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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[Selected for the Protestant.]

"They that seek me Early shall find me."

Secure within Jehovah's hands
Impregnable the promise stands,
"Tis ratified with blood.
To early days who seek his face
Are sure to find his saving Grace,
According to his word.

His choicest blessings he'll bestow
On young and tender plants below
Who in his love confide;
He'll guide them by his watchful eye,
Warn them of every danger nigh,
And keep them by his side.

Protected by unerring Truth,
In all the slippery paths of youth,
Immovable they stand.
Satan may tempt with hellish wiles,
But cannot harm with all his gulles
While Jesus is their friend.

He deigns to look propitious down,
Points them to their reward—a crown
More worth than rubies far;
Bids them fight on with strength renewed,
Be more than conquerors thro' his blood,
And wreaths of victory wear.

Who would not then their all forsake,
And Christ alone their portion make,
Engaged in Jesu's cause?
May you, my sister and my friend,
This Saviour seek, this Saviour find,
To guide your younger days.

He will defend you to the end,
Your God, your Guardian, and your friend,
Your kind protector, He.
He will preserve your soul in peace,
And keep you by Almighty grace,
In paths of piety.

And when life's active scenes are o'er,
And death already at the door
An entrance comes to find.
Fearless will you receive his dart,
Welcome the dagger to your heart,
Nor think the stroke unkind.

Ireland, Past and Present.

The following article is from the London *Times*:—

Our younger readers are scarcely aware of the revolution of ideas which even a Court Circular or an item of military intelligence may produce in the mind of a sexagenarian. That the Court should now be at a place called Balmoral, far away in the Highlands, is indeed an innovation to people bred under the Georges. But her Majesty's trip to Killarney, the Prince of Wales' military education at the Curragh of Kildare, and even the rendezvous of the Channel Fleet at Belfast, are ideas suggestive of a Court Circular from Quebec or a Coronation at Calcutta. What next? That question may well be asked when the Royal Family is so anxious to keep ahead of the general advance, and to distance anticipation. But with regard to Ireland there is other matter for congratulation besides that enlargement of ideas, that confidence in the future, and that good understanding which Royalty shares with the people. Forty years ago George IV. ventured to see Dublin, but would have been something more bold had he attempted to see Ireland. His ministers would no more take him through the provinces of that island, even so far as to see Killarney, than they could have let the Royal *cortege* pass through Seven-dials or Saffron-hill. There is a decency in these things. A Royal personage, supposed to be the fountain of grace and honor, and the mainspring of prosperity, order, and good habits, could not be brought face to face with crowds of squalid cottiers and their ragged families, standing before mud hovels half buried in dunghills. A British Sovereign must be supposed to have no such subjects as these, and nothing in the realm that can show such disagreeable fruits. The state of things that Ireland then exhibited, in its frenzie struggle for land, in its general dependence on one treacherous root, in its murderous agrarian code, in its want of capital and stock, except what nature had given in the soil and the race, in the rebellious fanaticism of the people and their priests, and the worse hardheartedness of the landowners and their clergy, amounted to a vast exception and anomaly in British institutions. This was not the British Empire that we boasted of, nor were these the genuine subjects of a British Sovereign. All we could say was that there they were, and must be made the best of. That was the work to be done, and after six centuries of English influence and rule the result was such that we could not show Ireland to a British Sovereign. When the Empress Catherine resolved to go through her vast territories in order to verify the improvements boasted by her Ministers they had to run up canvass streets and lath-and-plaster palaces wherever the Royal carriage was to pass. Some such process, though more in the way of demolition than construction, would have been necessary to make Ireland presentable to the Georges.

But the disease has brought at last its own remedy, and nature has done more than our Acts of Parliament had done for hundreds of years. The potato rotted, the population rotted too, or fled, or remained to accept life and duties on somewhat better terms. So Ireland has changed; little, indeed, in the sense of that bitter old acrostem about making a solitude and calling it peace, but with much substantial gain. Does anybody doubt it? Let him read the matter-of-fact letters of our travelling correspondent. Let him see Ireland with his own eyes. Let him take the report of Irishmen who have no interest in the change, and whose feelings are wedded, perhaps, to the old regime, with its rude heartiness and its slovenly comfort. There can be no doubt that, be it well or ill, Ireland is fast becoming like England. The crowded villages and town suburbs, built of turf or rough stone, cemented by mud, and the innumerable ditches and fences that cut up the land, have alike disappeared. English farmhouses and farm buildings are rising up, whose tenants, whether English, or Scotch, or Irish, can employ a man all the year round and give him good wages. Instead of the precarious eightpence or sixpence a-day, it is now a shilling all the year round, and more at harvest. The plough now makes as long and as deep a furrow as in this country, and has to return as often before it has finished the field. There are real stacks where there used to be the weatherbeaten haycock or a few loads of wheat. There is seldom seen the waste field abandoned to the rush and the bramble. Household servants, work-people, and tradesmen get good wages. Where a carriage could not stop without being surrounded by beggars, and when a tourist was followed by a stream of miserable objects from one point to another, such interruption is as unknown as in this country. The union workhouses are not happy places, indeed, for that they are nowhere, but they are comfort and decency compared with the former lot of the utterly destitute. Everywhere manufacture of one sort or another is cautiously creeping in. The mineral resources of Ireland, especially those useful for agriculture, are developed; coalpits that had ruined successive proprietors and companies are working to a profit. This is no partial improvement. The whole peasantry are better off. They still adhere to their quaint national custom, the tailed coat, frieze overcoat with its cape, and the knee breeches; but the materials are new and good, and the patches not so obtrusive. The Roman Catholic priests cannot complain that they are left behind in the secular improvement. Even in places where the sum of the population has most fallen off, they are building large and magnificent churches. It is true that many of the estates have passed into English hands, though not so many as was apprehended. It is also true that the new comers are often distasteful to the old residents, and make friends but slowly in any class; but they are said to be a good sort of people, to mean well, and to spend money. They are making Ireland more wealthy, and a better country for a man of any class to live and be happy in.

Infinitely the most important part of the change is that in the manners and morals of the people. It may be summed up as a greater submission to law. There is much less drunkenness, and less violence, conspiracy, pilfering, and fraud. It is seldom one hears of a landowner or his steward being shot at his gate or his dining-table, or a tenant put out of his land by the summary process of a bullet. Plantations are not pulled up, hedges irregularly lopped for firewood, and even gates, posts, rails, and garden seats carried off to boil the pot. The new comers, under the Encumbered Estates' Act, have established themselves, and if they are not all of them Ireland's oldest blood, or even Irishmen at all, they are respected in their possessions, even if the ousted masters are not far distant, and it is still remembered that the estate was got a bargain. The better the bargain, the more was there left to spend on the land, and it has been spent. There was harshness in both remedies, the natural and the legal, and, no doubt, many people regard the "Court" even with more horror than the famine. But each in its way was the "Happy Despatch" to rid that unhappy island of its ancient troubles. The proof is in the consequences. Ireland is a country to live in. But the other day a man could not live there except in some manner of life that was bad in itself and must soon work itself to a bad end—either in ruinous hospitality or in miserable seclusion; in borrowing from extortioners or lending to the penniless; in criminal conspiracy or in constant fear of outrage; in riot or in dirt; in waste or in beggary; in stupid routine or in rash speculation; in Protestant pride or Popish bigotry; in one excess or another. You may now go to Ireland and live like a reasonable man. In many places you may even forget that you are out of England. The Irish of all classes must admit this to be an improvement, for, attached as they are to their own country, England, with all her faults, they love the better.

Protestantism in France.

For many years, a strong rationalistic element has corrupted the Protestant Church of France, which of late has been more fully developed, encouraged as it has been by the semi-infidel sentiments which have been published in the Church of England, in "The Essays and Reviews," which claim as their authors prominent clergymen and laymen. The contest that has been commenced is not between two forms of religion, but between religion and thinly disguised infidelity. It is so, precisely, in the French Church. Rationalism, which is but a softened name for infidelity, has become emboldened to greater efforts for the subversion of evangelical Christianity, by pleading, as usual, the rights of free inquiry and liberal Christianity. We are happy to see that many of the leading evangelical laymen have resolved to withstand this desolating tide. We copy below the address which they have issued, as possessing more than a local interest.

"TO OUR BRETHREN OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH."

"An Association, which assumes the name of the 'Liberal Protestant Union,' has just formed itself in the bosom of our Church. It gives as the motive for its formation, the dangers with which, according to them, toleration and liberty are threatened in French Protestantism. It affirms 'that a party, calling itself orthodox, claims the monopoly of religious truth; that it invades our pulpits, our consistories, our Christian Societies; that it claims the exclusive privilege of teaching and preaching, loudly announcing its proposal to expel from the Church those who do not share in all its belief, and even being bold enough to go so far, as to aim at an actual realisation of this project.'

"These assertions are without any foundation. Pastors with opinions the most diverse occupy our pulpits. Laymen with diverse opinions sit in our consistories. Justice guides the internal government of our Church, and liberty is only limited by conditions necessary to the existence of every religious society.

"It is true, that now for many years (and God be thanked for it) a hopeful return towards the faith and tradition of our fathers has manifested itself among us. It is true, that the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, such as the Divinity of our Saviour Jesus Christ, redemption by his sacrifice, and the authority of Holy Scripture, have re-asserted their empire over many souls. It is true, we would honor, believe, and practise that which the Apostles and Reformers believed and practised. But this revival of Christianity and Protestant orthodoxy has been, in fact, the work of liberty; it was by free preaching and teaching, and in the midst of discussions raised by liberty, that this great religious movement has been accomplished. We regard liberty as perfectly legitimate and salutary, and as essentially Christian, and we have at heart to cherish and extend it in as far as it depends on each of us.

"In truth, we do not believe justice to be indifference, or liberty anarchy. We believe that there is not, and cannot be a Church without doctrine, and that it is doctrine which unites the faithful, and forms the bond of the Church. We believe the ecclesiastical bodies instituted by the Church and by the law have for their mission the maintenance of faith and discipline, and that they ought to fulfil this mission in a spirit of Christian charity and of liberality.

"There are the true Protestant and liberal maxims, the only ones which can cherish and expand religious zeal with respect to liberty. We desire that these maxims may prevail more and more in our Church. We will make every effort to forward their progress. We have enough confidence in the fidelity and vigilance of Christian families to hope that they will walk in this way, and that they will not allow themselves to be turned from it by attempts which would enervate faith and piety in the Protestant Church, under the pretext of assuring its liberty."—*Phil. Presbyterian.*

The Mormons in Utah.

The Edinburgh *Witness* publishes some important information from Utah. It indicates great changes—whether for the better or the worse—close at hand in the Mormon settlement. Let us first look as to what Brigham himself will regard as the bright side of his prospects. The (United States) troops are every day expected to be recalled, to take part in the civil war; the impostor's ferocious tyranny will then break out with new vigor, and his followers, especially those who have been disaffected to his cause, or who have disowned, disobeyed or questioned his authority, will find themselves in a far more miserable plight than ever. Thousands of poor families, that have hitherto wanted the means—as he took care they should so want them—for quitting Utah, are trembling in abject terror at the prospect of their military protectors being withdrawn. Nor are the words of Brigham and the church elders calculated to allay their fears, for threats are everywhere muttered, that the unbelieving, and all who have in any way insulted the Prophet, are to have their "throats cut." Brigham goes about assuring them with a grim smile that he will "dock them some inches below" those long "ears" into which he first poured his lying doctrines and his deceitful promises. All who have been offenders with a word or even a look, will be rendered incapable of henceforth displeasing or affronting him again, and extermination is already decreed.

But the imposter has another and a very different side to his prospects. A most formidable rival has sprung up in his very neighborhood, in the person of a new prophet, who is converting all the Mormonites that approach him, filling them with unbounded enthusiasm for his doctrines and his cause, and denouncing against Brigham the overwhelming vengeance of both God and man—a vengeance which is to be executed in the present year 1861. The name of this new prophet is Joseph Morris; and the followers of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young are flocking after the "new Joe." He has issued several books, which claim to be of heavenly origin, and demand all human acceptance. He proclaims himself divinely and directly commissioned to "deliver the Mormonite people from bondage." Yet if he succeed, he will but make them his own dupes and slaves. Brigham has overstretched his authority, and alienated followers whom he might have kept loyal and contented, if he had persisted in his original policy of craft. The rival imposter may have more self control, and may thus establish a system which, though equally blasphemous, soul destroying, and pernicious to all the interests of Society will have greater permanence. The change may, therefore, be from bad to worse. Our hope is that the contending deceivers will expose and destroy each other, and that their dupes will escape from either of those "refuges of lies."—*Methodist Recorder.*

Sabbath Observance.

It gives us great pleasure to note that the outcry of the religious press against the needless desecration of the sabbath day by the military authorities is not altogether unheeded. The evil was grown great. Public men paid no attention to the Christian's day of rest. Military leaders seemed to consider it in no sense different from any other day. They had drills, dress parades, marching and counter-marching; they worked the troops throwing up defences, and they hurled them upon the rebels in the Sunday battle. But all this is now past. A better order of things is dawning upon us. Military leaders are beginning to respect the religious sense of the nation. In an order from Gen. M'Clellan's headquarters, printed in our weekly summary, such an observance of the Sabbath as we could wish is enjoined upon the army of the Potomac. The example thus set is worthy to be followed in all other military departments. Nothing less than this can satisfy the religious population of the country, or sustain our reputation as a religious nation.

We do not regard the movement inaugurated by Gen. M'Clellan's proclamation as in any sense a matter of small moment. In respecting the laws and institutions of the Almighty we may reasonably expect his guidance and protection. These will be to us in the room of armies. They will form our sufficient and perpetual safeguard. The irreverent skeptical idea, "God always fights on the side of the strongest," may satisfy a grovelling and sordid intellect, but does not harmonize with the facts of history. Incidents unnumbered in our revolutionary war point out God as fighting for the feeble colonies and against the overgrown mother country. The annals of all time are in important respects no more than a history of God, and of his agency in human affairs. Despite all cavils, it must remain an internal truth that God exalts and humbles nations, and fixes the bounds of their habitation. It is important, beyond all doubt, that the soldier should keep his powder dry as well as trust in God. But that philosophy is treacherous, false, deceitful, dangerous, which excludes God from human affairs. We congratulate the nation that His majesty and authority are hereafter to be recognized by our armies in the field, and that his appointed Sabbaths are to be observed in resting from toil and with befitting quietness. We hail this as an auspicious omen—a herald of success to the federal arms. It will also exert a conservative influence on the morals of religious men among the volunteers. They will have again, as at home, a day of rest—a day for the cultivation of a devotional spirit. In every respect the arrangement is desirable and full of promise.—*Christian Advocate.*

Religious Services in the Army.

We know that the hearts of thousands of our readers are yearning over the men of that vast army which is now lying around the Capital of the Republic, and that many prayers are offered that sons and brothers, husbands and fathers, may be kept from the sadly destructive influence of the camp. For the sake of such we copy the following letter of a chaplain, found in the last number of the *Congregationalist*, showing that faithful and earnest men are with them, pointing them to Christ, striving to win them from the ways of sin. The writer thus describes the services in the various regiments:

"In one regiment, sudden orders had put by the customary Sabbath morning services, an evil we can never wholly avoid in a life so changeful as this. But, not to lose his day, the chaplain announced personally to each company an impromptu meeting in the afternoon, to be held immediately on the notice. A hundred attended. After this part of the service others spoke; several backsliders confessed their long forgetfulness, and tearfully asked for prayers. Some unconverted young men were touched, and in the evening came to see their spiritual guide, till his little tent was crowded. In this regiment, a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting is well sustained.

"In another, the one service (there is but one) was in the morning. In the afternoon, at five o'clock, the chaplain holds a Bible-class, free to all to come or go. And in the week is one prayer-meeting.

"In another, the sermon is at ten o'clock in the morning; prayers accompany the dress parade every evening; and one prayer-meeting a week is held.

"In another, the sermon is at the hour last mentioned. One, or two, or three evenings a week, the ardent laborer preaches to a company, standing in the 'Company street' (for we have streets in the camps.)

"In another, the Sabbath service is at four o'clock P. M., and a little morning prayer-meeting is held every day at the beating of 'sick call (which is the signal for men but slightly sick to go to the surgeon)—and a hundred attend.

"In another, (I may as well say it is mine, and be minute,) the Sabbath service is held at half-past four o'clock P. M., under the lengthening shadows. The drum and fife play 'Church call;' the companies are formed as for parade. Each marches to the sound of music, to its place, till the regiment forms three sides of a square, leaving perhaps fifteen feet each side of the preacher. Just within the square are the field and staff officers and the band, which plays a voluntary. At a word of command, the singers leave the ranks, and stand near the band. In the service, the men stand until the time for sermon, when, at the word 'Rest,' all are seated, but still in order. The sermon closing, all instantly rise, uncovered, for prayer and benediction. These ended.—'Attention, Company A., left face, march!' and, to the music of the band, the men march to their tents. There is no lack of attention, and never a disrespectful look. Sabbath evening at half-past seven o'clock, is our prayer-meeting, lately established. It is held, now, on an open space near the tents of our band. Each time, it has been a dark evening. A few candles cast a dim light. The flame of near or distant camp fires shines fitfully on the bronzed faces of hardy men, bringing into deeper shadow the sombre blue of their uniform. They stand closely—a hundred of them. A familiar revival hymn, perhaps 'Behold, behold, the Lamb of God,' or 'We're going home, to die no more,' attracts others—for music is a great charm in camp. A prayer, reading of Scripture, a short address from the chaplain, singing,—and then all are invited to speak, or pray, or sing. One comes forward quietly into the little vacant space, and in a low voice testifies to the grace of God. Then another; and one prays, or singing breaks forth; or one in whose heart the springs have been long choked up, bears witness that the fountain is once more gushing, and mourns over his sins. Here and there are visible tears rolling down some rough cheek, 'it seems so like home,' or 'it makes us feel human,' or 'it reminds one of a praying father.' The hour passes. Tired? No, though no cushioned seats have rested them; they—all, have been standing the whole period; but they have rested on the grace of God; and they look forward with yearning hearts to the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting—Wednesday evening I chose for its beloved associations with the 'Young People's Meeting' at home.

"Now is the day ended. The drum will soon quiet this active camp, but one by one, some come to the chaplain's tent. Last Sabbath evening, some Christians came to express their determination to withstand, more courageously, the awful tide of wickedness there is in this, as in every camp; some are men whose old professions are again awakened; and one or two sons followed by parents' prayers, who brush off the blessed tears. Parents, pray for your sons! Pray for the chaplains. The promise of God never fails. This is my comfort, as I visit the hospital, and so often learn that the sick man, by whose low bed I bow, has on earth or in heaven, a praying father or mother; my comfort, when I see a treasured little volume carried by many a man in his hard day's march; my comfort even when the heart grows sick at wickedness, and cries, 'How long, O Lord, how long!'"—*Phil. Presbyterian.*

Treasury.

The Altar Fire.

It was intensely real. There was a real burning to ashes of whatever was exposed to that fire. The ashes were carefully shown to public view, and carried away (Lev. vi. 11.)

The fire of hell is terribly real, intensely real. It is not a mere semblance, or a bare threatening; it thoroughly accomplishes the designs of Justice. It makes a man cry, "I am tormented in this flame" (Luke xvi. 23.) The scars entrenched by the divine thunderbolts on the withered forms of the lost, on their scathed and shrivelled souls, curse-stricken and dried as the fig-tree, will tell the same. I do not wish to dwell on anything harrowing, but it is true. All joy gone, gloom and woe shall settle down on them, as truly as the fire fell on Sodom—as truly as vengeance overtook the sinning angels. Terrible as it is, it is all coming to pass, like the "claims" and the "turning into ashes" spoken of in 2 Peter ii. 4-6. You may sit there, thoughtless man, saying, "It is all threatening," as the fool says, "No God;" but a few years will reveal it all. It will consume away every pleasure, every satisfaction, and every delight, and leave only the ashes of former things. Yes the raked-up memories of former joys will be all that remains to you of enjoyment, and that will be intense misery; for (as a poet has sung)—

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."

Not less terribly real is the Cross. Were not the sufferings that Jesus, our Surety, endured intensely real? Was there ever a more real body than He presented to the nails of the cross, when the sound of the hammer was heard, as they were driving those nails through the tender nerves of hands and feet? Did He not bow His head in death, His lips wax pale, His corpse hang stiff, and become cold as marble? These were the ashes of the fire; and did not Joseph and Nicodemus carry them out to the clean place? Was it not all real, when He who was not wont to utter a remonstrance or breathe a complaint, cried out, "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani!*" O fellow-sinner, "no sorrow was ever like that sorrow!" It pleased the Father thus to bruise His Son. Pilate's soldiers told him that they found Him dead and the spear that searched the seat of life proved it fully. It was no semblance of death. He was really in Joseph's arms, really entombed, really in the cold grave. The vial of wrath was really poured out on Him to the very dregs.

Sinner, is not all this meant to teach us something? Did not justice do its work? All was intensely real. Now, it is this we need when true conviction of sin has hold on us, and we cry out, like Luther, "My sin! my sin!" Accept of this Surety as yours, and then you can say, "Father, righteous Father, thou canst not smite me, for thou hast smitten my Substitute!" It is thus I may get real peace. It is not by proving myself better than others, or trying to show that I have amended what in me was wrong. No; If I turn inward, all is wrong. Conscience refuses to be quiet: it upraids and accuses me. But here is God's way; dwell upon Christ's satisfaction as your own. It is when you are in the very act of beholding it that the Comforter delights to breathe over your soul, causing joy to steal into the heart. And this explains why this sinner enjoys assured peace, and that other is uncertain still. The one is seeking to feel something in himself, while the other is content to look at the cross. While he is forgetting himself, occupied wholly with thoughts of Christ, God does not forget him; God, by the Comforter, pours in the oil of joy. It was the privilege of an Israelite that he could at any time behold the visible symbol of God's presence over the tabernacle. But then it might suggest fear and dread. Let us suppose one in the darkness of night gazing upon it, and feeling afraid. Just at this moment a believing Israelite addresses him: "Why are you afraid? You look only yonder; look rather at the red altar-fire. The Lord our God is a consuming fire, but see Him such in that altar fire and that victim." The Israelite who apprehends this truth finds fear depart, and can behold the fiery pillar glaring like lightning.

Young people, in the camp there would often be such scenes as the following:—An Israelitish father brings his child, who is scarcely tall enough to see what is on the altar. He lifts up the child. "I see a lamb, father," says the boy. "Look again," says the father. "It is now nearly wasted away." "Look yet again." "It is all away this time, father." "My son, that is like the fire of hell! And it is like the fire of justice satisfied in the Surety. Learn here the way by which you are to be saved, escaping hell by a Surety's work."

Yes, fellow-sinner, the fire having burned upon the Surety till there was no more to burn, we may take up these ashes, and bring them to God. In so doing, our access to Him is open, and our welcome sure. Fury is not in Him; love burns with a most vehement flame, and will burn for ever, to the praise of the glory of His grace, in us who are accepted in the Beloved.—*The Altar Fire, by Rev. A. A. Bonar.*

Be Ye Also Ready.

A young man, in a prayer-meeting at Chicago, Illinois, gave an affecting and instructive incident in relation to a captain, with whom he met at the Tremont House in Chicago. He cordially invited him to attend this meeting. "You will find them interesting, and, perhaps, profitable to you."

"The meetings are, no doubt, good and beneficial in many cases. I approve of them, but I have no time to go now."

"But, my dear friend, there will be a time when you must die. Are there any interests so important as those of your souls?"

"That may be true. But my temporal matters are pressing now, and I must attend to them. By-and-by I will think of these things."

Finding that it was useless to urge him farther, I left him, pained at his indifference, but little thinking what a scene would soon give me a more vivid conception of the danger of delay. A few days after, being at the depot in one of our cities in the interior, I observed a corpse taken from the cars. Curiosity and sympathy led me to go and see who it might be. What was my surprise to recognize the features of this same captain! Poor man! He had no time to attend to his soul, but his time to die, and leave all those interests that he placed first, came suddenly.

Turning from this sad scene, I met an old friend, with one of Theodore Parker's works in his hand. Formerly he had been a professor of religion, and enjoyed the confidence of the community. But cherishing a taste for works of the Parker school, he had long since let go the profession of his faith, and taken his place among the ungodly. He was about to go through Missouri. As the trains had been fired into of late, he announced his plan to take the baggage car, and as the rebels would not suspect that passengers would be there, he would escape their fire.

How vain are the plans of man! How often the very means he takes to preserve life are instrumental in causing death! So it proved in this case. He went to Missouri as he proposed. When I took up the paper to read the account of the fearful accident, from the giving way of the railroad bridge, at the very head of the list of killed I found the name of my friend. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."—*Am. paper.*

How God Answers Prayer.

The director of a school in Germany, relates the following circumstance:—"One of the children came to me one day in trouble, because, as he said, God would not hear his prayer. 'And what did you pray for?' 'I prayed to God that he would give me a humble heart.' 'And why do you think that he will not hear you?' The child said, with tears, 'Since I prayed for this the other boys are so cross to me. They tease me and mock me at every turn, so that I can hardly bear it.' I said, 'You prayed that God would give you a humble heart, and why then should you be vexed if the other boys are the means of humbling you? Here you see that God does really hear you. You will find that the Lord has humbled you and heard your prayer. It is in this way that he sees fit to send you a humble mind.' The poor child had not thought of that. He had fancied that God would have taken some other way with him, and thus he was mistaken in thinking that his prayer was not heard."

"A great many real Christians make the same mistake. They pray for faith, hope, love, and God hears and brings them into such a state that they are tempted to doubt and fear, to yield to unbelief and despair, and suppose that their prayers have not been heard. This is the way he takes to make the good seed that is in their hearts to grow. In truth, every Christian virtue which we are taught to desire must grow out of such a struggle, and we shall not fail to be conquerors if we continue to pray without ceasing, looking to the Lord for strength. But only then, "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope."