

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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### THE HEART-STONE OF THE FAMILY THE CORNER-STONE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

If the home that is rich in love be rich in everything else, then the nation that is most distinguished for virtue is in most of the elements of strength, stability, and glory. The national virtue will always be found in proportion to the individual virtue. It is the excellencies which enter into the individual character that give to the family its attraction, and so it is the domestic virtues which give to the nation its distinction and pre-eminence. It is thus that the heart-stone of the family forms the corner-stone of the commonwealth. In the absence of this private and domestic virtue, the mightiest states and empires have for ever passed away. Where is the ancient Egypt, which has always been looked upon as the cradle of science and philosophy? Where are Babylon and Nineveh, and Tyre, those renowned seats of commerce and of wealth? Do not the waves of the sea now roll, or the plough-share now pass over the very sites where once stood those famous monuments of antiquity? Have not the States of Greece melted away like a moonbeam from the bosom of the lake? Has not Rome, with all her martial glory and imperial greatness, vanished from view like a vision of the morning; and if England's sun ever set, it can only be when England's homes and hearths shall have lost their sanctities and their sacredness. So long as our firesides are pure, and the home affections are kept in play, we predict for our fatherland a stability which nothing can disturb, and a glory which nothing can eclipse. Tyrannies may fall, crowns may be trodden in the dust, and nations may cease to exist, but England, like her own sea-girl, will, though lashed round and round with ocean's wave, see every successive billow form, and dash, and break in vain, and stand firm and unmoved, is destined long to survive the change and revolution, the decline and the decay incident to other States, and to stand out as "the first flower of the earth, and the first gem of the sea."

As the child is said to be father of the man, the principles of the man will determine the character of the subject and the citizen. Each member of the family is also a member of the State; and the State looks to him for the performance of certain duties. A bad son is not likely to make a good citizen; and, therefore, we repeat it with emphasis, that without virtue in her citizens no commonwealth can long exist. The nursery of this virtue is the family; and if it does not take root and grow here, it is in vain that we look for it in a riper manhood. Society being made up of families, it is by the strength of the domestic affections that its framework is upheld and preserved. It is the home love which nourishes the members of the family "in their childhood, which connects and cares for them in youth, and which, even after the perversion or the loss of their manhood, welcomes them back again to the fold of their nativity, and throws them as before on the yet unquenched and inexhaustible kindness of the parents who gave them birth." It is a fact which stands revealed in the light, that even in every-day life the devotedness of the parent to his children has equalled the sublimest heroism; and the child whose heart has no real appreciation of the domestic affections and ties, is cold, selfish, desolate, and void of all those deeper, purer sympathies which are the very soul and bond of social life. The man who does not cherish and exercise the feelings of a genuine love and kindness within the circle that gathers day by day around the domestic hearth, will be found but a sorry citizen, and a still more sorry patriot, and humanity will throw him from her bosom as unworthy of the name of man. Let us cling to home, even if that home should be the meanest shed to be found on England's broad and blooming acres;—let us cling to it while it yields us a hearth, and while around that hearth there is a heart that beats true to love. The mere material dwelling may be cheerless, but the home within may be sunny and happy; and there the heart may find a repose for which it seeks in vain in all the world beside.

Proofs of this are not wanting. There is, perhaps, the distinguished bookseller of Hamburg, in whose individual character and his history we have embodied the religious, the literary, and the political life of Germany during the last fifty years, and who was honoured with the confidence and friendship of her most illustrious men. This child of comparative poverty, and whose youth was passed in the midst of the most depressing influences, he gradually but effectively forced his way through manifold difficulties and discouragements, till he established himself in a first-class business as a publisher in the city of Hamburg, and drew around him the most distinguished men of his day. At the age of twenty-five he married a lady of superior rank, who made him an unexpectedly happy man. From the first hour of their acquaintance, she recognized what of worth there was in him, and she loved him; while he, on his part, soon perceived her love, and at once appreciated the true and noble nature, the lofty spirit, the life-likeness, the humility of heart, and the pure piety which afterwards constituted the happiness and blessing of his life. The life and the happiness of the one was bound up in the life and the happiness of the other. She wrote to him:—"When you are away, my beloved Peter, I feel quite lonely and forsaken; when you are not at my side to support me, I am a picture of grief!" In reply, he said:—"You—yes, you—my ever-youthful love, have given me a new life. While you are absent, all around me is cold and uninteresting; you alone give tone and colouring to everything. I did not know that my heart retained such feelings. I thought the first love had passed away; but, not ever since you were mine, the first-love is the first and never-ending."

When you are not here, I have no home—no place of rest."

As a group of little ones began to grow up around them their affection became each day stronger, and deeper, and purer. Their children were precious in their sight, and they loved them with a fondness not to be expressed. The heart of both was in their home—over that home they ever shed the sunshine of their own soul; and there they ever found fresh cause of joy and gratitude.

Perhaps had always encouraged a great amount of independence of thought, manner, and feeling in all his children, but especially in his sons; and when they became men, he entered into such free

and friendly relations with them, that on each side the very depths of the heart were unreservedly revealed. Even after a hard day's work, Peter would enter into a spirited conversation with all the ardour of youth, and would unconsciously excite each to exert to the utmost the faculties which he possessed. And as his children settled in life, did he make it his solemn and delightful duty to maintain with them a constant correspondence and intercourse.

Side by side with this Hamburg publisher would we place an English merchant, who rose from the lowest walks of life to the highest eminence of plain, bustling, downright man of business, who rose by sheer dint of application and effort, but who, with all his power of getting, was as apt to scatter as to increase, and who was not so absorbed in trade as never to have a spare thought or a spare moment for recreation, friendship, the interest of others, the culture of his mind, or the care of his soul; but who, while passionately earnest in business, had always a heart for his friend, a hand for the poor, an hour for good works, a relish for a book, and a lively solicitude for the things which never pass away. It would be instructive to speak of his love as a son and a brother; how, on more occasions than one, he gave all that he had to aid his parents, and never without an open and generous hand from them so long as they dwelt here below; it would be interesting to track his steps through all the struggles and difficulties of his youth till he found himself blessed with a happy fireside, a growing family, and a cheerful prospect in trade; to reveal how, as his own family increased, how as new circles, new acquaintances, and new honours came within his grasp, his heart opened more and more to those of his nearest kindred; how his friendship was so valued and enjoyed that there was no one in the wide circle of his acquaintance who did not feel that he had lived most happily because he had lived with him; how far more moment to make known how he ever sought to make his children happy at home, and how for this purpose he provided them with all means of innocent amusement; how from their earliest years he made them his counsellors and his confidants; and how, with their mother at his side, he would gather them around him, and take their advice on all matters affecting their common interest. In this there was true wisdom. Children so trained and treated step out on the great wide stage of the world prepared to perform well and faithfully their part as members of the great commonwealth. They reflect honour on their parents, gain renown for themselves, shed a lustre upon society, and prove themselves the strength and the stay of the State. It is for parents to provide such an education for their children at home as shall inspire them with the love of those virtues which give to manhood its greatest strength and to citizenship its brightest ornament; and it is for children to emulate the virtues of the good, and shrink not from the duties of the brave.

You see, my dear!—Much of the sunshine and much of the enjoyment of this earthly life depends on you. It is a thing possible for you to bind on that aged father's brow a wreath more precious to him than the diadem of many worlds; to make the heart of that widowed mother sing for joy; to outshine yourself for good in that lowly street, and there reign in the exercise of a power more than regal; to outshine yourself around that sister's affections with a closeness and a tenderness which no earthly words can express; to light up the whole social circle with the pure sunshine of your own soul, and shed over the friends group a glow and gladness which all will feel and value.

"In brief acquaint these heavenly play the man, look not on pleasures as they come, but go, defer not the least of his life's good quest. Make not an ill, by telling in thy way. If thou do it, the joy fades, not the pain."

It is a fact never to be overlooked, that when Catharine sought to undermine the liberties of Rome, he began by corrupting the morals of her young men. Never yield your hold of right principle, but keep your heart with all diligence. For no earthly consideration do you ever bend or bow, when you ought to stand erect. In the daily battle of life, quit you like men, and the shield of the cherubim will be over you. On you as husbands, fathers, and citizens, will come ere long the most solemn duties and responsibilities, while in sustaining the one, and in discharging the other, your principles will be put to the severest test. Let your character be above suspicion, and your conduct be free from hypocrisy and pretence. Be—do not seem to be. Never let appearance take the place of reality. Be true at home, and you will be true everywhere. Be men every whit in private, and you will be men every whit in public. Practice well and faithfully the domestic virtues, and then in all the relations and affinities of life, there will come into play those loftier principles and those wider charities which form the perfection and the ornament of the whole character.

In this enlarged circle of your acquaintance, remember there are few that you can take into the closest bonds of friendship. Friendship is one of the most sacred things on earth. We are told to write, that man is a marvel, whom in truth we can call a friend. He is one "to whom we may impart griefs, joys, hopes, fears, suspicions, counsels, or whatever lieth on the heart" either to oppress it or to fill it with the joy of a diviner gladness. He can be no friend whom I cannot take to the love and the confidence of my heart. But, while friendship may have its pleasures, home has its charms; and if the charms of home are sacrificed to the pleasures of friendship, a cloud will settle upon the soul, which will at length convert the whole life into a night of deeper, thicker gloom. A mountain is made up of stones, but crumbles into dust; so the friendship which has not its root in the life, and strength, and centre of the home affections, is sure to work our splendid ruin. Whoever is not worthy to share your hearth and your home, is not sure to have a place in your heart; and, without the heart, friendship becomes a hollow, rotten, disgusting thing. A friend is something rare, and, therefore, if you have found one, bind him to your heart—let time cement the bond of affection, let mutual confidence ripen in the sunshine of love, and let the fellowship of earth mature into the communion of heaven.

If true piety be cheerful as the day, then no home can be really happy when this element does not exist. If the presence of God be the light and the joy of heaven, in proportion as His presence is enjoyed on earth must any place be sunny and blessed. If He be enthroned in the heart, there will be an everlasting sunshine in the soul, which

will impress itself on all without us, and on all about us. Wherever such a soul is, there must be true happiness. In every home, to make that house worthy of the name of home, there should be an altar to God. The only flame which can make bright our home, must be taken from that sacred altar. It is while worshipping there that the fire of heaven descends to refine and to give fervour to our affections. It is there that the heart enters into communion with the infinite love, and communicates her love to others. It is there that the soul has sympathy with Jesus, who had His Bethany on earth—His centre of home affections; and expressed His sympathy with all around Him. If we make the love of God the home of His love; and with this love shed abroad in the heart, not only shall we be prepared to participate in all the kindness and endearments to be enjoyed on earth, but be qualified for a place in that sunnier, happier home where all the brave and the good, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, shall meet as the members of one family, with the affections all purified, with love all perfected, with confidence free from all selfishness, united by a bond which shall never be broken, to express sympathies deep as the soul's inward life and perfection, to divide joys which are exhaustless, and to hold communion never to be interrupted. There is a home beyond this scene of things, where the light never fades, where the love never changes, where the life never dies, and where from each life there rises the ever-burning tone—Home! sweet Home! in my Father's house at Home!

(From the Examiner and Chronicle.)

### HOURS ALONE.

BROTHER HATHAM'S EXPERIENCE.

I heard something at prayer-meeting last night that made me uncomfortable. I didn't mean to go, though I had been feeling ever since I came back to the city that I ought to do so, and really had no good excuse for staying away; but as I was passing the lecture room, not thinking that it was the evening for meeting, somehow, I don't really know how, I found myself going inside the door. Old father Givald had just risen to speak, and I don't know why it was, but I felt as if Christ were looking down and saying, Hear me, beloved child! and my eyes ran over with a sudden tenderness as receiving a glance of such love and pleading, instead of a stern look of reproof. There is a feeling took possession of me, father Givald said, "I wonder how many of us would be willing to go into our closets to-morrow night at this hour, and answer there, alone with God, three questions. I began to feel apprehensive. And yet, why should I? Wasn't I a member of the church, one of Christ's baptized believers—my church-letter, it is true, was in my trunk, and had been for more than a year, but then I hadn't settled yet—and hadn't I promised to serve God in all things, and through all my life? Why, then, should I fear to face any three questions which any one could propose? It was plainly a "lack of liberty" that made me feel "cuddled up," and I tried to throw off the feeling as unbecoming in a free believing heart; yet, when the speaker had finished his simple words, and sat down, I felt really nervous, as if in a strife, or under sentence of something.

And I've felt so all day to-day, and for the last hour I have wished that I hadn't heard that proposition last night, or that the feeling I had of Christ tenderly looking down upon me would come back; for that left me as soon as I began this—well, yes—controversy with father G. said last night, "I wonder if my conscience has anything to say to this uneasiness. Have I been mistaken in any of my 'liberal' and 'free' notions of things? Is it any such doubt that makes me feel to face these simple questions? If so, it is best to know it, I suppose; indeed, as father G. said last night, 'the pain of conscience is safety, if it forces us to find out and remove its cause.' It is strange, though, that a Christian of broad and enlightened judgment should dislike so to look at any three questions which an old-fashioned disciple may propose.

But "I will face them," I said, after tea. So I came up here into my room, looked the door, and now—it is very warm here; I'll open the other window.

"Ask yourself," father G. said, "if you are living as you promise God that you would live, when you first gave yourself to him."

Well, I suppose no one is perfect; I know that I've made a great many mistakes, and that I don't think about my duty to God as I ought.

But have I tried to please him this week, this month, or this year?

I've hoped I was trying.

Well, I've been away from home, unsettled, and—

Did I come out, wherever I was, and commit myself as a Christian, and live like one?

It was difficult to do that, surrounded as I was. But having, and everywhere, however difficult to do that, I've tried to do it.

Why, I couldn't put in my church-letter where I was—I would have been very inconvenient—besides, I expected soon to leave the place.

Is serving God, then, to be a matter of convenience? and wasn't I, after all, where I expected to be for more than a year? and shouldn't I have been more consistent, more at ease, and a stronger Christian, had I put out my flag, confessed my Captain, and obeyed him openly and everywhere?

I thought I did try to do so; I didn't do any really wicked thing.

But positively immoral, perhaps; but was there then, and is there now, any difference between me and those moral worldly persons who have no church-letters?

We might have been outwardly alike. I sometimes played a quiet game, it is true, and in social gatherings, danced; but of course those amusements are all innocent in themselves, doing no harm, if no good; and the occasional opera or classical play is so elevating to one's taste.

But didn't these things occupy most of my leisure, to the exclusion of better things? How many evenings in the week did I devote to one or more of these occupations?

Not more than two or three, ever.

Didn't these very things strengthen all that was worldly in me, and so weaken my right impulses? And weren't they such indulgences as pious Christians disapprove (an "offence" to them is alone sufficient condemnation of such practices)? And didn't I feel less and less like finding the prayer-meeting, the more I sought those amusements? Did they incline me to seek often the Fountain of eternal strength, the weaker I felt myself growing? Did they incline me to pray more as I became more helpless? Wasn't it clearly a duty, and haven't I promised to seek every help to the divine life, and persistently to avoid all things, influences, and society, that prove in any way hindrances to my piety? Have I done that? Did I take my soul away from wrong influences, even when I knew they were too strong for me? When I knew that I needed every help in all the kindness and endearments to be enjoyed on earth, and to heaven to keep and carry me in God's way, did I take pains to secure one such aid? Do I even now try to do that? How often do I practice self-denial, or even self-control, in these matters? Is the mite of grace which I have, sufficient only to keep me from outward crime? Has grace nothing to do in me as a principle of action? Is he a Christian at all who fights no battles, gains no victories over his natural impulses, bears no crosses for the Master? Have I been, am I, converted? If Christ were to ask me to-night how I can prove that I love him, what could I answer?

Ah, I seem to see his face again, looking as he might have done upon Peter after that thrice denial. How my heart ached at the love and grief there. Thy voice was in the voice of my conscience, bringing me here "into judgment." I cannot answer thee nor evade the Spirit. Thou hast searched me and known me, and hast found in me every false way, and my repentings are kindled together. Among those who love thee, I have chosen my companionship, and have been well pleased to leave the society of the children. I have kept back from thee the life I dedicated to thy service, taking it all, yes, all, for mine own selfish and sinful use, pretending to give thee, of all the day, but a few hurried moments of formal prayer and cold praise. I have walked as those do who have never known thy love, acting from the same earthly motives, striving for the same earthly things, imitating thy style, spirit, pleasures, and this when thou wert still saying, in the same voice which once made my soul yearn for loving obedience, Love me the world, not the things in the world. If a man love me he will keep my words, and make me his abode with him. And how often, even when in the midst of vain self, my face came to me, saying, Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit. I remember them now—thy words, gracious Saviour, and thy long-suffering patience with me. I was at peace with evil, but then thou hast found me out, and made me to hate and abhor myself. Oh, quicken thou me, for my soul cleaveth to the dust.

Will he love, and lift me out of my sins, in despite of my own will? Shall they win who do not fight? No, for he says, "Strive." Away, then, with lethargy; I must buckle on the whole armor of God, and do battle with my own heart, for here "my foes are hid." I must "fight the good fight of faith," not expecting that it will be easy, for an old warrior says, "with-out are fightings, within are fears," but to those who labor by patient continuance in well-doing is "eternal life" pledged.

Did the clock strike? I must go now to watch with poor Mr. D., but the first question of father Givald has been met to-night, and by grace it is answered. I do not live as I at first promised to do, but with God's help, I will begin a new life; and to-morrow night I promise here to meet and answer that next question.

### A WORK OF GRACE.

Dr. Tyng is writing a series of articles for one of the New York papers, in which is found the following incident that occurred in his pastoral experience. It illustrates the power of Divine grace to subdue the strongest will, and also shows the power of gentleness, of a wife's gentleness, to bring her husband near the Saviour's feet. As the account is true, it will be read with the more interest.

Many years since a gay and fashionable pair lived near me and attended my ministry. The wife was beautiful, social and admired. The husband was rich and worldly, and delighted in the admiration which, in society, his wife received. They lived a reckless, gay, and worldly life. Except in the worship of an occasional Sunday morning, they knew nothing of religion, and cared nothing for what they heard even then. But in the wonders of grace this gay and fashionable woman was converted there, and in the most open and decided manner renounced her life of folly, and cast her lot among the followers of the Lord. Her sudden change of life and purpose intensely enraged her unconverted husband, who stood in sympathy with her, and could not understand her. He tried in every possible manner to overthrow her plans, and drive her from her choice. He forbade her union with the church in any personal act. He watched at the gates of the church-yard to prevent her entrance by force. So far was this hostility carried that at last she found access to the church for her appointed baptism only through the window in the rear. This matters went on for weeks, every day bringing me some new tidings of his violence and his sufferings. How much their domestic affairs were known to others, I never knew. The people and the generation are now mature, and several of their parents themselves.

Some weeks of this new history had passed, when late one evening, after I had retired to my chamber for the night, my door-bell was violently pulled, and a messenger said Mrs. ——— desired to see me immediately. I dressed myself and went, anticipating some scene of violence, and simply saying to my wife where I was going, in case I might be prevented from returning. The streets were solitary and still. As I ascended the steps the door was quietly opened to me, and I was directed to the parlor, where, to my surprise, I found the two sitting together on the sofa, with no other person present. The man looked up to me in an agony of tears, as in astonishment, I sat by his side and asked an explanation. "Oh,

air," he cried, "can I be saved, can I be saved?" "Yes, surely," I answered; "but you amaze me—what has led you to this?" "This angel," he replied with eagerness, "you know how I hated her religion. But you do not know how I hated her. I thought you the blackest of human beings. You had broken up my happiness, you had destroyed my peace, you had separated my family, you had alienated my wife from me. I had laid it all to you. I was intensely enraged with you. I have several times watched for you at night with the intention of killing you. But it is all over now. I am thankful to see you. But this angel wife—I have cursed her, I have persecuted her in every way. I have beaten her, I have pulled her down by her hair; and she has received it all in silence and meekness. She has never said one unkind word in reply; but she has proved for me one unkind word in reply. And I can stand it no longer. I am miserable, because I am so guilty. I have rebelled so horribly. I have been loved and treated so affectionately. Can I be saved?" The wife sat silently and heard the whole, and then gently said, "My dear husband, seemed so distressed to-night, that I took the liberty to send for you." How fresh and vivid is that whole scene before me as I write, with all its incidents and details, which I will not describe. With what delight did I preach the Saviour's love to this lost one thus at last aroused by that love to see his own voluntary and aggravated guilt!

We passed more than an hour thus together, and closed our conversation with earnest prayer. Blessed indeed was the result. The strong man armed had found a stronger than he, who had taken from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and spoiled by Divine power. He too came into the Saviour's flock, and on the side of Jesus. How changed the mad one became, "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind." He witnessed among us for years a good confession; he was honoured and beloved in the church—a pattern of gentleness and fidelity at home and abroad. After some years of earnest and Christian life on earth, his course was finished and his rest attained. I have since hardly passed the house in which they lived without a recollection of the display of grace—that voluntary wanderer, and the wonderful love and mercy which in so much rebellion he received. He assumed all the responsibility of the guilty wanderer upon himself. He learned to give all the glory of his recovery to that amazing grace which had plucked him as a brand from the burning, and loved him when he was dead in sins.

### PIETY AT HOME.

AN EXTRACT.

Wise parents will so order their households, that these sacred services shall ever be performed earnestly and intelligently—not merely as a means of family government, but for edification and conversion—and children will be taught to reverence sacred things, God's book, the Lord's day, and Christ's church. A believing father, with his family around him in the house of God, all present as often as the church is open, is a real proof of piety at home, while it is also the fruit of that piety.

When a pious home men and women will be found going forth in humility to every field of Christian usefulness, like reapers, will sharp sickles, to the ripening harvest. From these Sabbath-schools will be supplied with teachers, preachers, missionaries, the heathen world with missionaries, commerce with men of ability and principle. If virtue has any cradle on earth, it is a pious home.

Nor can happiness be found anywhere else. We see men every day making shipwreck of themselves and their fortunes, by seeking it in the ordinary feeding-places of the ungodly. There are fewer great reproaches to a man than that he neglects his home, like reapers, will sharp sickles, to the ripening harvest. From these Sabbath-schools will be supplied with teachers, preachers, missionaries, the heathen world with missionaries, commerce with men of ability and principle. If virtue has any cradle on earth, it is a pious home.

What is an opulent mansion, or costly furniture, or retinues of servants, or beds of ivory and gold, or children of beauty and genius, without piety at home?

The husbandman bestows every attention on his farm, to make it a model. The merchant finds it his interest and his pleasure to fill his warehouse with valuable things as precious in value as attractive in beauty. God made everything, from the blades of grass to a world, in the form of the highest good, and shall you, oh, my reader, for whose soul I pray, withhold or grudge any culture, however costly or protracted, which may be necessary for shedding on your household all the lustre of piety at home?

Where Jesus is sought and adored, where the uppermost seat is given him, whether at the feast or the daily meal, he will come and dwell. Christ is the sun, the life of the poor man's cottage and of the noble's palace. Where he forms one of the family, he will be ever giving forth grace, mercy, and peace, as the unfailing spring pours forth its waters. Jesus cannot but love and shine.

Piety at home is not nearly so common as it ought to be, or as one would expect. Some men are angels abroad, but devils at home. Some spend their evenings in the theatres of religion, excitement, leaving their homes solitudes and wastes. In some homes there are tongues that never lie silent, tempers that rage and war, words that cut like razors, and drop like worm-wood. Selfishness blasts the springing buds of happiness in many a home. Indolence, evil habits, ignorance, coldness, sin—these are the troubleshooters of happy homes.

How pleasant, my dear reader, to think of undivided families meeting in heaven. Fathers, mothers, does not that blessed hope cheer you? Look over all your children and see if you would be willing that any of them should fail to reach glory. In the little family galaxy, that shall shine as the stars for ever and ever in the firmament of heaven, could you bear to think that father, or mother, or child shall be wanting? One on earth, or to be one and undivided in heaven? I family life refined and etherealized in all its holy affinities into eternal life! Give, therefore, your utmost energies to the great life-work of believing on Jesus, that by his Holy Spirit he may prepare you, as families, for glory, by means of piety at home.

### INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF MINISTERS.

One aim of a theological education is to awaken the preacher's intellectual interest in the doctrines of the gospel. Some of these doctrines were made for man; some of them were not made for man, but man was made for them; all of them are adapted to his intellect as the atmosphere is fitted to his lungs. He might as safely tie up one lobe of his lungs, as shut out any one doctrine from his mind. The soul breathes the more freely when all its powers inhale all the truth, of which it is said, "they are spirit; they are life." If these truths are not in some way received by the intellect, they are not in any way accepted by the will. The mind is the door to the heart. It is the human Logos. A minister of the gospel must be, therefore, an intellectual man in the highest sense of that term; the sense of keeping his intellect not merely inquisitive, but inquisitive for the truth; not purblind for what is novel, but intent on what is right and eternal; not basking after an artificial stimulus, but enjoying the food that nourishes the soul. He prolonged too, else he will not define the truths of religion rightly; and immortal souls have been lost in consequence of a wrong definition. He must sharpen his intellect as to the distinguishing things that differ for some of the most impassioned controversies of the day are from confounding revelation with inspiration, grace with mercy, chastisement with punishment, atonement with redemption, holiness with goodness, sin with evil, penitence with humility. He must widen his intellect, so as to place together various truths, and not place one where it must crowd out a more fitting one. It is not the single doctrine, it is the system of doctrines which must attract the gaze of the spiritual astronomer, one truth revolving with other truths around a distant luminary, and one constellation around the mysterious, attractive centre. By a prolonged effort must the preacher wake his mind up to an enthusiasm in sacred science, so that he may originate for himself what he utters, even although it may have been originated a thousand times before. He learns to use words that quiver with vitality, when he discovers what perhaps other men had seen. He gains a certain life of utterance from having invented what had been found out already. His ideas must be fresh, in order to be refreshing; therefore must they well up from his own mind, just as if the like ideas had never gushed from any other mind; the mind being a fountain, not a mere reservoir. A true sermon cannot be composed; it must be like the poet, born not made, and when preached the second time, it cannot be taken up as an adopted child, but must be born the second time, with pains and labor, in the language of the mind that is its mother; so will the sermon be a breathing, growing power. The intellect of the minister must be hospitable to truth, reverent toward the truth; so that he may not put wrong thoughts into his sermon, for wrong thoughts are the work of man; so that he may not put his own eccentricities into his sermon, for the eccentricities are the idiosyncrasies of man; so that he may put into his sermon those thoughts which are conformed to the laws of his intellect; this will be no more than his sermon that nature which he received from God, which is sanctified by the spirit of God. It is this right nature that strains man to a right sympathy; for he who made all men of one blood, gave to all minds the same laws, and so far forth as any mind obeys its laws, it unfolds the nature of man, and other minds respond to its nature, as face answers to face; for God is in this nature, and moves men by it. He does not work by human artifice, nor by human affectations of thinking, but he works by himself, and by the forces which he contrives. The right intellect of man is individual, but it is also impersonal; it is a man's own, but the same essence of it belongs to all; it is God's, and so far forth as the minister puts this right reason into his sermons, he speaks not as a mere man, but as a man sent from Jehovah. He does not say, This is what I am inclined to think; this is what a Synod of men has sanctioned; but this is reasonable, and what is reasonable is kindly, and he who despises what is proved, despises not man but God. He that believes not shall be at war with himself. An intellect mighty in the Scriptures, and kindled with the divine intellect, makes a sermon like an electric wire vibrating with an influence from above, and conducting to the hearers the light and the heat of a higher sphere. The Saviour of man was an intellectual preacher. He stimulated thought. He awakened curiosity. He startled men to inquire, How can these things be? He excited men to grapple with his words, and at length to say, Declare unto us this parable. Men did not sit at their ease when he preached. They were not at ease in their great ideas. They tasked themselves to grasp his great meaning, and resolve what he had thrown before them. He stood above his hearers. He dropped seeds down into their minds. These minds acted on the seeds in darkness for a time, but still acted, and when the time was fulfilled the seed swelled out, and grew up and bore fruit, and after he was glorified, his disciples remembered his words, and wondered at their germinating power.—*Professor Fulk.*

Is God influenced by prayer?—Yes. If anything is certain, that is certain. Hear his own words: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." "Ask, and ye shall receive." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." "Elijah was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit."

These declarations are certainly explicit; and they admit of but one interpretation. They show not only a command for prayer, but also a promise for prayer. Our blessed Lord "spoke a parable to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint. He spake another parable to the end that men should persist in prayer; and that persistence in prayer shall be rewarded."

But your trouble arises from God's immutability. "No, it does not; it arises from your failing to distinguish between the immutability of God and the immutability of a mountain. You first assume, or permit your pupils to assume, that God has nowhere affirmed, and then greatly inquire, how this impediment is to be surmounted. There is no impediment; none whatever. God is