The Religious Intelligencer.

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Rev. J. McLEOD,] "THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter. [Editor and Proprietor.

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Fredericton, June 21, 1872.

The Intelligencer.

THE INTERVIEW IN THE STUDY.

"You know, Elder," said Mr. Hart, "I am from the 'Old Bay State,' and I always felt a generous swelling of my Yankee-boy heart, when I heard read the declaration, 'God bless the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.' So I feel the healthy exultation of a disciple when I say, God bless the Commonwealth of the church of Christ. I said as much to Miss Roberts. Now I have read to you my thoughts, in a kind of sermon order. I have no idea of going forth to battle for my creed; I will never waste my ammunition on some pugnacious fellow soldier. I will *brother* any man who is doing anything—anywhere, anyhow, for God and humanity. I may have my own views of doctrine: I must. But I have no heart for this perpetual contention for creeds, and these victories in the camp, while a desperate, mighty enemy is gaining strength and territory, every hour. I do believe, Elder, that a better day is dawning.

"The grand army is getting into marching order. Yes, fighting order. I thought, while Elder Hartley was firing at every soldier of the cross that he could find outside the baptist camp, what must be his idea of the sense of the hymn, sung just before his sermon, commencing:

'Am I a soldier of the cross;
A follower of the Lamb—'

and especially that verse,

'Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord—'

"I suppose he thinks that is our own especial denominational battle-cry, and a melodious prayer for success in shooting the Pedo-baptists.

"The choir must have rather tried him in the hymn of their own selection, at the close of his tirade, beginning:

'From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love.'

"Yes Elder, let doctrines have their place, but let it be as it was on the battle-fields in the late war. In binding up the wounds of a soldier, I did not ask him first from what State or County he hailed—he was a wounded soldier! In working with others, I did not refuse my service because we differed in religious creeds and doctrinal views. It was the brotherhood of labor—the brotherhood of love. We worked on the same field; we ate and drank at the same table. It was the holy fellowship of sympathy for poor suffering humanity. Nay; the Indian from the western wilderness, and the negro from the plantation, had the same care at my hands as the white man from my own native county in Massachusetts. Each was a wounded soldier. Still more, the wounded man in the rebel gray clothes was no longer an enemy, and had an equal claim for aid in his suffering, as the man in blue. It was the duty of true loyalty to *wound*, and the exercise of humanity to *heal*. Now I suppose my very talk renders me liable to discipline, but it is your own frankness and love which has emboldened me to just unburden my heart. The truth is, my dear Pastor, when I entered the church, I had little thought about creeds. I knew that baptism was an ordinance of the church, and that those who joined the church should be baptized. I saw the beautiful significance of that ordinance, as you described it at the last baptismal occasion. I had no thought of doctrine. I knew I had found Christ, and I loved every one who loved Jesus, with the simplicity and ardor of a brother. My former Pastor used to preach a great deal on Baptist doctrine. He was very rigid: as strong almost as Elder Hartley, without his vulgarity. He always contended that ours was the only true church. That for a member of our church to partake of the Lord's Supper in a church of another faith was a matter of discipline, and without repentance for and acknowledgment of sin, a just cause of exclusion. And, with us, he would not allow a man from a Pedo-baptist Church, no matter how pure his character or how bright his faith, to sit at the Lord's table. I confess, I used often to wonder how it was that the Lord who saw 'the end from the beginning' should have so fenced in an ordinance, which was at once a memorial of His death and a source of spiritual vitality to every disciple; knowing as He did, that, in the ages to come and for centuries in the history of the church, nine-tenths of his blood-washed disciples would have no right to partake. That, indeed, they would be 'guilty of eating and drinking condemnation,' by not obeying the divine command resting on every believer, '*Do this in remembrance of me—eating and drinking condemnation to their own souls, not discerning the Lord's body at the table.*

"By Scriptural searching, I found that in the qualifications required by the Apostle, he looked only on the heart. That the man must "*examine himself*," and search for those inward witnessings of the spirit, which should enable him to see the significance and apply the benefits of the Lord's death, which the church was to show forth until the second coming of Christ.

"Now I have got, where it seems to me I can no longer endure, '*a yoke, which neither we nor our fathers could bear.*' The scene last communion Sabbath, my dear Pastor, in sending out of the house that venerable man of God, Deacon Saybrook—I know that in the view of the church, he had no legal right—but I thought, 'let every man examine himself.' My own father and mother, thought I, if they were here to-day, each with a Christian experience of over half a century, would have been required to go forth with the company of disqualified saints and hopeless sinners, from the table of the Lord.

"Understand, Elder, I do not in the least blame you. It was a legitimate rendering and enforcement of Baptist doctrine. An equal duty rests upon every Baptist Pastor, under like circumstances, throughout the land. And if he fails to perform it, he is recreant to his obligations as an executive officer of the church. But how is it to-day? In almost every Baptist Church on ordinance day, there may be found at the table some unbaptized believer. Do they turn him away? I know of churches, where, if such a scene as occurred in our church had taken place, by the Pastor's faithfully maintaining the law, almost the entire church would have risen up to protest against the act. Now if it is the Lord's law, that a disciple, who has not been baptized, shall under no circumstances sit at the table, then what right has that church or its Pastor to modify, or utterly overlook the divine enactment?

"I am told, that we are soon to have a brother put upon his trial before the church for disorderly conduct; and that is our young brother Ward, who left with his Methodist bride that ordinance Sabbath. Is that so?"

"The Committee is appointed," said the Pastor.

"And then," said Mr. Hart, "there is the brother, who, last summer, when visiting his old home in the country, communed one Sabbath—or thought he did—in the Presbyterian Church, sitting in the same seat with his father."

"Have to be churched!" said the Pastor. "It is law: and while I am Pastor of the church, I have no alternative but to enforce the law."

"Then again," said brother Hart, "I am told that the World's Christian Alliance is going to hold its session in a few months, in New York. You know, there are to be Christian brethren from all parts of the world. Suppose 'our great Baptist preacher,' as we say—suppose he should come over the seas—as God grant he may—you know he is open communion! His house has the *open door!*

"Now what would we do, if Spurgeon should be in our church, on some ordinance day? And further, suppose that he should not take the hint and go out, when only 'members in good and regular standing in the sister churches of the same faith and order' are invited to partake: I say, suppose he should stay at the table like old Deacon Saybrook, what would we do? True, he has been baptized, but so he may in the Methodist and other churches. He is not of the 'same faith and order.'"

"He would have to leave," said the Pastor, "If I stood at the head of the table. The regular Baptist Church which lets Spurgeon take his place at the table spread in their midst, violates its own law and gives the lie to the prohibition involved in its regular invitation. Who is Spurgeon, any more than any other man, that he shall have a license to break the law of the Lord's house? Law is law!"

"It would be a scene!" said Mr. Hart. "Spurgeon! 'our own great Baptist Minister,' driven from the Lord's table in our church. I think *that* would try the mettle of Deacon Roberts himself."

"You are much mistaken," said the Pastor, "it would be just what the good Deacon would like. The more noted the offender, the more glorious the law's display in his punishment. It would be an opportunity to show the sovereign authority of the church, which the zealous Deacon would much enjoy."

"Well," said brother Hart, "you will no doubt attend that grand convention of the messengers of the churches, in New York?"

"Oh, yes!" said the Pastor. "I am looking forward to it with the liveliest interest. It will be a foretaste of heaven, it seems to me, that gathering together of the saints of God from all parts of the Christian world. As much as I rejoice in the thought of an entrance into the world on high" he added, "it seems to me, I should almost regret my departure for the skies without witnessing such a prophecy and type of the millennial day, as that will be."

"So I feel," said Mr. Hart, "and I cannot help but anticipate the close of the session of that noble assembly; it no doubt will be a solemn scene. Soldiers of Christ, about separating for their several and distinct fields of Gospel conflict, to meet no more until the warfare is ended, and the final victory won.

"Of course they will celebrate the Lord's Supper."

"There would be a beautiful propriety in doing so," said Elder Burden; "there can hardly be a doubt, but they will do so. You smile," said the Pastor looking at brother Hart—"what is the matter?"

"Oh;" he replied, "I had a vision, which forced itself upon my mind, at once painful and ludicrous. I saw brethren of the Baptist faith present in great numbers on 'that last great day of the feast.' I saw them weeping, and heard them singing and praying in one common multitude of disciples."

"In all their speeches, the Baptists had called all men brethren; had spoken of the meeting, and the banquet in heaven. And then I saw them fleeing from the House of God with all possible haste, for the announcement was made that the *Lord' Supper was about to be celebrated*; themselves baptized believers, having rendered perfect obedience to the law of the Lord's house, yet running in every direction from the holy Supper. I thought I looked back at the table just as I reached the door, and of all the preachers and laymen of Baptist faith, there sat 'our great Baptist preacher' Spurgeon, at the table, alone!"

"What can we do?" said the Pastor. "It is not the multitude of the saints, or the peculiar character of the company that can justify a violation of law. The statutes of the Lord do not change character with different localities. As Deacon Roberts says, with so much of emphasis, 'law is law!' "What would you do with me, if I ventured to stay at that table?" said Mr. Hart.

"Precisely the same as I would do, if you were found at the table in the Presbyterian or the Methodist Church, in our village. I would have brought you before the church for trial, and if you did not recant your heresy and pledge yourself to a life of obedience to the known rules of the Baptist Church, you would be expelled.

"As Pastor of the Baptist Church, I have no relatives, no friends, no enemies. As a good Moderator of a business meeting knows no law but that of parliamentary usage, and is without friend or foe; so stands the Minister in a Baptist Church. While I so stand, I will enforce the law at all hazards. If the law is wrong, abolish it: if right, enforce it. If you feel it to be wrong—if it is too much for your heart, and that too without a clear distinct '*thus saith the Lord*'—if you are too weak to drive your own Christ-loving wife from the Lord's table and send such a one as old silver-haired Deacon Saybrook out of the house of God, and from the table of the Lord—I say, if *you* were a preacher and this was the weakness of your nature and your lack of grace, you would have but one alternative, and, that would be to resign.

"I have been very much interested in your statements as to doctrinal position," continued Mr. Burden; "I like your frankness. I was greatly pleased with your spirit, during that painful scene at the house of Deacon Roberts. But you ask for advice; you know that you are this moment liable to the discipline of the church, for the views you have to-day expressed are clearly heretical. You, my dear brother, are well aware that they are contrary to the received and well-known usages of the Baptist Church."

"Then," said brother Hart, "I suppose I can take a letter to a church of some other denomination?"

"No; by no means," said the Pastor. "We do not, as you know, fellowship other branches of the church of Christ. Indeed it is the clear necessity of our faith, that we deny that they *are* indeed churches. If they are churches, how can we say that they cannot administer the Supper. If they can administer it, then they surely have a right to sit at the table, and if they have a right to the table in one place they have a right wherever it is spread. You see my dear brother, you cannot take a single step without yielding the whole question. No; by giving you a letter, we give them all the argument."

"But," said Mr. Hart, "did you not give the usual letter of dismission and recommendation to brother and sister Edwards, to unite with Spurgeon's church?"

"Yes," said the Pastor, "and by so doing the church yielded unconsciously, the whole point, and made herself liable to expulsion from the Association. Again, my brother, can you join a church declaring that sprinkling and pouring are baptism?"

"But what shall I do?" asked the perplexed brother.

"Stay for the present where you are," said the Pastor. "In no wise advance your peculiar views—work right on in the Sabbath School and elsewhere, and *bide your time.*"

"But what do you mean," said brother Hart, "by *biding my time?*"

"Oh," said the Pastor, "that is an old-fashioned way of talking, and always a great term with my father. He was a wonderful man to bide his time. Now at the conclusion of our interview, I will recall to your mind a question of mine as to the effect of Elder Hartley's sermon upon the congregation, as far as you were able to judge from what you saw."

Mr. Hart replied, "Deacon Roberts, and his man Deacon Winston, seemed to enjoy it greatly. Again and again, they exchanged nods, by looks and nods of approbation, and in frequent whispered sayings. Coming out of the church, I heard Deacon Roberts remark to some one at the door, 'that's what I call a sound, old-fashioned Baptist sermon.' For myself, I felt ashamed. There were a good many members of other churches present, and in my soul I was humbled for the honor of the Baptist Church. I do not think the mass of our people endorsed the sermon. I am confident, that your discourse in the evening on 'Christian brotherhood' drew the sting out of the morning sermon, and left the honey of the Gospel with the church."

So saying, brother Hart departed from the Study.

One leading idea of the above is that it is Baptist law to expel a member for joining in the celebration of the Supper in a Pedobaptist Church. This representation is not objected to in the review, which is just as well for our friends. Their practice in this regard is often in exact accordance with their logic generally. One of several incidents that might be given to illustrate, is this.

A maiden lady, member of a "strict" Baptist Church, went with some friends to the Supper in a Free Baptist Church. She was immediately arraigned before a meeting of her own church, and requested to acknowledge that she had done wrong, and to promise a more orderly walk in future. She would make no such acknowledgment, as she believed she had done no wrong; she was therefore excommunicated. Her nephew, who was at the meeting, thought this treatment of his aunt harsh, and so expressed himself. For this he was charged upon the spot, and it was demanded of him that he retract his contumacious expressions. On persisting in his statement he too was excommunicated. He subsequently united with the Free Baptist Church, and now holds the office of deacon. Where the Baptist "true logic" comes in is that frequently since uniting with the latter church he has communed with the Baptist Church on the special invitation of the deacons and other members of that church!

Baptist logic is about the same in New Brunswick as elsewhere, and it would hardly be well to pass the above representation without some trifle of local testimony showing its truth.

"Law is law" is the only thing in the above objected to. C. G. asserts that Baptists follow the Scriptures rather than church law or creed. It would be an interesting task for him to justify from the Scriptures the practices above narrated.

There remains now nothing of the book that needs lengthened comments from me. The objections have all been considered and shown to be groundless. The rest of the book will be given quite complete, that the interested reader may see its character throughout, and know that it is Baptist to the core on all points not directly given in argument for free communion. C.

MOVE THAT LIGHT.

Bro. Christian, move that light. Every picture shows to better advantage when the light is properly adjusted. If you would study to profit that awful, yet beautiful picture drawn by our Saviour in Matt. xxv. 31–40 inclusive, get the light in the right place. To whom are you handing that dollar? A poor old widow. Is hers the only figure you see? Look again—look with the eyes of a disciple; let the light of that 40th verse shine, and perhaps you will see Jesus somewhere on the scene. I see your hand extended again. Who is receiving your alms this time? A missionary agent. Well, here you have a large field of observation. Move your light till the lines, all the objects, all the lights and shadows of this picture stand out clearly before you. Here you have the dusky Asiatic, the swarthy Indian, the darker sons of Africa; even the dwellers in your own land, destitute poor—fathers, mothers, children—suffering for the lack of the bread of life. But look closer still; there is One among them you may not have seen. Jesus is there; for every one of these who is a child of God he is ready to own your benefactions, and to say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Are you one of those who give only because you are expected to give, who, instead of giving large enough to make you feel it is a free-will sacrifice to Christ, give just as little as possible to save your credit? Move your light. Are you in the habit of giving only when compelled, for the sake of being saved from the charge of niggardliness? Move your light. Are you one of those who never give in faith, beholding Jesus? Move your light. Are you one of those who never give at all? Then, by all means, move your light, and keep moving it till you can see where you are and by whom you are surrounded. Remember the "cloud of witnesses," for they see you whether you see them or not. Do you wish your heart enlarged and filled with the love of Jesus? There is no line of duty fraught with a richer return of joy and sweet communion with your Saviour, than the constant and liberal exercise of benevolence. What is there in all that you can do which will more nearly assimilate you to Jesus in feeling and action? "He went about doing good," and he wants you to do the same. Do not, then, be satisfied to give in either of the ways indicated above, but study thoroughly this Christian duty till you understand it in all its bearings, and can feel that in the discharge of it Christ will manifest himself unto you as he does not unto the world.—*Christian Index.*

WHAT IS PRAYER?

The subject of prayer, in what may be called its rational aspects, apart from the question of religious duty, is receiving special attention at the present time, owing in part to the absurd proposal of Professor Tyndall. We wish that the discussion might awaken the Christian world to a deeper sense of its importance as one of the great instrumentalities for advancing the kingdom of Christ.

In a volume of sermons by Canon Liddon, of St. Paul's, London, entitled, "Some Elements of Religion," just published by "Scribner, Welford & Armstrong," is a discourse on Prayer, from which we make the following extract:—

Prayer is emphatically religion in action. It is the soul of man engaging in that particular form of activity which pre-supposes the existence of a great bond between itself and God. Prayer is, therefore, nothing else or less than the noblest kind of human exertion. It is the one department of action in which man realizes the highest privilege and capacity of his being. And, in doing this, he is himself enriched and ennobled almost indefinitely: now, as of old, when he comes down from the mountain, his face bears token of an irradiation which is not of this world.

That this estimate of the value of prayer is not universal among educated people in our day, is only too notorious. If many a man were to put into words with perfect honesty and explicitness what he thinks, he would say that prayer was an excellent thing for a clergyman, or for a recluse, or for a sentimentalist, or women and children generally; that it has its uses as a form of desultory occupation, an outlet for feeling, a means of discipline. For himself, he cannot really think that much prayer would help him much. It implies a life of feeling—perhaps, he would say, of morbid feeling; and he prides himself on being guided only by reflection. It is sustained, he thinks, by imagination, rather than by reason; and he deems imagination puerile and feminine. His religion, whatever it is, has nothing to do with imagination, and is hard reason from first to last: and accordingly prayer seems to him to be altogether less worthy of the energies of a thinking man than hard work, whether it be a work of the hands or of the brains, whether it be study or business. The dignity of real labor is proverbial, but where, he asks, is the dignity of so sentimental an occupation as prayer? "For his own part, he thinks," (I am quoting words which have actually been used) "that religion is not worship, but only another name for doing good to our fellow creatures."

Now without saying one word to disparage the intimate connection between religion and philanthropy, let us examine the idea of prayer, which is taken for granted in such language as the foregoing. Is it true that prayer is, as is assumed, little less than the half passive play of sentiment which flows languidly on through the minutes or hours of easy reverie? Let those who have really prayed give the answer. They sometimes describe prayer with the patriarch Jacob as a wrestling together with an Unseen Power, which may last, not unfrequently in an earnest life, late into the night hours, or even to the break of day. Sometimes they refer to common intercession with St. Paul as a concerted struggle. They have, when praying, their eyes fixed upon the Great Intercessor in Gethsemane, upon the drops of blood which fall to the ground in that agony of Resignation and Sacrifice. Importunity is of the essence of successful prayer. Our Lord's references to the subject especially implies this. The Friend who is at rest with his family, will rise at last to give a loaf to the hungry applicant. The Unjust Judge yields in the end to the resistless eagerness of the widow's cry. Our Lord's blessing on the Syro-Phœnician woman is the consecration of importunity with God. And importunity means, not dreaminess, but sustained work. It is through prayer especially that "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." It was a saying of the late Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury, that "no man was likely to do much good in prayer who did not begin by looking upon it in the light of a work, to be prepared for and persevered in with all the earnestness which we bring to bear upon subjects which are, in our opinion, at once most interesting and most necessary."

This, indeed, will appear, if, looking to an act of real prayer, we take it to pieces. Of what does it consist? It consists always of three separate forms of activity which, in the case of different persons, coexist in their varying degrees of intensity, but which are found, in some degree, in all who pray, whenever they pray.

To pray, is first of all to put the understanding in motion, and to direct it upon the Highest Object to which it can possibly address itself, the Infinite God. In our private prayers, as in our public liturgies, we generally preface the petition itself by naming one or more of His attributes. Almighty and everlasting God! If the understanding is really at work at all, how overwhelming are the ideas, the truths, which pass thus before it; a boundless Power, an Existence which knows neither beginning nor end. Then the substance of the petition, the motives which are alleged for urging it, the issues which depend upon its being granted or being refused, present themselves to the eye of the understanding. And if our Lord Jesus Christ is not Himself, as being both God and Man, the object of prayer, yet His perpetual and prevailing intercession opens upon Christian thought the utmost mysteries before the Eternal Throne. And thus any common act of real prayer keeps, not the imagination, but the understanding, occupied earnestly, absorbingly, under the guidance of faith, from first to last.

Next, to pray is to put the affections in motion: it is to open the heart. The object of prayer is the uncreated Love, the Eternal Beauty; He of whose beauty all that moves love and admiration here is at best a pale reflection. To be in his presence in prayer, is to be conscious of an expansion of the heart, and of the pleasures which accompanies it, which we feel, in another sense, when speaking with an intimate loved friend or relative. And this movement of the affections is sustained throughout the act of prayer. It is invigorated by the spiritual sight of God, but it is also the original impulse which leads us to draw near to Him. In true prayer as in teaching, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Once more, to pray, is to put the will in motion, just as decidedly as we do when we sit down to read hard, or to walk up a steep hill against time. That sovereign power in the soul, which we name the wil, does not necessary mental effort, but enters most penetratingly and vitally into the very action of the prayer itself. It is the will which presses the petition; it is the will which struggles with the reluctance of sloth or with the opposition of passion; it is the will which preserves; it is the will which exclaims, "It will not let Thee go, except thou bless me."

Now, these three ingredients of prayer are also ingredients in all real work, whether of the brains or of the hands. The sustained efforts of the intelligence and of the will must be seconded in work no less than in prayer by a movement of the affections, if work is to be really successful. A man must love his work to do it well. The difference between prayer and ordinary work is that in prayer the three ingredients are more equally balanced. Study may in time become intellectual habit, which scarcely demands any effort of will: handiwork may in time become so mechanical as to require little or no guidance from thought: each may exist in a considerable, although not in the highest degree of excellence, without any co-operations of the affections. Not so prayer. It is always the joint act of the will and the understanding, impelled by the affections; and when either will or intelligence is wanting, prayer at once ceases to be itself, by degenerating into a barren intellectual exercise, or into a mechanical and unspiritual routine.

ON A WAR-FOOTING.

BY THE REV. A. M'ELROY WYLIE.

ST. PAUL, at the time he penned that wonderful and brilliant passage (Eph. vi. 13–17) descriptive of the panoply of God was a prisoner in the Eternal City, chained to a Roman soldier, and quartered in the barracks of the Pretorian Guard.

He was a daily witness to the splendid drill and equipments of this world-renowned legion. He seized, as was his wont, upon every possible illustration by which he might convey distinct impressions of the truth of God to the minds and hearts of those whom he addressed.

Observe that supernatural enemies demand a supernatural armor. The belief in harmful and malicious spirits has been universal among mankind. From whence has this impression been derived? Does it not come from the Author of all truth? A soldier, equipped with carnal weapons, meeting a ghost, would not think of using arms which could injure only flesh and blood; he would be weak as water, and run like a child. He must have weapons suited to the nature of his warfare—spiritual armor for spiritual enemies.

Man, by nature, is destitute of this panoply, hence he must "put it on." It is divinely furnished, hence it is called "the armor of God."

There must be co-operation of both the human and divine. The armor from God, the assumption of it on the part of man. It is of a piece with the whole tenor of Scripture—"Work out your salvation, for it is God that worketh in you." Man works because God works, and God works because man concurs. The armor alone will not work, and the soldier (under the old system) threw away his life in refusing to take the armor.

Observe the elements of this armor indicate that defensive warfare is the chief feature of our contests. Helmet, shield, breast-plate, etc., means enemies resisted. We are not, as Christians, to go forth and seek, in a Quixotic aggressiveness, new and multiplied enemies. We shall have enough to encounter by quietly passing along our prescribed path.

And yet the sword implies that the contest is not defensive only; it is, in a measure, offensive as well. Spiritual enemies cannot be avoided, but when they are met, they must be encountered in the spirit of "Christian" in the *Pilgrim's Progress.* The Word of God is the great instrument to effect this purpose, and not mere reason, or science, or human philosophy. These last God has not promised to bless.

The apostle speaks, too, in his enumeration, of being "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace." This is one of the strange paradoxes in the Christian experience. We know not whether Lord Bacon has mentioned it in his recital of the paradoxes of Christianity.

While to the believer there is the outward conflict, he treads upon peace. Ultimate and eternal peace is assured. This helps to present tranquility. He is at peace with God; at peace with good angels; at peace with his conscience; at peace with the laws of God, physical, mental, spiritual, and natural; and all his passions, affections, and faculties are in harmony among themselves. Thus while all is at conflict without, and against all the powers of evil, he enjoys that inward peace which passeth all understanding.

The great ground of calm assurance is based on the captain. Soldiers are strong in proportion to their confidence in the invincibility of their commander. This made the rank and file of the first Napoleon so irresistible. They cannot be conquered who know beforehand that victory is certain.

Our Captain has overcome all, and leads us to victory alreadp assured. We are invincible and invulnerable as spiritual soldiers enlisted under his banner against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

But perhaps the most important thought, after all, is that involved in the question, Have we the warlike spirit? This, more than anything else, puts us on a *warfooting.* What are helmets, and breast-plates, and shields, and swords to those who don't mean to fight? What is a fortress in the hands of an Arnold? It is only a source of strength to the enemy.

There are some of us who thought that more than one of our generals in the late civil war had not this war spirit. We thought that their hearts were not wholly with the Government, and that they were not whole-souled in their hatred of rebellion. We thought that they met the traitors half in the temper of friendship, and Quaker guns represented their disposition—it was only a make-believe at a distance, and could withstand no serious and determined resistance.

One of the generals put it all into one phrase: "War is war." And behind this there must be the spirit of war. Bible men were: yea, I hate them with a perfect hatred."

The question, after all, comes home to us with searchings of heart, Am I on a war-footing as respects the temper and determination of my soul? We may not hate the sinner, but we must abhor the sin. The question is, whether we despise falsehood and error; whether we hate every false way; whether we detest all the tribe of the world's idols—covetousness, intemperance, lust, revenge, deception, oppression, wrong, dishonesty in every guise, whether in satin or in rags, whether on the throne, and in courts, or behind the prison-walls; whether, in a word, we loathe every carnal principle, and all conformity to, and compromises with, the world. If we have this divinely-infused temper, we are qualified to assume the divine armor, and we shall neither neglect its use nor dishonor it in the day of contest. And this spirit is always accompanied with that positive love and admiration of what is honest, pure and holy, which is the very essence of that celestial patriotism having its citizenship in heaven.

This is the temper behind the armorial elements, which is better than the temper of the purest steel, and will do more to insure the victory than the completest equipments without the spirit of the true soldier. And we shall not forget what St. Paul recognizes as the climax of necessity in preparation, "Praying always," etc.

"IS FATHER ON DECK?

A number of years ago Captain D. commanded a vessel sailing from Liverpool to New York, and on one voyage he had all his family with him on board the ship.

One night when all were quietly asleep, there rose a sudden squall of wind which came sweeping over the waters until it struck the vessel and instantly threw her on her side, tumbling and crashing everything that was moveable, and awakening the passengers to a consciousness that they were in imminent peril.

Every one on board was alarmed, uneasy; and some sprang from their berths and began to dress, that they might be ready for the worst.

Captain D. had a little girl on board, just eight years old, who, of course, awoke with the rest.

"What's the matter?" said the frightened child.

They told her a squall had struck the vessel.

"Is father on deck?" said she.

"Yes, father's on deck."

The little thing dropped herself on her pillow again without a fear, and in a few moments was sleeping sweetly in spite of winds or waves.

Blessed child! How her confidence shames our doubts and fears and restless, vague surmisings. She had faith in father, and she had no room for fear.

And how is it with us? We have our storms and troubles and temptations. We fear and tremble. What is the matter? Is it not time for us to ask, "Is Father on deck? Father understands all about the vessel, the winds, the waves, the rocks, the storms, the tempest; "Is Father on deck?"

Yes, blessed be God, Father's "on deck" all the time. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." He is "on deck," for he has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Tempted, troubled, distressed and frightened soul, look up. Rest in God's faithfulness and love. Cast every care upon his arm.

"Fear not the windy tempest wild,
Thy bark they shall not wreck;
Lie down and sleep, thou helpless child,
Thy "Father's on the deck."

—*The Christian.*