

WOODBURY ❖—

· AND ·

→ HOME MISSIONS.

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THE LIFE

OF

REV. BENJAMIN WOODBURY

A HOME MISSIONARY;

AND THE NEED AND OBJECT OF

HOME MISSIONS.

BY A MISSIONARY

OVER FORTY YEARS IN THE SERVICE.

*All the profits derived from the sale of this work will be donated to
the Congregational Home Missionary Society.*

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PREFACE.

According to the teachings of the Messiah, the first missionary sent from heaven, the troublous times fore-taken the coming of great events. His time is short. Satan, the arch fiend, knows this, and in fury and madness he is striving among the nations, inciting them to vice, crime and bloodshed. His infernal hosts are concentrating to make a final attack upon Christendom. The cross and the crescent, the Turk and the Christian, Christ and Belial, are about to decide who rules the world. In the meantime while the forces of evil are concentrating, the churches are sending out skirmishers, in detached columns, without combination or mutual fellowship. There seems to be a wide breach between the Catholic and the Protestant. This is ominous! Is Christ the author of confusion and discord? Does not the Prince of Peace demand unity, harmony and fellowship among his followers? The churches can never conquer the world, the flesh, and the devil in detached columns. They must unite their forces. In one onward, united movement victory is assured. To secure this grand result, this unassuming volume is sent out to greet all whom it may meet, of every race. May a kind Providence give speed to its divine mission.

INCIDENTS IN THE PIONEER LIFE OF THE

REV. BENJAMIN WOODBURY

ON THE MAUMEE, IN NORTHWESTERN OHIO, BETWEEN
THE YEARS 1833 AND 1850.

Benjamin Woodbury was born in Salisbury, N. H.; attended district school with Daniel Webster in his boyhood; graduated at Dartmouth College, where he supported himself in part, being a good penman, by writing the diplomas; taught a select school at New Orleans; on his return North married Mehitable Pettin-gill of his native place; was pastor of a Congregational Church in Falmouth, Mass., for some nine or ten years.

In this historic town situated on the sea coast of Massachusetts, just opposite the romantic islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, a few miles across the cape, opposite Plymouth Rock, the enduring monument of the stern, heroic, and Christian virtues of the founders of the republic, whose memory is enshrined in the

hearts of Christian patriots the world over, Mr. Woodbury commenced his ministerial labors. He was ordained June 9, 1824. At that early day, full of the love of Christ, he organized the first Young People's Home Missionary Society of Falmouth. Under his loving and energetic pastorate one hundred and twelve persons were added to the membership of the church. The temperance, anti-slavery, and missionary causes, especially the American Bible Society, which published the "Word of God" without note or comment, found in him a zealous and unwearied advocate, and he was greatly beloved by all for his neighborly and pastoral work.

After the close of his successful labors at Falmouth, which terminated September 9, 1833, he came to Plain township in Northwestern Ohio, bought a farm and built a log cabin on a sand ridge that interspersed a romantic prairie, which resembled a lake after the rainfall in the early spring time and late in the fall. At that time this was a wild waste—no bridges, no roads, and but few inhabitants, who suffered extremely from fever and ague induced by the miasma which infected the fens and bogs and bayous after the water had dried up. But the people at that early day were afflicted with a malaria more fatal than fever and ague. These

wild prairies and deep forests were infested with lawless bands of counterfeiters, horse thieves, and murderers who had fled from justice, and were plying their respective trades far away on the verge of civilization, unmolested by the sight of a meeting house and the home missionary. Mr. Woodbury was not slow to find them out. He went into their dens and administered the healing balm of repentance and forgiveness taught in the school of the Great Teacher who "bore our sins in his own body on the tree." Although this medicine was hard to take, and more bitter than the quinine and whisky which these rude dwellers on the frontiers were accustomed to take in large quantities, nevertheless it proved to be far more healing and satisfactory in the end. The frequent storms and the mud and water that effaced the unfrequented tracks across the prairie, submerged the swales and low lands in the heavy timber lands, did not present any very serious obstacles in the pathway of Mr. Woodbury as he explored these lurking places of crime and misery. Starting out from his log cabin, clad in an ill-fitting threadbare overcoat sent by some Eastern friend who pitied the home missionary, and seated on a spirited horse—Old Mike, as he

called him—ornamented with an old saddle minus pommel and crouper, with a hemp halter around his neck, and the saddle bags filled with tracts and Bibles, and whistling “Our flag is there,” or some other patriotic air, together with snatches of sacred song, such as “Ye Christian heralds go proclaim,” “He’ll shield you with a wall of fire,” and with his face lit up with his accustomed smile as if he was conscious of being an ambassador from the highest court in the universe, and as he greeted everybody he met as if he had been an old acquaintance, with a kind word and the gift of a book written with the finger of God, Mr. Woodbury seemed to the passer-by more like an ancient crusader than like a humble home missionary.

His field of inspection and exploration was not confined to narrow boundary lines. Sometimes he would ride away from his prairie home to Defiance, some fifty miles; sometimes to other points on the Maumee,—Waterville, Perysburg, Toledo, and other places noted for the exploits of “Mad Anthony” and “Tippecanoe.” On one of these distant routes, having been exposed to the rough weather together with poor food and lodging, he was taken sick and was detained from his family several weeks.

When he returned, just as he stepped over the threshold of the cabin door, one of the little ones seated at the table cried out, "Pa, we are eating the last turnip," as if it was a jovial occasion. Her father did not take the situation so mirthfully, but immediately rode away some four or five miles for immediate supplies.

At another time on his return from one of these trips he was greeted with words that touched a more tender chord in his heart. His youngest child, Ellen, the beautiful darling pet of the household, had died under maltreatment—mortification from a blister on the back of the neck, prescribed by an unskillful doctor, caused a sudden and premature death which might have been averted by a wiser counsel. But these hard and sad incidents did not quench Mr. Woodbury's zeal or solicitude for those who needed to learn how to meet Him at the judgment day, who, while upon earth, took up little children in his arms and blessed them, and said "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." He could not endure the thought that any person whom he met should, by any oversight, or any fault of his, be condemned at last to hear the final and unrecalled sentence, "Depart ye cursed." The love of Christ constrained him. He had been in the school of the Great Teacher

and listened to his words when he gave out this question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—a problem of infinite import which no finite mind has ever solved. Jesus himself could solve it as he gave his heart's blood for sinners, and dying upon the cross for them, cried out amid death's convulsions, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Mr. Woodbury had learned that the boys of two families had narrowly escaped hanging, who had been guilty of the foul crime—a cold-blooded murder. His sympathies had been excited by the desolate mothers. They had lately moved from the East, where they had known better times, hoping to find in the new West more ample means to bring up and educate their boys. Owing to the hard times and exposure incident to a new settlement, the fathers had died and left the orphan boys to be cared for by their widowed mothers. There were no Sabbath schools or churches in the neighborhood, and the boys were accustomed to meet on Sabbath days one of those men whom our Lord called "wolves in sheep's clothing," many of whom had found cover in

the Maumee Valley. They spent the day in playing cards, carousing, and listening to stories of crime and wild adventure.

A tribe of Wyandotte Indians lived a few miles away near what was then called Upper Sandusky. Having learned that deer and wild turkey and other game were numerous in the Black Swamp, the chief of the tribe with his squaw and his purser came into the woods near by where the boys lived, on a hunting excursion. The silver-tongued old settler who had taught the boys how to play cards and had filled their minds with the stories about Indians, and pirates and vagabonds, and had familiarized them with bloody deeds, took this opportunity to excite them to madness against these hunters. He told them that these Indians were murderers and thieves and ought to be shot; that they had tomahawked and scalped white people and tortured innocent women and children; that it would be no more harm to kill them than it would be to shoot a mad dog. And to induce the boys to go and kill them, said the old chief was the banker of the whole tribe and had lots of money; that they could get his purse without any trouble if they would follow his advice, take their guns, go out hunting, come to the wigwam at night, pretend that

they had lost their way, and ask if they might sleep there; and then as soon as the Indians were fast asleep, kill them and fetch home the money. The boys, thinking it would be a fine thing, equal to any story ever heard of, did as they were told. But when they met the old chief at night he was suspicious that something was wrong and refused to lodge them. They came again the next day at night, and told a pitiful story, that they were lost, and hungry, had had bad luck, and begged to stay till morning. Moved to pity the chief gave his consent. Just as soon as the Indians fell asleep, by agreement, the oldest boy killed the chief and his younger brother killed the Indian, but the smallest boy became frightened, so that the blow he aimed at the squaw merely made her awake and scream, and she was deliberately murdered by the two older boys. Then they piled some brush over the dead bodies, took the money, and the ponies, and the blankets, and started for home. The old silver-tongued settler met them on the way and told them how smart and brave they were. The boys handed over to him the money. He put it in his pocket and said, "All right, boys; this is no place to divide. You take the blankets and ponies home and we'll divide as we may have

time." A few days after the Wyandotte tribe sent a delegation to look after their chief, who found their dead bodies, and, as if by instinct, followed the trail of the boys direct to the stable where their ponies were; went into the cabin and found the bloody blankets concealed under the bed clothes, and the mother of the two oldest boys lying on the bed, pretending to be sick. Poor thing; she must have been heart sick. Her two boys were arrested, but broke jail and were never heard of again. The youngest boy, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, turned state's evidence and told the whole story, and before the day of trial, was missing.

When the old settler was summoned to trial he appeared smooth, silvery, and innocent as a new born babe; did not know anything at all about the dreadful murder except by hearsay. The court showed him a letter with his name signed to it, which clearly implicated him in the bloody, savage deed. But he swore, point-blank, that he could not write. "Oh, no; he never learned to write; never wrote his name in the world; he always made his mark." For the want of evidence the jury acquitted him. And this emissary of satan, after desolating and breaking the maternal heart of two fami-

lies, and costing the county several hundred dollars, left the Black Swamp and bent his steps westward in search of a place where there were not any meeting houses, or home missionaries, or courts of justice. But this deluded agent of satan forgot that he will be summoned to a bar where the wicked fear and tremble at the impending doom from which they cannot escape.

Mr. Woodbury sought out these heart-stricken families who had fallen into the snares of satan and poured into their bosoms the consolations and hopes which our dear Lord Jesus inspired, who said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." A beautiful and loving sentiment expressed by the poet, when he said:

Come ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

One evening Mr. Woodbury came home nearly tired out with his day's ride, called for a hasty supper, saying he must meet an appointment some five miles distant. The writer noticed that the missionary was doing too much for one day, and offered to meet his appointment. On my way across the prairie my horse stepped on some ice covered with snow, broke

through, stumbled and threw me off over his head. I was not very much hurt by my fall, remounted, and thought as I went on the way of Mr. Woodbury's perils and of a brother missionary who was found dead from just such a fall, and his horse standing near by. I had had quite a number of hairbreadth escapes in my lifetime, and could not but think of that precious promise, applied to our blessed Lord and Saviour. The Psalmist says, "He hath given his angels charge over thee, to hold thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

When I had come to the log-house where the services were held, I found a little group of young men and women with their singing-books, waiting for Mr. Woodbury, who very seldom missed an appointment. After singing quite a number of tunes and giving a brief sermon, or exhortation, and having closed the services with an invocation, one of the young men came to me, and said he would invite me to go home with him, but he had no stable for my horse. Then he said, "Oh! here is Mr. L. He has a stable; you can go with him." The name seemed familiar, and as I went along with him it occurred to me that he was the brother of those two boys who had murdered the Wyandotte chief. As I laid down to rest, I pic-

tured out in my mind that horrible deed, but soon went to sleep. In the morning after breakfast the young man gave me the family Bible, and after reading and singing we all knelt around the family altar in grateful remembrance of Him, that great and good Being, who has said, "Draw nigh to me, and I will draw nigh to you." As I rode home I thought, "Oh, if the home missionary could only have come to this household a little sooner, he might have gathered the sheep and lambs into the fold of the good Shepherd, and saved them from the ravening wolves!" When I met Mr. Woodbury he said the L.'s were the identical murderers. Perhaps I had slept in the bed on which the blankets soaked with the Indians' blood had been concealed.

I learned that Mr. Woodbury had sent to the American Bible Society for a large supply, and had introduced Lowell Mason's singing-books at his own expense. He felt such a deep interest in the welfare of the people that he gave them the books and taught them to sing, as a prelude to an explanation of the Bible. In other words, he hired them to come and hear a sermon. He felt assured that when, in the no very great distant future, he should see them at the judgment seat of Christ, who will come

with all the holy angels—saw their happy, smiling faces, when the Judge should say to them, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world,” the sight of that beautiful, sublime, glorious, and triumphal scene would more than repay him a hundredfold for all the sacrifices and self-denial that he could possibly make.

CHAPTER II.

The harvest field he had explored was so wide, and the call for laborers so great, he sent to Eastern theological seminaries for a supply of home missionaries. He located one at D—, near the headwaters of the Maumee River. Mr. T— had received a thorough biblical education at Andover, Mass., under Professors Stuart, Park, and Edwards, and had written a sermon for criticism, on the seventh commandment of the Decalogue. On his first arrival, not knowing anything about the habits and customs of that Western city, or of Western cities at that early day, Mr. T— selected this sermon as introductory. The novelty of having a home missionary come from an Eastern seminary to preach for them, called out a large congregation, including the inmates of the slums and grogshops, to hear what the new preacher had to say. When he announced his text and began to unfold its import, and spoke of the vials of wrath, the flames of fire and brimstone, which the Almighty had poured out in full measure upon Sodom, that unclean city, his audience were thunderstruck; or, in other

words, were exceedingly mad. They said that any man who didn't know any better than to indulge in such personalities and preach such a vulgar sermon ought to be mobbed. When the mob were about to put their threat into execution and drive the offending preacher out of the city, one of the citizens went out among the crowd and said, "Don't let us be too fast. The preacher couldn't be personal, for he has just come into the city. Let us all go and hear him again." Taking this view of the case, the crowd put off the punishment which they had intended to inflict. Mr. T—'s next sermon proved to be more satisfactory. As a result, Mr. T— became very popular and preached to the people several years. The people said, "Mr. T— does not preach to please the people. He tells the truth, and that is just what we need. No man wants to go to the judgment with a lie in his right hand."

Our blessed Lord, who gave his life to save the people, and was the way and the truth and the life, said, "If thy hand offend thee, cut it off. It is better for thee to go into life maimed, having one hand, than having two hands to be cast into hell fire, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." "Wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to

destruction, and many there be who go in thereat." To save men from going down to the bottomless pit, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, among sin-polluted souls sinking deeper and deeper into the lower depths of endless despair, our tender-hearted, loving Saviour had taken special pains to set a mark upon all her sons who were accustomed to enter the wide gate and go on the broad road to certain death. He said: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." To escape the horrors of the second death it was not only necessary to cast away their "idols of gold and silver," and listen to the voice of God who spake amid the smoke and thunder of Mount Sinai, saying "Remember the Sabbath day," "Honor thy father and thy mother," "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear false witness," "Thou shalt not covet," but that something else was necessary. The law, written with the finger of God on two tablets of stone, was "exceeding broad." It had a deeper significance than a mere prohibition. It becomes every man to read on the "post mark" that leads to hell, "Thou shalt not" go that way. But it will not do to stop there. Man made in the image

of God, a little lower than the angels, and crowned by a loving Father with glory and honor, craves and desires something more than prohibition or the prevention of wrong. The protection of his person and property from robbers and murderers and other malefactors, does not meet all his wants. The yearnings of his heart call for something far more sacred, and a fond father claims from his dear children, whom he has begotten and nourished and fed, something more than mere obedience to the letter.

The ties that bind man to his fellow-man and to his God, are very far from being trifling considerations. These unseen cords of love, coming down from heaven as strong and silent as the bands of Orion, and as sweet, nay sweeter than the sweet influences of Pleiades, holding the sun and stars in their respective orbits, moving in such majestic beauty, order and harmony as to cause the morning stars to sing together and all the sons of God to shout for joy, were of such vital consequence that our great and good Father above would not trust any human being, or even an angel from heaven, to expound the laws which He himself had written, but sent his own Son, who bore the express image of his person, to give a personal

and lifelike picture of the ruling of his law, so clear that every child of his great family could understand its full import. Jesus fulfilled the spirit and letter of his mission. He said in brief, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, might, mind, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

The Bible is a very large book, but infinite wisdom expressed its sum total in one sentence, "Infinite love." God wrote the letter of the law on Mount Sinai. Jesus exhibited its spirit on Mount Calvary. On the summit of these two mounts rests a bright cloud, from which is refracted, as by a prism, a bow of promise. It spans the heavens. On its uppermost segments is written in letters of blood, "Infinite Love!" Oh ye sons and daughters of the human family, hungering and thirsting for some one to love you, read these words! They are for you and me. Our Heavenly Father wrote them with his own finger dipped in blood. Oh let us open our hearts to secure these healing influences, while the showers of grace are descending, before the curtains of the night hide the vision from our eyes, and our feet stumble on the dark mountains of death!

Mr. Woodbury was very much pleased with Mr. T—'s success at Defiance, and often met him at his house and at public gatherings. He had stationed another home missionary at Swanton, in Lucas County,—a Mr. J— and another in Montgomery, Wood County, in whose labors he took a very deep interest, and whom he often visited in order to inculcate right views of the word of the Lord as it had been estimated and summed up by Christ. Our Heavenly Father, in giving the Bible to the world, designed to unite all mankind in social fellowship by one common bond of union. What this bond is, that can bring about such a grand result, and hold all nations and individuals under its magic spell, however diverse and antagonistic they may be in sentiment and location, Jesus taught us, both by precept and example.

This undefinable, almighty force is love, pure, simple, unalloyed. This bond may be a great mystery, like a great many other operations and transformations. But when the fibers and strands and chords that compose this mysterious bond are entwined around the souls of mankind, it draws them heavenward, to its source and center. For God is love. And he governs the universe, both

men and things. In the first place, Jesus taught that since God is love, pure and simple, and all created intelligent beings feel its pleasing force, drawing them by an unseen and gentle attraction, heavenward, into a higher and more serene atmosphere, where the heartbeats are quick, and feel no aching void or guilt arising from the dark clouds of passion, neglect, envy, hatred, and revenge, which hover over and settle down in dismal and heartrending storms, over the whole face of this sin-cursed world, where

Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,

it is every man's first duty to love God supremely, and his neighbor as himself.

That a bond, so simple of itself alone, could bind all mankind in its bonds to God and each other, and bring order out of confusion, harmony out of discord, and beauty out of deformity, and hush the storms of angry passion into peace, and unite all mankind in one communion and fellowship, seems to be amazing, and impossible. Yet this divine and mysterious bond of love will transform and renew the hearts of all mankind. The decree has gone forth, the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, and every knee shall bow to him.

We need faith to believe what Jesus taught by his sayings and deeds as they are put on record in the Bible. Supreme love to God, and equal love to man, will constrain every man to keep the law which is contained in the ten commandments. No man who loves God with all his heart, "will have other gods before him," or "make graven images," or "take his name in vain," or cease or refuse to "remember the Sabbath day," or to "honor his father and his mother." No man who loves his neighbor as himself will ever be guilty of the crime of murder, or adultery, or theft, or bearing false witness, or being covetous. Neither will a man who loves his neighbor as himself stop and be satisfied with mere negative virtues. Such a degree of love divine will lead him to feel for others' woes, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, to speak words of kindness and good will, and carry joy and gladness to every house in his neighborhood. When this kind of love was first brought down from heaven in its purity and fullness, the angels sang aloud in this chorus, "Glory to God on high! Peace on earth! Good will to men!" And to prove that this song was not an empty sound, Jesus and his disciples went about doing good to all men as they had opportunity.

CHAPTER III.

In the effort to enforce these cardinal doctrines of Christianity, Mr. Woodbury found much opposition. In these dark covers of the earth the Catholics, and the Protestant sects, were very numerous, and in some cases very bitter. One of the most unfortunate and injurious results of contending sects, in the name of Christianity, was to bring the Bible into disrepute. A great many persons were led to think that the Bible was a sectarian book, and caused divisions among the people; and that as a consequence, it was not a suitable book to be read in our public schools. A sad reflection upon its divine author; just as if God could not or did not write a book as worthy to be put into the hands of the youth as did Webster or McGuffey?

This false interpretation of the Scriptures by the so-called Christian sects, which cast base reflections upon the attributes and perfections of deity, as if he were the author of schism and confusion and discord, was a source of much regret to Mr. Woodbury. He made a special effort to lead the people to make a clear

distinction between those expressions of Holy Writ that were merely types and figures of speech and those that were literal and positive assertions. There are found within those sacred pages, many observances, forms of worship, ordinances, baptisms, and customs, which are not absolutely essential in practice to make one man better than another—such as standing, or kneeling, or counting beads, or prostrating, or the lifting up of holy hands in the act of devotion, or sprinkling, or pouring, or immersing in the act of baptism, or the making the sign of the cross on the forehead, with the finger dipped in water, or the washing of the feet or the hands, in the act of purification, or the greeting one another with “a holy kiss,” as a token of fellowship, or the rending of garments, or sitting in sackcloth and ashes, as a token of humiliation, or the cutting of one’s flesh, or torturing, or injuring the body, or doing penance in any way as a sign of repentance.

There is nothing required of us in the Scriptures that conflicts with, or is contrary to, the exercise of our reasoning faculties, or any one or all of our senses. God says, “Come now, let us reason together.” Christ says to the Jews, who were judicially blind, “Having eyes ye see not, and having ears ye hear not, and

having hearts ye understand not." "Ye have closed your eyes lest ye should see, and stopped your ears lest ye should hear, and hardened your hearts lest ye should understand." "Ye fools and slow of heart to believe all that is written in the law of Moses, and in the book of Psalms and of the Prophets concerning me."

The superstitious man who refuses to exercise his reason and senses in studying the Divine Word is guilty, and condemned in the sight of God. The man who stultifies his senses and his reason by believing that when he eats the broken bread and drinks the consecrated wine, the emblems of Christ's flesh and blood, he eats the real flesh and drinks the real blood of Christ, while at the same time these simple elements look, feel, and taste like bread and wine, and his reason assures him that it is bread and wine, is liable to be led astray and befooled by any false prophet or friend or impostor that comes along.

In the study of his word which he has given to his children, God demands that they, each one of them, should exercise his wits, and assert his manhood. What an immense amount of treasure and blood would have been saved in the late rebellion had the advocates of slavery carefully studied the Scriptures, in the full

exercise of those reasoning powers with which they had been endowed by our Creator! To say that the domestic institution of slavery was established and sanctioned by Jehovah, because the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob held slaves, and because Noah got drunk and said, "Cursed be Ham; the servant of servants shall he be," to say the least, was a slight—if not a base—reflection upon the character of the great and good ruler of the universe, who said to his people, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." And was not such reasoning an intolerable blasphemy, since it implicated the character of Christ, who was sent from heaven on a special mission, to open prison doors and set the prisoners free?

What awful havoc such a course of reasoning would make with one of the most precious and sacred institutions that have come down to us, clear as crystal, and sweet as the breath of heaven, as an unspotted relic of the garden of Eden! Because Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, and Solomon had three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines, therefore Jehovah established and approves of polygamy! Would not such a course of reasoning conflict with the wisdom of the Creator when he said, "It is not

good that man should be alone: I will make him a help meet for him"; and then took a rib from the man's side and made a "woman," not "women," and brought her to the man, who said, "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his 'wife' (not "wives"), and they shall be one flesh"?

This first marriage in Eden, solemnized by Jehovah in the presence of angels, as witnesses, was between *one* man as groom, and *one* woman as bride. If man had needed two or more women as a help-meet for him, Jehovah, who knew best what was for the good of the human race, would have sanctioned a plurality of wives. In following precedents, or examples, we should ask ourselves, which does our reason or better judgment tell us to follow—Infinite Wisdom or fallible man?

Of the oneness and the perpetuity of the marriage tie, Jesus said, to the Pharisees, who asked him, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" "Have ye not read that he which made them at the beginning, made them male and female? and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain

shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What, therefore, God has joined together, let not man put asunder." Jesus taught that the marriage tie united only two persons, and they "twain" or two, by that sacred tie, became one flesh, a union so sacred that no man was permitted to cut the tie asunder, except in *one* case alone—for the crime of fornication or adultery. God, in his word, condemns polygamy and teaches us that bigamists and polygamists will be shut out of the celestial city, with dogs and whoremasters and thieves and murderers, and "whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie." Jehovah has guarded the sanctity of "home, sweet home," the safe inclosure where dwell father and mother, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, in the purity and innocence of childhood, by a "flaming sword," wielded by cherubim. The most skillful artist can draw no picture more beautiful or more pleasing to God and angels and men than that of a mother pressing the babe, which she has borne, to her bosom. No love on earth is purer than that, except the love of Jesus.

Home is the type of the purity and bliss of heaven. And woe be to the vandal or false prophet who attempts to convert its bliss into

a Turkish harem or a Mormon "hell," or tries to cover up his crimes under the "law of precedence," because the patriarchs, and David and Solomon, had three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines. One might as well say, because the patriarchs, and Solomon and David committed adultery and murder, therefore it is right for all mankind to commit those crimes, God's laws to the contrary notwithstanding. This following the law of "precedents," or doing so because some good man did so, or because everybody, or even because Christ, who was infinitely wise and good, did so, has made sad havoc in this fallen world, and brought the Bible, which is God's established standard of right and wrong, into disrepute.

No man who exercises his heavenborn faculties of reason and judgment would, even for a moment, think of doing everything that Christ did. Who, in his sober, thinking moments, would go out into the wilderness and stay forty days and forty nights, without food, to be tempted of the devil? Christ had some good reason for doing so. We have none. Neither are we called to go out into the garden and watch and pray all night; or to circumcise our children as soon as they are eight days old; or

to walk on the water; or to try to work any other miracle, because Christ did. In order to try his faith, God commanded Abraham to offer up Isaac, his only son, whom he loved, as a sacrifice. Who but a madman, who had lost his senses, would do so, because Abraham did? We are told that one idiotic father and mother, who thought it would be showing their faith, laid their son on an altar, because Abraham did, and as the angel did not come to prevent, plunged the knife into his heart. God's command to Abraham was a special command—a command to Abraham and to him only. To what kind of wisdom could that man lay claim who should say, "Because that command was given to Abraham it was given to me also"? Such a fellow ought to pause and ask himself the sensible question, "When and where did God command *me* to do such a deed, in order to try *my* faith?"

Jesus was so well pleased with the Apostle Peter's faith that he said, "Upon this rock I will found my church." "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven"—a special gift to Peter as a testimonial of his faith in Christ. What special claim to wisdom could any man have who should say, "Because Jesus gave the keys of the kingdom of heaven to

Peter, he gave them to me also"? But there are men who claim to be infallible, who say, "Because Jesus gave these keys to Peter, he gave them to me also." We have a right, founded on reason and common-sense and a common brotherhood, to ask these venerable men this question, of grave import to all mankind, When and where did Jesus give to you the keys that he gave to Peter? Did they come down to you from former generations, through the right line of apostolic succession? There are some others who claim to be in that line. There must be a missing link somewhere in that long chain of apostolic succession, reaching down to us through over eighteen centuries; or possibly Peter might have had several lines of apostolic descent, in order to meet the demands of the different claimants. In that case, Peter's benevolence is to be commended. It was Christ-like. for Jesus said to his friends, "Call no man master,"—or father or papa or pope,—“for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.” “Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister. And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.” “Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.”

The direct and personal headship of Christ cuts off all the claims of impostors and false prophets and false Christs who come in the name of the Lord, to deceive and destroy the people. Jesus stands above all principalities and powers, both human and divine, and says, "If any man thirst, let him come," not to any man, but "unto me, and drink." Do not go to the bishop, or priest, or pastor, or pope, or D. D., but to me. "Come unto *me* all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest. Take *my* yoke upon you, and learn of me, for *I* am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for *my* yoke is easy and *my* burden is light." "When ye pray, say Our Father who art in heaven," not our father upon the earth, our priest, or pope, or any other man; "forgive us our debts"—ask God, and not man, to forgive your sins; for who can forgive sins but God alone? "Come unto *me* all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved, for *I* am God, and there is none else."

The dissensions and heart-burnings that have tormented the Protestant and Catholic world arise from an erroneous, if not an unpardonable, interpretation of the Scriptures. Every man, if he does not suffer his passions, or prejudices, or self-conceits, or preconceived opin-

ions, or a blind determination to maintain his own long-cherished views to warp his mind, and will only exercise his God-given faculties of reason and common-sense, can readily and clearly discern the difference between that which is right and that which is wrong. The test of Christian character and Christian conduct given in the teaching of Christ is not among any of the things that are hard to be understood. All men without any difficulty can discern between the righteous and the wicked. The man whose words and deeds are impelled, constrained, and governed by supreme love to God and man, is a good man and a Christian. Not almost a good man and almost a Christian, but wholly good and wholly Christian, because words and deeds, dictated by supreme love to God and man, are the divine standard. This standard is the test of Christian character. When a man says, "I pray without ceasing, that I may love God with all my heart, and my neighbor as myself, and it is my unceasing effort to do so," and his words and deeds prove to us the truthfulness of his assertions, he is worthy of our most cordial and hearty Christian fellowship.

If we ignore this standard, we are out on a stormy sea of controversy, without a chart or

compass. An interminable host of sectarians meet our vision as far as the eye can see. And if they do not clash and sink each other in unfathomable depths of debate, abstraction and distraction, heart-burning, emulation, strife, hatred, falsehood, bearing false witness, foolishness, and premature dissolution, it will not be for the want of room or depth in that stormy sea.

What says the Jew? "Except ye be circumcised ye cannot be saved." What says the Pope? "I hold the keys of heaven and hell." What says the Mormon? "I am the Lord's prophet: he has revealed to me the only way to escape God's anger." What says the good Quaker and Shaker? "Why don't thee wear a broad-rimmed hat, and no ribbons on thy bonnet." What says the Baptist family? One branch says, "I know but one baptism: it's the only doorway into my church." What says the Carmelite branch? "Brother, don't you know that by the act of immersion you are united to Christ, and in that act receive the Holy Spirit and the pardon of our sins?" Just as if one could not get the spirit of Christ, and pardon, without the application of water! What says the Freewill branch? "Dear brother, without immersion you may sit at the Lord's table

with us, and with immersion you may be admitted into our church." What says the Miller branch? "We are Second Adventists and immersionists." The Mineese and Dunkards wear a prescribed dress, wash feet, give the holy kiss, dip the candidate in the name of the Trinity thrice, eat the supper of the Passover first, and the Lord's Supper just afterward. The members of the Church of God and the United Brethren think all Christians should bear one name, and each one thinks its name is the most suitable. The Episcopalians think they are in the direct line of the apostolic succession, and no others.

Of the Methodist family, the E. P.'s think their peculiar modes are the most scriptural. The M. P.'s reject Episcopacy and choose a president. The Albrights feel assured that they have the right method. The Independent Methodists are opposed to any ecclesiastical dictation. One class of the Lutherans hold to the real presence. The Dutch Reformed reject that dogma. The Presbyterians, New and Old School, and all other bodies of that denomination, are governed by sessions, presbyteries, synods, and general assemblies. One class of Universalists believe that mankind receive punishment in this life; the other class believe in a

restoration, having received full punishment after death. The question arises, Does any one of the outward forms that distinguish the sects, one from another, prevent any man from loving God with all his heart, or from loving his neighbor as himself? Or can a man love God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself who rejects each and every one of these outward forms, or modes, or methods?

Saul of Tarsus was one of the "straitest sect." He prayed and fasted and paid tithes and was circumcised, and baptized his hands and face when he ate, and observed all the ordinances and forms of Jewish worship in the synagogue and elsewhere. But his heart was full of cursing and bitterness. Breathing out threatening and slaughter, he dragged men and women to prison and to death. He trusted in the forms of religion, and verily thought he was doing God service, while he was violating the statute law of the kingdom of heaven. Saul was a representative of the Jewish church, having received authority to commit murder from the Chief Priests. What was the difference between Saul of Tarsus and the Kurd of Turkey? The Turk slaughtered Christians in Armenia, and Saul butchered them in Damascus. One, in outward forms, worshiped the God of Abra-

ham, and the other the God of the false prophet, and both thought they were doing God service. Alas! these murderers are not the only ones who have been deceived by sectarian forms, and prevented, by trusting in them, from loving God with all their hearts, and their neighbors as themselves.

It is equally as clear, that men who do not observe any of these sectarian forms can love God and man according to the divine law. Who can deny that Whittier loved the Lord his God and his neighbor as much as did Spurgeon? Both were good men. Which one loved his God and his neighbor more—the righteous judge only knows. Then since the observance of outward forms is oftentimes misleading and injurious and is not absolutely necessary, or essential, it becomes the different sects, both Catholic and Protestant, to turn their attention to the cultivation of loving hearts.

Said Jesus to the Jewish lawyer, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." "Do this and thou shalt live." For "this is the sum of all that is contained in the law and the prophets." "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

The outward form of baptism presents no

barrier to the exercise of love or Christian fellowship. The very fact that great and good men differ in respect to the precise form, proves beyond a doubt that the form is not essential. In a case of life and death, God never leaves room for doubt. It may be just as acceptable to God, if the water applied is in either form, by sprinkling or pouring or immersion or not at all, since the omission does not quench the flame of love. Love is essential to salvation. No man can enter heaven whose heart is not suffused with love. Many a man whom Jesus baptized with the Holy Ghost and with the fire of love, yea, all men whom Jesus has baptized, or ever will baptize, have gone or will go to heaven; while many a man, who has been baptized by man, even the best of men, have been cast off, solely because they did not love either God or man.

In the great day of settlement, when Jesus comes with all the holy angels, and calls all nations before him to be judged according to the deeds done in the body, he will not ask the question whether those on trial have been baptized by any one of the different forms of the application of water, but he will call the attention of that great assembly of angels and men to the different forms of love. He will say to

those on his right hand, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered and fed thee? or thirsty and gave thee drink? when saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick and in prison and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In this account which Jesus has given of the scenes of the judgment day, there is not one word said about baptismal water, or the least allusion to that comparatively trivial ordinance over which the sects have been quarreling for over eighteen hundred years. Therefore, since our Heavenly Father and his dear Son have said so little about water and so much about love, and taught us that our entrance into heaven depends upon its constant exercise,

would it not be well for us, who belong to the different sects, so near the close of the nineteenth century, to bury the tomahawk and scalping-knife of bitter sectarianism, and unite all our forces to secure a universal baptism of love? God is love, and we belong to his great family—brothers all. However much we may differ on small matters, we are all agreed on the great and essential doctrines of “glory and love to God and good will to men.”

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Woodbury's views of Christian unity and fellowship were broad and liberal, and in full accordance with the standard which God in Christ had set up to govern his people. He would have his people inquire what is the statute law, or the standard, by which our Father in heaven governs the universe, heaven, earth, and hell, and then, in the interpretation of Scripture, makes all the diversified forms of government, types, tropes, figures of speech, metaphors, symbols, parables, antitheses and ironical expressions, conform to and harmonize together with the standard. What is the meaning of a word or sentence, as the inspired writer uses them—not as any or all other persons may have used them? When Christ said to Peter, "Feed my sheep and lambs," the apostle knew better than to go out and lead a flock of sheep and lambs to pasture. When Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born of water he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," Nicodemus knew better than to go out and plunge into the river, as the doorway to heaven. When Ananias said to Saul of Tarsus, "Be baptized,

and wash away thy sins," Saul knew better than to entertain the senseless idea that the pouring or sprinkling or immersing in water, in the name of the Trinity, would purify his soul from the guilt of breathing out threatening and slaughter upon Christians. For he had stopped and ceased to breathe that kind of breath, by the way, when he met Jesus.

When the Psalmist cried out in the bitterness of repentance, "Have mercy upon me, O my God, the God of my salvation: purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean," he did not, he could not, entertain the absurd idea that a bitter dose of a garden herb would purify his polluted soul from the sin and guilt of murder and adultery, which he had committed. When Jesus said to his disciples, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life," they did not suppose that he would make flesh and blood out of bread and wine, or wanted them to cut up his body in slices, or turn cannibals and eat his flesh and drink his blood, in order to get to heaven. When he said, "Who-soever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder," no one thought he was liable to be crushed with a big stone. Jesus meant to convey the idea that it is madness for any

one to resist his almighty power. When Jesus said to Peter, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," Peter did not think that his Lord and master would confer upon him the power to send men to heaven or hell, at his pleasure, and that after he had locked the door upon them, God and heaven would be obliged to confirm the deed. Peter had no such absurd idea. Jesus meant, by this figurative language, to tell Peter that, in consequence of his faith in his Messiahship, he should receive such a clear insight to discern between the righteous and the wicked, that God in heaven would confirm his decision and that Peter should be so wise as to see men as God in heaven sees them.

But it is Jesus as judge at the last day, and not Peter, who will say to the righteous, "Come ye blessed," and to the wicked, "Depart ye cursed."

On all minor matters and non-essentials the inspired penmen wrote in such figurative language as to awaken thought. This design is apparent. For the good of his children our Heavenly Father calls the mental, moral, and

spiritual faculties, as well as the physical muscles, tendons and nerves, into full exercise. By the instruction which he gives, God says, "Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you. Ye can discern the face of the sky, why do ye not discern the signs of the times? Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. Judge ye not what is right? Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation. Resist the devil and he will flee from you. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

Such is the language of the Captain of our salvation. Men who think for themselves, differ from those who do not think. The teaching of our Lord has a preëminent tendency to awaken thought. He spake as never man spake. How our minds are excited and our spirits stirred within us by that momentous question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

When mankind come to the sober consideration of that question, they lose sight of inconsequential matters, they forget petty differences. In full view of an impending danger and a common calamity and the means of rescue, men's

hearts flow together in mutual sympathy. Men who shunned each other and said, "Touch me not, I am holier than thou," will stand close together, side by side—men who would not speak to each other, now speak in tender, loving tones, and strive with one accord to rescue each other. When a man is converted from the error of his ways, and sits at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind, his thoughts move with a swiftness, and take into view such a wide sweep of vision, that he is amazed at his former blindness and stupidity. He says to himself, "How could I look upon any man, or even a child, with such indifference and sometimes with contempt, when each one possesses a soul, of more value than the whole world, and could only be bought and paid for by the most precious blood of the Son of God? Oh, who can tell how much they think of us among the pure spirits above—those angels and archangels—who cannot fully solve that question, which Jesus put to us about the value of the soul?"

Daniel Webster, who was reckoned among the best thinkers of the age, said, "Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, in comparison with the apparent insignificance of the globe, has

sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which is in me, but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality." The Psalmist must have had some such experience when he said, "When I consider thy heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" It is only when we come to the gospel of Christ and study with yearning hearts and many prayers that we can form any just conceptions of the value of the soul.

Heaven has ever poured out its richest treasures upon man. Angels have been sent to take care of him while he lives, and to take him to heaven when he dies. Our Father above sent his only begotten and well-beloved Son to love us and teach us how to live and how to die, when he knew beforehand how he would be called an impostor, a blasphemer, an evil-doer, go hungry and thirsty, be turned out of doors, hated, spit upon, struck in the face, whipped with scourges, crowned with thorns and hung up between two thieves, nailed by his hands and feet to a cross, pierced in his side with a spear, deserted by his friends, while those who passed by wagged their heads and

mocked; and his Father, dearer to him than life, turned away and hid his face from him—an act which filled his bitter cup to the full, and led him to cry out aloud, as a forsaken, heartbroken child, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” and after having been treated so cruelly and ignominiously he sent the Holy Spirit to comfort our hearts and cleanse away our guilt, and bring to our remembrance all the gracious words of love and mercy that he had ever spoken; to open the eyes of the people and reprove them of sin, of righteousness and judgment, and soften their hearts lest they should in their blindness and stubbornness get lost, miss heaven, and go down to hell.

All this outlay of love and mercy and graciousness on the part of the triune God and the angels goes to prove that the soul which is inclosed in these bodies of ours, as a gem in a casket, is worth countless millions more than any human being can estimate. And to show us that the soul outvalued all human computation, when Jesus left his own mangled body in the tomb and the body of the dying thief to be buried like a dog by the maddened Jews, he took the soul of that poor creature cleansed by his blood, into his bosom, and carried him on

that eventful day to be with him in paradise.

When the King of kings and Lord of lords, the wonderful Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, the Ruler of the universe, the conqueror of earth, death, and hell, presented the solitary soul of the penitent thief, snatched from Satan in the last hour of his life, as a rich trophy redeemed and saved, and paid for by the cost of his own blood, there was an unwonted sensation, throughout those wide and glorious domains, among seraphim and cherubim, a great multitude whom no man could number, as they desired to look into the mysteries of redemption and count up the sum total of the worth of a single soul.

It is no wonder that "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Oh, then, why should we or any man sell his soul for a mess of pottage? Why should you or I suffer our souls to be polluted with sin and shame, anger, malice, and revenge, and sink down in eternal despair to be tormented by fallen angels, who study out new engines of cruelty by which to torture lost souls, as they wail and gnash their teeth, sinking down lower and lower into the unmeasured depths of the bottomless pit? Oh may the Holy Spirit lead us in

infinite mercy to Jesus, the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world!" Oh why should we suffer our souls to be lost, when they are worth more than all the world, and Jesus has paid the cost of our redemption and weeps over perishing sinners who will not come to him that they may be saved?

"The Spirit and the bride say Come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him come." "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, who will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." For God only can form a just estimate of the worth of the soul.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Woodbury having learned by experience that it was in the dark corners of the earth, where the people had not been taught to think for themselves, that they thought more of their bodies than they did of their souls, and made unreasonable distinctions of caste and sex, and were very slow to understand the character of the living and true God, and to see and provide for the wants of their spiritual nature, became very much interested in education.

Some of the students of Oberlin College had spent some time in his family, from whom he had learned that the president and the professors made no invidious distinctions of sex, race, or color, but admitted females, Africans, and all other races of men who desired to get an education. He felt anxious that this young and rising institution should meet with deserved success. It had met with so much prejudice and opposition at that early day, when bad, and even good men, thought that it was neither proper nor becoming for human beings whose skin our Creator had deeply tinged with dark hues and variegated colors, whom good Noah

had cursed in his drunken stupor—a race which had for ages been reckoned among a lower order of persons, such as Africans and women, who were admirably fitted by nature to be servants and to do the bidding of the lords of creation.

Dr. Finney, who was president of Oberlin College at that time, had such absorbing views of the worth of the soul, to redeem which high heaven had poured out all its richest treasures, that he looked upon the bodies of all mankind as upon a casket that contained a priceless gem. In his view the human body had been fitted up with loving care, by our Heavenly Father, as the temporary abode of the soul, which he had made in his own image and likeness, and crowned with glory and honor. Hence he taught the students that it was not worth while to be so much concerned about the ornaments of the body as to give the impression that it was of as much if not more worth than the soul.

It is said that a very conscientious young lady went to the president and asked him if it was a sin to wear certain kinds of ribbons on her bonnet. The reply was brief and brusque, "How's your heart?" The young lady who had gone to Oberlin to get the right kind of instruction went away to her room to study

music, and Greek, and Latin, and the higher branches of mathematics. And when she stood before the mirror to arrange her toilet she could but think of that brief and brusque sentence—"How's your heart?"

To illustrate more fully the kind of spirit that hovered over Oberlin College and dwelt in the hearts of the faculty and students, it may be well to recall an incident in the life of a bondman who had fled from the domestic and patriarchal institution of slavery, and secreted himself somewhere within the social and private walks of Oberlin College, and was basking in the pure atmosphere and warm sun of universal liberty. His late master, looking around for some of his loose property, traced the steps of the fugitive to his hiding-place, and as he was about to bag his game he came in contact with Oberlin College. The minion of the domestic institution stood amazed. He felt as if he had touched a firebrand to a magazine of powder. The whole country for miles around was convulsed by the explosion.

The fugitive, having been seized, was hurried off to Wellington, a few miles south, followed by a crowd of citizens and students who rescued him. Of these, more than thirty, including one college professor and a Sunday school

superintendent, were arrested and lodged in the jail at Cleveland to await their trial for a violation of the Fugitive Slave Law. But the flames kindled by the spirit of liberty were too fierce and hot for unrighteous laws. Two were tried and convicted, but all were at last set free, and the slave-hunter was obliged to return to the land of bondage alone and discomfited at heart, without one "cursed" descendant of Ham.

This was the rarest sight looked upon by angels and men since Jesus in infinite mercy pressed the dying thief to his bosom, and carried him up in triumph to heaven as a trophy of divine compassion. These men who would rot in jail rather than betray a sacred trust, were not to be found everywhere. To die for the President of the United States? Oh no! not that—to die for a poor, despised, and forlorn "nigger."

These professors, whom God in his wise providence had raised up to teach American youth, had learned in the councils of heaven that the negro, in common with other men, had an immortal soul; that the all-wise Creator had deposited a priceless gem in a casket of ebony, that could not be bought for gold.

This occurrence at Oberlin, which shook the country from center to circumference,

touched a tender chord in the heart of Mr. Woodbury. He immediately left his home and family to raise funds for an institution of learning, founded upon a rock. He fully believed that "God is no respecter of persons," but recognizes the common brotherhood, unity and equality of the human race, both male and female. The trustees gave Mr. Woodbury certificates of scholarship, in payment for his services. He designed to educate his only son at Oberlin, who died at an early age, the victim of quick consumption. Although he did not live to see any of his children educated by those teachers whom he so dearly loved and honored, yet since his death some of his grandchildren have been educated there and are now living near by, under those hallowed influences which have gone forth far and wide.

Could Mr. Woodbury look down from heaven and see the great progress that has been made since his day, the sight would afford him unalloyed pleasure. Oberlin leads the way. Now, most of the highest schools admit both sexes, young ladies and young gentlemen, brothers and sisters, who share alike in the privileges and honors of college life.

The negro race, emancipated from the shackles of bondage, has begun to emerge from the

deep darkness of ignorance and superstition that has so long brooded over that patient and emotional people. Although but few colleges admit these men, whose ancestors were stolen from their homes in Africa, and who have by patient labor in cotton fields and on sugar plantations and in Southern homes added millions of dollars to the wealth of the country, and by their patriotism and bravery aided the Union army to put down a rebellion that nearly cost the life of the nation, and above all have given us some of the most beautiful examples of simple faith and trust in that unseen and merciful Being, under whose sheltering wings the poor and downtrodden of all ages have found protection and unfailing comfort; and yet, while giving us their lives and faithful service, and adding to our comfort and wealth, and having been treated like beasts of burden, having no souls, and "no rights that white men were bound to respect," yet, notwithstanding all this unrequited service and brutal treatment, this long abused race has shown no signs of a revengeful spirit, and is still serving the people in every department of labor, and is establishing schools and churches of its own.

Fred Douglass and Langston, in days that are past, have given us some rare specimens of

eloquence and literary attainments. And Booker Washington of our time challenges the admiration of the world by his wise counsel in conducting an intellectual and industrial college at Talladega, Ga., for the rising men and women of his own race.

It is to be ardently hoped that all our public and private schools will, at an early day, teach the doctrine taught in God's book and in the preamble of the constitution of the United States—to wit: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created free and equal, endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights"—and not fail to impress on every mind that all men are made in the image of God, and that this image and likeness cannot be effaced, or marred, or ill-treated, or abused with impunity—nay more, cannot be innocently despised or even neglected. For the Judge, seated on his throne before the assembled universe, in the presence of angels and men will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me. Depart ye cursed." There is another declaration which the great Teacher made in his Sermon on the Mount: "Judge not that ye be not judged: for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye

mete it shall be measured to you again.”

Every student of sacred and profane history has found that declaration to be literally and fearfully true.

When our statesmen wrote in the third section of the second article of the Constitution that Africans should be treated as chattels, they did not realize that they were making merchandise of the “souls” of men, and thereby insulted the majesty of heaven, and that those few strokes of the pen would cost the nation over two thousand millions of dollars and over one million of our brave and best men.

All God’s children, of every hue and color, are as dear to him as the apple of his eye, and are graven on the palms of his hands, and he gave his own beloved Son to die for them. Whoever abuses or neglects any one of these, however lowly and poor he may be, exposes himself to the displeasure and punishment of the Judge of all the earth, both in this life and in the future world.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Woodbury having been taught these lessons of love in the school of Christ, could not lose sight of the terrible havoc the use of intoxicating drinks was making in the community. All through the Maumee Valley and the Black Swamp, whisky and quinine were deemed a necessary part of family stores, on account of the prevalence of fever and ague. Quinine, sometimes tinctured with strychnine, in order to effect a speedy cure, oftentimes proved to be a remedy worse than the disease. But the very frequent use of whisky often produced an effect far worse than the death of the body. Drunkenness was as common as grog-shops, and every hamlet swarmed with them. But these pioneers in the swamps and prairies had not learned, or had forgotten, that the souls of mankind were worth more than their bodies.

When they left their homes in the East, and the Fatherland across the ocean, they had left their Bibles, which were highly esteemed by the deserted household as souvenirs left behind by those beloved members who had emigrated to the far West. These biblical souvenirs might

have had a very wholesome and genial influence upon those who read them in the old house, by the old folks at home. But these ancient writings, given at an early day by Jehovah to his dear children, should have been considered an indispensable part of an equipment by emigrants starting out to meet all kinds of dangers and hardships on the frontier, among wild animals of all kinds, especially "wolves in sheep's clothing."

Every man ought to hear daily a voice speaking to him, as if from the skies, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Look not on the wine when it is red, when it stirreth itself aright in the cup; in the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Touch not, taste not, handle not. There is death in the pot."

Better by far, if it were a necessity, to go up to heaven in a chariot of fever and ague, than to die a drunkard, amid the scalding tears of a disappointed, broken-hearted mother, and orphan children, and at the end go down to hell a besotted wretch.

In order to justify the drinking custom there has been a flagrant violation of the laws of bib-

lical interpretation. When God speaks he does not contradict himself, or say anything that is inconsistent with his character. When Christ came he spake and acted in his Father's name, as his agent, or ambassador. God had said, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it stirreth itself aright in the cup." Jesus made wine at a wedding in Cana of Galilee, according to the record in the second chapter of John's gospel, under the following circumstances: "When they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus said unto him, They have no wine. Jesus said unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come. His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. And there were set there six water-pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece. Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water-pots with water; and they filled them up to the brim. And he saith unto them, Draw out now and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bear it. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that had been made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants that drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom and said unto him, Every man at the beginning

doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse, but thou hast kept the good wine until now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory, and his disciples believed on him."

A large class, who advocate the common use of wine as a beverage, especially on festival occasions, take advantage of this scene in the life of Christ by saying that he wrought his first miracle to furnish wine at a wedding,—giving the idea that Christ turned water into an intoxicating drink. Those who give such a version to this historical account do not realize to what absurd and blasphemous accusations it tends. Few persons would dare to charge our Lord with the crime of manufacturing or turning one hundred and sixty-two gallons of pure water into intoxicating drinks, that might make all the guests drunk, when God had ranked drunkards in the same class with thieves, and adulterers, and murderers, and sent his own Son to save mankind from the commission of such crimes and the dreadful consequences! It is indeed the height of absurdity to suppose that our Lord and Savior would make a drink that had caused more theft, and adultery, and murder, and misery, and wretchedness here on

earth, and sent more victims down to hell, than any other or all other causes combined!

And furthermore, to suppose that he performed this horrible deed as his first miracle, to "manifest forth his glory" that his disciples might believe that a merciful God had sent him into the world, would be a most horrible supposition. If the supposition that our blessed Lord and Savior would commit such a crime is not blasphemous, will some kind friend please tell us what constitutes blasphemy?

It is by no means a difficult task to acquit our Lord of the guilt of having committed such a crime, and fully establish his innocence. It is well known that in the time of Christ, as well as in our time, there were several kinds of wine. There was one kind of wine in common use—the unfermented juice of the grape, which could not intoxicate, and was celebrated for its pleasant taste, as well as for its healthful and medicinal quality. That Jesus should make this healthful, invigorating, pleasant, and non-intoxicating wine, at a wedding festival, or on any other occasion, was perfectly consistent with his character, as the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

Since this was the kind of wine that Jesus made and drank, Mr. Woodbury made it on

sacramental occasions, as a metaphor which it was very proper to use to commemorate the blood of Christ, shed on the cross for the remission of sins. He could not entertain for a moment the idea that Jesus would use intoxicating liquors to commemorate his sufferings and death, and say to his friends, "As oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show forth the Lord's death till he come." Such a command would lead his friends to use intoxicating drinks to the end of the world, although they should be convinced that the use of such a symbol would be a scandal and a standing curse to the end of time.

Believing that the use of intoxicants as a beverage was an evil, pure and simple, Mr. Woodbury, in organizing churches, uniformly inserted a pledge in the articles of faith and practice, of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. By this course in some cases he cut off from church fellowship some good men, who were determined to follow the custom of their ancestors, who felt so sure that rum and whiskey and wine did both their souls and bodies good, when these fatal drinks dragged them down to a drunkard's grave.

Mr. Woodbury believed that bad customs and precedents should be discontinued,

however ancient and popular they might be.

In bringing down from heaven the doctrine of "peace on earth and good will to men," Jesus did not have any respect for evils of a long standing. When John came preaching in the wilderness of Judea he made clean work. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," were the first words of his first sermon. In order to enter the kingdom of God, men need purification. When the Pharisees and Sadducees, who despised and persecuted others, came to him he said, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father." A pious ancestry will do you no good. When Jesus comes he will "lay the axe to the root of the tree." It will not do now to say, "Adam and Noah and Abraham and Moses and David and Solomon did so." Bad precedents are good for nothing but kindling wood. "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. I indeed baptize you with water, but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Mr. Woodbury did not preach any sermons

for mere popular favor. He preached and hoped and prayed that he might meet the beloved members of his congregations at the bar of eternal justice and mercy, and be permitted to say, "Here, Lord, am I, and the children whom thou hast given me," and hear the Judge say to each and every one of them, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

CHAPTER VII.

During the ten years of his pastoral labors in Falmouth, Mass., Mr. Woodbury had been accustomed to write out his sermons in full, and read them to his hearers without much or any gesticulation. But after he came west he was accustomed to speak without notes. However, he used to prepare his sermons with great care. He wrote out each division and subdivision, seated with his eldest daughter by his side, with the concordance and his Bible, which illustrated and enforced the text. Consequently his discourses were preëminently biblical.

He fully believed that the Scriptures contained the word of God, which holy men had written as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and were profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and instruction in righteousness, that the man of God might be thoroughly furnished to every good word and work. He believed that every child, young man, and young woman, as well as older persons, ought to have a Bible, which they could call their own, and feel that it was a precious treasure, the Book of books, better than any one or all other books.

In this respect Mr. Woodbury was in full accord with our pilgrim fathers who came from Holland in search of a country where they could have freedom to worship God, and landed on Plymouth Rock, and under the guidance of Divine Providence laid the foundation of a great empire. The Bible was to them a revelation from heaven. It gave to them the laws of social order; it was the charter of civil and religious liberty; it was the only guide to heaven and immortality. How sweet were its promises! How gracious and merciful its provisions! What glorious views of God our heavenly Father! What magnificent and sublime views of the height and depth and length and breadth of the matchless love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and will soon excite the universal admiration of men and angels!

No wonder they built the school house under the shadow of the church, and among the first lessons of childhood taught their children to read God's book. No wonder that these pilgrims, as they stood on the soil of the new world, after having escaped the lords of despotism and the storms of the sea, should gather their little ones about them each morning of a new day, and each evening at its close, to hear them read in their Bibles the precious prom-

ises of a covenant-keeping God, and kneel around the family altar to thank and adore him for his daily and hourly mercies. These strong men of unstaggering faith, who had descended in the right line of patriarchal succession from Abraham, the father of the faithful, who heard the voice of Jehovah, saying, "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee, to thousands of generations," could not fail to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

It was, in very deed, a source of great consolation to these pilgrims of the Mayflower, when they were about to leave this new world for heaven, and leave their little ones among the Indians, amid temptations and evils far more savage and cruel, to turn over the leaves of the Bible, and hear the voice of God saying, on page after page, "Fear ye not, neither be afraid. Have I not told thee from that time and have declared it? Ye are even my witnesses. Is there a God besides me? Yea, there is no God, I know not any. Thus saith the Lord that made thee and formed thee from the womb, which will help thee. Fear not, O Jacob, my servant, and thou Jeshuran, whom I have chosen. For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.

I will pour my spirit upon thy seed and my blessing upon thine offspring." "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "For I say unto you, their angels do always behold the face of my Father." "And when Abraham was ninety and nine years old the Lord appeared to Abraham and said unto him, I am the Almighty God: walk before me and be thou perfect, and I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee, in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee." "And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do? Seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great nation and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him? For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." "Even as Abraham believed God and it was accounted to him for righteousness." "Know ye, therefore, that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham." "And if ye be Christ's, then are ye of Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise."

Being assured by these precious promises, these pioneers and founders of a great nation of freemen brought their little children into the sanctuary in the arms of faith and love, and consecrated them to the service of Christ. And as Abraham sealed his pledge to keep the covenant of promise made to him and his seed after him, on account of his faith, with blood, so these pilgrim fathers sealed their pledge with water, the Christian type of the "washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." These devout men fully believed in the declarations made by the inspired writers, who said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." "How shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto, according to thy word."

This pledge made with a covenant-keeping God, so long as it was kept, made New England the birthplace of great and good men. They were known far and wide, and were distinguished from Old England and foreign nations by patriotism and stern integrity.

In speaking of Massachusetts, one of the New England States, Daniel Webster said in a

speech to the Senate, in reply to the strictures and slurs of Col. Hayne of South Carolina, "Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia, and there they will lie forever. And, Sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit."

Those true and noteworthy words were uttered some fifty years ago, and they are as true and noteworthy to-day as they were then. Had he thought it advisable, this unrivaled statesman might have added, "There is Plymouth Rock, where the founders of the Republic first landed—the most noted rock in the known world. Here the spirit of liberty kindled its first fires. It was on the Sabbath day—a day which God had hallowed and blest. No better day in the calendar could have been chosen for

the birthday of a Christian nation. Here, under the blue canopy of the sky, unmindful of inconveniences and the chilly winds of December, 'where the waves of the ocean dashed high on the wild New England shore,' and in solemn dirge beat the requiem of the dead acts of non-conformity and popish bulls, left behind in the old world, this poor band of pilgrims, bowing their heads in devout thanksgiving and praise to their God, who had heard their prayers, remembered the laws of the kingdom of heaven, and kept this their first Sabbath day on New England's coast holy, according to the commandment."

To one of an undevout mind, who should say in his heart, "There is no God. Who is the Almighty, that we should serve him, or what profit shall we have if we pray unto him?" (as they looked on them at that day)—the fate of these exiles would have seemed certain. It was a critical moment—a crisis in the history of the world. Had there been no God, who cared for his people, the historian might have written this tragedy: "On this rock landed one hundred and one fanatics, who sailed from Delt Haven in a crazy old ship called the Mayflower. They all died within six months, and were all buried in this wilderness except one, whose

body was eaten by wolves." Not so! No such fate was suffered to meet those devout adventurers, who left their homes in the Old World and sought freedom to worship God in the New.

To one whose heart trusted in God, and whose eye of faith was undimmed, a far different scene would have arisen. The all-wise God in his mercy had a glorious mission for these men. It was as if he led them from England to Holland with a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. It was as if he sent an unseen convoy of ships, that no stormy ocean ever foundered, to convey them to their desired haven; and as this little company stood there, close by Plymouth Rock, worshipping God and singing his praises, and "the dim woods were ringing to the anthems of the free," they might have seen by faith a great congregation of spiritual beings "who walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep, ministering to those who shall be heirs of salvation," hovering over and around them, and joining in the worship of that hallowed day, and bearing the grateful incense of prayer and praise upward to the throne of God. And as the motives of these adventurers were pure, and their sole object being to kindle the fires of civil and religious

liberty on these shores, and as they had only sought freedom to worship God, they might, being strong in faith, have heard the voice of the Son of God speaking aloud above the hymns of prayer and praise, and the surf of the ocean waves, and saying, "If the Son of God make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

And if any event were of sufficient moment to recall the spirits who had been emancipated from bondage, they would all have come in a body to greet those heroes who had faced death on land and sea. There would have been present Wickliffe, Huss, Latimer, Cranmer, Ridley, Luther, Zwingle, Cromwell, and the thousands of Huguenots and others cruelly murdered by the Jesuits, together with a great multitude of Jewish martyrs, prophets, and apostles, who had suffered death and the tortures of the Inquisition by the hands of tyrants and despots.

This spirit brought down from heaven as a live coal from off the altar, and placed in the bosom of these exiles by the Son of God, could not be quenched. It burst forth into a flame at Lexington and Concord; it burst into a furious blaze on Bunker Hill and in Boston harbor; it awoke Warren, and John Adams, and Patrick Henry, and George Washington, and kindled the fires of patriotism anew in every

true American heart, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf. This great conflagration was reflected across the deep sea. The British Lion growled and roared, and Lafayette came over soon enough to see the flames increase in volume and fierceness, till they reached Yorktown, and drove Lord Cornwallis and his gallant troops out from the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

The blasting influence of American slavery was so great, it seemed for a while as if the spirit of liberty had gone almost entirely out. But when our flag was fired upon at Fort Sumter the patriotic flames burst forth anew, and set on fire the whole nation, and burned with its wonted fierceness, till the demon of slavery was entirely destroyed at Gettysburg and Fairfax Courthouse, and gave birth to the proclamation of universal emancipation.

If this nation has been more highly blest than any other nation on the face of the earth, it is because the spirit of the pilgrims has kept the fires of liberty constantly burning.

In this patriotic, godlike work, no State in the Union has done more, or as much, as Massachusetts. Mr. Woodbury was accustomed to leave the Black Swamp and his home on the Maumee and revisit his beloved home in New

England. It would pay the adventurer well, who is seeking rarer virtues than were displayed on the field of Waterloo or at the gates of Thermopylæ, to go to the old Bay State when the "rocks and rills, the woods and templed hills," first "rang to the anthems of the free," on that memorable Sabbath day. The first day of the week was kept and observed by Mr. Woodbury as a hallowed day, not only because it commemorated the resurrection of the Savior of the world, but because this great and glorious Republic had its birth on that day. In the hush of business, the quiet and calm and sweet repose of a New England Sabbath day, many a weary, careworn soul had found peace and comfort in worshipping that great and good Being who had brought the frail bark of the pilgrims to a safe anchorage in Plymouth harbor, and whose Son to save his chosen ones "had commanded the winds and waves to be still." After escaping the perils of the Atlantic Ocean in that frail bark of a Mayflower, one-half of their number having died within six months, they were just on the point of starvation, and were eating the last bit of food—five kernels of corn apiece—three thousand miles away from kindred and friends, among hostile tribes of Indians, and were about to die, when

help came. None but a merciful God could have saved such a forlorn hope. If no human pen was there to record the event, the recording angel who looked down from heaven upon the scene, wrote it down in his book as "a miracle of grace." It was God's method of displaying his power on earth. In this extremity, 'mid such throes, in that hallowed hour of anguish, a Christian nation was born. The time is coming when, in commemoration of the landing of the pilgrims, the resurrection and the cross, every ship in our ports and at sea, every steamer on our lakes and rivers, every boat that floats the American flag, every railroad that intersects our commonwealth, every seaman and landsman on our shores, will "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and in the cessation and hush of business will worship and adore the God of the pilgrims. The whole nation with one accord will sing anthems of prayer and praise :

"Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So may it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed."

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below.
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

And the youthful, and multitudinous, and growing bands of Christian Endeavorers will speak and sing and pray and work on together in unison, till the dawn of that glorious day—a day that will reflect the glory and power and wisdom and goodness of the God of the pilgrims.

To our pilgrim fathers no day brought heaven and earth so near together, and gave such a consoling charm to the face of the landscape and the sky, as the Christian Sabbath, the appointed day to worship God. On that eventful day they fully realized the fulfillment of the divine promise, "Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you." To these devout, brave souls, God was nigh at hand, and not afar off. After having received so many tokens of his presence, they could say with the patriarch, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but lo! now mine eye seeth thee." In the pilgrim churches there was warmth and heat. Not that kind which comes from furnaces and pipes, within frescoed walls and memorial windows. The glory of the Lord filled the house and the fires of devotion burned in each heart.

The angel of the everlasting covenant brooded over the scene, and saw with glad surprise that the worship of Jehovah in his church on

earth was in unison with that of the church of the firstborn in heaven. In that church above were thousands of infants and little children whom Jesus had taken up in his arms to heaven, mingling their soft voices in songs of praise to God.

Here below were infants and little children, brought by father and mother, in the fullness of their hearts, to the baptismal altar and consecrated to the service of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." These devoted worshipers whose souls had been purified and refined in the school of adversity, cherished the Abrahamic faith, and gloried in the promises of a covenant-keeping God, and not only brought their children whom they loved as their own souls, to the sanctuary every Sabbath day, but also impressed upon their minds the precepts and commandments of the Lord as they went in and out during the week.

This faith, in which God had, as a loving father, included the children and the household of believers in the covenant of mercy, afforded the pilgrims and their descendants very great comfort, and was dearly cherished by the churches throughout New England. Being fully endued with the belief that a Christian na-

tion could not exist outside of Christian, praying families, New England and Massachusetts alone spent thousands of dollars annually to send home missionaries to all parts of the United States, both east and west.

CHAPTER VIII.

After Mr. Woodbury had visited the place of his birth, and listened to the worthy successors of such men as Cotton Mather, David Brainard, Griffin, Edwards, Beecher, Park, and Humphry, and others just as great and good, he returned home and entered upon his work with new zeal.

He took a great deal of heartfelt pleasure in the bosom of his own family. It consisted of one son, seven daughters, and his aged mother. Just after breakfast, before any of them had gone away to engage in the secular affairs of the day, they all with one accord came together to sing and pray around the family altar, as free as the wild birds of the prairies, and as beautiful as the wild flowers that grew in great variety and profusion all around.

Mrs. Woodbury was one of that large class of women who could make home the happiest place on earth; where every person who entered her dwelling felt the sunny and genial influence of a kind and loving heart. It is enough to say of the son and daughters that they were very much like their mother, and possessed the

sterling virtues of both father and mother, and their venerable grandmother. A happy group, chastened and purified by the sweet influences of the spirit of the Sabbath and the sanctuary of home—as the air we breathe is sweetened by the morning and evening dews and the sunshine of heaven. .

As one looked upon that lowly log cabin to which was added a comfortable frame building, clasped on three sides by a fruitful grapevine, and shaded by a venerable oak tree, and thought of those who dwelt within, he would be reminded of the sayings of the prophet, who fell into an ecstasy as he looked afar from the top of Mount Peor, upon the camp of God's chosen people, and exclaimed, "He hath said, who heard the words of God, who saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance but having his eyes open, How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river side, as the trees of lignaloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters."

Mr. Woodbury had found all the promises that God had made to his people were true to the letter, and especially this one, which was so dear to a fond father's heart, "Train up a child

in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." We are taught that "words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." But far more beautiful are the words of inspiration which God has spoken, written upon the tablet of a little child's mind, before it is defaced and scratched all over with Satanic blotches.

How bright the future will appear to the little ones as they go on their way thinking from time to time of such words as these: "The path of the just is as the shining light that shines more and more unto the perfect day." The morrow will give us a fairer dawn all the way, only do right. "The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace." God, from whom comes every good work, says, "They that seek me early shall find me." "God is love." "All things shall work together for good to them that love God." When Jesus was upon earth he took little children up in his arms and blest them, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Thou God seest me." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee." "I have lain down and slept and rose again because thou hast sustained me."

“Ask and ye shall receive.” “When thou walk-est through the valley and shadow of death thou shalt fear no evil, for I am with thee.”

“Who shall ascend into the holy hill? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart. He that hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully.” “In thy presence there is fullness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures forever more.” “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.” “What doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with the Lord thy God?” “All things whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them, for this is the law and the prophets.” Do not be troubled about to-morrow. “If God clothes the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more shall he clothe you, O ye of little faith?” “I am the resurrection and the life. He that liveth and believeth on me shall never die.” “Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go away I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be

also." "Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth, and break forth into singing, O mountains, for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted. But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me."

What a bountiful casket of beautiful words fitly spoken, to be engraven upon the clean, unsoiled tablet of a little child's memory! In what school of art or nature could you find such a variety of divinely-wrought pictures, to have a fixed place and habitation among the pleasant and fantastic dreams of childhood? Can the annals of literature or romantic story give us anything better to be cherished as precious souvenirs by children and youth, or the man of years? Can Mitchel or Newton give us better beacon lights to enlighten the minds and guide the feet of those members that make up the households of a Christian nation?

These ripe scholars and devout astronomers roamed over a wide field of earth and sky, and had sublime and wondrous visions of what they

saw in the material universe. They were not so much amazed and awed by what they saw among the suns and stars that came within the range of the telescope, as they were with the thought of stars and suns and comets that swept through the immensity of space far beyond human sight. They felt humbled in the presence of an almighty Being who had created and was guiding by his power and wisdom numberless worlds in the infinity of space. After all his explorations, Newton exclaimed, "I seem to myself like a little child playing on the seashore, gathering a few pebbles while the great ocean of truth lies all unexplored before me."

But to gain the most grand, loving, and inspiring views of our Creator we must turn from the study of nature to revelation, from the grandeur of creation to the glories of invisible things perceived only by the faculties of our souls. Jesus opened the eyes of his scholars to see things invisible to the human sight. The Psalmist when he prayed said, "Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may see wondrous things out of thy law."

The Apostle taught his hearers to walk by faith, not by sight. "We having the same spirit of faith according as it is written, I

believed and therefore have I spoken. We also believe and therefore speak, knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise us up also by Jesus, and shall present us with you. For all things are for your sakes, that the abundant grace, through the thanksgiving of many, may redound to the glory of God. For which cause we faint not, but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things that are not seen: for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The effort to turn the attention from things that are seen to those that are not seen cannot be made too early in childhood. A man in his mature years, who has been accustomed to look on the material world—houses and lands and whatever pertains to the comforts and ornaments and pleasures of the body for a long time—is very apt to lose sight of the higher comforts and pleasures of the soul, and to forget that all these material things that we see around us are but fleeting shadows, passing away with the "fashion of the world."

According to the instructions of the great Teacher, mankind do not make a mistake when they dig in mines for gold and silver, and build ships, and beautiful houses or mansions, and perfect themselves in the arts and sciences. The great Architect has built for us a most beautiful and magnificent world, and given us the materials and the genius and the tools, so that we can make as many discoveries and improvements as our taste and skill can devise.

But mankind do make a very great mistake when they look first and only on "the things that are seen." The transitory state of earthly affairs is not to be overlooked in our plans for the future. Said Jesus, "The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully, and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my goods? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods, and I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward

God." What countless numbers are making the greatest mistakes of their lives, flattering themselves that they shall live many years, when in the records of the books written by the recording angel this entry may be found: "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee." So quickly the fascinating scenes of earthly grandeur and beauty pass away.

The miser who pulls down his barns and builds greater, and there bestows his goods and says to himself, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," is doomed to be sadly disappointed. "The things that are seen are temporal." They fade from our sight; they elude our grasp; they pass away like our dreams. No earthly arm is strong enough to hold these things that meet our eyes and charm our souls. We fixed our hearts upon these bewitching phantoms of the eye in our childhood and youth; they beguiled us on our way as our years were going by; we chased the fugitives day by day, and just as we were about to clasp them in our arms, they vanished one by one, and we learned by sad experience that "the things which are seen are temporal."

It would have been well for us had we learned the lessons taught us in the school of Christ at

an early day. If father and mother and guardians would save the little ones from the wild chase after fantastic shadows, and the consequent experience of many very bitter regrets, it will be absolutely necessary to teach them in the first lessons of childhood to look on the things that are not seen, and also to listen to the voice of the Son of God, who said, "Lay up your treasure in heaven, for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." For there, in that world of bliss and glory, "rust doth not corrupt and thieves do not break through nor steal," and the things which exist in heaven are real and will exist forever.

It is easier to teach childhood to exercise faith than it is to teach those who have lived in unbelief for many years. Like the nerves and muscles of the body, the faculties of the soul become weak, and are often paralyzed by inaction. The habits of skeptics become firmly fixed. Being so accustomed to look at the things that are seen, many a man lives without God and without hope, and dies as he has lived, and meets death as an "eternal sleep." Jesus found it difficult to teach older persons to exercise faith in what he told them about heaven and unseen things. His miracles they could see, and it gradually dawned upon their

minds that a person who could turn water into wine, walk on the sea, cause the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the lame to walk, who could hush the winds and waves to be still, at his word of command, who could heal the sick and raise the dead, and cast out devils, and cause Roman soldiers to fear and tremble, go backward and fall to the ground, after they had seen him transfigured, and when Moses and Elias appeared and talked with him in the mount; after they had seen him arise from the dead and go up into heaven, till the clouds hid his form from their wondering eyes; after having lived with him for three years, eaten bread with him from day to day, and seen him feed great multitudes with five loaves of bread and two small fishes, and take up twelve baskets full of fragments; after having heard him speak as never man spake—the most wonderful words about heaven and hell, and the great judgment day, when he would come again with all the holy angels, a great host, whom no man can number, and call together all the men that had ever lived on earth, and make them recall every word they had ever spoken, and every deed they had done, and say to those who had done kind and loving deeds, “Come ye blessed,” and to those who had done no loving deeds to

others, "Depart ye cursed"; after having heard a voice from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him"; after Jesus had said to them, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned"; after his disciples had heard him say and do all these things, they could exercise faith in him and see him sitting in heaven above, on the right hand of God.

And it takes a great deal of prayer, under the influences of the Holy Spirit, to lead men to believe what Jesus has said, nowadays. Oh, could all men believe on Christ, and be led to look not upon the things that are seen, but could look upon the scenes of the judgment day, and having the faculties of the soul in full exercise, could see the bliss of those whom the Son of man has taken from earth to heaven,—all merciful, loving souls,—and see all those whose unfeeling hearts had shut out sympathy and loving kindness for others' woes, weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth, in utter despair, among devils and hateful and cruel demons, the world would be made better under the exercise of such faith; cruelty and crime

would cease, and each man would pray and strive to love his neighbor as himself, and his loving Father in heaven with all his soul, with all his mind, might, and strength. Oh, could each man and woman and child see the loving Savior near by and hear him saying to each one of them "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me." "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." Oh, if we could but see him, endued with almighty power, yet hanging on the cross bleeding and dying, to save us poor mortals from going down to hell, and to purchase for us a pardon, as a passport to heaven, and hear him plead for us, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," we would not, we could not, bar the door of our hearts against him, and try to shut him out—a friend who has done more for us than father and mother or dear friend on earth. No, methinks, we could not. We would drop whatever burden might hinder us and make haste to open the door and say, "Oh, I am so glad to see you! Will you come in? My soul needs to be cleansed and transformed into thy likeness. I have longed to hear thy voice and to

see thy face. Oh, clothe me with the robes of thy righteousness, that I may be ready to meet my dear Father in heaven whenever he sends the summons to call me home."

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Woodbury regretted very much that the custom of the Pilgrims in bringing their infant children to the baptismal altar and consecrating them, as did Abraham, the father of the faithful, to the care and service of a covenant-keeping God and Saviour, was so often neglected. In those early days of the republic when the children of believers were brought to the house of God and publicly given up to him by a solemn oath, to train them up in the way they should go, New England was acknowledged to be the home of a brave and good race of men, and the blessing of heaven rested upon the descendants of the Pilgrims.

In his field of labor Mr. Woodbury made a special effort to induce believers to include their children in the covenant of promise. It pleased him to see the father and mother come into church accompanied by all their children. He used to dwell on the beautiful picture—Abraham and all his house; the converted jailer and all his house which believed on the Lord who had sent his angel to open the prison doors to release his chosen ones at midnight;

Lydia and her household, Stephanas and his household worshipping the God of their fathers around the family altar; a whole family in heaven, even the infant in its mother's arms; all the sheep and lambs gathered in the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Woodbury could not entertain the idea that all the sheep of the flock should be safe in the fold while all the little lambs should be left outside exposed to the wolves and wild beasts. The promise made to Abraham in these precious words, "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee to a thousand generations," was to Mr. Woodbury an unfailing source of comfort.

Sometimes when his health was very poor the thought of leaving his daughters in a community where so much vice and crime prevailed, somewhat troubled his heart. The writer was present on one occasion when he was addressing the meeting, and the sudden thought which came into his mind that he would be obliged to leave them soon, so overwhelmed him that his speech failed. His heart was very tender, and he loved his family so much that he was willing to make any sacrifice for his children and their devoted mother. He was unceasing in his efforts to make them comfortable.

And, although he did not leave them gold and silver, he left them a far better inheritance. He taught them to fear and love the Lord and keep his commandments, with the assurance that all such families would have a reunion in heaven and receive an inheritance that is "incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us," an invaluable bequest.

A full revelation of the bliss and glory of heaven has never been given to finite minds. The Apostle Paul says, "I know a man who was caught up to the third heavens, into paradise, who heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." Again he says, "It is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God has prepared for them that love him." The prophet Isaiah said, "Since the beginning of the world man hath not heard, nor perceived by the ears, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside thee, what he hath prepared for him that waiteth for him."

According to these declarations of inspired writers, our conceptions of the world where Jesus sits on the right hand of God, fall far, very far, short of the reality. When Jesus leads his people through the valley and shadow of

death, and the magnificent and the perfecting beauty and glory of heaven first meet our eyes, we shall need the chorus of saints and angels to express our admiration of those wonderful scenes, of which, while here on earth, we had such poor conceptions.

The Indian thinks, when he gets there, that he will roam over fair hunting grounds with his bow and arrows, his scalping knife and tomahawk. The Turk who reads the Koran, dreams of heaven where he can sit unmolested and smoke his pipe and drink in gross and sensual drafts to the full. The Chinaman drugs his senses with opium and finds satisfaction with the hallucinations of his brain. Swedenborg, a great mathematician and philosopher, thought heaven was like earth freed from its vices and crimes, pains and deaths, where men could converse with angels.

But these views are too gross to be accepted. Jesus, prophets and apostles teach us better. Jesus said to the Sadducees, who were gross in their conceptions and denied the resurrection and the existence of spirits, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." Flesh and blood cannot

inherit the kingdom of heaven. The bodies of mankind will be changed in the twinkling of an eye, by the power of God, into glorious forms, free from disease, pain or death. Being like the angels, men will become ministering spirits, sent forth by our Lord to help the heirs of salvation. Here on earth we are kept down by the weight of our bodies, and cannot go through space to visit the inhabitants of distant worlds at pleasure, as the angels do. In that world free from all encumbrances, we can soar with angelic spirits on errands of love to all parts of the universe, filled with joy and rejoicing over one sinner that is rescued from the guilt and misery of wrong-doing. And like the angels who carried Lazarus to Abraham's bosom, our spiritual bodies will be of such a nature that we can revisit earth and accompany the souls that are going from earth up to heaven every moment, both night and day. These bodies given to us will be changed by the power of God in the twinkling of an eye, as we go up to heaven. In the morning of the resurrection we will hunger and thirst no more, never become weary, nor slumber nor sleep. Safe at home in the presence of God, our Heavenly Father, "in whose presence there is fullness of

joy and at whose right hand there are pleasures forevermore."

Here our joys are marred, and are very far from being full; and our pleasures are transient and short lived. The sweetest cup that touches mortal lips has in it some bitter dregs. No man's life here on earth is all sunshine. Clouds and darkness come over his way and "disappointment lurks in many a prize." "Perfect love casts out fear." But that kind of love is found only in heaven. There are sweet friendships found in many a loving circle, but before we taste its fullness we must wait until we arrive at our Father's house and are admitted into his presence. There we may quench our longings for pure love in overflowing fountains that last forevermore. Here on earth our knowledge is limited. We know but little about God, his plans of love and mercy, and are oftentimes filled with great anxiety by the events that transpire within the sphere of our observation. Many a man, if not the most of men, in looking around about them as far as the eye of sense could see, have exclaimed with the ancient patriarch, "All these things are against me," and found out after a long time of borrowed trouble that all these apparent ills were but blessings in disguise. "Here

we see through a glass darkly; there we shall see face to face. Here we know in part; there we shall know even as we are known."

What fullness of joy, what pleasures forevermore shall we experience in our loving Father's presence as we sit at his right hand, and looking over the history of our joys and sorrows learn to our entire satisfaction that "all" things not "some" things, work together for good to them who love God. Here on earth our acquaintance with God is very, very poor at best. We see him by faith. Our sight is dimmed by imperfections. The film of a sinful nature obstructs our vision. When our robes are cleansed and washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and our hearts are pure, then we shall see God in his excellence and discern the loveliness as well as the majesty and glory of his character.

Although there are vast numbers of objects seen through the telescope and microscope, that we cannot see with the naked eye, yet there are a great many things all around us that would lead us to admire the wisdom, power and goodness of our Creator were we to take the trouble to examine them. The combination of the rays of light is beyond expression grand and mysterious, and exhibits the skill of a

divine and superhuman Being. What we call light by which we see all objects around us, and is invisible to the eye, is made up of all the colors of the rainbow so skilfully combined as to become colorless, and when reflected give an infinite variety of color and hue. Then, there is in every seed a germ of life that will grow in its own form and absorb or refract from the rays of light each a different color. So that out of each ray of light comes an infinite variety of colors. A wonderful display of wisdom! Then, there is an unseen force called the law of gravitation; strong enough to hold the planets, the sun, moon and stars in their respective orbits, and which no human power can resist. Then, there is the matchless display of divine creative power and wisdom in the formation of man out of the dust of the earth. In looking at the human face divine, and the human frame, no one would suppose that such a beautiful form was composed of dust. Then to find that the lineaments of the face receive expression from the thoughts and feelings of the soul that dwells within these bodies, and that we are capable of holding communion with God, our Maker, and of living with him forever as his children, for whom he has given the strongest proof of affection, should excite our wonder,

love and praise. When we awake in his likeness and see him as he is, we shall be more than satisfied.

Jesus taught us to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that they may receive us into everlasting habitations. But of all the dear friends we have known here on earth, who will greet us on our first arrival in heaven, no one shall we be more glad to see than our blessed and adorable Lord who gave his life for us and is at the right hand of God, where he ever lives to make intercession for us. And as the ages roll on nothing will afford us so much pleasure as the new and unfolding glories of the attributes and perfections of our Heavenly Father.

We shall bathe in an atmosphere of love that passeth knowledge, and flows from the fountain head in its purity, illumines the wide expanse of the heavenly world and fills every bosom with bliss unalloyed.

CHAPTER X.

Having such views of heaven and its glories, Mr. Woodbury taught and pressed home upon the hearts and consciences of those who heard him, the doctrine of brotherly love as a proof that the love of Christ dwelt in the heart. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Mr. Woodbury's sympathies were broad and embraced the whole family of man. He never made any invidious distinctions between Christians. The great question to be settled with everyone was: "Do I believe in the Lord, and have I his spirit?" When this question was decided to the satisfaction of individuals they ought to be in communion and fellowship with each other.

Hence a congregation of believers constituted a church. No matter by what name they called themselves, or what forms and ceremonies any one might prefer. Let any man give full proof that he has been baptized by our Lord with the Holy Ghost and the fire of love, and

has a good conscience, such a man is in good standing and fellowship with his God, and ought therefore to be in good standing and fellowship with his Christian brother, however much they may differ from each other in other things.

Were such views entertained by all Christians sectarian strife would cease, and the world looking on would exclaim: "Behold how these Christians love one another," and would believe that Christ who gave such love to those who bear his name, was in truth the Son of God.

The First Congregational Church in Toledo, which Mr. Woodbury organized, has sent out three colonies in that city. The ones located at Defiance, Perrysburg and Bowling Green became Presbyterian, which together with the Congregational churches united with the Maumee Presbytery on the "Plan of Union." But after a few years of union the Congregational churches separated and formed the Maumee Conference on the plan of a congregation of believers, vesting the government in the decisions of the churches instead of a vestry composed of the pastor and elders.

Mr. Woodbury often repeated the lines uttered by the Hon. Rufus Choate in an address commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims.

Mr. Choate said: "They founded a church without a 'bishop' and a state without a 'king'." For this kind of a church and state the Pilgrims had "moored their bark on the wild New England shore." Mr. Choate being one of the most noted orators of Boston, caused quite a commotion among the members of the Episcopacy, who believed that such an utterance was a rank heresy, having the conviction that a church organization without a bishop was a nonentity. These brethren of the Episcopacy derived their form of church government from an Apostolic precedent, as they believed; but the Pilgrims preferred the teaching of our Lord who said: "Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone. If he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican."

Mr. Woodbury believed that each church member ought to be taught to discern between the righteous and the wicked, and that churches

ought to decide all cases of right and wrong by the golden rule given by our Lord, the true head of the church, from whom there is no appeal—"All things whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them." According to this rule a little child could decide almost if not every case. Said the Apostle to the church at Corinth: "Dare any of you having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust and not before the saints? I speak to your shame. Is it so, that there is not a wise man among you? No, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren?"

Then the Apostle gives some of the characteristics that distinguish the wicked from the righteous. "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God."

At an early day the opinion prevailed that

the people were not capable of self-government either in church or state. Napoleon Bonaparte said? "France needs an emperor, and I am the man." And when he heard that the people found fault with his management, Bonaparte the Second exclaimed, "Geese!" as the strongest term he could use to express his contempt of the judgment of the common people. To all who make pretensions to such superiority, the inspired writers put a thoughtful question: "Who made thee to differ?" And the Lord Jesus chose fishermen instead of the high priests of the Jewish church, and sent them out into the world to teach mankind that "God is no respecter of persons," but "hath made of one blood all nations to dwell on the face of the earth." Take the vilest imp on the globe to be found among savages and cannibals and place him in the school of Christ, and let him imbibe the spirit of his teacher, and he would become a "law unto himself," and could not be induced by bribes or threats to commit a crime.

When Jesus takes a thief, or an adulterer, or murderer into his service, he is "washed" and "sanctified" and "justified" "by the Spirit of our God in the name of the Lord Jesus," as was the dying thief, and Saul of Tarsus, the

murderer. The people do not need a bishop, or a king, or a high priest, or pope.

The people called Pilgrims, who landed on Plymouth Rock, have settled that question, and settled it once for all. The grand difference between "men" and "geese" ought not to be lost sight of. Kings and emperors derive their power from their peers, not from inferiors. "Geese" have no souls, and are governed by brute force. Never let mankind be put down on that level! Let our modern Napoleons and grand moguls and popes, if they mean to get a right view of what constitutes a man, come up, at least in imagination, to the top of Mount Sinai and listen to the voice of God, and then take their stand on Mount Calvary and hear the voice of the Son of God. The "geese" and beasts of the field, including all kinds of cattle, might have heard voices amid the thundrings and earthquakes, and seen the flash of lightnings and the thick darkness that hid the face of the sun, and cackled and bellowed and roared in mere animal fright.

But of all beings in the animal kingdom, man alone, created in the image and likeness of God, could understand the meaning of those momentous transactions. Emperors and popes have also treated the people as if they had no

souls and were of no more account than cattle. But God will bring all these despots into judgment who have slaughtered men as they would dogs, to gratify their ambition and lust.

To give his hearers right views of their situation to the Creator and Governor of the Universe, Mr. Woodbury called their attention to the full meaning of the Lord's Prayer. No uninspired writer could crowd so much information into so small a space. When ye pray, said our Great Teacher, say "our," not "my" Father. These pronouns teach us a lesson. If Jesus had used the pronoun "my" instead of "our," the individual who prayed could have prayed for himself alone. In that case the person would have left out of his consideration one of the statutes or primary laws of the kingdom of heaven, which is, "*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*" Jesus taught that all persons were our neighbors who were so near that we can show them mercy. And as this is a universal prayer, it embraces all mankind. Then the term "Our Father," means the Father of all mankind. And since all mankind have one Father, they are all brethren of one family—"brothers all." This doctrine was taught by Jesus and all his apostles.

"Which art in heaven"—this means God.

Our prayers must be directed to him. When we pray we must not pray to saints, the Virgin Mary, or Peter, or any one of our friends, our father or mother, or the pope, or bishop, or priest, but only to "Our Father who art n heaven."

"Hallowed be thy name." "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." In this brief prayer the term "father" is used but once. It should be spoken with loving reverence. The thought of such a great personage ought to chasten and purify our hearts from every sinful feeling, and chasten our thoughts as we utter that dearly cherished name.

"Thy kingdom come." No matter how much we may love our country, the place of our birth, the kingdom of heaven is worth more to us than all the kingdoms of this world put together.

"Thy will be done." This petition is of the utmost consequence. If we had our wills always we should get into many troubles. We cannot see very far. We very often do things we would not have done had we known more. Our Father who is in heaven can see the end from the beginning. He knows what is best for us, and he will do it. We need have no

doubt about that. He loves us far better than we love ourselves, and whatever he does is the very best thing that can be done. The wisest man on earth might study for years and he could not do anything over again and make it better than our Father in heaven has done.

“As it is in heaven.” In heaven, where no one opposes his will, everything is in perfect harmony. The angels know so much about our Heavenly Father that they could not be induced to do, or even think of doing, anything against his will. There are a great many people here on earth who would kill Jehovah if they only could, because he will not let them do as they please. Wicked men did kill his dear Son, whom he sent into the world eighteen hundred years ago. We should be better acquainted with the world where saints and angels dwell, and where we can see the Creator and Ruler of the wide universe. When the will of our Father is done on earth as it is done in heaven, there will be no more crime committed, and the inhabitants will be just like saints and angels. In heaven there are no state's prisons, nor arsenals, nor revolvers and rifles, nor guns, nor other weapons of destruction. No armies or navies. Because the will of the Lord will be done. Men would feel like bro-

thers and love each other and the Lord with all their hearts.

“Give us this day our daily bread.” This petition brings our Heavenly Father very near to each person on earth, and leads the people to think of their Father in heaven three times every day. Every time we eat bread we are reminded of him who gives us our bread day by day. By this petition we are taught not to store up a large amount of food to get old and musty, sour and indigestible. But we should trust in the promise which assures us that our Father in heaven, who sends the early and latter rain, will give us seedtime and harvest in due season. And so every day we can receive from his hand, though unseen, food fresh and new, day by day. This petition reminds us that Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but if our Father does not give the increase, mankind would starve and perish for the want of food. We are also reminded that our souls as well as our bodies need bread. Jesus taught his friends that he could give the bread and water of eternal life; that those who eat this bread would live forever. The man who does not hunger and thirst and ask for this kind of bread every day of his life, will die, or be separated so far from that paternal Being who feeds and clothes

us, that he will become a fool, and "say in his heart, There is no God." "Who is the Lord that we should serve him, or what profit shall we have if we pray unto him?" Men who ask for this bread and water every day have eyes to see and ears to hear and hearts to understand what God says and does. They do not limit the power of the Almighty, who created the universe, made man out of the dust, and took the repentant prophet Jonah from the maw of the whale; and each day transforms the polluted and unclean mansions, putrefactions of earth, into sweet, beautiful flowers and wholesome food.

Go to the brothels and slums and grogshops, to those poor besotted children whose souls have been starved to death and are reeking in filth and dissolution, and teach them to exercise faith in the Son of God, who taught us to say, "When ye pray, say, Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread." Oh feed our souls with the bread and water of eternal life, and our Father who is in heaven would hear the prayers of these estranged sons and daughters, clean out these sink-holes of pollution and pandemonium, and raise up unto

himself, as from the dead, "a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

The next petition, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," is conditional. It might involve an imprecation—that is, Do not forgive us unless we forgive others, or curse us just as much as we curse others. That would be a fearful consideration. But it does involve an invaluable promise: "Forgive and you shall be forgiven"—or, in proportion as ye forgive, in the same proportion shall ye be forgiven. This petition would remove anger, malice, and revenge from the world. When a child asks his father to forgive him, he wants to be reinstated in his father's love, just as if he had never done wrong. His heart craves full forgiveness. Such forgiveness is not very common. In this wicked world it is rare, difficult, and Godlike. The man who can frankly, freely, and fully forgive, as Jesus does, and as he asks his friends to do, has not very far to go to get into the kingdom of heaven, and look up into the face of his Maker, whose image and likeness he bears. Jesus said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you, that ye may

be the children of your Father which is in heaven. For he sendeth the rain upon the just and the unjust, and causeth the sun to rise on the evil and on the good." The reward is surely worthy of the heroic effort. To be a ransomed soul, redeemed from sin, and to be perfected in the likeness of our Father who is in heaven, and to become one of his children, whom he has pardoned, and presses to his bosom in loving kindness and tender mercy, is a great reward that more than compensates for the loss of all things.

"Lead us not into temptation" is a picture whose loveliness cannot be surpassed. A fond father, leading a darling child away from things that charm his childish heart, and would draw him into trouble. That our Heavenly Father should teach us, his children, to confide in his paternal love, and ask him to lead us in pleasant paths, where no dangers lie concealed, awakens in the bosom of every filial child, feelings of confidence and love. What an unfailing source of comfort does such a petition give us! When we are in trouble and are afraid, to feel that an almighty Friend is near to whom we can say, "Oh my Father who art in heaven, the way is dark. I do not know what to do. Oh lead me in the right way!"

“But deliver us from evil” is a petition that discloses the depths of love that wells up in a loving Father’s heart. When a child can run into the arms of his father for protection, his sensations are akin to the sensations of those who dwell in the land of Beulah, or rather to the sensations of those who behold the face of them who have reached that happy place where “the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.” What a world of blessedness in the thought, “to be delivered from evil”! When the soul is cast down within us, and our hearts are broken, and no man can bring us any hope or consolation, when we exclaim in our utter wretchedness, “All these things are against me!” and we feel overwhelmed in the bitter anguish of desolation, what could be more soothing to our troubled spirits writhing in the anguish of dissolution, than to hear a voice from heaven, saying, “Fear not, I will be with thee and deliver thee from evil. I am your Father, you are my child; nothing can harm you, trust in me.”

“For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.” To such thoughts who could not say, “So be it”?

If our blessed Lord had left us no other legacy he would have been entitled to our unceas-

ing homage and adoration. To be taught that the allwise and almighty Creator and Governor of the vast universe is our Father; that he loves us more than any earthly friend, however dear, can love us—more than we can love ourselves,—is a kind of knowledge we could obtain in no other school. Oh thou blessed Lord Jesus, thou hast not left the gates of heaven ajar, but thou hast thrown them wide open, and we see our dear and loving Father there.

CHAPTER XI.

In his own experience Mr. Woodbury had seen the matchless beauty and felt the glowing fervency and comfort of this prayer. There were emergencies in his life which brought him as a child close to his Father's side.

In his intercourse with the officers of the Home Missionary Society, Mr. Woodbury had derived cordial sympathy, unbounded confidence, and unfailing support. He used to speak of Dr. Badger, Hull, and other members of the Board as friends who were very dear to him, and delighted to read the pages of the *Home Missionary*, a monthly publication which always brought good cheer to those at the front, who were bearing the burden and heat of the day. But a little incident, very little of itself, broke up this confidence and severed for a while his connection with the Board.

Mr. Woodbury had learned that a person in his parish whose husband had gone away on business, was in great trouble. On leaving the house, after a social call, Mrs. Woodbury and her husband gave the usual salutation and returned home, congratulating themselves with

the thought that they had at least tried to relieve a person in distress. What was their consternation on learning some time afterward that Mr. Woodbury, by giving the parting salutation with his wife, had committed a crime!

The case was so wrested as to make a common act of civility and friendship appear criminal, and sent to the rooms in New York. Just as soon as the secretaries learned the circumstances of the case they sent a letter of condolence to Mr. Woodbury and assured him of their confidence and support.

But this attack upon his reputation, coming as it did from such a source, so cruel and unexpected, at a time when his health was fast failing, nearly broke his heart. He never recovered from the shock. The tears he shed during those years were bitter tears. They were not the bitter tears of guilt and repentance. He was not conscious of having done anything wrong. That call and greeting was among the most benevolent and kind deeds of his life. "But a wounded spirit who can bear?"

As death was approaching Mr. Woodbury felt worried about leaving his estate encumbered. He owed several hundred dollars. But his friends rallied around him and paid off all

his debts, so that he could leave his family a comfortable support.

In closing this brief review of Mr. Woodbury's Home Missionary life, we owe a loving tribute to those ladies of Massachusetts and other states who so often brought a ray of sunshine to the hearts and homes of the missionaries.

In his occasional visits to New England, Mr. Woodbury was the favored guest of Dr. Burgess of Dedham, Mass. Mrs. Burgess often sent to the family substantial proofs of her friendship and good-will. These tokens of friendship were valuable as material comforts. But they were far more valuable as tokens of a deep and abiding interest in the welfare of our country and as expressions of love to him who came from heaven on a mission of love and mercy, and sealed his loving service by his death on the cross.

While prostrated on his dying bed, Mr. Woodbury would often call upon the writer to give some expression to the yearnings of his heart, as he was about to leave his family and the scenes of his toils on earth, for the rest and reward that await those who have "kept the faith."

In this triumphant hour, when the Christian

is about to exchange worlds, Jesus fulfills his promise and seems to be present, so that in reality "the chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged above the common walk, quite on the verge of heaven." The heavens seem to be opened to his beatific vision, and the departing saint sees Jesus, as did the martyr Stephen, on the right hand of God, and exclaims in ecstasy,

"Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my hope to shame,
Nor let my soul be lost."

Losing sight of the fleeting visions of the past, and in full view of coming glories, he finds expression to his feelings in such words as these:

"When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove,
Oh bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul."

And when the set time comes, he feels that "it is a glorious boon to die," and to find rest in the arms of him who said when he left the world, "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."

So, in this peaceful and triumphant hope,

Benjamin Woodbury passed away from the joys and sorrows of earth, and closed his faithful labors and sacrifices for the good of his beloved country and the salvation of the people who dwelt in the Maumee Valley and the Black Swamp.

To express their appreciation of his services, those who knew him best pressed in crowds around his grave, at his burial. They laid him to rest in the shadow of the old church, by the side of his only son, where now rests the grandmother with the mother and all but two of his daughters.

CHAPTER XII.

In concluding this very brief and imperfect sketch of Mr. Woodbury's Home Missionary service, it may be well to say a few words about the Home Missionary Society and the watchmen it has stationed as sentinels on the walls of Zion—north and south, east and west, throughout the length and breadth of our beloved nation, consecrated by the prayers and blood of the Pilgrims and their sons, who lie buried everywhere on hallowed ground, between the Atlantic and Pacific, the Lakes and the Gulf.

The influx of people from all parts of the known world makes the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and the Home Missionary Society akin, having the same object in view. Could the Old World send us only Christian men and women, the work of home missions would be less urgent. Foreign lands are swayed by crowned and mitered heads. Both church and state are subjected to rigid limitations. "The divine right of bishops and kings is to rule," and hold an iron scepter. "The divine right of the people

is to obey," and yield unconditional submission. The Pilgrims disputed this right. They raised the standard of liberty, and wrote on its folds in blazing letters, these words: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you, more than unto God, judge ye."

This announcement brought down the united wrath of kings and bishops, popes and emperors, upon the devoted heads of the Pilgrims. They fled into the wilderness, among the Indians, and set up Christ to be head of the church, without a "bishop," and chose a president, subject to the will of the people, without a "king."

Whether the sons of the Pilgrims can maintain these rights, handed down to them by the Pilgrim Fathers, is a question that remains to be solved. The heroic spirit of home and foreign missions may solve it. Hitherto the sword has had a prominent place in the achievement of American independence.

But it should never be forgotten that the spirit of missions, or rather God who inspires it, is stronger than the sword. If civil and religious liberty is reserved for us and our children forever, it will be in answer to the prayer that closes our national hymn, written by S. F. Smith of Colby University, and adopted by all patriots:

“Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our king.”

If the people with whom the tide of immigration floods our shores were left to feel the transforming influences of our civil and religious institutions, the impending cloud of danger that hovers over the nation would not be so ominous. But the organizers of despotism, who drove the Pilgrim Fathers from the Old World, have followed them to the New; have already set up counter-institutions, and begun the work of disintegration.

On this account the work of missions should be pushed forward with renewed fervor. Not in detached columns and internecine strife. Our cause is common. There is no room for collision. We can work together, just as we do in a common danger. When the ship is sinking, every man and woman on board is ready to save her from going down. When a conflagration threatens to lay the whole city in ashes, no man thinks of standing to one side because his neighbor carries a wooden bucket instead of a tin one. Differences of opinion do not belittle men at such times. Wider sympathies swell their bosoms, and they are ready to lay hold of the work with heart and hand.

In order to meet the growing demand for unity of action, in the effort to save our common country, which has already cost us so much, the Home Missionary Society has added the term "Congregational" to its name. The missionaries on the frontier found in some towns, six miles square, as many as twenty or more different sects, scattered about, a few here and a few there—enough, if they could have united all together in one congregation, to have exerted a salutary influence all around, and saved themselves and their Christian friends not merely hundreds, but thousands of dollars. In one town the evil spirit of sect cost the people twelve meeting-houses, when two could have been made to accommodate the whole township, and by a careful distribution of funds and ministers supplied five or six townships. This is but a solitary case. But there are hundreds of just such cases within the boundaries of the United States, involving the loss of millions of dollars, and, we fear, of many precious souls.

The Congregational Board of Home Missions has been devising liberal things, and has secured some good results. Go into some frontier town and behold a congregation of believers, made up of some twenty different sects, so full of the love of Christ, and precious souls,

for whom our dear Lord and Master gave his life, that all minor shades of difference in opinion have faded out; see them work together in perfect unity, and hear them sing together in full chorus that angelic hymn,—

“Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.”

Would not the scene remind you of a prayer uttered by our Lord, in the fullness of his soul, some eighteen hundred years ago: “O, righteous Father, I pray for those thou hast given me, that they may all be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me”? Would not such an intimate union of believers in Christ lift him up before the world, above all conflicting rivals? Who could resist the charm of such sweet fellowship? The visible embodiment of “peace on earth and good-will to men,” reflecting glory to God in the highest, and drawing men up from the horrible pit and miry clay of crime and misery.

This union is not a mere transient dream. Christ has said, “And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.” The decree has been made in the court of heaven, “He shall see of

the travail of his soul and be satisfied." "Kings shall become nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers. Every knee shall bow to him, and every tongue confess, that he is the rightful Lord and Sovereign."

CHAPTER XIII.

In this movement for the unity of believers, the primary inquiry is, "Who is worthy to be the head?" Shall A say to B, including every letter of the alphabet down to Z, every one of you must bow down to me? I am the most worthy to be the living head in such a grand movement that is destined "to lay the ax to the root of the tree" of schism, and burn up the chaff of sectarianism with unquenchable fire. To such an assumption each letter might raise a protest, and the fire of sect would burn with its wonted fierceness. But if at such a time each letter of the sectarian alphabet should hear a voice from heaven saying "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending," and "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to me," this strife to see who should be the living head would cease.

The overshadowing thought that God is all in all, and that he has sent his Son, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, into the world, to be the anointed Head over all things to his church, bound our Pilgrim Fathers together in a fellowship that could not be broken. They did not

suffer any one, not even an angel, to take the place of our Lord. They could say with the apostle, "It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, for thy sake we are killed all the day long. We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Such a bond held our Pilgrim Fathers. It will hold together all Christians. Nothing else will. All the bishops and kings that ever wore a crown, or swayed a scepter, or bore on their head a miter, or wrote a prayer-book, or fulminated a popish bull, or all the forms of church government, or Epworth Leagues, or Westminster catechisms, or all the forms of baptism, by pouring, or sprinkling, or immersing, or all the holy kisses, or feet-washings, or sacraments, or

fastings, or commemorations, or putting on sackcloth and ashes, or rending of garments, or making long prayers, or the pressure of acts of either conformity or nonconformity; nor death, nor life, nor inquisitions, nor persecutions, nor tortures, nor purgatory, nor hell itself, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor oaths sealed in blood,—not one, or all these things put together, can form a pure fellowship or a perfect union.

For they, each one and all, have been tried, and one and all have signally failed. When distress, tribulation, and anguish came upon the people, all these outward forms and ceremonies proved to be no better than a "broken reed" or "smoking flax."

But while these outward ceremonies and human edicts and papal ordinances have all failed to form a perfect union, they have had force enough to tear the robes of Christ into tattered rags, and to "crucify the Son of God afresh." Sacred and profane history have failed to hand down to us all the atrocities which they have led men to commit, in that dear name, that ever suggests to us the innocence of the dove and the harmlessness of the lamb. What led the Jesuits to sacrifice thousands of Huguenots on papal altars, erected to the memory of St.

Bartholomew? Why was Justin, the martyr, beheaded? Why were John Huss, Hugh Latimer, and Bishop Ridley burned at the stake? Was the blood of those men, women, and children required because they were murderers, or adulterers, or thieves, or slanderers? Had they committed any crime? Oh no! They were Christians.

What, then, was the cause of such a cruel death? Oh, it was because they did not worship the Virgin Mary; they did not believe in the infallibility of the pope; they did not believe in transubstantiation; they did not believe in extreme unction; they would not say mass; they did not receive musty relics; they rejected the Koran of the false prophet.

Why is the press and our primary schools denied the right of free speech? Simply because those foolish and barbarous notions which the Pilgrims left behind them in the Old World have been imported to the New. Why do not the good, intelligent, large-hearted, noble members of the Protestant churches sit together around the Lord's table and hold intimate and sweet communion and fellowship? Do you ask why? Because one has received baptismal water from a small basin, and the other in a large tank!

My brethren, these things ought not so to be. The fervent prayer of Jesus forbids it. "O righteous Father, I pray for those thou hast given me, that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

The scenes of Calvary forbid it. The conflagration of the world and the solemnities of the judgment day forbid it. The yearnings of every Christian heart, the advanced sentiments of the nineteenth century, saints and angels, and the voice of God, forbid it.

While the nations are calling for arbitration and reciprocity, and a common brotherhood, while Ethiopia is stretching forth her hands to God, and the isles of the sea are waiting for his law, and the people are flocking to the standard of the cross as clouds and doves to their windows, let the Protestant and Catholic Churches with one accord, fall in line with their kindred spirits, and fervently pray that no king, or priest, or bishop, or pope, or sect, may be left to go alone, far in the rear of this grand procession, on the way to the marriage feast of God and the Lamb, for when the bridegroom comes "the doors will be shut."

The spirit of sect is the great curse of the

nineteenth century. It forms a gorge in the gentle flow of this stream, watering the city of our God, or forms cess pools, that change life, love and joy into hate, death and woe. It is the same demon incarnate that entered into the man who dwelt among the tombs, who threw stones at passers by, and when he was cast out tore his victim, caused him to foam at his mouth, and left him for one dead. Look at the desolation this satanic spirit is making throughout christendom.

If the Catholic and Protestant Churches were acting in concert, they could drive intemperance with its beggarly elements out of the land by one stroke of the pen in one day. But now, by fomenting divisions in both church and state, the demon of intemperance is unmanning and besotting tens of thousands every day, tearing asunder the tender ties of loving households, putting to shame every decent man, filling the land with lamentation and woe, and sending fathers and sons to a drunkard's grave, and what is far more terrible to think of, to a drunkard's hell!

But this demoniac spirit has gone further than that. Satan has dared to put his blood-stained hand upon the most sacred book that ever was written.

The Bible is the standard of right and wrong; the only book that teaches us how to discern between the righteous and the wicked; to escape from hell and find the path to heaven.

The Catholic sect and the Protestant sects have so wrested and besloughed the sacred pages that many have come to the conclusion that the Bible is a sectarian book, unfit to be read by the youth in our common schools.

The Catholic division of the churches has come to the decision to keep the Bible out of the hands of the common people, because it is so badly written; it may lead them astray, because it contains so much error and refuse; an expert is required to pick out the germs of truth, forsooth, because the common mind, untrained, is not capable of discerning that God gave the keys of heaven and hell to Peter, and that Peter, for fear they might get lost, entrusted them only to the pope, so that poor souls who wanted to escape hell and go to heaven could consult one of the popes. Those who protested against this exclusive deposit of St. Peter's keys, were cut off, a most unkind cut, for it lasted a long while. It was to be an eternal separation.

The Protestant sects who had felt the stroke of the priests, began to cut each other. But

they did not, like them, literally cut the throats of those who differed from them in opinion. They only whet their biblical knives to such razor-like keenness that they could split a theological hair to its full length, and if they did not get angry, made each other look and feel foolish.

It must be admitted, however, that this intellectual tournament did some good; for foolish ideas will creep into thoughtless or sluggish minds.

The man who reads and studies the Bible must not go to sleep. The sublime truths of that book, inspired by the influence of the Holy Ghost, call into full exercise all the powers of the intellect and stir up the deepest feelings of the soul.

But a man must be careful how he treats this superhuman volume. He can wrest these Scriptures to his own destruction.

When God speaks he means something, and it is well for every man to listen in sober earnestness to his voice. Every word which God has spoken will be fulfilled. The man who ridicules or fights against his written decrees is just as insane as if he laughed and shook his fists at the storms and lightnings of heaven, or cast himself down from a precipice

in defiance of the laws of nature. It is well, then, that the sects should, each one and all, aid each other in the study of the Bible and be exceedingly careful, lest they treat it as the swine do pearls, by trampling it under foot.

If the Catholic and Protestant sects make the Bible a bone of contention, it is a sure sign that there is something wrong, either in the sects, or in the book. For a loving father is grieved when there is strife and emulation among his children; and he is highly pleased when love and good will prevail among them.

Can it be possible that such a father would write a book for them that would have a tendency to stir up strife and contention? By no means! He could not do it. The sects are to blame. They, and they alone, are at fault and are inexcusable. They ought to repent. If they do not the judgments of heaven will fall upon them.

Their guilt consists in a false interpretation of the Bible. In some cases it is a sin of ignorance. Nevertheless it is a very great sin. What would be thought of a man who should either in ignorance or willfulness, destroy the chart and compass of a ship far at sea, and leave the passengers and crew to the mercy of the winds and waves?

The sects are committing a greater crime. They are turning the word of our Lord upside down by teaching that the bond of Christian fellowship consists in obedience to outward forms of baptisms, types, and shadows, ordinances, ceremonies, and figures of speech. Whereas, on the contrary, the bond of union among believers consists in a loving spirit which unites the soul to Christ as their head, and always leads to deeds of love, and mercy, and judgment, and justice.

By leading the people to make these false tests of Christian character, Satan has made sad havoc among the sheep and lambs of Christ's flock, and led many to believe that the Holy Bible, which is the best book on earth, is a curse rather than a blessing, because it leads Christians and good men into factious and jarring sects. A false, satanic, and certainly of all things, the most destructive and damnable conclusion that any man or woman or child could possibly arrive at.

Let the Catholic sect and the Protestant sects turn the Bible right side up and read Christ's words, who said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." The beloved disciple, who leaned on his beloved master's bosom at the

Last Supper, said, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." Shall we dare to say that we know that we have passed from death unto life because we have been united to one of the sects and have received baptismal water? Shall we presume to say, "I know that I am a Christian because I go through all the forms and ceremonies of my sect"? or shall we say, "no one shall be admitted to our sect who does not submit to our form"? "That no man is a Christian who has not been dipped in water, just as we dip"? No man shall come into our fellowship who does not dip in the same form, just as we do? No man shall come into our sect who does not "wash the saints feet," and "greet one another with a holy kiss?" "That the man who does not submit to the pope is a heretic?" "When he prays he stands up, but I kneel." "I know that I am right and he is wrong—I will have nothing to do with him." "He is obstinate and won't see—I can see clear as day—so clear an owl might see." "I wish he would mind his own business and let me alone—I will have nothing to do with him." "I don't like him—he does not belong to our sect." "He is a Roman Catholic—I am a Protestant." "He is *ana*—I am *pedo*." "I'd

love to see the sect that don't believe as I do sent to purgatory." "When all men dip as I do, the millennium will come, and there will be peace on earth,^d good will to men."

CHAPTER XIV.

To say the least, is not the spirit which dictates such language extremely gross and unworthy of any man? Are not these schismatic deeds the works of the flesh which the Apostle says are these, "Hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strifes, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, and such like, of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God."

All these bitter feelings the Apostle himself had experienced, when he belonged to one of the strictest sects, and was breathing out threatening and slaughter against Christians because they did not pay tithes of mint, and anise, and cummin, and did not get circumcised as he had done.

But after he met the Lord Jesus face to face and had his eyes opened to see that his "heart was deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," and in the depth of his penitence prayed for pardoning mercy, and the Lord had created within him a clean heart and a right spirit, he could say by personal experience,

“The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against such there is no law.” For Christ has made me free. Now I know that I have passed from death unto life because I love the brethren whom I once hated and dragged to prison and death. Now the love of Christ constrains me. I cannot do too much for the brethren, they are so dear to me. I cannot bear the thought that any one whose heart is full of hatred as mine was, should be so deceived as I was when I thought that I was doing God service, because I fasted, and prayed, and paid tithes, and was circumcised, and was exceeding mad against those who did not do as I did.

Like the book of nature, which teaches us to look out upon an infinite number of worlds, moving in perfect order and harmony, the book of revelation teaches us to look out upon an infinite number of men and angels whom God has made in his own image and likeness, transacting business, in trade and commerce, on errands of pleasure and good-will, moving in perfect harmony, without a single jar, in the bliss and silence and sweet unconsciousness of perpetual motion. Kept in his sphere, each man, woman, and child, not by any outward, mater-

ial pressure, such as the sword, papal edicts, extreme unctions, or baptisms, but swayed and controlled by the silent, unseen force of the primal, fundamental, statute law of the kingdom of heaven, proclaimed amid the lightnings and thunders of Sinai, and casting a pure, clear, bright ray of light over all the nations of the earth, amid the darkness and earthquakes of Mount Calvary.

This law has a higher source than any human enactment. Jehovah wrote it with his own finger. The Lord Jesus Christ, our Savior, expounded it, and sealed it with his own blood. It stands on record in divine dignity, so that all may read, consider, and obey. Said Jesus, "Thou knowest the commandments— Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not do any harm to any man. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. This do and thou shalt live." This law needs no amendment. Any addition or subtraction would mar its strength and symmetry.

This is the divine code, of which the Jewish king spoke, when he said, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."

To prevent the possibility of a misconstruc-

tion, our Savior gave this rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do ye also to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

This code contains all that is essential to the salvation of nations or individuals. The voice of the Son of God has exclaimed, "This do and thou shalt live."

Obeys this law and you will have the unity or oneness for which Jesus earnestly prayed.

Obedience to this law is all that is essential. All who live in obedience to this law are, and ever will be, in full and intimate fellowship.

The baptismal and memorial services, administered by divine appointment, are designed to cherish the spirit of love to God and man.

If ordinances, no matter of what kind they may be, fail to do this, but rather foment divisions, so that Christians cannot act together in every good word and work, they are wrested from the original design and will prove to be a curse rather than a blessing. No man can escape with impunity who puts a barrier between a man and his God, or between man and his fellow.

The prophet said, "Woe be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture, saith the Lord. Therefore thus saith the

Lord God of Israel against the pastors that feed my people, Ye have scattered my flock and driven them away, and have not visited them. Behold I will visit upon you the evil of your doings, saith the Lord, and I will gather the remnants of my flock out of all countries whither I have driven them, and will bring them again to their folds, and they shall be fruitful and increase, and I will set up shepherds over them, which shall feed them, and they shall fear no more, nor be dismayed, neither shall they be lacking, saith the Lord. Behold the days shall come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch, and a king shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely, and this is his name whereby he shall be called: The Lord our righteousness."

The Lord himself has said, "I am the good Shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so I know the Father, and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

No bishops, no popes, no prelates, no kings.

The simplicity of this law of love which binds man to his Father and brother should be taken under special consideration. The law stands alone in its majesty, unincumbered. Our Savior does not say "This do," and in addition to this you must be baptized with water, by sprinkling, or pouring, or immersion, as the case may be, and you must eat this bread and drink this wine in remembrance of me, and unite yourselves together in some form of church government, and meet together on the first day of the week to worship God, and wash one another's feet and greet one another with a holy kiss, and adorn your persons as becometh godliness, and observe days of thanksgiving, fasting, and prayer, and organize Bible societies, and missionary societies, and seamen's friend societies, and pay one-tenth of your income in support of the Gospel, which must be preached to all nations. These things, and a great diversity of other things which love dictates, may be useful, convenient, and important as aids.

When a man loves God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, he will be ready for every good word and work. Love will impel him. He needs no other impulse. It was the love of God which induced him to send his

beloved Son into this world of crime and misery, to give his life a ransom for sinners. Love will lead any man to do his utmost to save himself and others.

It is for this reason that the law of love—the fundamental, primary, statute law of the kingdom of heaven—should stand out by itself, alone in its majesty, unencumbered by outward forms and ceremonies. It unites mankind to God in Christ, and binds them to each other. No other bond is necessary. This is sufficient to save, and Jesus gives it his divine sanction in these memorable words, "This do and thou shalt live."

All the sects, both Catholic and Protestant, must, sooner or later, yield implicit obedience to this law of love. It is a perfect law, the law of Christ, the law of God. No good man can find any fault in it. Let no man, bishop or priest or pope, presume to add anything to it, or take anything away from it.

Obedience to this law is essential to salvation. The man who obeys it will go to heaven. He has the spirit of Christ, the spirit of saints, the spirit of angels, the spirit of God, and is in full fellowship with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He does not need to go through with any mere forms and ceremonies. This love to

God and man gives him all the characteristics essential to introduce him to the society of heaven, and to give him access into the presence of our Heavenly Father, "where there is fullness of joy, and at his right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore."

"In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There is no sorrow there."

We need not say that the man or sect who does not obey this law will go to hell. The poor creatures are already there. There is a place of torment this side of the grave that calls for the pity of angels and men, into which if a beloved child falls, it grieves a fond father's heart. What sadder sight can be seen than a large band of pilgrims, composed of thousands of men and women, perishing from hunger and exposure on their way to the river Ganges, led by the superstitious notion that if they can but plunge into its waters their sins, of however deep a dye, will be washed away! Satan is at the head of such a cavalcade.

This scene of superstition is witnessed in India, where poor souls know not Christ and the law of love. They have not been taught that an ocean of baptismal water could not cleanse and wash clean a heart full of envy,

pride, ill will, anger, hate and revenge, a heart that is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked;" that a man who does not love God and his neighbors needs repentance and pardon and a new heart; and that every man who is conscious that he does not love God, who gave his dear Son to die for us, with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, needs to cry out in deep penitence: "'O God, be merciful to me a sinner.' 'Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.'"

It is not so much a matter of wonder and astonishment that the heathen, in his blindness and gross ignorance, should think that the washing of his body with water would cleanse his polluted soul. When any one ceases to exercise his reason and good sense, with which he has been endowed by the Creator, and becomes so degraded as to worship idols of wood and stone, he needs above all things some kind friend to give him instruction and lead him to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

The world cannot be converted to Christ until the barrier of sectarianism is swept away.

Our Lord's prayer for the oneness of believers indicates this obstruction. It must be re-

moved before Jesus can "see the travail of his soul and be satisfied." In his prayer Jesus says: "O righteous Father I pray for those thou hast given me, that they may all be one, as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

CHAPTER XV.

After the oneness of believers is made in answer to this prayer, then the world will believe that Jesus is the Messiah; that God sent him and not before. The progress of missions has been very slow. Since the heavens were opened and the spirit of missions descended upon Samuel J. Mills while holding a prayer meeting with two of his schoolmates at Dartmouth College and they consecrated themselves in that stormy day under the cover of a haystack, to engage in the service of him who came from heaven on a mission of mercy, and when about to leave the world, charged his disciples to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, but a very small part of the world has heard the gospel. Millions on millions are yet shrouded in the dark cloud of heathenism, and the pall of spiritual death covers great multitudes of precious souls for whom Christ died.

For eighteen hundred years the Catholic and Protestant Churches have been cursed with the spirit of sectarianism, contending about Apostolic successions, papal indulgences, infallibility

of popes, Church governments, transubstantiation, the celebration of mass, extreme unction, the observation of saints' days, the special or divine modes of applying baptismal water to the bodies of believers, building costly churches and sublime cathedrals, nunneries and chapels and monasteries, guillotining and burning heretics at the stake, "striving to see which shall be the greatest," "compassing sea and land to make one proselyte and then making him twofold more the child of hell," throwing the Bible into the fire, persuading the people that it is not a book fit to be read by the common people and ought not to be put into the district schools.

And then to add insult to injury, try to make mankind believe that Peter gave the keys of the kingdom of heaven to the pope, so that he can at pleasure shut or open both the gates of heaven and hell, send men to either place and lock them in, according to his whims.

That such a scandalous medley of flummeries and outrageous blasphemies could be conceived and cherished by any man or set of men professing to be the disciples of Christ, who taught mankind to love God with all the heart and each other as themselves, would surpass the bounds of credibility had it not been

proved by history and creditable witnesses. No wonder that the world refuses to believe that a God of infinite love sent his Son into the world, when his disciples continue to uphold and practice such abominable inconsistencies and savage cruelties.

But the prayer of our Lord and Savior will be heard and answered, and all these evils will be swept away with the besom of destruction.

When we call to mind the obstinacy and death-like grip by which the Roman Catholic and Protestant sects have held to their divisive and sectarian notions for so many centuries, the answer to our Lord's prayer seems to be well nigh impossible. But it is not the part of wisdom for Christians who live in the close of the nineteenth century to limit the power of that Almighty Being that created and holds in their orbits the sun, moon and stars, and in whose presence the nations are as small as the "small dust of the balance," and who "can turn the hearts of the children of men, as the rivers of water are turned."

The Apostle Peter, in a letter written to the elect scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, said, "This second epistle, beloved, I now write unto you, in both which I stir up your pure minds by way

of remembrance, that ye may be mindful of the words spoken before by the holy prophets, and of the commandment of us, the Apostles of the Lord and Savior, knowing this first, that there shall come scoffers walking after their own lusts and saying, where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. For this they are willingly ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old and the earth standing out of the water and in the water, whereby the world that then was being overflowed with water perished, but the heavens and the earth which are now by the same word kept in store reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise as some men count slackness, but is long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be

burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

The Apostle John in his visions saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away. "With God nothing is impossible."

In this sublime faith the Board of the Home and Foreign Missions have sent forth the heralds of the cross. Constrained by the love of Christ they have gone into the furnace of fire, heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. The besotted kings of the earth looked in upon them with amazement and saw one in the furnace walking with them whose form was like unto the Son of God, and when they came forth out of the unwonted heat even the smell of fire was not found upon them. And when they entered the very den of lions where Satan's roar frightens timid souls, God sent his angels to shut the lion's mouth, and

being full of the Holy Spirit and looking steadfastly into heaven they saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And while amid the lurid fires of heathenism, burning on the altars of demons, they heard the voice of the Lord Jesus who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

These missionaries of the cross have never entertained a doubt of the result. Had they not felt the presence of the Lord these sons and daughters of the Abrahamic faith might have trembled in the face of dangers and death. But when they began to sink beneath the deep waters of affliction they could always hear that sweet voice above the storm and tempest, which said, "It is I, be not afraid." The enterprise of Home and Foreign Missions is destined to overcome every obstruction that comes in its way.

It is the cause of God. He sent his Son to commence the work at Bethlehem of Judea. It was a humble beginning. The babe in a manger, a birth-place so mean as to lead one to exclaim, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth"? And yet from that hour, the most memorable in the world's history, the progress

of missions has been steadily, slowly onward. The sword of Herod could make Rachel weep for her children. But the power of that proud monarch could not hurt the Son of God even in his infancy. The arch fiend met him in the wilderness and disputed his way. Jesus said to him, "Get thee behind me Satan," and then went on his way "from conquering to conquer." The whole Jewish Sanhedrim—priest, high priest, scribes, Pharisees, and Sadducees called him an impostor, evil doer, and blasphemer, and in the name of Jehovah, tried to obstruct his triumphant march. Jesus unmasked their bare hypocrisy, exposed the arrogance of the church and said, "It is written my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves"; ye devour widows' houses and for a pretence make long prayers. Oh, generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell"? and when he foresaw that a stone would fall upon them and grind them to powder he wept bitter tears over their obstinacy and hardness of heart. Still bent on his mission of making "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," Jesus went on his way leading a little band of despised missionaries, healing the sick, raising the dead, and casting out devils till he came to the

hill of Calvary where he met the devil and all his angels combined against him, who hanged him between two thieves and heard him cry with a loud triumphant voice that shook the heavens, "it is finished," and after the brave soldiers fainted at the sight of the angel that rolled the stone away, and he had arisen in triumph from the grave the mighty conqueror of earth, death, and hell, his friends were startled and amazed to hear an angel say, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here; he is risen." And after they had seen him ascend up into heaven as the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, these missionaries felt assured that with such a leader the missionary enterprise could not be a failure. Imbued with the spirit of Christ they went forth into the dark corners of the earth filled with the habitations of cruelty, determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Here at the cross they had found the antidote that cures the diseases of the soul. The revelation of God—a God of love, made manifest in the flesh, here before their eyes—was Immanuel (God with us) in human form, hanging on a tree, bleeding, mangled, and torn. The heavens wore a shroud as black as mid-

night, the sun refused to shine, the earth trembled, the dead saints felt the shock and came up out of the grave, and the heathen centurion, who had been worshiping Saturn and Jupiter all his days, cried out in full conviction, "Surely this man was the Son of God."

After such an exhibition of himself, no one who saw the godlike sacrifice could find a word, either in English or Latin or Greek or Hebrew, or any other language, that could express in full the love of God as it has been revealed to us through Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. In trying to give expression to such boundless, such infinite love, the inspired writers say, "God so loved the world." The love of God revealed to mankind in Christ and him crucified, passeth knowledge and verbal expression.

A slight manifestation of the infinite power of the love of God in Christ was given on the day of Pentecost. In answer to the one-accordant prayer of the apostles and women, met together in one place, the Holy Ghost descended from heaven, and there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. The attention of the multitudes was di-

rected to Christ and to him alone. All differences of race and sect were lost sight of. The murderers of Christ were there—those for whom Jesus prayed, as he was dying on the tree, saying, “Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.” They were told that they had killed him whom God had appointed, and sent into the world to be the Lord and Savior of mankind; and being conscious of their guilt they prayed for pardon, and, after their conversion, such was their love to God and each other that “they sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men, as every man had need.”

Could the Christians of each sect, both Catholics and Protestants, appoint a day and pray with one accord for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the churches, so earnestly as to lose sight of race or sect, the Lord would hear their prayers, and open the windows of heaven and pour out such a baptism of love to God and man as to sweep away every barrier, and convert the whole world to Christ. As Jesus said, “Mankind are fools, and slow of heart to believe what God has promised to do. It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord, that souls are to be saved.” Jesus said, “When the Comforter is come, which is

the Spirit of truth, he shall bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you, and he shall reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; of sin because they believe not on me."

The great sin of which the world is guilty is the sin of unbelief. Men do not believe the Lord when he says that those who do not love him and each other shall go away into everlasting punishment, after death, to dwell with the devil and his angels, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. If a man fully believed that he would go to hell just as soon as he died, if he indulged ill-will and hatred toward God and man, he could not give sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids before he had prayed to God for pardon, and had felt the glow of love kindled in his heart by the Holy Spirit.

It is the baptism of love that man stands in need of. This will remove crime and misery from this vale of tears. Let men be taught to yield to the influences of love, if they would please God and enjoy him forever, and cause his kingdom to come and his will to be done on earth as it is in heaven. Let our earnest cries go up to heaven for an outpouring of love—"more love, O Christ, more love to thee,"

and more love to man. Not a light shower. Let the heavens be opened, and the fountains of the great deep be broken up, and let the floods of love come and cover the whole earth, and wash away these foul, fœtid cesspools of arrogance, self-conceit, selfishness, pride, self-righteousness, and sanctimoniousness of the priest and Levite who made long prayers, fasted and fasted and paid tithes of mint, anise, pennyroyal, and rue, and were so pious that when they saw a neighbor bleeding and dying in a fence-corner, by the roadside, passed by on the other side, and left the poor fellow to faint and die alone in his misery.

It is not enough that the waters of love and mercy should wash away the guilt of all desperate criminals, such as those who are filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable,—a fiendish class of desperadoes who glory in their shame; but we need a deluge of love, so that the clear, pure, cleansing waters of love and mercy will prevail upward more than fifteen

cubits, and cover the high hills and mountains of prejudice and self complacency that led the Pharisee to stand up and boast of his good deeds, and pray thus with himself: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are"—that indescribable state of mind that leads its possessor to cry aloud, "Procul, O procul, este profani", "Touch me not, I am holier than thou", or that Jesuitical whine, more loathsome than a Turkish or pagan caste, which leads a man to say, "I am infallible. If you want your sins pardoned, come to me—I am God's vicegerent."

All such fanatical and self deceiving notions should lie buried beneath pure, cleansing waters, more, by far, than fifteen cubits deep. When all these obstructions to Christian fellowship have been swept away, in answer to the importunate prayer of our Lord and his people, a new and magnificent order of things will appear; a miracle of love and mercy. "When the Lord shall remember Zion, the watchmen shall see eye to eye." The same flow of divine love that pervades the universe and transforms the nature of man, changing demons into angels of mercy, will reach the wild and ferocious beasts of the woods. "The wolf and the lamb, the lion and the kid shall

lie down together, and a little child shall lead them." Even the most poisonous reptiles will lose their venom. A little child shall put its hand into a cockatrice's den, and in its innocent prattle play without harm or fear with the serpent of the most deadly bite. The love of Christ, when it has free course over the face of the whole earth and pervades the hearts, of the children of men, will have a wonderfully magnetic charm over all creatures, both in the animal and spiritual kingdom. In that day, when according to prophecy there shall be none to hurt or destroy in all the earth, loving souls will read with astonishment in the histories of the nineteenth century, of wars and bloodshed, when men carried in self-defense revolvers, bowie-knives, and tomahawks, and invented glycerine and dynamite, and built forts and warships to blow the bodies of men, women, and children into fragments.

When the beams of love and joy, on the land and on the sea, shine everywhere, mankind, as they look into each other's faces, wreathed in brotherly smiles, will be led to doubt whether such savages as Arabs, and Turks, and Spaniards ever existed. Their faces will crimson with a sensation of shame to think that Christian men and women ever read with

pleasure, in the Sunday morning news, whole pages of nauseous stuff about such beastly men as Corbett and Fitzsimmons. They, in that age of manhood, when men love God with all their hearts and their neighbors as themselves, will feel at heart a slight degree of pain to think that men and women, created in the image of God, a little lower than the angels, should fall so ignominiously low in the scale of human beings. And in that age of brotherly kindness it will sound very much like a story of fiction when they read on the pages of history the declaration that for more than eighteen hundred years after the birth and death of Christ, who prayed that his friends might all be one, the Roman Catholic and Protestant sects, calling themselves Christians, would not meet together to celebrate his life and death in a memorial service; and the Catholics were so bitter in their feelings toward the Protestants that they would not suffer intermarriages, nor permit Protestants to be buried in their cemeteries—thus nursing a bitter spirit of hatred and revenge unworthy of savages; a spirit demoniac in its very nature, which Christ and his apostles abhorred and cast out.

CHAPTER XVI.

To secure the interposition of Almighty God and the influences of the Holy Ghost, to cast out this incarnate demon of schism and savage intolerance and exalt Jesus our Lord and Redeemer among men, is the special and only object of the American Congregational Home Missionary Society. The work of this society will not be done until the earnest prayer of our Lord is answered, and this demon of sect is cast out. We look for the literal fulfillment of these words: "O righteous Father, I pray for those whom thou hast given me, that they may all be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." The intimacy and sacred import of this oneness was manifested on the cross. In the anguish that rent his soul from his body, Jesus cried out in a loud and lamentable cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" In that dark hour of woe, Jesus breathed his last breath. He could not live one moment separated from his Father, his God. Oh what a blessed day will that be when this oneness

exists among all believers ! What a wondrous congregation ! What a glorious assembly !

The beatific vision reminds us of the words of the Apostle, "Ye are come unto Mount Zion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel." In his ecstasy the prophet exclaims, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth. Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice, with the voice together shall they sing, for they shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Zion. Break forth into joy, sing together ye waste places of Jerusalem. For the Lord hath comforted his people ; he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the sight of all nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."

In the name of the mighty God, the wonderful Counselor, the everlasting Father, the

Prince of Peace who makes bare his holy arm in the use of the humblest instrumentalities, we invite all men, including the pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church, to the universal gathering of this Congregational Jubilee. And as an acknowledgment of the worthlessness of all that man can do without divine aid, and as a token of our firm belief that all the divine promises that ever have been made will be fulfilled in answer to united importunate prayer, we call upon all men to unite with our common Lord, the great and only head of his church on earth as well as of the church of the first born in heaven, in earnestly pleading that our Father in heaven will speedily and in due time fulfill his promise in answer to the earnest petition of his only begotten and well beloved Son uttered over eighteen hundred years ago.

For we now see and lament that so much time and money have been lost and so many souls have died in unbelief, while the churches have been striving to exalt John Calvin, and John Knox, and Martin Luther, and John Wesley, and the pope together with his cardinals. Let every knee bow to Christ and every tongue confess that he is the only rightful Lord and Sovereign, and strive to be one in him as he is one with the Father. Let Calvin and Luther,

Wesley and the pope, and all other great and good men be lost sight of in this great congregation of believers, united to Christ by the indissoluble bonds of Christian fellowship, looking up to him and to him alone for salvation.

In this universal prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh the Home and Foreign Missionaries throughout the world will unite with all the heart and soul and strength and might, for they have often met this incarnate demon of schism that stands right in the way and defies the armies of the living God as they go forth in their forward march for the conversion of the world.

This demon is not a minor evil spirit—a mere imp of Satan. It is Beelzebub himself the Prince of Devils, who is intrenched and has fortified himself within the very heart—the sacred inclosure of the churches. Great and good men have tried again and again to cast him out but could not, and in each effort have been overwhelmed with defeat, shame, and grief. No mere human power, however great or wise or good, can cast this demon out of the heart of the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches.

Schism is the last ditch into which the old serpent has crawled. Its slimy folds are crush-

ing out the last remains of faith, hope, and charity. Within its satanic coils these triple virtues are doomed. None but the power of the Almighty can save his people from spiritual death. "It is not by might nor power, but my Spirit, saith the Lord." Let the earnest, not the despairing, but the believing cry go up to heaven in these precious words, "O righteous Father, I pray for those whom thou hast given me that they all may be one, as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." In that day when all the churches utter this heartfelt cry and the demon of sect is cast out there will be but one broad line of division, and that will be the line which separates the wicked from the righteous.

In that coronation day on the one side will be the Lord and his own people, "one in him," and on the other, Satan and his hosts. On the banners of the Lord and his people will be written in words that all can read, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." And the song of jubilee sung by the angels when Christ was born, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men," will be sung by the Lord's people in one loud, harmonious,

triumphant voice, and its echo will find a response in the hearts of all mankind and the world will believe that Christ is the Son of God, sent into to the world to save it from its guilt and misery.

Until that time comes "we shall hear of wars and rumors of war," the Turk, in the name of "Allah," will kill the Armenians, the Spaniard will butcher the Cuban, the Catholic will send the Protestant to purgatory in the name of Christ, the Protestant sects will forget that "if a man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his," will exalt the letter above the spirit and draw the line of Christian fellowship between all persons who cannot frame the tongue to pronounce the letters s—h— in the Shibboleth of schism, the Spirit of the Lord will be quenched, the Bible will be called a sectarian book, ruled out of the schools for the education of the young by the decree of contending sects, the name of its author, the judge of all the earth, will be dishonored and blasphemed, his Word will be "made void and of no effect by human tradition," each man will want a version of his own—King James's version, Baptist version, Catholic version, Mormon version, Miller's version, Mahomedan version, "Bob" Ingersoll's version—his dupes will laugh

at his insane witticisms. The spirit of missions will languish and die out, the Presbyterian treasury, the Baptist treasury, the Congregational treasury, all out alike and calling for help from millionaire speculators.

Where are the Lord's people? Can you find them at the theater and the operas, on pleasure excursions, or in ceiled houses, clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day, reading the Sunday morning news,—the latest styles, the drunken orgies and murders in saloons and grog shops; of baseball and football, horse races, debaucheries and match fights; of the man who was knocked out, and the man who got married Saturday night and sued for divorce Monday morning?

Is this the kind of literary and intellectual food furnished by our educators for the instruction of the youth and aged of this Christian nation in these latter days of the nineteenth century? Is it of more consequence that the street boys should learn to distinguish between a college yell and the huzzas for a champion of a match game, than to learn that there is a wide difference between right and wrong, between strong muscle and good conscience, and especially between a true hero and a brawny braggadocio?

Was not that a sad spectacle when the Jewish Church gave loud huzzas for Barabbas, the brawny murderer, and when they saw Jesus, the Savior, cried out with loud voices, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

That sectarian church, squabbling over the payment of tithes, of mint and anise and cummin, had reached a low ebb in the tide of beastliness, and had become a stench in the nostrils of Jehovah. The cup of their iniquity was full. Oh their punishment was bitter and terrible! When the Savior foresaw their doom his heart ached, and he sat down in utter misery and wept in great sorrow.

That was a dreadful storm of vengeance that fell on a heartless, merciless church in those days and on that beautiful hill of Zion, where Jesus, the Prince of Peace, the Lord of heaven and earth had walked, clothed in sack-cloth and self-abasement, and was hanged between two thieves.

Let the nations of the earth take due warning and profit by their example. When the demon of sectarianism crushes the life out of the church, and the fires of brotherly love are extinguished, iniquity comes in like a flood and all manner of evils prevail.

Here, in the United States of America, the

people have sought out many inventions; one discovery follows close on the heels of another. Our sculptors have rivaled Grecian artists, our soldiers have exhibited Spartan valor and left a halo of glory on every battle field. We can give specimens of oratory equal if not superior to that of Cicero or Demosthenes; our mines of gold and silver, iron, copper, lead and coal and oil, and our agriculture and manufactures and commerce are sources of immense wealth. We spent thirty hundred millions in the space of five years in order to sustain the best constitution and laws of any government in the world, and we, as a nation, could duplicate that amount any day and not be poor. We spend upon our vices, our luxuries, our pleasures, our party and sectional and rival supremacy, millions upon millions. We, as a nation, bow down and bend the knee to the goddess of Mammon, and rival the Hebrew in worshipping the "golden calf." And still the cry of the poor goes up to heaven for the want of food and clothing, and the heathen at home and abroad is perishing in his blindness.

If it were not for the stupor and curse of sectarianism, the churches would listen to the call of the Master, and send home and foreign missionaries into all the world, and preach the gos-

pel to every creature. They have both the men and the means.

Had the Congregational Home Missionary Society received the support of all the churches both North and South, the nation would have been saved from the grievous curse of the rebellion. The whole church of the South preached the gospel of drunken Noah—"Cursed be Ham!" "The servant of servants shall he be." The Congregational Home Missionary Society sent out men to preach the gospel of Christ—"He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," whether he be the descendant of Shem, Ham or Japheth.

These two gospels were antagonistic. The gospel that Noah preached to his son Ham when wine was in and wit was out, was as wide apart from the gospel that Christ preached as heaven and earth. There was an impassable gulf between. And the Congregational preacher was not permitted to preach against the patriarchal institution of slavery south of Mason's and Dixon's line. It pleased the people there to think that Noah cursed his disrespectful boy, and doomed his posterity to hopeless bondage. They wanted servants to do housework, and servants in the cotton fields, and servants on sugar plantations, and servants to take care of

horses and babies, and servants to do a great many things that gentlemen and ladies did not like to do.

And so they called slavery a patriarchal institution, and after a while said it was a divine institution, that God was its author. This was an intolerable insult, and God sent the Union army across Mason's and Dixon's line to teach the people the doctrine of "universal emancipation." The Union army was a hard, costly teacher. It used shells, and shot and the sword for argument, and did not spare those who were guilty of insulting the Majesty of heaven.

If we would save our Union from anarchy, from civil, social and theological divisions and final dismemberment and dissolution, the churches and all patriots must combine together to send men East and West, North and South to teach the people, both foreign and home-born, the doctrine of anti-slavery, anti-drunkards, anti-drunkard-makers, and anti-Sabbath-breaking, anti-party and anti-sectarianism that cuts society up into petty sects and divisions, which leads them in order to carry out their plans to gain a point at all hazards, to commit every crime denounced in the Decalogue which contains the laws of God's kingdom.

These laws of the Decalogue, written with the finger of God, and expounded by his Son, should govern church and state. No man is a good citizen who does not learn and obey them. The term hypocrite might be aptly applied to every professing Christian who does not learn and obey each and every one of them. What! Be a Christian and not obey the statute laws of Christ! Laws which lie at the foundation of Christianity. Impossible! Profess to love God and disobey his commands? Evidently such a profession would come under the charge of making a false pretense.

Two words express the meaning of this law as it was taught in the school of Christ: "Fraternity" and "Integrity." Fellowship is indicated by these words, "O! righteous Father, may they all be one, as thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they may be one in us."

The meaning of integrity is purity, wholeness or completeness. Said Jesus, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind and with all thy might, and thy neighbor as thyself,"—love in its fullness and overflowing; and added, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. This do and thou shalt live." As children we must be true to God,

our Father in heaven; as brethren, we must be true to the whole human family.

Obedience to these two commandments is essential to salvation. All other things taught in the Scriptures are useful as aids, but not essential to salvation. The church and state, the family and individual, all who do this shall be saved. Such are the positive declarations and the plain, undeniable teachings of Christ.

Dare any one say that the Bible, which teaches such lessons, is a sectarian book? That such lessons ought not to be taught in the colleges and common schools of a Christian nation? Dare the Roman Catholic Church, its popes and cardinals, come over to the United States from pagan Rome, the seat of anti-Christ, and say that neither their children nor the children of the republic shall be taught in the common schools the lessons that our beloved Lord and Savior taught in the Bible? And furthermore, shall the pope say to his people, you shall not read the Bible in the United States, let the priest read it for you?

Since the pope and his cardinals have dared to make this attack upon the Bible, the charter of our liberties both in church and state, let the American people of all sects and parties rise up en masse as one man and dare to say to the

pope and all others, we are glad to meet you here.

But you cannot undermine our free institutions, nor make us slaves. Our government is founded on the teachings of the Bible as God wrote it with his finger and as Christ taught it, not as the pope teaches it. Your children must be taught to read the Bible in our schools with our children, and your people shall have the liberty to read the Bible with our people. You shall not lord it over us; we are a free people and intend to maintain our liberties if it takes all the wealth of the nation, and we shall see to it that the Congregational Home Missionary Society shall have funds sufficient to send missionaries, with the Bible as God wrote it, to every nook and corner of the land.

CHAPTER XVII.

The grand object of missions is to obey the orders of the Son of God, who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." "Lo, I am with you always." The vocation of missionaries is expressed in these words: "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

God is the Creator and supreme ruler, and controls every man's life and destiny. Although, as the Judge of all the earth, he will do right and treat mankind as a fond father, yet a very large proportion of the people are not pleased with him. "Man in the pride of his countenance will not seek after God." "I can do as I please," he says. "I am my own master; I know no God." When Moses told Pharaoh, "Thus saith the Lord God, Let my people go," Pharaoh said, "Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." But when the destroying angel slew his first born, and met him at the Red Sea, he learned the lesson

in the school of experience. It took the king of Chaldea seven years to learn that the "Most High rules in the kingdom of men, and gives it to whomsoever he will." In his pride and self-conceit "he walked in the palace of the city of Babylon, and spake and said, Is not this great Babylon which I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty? While the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, O king, the kingdom is departed from thee. They shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field. They shall make thee to eat grass like oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will." After the Babylonian king had been eating grass as oxen for seven years, and his body had been wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws, it began to dawn upon his mind that there is a God, and the king began to pray. He says: "At the end of the days I lifted up mine eyes to heaven and my understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High and praised and honored him, that liveth forever, whose do-

minion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation, and all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing, and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand or say unto him, What doest thou?" While under the conviction that God in love and mercy makes man, who has a soul, to differ from oxen that eat grass and have no souls, he listened to the words of the ambassador sent to him from the court of heaven, who said to him, "Wherefore, O king, let my counsel be acceptable unto thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be the lengthening of thy tranquility." But this counsel of the missionary was soon forgotten. His son made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine out of golden cups, stolen out of the temple of the Lord; and while in a drunken revelry they were praising the gods of gold and silver, brass, iron, wood, and stone, the fingers of a man's hand wrote the doom of the besotted king upon the wall of the palace. The king saw a part of the hand, and, being conscious of his guilt, turned pale and trembled in every limb, and cried aloud for his soothsayers to in-

terpret the ominous words. But his soothsayers were confounded and could not read the writing. They then sent for a man who believed in God's presence and prayed to him three times every day, who read and explained the words that doomed the king to death and said, "O, thou king, the Most High gave thy father a kingdom and majesty and glory and honor. And for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him, whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive, and whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down. But when his heart was lifted up and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne and they took his glory from him and he was driven from the sons of men and his heart was made like the beasts and his dwelling was with the wild asses, they fed him with grass like the oxen and his body was wet with the dew of heaven till he knew that the most High God ruled in the kingdom of men and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will; and thou his son, O, Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this, but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven, and they have brought the vessels of his house be-

fore thee and thou and thy lords, thy wives and thy concubines have drank wine in them, and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, just as your father did, which see not, nor hear nor know, and the God in whose hand thy breath is and whose are all thy ways, thou hast not glorified." On that eventful night this proud, self-conceited king met his fate. The blasphemous feast of a thousand lordly atheists in that brilliant hall came to a sudden close, not by a thunder bolt from the sky, but by the "handwriting on the wall." This light-hearted dancing group saw the fingers of the hand that wrote, but they did not see "the most high God," who rules in the kingdoms of men; "in whose hand our breath is," and whose are all our ways. And yet they were filled with superstitious dread, and they worshipped the god of Mars, Bacchus, Venus, and Dives, in a drunken carousal, forgetful of poor perishing souls and the Most High who rules on earth and demands peace, sobriety, chastity, and honesty and humility and deeds of love and mercy—virtues as necessary to preserve society from putrefaction, as the salt of the earth. These exotic virtues, special, "good and perfect gifts," coming direct from the hand of the Most High, who is everywhere present on

earth as well as in heaven. They had forgotten and did not know that the Most High was taking note of their wickedness until they saw his "handwriting on the wall."

Such absolute, unlimited dependence upon the presence and power of the Most High, abases the pride and clannishness of man and entirely excludes the spirit of boasting. The Chaldean king while looking out from his gorgeous palace upon the most magnificent city in the world, its hanging gardens and beautiful works of art, did not regard the primary law of the kingdom of heaven—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." He made a god of himself, and in the pride of his heart said, "Is not this great Babylon which *I* have built, for the honor of the kingdom, by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" After having lost his reason and dwelling among the wild asses that brayed around him for seven years, he learned that he was but a poor creature and that it was a very great crime to make a god of himself, and try to be greater than the Most High who ruled in the kingdoms of men. Herod the Great, and his bloody family, one of whom in his attempts to murder Christ, killed the children of Bethlehem, killed and imprisoned the apostles, and cut off the head

of John the Baptist. All of them died in their guilt and misery, and one of them was smitten by an angel with a loathsome disease and was eaten by worms. All these men learned too late for repentance, that the Most High rules in the kingdoms of men. To those Pharaohs, and Belteshazzars and Herods who assumed unlimited and divine power, might be added a long list of Alexanders, and Caesars and Napoleons—demi gods and hero-worshipers, who learned after the destroying angel smote them, that the Most High rules in the kingdoms of men. Altamont taught his son to be an atheist, but when the messenger of death smote him, he cried out in despair—"my principles have beggared my boy, O thou indulgent yet blasphemed Lord God, hell itself were a refuge if it but hide me from Thy frown." The French infidel cried out in his pride and madness, "Crush the wretch!"—meaning Jesus Christ. But at death's door he exclaimed in the bitterness of his soul, "Oh thou Nazarene, thou hast conquered!" This tendency to pride and self-exaltation which leads mankind to act as if the Most High did not rule in the kingdoms of men, and did not put down one and set up another at his own pleasure, prevails to an alarming extent. Spencer's and Huxley's dupes try to

flatter themselves that there is no Creator of the universe who has anything to do in the affairs of men. Acting upon this baseless assumption, which Divine Providence has proved to be false time and time again, the nations are still striving to see which shall be the greatest. The hordes of Russia are sweeping down from the north in search of universal empire. Germany, having swallowed Alsace Lorraine, is hungering and thirsting for more territory; the unspeakable Turk wants more Greece; Japan and China want enlargement; Britannia rules the seas, sways her scepter over the Empire of India, upper and lower Canada and various islands, wants Africa and aspires after universal dominion. This strife for preëminence overleaps the boundaries of state and enters into the sacred precincts of the church. Queen Victoria claims to be the head of the church and the defender of the faith. The Pope of Rome sits in St. Peter's chair and says he is God's vicegerent on earth, and by divine right is the head of both church and state, and that it is Queen Victoria's duty to come to the Vatican and kiss St. Peter's great toe. The Protestant sects protest against these claims as both foolish and blasphemous. Christ's claims to be the head of the church on

earth, are far, very far, above all. Christians of every name must be one in him, as he is one with the Father. Jesus has thrown down every partition wall between Jew and Gentile, bond and free, male and female, and all of every race and caste become one in Jesus Christ, our Lord. Yet the Protestant sects, each one by itself, are deep in this strife for supremacy, striving to be the greatest and to get the greatest number of followers. The bone of contention is the right to rule the world—not the right falsely based on ordinances and party watchwords, but the right based on loving service. Who has this right, Russia, Great Britain, the Pope, or one of the Protestant sects? Is this right human or divine? This question cannot be decided either by gunpowder or the sword. Millions of lives and money have already been spent in the conflict, and untold millions now are at stake. Neither the Pope, nor Great Britain, nor any other sect or kingdom, however powerful and wise, will ever be permitted to rule the world. After controversies and slaughter and bloodshed, far more senseless and degrading than eating grass for seven years like oxen, the nations will learn that the Most High rules in the kingdoms of men, and that he will turn and overturn until

he comes whose right it is. When the Prince of Peace, who conquered the world by his matchless love, in his death on the cross, and gained the right to rule by his superhuman service, comes, he will be crowned Lord of all by the universal acclamation of men and angels. Until that time comes let the Congregational Home and Foreign Missionary Societies continue to send heralds into all the world, at home and abroad, to gather together congregations of believers, inviting every man who "loves God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself" to come into a common and universal fellowship, irrespective of modes and forms and symbols and figures of speech.





