justice, and by the witnessing and ratifying rage of all who love oppression and oppressors.

To-day should not be profaned by partisan congratulations; but we should be ungrateful to God, who has guided us through peril and darkness, and at length brought us forth into illustrious victory, if we did not to-day remember, with profound gratitude and devout thanksgiving, the resurrection of the spirit of liberty from the graves of our fathers!

The tree of life, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations, has been evilly dealt with. Its boughs have been lopped, and its roots starved till its fruit is knurly. Upon its top had been set scions of bitter fruits, that grew and sucked out all the sap from the better branches. Upon its trunk the wild boar of the forest had whetted his tusks.

But now again it blooms. Its roots have found the river, and shall not want again for moisture; the grafts of poisonous fruits have not taken and are blown out; mighty spearmen have hunted the swine back to his thickets, and the hedge shall be broken down no more around about it. The air is fragrant in its opening buds, the young fruit is setting. God has returned and looked upon it, and behold, summer is in all its branches!

To some it may seem that the light in this picture is too high, and that the background is not dark enough. I do not wish you to think that the background is not dark; for it is. There is excitement. There is brewing mischief. The clouds lie lurid along the Southern horizon. The Caribbean sea that breeds tornadoes and whirlwinds, has heaped up treasures of storms protentous, that seem about to break. Let them break! God has appointed their bounds. Not till the sea drives back the shore, and the Atlantic submerges the continent, will this tumult of an angry people move the firm decrees of God. He who came to open prison doors, to deliver captives, to loose those that are bound—he it is that is among us. We are surrounded by airy hosts greater than those which the prophet of old saw filling the mountains. God is with us. The very rage of wickedness shows his presence.

While we tremble, then, let us rejoice: not triumph, nor boast, nor make invidious comparisons, nor throw fuel of passions into the flames already too hot. But, with a sober, temperate, and beneficent joy, let us give thanks to God, that he has begun to recall this nation from a course that would have wrought utter destruction: and that now, though waves are beating, and the tempest is upon the ship, she has changed her course, and heads right away from the breakers and the sand!

But be sure that, in these times, there can be no safe navigation except that which clings to great universal principles. Selfish interests, if they are our pilots, will betray us. Vainglory will destroy us. Pride will wreck us. Above all, *the fear to do right* will be fatal. But justice and liberty are pilots that do not lose their craft. They steer by a Divine compass. They know the hand that holds the winds and the storms. It is always safe to be right; and our business is not so much to seek peace as to seek the causes of peace. *Expedients* are for an hour, but *Principles* are for the ages. Just because the rains descend and winds blow, we cannot afford to build on shifting sands. Nothing can be permanent and nothing safe in this exigency that does not sink deeper than politics or money. We must touch the rock, or we shall never have firm foundations.

I. Our prosperity had its beginning and continuance in Natural Laws. God's will, in nature and in human society, is the source of human strength and human wisdom No matter how many are with you, if your councils are in the face of Divine principles. Peace, regardless of equity, is a treacherous sleep whose waking is death. It is not half so necessary to have a settlement as it is to have a *right* settlement In the end, right political economy will work out prosperous national economy; and if for want of faith in the safety of rectitude you abandon sound and proved principles, or let them go by default, all your good intentions will not save you from national misrule, and national wasting and destruction. The mariner who should take refuge in the maelstrom, thinking it a safe harbor, would learn quickly that good intentions are good follies when men run against natural law. And for men to think that this nation has been prospered on account of the skill, the wisdom, or the arrangements or combinations of men, is the worst of infidelities. While papers and parties are in full outcry, and nostrums are advertised, and scared politicians are at their wits' ends, (without having gone far, either,) and men of weak minds are beside themselves, and imbeciles stand doubting in the streets, know ye that the way of peace is simple, accessible, and easy! Be still. Stand firm. Have courage to wait. Money is insane. Fear is death. *Faith in Justice, Courage in Rectitude, and Trust in God*, will work out safety. The worst is over. Our Northern apathy to freedom, and our greed of commerce, are a thousand times more dangerous than Southern rage and threat. Moral bankruptcy will ruin us all. No other bankruptcies will harm us!

Let us have firm courage, kindness of temper, willingness to make concessions in things of mere policy, but no concession of principles, no yielding of moral convictions, no paltering with our consciences. Thirty pieces of silver bought Christ and hung Judas. If you sell your convictions to Fear, you give yourself to a vagabond. If you sell your conscience to Interest, you traffic with a fiend. The fear of doing right is the grand treason, in times of danger When you consent to give up your convictions of justice, humanity, and liberty, for the sake of tranquillity, you are like men who buy a treacherous truce of tyrants by giving up their arms of war. Cowards are the food of despots.

When a storm is on the deep, and the ship labors, men throw over the deck load: they cast forth the heavy freights, and ride easier as their merchandize grows less. But in our time men propose to throw overboard the compass, the charts, the chronometer, and sextant, but keep to the freight!

For the sake of a principle our fathers dared to defy the proudest nation on the globe. They suffered. They conquered. We are never tired of praising them. But when we are called to stand firm for principle, we trouble, we whine, we evade duty, and shuffle up a compromise, by which we may sell our conscience and save our *pocket*.

It is rank infidelity, and, at such a time as this, stupendous infatuation, to suppose that the greatness of this nation ever sprung from the wisdom of expediency, instead of the power of settled principles. Your harbor did not make you rich: you made the harbor rich. Your ships did not create your commerce: your commerce created your ships; and you created your commerce. Your stores did not make traffic. Your factories did not create enterprise. Your firms, your committees, your treaties, and your legislation, did not create national prosperity. Our past greatness sprung from our obedience to God's natural and moral law. We had men trained to courage, to virtue, to wisdom. And manhood—*manhood*—MANHOOD—carried in the fear of God, has made this nation. Men are God's vicegerents; and if they will govern as he governs, then they shall be creators, too, in this world. The reason we have prospered in days past is not that we have known how to duck, and dodge, and trim; it is not that we have known all the mincing ways of microscopic statesmanship; it is because we have known just enough to see the way in which natural law and God's kingdom were going, and to follow them It is a simple thing; it is no secret; and accursed be he that counsels the people to seek peace and prosperity by abandoning the causes of it, and that leads them into destruction by leading them into the arms of a tinseled folly!

II. Let no man be foolishly fearful of Excitement. Our age marks the growth of the world by this: that excitement is now wholesome. When men low down in the scale begin to be stirred, the most active part is excited, which is passion. But when men have outgrown barbarism, and live in moral and intellectual elements, then excitement rouses up the higher nature. Among a savage people, excitement works downward and rages: among a Christian and civilized people, it works upward and toward peace. Excitements among a thinking people tend to clearer convictions, to surer intuitions, to more heroic purposes, and loftier enthusiasm. Do not be afraid because the community teems with excitement. Silence and death are dreadful. The rush of life, the vigor of earnest men, the conflict of realities, invigorates, cleanses, and establishes truth. Our only fear should be lest we refuse God's work. He has appointed this people, and our day, for one of those world battles on which ages turn. Ours is a pivotal period. The strife is between a dead past and a living future; between a wasting evil and a nourishing good; between *Barbarism* and *Civilization*.

The condition of the common people always measures the position of any nation on the scale of civilization. The condition of work always measures the character of the common people. It is not where the head is, but where the feet are, that determines a nation's position. By ascertaining where the working people are in the North and in the South, you can determine the respective positions of these two sections of our country. I need not tell you what is the relative position of these two extremes and opposites on any scale of Christian civilization.

The Southern states and the Northern alike found poisonous seeds sown in Colonial days. The North chose to weed it out. The South determined to cultivate it, and see what it would bear. The harvest time has now come. We are reaping what we sowed. They sowed to the wind, and they are about to reap the whirlwind Let us keep in view the causes of things. Our prosperity is the fruit of the seed that we sowed, and their fears, their alarms, their excitements, their fevers, their tumults, and their rages, are the fruit of the seed that they sowed. Ours is wholesome: theirs is poisonous. We are made fat and strong, and they are poisoned. All, now, that we demand is, *that each side shall reap its own harvest*.

It is this that convulses the South. They wish to reap fruits of liberty from the seed of slavery. They wish to have an institution which sets at naught the laws of God and man, and yet be as refined and prosperous and happy as we are, who obey these laws; and since they cannot, they demand that we shall make up to them what they lack. The real gist of the controversy, as between the greatest number of Southern states and the North, is simply this: that the United States Government is bound to make slavery as good as liberty for all purposes of national life. That is the root of the philosophy. They are to carry on a wasting system—a system that corrupts society-life in its very elements. They are to pursue a course of inevitable impoverishment, and yet, at every decade of years, the Government is by some new bounty and privilege to make up to them all the waste of this Gigantic Mistake! And our National Government has been made to be a bribed judge, sitting on the seat of authority in this land, to declare bankruptcy as good as honesty; to declare wickedness as good as virtue; and to declare that there shall be struck, from period to period, a rule that will bring all men to one common municipal and communal result, no matter what may be the causes that are working out special evils in them.

The Southern states, then, have organized society around a rotten core—slavery: the North have organized society about a vital heart—liberty. At length both stand matured. They stand in proper contrast. God holds them up to age and to nations, that men may see the difference. Now that there is a conflict, I ask which is to yield? Causes having been true to effects, and effects true to causes; these gradually unfolding commercial and political and moral results, having been developed in the two great opposing extremes of this country, the time has come in which they are to be brought into contact that the principle of the one or the principle of the other must yield. Liberty must discrown her fair head; she must lay her opal crown and her diamond scepter upon the altar of oppression; or else, oppression must shrink, and veil its head, and depart. Which shall it be? Two queens are not to rule in this land, one black and the other white; one from below and the other from above. Two influences are not to sit in culminated power at the seat of influence in this nation, one dragging and pulling toward the infernal, and the other drawing and exciting toward the supernal. No nation could stand the strain to which it would be subjected under such a state of things.

There is a Divine impulsion in this. Those who resist and those who strive are carried along by a stream mightier than mere human volition. Whether men have acted well or ill, is not now the question; but simply this: *On which side will you be found?* This controversy will go on. No matter what you do, God will carry out his own providences with you or without you, by you or against you. You cannot hide or run away, or shift the question, or stop the trial. Complaints are useless, and recriminations foolish and wicked.

The distinctive idea of the Free States is Christian civilization, and the peculiar institutions of civilization. The distinctive idea of the South is Barbaric institutions. In the North Mind, and in the South Force, rules. In the North every shape and form of society in some way represents liberty. In the South every institution and element of society is tinged and pervaded with slavery. The South accepts the whole idea of slavery, boldly and consistently. The North will never have peace till she with equal boldness accepts liberty.

While liberty and slavery are kept apart, and only run upon parallels, there may be peace. But there is no way in which they can be combined; there is no unity made up of these deadly antagonisms. And all devices, and cunning arrangements, and deceitful agreements, and silver weddings and golden weddings, are false and foolish.

The truth that men cannot hush, and that God will not have covered up, is the irreconcilable difference between liberty and slavery! Which will you advocate and defend!

There are three courses before us:

1. To go over to the South.
2. To compromise principles.
3. To maintain principles upon just and constitutional grounds, and abide the issue.

(To be concluded.)

Treasury.

All Things New.

This life produced by the living Christ is a new life. It is felt to be distinct from the animal life and from the spirit life which are common to saints and sinners. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." New grace, bringing into the soul the life of Christ, produces new love, a special delight in the character of God, and a desire to promote his glory, a new pleasure in the character and companionship of Christians. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." A renovating, purifying power is now operating within. It exposes remaining corruptions and produces the strongest aversion to them, an utter loathing of everything which is offensive to God. New faith and love and purifying influences are manifested. God in the soul, go very far toward making a new man. One passage of Scripture includes and justifies this. It is the "faith that works by love and purifies the heart." And new hopes spring up from this union with the living Christ It is "Christ in you the hope of glory," "which hope we have as an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast reaching to that within the vail." The resources of the immortal nature are no longer shut up to the flesh, to the reason, to the perishable and treacherous honors of this life. They include the infinite benevolence of God, the whole of eternity, the unsullied delights of the heavenly world.

From all this there results a harmony and happiness of the soul "created anew in Christ Jesus," "whom having not seen, ye love: in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." No word can better express the wonderful facts included in conversion. We see him not, yet we know He lives, that He is around and within us. We believe in him, we love him, and our joy is unspeakable and full of glory. What wonder that we rejoice. Why may we not exclaim, "O Lord, I will praise thee; for though thou was angry with me thy anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." Consider well the condition of this man so completely changed. He has a trust, a reliance entirely new; affinities, feelings, desires, purposes, motives new. A new power is within him, a new world is opened up before him, and all its wealth, and happiness, and smiles, and fellowship and triumphs are his. Tell us now, is he not "a new creature?" In a strange but evident sense he is *dead*—"dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." "Our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." This mystic crucifixion has occurred. The arrest, the agony, the writhing, the death, are all real to the renewed man who has obeyed the divine order "that ye put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Strange but how delightful. What sight so marvellous to angels and men! While they are gazing upon the suffering stranger, just as in agony he is exclaiming, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" a light from heaven flashes upon his soul, and a new creation starts up before their eyes! What wonderous power has produced it? Ask the renovated man, through whom were you released from your body of death and created anew? With tearful gratitude he responds, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Thus the Saviour proceeds in the production of life. A single instance were enough to call out the praise of holy beings for ever and ever. But our renewed man is not alone. The power of the great Restorer reached back from Calvary to Eden's wandering exiles, and on, through all the rolling years. From the throne of mediation redeeming agencies pass out to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and the new-born heirs of eternal life send their hallelujahs echoing and re-echoing around the globe. The shout of triumph comes up from the scenes of death, and the bursting tombs, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." From an innumerable company in the world of light, the triumph rolls back to earth, "saying, Amen: blessing, and glory, and power, and might be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen."

Jesus the Security to God and Man.

The double nature of the God-Man, Christ Jesus, gives security to both parties, for the fulfilment of all that is necessary, on either side, for peace. While, as man, He can give security to God on our behalf—as the eternal Word, equal with the father, He gives security to us for God.