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For the Provincial Wesleyan. NOTICE OF REV. N. D. GEORGE'S BOOK. "ANNIHILATION NOT OF THE BIBLE." NO. 3.

It is not necessary to state here all the particulars in which the soul of man is the "image of God." One feature of the resemblance is immortality. There can be no doubt of this; the plain and obvious meaning of the Scriptures is the proper one. The Saviour says "These (the wicked) shall go away into everlasting life." The quotation varies a little from the original version. We have made the same adjective in italics in order to qualify the "life" and the "punishment." But, says the annihilatorist, this everlasting punishment is annihilation. We reply how can that punishment which terminates in a short time be everlasting? The man is annihilated; he does not exist; he is as though he had never been. What then is punished? Nothing, for nothing exists. Ah! "but it is everlasting, because, its consequences are everlasting." By this sophistry we can with equal truth show that the righteous are to be annihilated, that there is no immortality for them, that their life is everlasting only because its consequences are so. Besides, the punishment in the case of annihilation must be the same for all the wicked, whereas Christ speaks of different degrees of punishment, as for instance when he says to the Pharisees, "Ye shall receive the greater damnation."

What kind of punishment annihilation is, either in itself or its consequences, may be judged from the opinions of a French materialist, named Lacaze, who when condemned to death for murder, "gravelly told the court that he had made a sort of algebraic equation between the advantages and the dangers of crime. It is annihilating, he, that by killing others I expose myself to perish on the scaffold: But what is the punishment of the scaffold? It is a momentary pain, and then comes annihilation. I foresee what has overtaken me; but meanwhile I have enjoyed the fruit of my immortality: the pain of death does not last. I made a good calculation. Since I have fallen into your hands I am content, and I am yours: you are my enemies and I am yours; we shall be even. I do not at all regret having killed several persons to seize what belonged to them. I would do it again if I could." Thus spoke Lacaze in his famous trial.

We will now present a few instances of the circumlocutions as quoted by our author, to which annihilatorists are obliged to resort in their interpretation of the Scriptures. "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit." The Acts of 7 says, "We have already shown that the righteous have an undying spirit, that at death returns to God who gave it. If they are Christ's, they have his spirit." But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, said, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." Mr. George replies very correctly, "Thus Stephen is made to say, 'Lord Jesus receive my Holy Ghost.' Seeing this was so glaringly false that it would not kill the text, Mr. Campbell backs straight out of it and tries again. Hear him: "But, upon our examination of the text, it does not appear that he prayed to the Lord to receive it." Well, what twist next to writing off the neck of truth? Why, it was not Stephen who said "Lord Jesus receive my spirit," but the Jews. We leave Mr. Campbell in the hands of the grammarian, and arraigned at the bar of the common sense of our readers, and pass on. Stephen is dying and commends his spirit to Christ. And David says, "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit," and the dying Saviour says, "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit." Let us ask, what does the word spirit mean in these texts. Does it mean life? This will not be pretended. Does it signify the Holy Ghost? We have already seen that this is absurd, that even Mr. Campbell does not give utterance to it. Does it mean breath? It cannot be supposed that either of them wished to commend to God the last portion of air they breathed. Does it mean animal life? Animal life, of course, exists no longer than the animal exists. Mr. Blair says, "When an ox or a man is dead, life is annihilated." It means then as all must see, the immortal soul, the conscious being of man.

"I knew a man in Christ about fourteen years ago, (whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell)." 2 Cor. xii. 2. "This passage is such a standing protest against the views of materialists, that but little is said about it by their leading writers; for even to call attention to it is an effort against themselves. Mr. Z. Campbell, who is a bold man, after quoting it ventures the following: 'Well, if he had could not tell whether the man was in the body or out, Mr. George cannot; hence he cannot tell whether the text proves the immortality of the soul or not, though we will let it pass.' In this way he slips over it, as if conscious to say more would weaken his cause." We may add, that a barefaced sophistry, what an ill-disguised attempt to get rid of the force of a passage which so distinctly implies Paul's belief in the possibility of the soul's conscious existence, either in the body or out of the body!

These illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. They show the weakness of the cause, and as it is to resort to such artifices. Yet there are persons who appear to think such quibbling is argument, and are highly satisfied if by any arbitrary wresting of a word or clause from its proper connection or by arbitrarily imposing upon it an unusual and fanciful construction of their own, they are able to gain a momentary triumph over those who have been accustomed to regard the obvious meaning of the Scriptures as the correct meaning, and to interpret well understood local phrases which they employ as they would be interpreted if found in any other book.

In these articles nothing at all has been said of what may be regarded by some persons as the stronghold of annihilatorism, namely in those texts in which "destruction" and "destruction" occur. Neither on the other hand, has reference been made to the texts which speak of the resurrection of

SHINE THROUGH.

When we are willing to show all the best things there are in us, and let somebody else have the glory, if there is any, we are prepared to live and go to school.

We meet some such people in places of trust and position, and some in the family circle.

I knew a noble man who from boyhood, by prayer and work, had built a character that a king might envy. He had learned to be unselfish; always brought home the first flowers, the first fruits, the best things to his wife and children. It anybody had his new garments it must not be. If anybody needed a rest in the summer by the seashore, he needed it last and least. He had no extra steps taken for him. With a finely cultivated mind, he was not unacquainted with the literature of the time.

Her father shines through her as she puts shoes on her poor children's feet, or leads weary ones to the shelter of a great rock in a weary land; as she goes without dinner, giving it to some hungry one, or without her sleep, watching beside somebody sick and homeless in a great Western city. Such a man has no lived in vain.

There are many such lives among women. Mary Lyon's example shines through hundreds of missionaries, teachers, wives and mothers. The wife of Lyman Beecher, the mother of the Wesleys, the three Judsons, Elizabeth Fry, and hosts of others, have been so luminous themselves, that their reflected light has been wonderful. Nobody can tell how many of our greatest men and women are but glowing the light of some soul, given in the right time and circumstances for their full development.

A woman in the southern part of our State has, by her suggestion, constant encouragement, and criticism, made her husband a most eloquent public man. The world does not know her good, but it is true.

A good minister shines through his congregation. You see it in their faces, in their conversation, in their deeds.

Make up your mind to make somebody better; to make somebody's life more a power because of you; to make somebody more genial, more noble, more consecrated to the great work of life, and God will see to it that your own light is not put out. If you want fame, riches, you will have them soon the less, perhaps the more; if you want to be known in the hereafter, whether you are now or not, shine through somebody.—Sarah Knowles Bolton, in *Christian at Work*.

TILL HE COME.

Oh! let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love
Enter to their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast.
All our life-long overcast
Is only—Till He come.

Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
Death and darkness and the tomb
Only whisper, "Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread!
Drink the wine and break the bread;
Sweet memories—till the Lord
Call us to his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—Till He come.

Bickersteth.

REVIVALS.

What are they, and how to promote them, are questions of ever present and vital interest. A revival of religion is indicated by an awakening of the Church more or less extensive as the case may be. It is not implied that all the Church is actively and vigorously engaged in Christian work, nor that half or even a quarter of the membership are thus engaged. It would certainly be a revival in many places if even so large a proportion as a quarter of the professors of religion were alive and active, but there may be a genuine revival when only a few, and a very few, are aroused to put forth unswerving exertions for the salvation of souls. Besides this it is always expected that in a revival sinners will be converted. So often has the trial been made, and so invariably have the unconverted saved, if only a half-dozen real Christians are revived and commence to labor with new-found faith, and zeal, and hence the conversion of sinners is considered more than a mere concomitant of a revival; it is a part of every real work of grace by which the cause of the Redeemer is carried forward on the earth.

Time and place and a multitude of circumstances must decide to a great degree as to the best methods to promote revivals. There can be no doubt that the most excellent way would be for every Christian to carefully examine his state and condition before God, and, finding anything in his heart or life contrary to the divine will, to seek for a complete reformation, and a new and more blessed experience of salvation. That is what ought to be done, and then there may be living in any other state the full enjoyment of the saving grace of God. There is in this respect a terrible responsibility resting upon the Church. It might seem as though there must be a ceaseless agony of soul, on the part of believers, to be all that grace can make them, to prepare them to discharge the obligations under which they are placed.

If such an experience as we have supposed could be realized, then it is evident that the life would abound with continuous and well directed efforts to lead men to Christ. Personal persuasion would characterize the contact of the saint and sinner. Loving, tearful entreaty would often fall upon the listening ear of the hardened. The Holy Spirit, would be wisely employed to alarm and attract the careless. But after all the constant prayer of faith would ascend for the promised gift of the Spirit to convince and convict and enlighten; the conditions upon which the promise rests would be complied with, and faith would demand with holy boldness the Almighty assistance without which all human efforts are in vain.

But how shall the church be brought into such a condition of interest and labor? One, two, possibly nearly three years of toil have been expended by the preacher, and the church is about where he found it.—In life, feeble faith, desultory.

There is no reason why there should be so long a time as there has been, for the revival. There is no reason why there may not be an immediate and wide-spread reformation. Perhaps it will be thought about, if the preacher humbles himself before God, and renews his consecration, and preaches for immediate results, and redoubles his efforts in pastoral work. Perhaps the end will be gained if a day of fasting and prayer be appointed and the church get down very low at the foot of the cross, and all hearts be melted through love, and in answer to prayer the spirit of love is rolled upon my soul.

Perhaps revivals will be promoted if a protracted meeting be held, and only home talent employed, or neighboring ministers may be called in, or evangelists or praying hands from other churches may be sent for. All these methods and means have been employed with greater or less success. If one instrument fails or is out of reach, try another. At all events, be resolved there shall be a revival, and use every divinely honored means to secure it.

A million souls ought to be converted through the influence of the Methodist Church before the opening buds of the next spring; they may be if ministers and people will do their duty.

W. E. M.

PEOPLE WHOM I HAVE SEEN.

A driving snow storm this! How the wind howls and shrieks around the houses! How fast and thick fall the feathery flakes! God help the poor!

I turned from the window, and sat down to a new book, prepared to enjoy the brief hours of a winter afternoon to the utmost. But somehow the enjoyment failed to come. Up from the printed pages a group of faces looked wistfully into mine—hungry faces with lean cheeks and hollow eyes; weary faces; bearing the traces of hard and ill-regulated labor; sorrowful faces, out of which all smiles had faded; despairing faces which had forgotten or were afraid to look up to the heavens; these, and also, most touching of all, patient faces of the poor members of my book, and seemed crowded back to me from their spivering lips my prayer—God pity the poor!

It is at once certainly was, and yet not quite ready to harken to the inward voice which bade me go forth and make good my petition, by doing what I could for their relief. It was so rough without—so bitterly cold, so—

"Ye old ladies!""Bridger's head, tucked inside the door waited an answer."

"I have not forgotten it, but it is so stormy I dislike to go out this afternoon."

"Indeed, think of the poor cold crumblers' mustn't starve, and 'tis meeself 'I'll go ma'am, though I've not told the clothes, nor—"

"Please put the broom in a tin pail, Brid-

ger, I interrupted thoroughly ashamed of myself, "and I will take it at once."

Fifteen minutes later I set forth and soon found myself at aunt Patty's door. The old lady sat crooning over her fire, with her knitting work in her hands. "Good afternoon, aunt Patty. How are you feeling today?"

"Miserable, miserable, ma'am, thank you. Didn't sleep a wink last night; wind a-blowing and a-thrashing the blinds—rain a-driving against the window close to the head of my bed, and such a pain right straight up the spine of my back! Seemed as though I should give up."

"You look pretty well this afternoon; and how pleasant your room is! You get a great deal of sunlight here."

"Well, when the sun shines, I have it in the afternoon, and part of the morning, but we don't seem to have any pleasant weather this winter. I never saw anything like it."

"We need the rain, I suppose, aunt—"

"Of course we do; but it's only drizzle, drizzle, drizzle. For I've got to have a snowing the well'll give out, I don't doubt, for the springs ain't a quarter full."

"I see you have had a present of a new shawl and cap. How pretty they are, aunt Patty!"

"I'm glad you like 'em, but I didn't need a shawl. I've got two a ready. I'd like it if it had been a gown; and as for the cap, I wish it had been a muftin furl instead of lace, and black strings instead of purple. I never did wear purple. But there, beggars must be choosers."

"What a comfortable fire you have, aunt Patty! Are you well provided with coal?"

"Well, I've got enough to last a couple of months unless we have a cold snap, and I expect we shall; but I don't know where the next is coming from, I'm sure."

"Take no thought for the morrow, aunt Patty."

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how I enjoyed them; the salt gave them such a relief!"

"And what will you have for your breakfast?"

"Why, bless my soul, I don't know, I don't know as far as that! I'm sure as far as something. The Lord takes care of me, and he never lets me go a-hungry—never."

"How have you been since I saw you last, Miss Anne?"

"Oh, happy, happy, my dear. I've my aches and pains as usual, but only enough for my good."

"Your room warm enough, Miss Anne? It is very cold weather, and with your dreadful rheumatism, and cough, I should think you ought to have more fire."

"Well, my dear, I manage to keep comfortable; you see I have a warm rock to my feet, but I want to be a little careful of my fire, because my coal is about out, and me other hasn't come yet. I've got on nice thick flannels that Mrs. Jewis was so kind as to send me, so I don't require quite as much heat in my room."

"Have you ordered more coal, Miss Anne?"

"I haven't exactly ordered it, my dear, but I've asked the Lord to send it, and he will. He never lets me get quite out."

"You won't be able to go to church much this winter, I suppose?"

"Well, no, unless some one takes me once in a while. Mr. Smith has come on purpose for me twice already, the Lord will reward him for it. But then, when I can't go, my dear, I feel as though I had my church right here in this room. I have some precious times with my Bible and hymn-book, and the Lord provides for me!"

"You have heard our new Minister? How do you like him?"

"Very much. He is just the kind of a preacher that we need, so plain and practical, and so earnest. We must pray hard for him, my dear."

"Has he called on you Miss Anne?"

"Not yet. I haven't expected him, for he has such a large parish, and so much to do, but I shall be glad to see him when he can come."

"I will ask him to call if you wish?"

"No, indeed. I wouldn't have you, my dear. He will come in good time, I know."

"Miss Anne, do you ever find anything to complain of?"

"Complain of! My dear, how could I, when my cup is running over with blessings! I don't think I am one of the happiest women in this town! I believe I have been one of the Lord's children for thirty years, and He has kept me walking in green pastures, and still waters, all the time!"

"But you have had sickness and pain to bear, and you have had—"

"Not that, interrupted Miss Anne, with a tender smile. "I have good hope that every one of us is safe in heaven, and that I shall soon be with them. The sickness and the pain don't hurt my soul; they only worry my poor body a little, but that is of no account, so long as I can hold fast to my Lord."

"But you are poor, Miss Anne?"

"Oh, no, no, my dear. I am rich! I have everything I need."

"And have you no anxious doubts or fears?"

"Never. I cannot think that after bringing me all this way on my journey, the Lord will leave me to suffer for anything that is needful. He has promised to keep his children to the end, and my dear, He always keeps his word."

And so I left her, with heaven's peace shining on her face, and heaven's peace in her soul, and went on my homeward way, buffeted by the storm, and pondering the lessons I had learned.—*Christian Union*.

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Fifteen minutes later I set forth and soon found myself at aunt Patty's door. The old lady sat crooning over her fire, with her knitting work in her hands. "Good afternoon, aunt Patty. How are you feeling today?"

"Miserable, miserable, ma'am, thank you. Didn't sleep a wink last night; wind a-blowing and a-thrashing the blinds—rain a-driving against the window close to the head of my bed, and such a pain right straight up the spine of my back! Seemed as though I should give up."

"You look pretty well this afternoon; and how pleasant your room is! You get a great deal of sunlight here."

"Well, when the sun shines, I have it in the afternoon, and part of the morning, but we don't seem to have any pleasant weather this winter. I never saw anything like it."

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