

Religious Intelligencer.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

VOL. III.—NO. 35.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 139

How to find Happiness.

Jonathan Hardy was one day taking a walk in the country, feeling sad and dejected. His mind was ill at ease. He scarcely knew the cause, but he could not rally his spirits. As he went on, gloomy and depressed, he was overtaken by Sam Williams, whom he formerly knew, but had not seen for some time. Sam looked bright and happy, and spoke in such a cheerful tone that Jonathan felt rather surprised. After a little chat about the weather, the times, and so on, Jonathan said, "You seem very happy, Sam." "Yes," said Jonathan, "that's a fine thing." "I am," said Jonathan, "in times like these; but what makes you so happy?" "Well, you know," said Sam, "I used to be much as the rest of my class are, careless, thoughtless, and ignorant. But I often felt a craving in my mind for something I had not got. I was uneasy like. I didn't know what I wanted, but there was a kind of gnawing in my heart. By and by I got worse, and was very often gloomy, dispirited and unhappy. I became very irritable, and it was very difficult for any one to please me. I reflected on God for placing me in such circumstances. I looked on my employers and all above me in circumstances with envy, and thought it very bad that I was not as well off as they were. Why shouldn't I have a good business as well as Mr. Jones? And why shouldn't I have a large house and carriage as well as Squire Naylor? Many such thoughts ranked in my mind, until I was truly miserable. Unhappy myself, I could not bear to see others enjoying themselves. Well, one day, when I went home from work, I sat down in my chair, and there lay the Bible open on the table; I cast my eyes on it, and read that verse, 'Happy is the man that hath the God of Jacob for his help, and whose hope the Lord is.' The words 'Happy' was what struck my mind. There are some happy people there, thought I. I am thinking for a time, and then I sighed out, 'Oh, that I was happy! I wish I knew how to be happy!' I turned over the leaves of the Bible without reading, till at last my eye caught these words, 'Ask and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that knocketh, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

"I thought to myself, 'I wonder if this be true.' Something seemed to say, 'Try it, try it.' But thought I, 'How am I to try it?' Well, after a little consideration I thought, 'To ask is to pray, to seek must be to pray, and to knock must mean the same.' After a bit, I felt something working within me, and as it was, urging me to try. So at length I went up stairs, and after some struggling with my feelings, for I had not gone down upon my knees for many a long day, I knelt down and tried to pray. But my mind was all confusion, and I felt as if I had not a word to say. But I felt also as if I could not give up without trying, so I groaned out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' This seemed to give me a little relief, for by this time my heart was full, so I tried again, and cried, 'Lord I want to be happy! Lord make me happy! I have read in the Bible that there are some happy people, but I am miserable; I want something, Lord, but I don't know what—something to make me happy; Lord give me what I want, for Jesus sake!' I got up from my knees and went down stairs, but could not rest. My mind was now begun to stare me in the face. I thought over my past life, and it seemed as if all my past life was painted in a picture and placed before me. I couldn't help thinking of how I had spent my days, how I had neglected to read my Bible, how I had sometimes sworn, and cursed the company at the Black Horse. Then it came to my mind that I had lived without prayer, that I had forgotten God who made me, and was a great sinner before God. My mind now seemed to be like a heavy burden on my soul, pressing me down, and filling me with sorrow and trouble. I didn't know what to do. I used to go aside as often as I could, and down on my knees, and cry, 'Lord have mercy upon me! On God, pardon my sins, and save my guilty soul!' For the time I found no relief, but every thing seemed against me, and it got darker and darker, and something seemed to whisper, 'There is no hope, it is all over with you. You may just as well enjoy your sins as you used to do. God will never save such a wretch as you are. You will never be happy, either in this world or in that which is to come.' This made me almost desperate. But I could not give it up. I took to going to hear the gospel; but for a time it seemed to do me no good. I got worse and worse, and yet I could not keep away from it. The more I prayed, the more the burden of my sins pressed me down, and the harder my heart felt. I used to go out of an evening and wander about the lanes, crying and praying, but all to no purpose. But at length deliverance came. Our minister, one Sunday took this text, 'What shall I do to be saved? Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' As soon as he read the words I was all eyes and ears, hoping to catch something to suit my case; and a glorious time it was to me. He showed us that Jesus Christ left heaven and came to earth out of pure love on purpose to save sinners. That he can save any sinner, and that he will save everyone that is willing to be saved by him, and he does save every one that believes in him. That to believe in Christ was to receive his message, accept his invitation, and renouncing all others, place implicit confidence in him, and that then his obedience

was placed to our account to justify us, and that his death was reckoned as though we had died, and consequently we are saved. I saw for the first time how a sinner could be saved; I gladly accepted the proposal that Jesus Christ should save me; I cast myself into his arms to be saved by Him; and that moment I lost my burden, the darkness and confusion was banished from my mind, I felt peace,—more, I was happy. I did not feel that I wanted one thing more. Jesus seemed to be to have everything I needed or desired, and I felt an inward persuasion that Jesus Christ was mine. Oh, Jonathan, if you could but once feel what I felt, and enjoyed, you would then know what true happiness is, nor would you any longer wonder to see me look bright and happy. But I see I am at the end of my journey. One word before we part: I see you are not happy; but you may be. That Jesus who has saved me can save you, and He is willing to save you, as willing as He was to save me. Let me recommend you to apply to Him. You are not a greater sinner than I was, and if you were, that would be no objection, for Jesus 'is able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him.' Jonathan, give me your hand, and let me beseech you to give Jesus your heart; and if you feel sad, if you feel yourself a great sinner, remember, oh, remember, that I have told you that there is salvation and happiness for you in Jesus!"

Crooked Paths.

A brother at class-meeting, in illustrating his experience, mentioned the following simple incident connected with his youthful days. He says: "I was sent one morning across a field just after a light snow had fallen, and after walking a short distance I chanced to look back, and was surprised to see how crooked a path my tracks were making on the snow, and all my efforts to walk in a straighter line seemed unavailing. Presently my attention was attracted to a tree that stood just ahead, and by keeping that steadily in view, I found my path grew straighter; and when I again looked back, I was pleased to notice how straight a path my feet had formed."

While listening to this little incident the writer could not help but think how many men make crooked paths in their attempt to cross the great field of human life, with no well defined path marked out, and no prominent object in view.

The man who is aspiring to reach the golden mines of worldly wealth, and does not keep the object of his search continually before his mind, but allows his attention to be diverted by some passing pleasure, or steps aside to drink from some silvery stream, or seek some shorter road, will surely fail, and looking back will find that he has made a crooked path.

The anxious seeker after earthly honours and empty fame must keep the wished-for prize in view, and press steadily forward with a determination to surmount every obstacle, and permit no consideration, good or bad, to turn him from his course, or he will fall far short of reaching the point where all his hopes are central, and if he does not look back himself, the world in looking on will say that he has made a crooked path.

The man who has no wish for wealth or honor, only as the means of making the stream of life more smooth, but still is looking for happiness in the present life and has not fixed his affections on the only source from which true happiness has ever flowed, may run with eager chase after the flattering phantom of promised peace, and with childish glee grasp at the golden toys presented by the deceitful hand of unalloyed pleasure, and be left enchanted by the siren song of some false enjoyment, and succeed perhaps in gaining all the good that earth can give, and yet will find ere long that his life has run to waste, he has made a crooked path, and failed to reach the heaven of final happiness.

And so in all the varied pursuits of life, success depends upon keeping carefully in view the towering tree or overhanging cliff, that marks the spot where we may expect to find the object of our search.

Those that are seeking a "city that is out of sight," must keep the star of hope in view that guides them to its gate, or they will make a crooked path, and never reach the heavenly place.

The preacher that strives to please his people by endeavouring to conform to all their whims, and allows himself to be annoyed by the frown, or elated by the smile, of every would-be critic, or so far forgets the aim and object of his mission as to seek for personal popularity rather than the conversion of souls, will find when his conference year is ended that he has made a very crooked path.

The class-leader that indulges in a man-fearing or man-pleasing spirit, and refrains from reproving when circumstances require it, or advice when advice needed, making it his study to please the members of his class rather than God, and does not seek first to be himself made holy, and then use all his efforts to lead his class in wisdom's pleasant ways and peaceful paths, will find, that though he should become a popular leader, he has gained his popularity by sacrificing his own peace of mind, and has made a sadly crooked path.

The Christian in the more private walks of life who does not at all times watch and pray, looking forward to the prize which lies

at the end of the race, and upward to the source from whence all blessings flow, and by a firm reliance on the Founder of his faith, press forward toward the mark will find, when he takes a retrospective view of life, that he has made a crooked path.

We'll we ought to watch well our ways, and see to it that we are faithfully following in the straight and narrow road, the only one that leads to God; and then when life's brief day is past, and the dark shades of death surround us, we may safely take our flight into the spirit-world, with the assurance that we shall land on the fair field of Eden, where crooked paths are never known.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

You must meet God.

Reader, you must meet God! Are you ready? You may try to avoid Him while you live, but you must meet Him when you die. You must meet Him as you emerge from the dark valley and the swellings of Jordan! You will meet by His appointment, for 'it is appointed unto men once to die.' God knows the very day and hour. He has not told you no previous warning of His approach. This should rouse you to be ever in a state of preparation for this important event.

The mighty God who made us has determined to meet with men on the sombre banks of the dark, cold river. There He has met with all the generations of the past,—kings and queens, princes and warriors, statesmen and philosophers, the learned and the illiterate, rich and poor, masters and servants, ministers and people, teachers and scholars, parents and children, male and female, the Christian and the Christianless, have all met with Him there. 'Our fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live for ever?'

And mark it, my friend, you will not meet Jehovah as a mere unit in a crowd,—you will not meet Him unnoticed in the midst of the multitude that is thronging the thoroughfare of death. No! you must turn aside from all, and have a personal interview with the Almighty!

We have seen others, as they departed from the land of the living into the other world; but we were not permitted to look in after them, and ascertain the nature of that meeting; and as none has returned to acquaint us with solemnities of that interview, when we ourselves depart the whole experience will be new to us. My friend, when we consider that in a few years at the longest we must have a personal interview with the holy God, should it not stir us up to seek earnestly to become new creatures in Christ Jesus, and be arrayed in the garments of holiness, while we are still in the land of the living, and in the place of hope? Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Once more let me sound the warning in your ears,—*Prepare to meet thy God!*

The fallen Youth.

I went, a few weeks since, into a jail, to see a young man who was once a Sabbath-school scholar. The keeper took a large bunch of keys, and led us through the long, gloomy halls, unlocking one door after another, until at length he opened the door of the room where sat the young man we had come to see. The walls of the room were of coarse stone, the floor of thick plank, and before the windows were strong iron bars.

Without, all was beautiful: the green fields, the sweet flowers, and the singing birds, were as lovely as ever; but this young man could enjoy none of these,—no, never again could he go out, for he was condemned to death! Yes, he had killed a man, and now he himself must die. Think of it! only twenty years old,—and yet a murderer!

I sat down beside him, and talked with him. 'Oh,' said he, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'I did not mean to do it, but I was drunk; then I got angry, and before I knew what I was about, I killed him. Oh, if I had minded my mother, I should never have come to this!'

It would have made your heart ache, as it did mine, to see and talk with him. Once he was a happy, playful child like you; now he was a poor condemned wicked young man. He did not mind his mother, did not govern his temper, and as he grew older, he went with bad boys who taught him bad habits; and he became worse and worse, until, as he said, when drunk, in a moment of passion, he killed a man; and now, after a few weeks, he must suffer the dreadful penalty. As I left him, he said, 'Will you not pray for me?' and he added, 'Oh, tell boys everywhere to mind their mothers, and keep away from bad companions.'

The King and the Philosopher.

ASK LARGE OF GOD.

Alexander the Great was a famous, but indolgent philosopher in his court. This adept in science was once particularly straitened in his circumstances. To whom alone should he apply, but to his patron—the conqueror of the world? His request was no sooner made than granted. Alexander gave him a commission to receive of his treasurer whatever he wanted. He immediately demanded, in his sovereign's name, ten thousand pounds. The treasurer, surprised at so large a demand, refused to comply; but waited upon the king, and represented to him the affair, adding, withal, how unreasonable he thought the demand, and how exorbitant the sum. Alexander heard him with patience; but as soon as

he had ended his remonstrance, replied, 'Let the money be instantly paid. I am delighted with this philosopher's way of thinking; he has done me a singular honor; by the largeness of his request, he shows the high idea he has conceived, both of my superior wealth and my royal munificence.' Thus let us honor what the inspired penman styles the 'marvellous loving kindness of Jehovah.' 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?'

Influence of a Mother's Prayer.

In one of our transatlantic cities, it was my lot to become acquainted with one, who although of a fine and highly cultivated mind, was more noted for his strict morality and quiet, unobtrusive piety, than even for his mental qualifications. One evening speaking of a mother's influence, he remarked: 'I may say that I never knew a mother's love; and yet, I may say, under Providence, I thank my mother for having preserved me from many temptations.' I said, the remark seemed so singular, that it needed an explanation; to which he replied: 'I will tell you what I mean. I was deprived of my mother when very young—so young, that I retain a very dim recollection of her personal appearance; but I never have forgotten her, every morning and evening, she called me to her side, and after hearing me repeat my prayers, knelt and prayed for me, in simple yet earnest language, such as I could easily comprehend. She explained to me every petition in the Lord's prayer; and although I am more than thirty years old, every word of that explanation is as familiar to me as when I first heard it. I have been exposed to great temptation, much of which is only known to myself. Once I was led away by the eloquence of a popular speaker to the very verge of infidelity. Like most young men my Bible had been neglected; and I was from natural temperament, rather skeptical. The doctrines he inculcated were such as well suited the fallen and depraved appetites of man, and I was well nigh persuaded of their truth.'

After attending a lecture, where, with the most captivating eloquence, he had been attempting to prove, from the Bible itself, the many inconsistencies of its system of religion, I happened, in search of one of the passages he quoted, to see the Lord's prayer. Strange to say, my eye fell on the petition. 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,' and in a moment a tide of almost overwhelming recollections rushed upon me. I was in imagination again a little child; again kneeling by the side of my sainted mother, with my little hands clasped in hers, and her low, sweet voice was endeavoring to impress on my mind, that whatever evil thoughts entered my mind, I was to recall that sentence, and, with full faith in my heavenly Father, to breathe that simple prayer. The effect was electrical. In a moment I felt the specious arguments and well-tried sentences I had so long listened to with so much pleasure, were but dangerous sophistries. Nor was this all. From that time I was never on the eve of committing any sin, but that voice of melody would ring in my ears. And who could resist this appeal? I could not; and I soon sought, and I hope not without success, a deeper interest in his blood who died for sinners. I often tremble when I think of what I might have been, had I not been blessed with a praying mother.'

Mothers, teach your children to pray.

Correspondence.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12, 1856.

Mr. Editor:—At this season of the year the pulse of New York beats languid and feeble. During the month of August business of all kinds is nearly at a stand. The citizens disperse into the country, 'places of amusement' (a more appropriate name for theatres, &c.) would be 'haunts of temptation' are closed, lectures and all public gatherings, except for political purposes, are at a discount. Even a considerable proportion of the churches find it necessary to close their houses of worship, being convinced that they can on the whole accomplish more by suspending their public services and leaving their members to act separately as individuals, than by attempting to sustain meetings with the few that can be got together.

The letter part of July was remarkable for its intense heat—greater, taking into account the temperature of the nights, than is shown by the records for many years. One entire week averaged day and night 90°. The country at that time was parched with drought, and in the city the dust and extreme dryness of the air made each breath, like the sinews of the desert, less endurable than a calm. Notwithstanding this, the health of the city has been and still is good. As the yellow fever has been making its way northward for several years, it was feared that it might make its appearance in this city this summer. A most rigid system of quarantine has therefore been enforced upon all vessels coming from sickly or suspected ports. Several infected vessels have arrived at the quarantine ground, and a number of persons who were exposed to the infection have died from the fever, but no case has yet occurred in the city, and there is no reason to

doubt that with proper care we may escape this dreadful scourge of Southern cities. Since the commencement of August we have had frequent rain, the thermometer has ranged at lower figures and all has been quiet and cool except the fever of politics.

But though all else is quiet, politics and politicians may be reckoned at fever heat. The country seems to be passing through a crisis which has been approaching through several presidential terms, and in which decisions must be made, the effects of which will reach far into the unknown future. Several of our last presidential elections have appeared to be little more than contests between interested partisans for the honors and emoluments of office, and therefore comparatively little interest has been felt. More especially has this been the case with the numerous and increasing body of our citizens who have observed with regret the sins and inconsistencies of our government in relation to slavery. Though they have deeply felt the importance of removing this blot from our national character, so skillfully have affairs been managed by those who were interested in its continuance that they have been under the necessity of choosing between two candidates, both servile to the slave power, or casting their votes where they would produce no effect. But now the case is different. The recent aggressions of the slave power have awakened the people to a hopeful degree, and the contest is now to a considerable extent raised above mere partisan strife, and it is seen that the principles which lie at the foundation of our political and social system are in peril, and the highest moral questions are involved.

The question at issue is much the same as that in your recent election, though under a different name; indeed, it is the same contest that has been carried on in all ages and among all people, whether a few should rule the many and manage every thing for their own individual advantage, or whether all should have a share in the advantages of the social compact. In short, whether freedom or tyranny should prevail. Under a thousand different forms and names has this contest been carried on, yet always essentially the same, and causes similar to those which drove Israel to revolt against Rehoboam are now impelling the people of the United States to arise and throw off the fetters which have been forged for them by the present and preceding administrations.

What will be the result in this case I will not venture to predict. The spirit of the people seems considerably aroused, still there are many who will go to the polls without understanding the questions at issue. Many of our newspapers systematically suppress and prevent facts which the people ought to know, and multitudes, if they read at all, will only read that which tends to confirm their preconceived opinions. The influence, too, of men in power and old political leaders is great, our provincial elections show, and that influence here is brought to bear with all possible force to turn the scale in favor of slavery. Still there are favorable indications, and so far as the public sentiment can be ascertained the pulse of the Northern States beats generally for freedom. In a few of the States elections have recently been held, and the results testify that the people are in earnest. Even in Missouri, a slave State, and the home of the 'border ruffians,' one section is found (the St. Louis district) to rebuke their disgraceful acts by electing an anti-slavery member of Congress. Whatever may be the result of the present contest, we know that God rules, and that his purposes can never be thwarted, and we believe that either by the present destruction of this nation, or by its destruction he will carry forward his designs, one of which is to bring about the time when 'none shall hurt or destroy.'

S. S.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

Is Faith the gift of God?

'Hold fast the form of sound words.'—PETER. The infinite importance attached to the fundamental doctrine of justifying or saving faith, as an act of man, so clearly and fully taught in God's holy word, demands no ordinary degree of attention, and to denude it of its real weight, legitimate bearing, and sacred results, would be reprehensible in the last degree.

But to give an erroneous definition of an essential truth,—a truth involving the well-being of the human race, would jeopardize the spiritual and eternal interests of men, which cannot be done without a fearful amount of responsibility, in the sight of God and man. No prejudice of education, no adhesion to pre-conceived opinions, and no fear of the odium of being regarded as singular, should prevent a thorough and candid investigation of a doctrine fraught with so much importance, as the one under consideration;—inasmuch as it is the fulcrum on which the lever of eternal truth rests—the pivot on which the everlasting destinies of men turn.

The only feeling by which we are actuated in the free discussion of this subject, is that of pure, disinterested love for the truth of God, as revealed in his word; and the only object we have in view is to do good to the souls of men, by awakening attention to a theme so frequently mystified and so generally misunderstood. It is not our intention, at present, to decant upon the different kinds of faith treated of, by Theologians, some of which are only fanciful and far fetched, nor do we intend to dignitate in reference to the insubstantial of those doubtful distinctions, but only to

enumerate some of them. They are distinguished in the following manner, *natural faith, divine faith, historical faith, temporary faith, justifying or saving faith, faith of assurance, faith of assent, faith of miracles, faith in general &c., &c.* We have at present only to do with *justifying or saving faith*. This we have on a former occasion stated to be an act of man, and not a gift of God. We then assigned our reasons for the assertion, and brought evidence to prove the statement true, those reasons have not been met, nor the evidence refuted, and yet it is affirmed, 'faith is the gift of God.' It is not what Calvinistic writers of the past or present age, or any other writers may affirm; but it is what God says. 'Let us to the law and the testimony.' It has been stated by a late essayist that there is a 'law, called faith,' which 'is peculiar to the elect, and God is the giver of it.' The 2 Chap. and 8th verse of Paul's epistle to the Ephesians is quoted to prove the position; but with what effect we shall soon see. If by *law* is meant a canon or rule, by which men are to be governed then, no objection can be made as to its meaning; but if faith is meant, as the writer asserts, then we deny that God is the giver of it. God enacts laws and imposes them upon his creature men, and he has a sovereign right so to do, and they are bound to obey them; but faith, in the common and general acceptance of the word, is a very different thing from law. But this passage brought to prove that faith is the gift of God, has no weight, whatever. Salvation is the blessing said to be obtained—that is secured by grace or through the favour of God—that the instrument by which it is obtained is faith, *as contra-distinguished from works, (v. 9.)* It will be asked, if faith is not the gift of God, what is? We answer grace and salvation. Faith is the condition, and grace and salvation are God's gift. (See Matthew 11:16.)

We quote with very great pleasure the following extract from Dr. Clarke. Although it is somewhat lengthy, it is full of information, sound criticism, biblical truth, and very much to the point.

'But whether we are to understand *faith* or *salvation* as being the gift of God? The question is answered by the Greek text. (See the original) 'By this grace ye are saved through faith: and this (salvation) is the gift of God; it is the gift of God, not of works: so that no one can boast.' 'The salvation, *this*, which is the *under* grace, cannot stand for *faith*, which is the *inward*; but it has the whole sentence that goes before it for its antecedent.' But it may be asked, is not *faith* the gift of God? Yes, as to the grace by which it is produced: but the *grace* or *power* to believe, and the *act* of believing, are two things. Without the *grace* or *power* to believe no man ever did or can believe; but with that *power* the act of *faith* is man's own. God never believes for any man, no more than he repents for him: the penitent, through this grace enabling him, believes for himself; nor does he believe *necessarily* or *impulsively*, when he has that *power*: the power to believe may be present long before it is exercised, else why the solemn warnings with which we meet every where in the word of God; and threatening against those who do not believe? Is not this a proof that such persons have the *power*, but do not use it: they believe not, and therefore are not *saved*.—Thus, therefore, is the true state of the case; God gives the power man uses the power thus given, and brings glory to God; without the power, no man can believe: without it, any man may.—Dr. A. Clarke.

But our essayist informs us that, 'In the exercise of natural faith the soul is active but in the reception of saving faith the mind is passive—it is like an empty vessel, which can only contain what is put therein.'

This is a most extraordinary passage. The writer says 'in the exercise of natural faith the soul is active'—then it is an active living soul—living by faith; 'but in the reception (exercise) of saving faith the mind (or soul) is passive.'—It is acted upon, or receives an action, just as an empty bucket receives the water poured into it for safe keeping—the mind is empty, is passive, it only receives what is put into it. In the one case the mind is inactive, dead, dormant, in the other the soul is all action, all life and vigour. Give me *active* faith, the active soul, call it *natural faith*, or whatever else you please, instead of the inactive, passive dormant mind represented as the receptacle of saving faith. It would be very instructive, as well as interesting to know how saving faith is received. Justification and all other blessings are received by a thorough faith (Rom. 5: 1); but how faith is received is beyond comprehension. If the mind is like an empty vessel it may be filled. But then what is faith? Where is it to come from? and by what means can it be put into the mind? These questions are all unanswered. After all that has been said and written, faith is still an act of man, and not a gift of God. This is all that is contended for, we freely admit that the *grace* of faith, or the *power* to believe, is the gift of God but the use of that power, or the act of believing, is man's own (Rom. x: 10; Mark ix: 24).

In proof of the doctrine, that faith is the act of man, here advanced, we shall quote a few passages from the author already referred to above. 'Now it is evident that this act of saving faith must be accompanied by the knowledge of our ruin and misery.' The italics are our own. Faith is here called an act, all we contend for. 'To believe in Christ is to *see* to him, as the