

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

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Poetry.

"Peace, be Still!"

Once upon the heaving ocean
Rolled a bark at even-tide,
While the waves in wild commotion
Dashed against the vessel's side.
Jesus sleeping on his pillow,
Heeded not the raging billow,
While the waves were all around,
Gaily slept the Son of God!
In that dark and dreadful hour
Fearful ones awoke their Lord:
Jesus, by his sovereign power,
Calmed the tempest by his word.
In life's dark and restless ocean,
Mid the billows' wild commotion,
Trembling soul thy God is there—
He will make thee still his care.
Jesus hears our silent weeping
When before his throne we bow,
Never, never, is he sleeping
Where he reigns in glory now.
If the billows roll o'er thee,
If the billows roll o'er thee,
If thy soul with terror fill,
Hear him saying, "PEACE, BE STILL!"

Written for the Christian Visitor.

Chinese Jews.

In that mighty dismemberment of the Jewish nation, which followed the destruction of Jerusalem, the unfortunate people were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Every country saw among her inhabitants, a number of aliens belonging to a race that could never die: every land became a dwelling place for the demoralized exiles. There was no region so remote but that the Jewish foot would cross its borders; no sea so distant, but that the Jewish keel would cleave its bosom. Ages rolled on, century succeeded to century, but still the Jewish race increased and extended. Cycles revolved, but still amid suffering, sorrow, and privations, the Jew went everywhere fulfilling his destiny.

There are short, stunted, and bleached Jews, among the Laps; and Sweden possesses Jews with the clear complexion of the north. In Poland and Germany, they exist in thousands; separated from the people, yet partially blended with them by certain inevitable results of consanguinity. You will find them among the swartzy Moors. You will find them possessing a darker tinge among the darker Hindus. In the distant Malayan Islands they live a Malayan life. In the torrid clime of Africa, they live with the "black skin of the African."

But the existence of Jews in all these countries is not more surprising or interesting than the fact of their existence in China. China! How came they there? How did they pass the formidable barriers which art, nature, and tyranny, have set up against the stranger? Did they cross the burning desert, and scale the mountainous heights of western China, or did they cross the Malayan sea, and enter by the mighty commercial portals? When came they there? How came they? All these questions start up in the mind but remain unanswered. We know not when they came or how they came. We only know that for many ages they have lived in China, and have dwelt amid strangers, peacefully practicing their own arts, and performing the peculiar rules of their own religion. Whatever they have suffered in other lands, here at least they have been secure. Peacefully they engaged in commerce and agriculture; securely they pursued the branches of civilized life which seemed most suitable for them. They were as citizens—peaceful, loyal, and orderly; as soldiers—obedient, tractable, and faithful. In fact, during their earlier existence in China, so kindly was the feeling between the two races, that intermarriages took place frequently, and opened the way for a great diminution of the Jewish numbers.

The Jesuits were the first Europeans who discovered the existence of the Jews in China. When Father Ricci, an eminent provincial at Peking, first became aware of this, he heard the news with the deepest surprise and interest. This was in the year 1600. Four years after he sent a young Jesuit to Kai-foung-fou, the place where the Jews were living. The youth arrived in safety, and found there about a dozen families. These formed the last remains of seventy-six families—the remnant of all who had formerly dwelt in China. They had a synagogue, and a copy of the Pentateuch, which had existed from time immemorial. The young Jesuit was treated kindly by the Jews, who even went so far as to invite Ricci to be their chief, a request which of course was declined.

In 1613 Father Aleni visited Kai-foung-fou, but he found the Rabbi dead, and could not get a sight of their ancient books. At length a residence was established in the city, and among the residing fathers was one Gozani, a man of great perseverance, and urbanity of manner. He contrived to enter the synagogue, copy the inscriptions to be sent to Rome, and gain the warm friendship of all the Jews.

Gozani thus describes what he saw:—
"There were thirteen tabernacles placed upon tables, each of which was surrounded by small curtains. The sacred Kim of Moses (the Pentateuch) was shut up in each of these tabernacles, twelve of which represented the Twelve Tribes of Israel; and the thirteenth, Moses. The books were written on long pieces of parchment, and folded up on rollers. I obtained leave from the chief of the synagogue to draw the curtains of one of these tabernacles, and to unroll one of the books, which appeared to me to be written in a hand exceedingly neat and distinct."
"There are also in it two other pieces of the Pentateuch, which are shut up with great care several other little books, containing different divisions of the Pentateuch of Moses, which they call Ta-Kim, and other parts of their law. They use these books when they pray; they showed me some of them, which appeared to be written in Hebrew. They were

partly new, and partly old, and half torn. They, however, bestow as much attention on guarding them as if they were gold or silver."

Gozani looked over their Pentateuch, and comparing the matter with that of our Bible found them to coincide accurately. His account is full of interest, and created much sensation; but circumstances prevented anything further from being accomplished at that time.

In 1815, the Chinese Jews sent a letter to their brethren in London, which by some chance miscarried. Some half dozen years since the Jewish society of London, resolved to have intercourse with their Chinese brethren. A wealthy Jewess placed a large sum of money at their disposal and two Chinese Christians were sent off to Kai-foung-fou. Their journal is one which cannot fail to interest every one. They reached their destination in safety, and found the Jews in a state of great destitution and misery. The synagogue was in ruins, and the miserable remnant of this once flourishing colony, lived huddled around the ruined walls, and slept upon the stones. They had sold almost every valuable article to purchase food, but fortunately their books yet remained. These were twelve in number. Each one was thirty feet long, by three feet wide, made of parchment, and fastened on rollers. They were inscribed with Hebrew characters. The Jews were so miserable, that it is supposed they could not exist much longer. The envoys obtained, and brought back eight manuscripts, six being portions of the Old Testament and the remainder the Jewish Liturgy.

The leaves of these manuscripts "are of a species of card-board, on which the words, as it were, are engraved with a point; the binding is in silk, and bears evident marks of being of foreign origin. Two Israelitic merchants, to whom these books were shown at Shanghai, spoke of having seen similar ones at Aden, and the presence here and there upon the margins of Persian words, interspersed with Hebrew annotations, seemed to indicate that the books came originally from some western country of Asia, perhaps Persia, or some of the high provinces of India, where Persia lies from time immemorial been the language used among the people of education. Although the annotations mentioned are non-erous, and apparently referring to different epochs, no trace of any Chinese character is to be discovered, nor any of those marks or signs which immediately betray Chinese origin. No date exists by which the age can be determined."

So much for the Chinese Jews. Little that is reliable has since been heard of them. The reader may find this subject treated more worthily and extensively in the "Household words" 1850. The last expedition by which these valuable documents were brought home was productive of the highest and most important results. In these ancient manuscripts which coincide so exactly with our edition of the Bible, we have a living and unimpeachable testimony to the truth of the Holy Scriptures. And we see by this how God preserves the truth and raises up witnesses in all climes and in all ages. JACOB.

"Something that should have been a Man."

"There goes something that should have been a man!" exclaimed a friend.

The poor creature was just leaving a low grog shop. A tall form, with a massive great chest, a noble brow, with a shock of frizzled grey hair—eyes deep, dark, and lustrous once; now, still deep, but spectral, and burning like smouldering fires upon red altars—these made the sum bodily of that something that should have been a man.

Let us trace his career.
A beautiful babe, pressed fondly to the breast of a joyous mother. Clinging to her neck, playing with her ringlets, filling the house with the music of his laugh.

A lovely boy, towards whom all eyes are turned; his face bright with enthusiasm, wending his way to the little school, and there winning prizes. So in the play-ground, the king among his fellows; vivacious, full of fun and repartee, eager at play. Hear the ring of his glad shout!

A youth, already singing his gentle partner. A youth, sitting at small parties the bright-hued wine, and poetising on the frothy pearls that deck its surface.

A young man! How the word leaps to paper! How much of strength, what beaming eyes, what high resolves and proud starings for fame, what yearnings to be rich, what hopes of happiness, what dreamings of the future, what excesses of joy, those three little words conjure before the mind!

A young man! Does he mean to be drunken? To be poor? To be dishonoured? To have the children laugh and point the finger at him? To strike down the helpless woman? To deform innocent children? To turn home worse than a howling desert? Oh! assuredly not.

Nor does he think so, while he leans back in the gorgeous saloon, and amid flashing lights, aided by every artifice, takes to his heart, to his soul, hugging it as a miser hugs his treasure, the fiend that desolates.

Well, time has passed swiftly; the brand is burnt out, it is charred and blackened, the star has fallen from the heaven of hope.

He bickers, he quarrels, he laughs with silly leering, and kicks at the harmless chairs and tables. He roars, that you may roar to him back, and thinks it wit. If his wife smiles, he curses her; and if she cannot get him a supper or a fire, still he curses her. It is cursing, cursing, and going to grog shops, and coming home to curse again, from morning till night.

Alas! poor drunkard. Wherever you behold him, you see "something that should have been a man." Ah! and something that cannot be freed from human responsibilities!

The Judgement! The Judgement! That is what he is coming to! Oh, how will he bear the devouring flame; how can he lie down amidst everlasting burnings!"

Communications.

European Correspondence.

Rome, January 15, 1855.

Mr. Editor,—Though Rome has fallen from its pristine greatness, and as a Capital, exercises scarcely any influence in the political affairs of Europe, yet in everything that relates to Art it is the chief city of the world. The largest of all its palaces is the Vatican, the winter residence of the Pope. This palace is of immense extent and being composed of buildings put up at different periods is very irregular in design. Within its walls are the greatest Museums of paintings and sculptures, the most splendid frescoes, and the largest libraries in the whole world. A d it is principally on account of the priceless treasures of ancient and modern Art collected here, that so many artists and lovers of art from all parts of Christendom congregate at Rome.

As I have just observed, Mr. Editor, the Vatican is of immense extent, in fact it would be impossible to give in a letter a proper account of it—to give an account of the beauties, the curiosities, and the antiquities contained in a building with 4,442 chambers, many of them larger than any dozen rooms in St. John. But a short description of its museums, would not perhaps be inappropriate.

The first division is very large and contains a vast collection of ancient inscriptions, the most of which are Christian, and were found in the Catacombs. Some of these inscriptions are very touching, and may be translated thus,— "Sacred to Christ, the Supreme God." "In peace. To Aurelius Felix of good memory, who lived with his wife in sweet sequestered wedlock, He lived fifty five years. Snatched home eternally on the twelfth Kalends of January." Others once marked the resting places of martyrs. They are indelibly carved signs composed of the letter P and the Greek X and signify pro Christo (for Christ).

Beyond this gallery is another of the same size which contains more than a thousand pieces of sculpture, some of which are very valuable, and this gallery alone, though but a fraction of the great Vatican museum would do honour to any other city in Europe. Not far from this there is an open court with a fountain in the centre, and surrounded by a portico which contains four small rooms. In the open part of the portico are antique columns, baths of porphyry and granite, and sculptures of various kinds, while in these four small rooms are some of the most wonderful works of art in existence. In the cabinet on the right are three famous statues by Canova, the Perseus with the head of Medusa, and the boxers. They are all very much admired and are well worthy of Canova's high fame. In the two boxes every muscle is brought into action, and the air of stern determination and firmness in their countenances is unsurpassable. The Perseus seems to be the personification of manly beauty. When the statues of Apollo and the Laocoon were carried off to Paris by Napoleon, this Perseus and the boxers were put in their place and the former called "Consolatrice" (the Consolator). After the restoration of the plundered statues, Canova wished to take these away thinking that they would suffer from comparison with the masterpieces of ancient art, but that was not allowed and they remain here still.

In the second cabinet is the Belvedere Antinous a most beautiful and very celebrated statue. The great painter Domenichino admired it extremely and made it his constant study. He used to exclaim that he was indebted to it for his knowledge of the beautiful. It is a magnificent work of art and ranks high among the wonders of the Vatican.

In the third cabinet is the wonderful, the glorious group of the Laocoon, that masterpiece of ancient art so well known, so often described.—It is said to have been found in the Baths of Titus, and Pliny has described it in a very beautiful passage. For centuries this group has excited the unbounded admiration of artists and men of the finest taste and discrimination. It represents Laocoon the priest of Apollo and his two sons destroyed by serpents, sent by Minerva to destroy them. Byron in one of his finest passages has described this group:—

"Or turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's tortoise dignifying pain;
A father's love and mortal's agony,
With an immortal's patience blending, win
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And grips, and deepening of the dragon's clasp.
The old man's clutch; the long envenomed chain
Bivets the living links, the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

In the fourth cabinet is the famous statue of Apollo. It represents the god after he had slain the Python. When this statue was first discovered it created a great sensation and Winckelmann the great antiquary was in raptures about it. His enthusiasm bordered almost on extravagance. This statue and the group of the Laocoon are among those few sculptures which are termed prodigies of art, and are beyond all criticism.

Beyond the hall is another department called the Hall of Animals. It contains very fine sculptures of almost every kind of animal, and it has been called the menagerie of art. Halls of the Busts and of the Muses follow this. Upstairs is the Hall of the Car. It takes its name from an ancient chariot and horses which it contains. Beyond the Hall of the Car is the Gallery of the Candelabra an apartment 1000 feet in length, con-

taining candelabra, statues, tripods, columns, sarcophagi, etc., innumerable.

Close by are a number of apartments devoted to Etruscan antiquities. They contain vast quantities of vases, sarcophagi, statues and other relics of that nation. And the galleries of Egyptian antiquities follow these, containing mummies, ornaments, idols, statues, and other curiosities innumerable.

This hall follows hall and gallery follows gallery in this wonderful edifice.

(To be concluded.)

Written for the Christian Visitor.

Karen Missions.

BY X—

(Continued.)

In the beginning of the year 1829, he determined to visit them in their own jungles. Ko-Thah-Byu attended as guide and interpreter. In the neighborhood of Tavoy, every eminence is covered with pagodas. They pass by these painful and striking proofs of the idolatry of the land, and at length approach scenes unpolled by pagan shrines. They penetrate dark forests, and ford rapid mountain torrents. Now they move slowly through gloomy ravines whence rugged and frowning precipices arise far on high. They climb lofty mountains, and gaze on scenes which we might think had never yet met the eye of man. But here, far in the interior, away from the usual haunts of men, in regions almost inaccessible, the Karen seeks a home.

The scattered inhabitants of these wild regions, throng to the white teacher,—to see his face, and hear his message. They are willing to hear of Christ, and many profess a willingness to receive him as their Saviour. Several at the first hearing of the gospel, confessed a desire to receive baptism. Though it was not deemed prudent to accede to their requests until time had tested the sincerity of their profession, yet Mr. Boardman returned to Tavoy, well pleased with the results which had attended his labors, and more than ever interested in this rather too neglected people.

While Mr. Boardman was laboring in Tavoy,—preaching with zeal and hopefulness, to Burmese and Karens, an event occurred which threatened the most painful consequences to the mission, but which happily resulted in but a brief interruption of its operations.

In the month of August, 1829, an insurrection broke out in Tavoy. A few Sepoys were the sole defence of the city, and to add to the danger, their commander was at the time in Maulmain. The mission-house being in the range of the rebels fire, was abandoned, and soon after the Sepoys retreated from the city. Affairs were in a most critical condition, when Col. Burney arrived. Without waiting for reinforcements, he, at the head of his little band, made a vigorous and unexpected attack on the rebels. The charge was successful, and the insurrection quelled.

Mrs. Boardman had left the scene of danger in the same steamer which brought Col. Burney; and her husband finding his house, books, and furniture, totally destroyed; and the city in an unsettled state; deemed it expedient to rejoin her in Maulmain. They returned to Tavoy as soon as possible, and found that the interruption to their labors had been less prejudicial than they had dared to anticipate.

They recommenced their labors in the school-room and yayat with renewed energy, and with renewed prospects of success. Little was accomplished for the haughty and bigoted Burmese, but the Karens gave proof that the Word preached to them had not been in vain. It was not to be expected that Mr. Boardman in feeble health, and with engrossing duties, could make many journeys to the more distant Karen jungles. Indeed this was unnecessary—as he had assistants, who, at an infinitely less expenditure of time and toil could perform this work.

The Karen converts displayed in an eminent degree a love for souls. Among these disciples were some who delighted in threading the forests and jungles, to proclaim to their ignorant fellow countrymen, the life and immortality which the gospel brings to light. At the head of these choice spirits stood Ko-Thah-Byu. He had a passion for saving souls. Toil, disease, opposition but served to exhibit his indomitable energy. Wherever there were Karens, whether in the plains around Tavoy, or in the almost inaccessible regions of the Eastern mountains—there was Ko-Thah-Byu, proclaiming Christ!

With such assistants, it was not necessary that Mr. Boardman should visit the jungles. He left this work for the native preachers, and while laboring mainly for the Burmese of Tavoy, paid all possible attention to the Karens who came to him from a distance. The results of these efforts were most cheering.—Within a year after his attention had first been directed to these people, he baptized fifteen converts. Besides these there had been others in the jungle who were waiting for baptism; and more than one village had renounced its vices, for the decency, and morality, which Christianity enjoins. Mr. Boardman continued his work with characteristic ardor. He labored faithfully for the Burmese of Tavoy; preaching to them, and overseeing the schools which he had established. Besides these duties, which one would think were sufficient to take all his time and energy; he enlarged his field of labor, and commenced a system of village preaching. Often he walked twenty miles a day preaching the gospel to all who would listen, an open yayat his only shelter from the burning sun by day, and the chilling damps by night. To these labors were added

trials such as rarely fall to the lot even of the foreign missionary. The little Burmese church which he had formed, languished, and not unfrequently some of its members apostatized. This grieved him deeply. He saw his children removed by death. He had watched by the bed side of his wife, and saw with anguish her wasted and wasting form. He had feared lest the destroyer who had seized his children, might also take her away, and leave him all alone.

To all this was added his own bodily sufferings. He had never enjoyed vigorous health. He had been a puny invalid before he left America, and the atmosphere of Tavoy was not the most salubrious for one in his condition.

The accumulated evils which pressed upon him, at length forced him to leave for a time his field of labor. It was thought that the more salubrious climate of Maulmain, and the rest from toil which he might then enjoy, would tend to retard his decline. Accordingly he left Tavoy for Maulmain, where he remained a few months, not sufficiently long however to make his visit of any lasting benefit to his health.

After an absence of a few months, he returned again to Tavoy, to spend the remainder of his short life in the cause which he so dearly loved. A warm and heart-cheering welcome was prepared for him. Ko-Thah-Byu went into the jungle to announce his arrival, and soon returned accompanied by forty Karens. They greeted their teacher most warmly, and gave him a decisive proof that his labors among them had not been in vain. Many of them were members of the church, the remainder were candidates for baptism.—On the 20th of December, these candidates, to the number eighteen, were led into the baptismal waters by Mung Tay, one of the Karen assistants.

(To be Continued.)

For the Christian Visitor

Faith, Hope, and Love.

For countless ages had the archangel Israfil tuned his golden harp and sung to strains of celestial music the glories of the Omnipotent. Seeking fresh themes for song at length he turned to Earth.

As he winged his rapid flight through space, and now could perceive in the distance the world whither he was bound, three beings of angelic mien approached. The first, clad in garments of royal purple, was tall and stately; his majestic features flashed with the fires of inspiration, and as he walked, his form resembled in splendour the noon-day sun. The second angel was strong and powerful, like the storm-driven form of a mountain; his garments white as the driven snow, his countenance calm and dignified, his step firm and stately. Soft and beautiful, as the full moon, was the third. Around him was enwrapped a mantle of azure, his figure was aerial and graceful; his features lovely beyond expression, beamed with truth, gentleness and modesty; and as he advanced the angelic spirits of light admired, and the children of evil hid their heads and feared.

"Be thou our Empire, O Israfil," said he of the god-like form, as wondering at the grace and dignity of their motions the archangel paused in his flight. "Accompany us to Earth, and when thou hast witnessed the scenes which each shall present before thee, decide who of us possesseth most power over the minds of men—to inspire in them celestial thoughts, and fill their souls with pure and holy devotion to their Creator—and first come thou with me."

The heavenly harper gave assent, and soaring high in air, they soon perceived the lofty hills and mighty seas of Earth. Advancing still, they came to Palestine, the chosen land of God.

Here, at the base of a hill, they saw a man of venerable aspect, riding on an ass, and accompanied by a beautiful youth, his son. He at length dismounted and placing in the arms of the youth the wood for a sacrifice, slowly ascended the hill. He stopped, then mournfully built the pile, and with bitter tears of agony, he undid the wood his own son; and with upturned eyes suffused with tears, raised the knife for the deadly blow—"Behold," said the angel of the god-like mien, "how Faith can compel a mortal, in obedience to the command of his God, to sacrifice his own son.—Does any one possess greater power?" Then stretching forth his hand he caught the arm of the man, and averted the knife.

"The power of Faith is indeed great!"—said the angel of the snowy vesture, "Come and behold mine." Then to the plains of Babylonia they winged their way. There in captivity, mourned the Israelites. Pining in loathsome dungeons, toiling in the fields for hard task-masters, enduring the insults of a hostile people, they remained for seventy years on the banks of the Euphrates.—"Long, long they wept, yet still did they look upward, and still believed and awaited their return to mount Zion." "Such," said the angel, "is the power of Hope. Hope e'n, in the midst of persecution and misfortune, far from country and friends, cheer and encourage men to do their duty, and believe in the justice of the Eternal."

"And now, O Spirit of Beauty," said Israfil, "dost thou possess greater dominion than Faith, or than Hope?" He answered not but led them to the hill of Calvary. There, on the bloody cross,—his body mangled and convulsed with agonizing torture; with quivering lips; eyes starting from their sockets; and hair clotted with gore;—was suspended the Redeemer of mankind! Thirst parched his mouth, he gasped for water;—

* According to Oriental legends, Israfil is the leader of the angelic choir.

from the assembled multitude arose a cry of mockery and derision, and a reed was offered him with the horrid mixture of vinegar and gall. At length he died—His last look pardon—his last words a prayer for his persecutors!

"Almighty, all-powerful Love, thine is the triumph," said Israfil as he bowed his head in obedience. "Faith and Hope possess power, to cause men to believe, to submit, to await; but Love alone could cause the Son of God to lay down his life for erring man. Henceforward, O glorious Being, my harp and my voice shall celebrate thine omnipotence, in the Court of the Supreme!"

ALEPH.

Selected for the Visitor by AMICUS.

"How came I by my wicked Heart?"

A cavalier once asked the shrewd Dr. Nettleton, "How came I by my wicked heart?"—"That," he replied, "is a question which does not so much concern you as another, namely, how you should get rid of it. You have a wicked heart, which render you entirely unfit for the kingdom of God; and you must have a new heart or you cannot be saved; and the question which now most deeply concerns you is, how you shall obtain it?" As the man manifested no wish to hear anything on that subject, but still pressed the question how he came by his wicked heart, Dr. Nettleton told him that his condition resembled that of a man who is drowning, while his friends are attempting to save his life. As he rises to the surface of the water he exclaims,— "How came I here?" "That question does not concern you now; take hold of this rope."—"But how came I here?" he asks again.—"I shall not stop to answer that question now," replies his friend.—"Then I'll drown," says the infatuated man, and spurning all proffered aid, sinks to the bottom.

The Origin of Sin.

Two American divines were once conversing together about the various theories concerning the origin of sin, when one interrupted them by saying, "It seems to me that it would be far better for ministers, instead of puzzling themselves to know how sin ENTERED INTO THE WORLD, to unite their efforts, and say how much of it, with God's blessing they can drive out." "You remain," said one of the clergymen, "of my aged deacon, who after listening to a sermon, in which I had endeavored to explain why God suffered sin to enter the world, being asked what he thought of my theory, shook his head, and replied, 'Ah, Sir, all I know about it is, I am a sinner and wish I WASN'T.'"

"Is dependance upon God for a new Heart suited to discourage effort?"

A person once said, in the presence of Dr. Nettleton, that to inculcate upon sinners their dependance on God for a new heart, is suited to discourage effort, and to lead them to sit down in despair. He replied, "The very reverse of this is true. Suppose a number of men are locked up in a room, playing cards. Some person informs them that the roof of the building is on fire, and that they must make their escape, or they will perish in the flames." Says one of them, "We need not be in haste, we shall have time to finish the game." "But," says the person who gave the alarm, "your door is locked." "No matter for that," he replies, "I have the key in my pocket, and can open it at any moment." "But I tell you that the key will not open the door." "Won't it?" he exclaims, and, rising from the table, flies to the door, and exerts himself to the utmost to open it. So sinners, while they believe there is no difficulty in securing their salvation at any moment, quiet their consciences, and silence their fears. But when they are taught that such is the wickedness of their hearts, that they will never repent unless God interposes by his regenerating grace, they are alarmed, and begin to inquire, in deep distress, "What they shall do to be saved?"

"I cannot get along with the doctrine of Election."

A certain individual said to the Rev. Dr. Nettleton, "I cannot get along with the doctrine of Election."—"Then," said he, "get along without it. You are at liberty to get to heaven the easiest way you can. Whether the doctrine of election is true or not, it is true that you must repent, and believe, and love God. Now, what we tell you is, that such is the wickedness of your heart that you never will do these things, unless God has determined to renew your heart. If you do not believe that your heart is so wicked, make it manifest by complying with the terms of salvation.—Why do you stand cavilling with the doctrine of Election? Suppose you should prove it to be false; what have you gained? You must repent and believe in Christ after all. Why do you not immediately comply with these terms of the Gospel? When you have done this, without the aid of divine grace, it will be soon enough to oppose the doctrine of election. Until you shall have done this, we shall still believe that the doctrine of election lies at the foundation of all hope in your case."

To a man, who manifested great opposition to the doctrine of election, he once said, "If I should go to heaven, I feel as if I should wish to say, in the language of the apostle 'Who hath saved us and called us with his holy calling; not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which were given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began.' Now, if we should meet in heaven, and I should make use of this language, will you quarrel with me there?"