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# The Christian Visitor.

“Hold fast the form of sound words.”—2d Timothy, 1, 13.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1864.

THE OFFICE OF THE  
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
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It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,  
News and Secular.  
From the American Messenger.

### LOOKING INTO JESUS.

BY REV. B. FRANKLIN RAYTHAY.

Looking unto Jesus, O the glorious sight!  
Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of light;  
Looking unto Jesus when the soul is sad,  
Looking unto Jesus makes the mourner glad.

Looking unto Jesus in temptation's hour,  
Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of power;  
Looking unto Jesus makes the weakest strong,  
Looking unto Jesus gives the victor's song.

Looking unto Jesus, in the days of youth,  
Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of truth;  
Looking unto Jesus tho' your strength is small,  
Looking unto Jesus shall never fail.

Looking unto Jesus as your cares increase,  
Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of peace;  
Looking unto Jesus as you toil below,  
Looking unto Jesus, he will grace bestow.

Looking unto Jesus, as your strength decays,  
Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of days;  
Looking unto Jesus when the wheel shall break,  
Looking unto Jesus, he will ne'er forsake.

Looking unto Jesus, as we rise above,  
Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of love;  
Looking unto Jesus we shall ever sing,  
Jesus is our Saviour, Jesus is our King.

Looking unto Jesus from the golden streets,  
Jesus full of beauty, Jesus full of sweets;  
Looking unto Jesus shall our glory be,  
Looking unto Jesus to eternity.

shalt, and neither death nor hell shall turn thee from thy course. What, if for a while thou art called to stand still, yet this is but to renew thy strength for some greater advance in due time. Dream not, I pray thee, of so much as looking back; take courage, and in believing silence, possess thy soul, while the Captain bids thee, “Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.” Precipitancy, another evil counsellor, cries, “Do something! Something or other must be done. Do not despair; do not turn back, but stir yourself, and leave no stone unturned. To stand still and wait, is sheer idleness. There is no time to be lost, you must do something, be it right or wrong?” Yes, but it is well to remember, that in some cases, the more haste the less speed. When a christian is in very sharp trouble, one of his strongest temptations is to be in an unbelieving, fretful state of agitation, which leads him to premature and unwise action. How sad some who are weak in faith are doing and undoing themselves, by indiscreet haste! If they could but be quiet in faith, and stand still in patience, until the Master led the way, they would be led aright; but they run before the cloud, and fall into the net. So in haste are they to escape from Pharaoh's clutches, that they run into them at unawares. I am sure that much of the sin which we commit when we are in trouble, is produced by our being in a fluttered state of heart; for then our soul is like a silly dove without heart, which has forgotten the dovecot, and therefore flies hither and thither, round and round, at imminent peril of its life from the hawk. We must be doing something at once—we must do it so we think—instead of looking to God, who only do something, but who will do everything. Many of us when in a strait are hardly reasonable in our hasty endeavors. O that we could learn to trust in the Lord with all our hearts, and lean not to our own understanding. What the christian does with cool deliberation, when he has waited upon God, when, like David, he has said, “Bring hither the ephod,” he does with a purpose, and God is with him; but what he does when he is excited or depressed, with an aching head and a fluttering heart, he will usually find cause to mourn over, and possibly he will be involved in more trouble through what he has done himself, than through the affliction which God sent him. But faith, I say, listens neither to Despair, nor to Cowardice, nor to Precipitancy, but it hears God say, “Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.”

this morning, reduced to the lowest ebb; it has run dry; I cannot believe the promise.” “Ah, now,” you say, “even my faith fails me.” Everything that is of the creature is now gone; you are like the poor lost one in the desert, your tottering faith forlorn; and now the Lord will save, for the God of Israel will not forsake thee. Evidently you are reduced to the extremity of an extremity, when hope and faith alike are drowned; but now it is that the Lord will manifest his mighty strength. But you are saying, “What shall I see?” Well, I know not precisely what you shall see, except I am sure of this, you shall see the salvation of God, and in that salvation you shall see two or three things, just as the children of Israel saw them. You shall see, if needs be, all nature and all providence subservient to God's love. They saw the waters stand upright, contrary to nature; the east wind was made at once to obey God's behests, and blow all that night; thus they saw how there was nothing upon earth which could stand against the divine will. And you shall see the same. If it be needed for your deliverance, fire shall not burn you, neither shall the floods drown you. If you cannot be helped in the common order of providence, God will give some extraordinary proofs of his power. It may be that as you look back upon the method of your deliverance, you will be so surprised at it, that you will say, “If anybody had told me this beforehand, I would have laughed at them; but now I admire and wonder at the love of God.” You shall be led to see that all things, even the most deadly, work together for good to them that love God. The waters cannot drown them, but they shall drown their foes. You will see again, if you will but stand still and see it, the Lord reigneth.

Adjoining the Old University is the Old Theological Seminary building, and the Augustinian convent in which Luther lived with his beloved wife, “Käte,” for thus the doctor himself chose to call her. We were especially interested in visiting the apartments occupied by them and their six children. They were in the first and second stories—the family room below, Luther's study above with another room adjoining—the former 10 by 30 feet, the latter 16 by 10. In the larger stands the pulpit from which he delivered his lectures and his Professor's chair, which have been brought to this room to be preserved with the other memorials which are here religiously kept. In this same room is his stove, which was made by his own directions, and which has never been removed. Indeed, to remove it would be to destroy it. It is built just where it stands, and it could only be removed as a brick oven would be with us, by tearing it down. His table stands here—the very one on which he wrote his theses, probably. Here is a plain wooden sofa or lounge, as we should say, and a very plain wooden “tete-a-tete,” occupied by him and his wife. I looked at it with reverence. It was primitive simplicity itself. Perhaps I ought to have had it to say that I sat in it, but I felt too much veneration for it to feel at all like doing so. His table has been whitened by those irreverent persons who are always hunting relics. I should as soon have thought of stealing a Bible. The floor of this room is of wood, and much worn, made of plank, or perhaps of something even thicker. In this room also hang portraits of Luther, Mauritz, Frederik the Great, Frederik the Wise, and John the Steadfast. In the adjoining room is his wardrobe, a beautiful piece of furniture for that day, and richly carved. In it were a broken inkstand, with its case, his beer mug, some specimen of his wife's needle work, and a few of his preserved manuscripts.

This is left almost entirely as when he occupied it. The same stove, bedstead, table, clothespress and paper weight. The table has been badly whitened, until it has become necessary to put an iron band around it. The bedstead has also been treated in the same manner. Indeed, some parts of this have been entirely renewed. The old chair had been all used up, and we were told that the one now in the room was simply an imitation of the original. This saves it, of course. Nobody has ever whitened that. Here hang Luther's portrait, Melancthon's, and between the two the portraits of Luther's father and mother. From these last it appears that Luther bore a striking resemblance to his father, and but little to his mother.

### DIRECTION IN DILEMMA.

A SERMON DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 22, 1863, BY REV. C. H. SPURGIN.

“Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.” Ex. xiv. 13.

Our text exhibits the posture in which a man should be found while exercised with trial. Methinks, also, it shows the position in which a sinner should be found when he is under trouble on account of sin. We will employ it both ways.

Another hiss of the old serpent, is the suggestion of presumption. “On, on,” says Presumption, “neither or nothing, make or break. If the sea be before you, march into it and expect a miracle. It is true you have no divine command, but never mind, your own daring will work wonders. You know, you are ordained to inherit Canaan, and therefore go on towards it, sea or no sea.” Dear brethren, there is much heinous craft in this temptation; it is peculiarly adapted to beguile those advanced Christians, who know what it is to walk by faith. I am afraid it is very easy for us to mistake presumption for faith, although there is a wide difference between the two. There is so much of dash and dare about an excitement to presumption, that brave, Christ-loving spirits must be on their guard against it, for presumption will never work the wonders of faith. If Christ bids me come on the water to him, will shall tread the billow; but if I spring upon the water myself, to walk to Christ, I must expect to sink far sooner than Peter did. When our illustrious Commander putteth a man upon an extraordinary work, he will give him extraordinary strength; but if a soldier runneth without the captain's order, and defies a giant adversary, he may not expect assistance, and will be sure to return with defeat. What a needful prayer is that, “Show me what I am to do.” In dilemmas between one duty and another, it is so sweet to be humble as a child, and wait with simplicity of soul upon the Lord. My soul, seek thou earnestly the grace to stand still in obedience to thy Lord's behest.

### PRES. FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS.—No. 8.

Memorable places in Luther's life—Erfurt, Wittenberg and Wartburg—Grave of Luther and Melancthon—the old Castle in which Luther found refuge.

Dates: Nov. 7, 1865.

Adjoining the Old University is the Old Theological Seminary building, and the Augustinian convent in which Luther lived with his beloved wife, “Käte,” for thus the doctor himself chose to call her. We were especially interested in visiting the apartments occupied by them and their six children. They were in the first and second stories—the family room below, Luther's study above with another room adjoining—the former 10 by 30 feet, the latter 16 by 10. In the larger stands the pulpit from which he delivered his lectures and his Professor's chair, which have been brought to this room to be preserved with the other memorials which are here religiously kept. In this same room is his stove, which was made by his own directions, and which has never been removed. Indeed, to remove it would be to destroy it. It is built just where it stands, and it could only be removed as a brick oven would be with us, by tearing it down. His table stands here—the very one on which he wrote his theses, probably. Here is a plain wooden sofa or lounge, as we should say, and a very plain wooden “tete-a-tete,” occupied by him and his wife. I looked at it with reverence. It was primitive simplicity itself. Perhaps I ought to have had it to say that I sat in it, but I felt too much veneration for it to feel at all like doing so. His table has been whitened by those irreverent persons who are always hunting relics. I should as soon have thought of stealing a Bible. The floor of this room is of wood, and much worn, made of plank, or perhaps of something even thicker. In this room also hang portraits of Luther, Mauritz, Frederik the Great, Frederik the Wise, and John the Steadfast. In the adjoining room is his wardrobe, a beautiful piece of furniture for that day, and richly carved. In it were a broken inkstand, with its case, his beer mug, some specimen of his wife's needle work, and a few of his preserved manuscripts.

### GOD IS LOVE.

BY JAMES HAMILTON, D. D.

Passing through the desert, you pick up a withered gourd. You are amazed at its lightness, and much do you marvel how an object so bulky should prove such absolute levity. Yet you can understand how it happened. Lying there in the burning sand, no wonder that every particle of sap is absorbed, and that its moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

But in what are we to stand still, dear friends! Surely it means, among other things, that we are to wait awhile. Time is precious, but there are occasions when the best use we can make of it is, to let it run on. If time flies, that is no reason why I am always to fly. Every experienced man knows that by being wrongly busy for one hour, he may make mischief which a lifetime would hardly rectify. I may cut my fingers if I am too fast in reaching down my sword; and if I run without waiting to inquire the way, I may run upon my ruin. Many who have been very busy in helping themselves, had better have been waiting upon their Lord. Prayer is never a waste of time. Wait awhile, then. Wait in prayer, however. Call upon God, and spread the case before him; tell him your difficulty, and plead his promise of aid. Express your unstaggering confidence in him; wait in faith, for unfaithful, untrusting waiting, is but an insult to the Lord. Believe that if he shall keep you, tarrying even till midnight, yet he will come at the right time; the vision shall come and shall not tarry. Wait in quiet patience, not murmuring because you are under the affliction, but blessing God for it; never murmuring against the second cause, as the children of Israel did against Moses; never wish you could go back to the world again, but accept the case as it stands, and put it as it stands simply, and with your whole heart, without any self-will, into the hand of your covenant God, saying, “Now, Lord, not my will, but thine be done. I know not what to do; I am brought to extremities, but I will wait until thou shalt clear the floods, or else drive back my foes. I will wait, if thou keep me many a God, and my spirit waiteth for thee in the full conviction that thou wilt yet be my joy and my salvation, my refuge, and my strong tower.”

Wittenberg is the location of the old University at which he became Professor of Theology and Philosophy. This University was established by the Elector of Saxony in the latter part of the 14th century, and after having attained to a wide celebrity was in 1818 incorporated with that of Halle. The readers of Shakespeare will remember that “Hamlet,” studied in this University. While Professor here, Luther posted upon the door of the castle church his ninety-five theses against the dogmas of the church of Rome. This was on the 31st of October, 1517. The old church, which was then comparatively new (having been built in 1490) still stands. The door on which these celebrated theses were posted was burnt by the French fifty years ago, and its place has been supplied by one cast in bronze, in which the theses form a part of the casting itself, covering almost the entire door. In this church are taken in their old age, and here lie their remains buried beneath the floor. A trap door was unlocked and lifted up from each sepulchre, that we might read the inscription upon a bronze door sill below. Here are the statues in bronze of Frederik the Great, and of Luther's two very valuable friends—Electors of Saxony—Frederik the Wise, and John the Steadfast. This is known as the castle church, or “Schloss Kirche.” The old castle is now occupied as soldiers' barracks. An amusing experience occurred to us here. We had gone into the yard adjoining the enclosure, so as to see all the surroundings and appendages of this historic old building, and after taking a look and asking a few questions, we passed out again, thanking our informants, the soldiers, for their information. We had scarcely passed from the gate when we were hailed by a sergeant who called us to give an account of ourselves. Evidently suspected of spying into things, we were closely questioned. However, we gave so far an account of ourselves that we were allowed, after a few minutes' inquiry, to pass on. Monarchy is fearful. More than once I had had a similar experience, but as yet have escaped arrest. The regular normal state of Europe is a state of war. Not in the last two years have I seen in the Northern States so many indications of war as I have seen everywhere here in Europe in this tour. But to return to Wittenberg.

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“If you too, would be happy, learn to love. View God as he reveals himself. Believe him to be what Jesus said; believe him to be what Jesus was. When any mercy or any happy moment comes, remember the pleasant truth—God himself is near. And just as in your chamber there is a brightness, and though you cannot see the firmament, you know the unclouded sun is shining; so in your home there is health, there is comfort, there is a glow of affection, and you feel how sacred is this happiness! It is a smile from God.” And just as your little child wakes up and finds a present on his pillow, and shouts forth his wonder and his thanks; so when, through no labour of your hands, through no procurement or desert of yours, there comes to you some good and perfect gift, you cry, “Thanks be to God, through Jesus Christ! My heavenly Father has been here; for it is thus he giveth to his beloved in their sleep.”

“Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.”  
“Ah,” saith Cowardice, “Retreat.” Cowardice whispered to the children of Israel that it was better to go back into Egypt. They are willing to go with ropes on their necks, and their hands bound behind them, and give themselves up to Pharaoh. To have their lives spared, they will relinquish their liberty. Hear them, they are basely talking about their graves while they are yet alive. So Cowardice, sometimes, when the christian comes into a great strait, whispers, “Retreat to the worldling's way of action; you cannot play the christian's part, it is too difficult. Evidently there are some men who can have faith in God, and can live in this world, but you cannot. If you must be in business, it is vain to attempt to be a christian,” says Cowardice. “Do as others do; follow the hollow maxims and tricky customs that once ruled you; let the shop be open again on a Sunday; adulterate the goods once more; tell lies as you once did; be as other men are; go back and be Satan's slave; it is evident that religion will not keep a coat on your back and bread on your table; give it up now; go back. Relinquish the ways of God, and be once more the bond-slave to your own corruptions and to the world's evil habits.” Ah, tremble, however much Satan may urge this course upon you, you cannot follow it if you are a child of God. Cowardice may bid you do it, friends may advise it, but if God has quickened you by his divine Spirit, there is a something in you which is bound to go forward, which you yourself may struggle against, by virtue of the power of the old man, but which will get the mastery over you, and lead you, in a divine captivity, to that era when evil is most rampant, the force of grace within will impel you towards the right, notwithstanding you stand in the ways of God. When God hurrs forward, hell cannot drive back. O sin, when thou turnest not back, because of the clouds which veil thy splendors. Predestinate of the Lord to persevere in thy perpetual path, thou climbest still the steep of heaven, and know, thou dost descend to the western deep; thou passest not a rapid, hurricane, or storm; as a strong man runs a race, so dost thou speed onward towards thy far-off goal, for the Almighty leads thee on, and in his might thou tramplest onward unmolested. So is it with the christian. God has said, “Forward.” His divine fiat has led thee from strength to strength, and so thou

“Let's gotten work, so will'st thou, 'tis a man's, so will it go under.”

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### THE PRISONER.

Not long ago, Richard Weaver, the converted collier, addressed the inmates of Calton prison, Edinburgh, Scotland. Among them was an intelligent young man of considerable culture, who from the bosom of a religious family had grown forth into the world gay and reckless, in a crime against society expelled him from it and shut him up in the felon's cell. The words of the humble earnest preacher reached his heart, and amid the anguish of deep conviction he found peace in believing.

### BITTER WORDS.

It seemed a little thing to the speaker, that kindly barbed sentence which had found its way so surely to the sensitive heart of her young friend; and she looked with surprise upon the color, staining the cheek of her listener, as the bright hot tears came flashing into her expressive eyes.

“Oh, it is a sad thing, when angry words overleap the bounds of reason, and are permitted to rush from the lips, with their scathing, tearing power; true, the oil of repentance, poured upon the wounds they made, may heal; but the scars remain while recollection lives, as unpleasant memories; we cannot erase or hide them from our minds. Words of fondest endearment may follow, their foliage may twine around us with vernal luxuriance, but some breath of recollection displaces a leaf, and in its hideous repulsiveness, appears the grinning spectre.”

“CANON A MAN BE A GOOD A CHRISTIAN ON THE DECK OF A CHURCH AS IN IT?—A man can be a christian in any place where God's providence blesses him. If you are on the deck of a man-of-war, where there are no christians, and you cannot get off, God will provide for you according to the exigencies of your case. He that took care of the disciples in the fiery furnace, 'take care of you on the deck of a man-of-war. But if there is a church accessible to you, you are bound to equate yourself with it. Think of it. Out of the church you are just like a man that says, ‘They tell me that I ought to plant a garden; but what am I going to plant a garden for? Here is my neighbor's asparagus bed, and the asparagus grows through my fence; and here are my neighbour's peach trees, the branches of which reach over into my yard; and as I can hook-all the vegetables I want, I am not going to take the trouble to plant a garden.’ You stand in a community that is held together by the great moral power of the church. Christians gather together and maintain the preaching of God's word and morality, and fill society with the living presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, and you stand and take the benefit of those things, and say, ‘I can live as well out of the church as in it.’ Yes, by virtue of what the church is doing.

“THE CHURCH IS SURROUNDING YOU WITH VARIOUS supports, and you are mean-spirited enough to take every thing that it will give you; and then, turn about and say, ‘I am not going to take the responsibility of entering the church and helping along the cause which it was established to maintain.’ A man that is outside of the church against his wish and will, and that cannot help himself, though he is to be respected, is to be pitied; but no man that has liberty of choice should be willing to receive everything that the church affords, without joining himself to it, and giving something to others.”

“THE CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD.—It is God's appointment to every christian to grow holy in the world, not to run away from it in dismay or despair. Christ has overcome the world, and gives His people grace to win the victory. He gives one's duty, therefore, to watch and pray, and in his own sphere of life to honor Christ, and bring the world in subjection. An exchange says:—  
“A true christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So in the like manner, the christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do, while he remains in the body, but by the world living in him.  
“The world in the heart has ruined millions of immortal souls. How careful are mariners in guarding against leakage, lest the water entering into the vessel should, by imperceptible degrees, cause the vessel to sink! And ought not the christian to watch and pray, lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet to his heart, and thus entering in bring him to destruction; both of body and mind! The world and the things of the world press upon us at all points. Our daily avocations, yes, our most lawful enjoyments, have need to be assiduously watched, lest they inevitably steal upon our affections, and draw away our hearts from God.”