The Protestant
AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

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The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

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BY

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Evening Prayer.

I come to thee to-night,
To my lone closet, wherefore eye can see,
And there to crave an interview with thee,
Father of love and light!

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thus gavest the calm repose
That rests on all—the air, the birds, the flowers,
The human spirit in its weary hours,
Now at the bright day's close.

To Nature's time for prayer:
The silent psalms of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of thy Son alone
Thy empire to attend.

If I this day have striven
With thy blest Spirit, or have bow'd the knee
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I coarse could brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turn'd away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water o'er to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful unkindness with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father! my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew,
And as the stars whose nightly orisons is true,
So would I be to thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide earth o'er,
Whom thou hast call'd thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my grateful years,
Has watch'd to soothe affliction, grief, and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope, or health,
Be thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse its depths from earth impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

—*Hymns of the Ages.*

Hints to Parents.

There is more character in children than parents generally suppose. Cotton Mather tells us that when the Jesuits were sent among the Waldenses they found them so thoroughly indoctrinated that they could not corrupt their tender minds. Here was a positive resistance to principles, which all children by nature gladly receive. No higher unbiassed testimony could be obtained than Lord Brougham's. He affirmed "that it was his confirmed belief that mankind had learned half they ever knew before they were seven years old." If these things are so, parents sadly err in suffering their children to spend several years of youth as though they were an entire blank.

The impression very common among parents was expressed to the writer in these words—"I wish my children to grow up free from bias toward any creed, so that they can then choose one for themselves." A more fatal delusion was never cherished by parents. "While they slept the enemy sowed tares." Fathers and mothers may be dreaming while neglecting their offspring, but there is an education going on with intense energy. Satan never slumbers while an infant mind is open to his influence.

There is another error among parents as to the time when the process of training should be carried on. The worldly wiseacre an angel in their work of ruin. Witness the unwearied efforts made by the devotees of earth to estrange the minds of youth from instructive thoughts. The teachers of Charles VI. of France for this purpose invented cards. By means of these, chess, and other games, how many millions of young immortals have been educated to kill time—to banish all instructive conversation, reading, and sober thought? If the chaff fill the vessel, where is the room for the wheat?

Another source of cruel influence over the minds of youth is the ghastly literature of vulgar minds, and flashy tales, spread out so temptingly before them.

The shores, stretching a thousand leagues around the ocean, are composed of minute particles of sand. But what a belt of power do those separate little grains form! Thus from the hours of infancy through youth each little deed, or word, or look, or moment of neglect of duty from parents, goes toward forming the child's character for eternity. How unspeakably important is it, then, for those entrusted with this responsibility to employ those leisure moments in a family, which make up so much of life, in carefully imparting instruction. For example, nearly three hours per day are spent at the table. Then each knife-handle, of ivory, or bone, or wood, has its history. Each piece of china, or earthen-ware has a chapter of knowledge in it. Each piece of glass or metal of the table furniture hath a lesson. The idle gossip there indulged in by parents too frequently educates their sons and daughters into tattlers, slanderers, and stores their minds with future treasures of sin and woe.

Let the parent clearly define good thoughts. Each one, like a many-sided diamond, deposited in the youthful mind will enrich it with wealth of which no crisis, financial or political, can deprive him. A child has an intense curiosity to know. If this appetite is fed with ashes instead of intellectual food, barrenness and misery will be the result. You cannot teach a child too early to discriminate between what seems pleasure, and what is palmed off under that name. Polished brass resembles gold by candle-light. The Bible brings everything out of this false glare—this night-show of glory—into the full sunshine of truth. Teach them that politeness and principle are not identical. Profusion and honesty do not always go together. Boasting is not bravery, and kind words do not always indicate a true heart. An amusing person is often far from being the best company. Teach them that life is the most solemn thing on earth, and that death is only the sum of all life's figures.

Two questions will often prove in the parent's hand a key to unlock treasures of thought in the mind of a child—How is it? Why is it? These two questions, the celebrated Dr. Mason used to say, were the key to his entire usefulness. Let instruction and kindness bind your children to their homes as the most pleasant spot on earth. An intelligent and pious judge in the South once remarked to the writer, that the secret of the citizens of the North being better sons and daughters than theirs, was that they held a charm over their affections, which they at the South had not learned. That charm we believe to be Christian fidelity to their offspring in their tender years.—*Phil. Pres.*

Moderation.

John would be a model driver, with a strong carriage, over a smooth road. Without those conditions, commend us to a gentler whip. "Young America" is somewhat prone to emulate his fast driving, without regarding hindrances—to "go ahead," without being "sure he is right." It may be that the numberless disasters attending this course—the wrecks of fortune, character, and almost of country—will give weight to counsels of moderation.

Moderation in expenditure is becoming and wise. We are coming to be the most wasteful and luxurious people in the world. Wealth easily acquired, and exerting undue influence on social rank, prompts to lavish expenditure. Multitudes of families, instead of graduating their outgoes by a scale of prudent regard to a certain net income, shape them to the exactions of fashion in the circle they seek. As the frequent result, credit is strained to keep up appearances, till it yields to the pressure; and what might have been a moderate competency is whelmed in sudden bankruptcy. The only course of safety or of duty lies in the direction of principled economy. As stewards of God—and no man, however rich, is anything more—each should so husband his resources as to be secure against want; making suitable provision for the claims of charity, but wasting none of the treasure committed to his keeping.

Moderation in business is needed. Haste in everything is a national vice. Health, home, and heaven itself hardly counterpoise the tendency to overwork and exhaustion in all branches of commercial activity. Day and night, year in and year out, eager men delve and drive, scarcely pausing when the day of rest comes with its soothing influences. What follows? Too often, a softened brain, prostration of the nervous system, lunacy, premature death! Medical writers state that the proportion of the insane is threefold greater in this than in other countries. Inexorable physical laws vindicate themselves, and the reckless triflers with them find in due time that fortunes accumulated by immoderate effort, drop from their nerveless grasp into the hands of spendthrift heirs.

Moderation in speech is a rare virtue. The habit of exaggeration is wide-spread. Our institutions engender a universal freedom in the discussion of public affairs. Every citizen is a voter, and every voter is a politician. No question is too profound to be dealt with by the sovereign people at all times, and in all places. This is well. But when the tongue is "set on fire of hell," and party or sectional strife kindles it into fierce flames, how do truth and charity suffer; and what dire evils to society come of unbridled speech! The very bonds that hold us together as a nation are scorched and almost severed by the lava-tide of intemperate utterance, poured over the land by an unscrupulous press.

Moderation in writing is a necessity of our times. "Sensation" writing has had its dreadful day. It has done mischief enough almost to counterbalance the benefits of a free press. A wronged public should avenge itself by *letting it alone severely*. Men should avoid a truthless, reckless newspaper as they would the plague. It is a moral plague—a plague to the reader, to his family, to a neighborhood, to the country. No possible good, and much positive evil, will flow from a journalism that misrepresents, exaggerates, perverts, or in any measure diverges from the truth. Truth can afford to be calm and temperate in its dealing with great political, moral, and religious questions.

Life is too real, liberty is too precious, eternity is too near to admit of the rule of passions, the reign of anarchy, or the sacrifice of souls, at the behest of rash, intemperate, godless men. God is on the throne; government is his ordinance; law is the expression of his will. "Let your moderation be known to all men," is the divine command.—*Am. Mes.*

Notes of the Month.

Protestant Alliance.—A consultation is to be held in London on an early day in regard to the approaching Session of Parliament, and meantime the Protestant Alliance is continuing its course with energy. We trust it may receive growing support from the Protestant community. We cannot but regard it as one of the most important and necessary organizations of the kingdom.

Scottish Reformation Society.—This Society has done an immense amount of work during the past year, as will be seen by its excellent and most instructive report, which we hope will receive an extensive circulation. It has also been subjected to a heavy outlay in connection with the recent Commemorations of the Reformation, which, however, must have done great good, especially in the way of diffusing information.

Islington Protestant Institute.—We give elsewhere an account of the annual meeting of this most valuable and wisely conducted Institute. Why should a similar organization not be established in every large parish or every large city in the kingdom.

Protestant Institute of Scotland.—The collections of the 20th of December are coming in; but whilst the most cordial letters are being received, many complain that the collections will be greatly diminished in consequence of the inclemency of the day. The Committee must just renew their efforts until the object is gained. We understand that at Edinburgh and Glasgow one hundred young men are under training by Dr Wylie during this Session fit a knowledge of Romanism.

The Roman Catholic Bishops and the National Board of Education in Ireland.—The Roman Catholic Bishops are about to issue a manifesto prohibiting clerical patrons of Roman Catholic schools from sending their teachers to any of the model training schools in connexion with the National Board, and also declaring that Roman Catholic patrons will not employ in any literary capacity pupils, monitors, pupil-teachers, or teachers who may enter any of those institutions after the date of such prohibition. Some of the Roman Catholic prelates have, in fact, already promulgated this edict within their dioceses.

The Priests' Protection Society.—The committee of this Dublin Society have just published their fourteenth annual address. A note at the close states that the fourfold object of this Society is, first, to protect priests who abandon the apostacy of Rome for the faith of the Gospel; second, to protect and educate young men originally intended for the priesthood in the Romish Church; third, to disseminate throughout the world scriptural and anti-Popish instruction; fourth, to reform priests throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and foreign countries. Thirty-three reformed priests and forty-two reformed Romish students have received aid and protection. The Society has also issued 826,741 copies of scriptural and anti-Popish publications.

The State of the Rural Districts.—Some disclosures of a very painful nature have lately been published in the *Times* in regard to the state of the population in the rural district of England. A meeting on the same subject in reference to Scotland has been held at Edinburgh. The subject is all-important, and all our efforts to arrest the progress of superstition will be in vain, if the people, and especially the rural population, which are the strength of a nation, are allowed to sink into wretchedness and neglect. The ultimate result of such neglect cannot be contemplated without alarm.

The Constitution of Britain.—Lord Brougham has just published a book on the constitution of Britain. With great knowledge of details, his Lordship betrays an utter ignorance of the glory and power of the British Constitution, viz., its Protestantism. His facts also, are sometimes most questionable. His estimate of Romanists and Nonconformists in Scotland at half a million is simply ludicrous.—*Bulwark.*

The Object of Life.

"Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

A gentleman lately travelling among strangers, gave in substance the following instructive account of himself. When quite young he became hopefully pious, but by degrees lost much of his lively sense of religious obligation, grew worldly in his desires and anticipations, and at length came to the determination to exert himself to the utmost to become rich. Riches, he thought, must add greatly to a man's comfort and usefulness in life. The means of acquiring them were before him; and for a time he used them with much success. In the same proportion, however, he unhappily declined in religion. He had little or no comfort in spiritual things, and had nearly abandoned his hope of salvation. In this dilemma he was met by the providence of God. His riches took to themselves wings, and left him penniless. He now came to himself, kissed the rod, and him that had appointed it, and determined thenceforward to "*seek first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness." His desires for wealth were relinquished. He soon settled down upon a small pittance acquired by industry, raised a happy family, and enjoyed all as the gift of God. He now saw the hand of God in every thing, and was disposed to live a life of entire devotedness to his service. Brought to this state of mind, the hand of God was again opened to him. His cup of temporal blessings again over-flowed. He has more than heart can wish; but what sweetens his cup of blessings is, that it comes to him only as the bounty of his heavenly Father, who has riches in store, infinitely more valuable for all those who put their trust in him, and renounce the world as their chief object of pursuit.—*Western Recorder.*

The Pope's Temporal Power.

Sir George Sinclair, in a letter to the *John o' Groat Journal*, says—"In Butler's Chronological Exercises in reference to the Papacy, which shows how similar its present position is in many respects to that in which it was placed at a former period, and how fallacious the expectations and predictions are in reference to the overthrow of a power which has braved so many perils and baffled so many potentates. Feb. 17, 1810. The Pope. On this day the Emperor Bonaparte gave the last formal finish to the destruction of the Papal sovereignty, by declaring the Roman States an intergral part of France. Rome is to have the honour of being the second city in the Empire, and is to give a royal title to the Emperor's son and heir. The Pope, that is to say the great Bishop of the Empire, is to have a number of palaces scattered everywhere, but not *the* palace. A French Prince will hold a representative Court at Rome for the Emperor. The Papal offices are put under temporal administration, and the Imperial Government is declared free from all authority on earth. Thus scarcely a spark lingers in the ashes of superstition, Bonaparte having by a single decree annihilated that gigantic usurpation, which formerly would have crushed princes and emperors for daring to breathe a threat against its authority.

"July 8. This pretended representation of Jesus Christ has recently experienced the greatest mortifications. His rules and excommunications, once the terror of Europe, have been laughed at, and his pardons and indulgences, heretofore *purchased* with the greatest avidity, are not now accepted even *gratis*. The rapid downfall of this "Man of Sin," as the Scriptures are supposed to term the Pope, has indeed been for some time foreseen by the attentive perusers of Holy Writ. The symptoms of a lingering consumption the Papacy has long betrayed."

The Poor Drunkard.

Oh! I have sometimes looked at a bright beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought, that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard. I once was playing with a beautiful boy in the city of Norwich, Conn.; I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play, I said to him, "Harry, will you go down with me to the side of that stone wall?" "Oh yes!" was his cheerful reply. We went together and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and cheered and illumined us, lay upon his porous, greasy face! the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned; the very swine in the fields looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purpose of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded man, and then looked upon that child, with his bright brown hair his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth, and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace and innocence; as I looked upon the man and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eye dim gazing upon the poor drunkard; then did I pray to God to give me an everlasting increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred an instrumentality that could make *such a thing* of a being *once as fair as that child.*—*John B. Gough.*

The Wounded Soldier.

A few months ago, a young Swiss theological student was travelling amidst the Piedmontese valleys. Bad health had sent him from home; but the balmy wind and genial sky of Italy had failed to exercise their healing powers upon him, and the young man felt heavy at heart. He was on the eve of entering his field of labors when torn away from it by illness! and it seemed to him that his days were fruitlessly squandered in search of health. Still, he had his Master's work at heart, and in his daily walks around the retired hamlet where he was staying, he looked for some opening for doing good.

On a Sunday afternoon, as he had left the humble wooden chapel, where some thirty Italian Protestants had been led by him in prayer and singing of hymns, he wandered toward the mountains, to enjoy some hours of quiet and peaceful communion with himself and God. He had not gone far, when he perceived a small cottage, half hidden by the luxuriant branches of the vine, and sheltered under a high projecting rock. On a bench at the door, warming himself in the sun's bright setting rays, was a young man, little beyond boyhood—pale and thin. His arm tied up, and his bandaged head, at once told the student that he was one of Victor Emmanuel's many brave Sardinian soldiers, who had returned wounded and maimed to their mountain homes.

As our friend approached him, he saw a small French tract in the soldier's hand: and surprised at finding a book in that language in that Italian hut, he at once sat down by the reader and entered into conversation with him. The young soldier told him a simple and touching story. He had joined one of the regiments of volunteers which had answered from every mountain hold and sequestered valley their country's call; he fought the glorious battles of Magenta and Solferino; on that last bloody field he had seen nearly all the soldiers of his regiment fall around him. One in particular, a young Frenchman, who had enlisted with him, and whom he loved like a brother, fell before him killed by one of the last shots of the enemy. He had knelt, in the confusion of the battle-field, beside his friend, and when he had seen all efforts to revive him were in vain, he had taken his knapsack to save it from the rapacity of the camp followers. It contained only his clothes, and the tract, "*It is I*," translated into French, "This is the very book, sir," added the soldier, "which has become dear to me; for I had often seen my friend reading it, when resting from our marching, or stopping in our barracks. I have often read it through myself, since that terrible day, when I saw my Francois' eyes closed in death, and during the long weeks I have spent here unable to work, and alone with my thoughts, it has become not only my companion, but my friend too."

What were the young student's feelings at hearing these words? That tract *he* had translated into French, years before, little thinking, then, of the work those pages would do on the battle-field and in the lonely cottage.

He had read the English tract, and being much comforted and benefitted by it, he had wished to make an old friend, who could not understand the English language, a sharer in his enjoyment. That French translation had found its way into print; and just when the young laborer was lamenting his incapacity of working in his Master's vineyard, the Lord placed before him that living proof of the truth of his words: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Tract Journal.*

Treasury.

Surface Work.

Demas had been a faithful disciple of St. Paul; he had loved his noble master; he had enjoyed his faithful preaching; he had accompanied him in his journeys, and taken a share in the proclamation of his Gospel. But in late times, persecution arrests the apostle in his labours. Old and infirm, he is cast into the Mamertine prison in the Roman capital. If ever he needed the hand and voice of earthly friendship, it was *now*, to soothe his pillow of straw, and speak peace to his downcast spirit. But Demas (faithful in prosperity,) turns recreant and coward in adversity. The sun of trial and fierce tribulation arises "for the word's sake." The leaves of a lifetime fall. Scorched, and withered, and blighted, his lonely master has to utter through sorrowing tears, "*Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world!*" Beware of this *superficial* religion—this religion of frame and feelings and strong impulse. Nothing that is superficial lasts. The superficial *house* will soon totter to its foundations; the superficial *book* will fret its little hour, before its author and itself are consigned to oblivion; the superficial *student* may acquire a surface talk on everything, and be full of youthful promise; but when launched into the world, he will soon find that nothing will stand but the deep, the solid, the real. So it is with the religious life. No evanescent emotions dare come in place of real heart-change. Do not suffer mere impressions to evaporate before they issue in saving conversion. The impressions made by a rousing sermon are no more *religion*, than the hearing of a *salvo* of artillery on a review-day might be called *fighting*. That is real religion which can be carried with you into your families, your business, the coarse contacts and toiling drudgeries of life; that can stand unscathed in the whirlwind of temptation, trial only leading you nearer God; like the flower long imprisoned in the dark dungeon, but whose roots are watered by some hidden kindly spring, and which, when the iron doors are opened, turns its leaves joyously and lovingly to the sun-light. This our age has in it, we fear, most affinity with the *second* class spoken of in the parable. *Surface-work* in all things, is its distinguishing characteristic. Frivolous gaieties are too often the layer on which its very religion grows. Souls—selfish souls, covered over with the wreck and *debris* of worldliness—come and sit in our churches to get their share of the Sabbath-seed. Saturday evening has closed over scenes of giddy pleasure. Weary and jaded, they come to a new scene of mental excitement, to indulge in a new class of feverish emotions in the house of God. The recreation is not displeasing. Heart-sick, it may be with the week's frivolities—wearied in body and mind, they sit with complacency to hear of their sins; they heave some sighs over their follies; they feel that they have been mocked in their pursuit of pleasure, and as they listen to the sublime lessons—the hopes—the promises—the joys of the Gospel—a tear starts to their eye, and a pang visits their souls. The seed of promise seems for the moment to have taken root and sprung. But soon Monday trends on the heels of Sabbath hours and Sabbath resolutions. From the ball-room to the church, from the church to the ball-room. The world's sun is up again in the horizon. The giddy soul rushes afresh headlong into temptation. Amid the smiles and frowns of that withering world the sickly leaves pine and die! Seek to avoid anything and everything that tends to foster this life of cold indurating selfishness—the life of *pleasure*, which is a life of *death*. This life of mere Sabbath emotion and weekly godlessness is one of awful peril. It deceives the soul. It makes you believe there is a merit in coming to church, and in sowing the seed on the rock of weekly selfishness, though it withers before evening has gathered around you its shadows. Better, you may say, a withered stalk than none at all. Better these few Sabbath sighs, and tears, and pious excitement, than treading the seed under foot and denying it all entrance into the memory or heart. Oh! is it come to this, that a few wretched sighs, and tears, and emotions on Sunday, are to purchase absolution for a week's frivolity and sin? As if, by wearing this garment of Sabbath sackcloth, you could, with greater impunity, during the week, wear the garment spotted by the flesh!" You are thereby only throwing a sop to an accusing conscience. You are wasting the good seed which might have been cast with advantage on other and kindlier soil. You are resting satisfied with the husk and shell of religion, despising its kernel. You are blinding your own eyes to the fact which, the great Harvest-time of the world will force on you, that you are contenting yourselves with "a name to live, while you are spiritually dead." It is a terrible thing thus to be sowing to the wind, and reaping the whirlwind; to be forfeiting and abusing opportunities, and causing the very ordinances of God to aggravate alike your guilt and condemnation. Even your very afflictions will be unsanctified. If the seed had sunk into a good soil, when the sun of trial pours down its heat, it would nourish and foster it. But that seed, falling on "a rock-bed of selfishness," on the thin layer besprinkling a godless heart—lo! when affliction arises, the heart only scorches and burns, embittering the pangs of the evil day. Like fabled Icarus soaring aloft on his waxen wings, borne upwards for a time on the breeze of prosperity; when you come to face the fiery sun, the wings melt, and you fall powerless to the earth. Reader! while the hypocrite's hope shall perish, seek to be so rooted in the faith, grounded in the love of Christ, that when the great trial-hour shall come, when the branch shall be stripped of its verdure, "the beautiful rod broken,"—and as in the vision of the Apocalypse, "all the green grass burnt up;" it may be yours, exulting in the precious seed that has fallen deep into your hearts, to say—"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever."—*Memories of Gennesaret.*

"I can do all things"—yet doing nothing.

Paul says, in the name of all Christians, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I say, not in Paul's name only, but in the name of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, How is it then that some of you are doing nothing? If you could do nothing you might be excused for not attempting it; but if you put in the slightest pretence to my text, you must allow my right to put this question to you. You say, "I can do all things;" in the name of reason I ask why are you doing nothing? Look what multitudes of Christians are in the world; do you believe if they were all what they profess to be, and all to work for Christ, there would long be the degrading poverty, the ignorance, the heathenism, which is to be found in this city? What cannot one individual accomplish? What could not be done therefore by the tens of thousands of our churches?

Ah, professors! you will have much to answer for with regard to the souls of your fellow-men. You are sent by God's providence to be as lights in this world; but you are rather dark lanterns than lights. How often are you in company, and you never avail yourself of an opportunity of saying a word for Christ? How many times are you thrown into such a position that you have an excellent opportunity for rebuking sin, or for teaching holiness, and how seldom do you accomplish it?

"Am I my brother's keeper?" was the language of Cain. Cain hath many children even at this day. Ye are your brother's keeper. If you have grace in your heart, you are called to do good to others. Take care lest your garments be stained and sprinkled with the blood of your fellow-men. Mind, Christians, mind, lest that village in which you have found a quiet retreat from the cares of business, should rise up in judgment against you, to condemn you, because, having means and opportunity, you use the village for rest, but never seek to do good in it. Take care, masters and mistresses, lest your servants' souls be required of you at the last great day. "I worked for my master; he paid me my wages, but he had no respect to his