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Poetry.

BEGINNING AGAIN.

BY EMILY L. WHITING.

When, sometimes, our feet grow weary
On the rugged hills of life,
The path stretching long and dreary
With trial and labor rife.
We pause on the upward journey,
Glancing backward o'er valley and glen,
And sigh with an infinite longing
To return and "begin again."

For behind is the dew of the morning
With all its freshness and light,
And before our doubts and shadows
And the chill and gloom of the night;
And we think of the sunny places
We passed so carelessly then,
And we sigh: O Father permit us
To return and "begin again."

We think of the many dear ones,
Whose lives touched ours, at times,
Whose loving thoughts and smiles
Float back like vesper chimes,
And sadly remember burdens
We might have lightened then,
Ah, gladly would we ease them
Could we "begin again."

And yet, how vain the asking!
Life's duties press all of us on,
And who would shrink from the burden,
Or sigh for the sunlight that's gone?
And it may not be far on before us
Wait fairer places than them,
Our paths may yet lead by still waters,
Though we may not "begin again."

Yes, upward and onward forever
Be our path on the hills of life,
But ere long a radiant dawning
Will glorify trial and strife,
And our Father's hand will lead us
Tenderly upward then
In the joy and peace of the better world,
He'll let us "begin again."

Religious.

THE TWO TYNDALLS.

The patronymic of Tindal, Tyndale, or Tyndalls, first made famous in the world by the pioneer translator of the Bible into the English tongue, is revived again with much éclat in this nineteenth century by Prof. John Tyndall, LL. D., and F. R. S., whose lectures on science are of world-wide reputation. The first of these two eminent Tyndalls delved in the mine of Revelation, the other does so in the mine of Physical Knowledge. In some points of character they are alike; as in wealth of mental endowments, love of learning, vigor of resolution, and utter reserve in the utterance of their convictions. But as to their religious status, and in respect to all the cardinal tenets of our revealed faith, they are as far asunder as the Northern and Southern poles. William Tyndall spent his entire life in the toilsome, hazardous, but most noble work of filling England with the Bible. John Tyndall, on the other hand, is openly, and apparently with much zest, casting the great weight of his name and pen on the side of those engaged in the misanthropic work of emptying England of the Bible. In this thing, they are the antipodes of each other.

William Tyndall saw all man's best good, as well as England's highest glory, linked indissolubly with the Bible, and its spread among the people. And to one who said to him, "We had better be without God's laws than the Pope's," he indignantly replied, "I defy the Pope, and all his laws; and if God give me life, ere many years the plough-boys shall know more of the Scriptures than you do." With such a spirit, he could not long be hid from the persecution; and, in 1536, he became an exile from his native land, which he was never more to see. Basely entrapped, on the continent, he was imprisoned for two years, and then executed. His last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!"

In quaint verse he said of himself: "Though I am old, clothed in barbarous weeds,
Nothing garnished with gay eloquence,
Yet I tell the truth, if ye list to take heed,
Against their froward, furious, frenzy,

Which reckon it for a great heresy,
And unto lay people grievous outrage,
To have God's word in their native language."

And another quaintly wrote of him: "Rome thundered death, but Tyndall's eye
Looked in death's face and smiled, death standing by;
In spite of Rome, for England's faith he stood,
And in the flames he sealed it with his blood."

And he wrote home, that if the King would only suffer the circulation of the bare text of the Bible among the people, he would immediately repair to England, and their "offer his body to suffer what pains and tortures—yea, what death—his majesty would."

Now, turning again to John Tyndall though we may find him with a Bible in his house, or even in his hand, and hear of him possibly as a Church goer, yet, when he steps out of his way, as a scientific lecturer, to assault the whole theory of Scriptural miracles, and argues against prayer for any effect, or even in natural providence, as the baldest of scientific absurdities, he sets himself in deadly array against the Bible, and expends his might in weakening England's, and the world's, confidence in it. How gross is his ridicule of an Old Testament miracle in his saying, that, "the idea that the Builder and a Sstainer of all should contract Himself to a burning bush, or behave in other familiar ways, is astounding to the scientific man." And it is to the Bible that he refers when he speaks of the credulous prattle of the ancients about miracles." And in regard to prayer, his disbelief in it is none the less outspoken and decided. So that no one can adopt his tenets on these points, without an utter loss of all trust in the Bible as the revealed word of God to man, and a letting drop of the most distinctive belief and practices of a Christian life. John Tyndall laughs at the book of miracles, which William Tyndall spent his life in translating into English, that the ploughboys might read it; and pity the medieval ignorance of the man who prostrates himself before heaven in request, or thanks, for his daily bread, or who begs the life of a darling child in the grasp of the croup, or in the burning furnace of a fever. He grants that we may pray emotionally. By which he means, for the sake of the effect of the prayer upon our own feelings. But aside from that he seeks to explode the whole theory of it, as the blindest nonsense, an anachronism in an age like ours, and on its way to extinction. And he takes special pains to have these jeers of Christian truth and duty bound up in the same volume with his short lectures upon science; as if thereby the better to insure their calculation among the masses, and to gain an apparent endorsement of them from the very halls of science themselves.

Of such a course of conduct, whatever else we may say, this at least, is not invidious, that it is the very reverse of the animus and life of his famous namesake, William. The one aimed to get the Bible into England; the other seems to be aiming to get it out of England and the world. The one looked upon all nature, physical as well as spiritual, as the legitimate realm of God's constant work. The other takes all physical nature, at least, out of the hands of God's personal agency, and tries to tie it fast with the cord of fate, or enwraps it in the network of self-moved laws, energies, or forces.—REV. JOHN G. HALL, in the *Advance*.

PATRICK HENRY'S DEFENCE OF THE BAPTIST PREACHERS.

In the July *Atlantic* Mr. Parton illustrates a chapter of early history of Virginia by narrating the case of the three Baptist preachers who were arraigned as "disturbers of the peace" before magistrates who were determined to convict them. Patrick Henry rode fifty miles to defend them, and the following account is given of his performance—it was more than a speech—on that occasion.

He entered the court house while

the prosecuting attorney was reading the indictment. He was a stranger to most of the spectators, and, being dressed in the country manner, his entrance excited no remark. When the prosecutor had finished his brief opening, the new-comer took the indictment, and glancing at it with an expression of puzzled incredulity, began to speak in the tone of a man who has just heard something too astonishing for belief.

"May it please your worships, I think I heard read by the prosecutor, as I entered the house, the paper I now hold in my hand. If I have rightly understood, the king's attorney has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraigning and punishing, by imprisonment, these three inoffensive persons before the bar of this court, for a crime of great magnitude—as disturbers of the peace. May it please the court, what did I hear read? Did I hear it distinctly, or was it a mistake of my own? Did I hear an expression as of a crime, that these men, whom your worships are about to try for misdemeanors, are charged with—with—WITH WHAT?"

Having delivered these words in a halting broken manner, as if his mind was staggering under the weight of a monster idea, he lowered his voice to the lowest bass, and, assuming the profoundest solemnity of manner, answered his own question: "Preaching the gospel of the Son of God!" Then he paused. Every eye was now riveted upon him, and every eye intent; for all this was executed as a Kean or a Siddons would have performed it on the stage—eye, voice, attitude, gesture, all in accord to the utmost possibility of effect. Amid a silence that could be felt, he waved the indictment three times round his head as though still amazed, still unable to comprehend the charge.

Then he raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, and, with a tone of pathetic energy wholly indistinguishable, exclaimed, "Great God!"

At this point, such was the power of his delivery that the audience relieved the feelings by a burst of sighs and tears. The orator continued:

"May it please your worships, in a day like this, when truth is about to burst her fetters, when mankind are about to be aroused to claim their natural and alienable rights, when the yoke of oppression that has reached the wilderness of America, and the unnatural alliance of ecclesiastical and civil powers are about to be disavowed—at such a period, when liberty, liberty of conscience, is about to wake from her slumberings and inquire into the reason of such charges as I find exhibited here to day in this indictment." Here occurred another of his appalling pauses, during which he cast piercing looks at the judges, and at the clergy-men arraigned. Then resuming, he thrilled every hearer by his fortunate device of repetition: "If I'm not deceived—according to the contents of the paper I now hold in my hand—these men are accused for preaching the gospel of the Son of God!" He waved the document three times round his head, as though still lost in wonder, and then, with the same electric attitude of appeal to Heaven, he gasped "Great God!"

This was followed by another burst of feeling from the spectators; and again this master of effect plunged into the tide of his discourse:

"May it please your worships, there are periods in the history of man when corruption and depravity have so long deposed the human character, that man sinks under the weight of his oppressor's hand—becomes his servile, his abject slave. He bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despots; and in this state of servility, he receives the fetters of perpetual bondage. But may it please your worships, such a day has passed: From that period when our fathers left the land of their nativity for these American wilds, from the moment they placed their feet upon the American continent, from that moment despotism was crushed, and the fetters of dark-

ness were broken, and heaven decreed that man should be free, free to worship God according to the Bible. In vain were all their sufferings and bloodshed to subjugate the New World, if we, their offspring, must still be oppressed and persecuted. But, may it please your worships, permit me to inquire once more, for what are these men to be tried? This paper says, 'For preaching the gospel of the Saviour to Adam's fallen race?'"

Again he paused. For the third time he waved the indictment round his head; and then turning to the judges, looking them full in the face, exclaimed with the most impressive effect, "What laws have they violated?" The whole assembly was now painfully moved and excited. The presiding judge ended the scene by saying, "Sheriff, discharge these men."

INSTRUCTION OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

A Christian church is a church of Christians. Converted persons only are lawful members. It was a great calamity when this gospel rule was set aside. Infant baptism did the mischief. It led to infant membership, and the result was an unregenerate church. The error has cost centuries of delay in the world's conversion. This point must be guarded with care. True converts only should be admitted to church fellowship. Creeds and usages have been tests, but these alone are unscriptural and useless. A good creed does not ensure a pure life, but a new heart does. The essential thing is to be converted. Nothing else is essential. A church of real sons of God will bear good fruit. Mere theoretic Christians will work mischief, however excellent their creed. Conversion, then, should be the test of fellowship; "If children, then heirs." We are in much greater danger from receiving unregenerate persons than those who are ignorant or wrongfully instructed in the dogmas of religion. We may well be liberal on the dogmas, but should be exceedingly particular on the change of heart. The tendency is the other way. The churches are anxious to get members, and often wink at superficial experience. Many are more careful to secure loyalty to their sect than entire consecration to Christ. This works badly. The purity of the church depends upon ceaseless vigilance upon the point of conversion.

We have no reason to expect perfection in young church members. In the kingdom of grace, as in the kingdom of nature, we are all born infants and must grow and learn. The Scriptures everywhere imply the existence of ignorance, imperfection, and diversity of views among the saints. "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour," is the divine exhortation.

Instruction is a leading duty of Christian life. The ignorant must be educated, the weak strengthened, wrong notions corrected, and right ones imparted. It is a serious mistake to assume that persons once received to the church need no farther instruction in doctrine and duty. It is as reasonable to regard a student who is admitted to college, already prepared to graduate. Too little is made of this matter of instruction. Becoming a member of the church should be regarded as just the beginning of growth and progress in knowledge. It is too frequently treated as the completion. As a consequence, we have a great many ignorant Christians. The provisions for giving instruction are inadequate, and the efforts to gain knowledge exceedingly feeble. A church member who makes no progress should be charged with sin, and sharply rebuked, just as we would rebuke a pupil who made no progress in his studies.

Church members should feel themselves in school to learn the Scriptures. Ten years or more of study should make them masters of the sacred oracles,

and able to teach others also. Yet many who have been in the church twice ten years are babies in knowledge. Ministers are often responsible for this ignorance. They do not preach and expound the Word as they should. The older members are also at fault. They set a miserable example. No one would suspect that they were eager to increase in wisdom. They are not at all studious, and have need to be taught themselves the first principles of the Gospel, when they ought to be able to teach others. The atmosphere of the churches is not conducive to study and improvement. A feeling of content with attainments already made is far too general when there ought to be shame for the prevalent ignorance, and great hungerings for grace and knowledge. A church ought to be a Bible school, and the older the member the more should he know, and the stronger and better should he be.

Family reading is a valuable means of instruction. The pastor should see that all the members read the Bible at home, and have suitable religious books, and especially a religious paper. The weekly Christian journal has become a tremendous power for good. Its silent visits to a family bring thought, instruction, enterprise, zeal, to each member, infuse a healthy spirit into their everyday life, elevate them in purpose, plan, aspiration, hope and enjoyment. Next to the pulpit is the religious press as an educator. That church which puts a Christian paper into every family within its bounds, will be sure to prosper, because it will develop both intelligence and faith, and these will secure personal and financial support to the church. It would be an excellent investment who are unwilling or unable to pay for one. The ignorant would be elevated and made prosperous and the irreligious would be converted by a few years of such treatment. Light will cure both poverty and unbelief. People become stuffed with error because no one gives them the truth. A quiet, sprightly and entertaining visitor every week will do the work in time, and turn the prayerless to friends of Christ. The church must do more to instruct its members and the whole community than heretofore, by a vigorous use of every available means—the pulpit, the Sunday-school, the weekly paper, good books, and social intercourse. By this means the influence of Christianity will increase and the church prosper.

A CURE FOR SCANDAL.

RUTH would like to know what can be done to stop scandal in a church.

We suggest to her that cotton in both ears would prevent her hearing it, and the filling of her mouth all day long with the praises of God would render it impossible for her tongue to spread it. This would suffice for her personally. She, however, we suspect, rather wants us to suggest a remedy for a habit of scandal in others. Really we do not know of anything short of the grace of God. While hearts remain unrenewed, tongues will be full of bitterness; and in gracious people while corruption remains, there will be a measure of mouth disease too. Dogs delight to bark and bite, for't is their nature to." None can rule or tame human tongues except the Omnipotent himself. Solomon talked of hot coals of juniper, and such-like fiery remedies but we question whether they would be effectual even if they could be applied. One rule we endeavor to follow with regard to gossip, viz. let the thing die a natural death. If any one reports to us that there is a dirty pool near us, we go in another direction, but never dream of sitting down on its margin to take long sniffs, neither we do indulge the practice of stirring it, and poking a pole to the very bottom of it. We told a friend lately, who said that it was our duty to interpose in the squabbles of another church, that we did not carry a brush in our pocket to scrub all the pigs we met