

A UNIVERSALIST DISARMED.

Esquire W. and General P., lived on adjoining farms in Connecticut. They were old men of seventy and upwards, twenty years ago. Being on good terms, they used often to meet in their intervals of relaxation from care and labor, and spend hours in conversation. Esquire W. was a Universalist, and was much inclined to urge his opinions upon Gen. P., whose orthodox belief in the eternal punishment of the wicked, he said, excited his compassion. The General was an educated man, and met the arguments of his neighbor with the Scripture representations of this subject. He claimed that the authority of the Word of God should be admitted in this case, as in all others relating to the destiny of man, even if the doctrine of eternal punishment were less defensible, on the ground of reason, than it really is. But all this was lost on Esquire W., whose standing argument was, that God is no respecter of persons, and is so good that he cannot be pleased with the sufferings of his creatures, for any cause. And since God is a Sovereign, and has infinite power to accomplish all the purposes of his goodness, it appeared to him inconceivable that he should punish any of his creatures for sins which his own power might have prevented, and especially that he should subject some to suffering and make others happy, thus showing himself to be a respecter of persons. So strong was he in this position, and so confident of its correctness, that he claimed the right to interpret all Scripture in accordance with it. Rather than yield a point of so much certainty as this, he said he would reject the divine Authority of the Bible, because it could not be that God had denied himself. All argument, therefore, in the usual form, was at an end, and the General threw himself back upon first principles and facts, to show his neighbor, if possible, the absurdity of his position.

They met one morning on the line of their farms, when this colloquy occurred.

Gen. P. Good morning, Esq. W. How do you do?

Esq. W. I am not well, General; I have a great deal of pain in my bones; I get no sleep at night, and am pretty miserable. This rheumatism has got fast hold of me.

Gen. P. (Looking at his neighbor with an air of sober earnestness.) You must be mistaken, Esq. W. You have no pain in your bones. It's all a mistake. I don't believe a word of it.

Esq. W. What do you mean, General? I don't understand you. I tell you I have pain in my bones, that keeps me awake all night, and I don't know what to do for it. If you felt as I do, you would think you had pain I guess.

Gen. P. O no, Esq. It's a mistake of yours. You have no pain whatever. It cannot be, that you have.

Esq. W. I don't understand you, General. How do you know I have no pain?

Gen. P. Know? I know it, Esq. W., from your own principles. God is infinitely good. Of course he would not inflict pain upon a creature. Besides he is no respecter of persons, and it can't be, that he would subject you to suffering and spare me. Yet I have no pain in my bones. I am perfectly well. I sleep well at night, and have no rheumatism. I'm sure of it, neighbor W.; and this couldn't be, if you were in the condition you speak of. Surely God wouldn't treat one of his creatures better than another. He wouldn't keep me in perfect health, and leaving you limping and groaning with pain. O no; it's all a mistake. It's a mere fancy, and you have no pain in your bones whatever. It is as clear as the doctrine of universal salvation—and rests on the same proof—that you are as free from pain as I am, and sleep as well at night. Yes, my friend, you must give up this fancy of yours, about pain, and rheumatism, and sleepless nights, or else admit there is such a thing as suffering under the government of God. And if he inflicts it in this world upon some, and spares others, it is in vain to argue from its goodness and impartiality, that he will not do the same in the world to come. And he was speechless.—[N. Y. Observer.]

A Solemn Thing.

Rev. Dr. Porter, of Farmington, recently closed a discourse on forgiveness, with the following pertinent application:

It is a solemn thing to stand praying before God. You may indeed utter the words of prayer, and feel no religious awe, as men may trifle around the grave, or on the bed of death.

But it is no trifling thing to pray. It is no insignificant matter, even for an offending subject of an earthly prince, to go before the throne, supplicating pardon; and for a sinner to go into the presence of his Maker, confessing sins for which he is condemned by a perfect law to eternal death, and beseeching him for Christ's sake to forgive them, is certainly a serious thing. The matter at issue is serious. If God hear the prayer, the sinner lives; if he turn away, there is none to save. The application itself is serious. It is a recognition of the majesty of God, and the authority of his law, of the guilt of sin and its desert, of threatened wrath, of the atonement of Christ, and of the mercy of God in him; and also an appeal to the Omniscient eye, that we forgive one another, all which are suited to induce the deepest solemnity of the mind. Are you, then, my brethren, accustomed to pray? Do you go before God confessing your sins, and asking of him forgiveness; and is he the witness of your sincerity when you say, "Forgive us as we forgive others?" Are your feelings towards all whom you regard as having done you wrong, those of good will? Are you disposed to do them good when it is in your power, and to pray for them that God will do for them the good that is not in your power, to make and to meet all due concessions; to show yourselves friendly, and reciprocate overtures of friendship; to cover their sins, and bury them in forgetfulness? In such dispositions, my brethren, lies the glory of our religion, and the all decisive evidency of its emanation from the God of love. Such dispositions pervading a church, would unite it in perfect harmony, and challenge for it the admiration of the world. In cherishing such dispositions, you may have clear and unmistakable evidence of your heavenly adoption, and throw a light around you that will do more than all other means without them for the conversion to Christ of those who are dear to you. So God will hear your prayers, and delight to take up his dwelling-place with you, by his Spirit working in and with you, advancing you heavenward and adding to you such as will be saved.

"Who Will Take the Colors?"

Since we last alluded to the numerous deaths among our ministers, others have been summoned from the strife of the battle-field to their eternal rest. No less than thirty-two of our standard bearers have fallen before the foe since the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. Who will take the colors, which their hands can no longer clasp? Who will fill up their places in the army of God's elect?

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, in a funeral discourse of the late Dr. Gunn, has the following remarks which have an application in the numerous bereavements our own Church has experienced:

"Gone to the call, 'Come ye up hither,' they have left an empty place in the church, an empty place in the ranks of its officers, of its praying and faithful members. Oh! that God would persuade others to lift up the banner which they have dropped, and step into the place which their death has left empty. 'Another man to take the colors!' was the cry of one of our regiments on the battle-field: they lay on the ground, and the gallant young ensign bleeding beside them—it was answered, bravely answered.

Through the smoke of battle the sun glanced again on the levelled line of muskets, and another volley rang. Again that cry, 'Another man to take the colors!' Stepping forth, one bent him over the dead, loosed the staff from the dead man's fingers, and flung the flag on high in the face of the foe; yet another volley rang—he too, goes down; and a third time the cry rose, terrible above the roar of the battle, 'Another man to take the colors!' The Thousand Years are not begun, nor, as those who have entered on Millennial times, do we see Christ's banner floating from peaceful towers: it is to be borne by the arms of faith, and on through the very fire of battle. Over all the field, Christ's cause stands in need of men of might—men of prayer—men that can wield the sword of the Spirit among us, this sad day more than ever."—Presbyterian Home and Foreign Record.

The Lapland Missionary.

The poor Laplanders are without many of the things which we consider quite necessary to life; and what is worse, they have not a knowledge of the true God, and his Son Jesus Christ; and no one, for a long time, thought of going to tell these poor Laplanders about Jesus Christ, who died to save them.

It was about seventeen years ago, that a Swede, named Tellstrom, had been reading a book which told of the sad state of spiritual darkness of the Laplanders, and he felt a strong desire to go and preach the gospel to them. This man, Tellstrom, had himself lived without God; but he was convinced of sin while hearing the Rev. George Scott preach in Stockholm; and he anxiously put the question, "What must I do to be saved?" He was a journeyman painter, and had been used to work on the Sunday; but that he might be able to go to chapel on the Sunday, he gave up one seventh of his scanty food and wages. His growth in grace after he had found peace with God, was most encouraging. He was soon engaged in various efforts to do good; and when he read of the wants of the Laplanders, he told Mr. Scott he very much wished to go to them.

But there were many difficulties in the way. "How can you learn the language?" said Mr. Scott to him, "it is very difficult." "I have thought of this," he replied; "and I heard there was a Lappish Grammar published many years ago; and after a great deal of trouble, I have found one amongst the lumber of an old book shop. I found, also, a Lappish New Testament. I have been trying the language, and I firmly believe I shall be able to master it." "But," said Mr. Scott, "the cold is so much greater in Lapland than in Stockholm, and you cannot get the same shelter and comfort as you do here." "I have thought of that too," he said, "and during the late severe weather, I have gone up and down the stone stairs, that I might try whether I could bear the cold. I have not suffered at all; and I am convinced that, in this respect, I am especially fitted for Lapland." "What will you do for food? You will get no bread or vegetables; all that you will have will be the flesh of the reindeer smoked or otherwise prepared." "This," said he, "has not given me a thought. I have been none the worse for fasting once a week that I might secure my precious Sundays; and if God sends me to Lapland, he will support me there." "But how will you bear the solitude?—You may sometimes be placed where for many dreary miles you could not meet a spiritual friend." He was moved at this, and said, "I seem too young a convert to be removed from the careful nursing of the Christian church. I feel how much I need this; and yet if God be directing my steps to Lapland, my soul may certainly rely on that word, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;' and if Jesus be with me, is not this enough?"—*The Commission.*

"I CANNOT LEAVE MY CLASS."—So said a young lady, when urged to spend the Sabbath with some friends she was visiting a few miles from home. "I should be happy to stay with you, but I cannot leave my Sabbath-school class."

"Will not the superintendent find them a teacher just for one Sabbath, when he sees that you are not there?" asked her friends, as they continued to press her to prolong her visit. "It is so long since you have been here, we cannot consent to your leaving us to-night."

"O, yes, a teacher might be found readily, but I said nothing to them last Sabbath of a possibility of my being absent, and they will feel disappointed if I am not there."

"There seems now a prospect of a rainy day to-morrow. If so, your class will not be there. I think you had better stay, if that is all that requires your return," remarked an elderly lady present.

"A rain will make no difference," replied Miss R.; "my little girls are always there, unless sick. Besides, I promised to explain to them to-morrow some allusion to ancient Eastern usages, which they did not understand by reading some descriptions from the Bible Dictionary. I thank you: I should love to be with you, but I must go to night."

The friends ceased to urge her; but while they admired her devotedness to the Sabbath-school, they could not forbear still asking, "Do you never allow yourself to be absent from home on the Sabbath?"

"Never, on ordinary occasions," she answered; "if a long journey, or anything (sickness excepted) demanded my absence, I endeavor to make arrangements previously, so that no interruption or disappointment need occur in my class. They are so punctual themselves, I certainly should be so too."

Happy little girls! to be blessed with the instructions of such a teacher, too! who may place such confidence in the punctual attendance and unabated interest in her pupils.

The Contrast.

I saw a vast multitude of the sick and dying, all fast hastening to death, and I heard a voice saying to each and all, "There is life for the asking," and there were but one or two of all that company who raised their voices to beg the boon.

I saw a band of weary travellers, in a sandy desert, parched with thirst, and faint beneath the rays of a burning sun; and I heard a voice saying to them, "There is water for the seeking. Hold every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" and directly in sight appeared a cool and sparkling fountain, gushing from a rock which threw its deep shadow across the "weary land; and but few there were who made the effort to reach the grateful shade of the rock, or to slake their thirst in its waters.

"There is gold for the digging," proclaims another voice; thousands of eager questioners cry, "Where? where?" "Far, far away over the waters, across the dangerous passes of the mountains; danger and disease must be met, privation and hunger must be braved—but what of all that? there is gold for the digging, at the end." And how they throng, and press, and crowd, to reach that far-off land; and there they suffer, starve, and die, in their search for gold.

But, sounding above the din and tumult of the world—heard at times even by those who are so engrossed by the things of sense, is heard a voice loud and piercing—"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN IF HE GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD, AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL? OR WHAT," when it is lost, "SHALL HE GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?"

A FEMALE PRAYER-MEETING.—It was nearly forty years ago when I became acquainted with this meeting. It was held on Wednesday afternoon, and usually at the house of the pastor, because the feeble health of the pastor's wife did not permit her to go abroad. The number attending it was about eight; and seldom was one absent because of cold, or heat, or storm, though some of the members lived two or three miles distant. They were all mothers, and the first specific object of prayer was the conversion of their children. One, who was sometimes present when a child, still remembers some of those meetings as occasions when all present were weeping, and the voice faltered in prayer.

I believe only two of these mothers are now living. Some of their children are dead, but nearly all of them gave evidence of having passed from death unto life. Seven of their sons entered the Christian ministry. Four of them commenced their labors as pastors about thirty years ago; the others a few years after. All of them have been eminently useful. Two of them have recently died, after having been the instruments of the conversion of hundreds of souls.

As I think with much solicitude of the need of more ministers, I am led to ask, *Where are the praying mothers?*—[Central Christian Herald.]

How to do Good.—Dr. Johnson wisely said, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any thing." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasions is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovelful of dirt after another; one shovelful at a time. Thus drops make the ocean.—Hence, we should be should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never "wait to do a great deal of good at once." If we would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts one after another; speaking a word here, giving a tract there, and setting a good example all the time: we must do the first good thing we can, and then the next, and the next, and so keep on doing good. This is the way to accomplish any thing. Thus only shall we do all the good in our power.—*Ame. Messenger.*

WHEN DO WE KNOW CHRIST?—When we think as Christ thought, do as Christ did, live as he lived; when, like him, we are patient, meek and humble, are about our Father's business, are heavenly minded; when, like him, our wills are lost in the will of God; when we sympathize with the suffering, raise the fallen, comfort the afflicted, forgive as we hope to be forgiven; when we feel thus, and do thus, then we know Christ; then we are