The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

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The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

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THE NEW SONG.

Ten thousand times ten thousand sang
Loud anthems round the throne,
When lo, one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown—
A song unknown to angels' ears,
A song that told of banished fears,
Of pardoned sins and dried up tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host
Could those high notes attain;
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain,
Till he who first began the song,
To sing alone not suffered long,
Was mingled with a countless throng.

But still, as hours are fleeting by,
The angels ever hear
Some newly-ransomed soul on high,
To join the chorus there;
And so the song will louder grow,
Till all redeemed by Christ below
To that fair land of rapture go.

The Late Royal Visit,

AND ITS PROBABLE CONSEQUENCES UPON THE FUTURE OF THESE COLONIES.

A LECTURE

Delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association and Literary Institute, Charlottetown, December 13th, 1860, by the President, Captain Orlebar, R.N.

Whilst the late remarkable visit of the Prince of Wales is fresh in our memories, and whilst our ears are still ringing with those cheers, those hearty cheers which only freemen know how to give, and our eyes and our ears still full with the gracious presence of him, who, if the Lord permits, will one day be our future King, it seems appropriate to consider its leading features, and its probable consequences on the future of these colonies. Some of us are perhaps old enough to remember both Kings and Queens who were not only not popular, but not desiring or deserving to be so. What was our George IV.? a vain, unfeeling sensualist, devoid of natural affection,—a bad son, a cruel husband,—living an aimless life, shrinking from observation, avoiding all contact with his people, and known only to the few who ministered to his pleasure, or by their subserviency gave a zest to the irregularities of a vicious old age.

William IV., who succeeded him, was a great improvement upon his brother. Brought up in the Navy, he had many of the faults common to his profession, but withal was honest, frank and manly in his character, and was at first much beloved; and afterwards, even when his strong political feelings placed him at variance with a large party of his people, he was never unpopular.

Not of all the Sovereigns that have graced the English throne, none, since the days of Elizabeth, have so won for themselves the affection of their subjects as Queen Victoria. Unusual care was bestowed upon her education, and although it was known that she would be the future Queen, her mother, with rare prudence, brought her up as a simple gentlewoman and in the strictest retirement. She was not eighteen years old when first called to the throne of her vast empire; but from the first, she conducted herself so nobly, so Queenlike, that she commanded the respect and affection of all. As a Queen, the head and ornament of English society; as a wife, beloved of her husband; as a mother, the idol of her children; as a mistress of an English home, she has so carried herself, that people of all shades of opinion, and of all schools in theology, —the tory, the whig, the republican, the churchman and the dissenter,—alike respect and reverence her; and loyalty seems entwined with her very name. No sovereign is personally so well known to her subjects as Queen Victoria. At Balmoral, as at Edinburgh, at Windsor Castle, as at Osborne,—the Queen is known and valued, as the kind friend of her people, the helper of the poor, and the promoter of all that is good.

Here across the Atlantic, influenced perhaps by the neighborhood of the great Republic, strong in our democratic tendencies, sturdy in our general unbelief of royal excellences, the Queen is less reverenced and feared as a ruler, than beloved for her many virtues; and we have long learned to separate our Queen from the acts and the faults of those called her representatives. Her reign has now extended over twenty-three eventful years, and never has Great Britain and her Possessions enjoyed more uninterrupted prosperity, or advanced more in material wealth, power and grandeur. Amidst the shock of empires and the downfall of dynasties, the throne of Queen Victoria has remained unmoved; and even the great wave upon which Great Britain reluctantly entered, and successfully completed, have not checked the onward march of her greatness or crippled her power; and never has her influence in the commonwealth of nations been greater than at present.

The Queen's amicable relations with the European powers, had given her the opportunity of travelling on the continent of Europe, and of visiting Ireland and the Channel Islands; and her admirable qualities as a sailor had led to the opinion that Her Majesty might be persuaded to visit her transatlantic possessions.

In these colonies, the personality of royalty was entirely unknown. Half a century had elapsed since the Duke of Kent, father of our Queen, was commander of the forces in Nova Scotia; and a longer time since the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the IV., as captain of a British frigate, visited Newfoundland. That long interval had sufficed to obliterate nearly all remembrance of them; and many of our colonists learned to regard themselves as expatriated, and slowly and reluctantly adopted the idea, that they were too distant and distinct from Great Britain to remain long colonial dependencies.

Some political economists, in writing on the colonies, had controverted the idea so long cherished by all classes in England, "that ships colonies and commerce were the glory, and constituted the greatness, of our nation." They declared, on the authority of the blue-books, that the sums devoted to the support and defence of our colonies, were a heavy burden upon the finances, and for which the Parent Country received no equivalent. That colonies, in short, were a source of weakness rather than of strength, and that neither in prosperity did they bring wealth, nor in adversity did they bring succor; and that the troops and ships, required for their defence, diminished the power of the Parent Country to resist foreign aggression. Some few years ago these sentiments or opinions were supposed to influence the action of the Home Government towards the colonies; and it was thought that the settled policy of the Imperial Government was to educate the people of the North American Provinces for practical if not absolute independence of all foreign rule.

I shared in this opinion; nor could I think it strange, considering the number and extent of the British colonies,—their great distance,—their various and often clashing interests,—their democratic institutions,—that cautious old-world politicians should strive to escape the responsibility of governing them, and should endeavor to shuffle them off into a position of independence, that even now they could hardly maintain without external aid. But I rejoice to be undeceived on this point, and to find that both our gracious Queen, and the powerful party now holding the reins of power, do not share in this opinion, but on the contrary recognise the colonies as integral parts of the British empire.

This is a step in the right direction, and although it may never be intended and never be possible to incorporate and unite the North American Colonies with the British empire in the same manner as Scotland and Ireland have been heretofore; yet it is possible and highly desirable that now, and in the future, we should earnestly seek to perpetuate and strengthen that connexion with the Mother Country, which is now so productive of good to us, and so little burdensome to her. There is no privilege denied to us, that is granted to our brethren in Great Britain,—the army and navy are open to the ambition of our sons and the highest honors in the Universities,—the highest place in the Courts of Law, and the highest position in the Legislature, may be striven for, and acquired by those of us who have the talent. We are still British although colonists, and our pulses can beat in unison with our great country's triumphs in arts, in science, and in war. And whilst our living out of Great Britain frees us from sharing the burdens of her enormous taxation; the prestige of her great name, surrounds us as with a wall of fire; and our island, that from its defenceless state, might be ravaged by any foe, remains, even in the midst of war, safe and intact.

In view of the present position of these colonies, the late Royal visit was a great and wise stroke of policy, and although emanating from an invitation sent by the people of Canada to our beloved Queen, its obvious importance was immediately recognized by Lord Palmerston's Government. Some formal state reasons prevented the Queen's accepting the invitation; but the substitution of the Prince of Wales for his Royal mother was a happy thought, and met equally well all the requirements of the case. For the first time in the annals of our Country, the heir apparent of the British crown, at the early age of eighteen, and as the first step in official life, has been called upon by his mother the Queen, and the voice of her subjects on this side of the Atlantic, to cross the wide ocean, to gratify the colonists by his welcome presence, and to inaugurate the completion of the great tubular bridge over the St. Lawrence,—a gigantic structure, costing two millions sterling, and surpassing in grandeur and skill any work of art on this Continent. A voyage of 2900 miles across the Atlantic is not what it once was, especially when undertaken on board of a splendid first class screw line of battle ship;—but it is not without its perils and its discomforts, and it is not likely that any other Queen but Queen Victoria would have parted with her eldest son for such a purpose, or conceded so much to the wishes of her subjects.

The Government, to mark their sense of the importance of such an event, sent with the Prince a becoming suite, together with the Duke of Newcastle, the Secretary for the colonies. After suitable preparations, the whole party embarked on board one of our noblest screw steam ships of war, the *Hero* carrying 80 guns, and accompanied by a monster frigate, called the *Ariadne*, of great power and swiftness, and a despatch steamer called the *Flying Fish*. Great care was taken to arrange beforehand the programme of the visit, so as to economize time; and it is remarkable that every appointment as to date and time, although extending over three months, was punctually kept, and thus in that short space of time, by the blessing of God, every one of the North American Colonies has been personally visited by the Prince, as well as a considerable part of the northern United States.

The Prince's progress by sea and land has been one continued triumph or ovation. Old English loyalty has been stirred to its depths, the hearts of the colonists have warmed to the occasion, and no expense or exertion has been spared to give the Prince a right royal welcome.

Directed by the Admiralty, I was amongst the first to welcome the Prince on this side of the Atlantic, and my intercourse with him and his suite, commencing on the 24th July, did not cease till the 18th August. During this time I had many opportunities of marking his character and disposition. On board the *Hero*, he was in his undress, and as if were at home; and I was most favorably impressed with his amiability and good temper, and with the total absence of pride and self-conceit in his conduct on all times. With good natural parts and quickness of observation, he, like most boys of his age, seemed delighted to escape from books and intellectual pursuits; and Oxford lore and learning were for a time laid aside, if not forgotten.

He was always unobtrusive, gentle and anxious to avoid giving trouble, and would rather wait upon himself than call for a servant. He was simple and temperate in his habits and unostentatious in his dress, and was ever thoughtful of the comfort of those about him—I have seen him break from the group of high officials on the quarter-deck, and hasten to the galley way, to give help and sympathy to one of the wounded of the suite, whose foot had been crushed by a carriage wheel; and when a sailor fell overboard from the *Hero*'s quarter-davits and was nearly drowned in Gaspe Bay, he was first at the gangway to welcome the poor fellow back to life and safety. Such conduct, in one so young and so likely to be spoiled by his high position, could not fail to win all hearts; and his affability was most justly loved and respected by all on board. He was accommodation afforded him and his suite was all that could be expected; but still there is a restraint as to time and space for locomotion, and a necessary subjection to noise and bustle at all times of day and night, that must be irksome to a landsman, and especially so to a Prince; therefore it was a surprise and a pleasure to see him always cheerful and happy, and quite indifferent as to whether the sea was rough or smooth, or the wind was fair or foul.

I had not been used to intercourse with the great ones of the earth, nor did I wish it, but if anything could have reconciled me to it, it would have been the occasion thus afforded me of noting with thankfulness to God, the many qualities of this young Prince, that seem to fit him for his high station, and to give promise of future good to the great people whom he is one day destined to rule.

The young middies were the Prince's especial favorites. Whenever he could escape from state trammels, he would be with them, and with the high spirits belonging to youth and health would join with hearty glee in their amusements and their jokes.

How different were my feelings. I really felt sorry I could not be equally light-hearted; but the sobering effect of fifty winters was upon me, and the vast ship with its ceaseless noise, its crowded decks, its heavy artillery, and no less ponderous routine only excited my wonder and destroyed my comfort. In fact, to me, there is something so artificial and constrained in the life of a sailor on board a ship-of-war, that it must require very early training, and the strong inducement of ambition, or a deep sense of duty to make it even tolerable. After living so long on detached service, to return after twenty-five years' absence to the restraints of a sea life, and the close atmosphere of a cockpit cabin was irksome indeed, and I felt often the dreariness of a prisoner and the sadness of an exile when retiring to my cabin, after the bustle and excitement of my day's work as Pilot.

Their grand dinners, with all the pomp and state of full dress, what were they to me, but the gilt chains of a splendid slavery—but provocations to appetite, and occasions of display, that I would gladly have escaped from, and which compensated poorly for the simple fare and free intercourse of thought and feeling I was accustomed to.

I do not mean to say, that state or pomp are not necessary, but I do say, that except what meets and for a moment charms the eye, there is much discomfort and very little of enjoyment in it; and I do believe that no one in that bright company, of which the Prince of Wales was the centre, delighted to throw off state more than he for whom that state was thought most necessary.

Being myself a father with a son just entering upon a middy's life at sea, I was on the watch to ascertain whether there was any respect to religion on board the Royal Squadron; I saw not much, but then my opportunities for observation were small, and there were some doubtless among the many hundreds of young men crowding their decks that lived for nobler purposes, than met the eye of the casual observer.

Shortly after I came on board, I was thinking of my loneliness away from all Christian intercourse, and to escape the noise and bustle of the crowded wardroom, I went down to my cabin. As I was stooping to clear the hammocks of the middies, hung up in the cockpit, and just as I arrived at my own door, I saw the lid of a chest thrown up, an open Bible lay spread on the till, its precious page lighted up by a piece of wax candle stuck on the side of the chest, and before it was kneeling a young lad only half dressed. It was a middy praying and reading his Bible before going to bed. Thus even here, I found the Lord had his hidden ones. —Each evening I remained on board, was this repeated; and I felt more pleasure in marking by stealth the quiet earnestness and boldness of that gentle lad thus daring to be singular in approaching his God and Saviour, than in all the pomp and ceremony that awaited me in the upper deck.

The following day was Saturday, and at noon as the *Hero* was at anchor, I went down to my cabin to rest and read, my thoughts involuntarily went towards the coming Sunday, and as I was hoping but hardly expecting that it might receive the honor rightly due to the Lord's day, of a sudden, there rose upon my ear the sound of young people singing, and I was surprised and delighted to recognize several favorite and familiar tunes. It was the choir beginning the practice for the morrow, and under the leading of the Band-master, about fifteen young lads were chanting and singing in chorus the Psalms and Hymns for the Sunday's service.

The day following was fine and calm, and after breakfast the Commodore ordered the fires to be banked up and the engine stopped; and after trimming sails to a light air from the S.E., care was taken to give the men an opportunity for rest and worship. A pulpit and seats were prepared on the main deck, and after the usual inspection of the well dressed crew, all hands congregated on the main deck for Public Worship. In a few minutes the Chaplain appeared. The service at once commenced by singing the morning hymn, and in the presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords, all sat in humble reverence. How precious those moments are, when earthly state and distinctions are cast aside, and we feel our common brotherhood, and plead our common wants before our Father's throne. The custom on board ship is not commonly to kneel in public prayer, but the Prince knelt reverently, and paid marked attention to the service. The sermon was evangelical, and was well and earnestly delivered. Afterwards I heard the Prince remark—"I like Divine service on board ships, it is very solemn, the men seem so attentive, and it so becomes our place upon the wide deep sea." I was afterwards on board another Man-of-War, where there was a daily recognition of the claims of God upon us, and the captain remarked to me, that most truly had God put honor upon him, ever since he had thus publicly acknowledged his dependence. That captain's plan was to ring the bell for morning and evening prayers, and himself, and many of the men and officers attended, whilst the Chaplain read a selection of Psalms, and then prayed; and this public recognition of God only occupied six minutes, not too long surely for the worship of Him who holdeth the winds in his fist. That ship was the happiest ship on the station and freest from punishment, and that Captain for his practical good sense and faithfulness was the most trusted by his Admiral.

But to return. I continued aboard the *Hero* until her arrival at Quebec, and as an Englishman I felt unusually gratified at the thorough heartiness of the welcome the Prince received everywhere; and I was above all pleased to hear the Prince and his suite remark that the reception at Charlottetown was the best of all. The tasteful arrangement of your triumphal arches, the grouping of your volunteers along the streets, the heartiness of the cheers, and the sweet singing of the national anthem, most favorably impressed our Royal visitor.

After this, the Admiral requiring my services in the *Valorous*, I proceeded in her to Montreal, and from thence I was permitted to return to the scene of my more immediate work. Before leaving Montreal, I saw all the preparations, visited and inspected the magnificent ball-room, passed under the noble arches, had my eyes dazzled with the brilliancy of the illumination, and witnessed the gathering of the many thousands of that busy city on the quays facing the river, in momentary expectation of the Prince's landing. The bells of all the churches were pealing out their merry welcome as I drove to the railroad station, and the cars soon bore me away across the Victoria Bridge, to quieter scenes, and to employments more congenial to my tastes and habits. From that time I have only watched the progress of the Royal party through the medium of the public journals, and with unflagging interest have followed the Prince to Ottawa, Canada's future capital, to Kingston, Toronto, Niagara and Hamilton. The only interruption to thorough harmony and good will occurred with reference to the Orange lodges. I regret much that so distinctive and to the Roman Catholics so obnoxious an organization should have been placed in the foreground on such an occasion. I do not like secret societies, and as a public officer I shall always discountenance them. If the law was powerless and inoperative, so that it could afford no protection to the weak, or if there were secret combinations amongst the Roman Catholics inflicting injury upon the inoffensive, then there might arise a necessity for combinations in self-defence. But in mixed communities, like the one we live in, for the sake of our common Christianity and our best interests as a people, I should prefer to see both parties into which we are unhappily divided, confide in the protection of British law, and leave truth to work its own way. Not a few of those who have been at all prominent in the movement for introducing the Bible into our Common Schools, have been threatened by letters bearing a coffin, and purporting to come from Roman Catholics; but I can hardly suppose that ever the most bigoted priest or layman of that body would justify such threats; whilst I am sure there are thousands of them that would be greatly pained and scandalized on hearing such things had been done by many so-called Catholics. The spirit of persecution is natural to man in all conditions, although we are apt to suppose it confined to Roman Catholics, because of the known intolerance of their creed; but living as we do under the protection of a law equal in its provision for rich and poor, I shall be *glad and hopeful*, to see intolerance die out, and to witness instead all men walking in quietness and love, not provoking nor envying one another. In fact, to ensure real freedom, there must be toleration of all religions and all opinions, not subversive of public order, nor injurious to public morals. But let me turn from this digression, and follow our young Prince into the country of our natural friends and allies of the United States.

Every where the Prince, although affecting no state, and travelling as Lord Renfrew, was received with enthusiasm. There was too little time allowed the Prince to see much of that wonderful country; but never since those early days, when the Colonists, thought of England as a fearing daughter thinks of a haughty mother, have the sympathies and attention of the Americans, been turned so strongly to the Parent land as during the visit of the Prince of Wales. Intervening time and history appeared forgotten, and one could almost fancy they were welcoming a Prince as in the olden time. As an American said, "we have welcomed him as a brother for our own sake, and for the sake of England, with the respect and attention due to a King. When the Prince landed at the Battery, New York, all the world was abroad and waiting for him.—It was a scene not easily forgotten. Broadway gay with British and American flags suspended across the street and decorating the houses,—the beaming faces at the windows,—the great crowd surging below, excited yet orderly,—the long line of soldiery with its stirring music, and as the centre of all interest, the open barouche where with the Mayor and the Duke of Newcastle sat the Prince, raising his hat, and showing his pleasant face, as he bowed in acknowledgment of the cheers that everywhere greeted him. Surely there was not one of that multitude whose heart did not say—God save, not only the Queen, but the future King of England.

An American adds the following concluding remarks, which I earnestly hope may be true of our relations towards one another in all time to come:—"A few days more he will return to his studies at Oxford and his life of courtly ceremony in the palaces of England. But his visit will not be forgotten—its influence upon the public mind will be wide reaching and long continued. His noble mother will be deeply gratified at the universal welcome and honor he has received, and the great nation which he represents will think more warmly of us, for our cordiality to him. Should trouble arise in after days, when he perhaps is on the throne, he will remember the kind hospitalities that greeted him in his youth, he will recal the fertile prairies, the great lakes, the bustling cities, and those eager multitudes that came forth to wish him well, and it will not be in his *heart* to do us wrong. And for our own part, when we shall look back, and remember his handsome youthful face, his interest in our country, his graceful acceptance of our proffered friendship, we shall not be able to judge him harshly, no matter what years may intervene. From our hearts we thank the Queen for his visit, we love her more than ever—and we see in it signs of the brighter day which is to dawn upon the nations. May God guide him safely home."

That such sentiments find an echo across the Atlantic, may be seen by the following condensed paragraph from the *Times*, when announcing his return to England after a passage of 27 days:—

"The Prince has been made much of; he has passed under 100 arches of welcome, and walked through miles of torches, he has danced with hundreds of fair ladies, amid acres of crinoline: he has received the cordial hospitality of the Capitol, and visited the grave of Washington. He has expressed to the Americans the real sentiments of his countrymen. Truly there is no nation in which the English are more interested; truly there is none whose successes and glories we so sympathize with, and none whose onward march to greatness we are so completely identified with. The Prince of Wales, while thoroughly English, has elicited the kind feelings of all true-born Americans, and in his most propitious visit we are again made to feel the closeness of our relationship. May our statesmen and people never forget it."

We now take our leave of the Prince, and proceed to consider the probable future of these colonies, with relation to that event. [*To be continued.*]

The Midnight Call.

In one of the flourishing academies in New England during a season of more than usual religious interest, Miss N——, a member of the school, was deeply impressed with a sense of her lost and ruined condition as a sinner in the sight of God, and led to inquire with earnestness what she must "do to be saved."

She boarded at the time with an aunt, a lady of kind feelings, but who had never experienced the power of religion in her own soul; consequently she could not guide the inquiring mind of her niece in the way of life. When she spoke to her aunt of her deep sense of sin, and the fear that her soul would be lost, her aunt undertook to quiet her fears and soothe her troubled conscience by telling her not to be so much alarmed, it would all be right at last. This did not have the desired effect. Miss N—— retired to her room, but her sleep departed. She saw herself to be the chief of sinners, justly under condemnation; and what could she do? She had no Christian friend in the house to counsel and guide her, and she feared to delay even till morning, lest death should suddenly overtake her, and she should perish in her sins.

She soon determined to seek some Christian friend to whom she could freely communicate her feelings, and ask prayers in her behalf. Accordingly, at the midnight hour, when all was hushed in quiet slumber around her, she prepared herself, slowly descended the stairs, crossed the street, and tremblingly rang the bell at the door of a good man, an officer in the church which he soon answered by opening the door. Her errand was told, and he bade her come in, where she was soon joined by his wife. They all knelt in prayer, and there, before the morning light, she trusts she gave herself to be the Lord's for ever. Had she delayed until the morning light even, the Spirit might have been grieved to depart for ever from her, and her heart have been hardened in sin, or she might have been touched by the finger of God, and her deathless spirit hurried into eternity.

My friend, have you settled the great question between God and your own soul? If not, let nothing hinder you. Seize the present moment, while Christ invites, lest you be left to perish in sin.—*Am. Mess.*

Sectarianism.

An Irishman, entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible—up went his shillelagh—down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction.

"Ooh, Nicholas!" said they, "and did ye not know it was Brandy O'Brien ye hit?"

"Troth did I not," says he, "bad luck to me for that same; if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convanient, I could not have helped myself!"

Poor Paddy! true type of some controversial spirits; it is not in them to let the chance of a blow go by. They are of the brood of the vulture, not of the dove. "They scent the battle from afar." And many mooted points for which they have done fierce fight, are so infinitesimally small that I would not give the turn of a button-shank to get them infallibly decided.

Many contentions arise out of sheer misunderstanding. Disputants often become metaphysical according to the explanation given by the Scotchman, who said:

"Why, ye see, metaphysics is when twa men are talking thegither, and the ane of them disna ken what he is talking aboot, and the ither canna understand him."

Drs. Chalmers and Stuart must have been "wee bit" metaphysical the day they got into a controversy about the nature of faith. Chalmers, compelled at length to leave his friends, said:

"I have time to say no more; but you will find my views fully and well put in a recent tract, called "Difficulties in the way of Believing."

"Why," exclaimed the astonished Dr Stuart, "that is my own tract! I published it myself!"

That man was surely wise who prefaced every debate with, "Gentlemen, define your terms."

During the Peninsular War, an officer of artillery had just served a gun with admirable precision against a body of men posted in a wood to his left. When the Duke rode up, after turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said, in his cool way:

"Well aimed, Captain; but no more; they are our own 39th!"

This sad blunder has been repeated too often in the armies of Jesus. With what frequency have great guns of the Church, which might have battered down the citadels of Satan, been misdirected against Christian brethren? There are surely devilries enough in the world to shoot at without firing into each other.—*Rev. S. Colley.*

Treasury.

The First Act of Faith.

The filial spirit is at once the first and the highest expression of the divine life in the soul of man. The first words of the returning prodigal, the first words he meditated even when he resolved to return, were, "Father, I have sinned." To the hardened sinners of Judah, who had "polluted the land with their whoredoms and with their wickedness," and "refused to be ashamed," God dictates the same confiding and loving language as the first act of penitence: "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, 'My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?'" The first address to God which Christ dictates to all who pray is, "Our Father." The apostle Paul accounts this among the highest and most mysterious privileges of believers—"Ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, 'Abba, Father.'" "God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, 'Abba, Father.'"

No creature can rise to a dignity or felicity above that which is expressed by so addressing God, "My Father." That relation is but imperfectly unfolded so long as we abide in the flesh and bear the image of the earthly, just as the first born son and heir of a great monarch would have no idea of what was implied in its first stammering utterance of the name of *father*. But the germ of eternal glory is included in the first words of the returning penitent, the faintest exercise