

The Provincial Wesleyan

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America

81

Volume XIX. No. 21

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1887.

Whole No 922

Religious Miscellany.

Battle Song.

BY REV. F. BOTTOMS.

Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are able to possess it.
In the glory of your Master, ye heralds of His name,
Go forth in shining splendor, with every tongue
As a trumpet, and among the nations His mighty power
Proclaim.
Our God is marching on!
Behold the rising glory spreads, till hills and
vales, and down the sloping mountain-sides the troops
of morning run,
And laughing vale and dancing stream declare
The day begun.
His truth is marching on!
They rise, they rise with earnest cry, the scattered
hearts, abroad!
They call for men whose holy feet the Gospel
truth has shod;
They wait the standard lifted high—the standard
of our God!
His truth is marching on!
The old waste-places call aloud, the empty prisons
wait,
Till the echo of your tread shall answer thro'
the gate,
And you in Jesus' name shall claim the spoiler's
mean estate.
His truth is marching on!
The stranger and the alien shall wait upon your
feet,
And kings shall bend the lowly knee, and queens
in homage sit,
As the story of His triumphs your loosened
tongues repeat.
For God is marching on!
Oh! by the hopes that centre in your loyal hearts
and true,
Rouse ye to holy daring and to conquests ever
new!
Three worlds with earnest gaze hold you in full
review,
As you are marching on!
Oh! by the crown of glory and seats at God's
right hand,
Wave high your holy banners, and firm for judg-
ment stand;
In the glory of your Master possess the goodly
land,
For God is marching on!

Our Lord's Temptation.

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. First, it is clear that the temptation of our Lord is a type of the temptation of all Christians. The early life of our Lord is so simple for all His disciples, and the more closely we examine that life, the more shall we find in it to comfort us in our struggles against sin, and to encourage us to imitate His most holy life. All Christians are tempted, and therefore it cannot but comfort them to know that their Master was tempted by the same evil power, and that He overcame it. The Captain of our salvation having conquered the same foes with which we, His disciples and children, now contend, from His seat at the right hand of the Majesty on High, says to each of us: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne; even as I overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne."
With this encouragement before us, we may study with profit the history of our Master's temptation, and its doctrinal significance. This temptation proves incidentally two fundamental truths or doctrines of the well-pleasing will of God: the rationalistic notion of the non-personality of the devil. This theory, so common among more rationalistic theologians, who are more anxious to maintain the consistency of their own theories, than give authority and reverence to the Word of God, assumes that there is no personal spirit of evil, no great head of the powers of darkness, no god of this world who fights against God, and opposes all goodness. Rationalism teaches that the devil of the Bible is only the personification of the evil principle in the soul, and not a personal spirit of evil. Without attempting to consider all the evil of such a theory and its utter contradiction of the whole Scripture teaching, I will merely remark its utter fallacy as applied to the temptation of our Lord, the God Man, He was pure and undefiled. No taint of evil poisoned the fountain of His thoughts or feelings. Hence it follows, as an inevitable consequence, that there was no principle of evil, no corruption to answer the theory. Yet our Lord was tempted. In all points like us we are, but without sin. His entire nature was pure, and not a personal spirit of evil. Without attempting to consider all the evil of such a theory and its utter contradiction of the whole Scripture teaching, I will merely remark its utter fallacy as applied to the temptation of our Lord, the God Man, He was pure and undefiled. No taint of evil poisoned the fountain of His thoughts or feelings. Hence it follows, as an inevitable consequence, that there was no principle of evil, no corruption to answer the theory. Yet our Lord was tempted. In all points like us we are, but without sin. His entire nature was pure, and not a personal spirit of evil.

The Gate of Providence.

The following is from a sermon to children, upon Acts xii. 10, styled the Iron Gate.
There is the gate of trouble that often closes upon us. We are willing to labor and to do everything in our power for ourselves and those that are depending upon us, but often some great misfortune happens to us. All our strength to labor is taken away; we lose all we have gained, and we seem to be utterly helpless. The iron gate has certainly closed upon us. We cannot open it; we can only lift our fainting eyes to God and to His omnipotent hands for us to pass out. We never fail to find it a blessed gate, although an iron one. We can see, after we have passed through it, that it opens out into a larger and more delightful place. When we looked upon the gate as we went through it, it was iron; but as we gaze upon it behind us, it is certainly golden.
A gentleman who resided in New York was very unfortunate in his business. He met with great losses, and found it necessary to give up, and to try something else. He gathered together all that was left of the wreck of his business, and determined to go to California and begin anew. It was at the time many persons were hurrying thither, soon after the discovery of the gold mines. Large amounts of gold were reported to have been obtained by fortunate persons with little labor. So, with others, our unfortunate merchant determined to go and attempt to recover himself from his embarrassments, by digging for treasure in the bowels of the earth. Having reached Francisco, after a very unpleasant voyage and journey across the isthmus, he hastened to the mines. Here he found an opportunity to purchase a territory of land covering, as he had reason to think, soil with the precious grains of gold in it. Now he entered upon the work of building mills. He used all the money he had brought with him for this purpose, and borrowed more of others. He had just completed his buildings; had dug out a canal to bring water from a neighboring river to turn his water-wheel, and to wash out the gold. He was just ready to commence as he hoped, some successful operations. All he was worth, and more, was built up in the mills and invested in the land. It was just at this time there came one of the most terrible floods that had experienced in the country. The river rose above its banks and spread over the whole country. Down the new canal the angry flood poured with terrific power. Away in an instant went the mill; down the stream floated the dam, torn away from the banks on either side, and the very banks themselves were washed away by the resistless current of the waters. All was gone. From the highest fortunes, at once blow, the merchant whose hard fortunes had followed him into the new country, was struck helplessly down to the earth. He had lost all his property, and what was still more painful, he was indebted to others, and was now unable to repay them. He was a Christian man. He did not lose his confidence in God in this great calamity. He felt assured that some door would yet be opened before him. His heavenly Father had not forgotten him. All these troubles he did not doubt to be for the best, although he could not understand how at this moment. The next morning he thought he would go out and survey the desolations made by the flood. The waters, as they had roared down his canal, had swept off the rock from the surface of the rock for a long distance. While examining the course of the flood, what was his astonishment to find that in one place where the rock had been uncovered there was the appearance of a very rich vein of gold. Further, and very careful examination, proved this astonishing discovery to be all that it at first appeared to be. It was an uncommonly large vein, and the ore was very pure. His troubles were over; the frightful calamity that he and all his friends looked upon as his ruin proved to be his salvation. The flood that swept away his mills and dams had revealed to his astonished eyes a treasure the value of which could not be estimated. The moment he reached the iron gate it opened without hands and he passed out.—*B. K. Pease.*

Religious Conversation.

In religious conversation one of the most disagreeable parts is reproval. We are called upon by apostolic authority "to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." Here the good man has occasion for all his skill; he may bring the brim of the cup with a circle of honey, but he must not increase the sweetness till it destroys the force of his medicine. Yet there is a best way; there is a medium; there is a compound in which all the best ingredients meet. The fact that we are all sinners is a moment that we should look down on none. When Paul, who was a perfect gentleman, called the high-priest "a whited wall," there was a reason for his extraordinary severity. Generally, reproof must be tempered by moderation. It must come at the right time and the right place, or another apostle says: "And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." It is my happiness to know a man who is himself an example of the greatest skill in this line, and who has the highest power of conversation, who, on a certain occasion, exemplified all I mean. It was in former times, when we rode in stages, and the driver, who was a ferocious-looking fellow, was awfully provoked in his language, and our friend determined to get outside of the carriage, take part of the driver's seat, and administer to him a little friendly advice. He began by talking about his horse, which happened to be very fine ones; and our friend was no bad judge of horse-flesh. He inquired where they were raised, and how they were fed, and what was their price, and so proceeding from theme to theme, he won the fellow's esteem and confidence, till finally he touched on the subject of long-suffering and never lost sight of it. Our friend's habit to which our conversation might lead, the evils of the tongue. It was a most complete success. If it were merely fiction, I should say it was the means by which the man was converted to Christianity and never swore any more; and for aught I know it might be so; but I shall relate only what I know. The man received his admonition with apparent gratitude, and confessed the folly and sin of the practice; and our friend was rewarded at once with the pleasure of a free conversation, and the consciousness of having done a good deed. One of the most difficult tasks is administering consolation in scenes of deep distress. Nothing can be done at first. Grief must have time to exhaust its violence before the hour of help can come. The silence of a tear is better than the wisdom of any words. There is force in the example of Job's friends—however uncharitable they were afterward—when they sat down with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was great. Job ii. 13.—But the calmer hour will come. As in a heated and laborious day to the most busy laborer who tills the soil, the descending sun brings the twilight, the hour of rest, but not of sleep—the sweet interval when neither noontide toil nor midnight rest exercises or stupefies us; so in calamity comes the time of reflection; then the mind is attentive and the heart is tender; then the condition of the sufferer gives meaning to the provision of the Gospel, and the mind can reach to the consolation of the Word. The man of God is called to the aid of the afflicted, and he must drop the beam of Gladness into the heart, and point to the great Physician. The superiority of private talk over the declamation of the pulpit is, that in such a case, it can be better directed. You have only the individual before you; you understand his case; he can tell you all his sorrows and all his wants. The preacher must always address a class; you have the man and the hour; and it is a glorious, golden opportunity to show your skill, to honor your God, to raise a friend from depression, and perhaps to save a soul from death.
For this office some good men have been eminently prepared by their own experience. Our sorrows are the monitors that prepare us eminently for the work of consolation. They will not allow us to be formal; they show us the unspeakable value of sincerity and truth.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Farsimony Rebuked.

Some souls are naturally niggardly, and they lead upon line, and prevent upon precept, to save them from bondage to their own petty views. A sharp rebuke sometimes rouses them to higher aims. The Sabbath School Advocate gives an illustration.
I once heard Dr. Lovick Parris, in the midst of one of his unparalleled appeals on the subject of the parsimony of professing Christians, carry his audience through an ordeal like this: "Go out," said he, "and look towards heaven and say—O God! a new year is beginning; we want rain, and wind, and sunshine, the regular order of the seasons, the fertility of the soil, the germinating quality of the seed, and all those in that harmonious adjustment of times and relations that will ensure us a rich harvest and multiplied bags of cotton. O God! send us these, and bestow the good things of Thy providence; but let it be distinctly understood that we do not intend to yield a dollar to the support of Thy cause in the earth, and we have feathered our nests to our own liking. Attend this if you dare," said the Doctor, "and you will feel like lightning ought to strike you before you get through with your petition. And yet," he continued, "this is the plain English of what you are doing!"

The Living Epistle.

"He who orders his life and conversation as to bring no dishonor or reproach on religion, who gives no occasion to its enemies to blaspheme, nor by his falls and inequities to furnish occasion to be told in Gath and published in the streets of Askelon, does well. He may thank God that, amid life's slippery paths he has prayed, nor prayed in vain." "Hold up your faces that my footsteps slip not." He does better still in whose life religion presents itself less in a negative, and more in a positive form; for while it is well to depart from evil, it is better to do good; nor does he live in vain who exemplifies by his daily life and conversation the pure and virtuous, and holy and beneficent, and sublime and saving doctrine of God and His Son.

Religious Conversation.

In religious conversation one of the most disagreeable parts is reproval. We are called upon by apostolic authority "to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." Here the good man has occasion for all his skill; he may bring the brim of the cup with a circle of honey, but he must not increase the sweetness till it destroys the force of his medicine. Yet there is a best way; there is a medium; there is a compound in which all the best ingredients meet. The fact that we are all sinners is a moment that we should look down on none. When Paul, who was a perfect gentleman, called the high-priest "a whited wall," there was a reason for his extraordinary severity. Generally, reproof must be tempered by moderation. It must come at the right time and the right place, or another apostle says: "And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." It is my happiness to know a man who is himself an example of the greatest skill in this line, and who has the highest power of conversation, who, on a certain occasion, exemplified all I mean. It was in former times, when we rode in stages, and the driver, who was a ferocious-looking fellow, was awfully provoked in his language, and our friend determined to get outside of the carriage, take part of the driver's seat, and administer to him a little friendly advice. He began by talking about his horse, which happened to be very fine ones; and our friend was no bad judge of horse-flesh. He inquired where they were raised, and how they were fed, and what was their price, and so proceeding from theme to theme, he won the fellow's esteem and confidence, till finally he touched on the subject of long-suffering and never lost sight of it. Our friend's habit to which our conversation might lead, the evils of the tongue. It was a most complete success. If it were merely fiction, I should say it was the means by which the man was converted to Christianity and never swore any more; and for aught I know it might be so; but I shall relate only what I know. The man received his admonition with apparent gratitude, and confessed the folly and sin of the practice; and our friend was rewarded at once with the pleasure of a free conversation, and the consciousness of having done a good deed. One of the most difficult tasks is administering consolation in scenes of deep distress. Nothing can be done at first. Grief must have time to exhaust its violence before the hour of help can come. The silence of a tear is better than the wisdom of any words. There is force in the example of Job's friends—however uncharitable they were afterward—when they sat down with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was great. Job ii. 13.—But the calmer hour will come. As in a heated and laborious day to the most busy laborer who tills the soil, the descending sun brings the twilight, the hour of rest, but not of sleep—the sweet interval when neither noontide toil nor midnight rest exercises or stupefies us; so in calamity comes the time of reflection; then the mind is attentive and the heart is tender; then the condition of the sufferer gives meaning to the provision of the Gospel, and the mind can reach to the consolation of the Word. The man of God is called to the aid of the afflicted, and he must drop the beam of Gladness into the heart, and point to the great Physician. The superiority of private talk over the declamation of the pulpit is, that in such a case, it can be better directed. You have only the individual before you; you understand his case; he can tell you all his sorrows and all his wants. The preacher must always address a class; you have the man and the hour; and it is a glorious, golden opportunity to show your skill, to honor your God, to raise a friend from depression, and perhaps to save a soul from death.
For this office some good men have been eminently prepared by their own experience. Our sorrows are the monitors that prepare us eminently for the work of consolation. They will not allow us to be formal; they show us the unspeakable value of sincerity and truth.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Religious Conversation.

In religious conversation one of the most disagreeable parts is reproval. We are called upon by apostolic authority "to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." Here the good man has occasion for all his skill; he may bring the brim of the cup with a circle of honey, but he must not increase the sweetness till it destroys the force of his medicine. Yet there is a best way; there is a medium; there is a compound in which all the best ingredients meet. The fact that we are all sinners is a moment that we should look down on none. When Paul, who was a perfect gentleman, called the high-priest "a whited wall," there was a reason for his extraordinary severity. Generally, reproof must be tempered by moderation. It must come at the right time and the right place, or another apostle says: "And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." It is my happiness to know a man who is himself an example of the greatest skill in this line, and who has the highest power of conversation, who, on a certain occasion, exemplified all I mean. It was in former times, when we rode in stages, and the driver, who was a ferocious-looking fellow, was awfully provoked in his language, and our friend determined to get outside of the carriage, take part of the driver's seat, and administer to him a little friendly advice. He began by talking about his horse, which happened to be very fine ones; and our friend was no bad judge of horse-flesh. He inquired where they were raised, and how they were fed, and what was their price, and so proceeding from theme to theme, he won the fellow's esteem and confidence, till finally he touched on the subject of long-suffering and never lost sight of it. Our friend's habit to which our conversation might lead, the evils of the tongue. It was a most complete success. If it were merely fiction, I should say it was the means by which the man was converted to Christianity and never swore any more; and for aught I know it might be so; but I shall relate only what I know. The man received his admonition with apparent gratitude, and confessed the folly and sin of the practice; and our friend was rewarded at once with the pleasure of a free conversation, and the consciousness of having done a good deed. One of the most difficult tasks is administering consolation in scenes of deep distress. Nothing can be done at first. Grief must have time to exhaust its violence before the hour of help can come. The silence of a tear is better than the wisdom of any words. There is force in the example of Job's friends—however uncharitable they were afterward—when they sat down with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was great. Job ii. 13.—But the calmer hour will come. As in a heated and laborious day to the most busy laborer who tills the soil, the descending sun brings the twilight, the hour of rest, but not of sleep—the sweet interval when neither noontide toil nor midnight rest exercises or stupefies us; so in calamity comes the time of reflection; then the mind is attentive and the heart is tender; then the condition of the sufferer gives meaning to the provision of the Gospel, and the mind can reach to the consolation of the Word. The man of God is called to the aid of the afflicted, and he must drop the beam of Gladness into the heart, and point to the great Physician. The superiority of private talk over the declamation of the pulpit is, that in such a case, it can be better directed. You have only the individual before you; you understand his case; he can tell you all his sorrows and all his wants. The preacher must always address a class; you have the man and the hour; and it is a glorious, golden opportunity to show your skill, to honor your God, to raise a friend from depression, and perhaps to save a soul from death.
For this office some good men have been eminently prepared by their own experience. Our sorrows are the monitors that prepare us eminently for the work of consolation. They will not allow us to be formal; they show us the unspeakable value of sincerity and truth.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Religious Conversation.

In religious conversation one of the most disagreeable parts is reproval. We are called upon by apostolic authority "to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." Here the good man has occasion for all his skill; he may bring the brim of the cup with a circle of honey, but he must not increase the sweetness till it destroys the force of his medicine. Yet there is a best way; there is a medium; there is a compound in which all the best ingredients meet. The fact that we are all sinners is a moment that we should look down on none. When Paul, who was a perfect gentleman, called the high-priest "a whited wall," there was a reason for his extraordinary severity. Generally, reproof must be tempered by moderation. It must come at the right time and the right place, or another apostle says: "And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." It is my happiness to know a man who is himself an example of the greatest skill in this line, and who has the highest power of conversation, who, on a certain occasion, exemplified all I mean. It was in former times, when we rode in stages, and the driver, who was a ferocious-looking fellow, was awfully provoked in his language, and our friend determined to get outside of the carriage, take part of the driver's seat, and administer to him a little friendly advice. He began by talking about his horse, which happened to be very fine ones; and our friend was no bad judge of horse-flesh. He inquired where they were raised, and how they were fed, and what was their price, and so proceeding from theme to theme, he won the fellow's esteem and confidence, till finally he touched on the subject of long-suffering and never lost sight of it. Our friend's habit to which our conversation might lead, the evils of the tongue. It was a most complete success. If it were merely fiction, I should say it was the means by which the man was converted to Christianity and never swore any more; and for aught I know it might be so; but I shall relate only what I know. The man received his admonition with apparent gratitude, and confessed the folly and sin of the practice; and our friend was rewarded at once with the pleasure of a free conversation, and the consciousness of having done a good deed. One of the most difficult tasks is administering consolation in scenes of deep distress. Nothing can be done at first. Grief must have time to exhaust its violence before the hour of help can come. The silence of a tear is better than the wisdom of any words. There is force in the example of Job's friends—however uncharitable they were afterward—when they sat down with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was great. Job ii. 13.—But the calmer hour will come. As in a heated and laborious day to the most busy laborer who tills the soil, the descending sun brings the twilight, the hour of rest, but not of sleep—the sweet interval when neither noontide toil nor midnight rest exercises or stupefies us; so in calamity comes the time of reflection; then the mind is attentive and the heart is tender; then the condition of the sufferer gives meaning to the provision of the Gospel, and the mind can reach to the consolation of the Word. The man of God is called to the aid of the afflicted, and he must drop the beam of Gladness into the heart, and point to the great Physician. The superiority of private talk over the declamation of the pulpit is, that in such a case, it can be better directed. You have only the individual before you; you understand his case; he can tell you all his sorrows and all his wants. The preacher must always address a class; you have the man and the hour; and it is a glorious, golden opportunity to show your skill, to honor your God, to raise a friend from depression, and perhaps to save a soul from death.
For this office some good men have been eminently prepared by their own experience. Our sorrows are the monitors that prepare us eminently for the work of consolation. They will not allow us to be formal; they show us the unspeakable value of sincerity and truth.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Religious Conversation.

In religious conversation one of the most disagreeable parts is reproval. We are called upon by apostolic authority "to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." Here the good man has occasion for all his skill; he may bring the brim of the cup with a circle of honey, but he must not increase the sweetness till it destroys the force of his medicine. Yet there is a best way; there is a medium; there is a compound in which all the best ingredients meet. The fact that we are all sinners is a moment that we should look down on none. When Paul, who was a perfect gentleman, called the high-priest "a whited wall," there was a reason for his extraordinary severity. Generally, reproof must be tempered by moderation. It must come at the right time and the right place, or another apostle says: "And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." It is my happiness to know a man who is himself an example of the greatest skill in this line, and who has the highest power of conversation, who, on a certain occasion, exemplified all I mean. It was in former times, when we rode in stages, and the driver, who was a ferocious-looking fellow, was awfully provoked in his language, and our friend determined to get outside of the carriage, take part of the driver's seat, and administer to him a little friendly advice. He began by talking about his horse, which happened to be very fine ones; and our friend was no bad judge of horse-flesh. He inquired where they were raised, and how they were fed, and what was their price, and so proceeding from theme to theme, he won the fellow's esteem and confidence, till finally he touched on the subject of long-suffering and never lost sight of it. Our friend's habit to which our conversation might lead, the evils of the tongue. It was a most complete success. If it were merely fiction, I should say it was the means by which the man was converted to Christianity and never swore any more; and for aught I know it might be so; but I shall relate only what I know. The man received his admonition with apparent gratitude, and confessed the folly and sin of the practice; and our friend was rewarded at once with the pleasure of a free conversation, and the consciousness of having done a good deed. One of the most difficult tasks is administering consolation in scenes of deep distress. Nothing can be done at first. Grief must have time to exhaust its violence before the hour of help can come. The silence of a tear is better than the wisdom of any words. There is force in the example of Job's friends—however uncharitable they were afterward—when they sat down with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was great. Job ii. 13.—But the calmer hour will come. As in a heated and laborious day to the most busy laborer who tills the soil, the descending sun brings the twilight, the hour of rest, but not of sleep—the sweet interval when neither noontide toil nor midnight rest exercises or stupefies us; so in calamity comes the time of reflection; then the mind is attentive and the heart is tender; then the condition of the sufferer gives meaning to the provision of the Gospel, and the mind can reach to the consolation of the Word. The man of God is called to the aid of the afflicted, and he must drop the beam of Gladness into the heart, and point to the great Physician. The superiority of private talk over the declamation of the pulpit is, that in such a case, it can be better directed. You have only the individual before you; you understand his case; he can tell you all his sorrows and all his wants. The preacher must always address a class; you have the man and the hour; and it is a glorious, golden opportunity to show your skill, to honor your God, to raise a friend from depression, and perhaps to save a soul from death.
For this office some good men have been eminently prepared by their own experience. Our sorrows are the monitors that prepare us eminently for the work of consolation. They will not allow us to be formal; they show us the unspeakable value of sincerity and truth.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Religious Conversation.

In religious conversation one of the most disagreeable parts is reproval. We are called upon by apostolic authority "to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." Here the good man has occasion for all his skill; he may bring the brim of the cup with a circle of honey, but he must not increase the sweetness till it destroys the force of his medicine. Yet there is a best way; there is a medium; there is a compound in which all the best ingredients meet. The fact that we are all sinners is a moment that we should look down on none. When Paul, who was a perfect gentleman, called the high-priest "a whited wall," there was a reason for his extraordinary severity. Generally, reproof must be tempered by moderation. It must come at the right time and the right place, or another apostle says: "And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." It is my happiness to know a man who is himself an example of the greatest skill in this line, and who has the highest power of conversation, who, on a certain occasion, exemplified all I mean. It was in former times, when we rode in stages, and the driver, who was a ferocious-looking fellow, was awfully provoked in his language, and our friend determined to get outside of the carriage, take part of the driver's seat, and administer to him a little friendly advice. He began by talking about his horse, which happened to be very fine ones; and our friend was no bad judge of horse-flesh. He inquired where they were raised, and how they were fed, and what was their price, and so proceeding from theme to theme, he won the fellow's esteem and confidence, till finally he touched on the subject of long-suffering and never lost sight of it. Our friend's habit to which our conversation might lead, the evils of the tongue. It was a most complete success. If it were merely fiction, I should say it was the means by which the man was converted to Christianity and never swore any more; and for aught I know it might be so; but I shall relate only what I know. The man received his admonition with apparent gratitude, and confessed the folly and sin of the practice; and our friend was rewarded at once with the pleasure of a free conversation, and the consciousness of having done a good deed. One of the most difficult tasks is administering consolation in scenes of deep distress. Nothing can be done at first. Grief must have time to exhaust its violence before the hour of help can come. The silence of a tear is better than the wisdom of any words. There is force in the example of Job's friends—however uncharitable they were afterward—when they sat down with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was great. Job ii. 13.—But the calmer hour will come. As in a heated and laborious day to the most busy laborer who tills the soil, the descending sun brings the twilight, the hour of rest, but not of sleep—the sweet interval when neither noontide toil nor midnight rest exercises or stupefies us; so in calamity comes the time of reflection; then the mind is attentive and the heart is tender; then the condition of the sufferer gives meaning to the provision of the Gospel, and the mind can reach to the consolation of the Word. The man of God is called to the aid of the afflicted, and he must drop the beam of Gladness into the heart, and point to the great Physician. The superiority of private talk over the declamation of the pulpit is, that in such a case, it can be better directed. You have only the individual before you; you understand his case; he can tell you all his sorrows and all his wants. The preacher must always address a class; you have the man and the hour; and it is a glorious, golden opportunity to show your skill, to honor your God, to raise a friend from depression, and perhaps to save a soul from death.
For this office some good men have been eminently prepared by their own experience. Our sorrows are the monitors that prepare us eminently for the work of consolation. They will not allow us to be formal; they show us the unspeakable value of sincerity and truth.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Religious Conversation.

In religious conversation one of the most disagreeable parts is reproval. We are called upon by apostolic authority "to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." Here the good man has occasion for all his skill; he may bring the brim of the cup with a circle of honey, but he must not increase the sweetness till it destroys the force of his medicine. Yet there is a best way; there is a medium; there is a compound in which all the best ingredients meet. The fact that we are all sinners is a moment that we should look down on none. When Paul, who was a perfect gentleman, called the high-priest "a whited wall," there was a reason for his extraordinary severity. Generally, reproof must be tempered by moderation. It must come at the right time and the right place, or another apostle says: "And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." It is my happiness to know a man who is himself an example of the greatest skill in this line, and who has the highest power of conversation, who, on a certain occasion, exemplified all I mean. It was in former times, when we rode in stages, and the driver, who was a ferocious-looking fellow, was awfully provoked in his language, and our friend determined to get outside of the carriage, take part of the driver's seat, and administer to him a little friendly advice. He began by talking about his horse, which happened to be very fine ones; and our friend was no bad judge of horse-flesh. He inquired where they were raised, and how they were fed, and what was their price, and so proceeding from theme to theme, he won the fellow's esteem and confidence, till finally he touched on the subject of long-suffering and never lost sight of it. Our friend's habit to which our conversation might lead, the evils of the tongue. It was a most complete success. If it were merely fiction, I should say it was the means by which the man was converted to Christianity and never swore any more; and for aught I know it might be so; but I shall relate only what I know. The man received his admonition with apparent gratitude, and confessed the folly and sin of the practice; and our friend was rewarded at once with the pleasure of a free conversation, and the consciousness of having done a good deed. One of the most difficult tasks is administering consolation in scenes of deep distress. Nothing can be done at first. Grief must have time to exhaust its violence before the hour of help can come. The silence of a tear is better than the wisdom of any words. There is force in the example of Job's friends—however uncharitable they were afterward—when they sat down with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was great. Job ii. 13.—But the calmer hour will come. As in a heated and laborious day to the most busy laborer who tills the soil, the descending sun brings the twilight, the hour of rest, but not of sleep—the sweet interval when neither noontide toil nor midnight rest exercises or stupefies us; so in calamity comes the time of reflection; then the mind is attentive and the heart is tender; then the condition of the sufferer gives meaning to the provision of the Gospel, and the mind can reach to the consolation of the Word. The man of God is called to the aid of the afflicted, and he must drop the beam of Gladness into the heart, and point to the great Physician. The superiority of private talk over the declamation of the pulpit is, that in such a case, it can be better directed. You have only the individual before you; you understand his case; he can tell you all his sorrows and all his wants. The preacher must always address a class; you have the man and the hour; and it is a glorious, golden opportunity to show your skill, to honor your God, to raise a friend from depression, and perhaps to save a soul from death.
For this office some good men have been eminently prepared by their own experience. Our sorrows are the monitors that prepare us eminently for the work of consolation. They will not allow us to be formal; they show us the unspeakable value of sincerity and truth.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Religious Conversation.

In religious conversation one of the most disagreeable parts is reproval. We are called upon by apostolic authority "to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." Here the good man has occasion for all his skill; he may bring the brim of the cup with a circle of honey, but he must not increase the sweetness till it destroys the force of his medicine. Yet there is a best way; there is a medium; there is a compound in which all the best ingredients meet. The fact that we are all sinners is a moment that we should look down on none. When Paul, who was a perfect gentleman, called the high-priest "a whited wall," there was a reason for his extraordinary severity. Generally, reproof must be tempered by moderation. It must come at the right time and the right place, or another apostle says: "And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." It is my happiness to know a man who is himself an example of the greatest skill in this line, and who has the highest power of conversation, who, on a certain occasion, exemplified all I mean. It was in former times, when we rode in stages, and the driver, who was a ferocious-looking fellow, was awfully provoked in his language, and our friend determined to get outside of the carriage, take part of the driver's seat, and administer to him a little friendly advice. He began by talking about his horse, which happened to be very fine ones; and our friend was no bad judge of horse-flesh. He inquired where they were raised, and how they were fed, and what was their price, and so proceeding from theme to theme, he won the fellow's esteem and confidence, till finally he touched on the subject of long-suffering and never lost sight of it. Our friend's habit to which our conversation might lead, the evils of the tongue. It was a most complete success. If it were merely fiction, I should say it was the means by which the man was converted to Christianity and never swore any more; and for aught I know it might be so; but I shall relate only what I know. The man received his admonition with apparent gratitude, and confessed the folly and sin of the practice; and our friend was rewarded at once with the pleasure of a free conversation, and the consciousness of having done a good deed. One of the most difficult tasks is administering consolation in scenes of deep distress. Nothing can be done at first. Grief must have time to exhaust its violence before the hour of help can come. The silence of a tear is better than the wisdom of any words. There is force in the example of Job's friends—however uncharitable they were afterward—when they sat down with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was great. Job ii. 13.—But the calmer hour will come. As in a heated and laborious day to the most busy laborer who tills the soil, the descending sun brings the twilight, the hour of rest, but not of sleep—the sweet interval when neither noontide toil nor midnight rest exercises or stupefies us; so in calamity comes the time of reflection; then the mind is attentive and the heart is tender; then the condition of the sufferer gives meaning to the provision of the Gospel, and the mind can reach to the consolation of the Word. The man of God is called to the aid of the afflicted, and he must drop the beam of Gladness into the heart, and point to the great Physician. The superiority of private talk over the declamation of the pulpit is, that in such a case, it can be better directed. You have only the individual before you; you understand his case; he can tell you all his sorrows and all his wants. The preacher must always address a class; you have the man and the hour; and it is a glorious, golden opportunity to show your skill, to honor your God, to raise a friend from depression, and perhaps to save a soul from death.
For this office some good men have been eminently prepared by their own experience. Our sorrows are the monitors that prepare us eminently for the work of consolation. They will not allow us to be formal; they show us the unspeakable value of sincerity and truth.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Religious Conversation.

In religious conversation one of the most disagreeable parts is reproval. We are called upon by apostolic authority "to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." Here the good man has occasion for all his skill; he may bring the brim of the cup with a circle of honey, but he must not increase the sweetness till it destroys the force of his medicine. Yet there is a best way; there is a medium; there is a compound in which all the best ingredients meet. The fact that we are all sinners is a moment that we should look down on none. When Paul, who was a perfect gentleman, called the high-priest "a whited wall," there was a reason for his extraordinary severity. Generally, reproof must be tempered by moderation. It must come at the right time and the right place, or another apostle says: "And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." It is my happiness to know a man who is himself an example of the greatest skill in this line, and who has the highest power of conversation, who, on a certain occasion, exemplified all I mean. It was in former times, when we rode in stages, and the driver, who was a ferocious-looking fellow, was awfully provoked in his language, and our friend determined to get outside of the carriage, take part of the driver's seat, and administer to him a little friendly advice. He began by talking about his horse, which happened to be very fine ones; and our friend was no bad judge of horse-flesh. He inquired where they were raised, and how they were fed, and what was their price, and so proceeding from theme to theme, he won the fellow's esteem and confidence, till finally he touched on the subject of long-suffering and never lost sight of it. Our friend's habit to which our conversation might lead, the evils of the tongue. It was a most complete success. If it were merely fiction, I should say it was the means by which the man was converted to Christianity and never swore any more; and for aught I know it might be so; but I shall relate only what I know. The man received his admonition with apparent gratitude, and confessed the folly and sin of the practice; and our friend was rewarded at once with the pleasure of a free conversation, and the consciousness of having done a good deed. One of the most difficult tasks is administering consolation in scenes of deep distress. Nothing can be done at first. Grief must have time to exhaust its violence before the hour of help can come. The silence of a tear is better than the wisdom of any words. There is force in the example of Job's friends—however uncharitable they were afterward—when they sat down with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spoke a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was great. Job ii. 13.—But the calmer hour will come. As in a heated and laborious day to the most busy laborer who tills the soil, the descending sun brings the twilight, the hour of rest, but not of sleep—the sweet interval when neither noontide toil nor midnight rest exercises or stupefies us; so in calamity comes the time of reflection; then the mind is attentive and the heart is tender; then the condition of the sufferer gives meaning to the provision of the Gospel, and the mind can reach to the consolation of the Word. The man of God is called to the aid of the afflicted, and he must drop the beam of Gladness into the heart, and point to the great Physician. The superiority of private talk over the declamation of the pulpit is, that in such a case, it can be better directed. You have only the individual before you; you understand his case; he can tell you all his sorrows and all his wants. The preacher must always address a class; you have the man and the hour; and it is a glorious, golden opportunity to show your skill, to honor your God, to raise a friend from depression, and perhaps to save a soul from death.
For this office some good men have been eminently prepared by their own experience. Our sorrows are the monitors that prepare us eminently for the work of consolation. They will not allow us to be formal; they show us the unspeakable value of sincerity and truth.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

Religious Conversation.

In religious conversation one of the most disagreeable parts is reproval. We are called upon by apostolic authority "to reprove, rebuke, and exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." Here the good man has occasion for all his skill; he may bring the brim of the cup with a circle of honey, but he must not increase the sweetness till it destroys the force of his medicine. Yet there is a best way; there is a medium; there is a compound in which all the best ingredients meet. The fact that we are all sinners is a moment that we should look down on none. When Paul, who was a perfect gentleman, called the high-priest "a whited wall," there was a reason for his extraordinary severity

