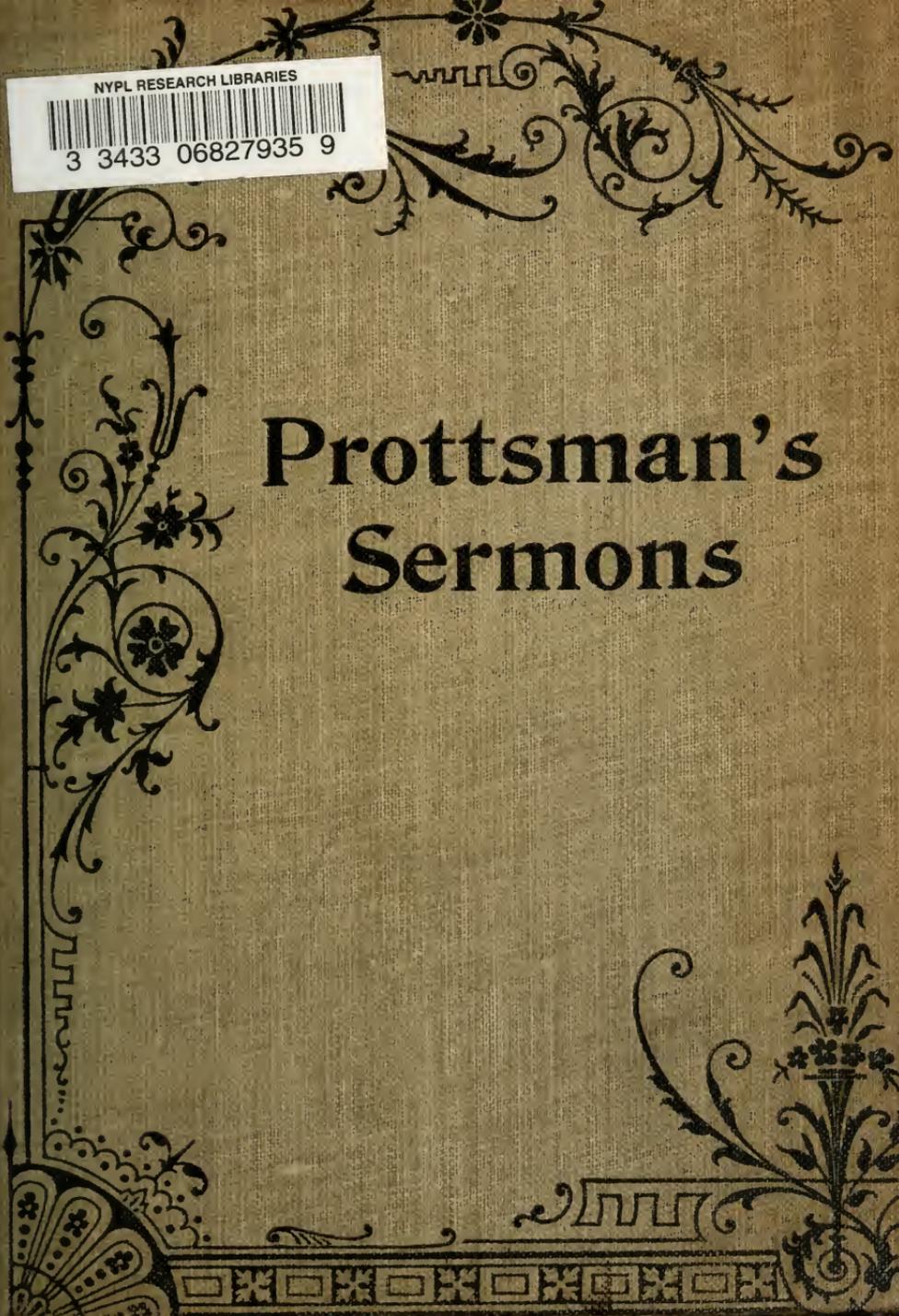


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W. M. PROTTSMAN

...SERMONS...

OF
—THE LATE—

Rev. William McKendree Prottzman

A Memorial Volume

WITH
—A BRIEF—

...SKETCH OF HIS LIFE...

BY
W. S. Woodard

BOTH
—OF THE—

...Southwest Missouri Conference...

—OF THE—

M. E. Church, South



PREFACE

I beg the attention of the reader three minutes in which to tell how the birth of this book was brought about.

A few days after the last number of my sketch of brother Prottzman was published in the St. Louis Christian Advocate, I received a letter from Miss Anna L. Clark of Boonville, telling me how much she and her aunt, Sister Prottzman, had enjoyed the articles, thanking me for writing them, and requesting that they be published in pamphlet form.

I replied that they alone would not make a pamphlet large enough for publication, but if she would procure the sermon preached on the occasion of his burial the two might be published together. She replied, suggesting in lieu of the funeral sermon, one of Brother Prottzman's own sermons.

This suggested to me the propriety of publishing a small volume of his sermons with the sketch;

not be found. Then others, that might have been preferred to some of these, could not be used because parts of them had been lost. I feel confident, however, that this book will be counted among the very best of our published sermons.

Many will miss his apt illustrations. These were given extemporaneously, not written; hence cannot be published. I have attempted to give but one from memory—that of Aunt Lucy.

I very much regret that his lecture on Robespierre could not be procured.

The compiling of these sermons has not been without earnest prayer for divine direction. May the Holy Spirit who made these discourses a blessing to those who heard them, make them a blessing to those who may read the same, so that "though he is dead he may yet speak."

W. S. WOODARD.

Fayette, Mo., July 31, 1903.

REV. W. M. PROTTSMAN.

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And dying leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

“The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.”

The wish and purpose of the writer of this paper are to perpetuate, in some measure, the memory of a righteous man and thereby help those who may honor him with a reading to make their lives sublime. Our characters are the product of three factors which are: Heredity, environment and application.

For the first we are in no wise responsible; for the second we are partly so; for the third we are entirely so.

“Blood will tell,” but education makes the man, and this comes from the application we make of our environment. One whose surroundings are wholly bad from birth to death, will hardly be other than wicked, while the one whose surroundings are pure and ennobling may be expected to form a noble character. Yet every thing depends upon the use we make of the opportunities that come to us from our environment.

Possibly nothing in this world affects us more, or even as much as contact with other human beings than ourselves. Next to personal contact the influence that comes from others to us through papers and books is most potent.

“As a man thinketh so is he,” and as a man readeth so he thinketh. Hence, the reading of the biography of the good and the great ennoble our lives—makes them sublime, while the reading of the accounts of the vicious and the vile will, as sure as like begets like, hurt us; and if persisted in will eventually ruin us.

Biography is incarnated history; or as Carlyle says, “the only true history.” The most interesting history I ever read was written by Thomas Lord, and is simply the biographies of those who made the history.

A few days ago there came to my table a pamphlet entitled, “Heroes of History,” a new twenty-five volume library of biography. How my mouth waters for that library, but my imppecuniosity will forever prevent me from owning it. Ahem! Maybe some rich friend will make me a Christmas present. (This became an actual fact, April 1, 1903—the next day after my birthday—in the reception of a check for \$25 from Festus, Mo. Blessings forever on the donors.)

But I have allowed myself to be switched off from my subject, yet hope I have not gotten so

far into the brush but that I can get back without getting entirely lost.

Now I think I have the attention of my readers and will venture to make one more prefatory statement. Just now my surroundings are such that I am almost entirely prevented from engaging in the great work of my life—preaching. The work I love most of all things. This one boon, however, is left me. The privilege of communicating with my fellow pilgrims through the papers. So I have elected and appointed myself to write a few articles for the Advocate on the life and character of my life-long friend whose name I have placed at the head of this paper.

But as I shall write these articles to be read, and as long communications are skipped by many, if not, most readers, I will here give mine a rest for one week, when, the Lord helping me, I hope to have something helpful to say.

About one hundred years ago Daniel and Mary Prottzman made for themselves a home in Marietta, Ohio. Like Zacharias and Elizabeth “they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.”

On Wednesday, February 19, 1817, a babe was born unto them and like Moses “he was a goodly child.”

They were Methodists, Daniel being the class-leader of his society; hence, they deemed it their duty to dedicate their “goodly child” unto the Lord—like Hannah to “give him unto the Lord all the days of his life.” To do this he must be baptized and for this he must have a name—a Methodist name.

Just then one of the greatest men the Methodist Church ever produced, aye, one of the greatest of the nineteenth century, was in his prime and leading successfully the church to victory throughout the entire United States which was his parish. So they christened their child of promise, William McKendree.

As different dates have been published as the time of Brother Prottzman’s birth, an explanation will be in place here. About fifteen years ago I filled for him, at his dictation a blank in our Conference Book of memoirs, in which he said he was born February 17, 1819; but added: “I am not sure that that is correct. Possibly it ought to be February 19, 1817.” Several years later he decided that February 19, 1817, was the correct date and had me to fill another blank.

Since in a measure, he lost his memory during his long affliction, he gave out that he was born in 1815. I have written to Boonville, Jefferson City and St. Louis for information, but find nothing to justify me in changing the date he last gave me.

Not long after his birth the Methodists of Marietta established a Methodist Manual Labor School in or near their town. in which young Prottsman obtained his mental training. In addition to the regular college curriculum, a course in the use of tools was taught, so that when graduated he was not only a scholar, but an accomplished workman. He paid for his tuition through college by making and trimming carriages.

His hand never lost its cunning in the use of tools till blindness stopped his work in that direction as well as others. This mechanical training largely accounts for his excellent, legible handwriting. All through his ministry he utilized his genius for building—his constructive and executive capacity—by making play houses and doll houses for children, thereby drawing them to him. I doubt if there is a city in which he was stationed but that some of these evidences of industry, skill, taste and tact with children were left behind him, not only greatly prized by the little folks, but by their mothers as well. Many of them were exquisitely beautiful.

How long Brother Prottsman followed his trade I do not know, but he gave part of his time before entering the ministry to another calling, next in importance to that of preaching, that of teaching. At different periods I gave seven years of my life, in part, to teaching. I count those

among the most useful years of my life. He was thoroughly qualified for the work of a school-master and I presume he made a first-class teacher.

In 1842, in Wood County Virginia, he joined the church under the ministry of David Smith, and in the same year was licensed to preach by the quarterly conference of Little Kanawa Circuit, Samuel Hamilton, presiding elder, and David Smith, pastor in charge.

In 1847 the Kentucky Conference admitted him on trial as a traveling preacher, being at the same time elected to deacon's orders as a local preacher and was ordained by Bishop Soule. Guyandotte Station was his first charge, then Irwin Circuit. During these two years he completed the four years' course of study and in 1849 was admitted into full connection, elected to elder's orders and ordained by Bishop Soule. This year he was appointed to Grumbine Circuit.

In 1850, Bishop Bascom transferred him to the St. Louis Conference and appointed him to Centenary Church in St. Louis. This proved to be a tumultuous year. An official member of Centenary Church, was accused of embezzlement, tried and expelled from the church.

An appealed case from the quarterly conference of Centenary Church, to the St. Louis Con-

ference which met in Boonville, June 1851, gave us a two week's session of conference.

Here I first saw, and made the acquaintance of Brother Prottsman. We entered the Conference in July 1850, on even step, I by admission on trial, and he by transfer; but as neither of us was present at the session held in Independence, this was our first meeting. It occurred on this wise. I attended preaching at the Baptist church, Thursday, at 3 p. m. After the services, as I came into the aisle, I met a finely dressed man, who extended his hand to me and said: "Prottsman is my name. What is yours?" This was the beginning of our life-time acquaintance. After this we met each other at conference annually, till 1900, save in 1861, when I was prevented by the war from getting to conference, and 1879, when he was not present, being in California. At Boonville, I also met Bishop Soule, who presided over the conference for the last time. He did not preach. Was too feeble. Dr. C. B. Parsons preached for him. From this conference Brother Prottsman was appointed to Arrow Rock Circuit with T. M. Finney, as junior preacher. Here, between those two elect men, was awakened a love for each other, like to that of Jonathan and David which continued as long as they lived. The following is a schedule of his work henceforth.

In 1852, Dover Circuit; 1853, Boonville Station; 1854 and 1855, agent for Central College; 1856, Lexington District; 1857, agent Central College; 1858, Jefferson City district; 1859 to 1862, Boonville District; 1863, stationed at Asbury Church, in St. Louis; 1864, Mound Church; 1865, Wesley Chapel; 1866 and 1867, St. Paul (this is the former Mound Church); 1868 and 1869, Springfield Station; 1870, Springfield district; 1871, Boonville District; 1872 and 1873, Jefferson City Station; 1874, Sedalia; 1875, transferred to Missouri conference and appointed to Hannibal; 1876, St. Joseph district; 1877, transferred back to Southwest Missouri Conference and made Sunday School agent; 1878, transferred to Pacific Conference, stationed at St. Paul, in San Francisco; 1879, located and traveled over California; 1880, re-admitted into the Southwest Missouri Conference and appointed to Warrensburg; 1881, Lexington; 1882, Independence; 1883, Carthage; 1884 and 1885, Sweet Springs and Blackwater Chapel; 1886, Slater. 1887, William and Cambridge; 1888, Pierce City; 1889, Eldorado; 1890, Superannuated, in which relation he was continued 'till he reached the goal of his earthly pilgrimage, October 27, 1902, when the Great Shepherd transferred him "to the general assembly, and church of the first born, which are written in heaven."

The above list of appointments shows that Brother Prottzman preached as a local preacher, 6 years; on circuits, 6; stations, 25, districts, 8; agencies, 4, and was on the superannuated list 11; making a total of 60 years in the ministry.

He was married, November 27, 1851, in Cambridge, Missouri, by Rev. W. H. Porter to Miss Anna Lewis, who survives him, they having lived together nearly 51 years.

I have thus briefly outlined the life of a very extraordinary man.

Physically, he was such an one as will always arrest attention. He was about five feet, eight inches high, stood erect, slightly inclined to corpulency; large finely shaped head, auburn hair, broad forehead, large blue eyes, large nose, big mouth, with cheeks and chin to match, always cleanly shaven. That is a pen picture of W. M. Prottzman.

Mentally, he ranked high. He had a massive brain, surcharged with a mind which had been carefully trained, richly stored with useful knowledge, and was capable of close, logical thinking. His perception was penetrating, clear and incisive; his judgment was comprehensive, accurate and well balanced; his memory was tenacious, grasping and continuous.

Then that which differentiated him more than anything else from all other human beings was

through all his mental machinery there ran a vein of humor that constantly came bubbling to the surface, and overflowed every channel of thought with rivers of pleasure that made all who heard him joyous, often uproarious.

While this vein of humor was native to him, inborn with him and was a very part of his mental constitution, yet probably it had been cultivated unduly and at times, and on some occasions was indulged in too extravagantly, and thereby became an element of weakness as well as of strength. Nevertheless through this channel of power—for such it was, he drew men to him, arrested their attention and caused some to think who otherwise never would have been reached by the gospel.

Next to this fun-making trait, possibly the most distinguishing factor in his wonderful personality was found in his moral qualities.

Within that symmetrical body, and under the direction of that masterful mind there was a great, sympathetic, loving heart that went out to suffering humanity everywhere, and enfolded all in its affections, regardless of age, condition, relation or station in life.

The first time we ever met “I was a stranger and he took me in.” Into his great, warm, loving heart, and there I have had a place to nestle ever since.

Who of his friends was ever called to quaff a cup of sorrow that did not have the bitter thereof in a measure extracted by a letter written by his own hand, born of his generous, sympathetic soul, impregnated with the promises of a gracious, loving Father, and garlanded with the most exquisite poetry?

I have no doubt but that Brother McClure told the truth when he wrote of him that he had written more letters of condolence in the last fifteen years than any other man. I would amend the statement by substituting forty for fifteen.

Brother Prottzman's marriage was not only a happy one, but likewise most fortunate. Although he had a most excellent voice, yet he could not—never could sing. Fortunately his wife was a splendid singer. My! what a voice she had. Clear, distinct, penetrating, thrilling. She nearly always went with and did his singing for him. She was as popular as a singer as he was as a preacher.

They never had any children of their own, but while stationed in St. Louis, about the close of the war, an infant was found in an alley, on an ashbank and taken to their house and they adopted it, giving it the name of Lizzie Ashley. She grew to be a beautiful, bright, intelligent girl, then went home to live with the angels. Not long after they adopted Lizzie Ashley, they also

adopted a little red-headed Irish waif, whom they named James Prottsman.

About that time W. H. Markham conceived the idea of establishing a Methodist orphans' home in St. Louis, rented a house for that purpose and installed Brother and Sister Prottsman as managers of the same. With Lizzie and Jimmy to begin with they soon had a number of orphans in their care. This was the beginning of the present Methodist Orphans' Home of St. Louis, now so delightfully housed by the munificence of Samuel Cupples.

Brother Prottsman was made a D. D. by the suffrages of the people, and by nearly everybody was called Doctor Prottsman, although the title was never conferred upon him, so far as I can learn, by any institution of learning. I suppose the reason why this was not done was that he was called doctor by so nearly everybody that the colleges all supposed that the degree had been conferred upon him. He was certainly better entitled to the honor than many others on whom it has been conferred.

He was a great preacher. He had only a few peers in the pulpit, and still fewer who excelled him. His sermons were carefully prepared, written in full, and before his eyes failed him, generally read. He was a superior reader; had a strong, full, flexible, rich, ringing, mellow,

musical voice, of great power and compass, under perfect control; articulated distinctly and pronounced his words correctly, giving to each one its proper accent, inflection and emphasis. His gestures were natural, easy, appropriate and graceful. His sermons were logical, rhetorical and poetical, all conveyed to his hearers through choice language.

He was also a lecturer of more than ordinary power and force and for many years did much of that kind of work.

Furthermore, he was likewise a fluent trenchant, ready writer; was an excellent scribe, composed well and wrote much for the press. He assisted in bringing out, in the spring of 1851, the first number of the St. Louis Christian Advocate ever issued, and wrote much of the copy therefor and was a more or less regular contributor to its columns for nearly fifty years. But few men have written as much as he for it, save its editors. He was the author of three good, instructive, helpful books: "The Class Leader," "Church Finance" and "Autumn Leaves."

On the motion of Dr. McAnally, the St. Louis Conference at its session in Lexington in 1866, requested him to preach a sermon in memory of Rev. S. S. Headlee, who had been murdered during the preceding year for preaching, which

he did, and on my suggestion the sermon was published and sold, by which, with the sale of pictures, a sum was secured, with which a home for the widow and children of our martyred brother was purchased.

On my motion he was requested to preach a semi-centennial sermon which he did in Slater, in 1897. This was also printed and many copies of it sold.

Another factor of his helpfulness was his patient suffering. Like the Apostle Paul he helped men and made the world better while he lived in it, by preaching, by writing and by suffering.

While in California, in the fall of 1879, and while assisting in a meeting in San Jose, the optic nerve of one of his eyes, I think the right one, was paralyzed and he was never more able to see through it. The other soon began to fail and after some years he could not read nor write, and for two years before he died was entirely blind. During these two last years he was further afflicted with softening of the brain, and was much of the time as helpless as a child.

Up to the time of his entire blindness he had never missed a session of his conference. The two last sessions, however, he was not able to attend. He was present for the last time at our conference in Kansas City in 1900, and presided at the organization of our Veteran Missouri Meth-

odist Preachers' Association. I suppose this was the last public act of his eventful, useful life.

Brother Prottsman was elected Secretary of the St. Louis Conference in 1853, and was re-elected every year until the Conference was divided in 1870, then of the Southwest Missouri Conference every year until he was transferred to the Missouri Conference in 1875, which gave him twenty-three years of service at the secretary's table, and no conference in the church had a more faithful and capable servant than he was in their responsible and important office.

He was a born secretary. Had every necessary qualification for the position. A fine scribe, the master of forms, the capacity to keep every paper in its right place, perfectly familiar with church law, and one of the best readers in the world. I believe the bishops regarded him as the best conference secretary in the church.

He served other assemblies as their secretary. He was the secretary of the great Educational Convention held in Fayette in 1868, of which Bishop Marvin was president and which elected Dr. W. A. Smith president of Central College. He was secretary of the Democratic State Convention held in Jefferson City in 1876. He was also secretary of the State Senate of Missouri for one term.

He was president of the Educational Conven-

tion held in Bolivar in 1871, of which C. H. Briggs was secretary, and which inaugurated Morrisville college.

He served as president of the Board of Missions of his conference about thirty years, holding that position 'till 1898. The minutes show that one year he was secretary of his conference, chairman of the Board of Finance, president of the Board of Missions and on four other committees. For several years he and I served on the same boards and committees together, and in some cases were on committees, the work of which had to be done during the year between conference sessions. On this wise we were brought frequently and closely together. Although each of us served several years—I seven and he eight, in the office of P. E., yet neither of us ever served under the other. It was in committee work and correspondence that we were drawn so closely to each other. I suppose we exchanged hundreds of letters, yet I have no recollection of ever noticing an ingramaticism or misspelled word in one of his.

He served as a delegate in three general conferences, and no little part of our discipline was drafted by him, as were also most of our conference plans of work. He generally wrote the reports of committees on which he served. I suppose we never had any other man among us

who was so prodigiously capable of doing a vast amount of work and did the tasks that were lain on his broad shoulders more willingly, cheerfully and correctly than he. Save Bishop McTyeire, we had no better church lawyer, and bating Paul Whitehead and possibly a few others, we had no better parliamentarian.

It was he who suggested, projected and planned The Church Extension Society of the M. E. Church, South. He wrote its constitution and by-laws, and gave much time, labor and expense to its formation and inauguration.

He received a large vote for the secretaryship of the board. Had he been elected he would have made a successful and popular connectional officer, though he could not have excelled his successful competitor, Dr. Morton.

During his pastorate in Jefferson City he served as chaplain of the lower house of the Missouri legislature and also of the penitentiary. After his superannuation he made his home in Jefferson City for nine years and was chaplain of the senate most of that time. Being an expert in forms he was resorted to by representatives and senators to draft bills they wished to submit to the legislative body. Mayhap many of our laws now in our statute books were drafted by him. He wrote for governor B. Gratz Brown the first thanksgiving proclamation ever sent out to the people of Missouri.

Yet this many-sided and useful man had finally to yield to the inexorable demand of age and retire from the activities of life in which he found his greatest joy to the darkness of blindness and spend his last years in the seclusion of his room.

I cannot write "home" for like most of Methodist preachers he had none. But he had friends, which is better than a mere home. Such he found in the person of his wife's niece, Miss Anna L. Clark, of Boonville, Mo., in whose home he spent the two last years of his wonderful life.

Just before conference I visited him. Before leaving I said to him: "Brother Prottzman, have you any message you wish to send to conference?" After a long pause, with much feeling and strong emphasis he said: "Tell the preachers to be true to Methodism, and Methodism will be true to them."

As I bade him good bye: he said "Tell my brethren I love every one of them and pray for them every day."

Thus, with the constant attention of his noble, devoted wife and her sister and daughter, he descended slowly, peacefully, gently, tranquilly, triumphantly to the tomb.

"How blest the righteous when he dies
When sinks a weary soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes!

How gently heaves the expiring breast.
So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks a gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day.
So dies a wave along the shore.
Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say
How blest the righteous when he dies."

To the above chapters, which were published in the St. Louis Christian Advocate, I add this one more.

After his death there was found, among his papers, a large sealed envelope, addressed to Mrs. Anna L. Prottsman, which contained his farewell address to her. Miss Anna Clark gave me the privilege and pleasure of looking through and reading this sacred relic, from which I have taken the liberty of making some extracts for this chapter.

After addressing his wife in the most endearing and affectionate terms he writes:

“When this letter, my last words to you, shall reach your hand, my eyes, now nearly blind, will be closed in death, and my body cold, and resting from labor in the silent grave. Such is life.

Beginning with joy and bright hopes, it ends in sorrow and death. Since the world began it has been the fate of the old and the young, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the

brave and the beautiful, the loved and the lovely to wither, fade and die, and we are no exception to this inevitable law of nature. Let us say: "Father, thy will be done."

After many endearing words and references to her singing at the Rock Creek camp meetings and their long and happy married life and assurances that their separation will not be long, he closes with these words: "The past is in the eternal past now, and all I ask of the world is a dead man's common right; 'peace to his sleeping dust!'"

This is followed by several exquisite bits of printed poetry, pasted on the paper and the following in his hand writing which I take to be original.

"My candle burns low in its socket,
My watch ticks slow in my pocket,
My theme is expiring,
I'll soon be retiring,
And shall soon forget
What now I regret
That the blood that now runs this right hand,
Is without kindred or home in this land,
Good-night."

After he became too blind to write he had a friend to add a codicil which concludes as follows:

"Labor for thy kind;
Uphold the feeble,

Direct the blind,
Reclaim the wandering;
The lost restore,
And bid the sinner
Go and sin no more.”

You will not be able to put a marble monument over my grave, but I know you would, darling if you were able.

Should you ever be able to have a slab of some kind put over my remains, let the above words be on it.

Should you ever visit my grave, I hope you will not regret to say: “He lives still in my heart.” As he used to say:

“The living are the only dead,
The dead live—never more to die;
And when most we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh,
And now, darling, I bid you good-bye.”

“There is a future, oh thank God!
Of life this is so small a part,
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.”

Dying, I leave you my last words, Anna, my darling wife. “I love you with a love that shall never die, 'till the stars grow old, and the sun grows cold, and the leaves of the judgment book unfold.” Oh! how I wish I had been more worthy of your love. Most sincerely and affectionately your husband,

W. M. PROTTSMAN.

His signature was written by himself, which probably was the last time he ever signed his name.

It is a precious document which sister Prottzman prizes very highly. In it he recommends her to make her niece, Miss Anna L. Clark, her counselor.

Although Brother Prottzman was sick so long and suffered so much, his final departure for his home in heaven was somewhat sudden.

He ate his supper, sitting in his chair, then went to bed, after which his wife gave him a drink of water. She noticed that it was difficult for him to swallow, she called her niece, who barely reached him before his sanctified Spirit left for "that bourne from which no traveler ever returns."

These sudden home-goings have been quite frequent of late. Only a few weeks before our glorified brother Proctor had so passed away. I ask no greater boon than thus to die when my work is done.

At our memorial service in Neosho, in 1899, the last brother Prottzman ever attended, (we had none in 1900) he quoted, as only he could, the following poem, which he told us he found in a newspaper he picked up by the roadside in Virginia.

After the service I requested him to give me a

copy of it and I would put it in his memoir. He had quoted the same poem on similar occasions before.

THE STARS

“If yon bright stars which gem the night
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere
Where kindred spirits reunite
Whom death hath torn asunder here
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar
Mixed soul with soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But oh how dark, how drear, how lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If wandering through each radiant one.
We failed to find the loved of this;
If there no more the ties entwine,
Which death’s cold hand alone can sever,
Oh then the stars in mocking shine,
More hateful, as they shine forever.

But oh it can not be, each hope and fear
That lights the eye or clouds the brow
Proclaims there is a brighter sphere
Than this bleak world which holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears
When heaviest weighs life’s galling chain
’Tis heaven that whispers, “Dry thy tears.”
“The pure in heart shall meet again.”

With the following triumphant song I close this imperfect sketch. I find it in his familiar hand writing; written years ago when he was in his prime and wrote with a quill-pen.

On the banks beyond the stream,
Where the fields are always green,
There's no night—but endless day
There is where the angels stay.
There's no sorrow, pain nor fear,
There's no parting, farewell tear,
There's no cloud nor darkness there,
All is bright and pure and fair!

Flowers of fadeless beauty there,
Trees of life with foliage rare
Fruits the most inviting grow,
There is where I want to go.
Hark! I hear the angels sing,
Heavenly harpers on the wing,
Through the air the anthems rise,
To the music of the skies.

Soon from earth I'll soar away,
To the realms of endless day.
Soon I'll join the ransomed throng,
Sing with them redemption's song;
Pearly gates stand open wide,
Just beyond death's chilling tide,
There my mansion bright I see,
There the angels wait for me.

Earthly home, adieu! adieu!
Earthly friends, farewell to you,
Softly breathe your last good-bye,
Jesus calls me, let me die.
Hallelujah! Christ has come!
Halleluah! I'm most home!
Friends and loved ones, weep no more,
Meet me on the other shore!

TRIBUTES

FROM THOSE WHO LOVED HIM

As Bro. Prottzman was one of the first agents of Central College it was most fitting for the faculty of that Institution to take notice of his death and authorize one of their number to attend his funeral. This they did. Prof. R. T. Bond represented the faculty, and after some reminiscial remarks, read the following action of that body:

“Having just heard of the death of Dr. W. M. Prottzman, so long a faithful and efficient friend of Central College, we, the faculty of Central, hereby desire to express our high appreciation of his strong character as a man of God, and of his valuable services to Central College, and to express our sympathy with those near and dear to him in this their bereavement.

“Truly a prince in Israel has fallen—a mighty man of God, who in his day and generation did valiant service for righteousness. May God raise up many such robust, faithful friends to Old Central, and may we all have the courage of our convictions, and stand for truth and righteousness as did this strong, faithful, mighty man of God.”

“Rev. Wm. M. Prottzman was one of the most unique and interesting characters that ever graced and magnified our Methodism—one of the noblest, strongest men I ever knew—and possibly no man ever laid a more impressive hand upon my life than he. For almost half a century I knew him and knew him to admire and reverence. He was patient with the erring, tender and generous with the weak and kind to all. His taste, instinct and culture were esthetic in high measure and his sentiment and susceptibility as delicate as that of womanhood. He was a true friend and honest, earnest foe. He was without dissimulation or guile and to know him once was to know him ever. As a preacher, lecturer or writer few have ever shown greater ability or labored more earnestly that the Kingdom of God might come with power.

C. C. WOODS.

“The first time I ever saw Dr. Prottzman was in Jefferson City in 1876. I was a delegate to the State Democratic Convention. Dr. Prottzman was secretary of that convention. He called to my mind at that time my boyhood memory of Stephen A. Douglas. I admired him then for this recollection and—his VOICE. In after years I learned to admire him for his HEART and his MIND. He was a wonderfully gifted man—knew more about things than almost any man I ever

knew. Had he given his life to law and politics he would have occupied the highest place. But he chose more wisely and was a benediction to his fellows. I shall ever revere the memory of this great and good preacher. BEN V. ALTON

“Rev. W. M. Prottzman is no more among us. We shall not see his like again. He stands alone in temperament, talents and style. No man was ever more industrious, more willing to spend and be spent for the cause he loved so dearly. His was a life of constant fidelity to truth and righteousness, as he understood them. Had he lived in the days of martyrdom he would have sealed his faith with his blood, if occasion had required it. The life that he lived and the work that he did will stand the test of time and the fruits thereof will be seen at the judgment. Many sad hearts were comforted by his prayers and words of sympathy and love, and many will rise up and call him blessed in that day. THOS. M. COBB.

OPENING OF THE FIFTH SEAL

FUNERAL OF

REV. SAMUEL STEELE HEADLEE

This sermon was preached before the St. Louis Annual Conference, on its request, in Lexington, Mo., Sept. 25, 1866. It was subsequently published and sold to procure a home for the family.

Bro. Headlee, a schoolmate of mine, joined the St. Louis conference in Lexington, September, 1852. He was shot three times by Bill Drake, near 11 a. m., July 28, 1866, just at the hour, when but for violence, he would have been preaching the Gospel of Peace.

Just before Bishop Kavanaugh announced our appointments in First Church, St. Louis, in 1865, he said: "Some of these appointments will be hard. I feel deeply for you, my brethren. I feel like I was sending some of you to your graves."

Prophetic words! S. S. Headlee was sent to the Springfield district AND TO HIS GRAVE.

SERMONS

And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God and for the testimony which they held; and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled—Rev. vi. 9, 10, 11.

Life exhibits but little more than a funeral procession, where friend follows friend, weeping to-day and wept for to-morrow. While we are talking of one funeral procession another passes; we are alarmed and behold a third is coming. Thus, we are but pilgrims and sojourners here, as all our fathers were—travelers by hearse and bier to the grave, every day learning the lesson of our mortality—the solemn truth that we are not yet in the land of the living, but are dwellers in the land of the dying. It is sad indeed to reflect upon this unsparing and universal law, and mark how slight its impression on the sensibilities of mankind.

Every man who dies speaks a lesson to his survivors—even that lesson which is most often told,

but which is also the oftenest forgotten. It has been very truly remarked that there is on this subject a cleaving and a constitutional earthliness, which stands its ground against every demonstration—giving way, for a moment, perhaps, at each successive death, but recovering itself on the instant when the scenes and the business of the world again close around us. We are the creatures of sense, and the present, the sensible world, is the only one that we practically acknowledge. Carnality is the Scriptural term for this disease of fallen humanity—a disease of marvelous inveteracy and force, and not to be dislodged by any assault whatever on the mere sensibilities of our nature. The spell which binds man to the world is not to be broken by the loudest and most emphatic warnings of the world's vanity.

The pathos and power of some affecting visitation may suspend for a while the rooted preference of the things of time to the interests of eternity; but no such visitation can ultimately quell this preference; and after a brief season of sighs, sensibilities and tears, the man emerges again to us as whole-hearted a secularity as before. Thus it is that the thousand funerals which from childhood to old age he may have attended have only cradled him into a profounder spiritual lethargy; and that the frequent wrecks

of mortality through which he has ploughed his way on the ocean of life have only stamped a sort of weather-beaten hardihood upon his soul.

It ought to be otherwise. Every partaker of our nature who dies should remind us of our own mortality. Ever one who dies should speak to us in accents of deepest seriousness, and tell with an elquence not to be resisted of our own approaching end. And when we are called to contemplate a death like that which has assembled us to-day, it should remind us of our sudden arrest, and tell us that "in the midst of life we are in death," and never to dare to live one hour as we would not dare to die.

We bow not only most humbly to the will of God to-day, and turn our eyes away from our affliction to Him who gave and has taken away; but with an unshaken confidence in his promise that "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump;" we bow also to the power of death, who "always loves a shining mark," and makes the highest demonstration of his sovereignty by selecting as his mark those who stand in the most endearing relation to us, and the most useful to the world. But we shall not speak here of the private character, the many social virtues and the neighborhood life of Brother Headlee. Such indeed was the charm of his

companionship, such the love lighted up by his presence in every household, that, connected with his death, there is, at this moment, an oppressive sadness in the hearts of the thousands who knew and loved him. We speak of him now as a public man—as a Minister of the Gospel of Christ, as a light in the Church of God. A public lesson has been given forth by his death, even as a public loss has been incurred by it. It is a public death, and peculiar in many respects. Public, in the view of the many thousands not only in this, but in other States, who are struck with horror at such a death—a murder more appalling than any that struck the ear of the public during the few late bloody years of war. Peculiar in the true spirit of martyrdom in which this death was met. And, as a martyrdom, it is a death most intensely interesting to the Church, involving questions out of which great political and religious convulsions have sprung.

But it is not on account of these questions or any of the peculiarities of his death that we are assembled now. We leave these great questions in the hands of Him who is the disposer of all events. We meet to pay a tribute of respect due from us to one whom we loved, who “being dead, yet speaketh,” and whose memory still lives in our midst.

When John saw the Book of Seven Wonders

in the right hand of Him who sat on the throne, he says he wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book. And one of the Elders, seeing his tears, touched him, and said, "Weep not, behold the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the Book and to loose the seven seals thereof."

And he took the book and unfolded therefrom the coming events of Time, then casting their shadows before.

And as the hand divine shifted the scenes in this prophetic view of things in heaven and on earth, he saw when the first seal was opened a white horse, representing perhaps, The Gospel System.

The Jewish Church had been the focus in which all the light from heaven had met, and all the sanctified excellence of earth had been collected and combined. The design of this divine institution was to be a great centre, whence the light of truth and everything essential to salvation should constantly radiate and pour forth in all directions over the face of the earth. It was stationary, and all earth was invited to come to it for the knowledge of the truth. But the lamp of the Lord had expired on its altar. The latest prophet had sung his last song, and the light of the Jewish Church was eclipsed by the Star of

Bethlehem. The Gospel System came forth, no longer to wait for the world to come to it; but to go into all the world, bearing the glad tidings of peace on earth and good will toward men.

Now, the White Horse, the emblem of strength and swiftness, strong and ready for the wilderness, the desert and the solitary place, whose whiteness denotes purity, came forth to make the circuit of the world.

And he that sat on him had a bow. An emblem denoting impression, and here representing convictions impressed by the Word of God, which are as sharp arrows "piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow." "And the Lord shall be seen over them, and his arrows shall go forth as the lightning."

And a crown was given unto him. An emblem of success, victory and final triumph over all enemies, in establishing the kingdom of God on earth. That kingdom which "cometh not with observation," and which rules not over, but in the heart. The kingdom of heaven, which John said was "at hand." Not heaven itself, but the royal authority. Hence the prayer taught us by our Saviour, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." That is, the royal authority be established here, in the heart, and govern men as it governs angels.

And he went forth conquering and to conquer. Overcoming and confounding every opposition. Whatever convulsions and revolutions happen in States and kingdoms, the kingdom of Christ shall be established in spite of all opposition.

And as the fifth seal was opened he saw the temples of all lands with gates standing open night and day, for the preaching of the Gospel and the worship of the true God. And under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God and for the testimony which they held.

That is, martyred for the testimony which they bore for Jesus Christ. Their souls as ministering spirits at the altar, and their blood as the seed of the Church. The souls of the martyrs under the altar; some suppose at the foot of the golden altar of incense; in the most holy place; in heaven, at the feet of Jesus. And some suppose the altar of burnt offering is intended, where they appeared as sacrifices, which had been newly offered to show their fellowship with Christ in his sufferings and the acceptableness of their faithfulness unto death, through his propitiatory oblation.

There is something of most terrific imagery in the colors of the four horses coming forth, of the unfolding of the seals preceding the opening of the fifth. The number four implies completion. In scriptural version, a man on horseback repre-

sents the going forth of some power divinely commissioned to effect changes upon the earth. And the character of the change is to be collected from the color of the horse: The red denoting war and slaughter; the black, mourning and woe; the white, victorious innocency and blissful peace.

Thus, the seals may denote the progressive character of the Christian times, from its pure beginning to its greatest corruption. It begins with pure white; then changes to the red, fiery and vengeful; then to black, or mournful; and when we suppose that nothing more dreadful in color can appear, then comes, another gradation still more ghostly and terrific, even the deadly pale, the livid, greenish hue of corruption.

And after these four horsemen had gone forth on their several errands, the fifth seal opened, and the culmination of sin, and the glory of redemption, were seen in the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, now reposing under the altar.

He saw the souls of Stephen, Peter, Paul, and all of Bible history—of Polycarp, and the long line of martyrs down to Huss, Luther's "most rational expounder of Scripture," who, when sentence of death was passed upon him for preaching the word of God, "heard the sentence without emotion, and immediately prayed for the pardon of his enemies." When surrounded with

fagots, his mind was all the while composed and happy. And when the flames were applied to the fagots he sang a hymn, with so loud and cheerful a voice that he was distinctly heard through all the noise of the combustibles, and of the multitude.

To have seen the soul of Huss under the altar, was also to see that of Jerome of Prague, his fellow sufferer; companions in persecution and death, they were companions under the altar. Slain for the word of God, and for the truth as it is in Jesus, his dying words are his everlasting epitaph: "Oh! Lord God, have mercy on me! Thou knowest how I have loved Thy truth!"

And there, in companionship also, the souls of Latimer and Ridley, martyrs at the same stake, "for the testimony which they held;" who "lighted such a candle in England as shall never be put out." And Philpot, whose "soul was happy in prison." And Cranmer, Holland, Rodgers, Prest, Allin, Hale, Yeoman, Dale, Gratwich, Bender, Woodman, Eagles, Palmer, and thousands of others whose blood dyed the block, and mingled itself with the currents of the stream of time, as it rolls up its burdens to the bar of God.

And in our own day, and of our own numbers, the souls of Smith, Woods, Glanville, and SAMUEL S. HEADLEE, Presiding Elder of Springfield Dis-

trict, murdered in the face of the noonday sun: in the face of the Governor and authorities of the State of Missouri; and in the face of the civil authorities of Webster county. Slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which he bore for Jesus Christ. Now resting "under the altar," an accepted sacrifice, waiting the arrival of his brethren who are yet to be slain for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.

"O, wouldst thou offer, with a willing mind,
A sacrifice acceptable to Him
Before whose throne adoring seraphim
Veil their faces? Labor for thy kind,
Uphold the feeble and direct the blind,
Reclaim the wandering, the lost restore,
And bid the erring go and sin no more."

And white robes were given unto every one of them. White robes; the costume of the saints, the uniform of glory, washed, not in their own, but in the blood of the Lamb.

And when their blood, like the blood of Abel, cried with a loud voice, saying, "How long, O Lord! holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" "It was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also, and their brethren should be killed as they were."

As they were. They were "slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held." We, my brethren, hold the same testimony; we

preach the same word of God. "Ye are my witnesses" saith the Lord. Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price. Your time, tongue, speech, body, mind, tempers, passions, your heart's best affections, your talents; all that gives you influence among men; all that gives you weight upon earth; whatever there is of strength; whatever there is of beautiful, noble, or useful in your lives; all that binds you to the earth, or links you to the skies; all that's worth remembering of this old earth in heaven above, all, all are mine. For you I wept once, and would weep again; for you I died once, and would die again! You have risen with me to newness of life. Mystically you came out of the sepulchre with me. You received life, as life went out in me; and now all ye have is baptized with my blood. Ye are my witnesses, and the souls of your brethren, now resting under the altar, wait for the word of God, and for the testimony which you hold. A world lying in wickedness seeks its salvation through the testimony which you hold. Go ye, therefore, into all the world, preach the Gospel to every creature, and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Who is sufficient for these things? Multitudes have already been slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held constantly; and many more will, probably, be thus slain before his

purposes shall be accomplished. But the Lord himself is the comforter of his afflicted servants; "precious is their blood in his sight; and their patience unto death in his cause is a sacrifice most honorable, and therefore most acceptable, to Him through Jesus Christ. The enemies of the servants of God can only "kill the body;" then "the Lord delivereth them out of all their troubles;" white robes of joy and triumph are given to every one of them; they enter into immediate rest; and after a short season, "the earth shall disclose their blood, and no more cover the slain."

There are but few martyrs for the truth in this day. We count our lives dear, and our families dear, and choose rather to be counted the son of Pharaoh's daughter than to suffer affliction with the people of God.

And the people are repeating the history of Isaiah's times in lending their ear to religious flatteries. They "said to the seers, see not; and to the prophets, prophesy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits." And the prophets are repeating the history of Ezekiel's times: "And lo, thou art unto the people as a very lovely song as one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument, for they hear thy words, but they do them not."

In the present tendency of the Church to fanaticism, apostasy and politics, the ministry of the

Gospel is an eminence where it is exceedingly difficult to stand, and unspeakably dangerous to fall. It is true we should look to the testimony of history to support general conclusions as to what is probable or not in the course of events. And yet the events of the last few years are enough to prove that mankind, whatever may be the boasted advance of civilization, have by no means outgrown its propensity to indulge vindictive passions.

We can not look around us now and believe that the fascination of impudent imposture and malignant piety are quite spent and gone. It must be assumed as probable that whatever intemperance, atrocity, folly, and intolerance history lays to the charge of man, is being repeated in our awn day, and in our own State.

Questions of vital importance to the Church, long since supposed to be settled, are opened again; and the error contained in them advocated with all the zeal of fanaticism of darker days. Faithful men of God in maintaining the rights of conscience, in earlier days of the Church, contributed more than any other class of persons to set limits to the power of the crown, to define the rights of subjects, and to secure the liberties of the people. In maintaining the rights of conscience, they wrested the rod of iron from the hand of despotism, and substituted in its place a

scepter of righteousness and mercy. They converted the divine right of kings into the principles of constitutional government, in which the rights of the people are secured by the same charter which guards the throne.

And now to be called forth again to ascertain the distinct provinces of divine and human legislation; to establish the paramount and exclusive authority of God and of the revelation of his will over the conscience of man; and to define the proper boundaries of civil government, indicate a union of the secular and spiritual powers, and the necessity of the faithful servants of God again to define the limits of the State, and the rights of the Church. Although great progress has been made toward the full discovery of the entire spirituality of Messiah's kingdom, the intermixture of heavenly and earthly things still prevails, and its pernicious tendency is yet imperfectly estimated by many. The independence of the true Church of God of secular support and defense; its resources, both of propagation and maintenance; its uncongeniality with the principles, spirit and practice of earth-born men, are now much more generally admitted than they once were. One of the grandest results of the events of the past is, that the will of God is the only rule immediately binding the conscience. No one has authority over the conscience but God!

And he has not invested in men authority to legislate for and constrain the soul. In the darkest regions of earth, and among the rudest tribes of men, a distinction has ever been made between just and unjust, a duty and a crime. This is by natural conscience that common principle which instructs men of all countries and religions in the duties to which they were all alike bound. All penal laws, therefore, in matters of mere conscience, or things that do not evidently affect the civil state are certainly unlawful. These principles we say are very generally admitted by the world; where very little desire is manifested by the secular power for an alliance between the Altar and the Throne. After many and sore conflicts on this subject, the understanding seems to be that neither should meddle with the prerogatives of the other.

And in this wise conclusion the State seems more fully to concur than the Church. The fear of an alliance is not from the State, but from the Church. Now, as in all time past, all injury to the Church from this source arises not from without but from within. The fear generally felt everywhere is, lest the State should meddle with the prerogatives of the Church; while the historical fact is that the Church has ever meddled with the prerogatives of the State. The popular fear is that the State may obtain too great power

over the Church, and thereby be able to graft its own secularity, or its own spirit of worldliness, on the true spirit of the Gospel; whereas, the fact shows the mischief has been in the Church having obtained too great power over the State, and in the false doctrines which are devised, to strengthen and perpetuate a temporal dominion which should never be permitted. In the instances of the unholy alliances of the Altar and the Throne, so far from the State having too much power, so that it could make unlawful invasion on the Church, it had too little power, so that it could not resist the unlawful invasion made by the Church upon itself.

Corruption laid not its festering finger upon the Church in the days of its suffering; but apostasy came in the period of its security and triumph. Gaining an ascendancy over the consciences of men, it most unworthily prostituted it to the usurpation of power in things temporal. And now is Church history repeating itself in our day. The most popular religion is a sectional religion—the gospel of peace, a gospel of hate, the beauty of holiness a malignant piety; and a desperate raid upon the State for the enactment of qualifying ordinances and Test Oaths. May the blessing of the Good One protect the State from such a demoralizing raid.

The true and faithful in the Church, those who

have not bowed the knee to the political Baal, acknowledge the supremacy of the State in all things pertaining to the civil government; and seek to render to the State that most precious of all services, the rearing of virtuous, orderly and loyal population.

In this there is no compromise of sound principle on their part, for this is not in drivelling submission to the authority of man, but in devout submission to the high authority of Heaven, who, when teaching us to obey God rather than man, taught us also "to obey magistrates." But no test oaths, blocking up our approaches to the door of every family; no conventional enactments by the sling of intolerance, thrown athwart our pathway "to every creature," shall induce us to compromise with the lust of power, or forsake the souls for whom Christ died. Though the fires of martyrdom blaze around the Church, we will be still true to the rights of the civil authorities, maintaining the same lofty independence in all our pulpits. If others will tarry in Jericho until they are endued with power to preach the Gospel from a State Convention, let them tarry! This is following the Saviour through good report to the dark border of the "wilderness," and leaving him there. This is not "overcoming the world," but refusing the combat; not fighting, but fleeing: not stemming the current, but seeking to ascer-

tain its flow in order to drift on its bosom! It is the duty of the preacher of the Gospel to form, and not to follow, public sentiment. But so many have become its slaves instead of its masters, that moral cowardice has been declared the vice of modern times.

No one can look upon the religious condition of our country and not see that the spirit of anti-Christ is abroad.

And it is the desolating influence of this spirit that calls so loudly now for the "whole counsel of God"—the whole truth as it is in Jesus—"the word of God and the testimony" which you hold; but in the spirit of meekness, gentleness, humility and love, for these alone unbosom the mind which was also in Christ Jesus, and render the Gospel the power of God unto the salvation of the soul. And this must be done now in the spirit of self-sacrifice manifested in the privation and suffering heroically endured by the martyrs of past ages. Now we must experience, with those who suffered for him, the heavenly science of gaining by losses and rising by depressions. We must show to the world that if any difference, we are a purer Church in our days of suffering than in our days of outward security and triumph. We must prove to the world now that we can live in earth's cares, and yet live above them; that we may move among them, and yet not be of them; that we

possess an inner life, which, if it may not destroy the outer life, may triumph over it. The majesty of our religion must assert itself, and declare its supremacy over the body and all things material. This is the state of which St. Paul speaks—as dying, yet living; as chastened, not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things.

Conscious of a power within by which we may enjoy a high and serene condition, neither raptured nor alarmed by aught this world can threaten or indulge, we must feel that it is dishonorable to bow and sink in despondency before the opposition of the world. We must feel that our spirit is not a mere motive-power to flesh and blood and bones; but a reflection of the Almighty, a divine element within us, not to be crushed and degraded by penal enactments, but sent forth on a mission of God, counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.

Of our beloved Headlee your Committee on Memoirs say: “The spirit and conduct of our beloved brother in his last hours were such as become the Christian. He retained his right mind till the last, and employed his heart and intellect in religious service till his spirit fled to the presence of his God. Like his Saviour in the last

hour he prayed for his murderers. Their malignity and cruel wrong did not put out the flame of love that God had kindled in his heart. And while we grieve to record his untimely death, we rejoice to have it to say that he imitated his Lord and died praying, "Father, forgive them!" This impulse of his warm heart was the regular pulse of his religion! His dying prayer was the involuntary emotion of his faith! "An hour before he died," says the committee, he quoted the words, "and God said let there be light and there was light." And when the pure, soft light that flows from where the flash of sun and star grows dim in uncreated light came quietly falling around his dying pillow, he exclaimed,

"O, sing to me of heaven,

When I am called to die,"

and as these words died on his lips, his spirit "crossed the flood."

When the startling intelligence of the murder of Samuel S. Headlee reached me, with you, with the community, I was shocked at the atrocity of the deed. We were none of us prepared to believe that such malignant and demoniacal conceptions of Satan could find instruments in our land for their execution. But we were compelled to acknowledge this truth in sorrow, and weep for the darkness and wickedness of our "civilization and enlightened land." Outside of

the skirts of such a civilization, who would not seek justice and peace in the light of heathen darkness?

We leave this murder to the invincible law of time and events. As days pass on, the shock of such deeds pass off; their stunning blindness clears away, and men recover from the dizziness of the blow, and the true nature of the deed is seen. Then will this act stand up in its naked deformity before the world. Then will it be realized and felt by all, as it is now felt by those in whose hearts he still lives. And then will it give a distinguished name to his murderers from which neither time nor death can relieve them.

Sad and mournful as would have been the task, I would have deemed myself happy, if Headlee must thus die, to have sat by his side and heard from his dying lips his farewell song,

“O sing to me of heaven.”

Had I been there I would have whispered in his ear Jeremiah's funeral song, “Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widow trust in me.”

But what could I have said to the living? What can we say now to her

———“Whose spirit is broken,
Whose sighs are heard, but woes unspoken;
Who pines in the vigils of midnight alone,
O'er hopes that have faded, and joys that have
gone;

On whose brow, tho' the semblance of quiet be
there,

'Tis the sadness of grief—'tis the calm of despair."

We can not say, do not weep, for when Mary's brother died Jesus wept. Nature must suffer for its losses. Sorrow we must have; not alone, because "God knew what human hearts would prove, how slow to learn the dictates of his love"—but because we are social, sympathetic beings, and can not be indifferent to heart losses or the sufferings of others.

"O, 'tis hard to lay in the grave

A countenance so benign!—a form that walked

But yesterday so nobly on the earth."

The aching heart, the grief-telling sigh, and the tear weeping its way to the coffin of buried hopes, all tell us how hard it is to lay our loved ones in the earth. But since the world began it has been the fate of the loved and the lovely, the brave and the beautiful, to go down to the grave, there to await the unfolding of the palace gate. But we sorrow not like those who have no hope. We weep not like Solon, prince of heathen philosophers, who wept the death of an only son. "Why do you weep," said his friend, "since weeping will avail you nothing!" "Ah," said he, "it is for this cause I weep!" With all his philosophy he could see no promise in the grave—no morning to its long night—no sunrise amid its

darkness. His tears were the tears of despair. The strong cord which bound sire to son had broken, and all the hopes of the father were crushed. But for these things he did not weep; he wept because no ray of hope came to illumine the future. Well might he weep. But how different the prospect before Sister Headlee and her fatherless children. They are greeted with a voice from the tomb, "all that are in the graves shall hear my voice and come forth."

Amid the darkness of the the tomb, the sadness of bereavement, and the desolation of the once happy home, there is a background of rejoicing and an inward sense of spiritual comfort; a firm trust that what is seen, is visible, is not all of us; that there is a power within which raises us above depressions. And we would say, to her, "it is only your husband's mortal part that now rests in silence; his spirit is with God in his temple above, and his voice now joining the hallelujah of angels. He is one of the redeemed, who sing the "new song" around the throne of the Most High. Boundless perfection constitutes his felicity, unceasing praises dwell upon his lips, his holiness is forever perfected, and his affections are made to flow in ever-during channels toward the source of infinite perfection. The light of heaven encircles him, and its splendors delight his soul. His vision is unclouded, and

penetrates into the deep things of God. We see him now among the glorious throng bending in holy adoration of the majesty of heaven, and then looking for "the arrival of his fellow servants who are yet to be slain." Perhaps he hovers now around your dwelling; perhaps he will stand at heaven's portals and be the first to usher you into the presence-chamber of the King. O, then, shed not unavailing tears; repine not at the short, the momentary separation. Say to Him above, 'Thy will be done!' He alone can subdue nature from her grief and sorrow."

To your prayers and care, my brethren, we commend the family of our deceased brother. As you loved him who is gone, you will love his who remain. And when you visit his grave, and in his family mingle your tears with theirs, and with them kneel in prayer, ask the pitying Father to take the fatherhood of the orphan children, and by his grace bring them to a wise and virtuous maturity; an honor to their parents, a blessing to society, and fit instruments in his hand to wield the destiny of the Church. And pray that the destiny of the widow may ever fall in the Savior's sight! Then, entering into the spirit of our murdered brother, ask for mercy on those who knew no mercy.

How true is it that "no man dieth to himself." Not only is the death of our brother deeply felt

as a loss to our Conference, but the desolated sanctuaries of his district, where multitudes listened to his words of counsel, are now bowed in mourning and heaviness, for their days of worship are widowed Sabbaths.

But how shall we improve this deep affliction for the glory of God, for our own spiritual good, and for the advancement of the cause of Christ. From his life we hear this voice, "As I follow Christ, follow me;" and from his death we hear the cry, "If I fall, avenge me." Avenge me by the profoundest humility, meekness, gentleness, patience, forbearance and love; and let these Godlike qualities unbosom in your souls and unwing in your spirits the loftiest, grandest, sublimest sentiment ever spoken on earth, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

A few words now on the lesson of his life and death. There is a profound lesson in both. His life, worthy of our imitation; his death, like the wilderness pillar, what is glory to Israel is darkness to Egypt; and both illustrative of moral principles, potent as any that affect the Church.

"That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, I say unto you love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." Here is a mandate issued from our God, an all-important

religious principle, which will prove if there be in our Christian character singleness of aim, singleness of desire, and an unbroken determination on our part, implicitly to follow wherever the word of God shall lead the way. Now, it is between a faithful observance of this precept and an effort to modify it, on the impulse of an alarmed selfishness, or some presumptuous speculation about some easier way, that the fires of martyrdom have been kindled. If we be not resolved to forsake all, and surrender all at the requirements of our Master, we will shrink from duty in the hour of trial or take up with a spurious and a compromised Christianity. Perhaps the most difficult exactions in the precepts above are, "love your enemies;" "when smitten on one cheek turn the other also." The barrier to obedience here is the fearful suspicion that if I resent not the blow, I shall throw myself open to every degradation of insult and violence; and if I love my enemies, I shall invite their hostility. Grievous as this would be, it must be confessed it would be light affliction, which is but for a moment, and is as nothing to the exceeding and eternal weight of glory. But is it true that degradation will ensue to any Christian from his passive submission of a blow, submitted to under the force of a religious principle, and borne with meekness of temper and an elevated sense of duty as the will of God! Let

the humble and devoted follower of our Saviour receive the blow with all the meekness of the Christian temper, and all the lofty determination of martyrdom for the truth; let the eye with which he meets the eye of malice beam with love and melt with tenderness; let the spirit with which he meets the rage of violence be that which is also in Christ Jesus. Where will we find one man in ten thousand who, under such impressive circumstances as these, will be monster enough to repeat the blow? Sure I am that the history of this century shows but this one single instance where the persons could be found who could thus brutally wanton it over the meek, unresisting attitude of the man of God who stood before them. And this attitude is far from being the craven submission of the coward. On the contrary, it has ever been the characteristic and the ornament of the most heroic souls on earth. And some of these bright examples have been the century lights of the world; and these examples show us that it is perfectly consistent with self-respect, and a prompt assertion of individual rights.

No, it is not weakness; it is evidence of strength. It is the forbearance of conscious power, the humility of greatness; for "better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." It is the fruit of the profoundest power, the loftiest and richest development of our nature. Cer-

tainly that is not a strong nature which is borne down from without, and which can not command its own passion and resist from within. It is easier to be angry than to withhold our temper. Surely it requires more might for endurance than for action—for forgiveness than revenge—to bare the cheek for the blow than to strike. The world is too apt to honor as the strongest elements those which flourish in the lower spheres of our humanity; bloody courage, daring violence and stringent retaliation, qualities which we share with the brute and which predominate in the character of the barbarian.

The might which “overcomes the world” is the product of a strict discipline; of an inspiration which flows through the highest inlets of our being. The truest power is spiritual. It rises superior to all physical force, and subdues by patience, love and faith. It is brave enough to pardon an offense, and strong enough to render good for evil. Thus, our best examples of strength and greatness are found, not in malice clothed in flesh and blood, but in the martyr, meek and calm under persecution’s blows. And thus our brother closed his life of usefulness; manifesting in its end the strength that had gone out through all his ministrations. Ever jealous for the honor of his Divine Master, he was too strong to fall by legislative blows, and was fol-

lowed to his grave by the profoundest admiration.

Yes, what was light and glory to Israel was darkness to Egypt. Time will yet set all things even. As ages roll on, the mere splendor of achievements fade; the tinsel of the conquerer drops off, and the grossness of his ambition, the blood-spots of violence and the canker of his selfishness appear.

And thus, by the leveling hand of time, mankind recognize their real benefactors, and the world's true heroes.

Then, indeed, the world's actual monarchs come up in the soiled garments of labor, with their hands on the implements of usefulness, and emblems of peace on earth and good will to men around them. They issue from the whitened harvest fields of toil, from the furnaces of affliction, and from the pressure of self-denial. They rise from the red dust of the block, leap from the martyr's fire, and go upward with their unyielded truth to shine as the stars forever. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, forever and ever."

The great principles illustrated in the life and death of our departed "fellow-servant" are darkness to the world, but light and glory to the Church.

We leave him now to the grave, for we know

that "We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." And then, with all the Redeemed, he shall be changed. And what a change! "Sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. A spiritual body! Who can imagine, who describe it? What anatomy can explain its mysteries—unfold its wonders, or tell its capabilities? What pencil can paint its beauties!

The very same body that was slain, and "sown in corruption," yet so changed—so spiritualized, so immortalized, as to rival in beauty the highest order of spirit; while it shall resemble in its fashion the glorious body of Christ himself. A spiritual body! So renegated, sanctified, etherialized, invested with the high and glorious attributes of spirit; yet retaining the form and pressure of matter, it shall rise with the soul in its lofty soarings, and accompany and aid it in its deep researches into the hidden and sublime mysteries of eternity!

And now, unto him who has loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen!



THE MIND THAT WAS IN CHRIST JESUS

FUNERAL OF

REV. JOHN THOMSON PEERY

This sermon was preached before the Southwest Missouri Conference in Clinton, Sept. 28, 1890.

Bro. Peery joined the Missouri Conference in 1858, and at the time of his death, which occurred, June 5, 1890, was the senior member of the Southwest Missouri Conference. He preached his semi-centennial sermon in Nevada, Oct. 1888, which was published.

When our conference met in Neosho, Oct. 1875, Bishop Keener did not reach the city in time for the opening of the conference. Bro. Prottsman, the secretary of the conference, called it to order and announced that the law required us to elect a president by ballot. The most of the ballots were cast for Peery and Prottsman, Peery receiving by a few votes, the larger number. Whereupon Prottsman announced: "The longest pole always knocks the persimmon," and President Peery took the chair.

Peery was six inches taller than Prottsman.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.
Philippians 2:5.

If we designed simply a funeral discourse on the death of our late brother and associate in the ministry of the gospel of Christ Jesus—Rev. John T. Peery—We should invite your attention to some one or more of the many passages of Scripture in the writings of St. Paul on the doctrine of the Resurrection.

Of all the themes of thought of this great thinker—themes in few and fiery words so set together as to suggest thought for minds and ages on in the future, even to the end of time, none are so massive as his plain words on this great doctrine, in the 15th chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians. If ever the hand of God was laid with emphasis upon the pulse and pen of inspiration it was here.

St. Paul graced this doctrine by sacrificing his powerful imagination, and gave the world the naked truth.

It has been truly said of Saint Paul that he leaves it to others to beat out his massive thoughts into all the expansion of which they are capable. Here is a mine of thought which has been beaten out into an expansion which has girdled the

world—An anvil which has broken thousands of infidel hammers!—Funeral sermons are for the living and the dead. The man dies; but his character lives; and the sermon is sacred to memory.

To live in the recollection and hearts of those we leave behind us, is not to die at all. To this class the funeral discourse is designed as a means of grace.

Great caution should always be observed on such occasions, not to mislead the mind in regard to the great end of the christian religion, which is the development of the man—the formation of character—the great object of all human effort.

A religion that does not accord with this truth, must be out of tune. Character is the expression of the soul. Reputation is what our neighbors express of us. Character is what God knows of us. At the judgment bar there will be but two things, and they must be in complete accord—law and character. God makes the law—man makes the character.

The delineations in funeral sermons of the peace, joy, and hope that crown the death bed of the Christian induce the belief that the Christian religion is designed only for dying.

So far as christianity is a statement of religious principles, it is a system of life made holy, and not of death made easy.

It is the distinctive glory of the great principles of christianity, that they teach us how to live;—and their wisdom is manifested in the fact that if we live right, we shall die right.

Life exhibits but little more than a funeral procession, where friend follows friend to the grave—weeping today, we expect to be wept for tomorrow.

We are not yet in the land of the living; but we are dwelling in the land of the dying, pilgrims and sojourners here, as all our fathers were—daily hastening by hearse and bier to the tomb—thence onward and upward to the judgment bar of God.

In that wonderful chapter in the Corinthian Epistles of “the great reasoner who was not to be reasoned against,” the words which unlock the mystery of the silence of our Brother at roll call today, are these:—Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

Every view that is taken of humanity in the Word of God, presents man in a dual state—a legal and moral—a physical and spiritual life.

True to this characteristic, death by sin involved both a spiritual and a physical death. And on this great sepulcher, Christ distinctly announced two resurrections: "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

Of the resurrection of the body he says, "the hour is coming;" but of the spiritual life he says "the hour now is." Jesus Christ was the son of man as well as the Son of God. He became one flesh with humanity, that we might become one spirit with him.

Here is a two-fold bond between Christ and the world. This bond of flesh and blood allies Him to all mankind; and by virtue of it, all, saint and sinner, shall be raised from the dead.

The spiritual bond weds the believer to Him—and the saved shall be raised by the extension of His life into theirs. To the wicked, Christ says, "I am the resurrection;" to the believer, I am the resurrection and the life;" he dwelleth in Me and I in him," Hence the Apostle exclaims, "Christ is our life!" "We are risen with Christ!" "We are partakers of the divine nature."

The christian should never forget that if he be in Christ, he came out of the sepulcher with Him;

and should leave the world buried there!" Henceforth his mind should be that which was also in Christ Jesus. Anything short of this is bought by the treacherous barter of the blood of Christ.

The injunction of our text, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus," brings us to a brief notice of the Life, Vocation and Character of Rev. John Thompson Peery, who was born in Tazwell County, Va., Feb. 18, 1817, and died in his 73rd year.

He preceded me in this world just one day. And as his junior by one day, we walked and loved and labored together forty years.

Short and simple are the annals of the poor. Shorter and simpler are the annals of the worldly life of the faithful Methodist traveling preacher. And but few can wrap the drapery of their dying couch about them, without wishing they were shorter and simpler still. And those who have been lured by the lust of the world from the foot-print path of the Saviour, often sigh for the fabled shock of time lost which struck back the hours of the past; and only hear in the murmur of the distant mill the solemn proverb, "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

The annals of the life of Brother Peery; are they not written in the Book of Chronicles of

spreading scriptural holiness over all these western lands?

When Methodism fails in its force in the great system of cause and effect, the influence of Peery in mending the world through these means, will cease; but not till then.

Chosen of God to the vocation of the gospel in his youth, he sought for his armor the mind which was in Christ Jesus. A dizzy height this. An eminence where angels, and any other creature not a "partaker of the divine nature," might fear to stand—the place of all most difficult to stand fore-square to all the winds that blow; but from which, of all human heights, the most unspeakably dangerous to fall!

To show you how Bro. Peery felt the force of the great commission laid upon him, we give you his earnest words spoken upon this Conference floor twenty years ago. "Who shall estimate the value of one immortal spirit, endowed as it is with vast capacities of thought and feeling! Who can tell the worth of that instrumentality which instills into the soul Thoughts that wake to perish never; and which it starts on its heavenward journey."

How blest is he, who by prayer, example, teaching or by all these combined, gives to some thoughtless child, or wayward youth, a religious bent or bias. "He that hath soothed a widow's

woe, or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know there's something here of heaven."

But how much more of heaven is there in the thought of souls saved from death through grace divine, and prepared for citizenship in the New Jerusalem."

This sentiment is the keynote to the color of his mind; for mind has color, and like the insect, takes the hue of the leaf it feeds on. And as is its food, so is its soil, products and atmosphere. The hue and spirit of the mind of the Master was humility. And no man sought more meekly to imbibe this pure spirit of the Saviour than Brother Peery.

When we reflect that it is the man which impresses more than the sentiment; and the preacher which smites to the quick more than the sermon; and that sermons are the most meaningless of things when there is not a man behind them, we do not wonder at the emphasis the Apostle gives to the humility of Christ. "He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and being in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself."

The true glory of the Redeemer being in His humiliation, it follows that the true spirit of the christian is in his humility. His mysterious incarnation was but one step in the humiliation of the Redeemer.

It was the commencement of a series of humiliations which thickened and darkened around his path until he reached the utmost limits of human woe. The very depth of humility in the incarnation consists in the lowering down of the infinite to the finite. Had our Saviour descended from the highest order of angelic beings, He would but have exchanged one form of created existence for another. Between two finite things there is always some relative proportion.

A grain of sand bears some relative proportion to the mountain. A drop of water some proportion to the ocean. But between the finite and the infinite, there can be no relation—no proportion.

In this mysterious incarnation the ocean shrinks down to a drop; the mountain to a grain of sand; the sun to a spark of fire, and eternity to a moment. Ah, infinitely more than all this, "God was manifest in the flesh." Oh, the radiance of the divine glory here! The humble alone unbosoms the lofty; and greatness is greatest when it stoops the lowest.

But let us not be lost in admiration, but listen to the words of the Master: "Learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart," and we shall realize the fact that He intended this great lesson of His life, not for our admiration, but for our imitation.

However valuable high intellectual attainments

have been found in the vindication of religious truth; however brilliant talents and learning have been exerted in presenting the evidences, and augmenting the illustrations of the doctrines of Christianity, still we hear above them all, the voice of the great Captain along the lines of battle, "To this man will I look, who is of an humble spirit, and trembleth at my word."

Every virtue and every grace of Christianity, to be genuine, must be cast in the mould of humility. Humility operates upon the human character like the sculptor on the marble. In chiseling out the statute the the sculptor does it, not by adding to it, but by paring off till every part of the surplus material is cleared away.

Christianity, though equally applicable to the loftiest and the lowest conditions of life, is not intended to make men great in the world; but lowly here for the lofty joys of an endless hereafter.

Though no enemy to the possession and cultivation of the highest mental powers, she rests not her truth upon their reasoning, nor depends for making her way to human hearts on their argumentative powers.

While talent is commended in the gospel for its use, it has not one word of favor from the Saviour except for its application.

There is no mention of the wisdom of this

world except for its condemnation; and not the least notice of rank or riches except to point out their danger. How well and faithfully our dear deceased brother walked along this dangerous road, keeping at one with the mind of Jesus, will be fully known when the secrets of this world shall be given in before more worlds than this. Ever seeking conformity to the model in the Master, he moved along on the low pathway of humility, with a silent force of character too modest for the vulture's eye—illustrating the observation of the wise man, "that it is not the greatest men in the church who require the most room!" He was a poor man, and felt not lonesome in his conference.

He served others; himself he did not serve. Time he could not spare to make money. This contagious malady of the church swept over him, but not through him. God never gives a preacher of the Gospel time for such a purpose. The book of Shylock is not in the sacred canon. Eyes which are called to look into the great economy of grace, and to seek and save the lost, must not have the death weight of the dollar on their lids! He was a child-man, plain, thoughtless of self, without folds, fastenings, locks or clasps.

Friend of truth—of soul sincere,
In duty faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title—and never lost a friend.

We ask no fraternal license, and abuse no sacred trust when we lift up his character, and say, the freshness and the stainlessness of childhood are still upon it. His motto was, "faithfulness fails not;" And if unappreciated, no man appreciated more than he the truth that there is no greater virtue than patient fidelity without appreciation.

Such a venerable head is laureled with God's benedictions!

In our text, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus," the apostle sets forth the essence of Christianity and pointed the path by which we may attain perfection in the divine life. This pointer was the guide of our deceased brother—a pointer which has saved the church she knows not what!

It adds an awful grandeur and solemnity to the great commission, when we reflect that the very character of the Deity is involved in the faithfulness of the ministry of the gospel. The best definition of moral courage is Martin Luther. St. Paul had the courage to say it was more brave to live than to die; but he shrunk with fear and trembling before the thought of ministerial duty—obligation—responsibility—and accountability.

The moral character of the Divine Government would be involved in the loss of an immortal soul, before the Universe but for the evidence of

the proclamation of the gospel. Hence we say the moral character of the Deity is involved in the commission and faithfulness of the ministry. Hence the solemn appeal of St. Paul to the Church at Ephesus to witness "that he was pure from the blood of all men," "for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." Authority implies accountability. This is the moral hinge in the science of government. Without it, authority is the despotism of death to all moral government. "Take thou authority to read the Holy Scriptures in the Church of God, and to preach the same," is a crown of sovereignty containing all the possibilities which heaven can bestow upon humanity. And correspondingly great is the responsibility.

It is a significant fact that ministers in the Sacred Scriptures are designated by the names of rulers, teachers, stewards, shepherds, servants, watchmen, laborers and soldiers. Observe—there is not one of them that is not expressive of great trust, toil, mental anxiety, and responsibility; and not one expressive of ease, idleness, or scarcely ordinary rest. Think of it; rulers, teachers, stewards, shepherds, servants, watchmen, laborers and soldiers, all condensed into one!

A ruler; look at his territory, his subjects, his hindrances to the administration of justice.

A teacher, look at the responsibilities that press upon him, the youthful minds looking to him for food—every mind a capacity for good or evil.

A shepherd; look at his flock; on every hand exposed to danger, and not a weapon of defense; the eye of the wolf on the fold, and all dependent on the shepherd's watchful care.

A soldier; look at the many interests dependent upon his faithfulness; think of the weary march; the post of danger; the hardship of the camp and drill, and the battlefield.

A watchman; on whose vigilance and fidelity lives, kingdoms, and empires depend; and at whose hands the blood of the slain is required. Is it not stranger than the wildest fancy of fiction that men will make merchandise of this sacred calling? Secularize it down to the professions of human life for daily bread?

How dreadful the prophecy of "the man of God" as he stood before the apostate Eli and pronounced the withering curse upon such desecration: "It shall come to pass that every one that is left in thine house shall come and crouch down for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread, and shall say, "put me I pray thee, into one of the priest's offices, that I may eat a piece of bread."

When ministerial avarice and ambition carve

their name and fame upon the rugged front of the Cross of Christ, we may look for the curse of the prophet upon such desecration, as follows: "The sword shall be upon his arm, and upon his right eye. His arm shall be clean dried up; and his right eye shall be utterly darkened."

Self-reliance on the mind which was in Christ Jesus is the true heroism of the preacher of his gospel. But there is only one shade of color between this grace and its counterfeit, Self seeking.

Of this popular class of preachers, the old prophet says, "I have not sent them, and yet they run." And he might have added, they run well; for the Saviour says "the world will love its own."

Satan lets all alone who let him alone; and christianity would never have an enemy if it were not the enemy of all unrighteousness.

The popularity which true usefulness gives, is every preacher's right—immortal as his crown of righteousness—but should never be his motive. In the eye of the world, well-rounded-up men are in great demand, and the laws of trade regulate the supply.

When the Committee on style, from Styletown Station reached the good Bishop's room; and when they thought he and his dozing cabinet felt easy and sure of their personal identity in their august presence, the Chairman said, "Bishop,

our credentials are from Styletown; we want a well-rounded man; one who is friendly with everybody and everything; of whom all men speak well; and who is, vice versa, a good man with no angles."

"I see, I see," said the Bishop, "what kind of a man you want. You want a cipher, the only figure in the world without an angle, point, or joint. You can get all you want of this sort without coming to me."

The deep impress of the life of our deceased brother upon us to-day, as we bid him farewell, is the immortal thought of the great apostle—"Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; and whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away;" but faith, hope, charity these endure; and character is the man forever and ever!

The workers die, but the work goes on. We take up his trowel, and theme, and song, at his grave in the valley of humility where he laid them down; and pursuing the humble path of the footprints of the Redeemer, we grope our way into the alleys and courts of the city, and up the broken staircases, and into the bare rooms, beside the hearthstone sufferers; bearing there the mind which was also in Christ Jesus.

We go down into the pit with the miner; into the fore-castle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into

the factory with the workmen, into the field with the farmer, and into the counting room with the merchant, bearing to all and impressing upon all, "the mind which was also in Christ Jesus.

Clothed with this all-prevailing and all-pervading force the mind which was also in Christ Jesus, the Church, like the air, will press equally upon all surfaces of society. Like the sea, she will flow into every nook and corner of the shoreline of humanity; and like the sun—great emblem of the mind which was in Christ Jesus—She will shine on all things, fair and foul, high and low, till the dwellers in the vale proclaim to those on the mountain top

"There is a voice which sorrow hears—
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain
'Tis heaven that whispers, dry thy tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again."

THE VILLAGE ON THE HILL

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still,
All around it the forest trees,
Shiver and whisper in the breeze.

Over it sailing shadows go,
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill,
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours.

The marble doors are always shut,
You may not enter at hall or hut,
All the villagers lie asleep,
Never again to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to mourn or sigh,
Silent—and idle—and low they lie.

In that village under the hill
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer,
Looks to the other village there,
Weeping and sighing longs to go,
Up to that home from this below.
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth praying, the answer fall,
“Patience! That village, shall hold you all!”

THE CROSS

This was evidently a favorite sermon with the author. It was preached at the places and on the dates herein given:

1874—Glasgow, Apr. 26; Boonville, Dec. 13.
1875—Cedar City, June 28; Springfield, July 28; Miami, Aug. 18; Hannibal, 22. 1876—Paris, Apr. 7; Fayette, Oct. 1; St. Joseph, 8; St. Joseph, 30. 1877—Jefferson City, Jan. 14; Maryville, May 30; Atchison, Kas. Aug. 9; DeWitt, Nov. 4. 1878—Savannah, Jan. 6; Fulton, 23; Chillicothe, March 7; Cameron, 10; Edina, 24; Canton, 31; Memphis, April 7; Linneus, May 5; Saline City, 12; Lebanon, 29; Neosho, June 2; Versailles. 16; Nevada, July 28; Elmwood, Aug. 18; California, Sept. 21; Clinton, 22; Windsor, Oct. 6; Craig, 27; San Francisco, Nov. 10. 1879—Oakland, March 23; Hollister, April 18; Petaluma, Dec. 7. 1880—Elmira, Apr. 25; Davisville, May 23; Knight's Landing, June 13; Willows, July 11; Los Angeles, Aug. 15; Warrensburg, Oct. 24. 1881—Columbus, Sept. 1; Lexington, Nov. 13. And thirty-five other times.

The preaching of the Cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us who are saved, it is the power of God. I Cor. 1-18.

The preaching of the cross, and the gospel of our salvation is the subject of the communication of the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians. In preaching the gospel there are always two objects had in view—first, the salvation of the soul, and second, the final vindication of the moral government of God, in the damnation of the soul.

First—In order to the salvation of the soul, that our minds may be enlightened, that we may see ourselves sinners, humble ourselves before God, confess our sins, seek and find pardon through the Lord Jesus Christ, and consecrate ourselves to God for time and eternity. And thus through the gospel, as the power of God unto salvation, have our hearts purified by faith and the great commission of St. Paul fulfilled and honored—“I send thee to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light; and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.”

Second—And that the moral government of God may be fully and finally vindicated before an intelligent universe in the damnation of the soul.

Whilst it is true that the ways and works of God are far above and beyond our comprehension, He has brought us into a very intelligent nearness to Him by revelation.

While clouds and darkness may intervene, we know that righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne; and that perfect rectitude will characterize the final judgment.

It is reasonable for us to believe what by our senses we perceive; and it is equally reasonable for us to believe what God declares to be true. In short, no truth can be a proper object of our faith which is not more reasonable to receive than to reject.

Reason, equity and every faculty of our conscious nature declare that no soul can be lost unless it might and ought to have been saved.

The equity of the divine government establishes the fact that no one shall be lost except for refusing to be saved. Not for sin's sake but as it is written—"ye would not come unto me that ye might have life."

Not for sin's sake, but for sake of unbelief. The equity of eternal death could not be vindicated upon any less a sin than unbelief—the rejection of Jesus Christ. "He that believeth not is condemned already"—for his many sins or the enormity of them? No, but because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Then being lost can only occur on the privilege of being saved. And there can be no loss—damnation—without a consciousness of the time when, and where, and how the soul might and should have been saved.

The preaching of the gospel—the presentation of the cross—supplies the truth that in that final home will fully vindicate the moral government of God, and force the confession “that Jesus is Lord to the glory of God the Father.”

It has been beautifully said that Christ brought the cross with him—that he carried it in his heart long before he carried it on his shoulder. Even from the formation of the world he was as familiar with the cross as you have been with the rising sun.

In the very face of the cross he said: “No man taketh my life from me, but I lay it down myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.”

He was no weakened Sampson who had lost the secret of his power. Yet he is “brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.” The lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

The only proper approach to the cross is by the word of God and faith. The approach under the light of natural reason alone results in the foolishness of skepticism. Whilst it is true that without

reason we can form no just conception of a truth, we must not forget that there is a point where reason grows weary and faint of using and gives out; and that the immensity and eternity of the Godhead constitute the occasion of faith.

Every attempt to reduce the immensity and eternity of the Godhead to the compass of human reason must result in infidelity. Salvation is by faith in God and by faith alone can we fully understand and properly appreciate the means and instrumentalities of salvation.

It needs but a moment's reflection to convince us that were the poles of our earth shifted but a few degrees, the ocean would rush toward the new equator, the solid parts of the earth give way and wreck and ruin be the result. Under such a catastrophe as this the question would naturally arise, "How shall we restore it to its orbit?" In the light of natural reason, wisdom would suggest means just adequate to the end. And that would fall very far short of wisdom that failed to realize the situation and provide instrumentalities proportioned to the end.

And so of a moral world—a world that has lost its moral standing—the great question is to know how God would recover it.

In the counsels of angels or men, whatever else might be proposed, we venture to say the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ would never sug-

gest itself to the human understanding. Nay more; under every law of measure and might and proportion, cause and effect, both moral and physical, the plan of human redemption would seem the height of foolishness, as the text says.

The whole force of human reason is against it, and the wisdom of the world would as soon apply the cross to turn heaven into hell as to save a fallen world.

In a counsel of the profoundest wisdom of the world, whilst a thousand plans would be suggested, among them all the gospel plan; the foolishness of preaching; the cross, would never come up. Pain, suffering, sorrow, the agony of the garden, humiliation, death and the resurrection, would stand off pale, palsied, powerless and beneath the notice of the human understanding.

The cross would lean against the broken world the height of foolishness and a stumbling block to the worldly wise.

And now we submit a logical conclusion: By so much as the gospel method of salvation is contrary to the probabilities of natural reason, by just so much is it unlikely that the human understanding conceived it; and by just so much as you cannot trace it to natural reason, you must find it in the wisdom of God. But what though darkness gathers around the cross, must we therefore foreclose all inquiry and sit down in that darkness?

Be the cross miracle or mystery, it is heavenly in its origin, divine in its wisdom and worthy of our profoundest consideration in its end.

Allow us now to present a fancied scene for comparison:

Let us suppose that all the armies which Milton saw when in his deathless poem he says:

“The universal host upsent a shout,
That tore hell’s concave and beyond
Frightened the reign of Chaos, and old night.”

Let us suppose that the armies of these fallen forces and furies are set in battle array against an army of all of human kind; and heaven—our heaven—with its bonus of bliss, or hell, with its midnight of woes, is the issue.

And now let us suppose that God has given all power in heaven and earth to one being, and on that one all our hopes hang. We see the battle field, the mustering of the fallen furies, we hear the heavy tread of column after column as they are massed in solid wall and sullen wrath, each cemented to the other by the strong bond of mutual hatred to all of heaven’s kind.

The issue is joined, and He who has all power in heaven and earth yields, bows his head, gives up the ghost and goes down to the dust.

We challenge human wisdom to find one ray of hope from such a case as this. We challenge human reason to find aught but despair from such

defeat. And yet the spiritual philosophy, which brings light from darkness, and evolves life from death, sees the divinest wisdom and the power of God unto salvation in just such a death as this.

Great is the mystery of Godliness; God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.”

Still higher! and we challenge the universe to equal the mystery—this world was made upon the credit of the cross of Christ.

We repeat, this world and man were made upon the credit of the incarnation and crucifixion of Jesus Christ, and but for this condition neither this world or man had ever been made!

But for the credit of the cross God had never framed or fashioned this earth! But for the credit of the cross the elements had never combined and from chaos formed this world home of ours. Earth and sky, land and sea, growing grass and blooming flower, springing corn and waving tree, flowing stream and dashing cascade, mountain, plain, field and prairie, all, all go back for creative cause to the cross. But for the cross the morning stars had never sung together o'er creation's birth, nor had the sons of God ever shouted the anthem of joy.

On the credit of the cross God let down his own image to earth, and breathed his own im-

mortal breath in the lungs of man. And on this line alone stretched out the long column of human mould from him who first saw to him who last shall see the sun. On this cause alone the history of patriarchs, prophets and kings, like lines of latitude, crosses the earth.

But for the cross the everlasting principles of human guidance had never fallen from the pen of Moses.

The songs that fill the world with melody had never quivered from the harps of Job, David, Isaiah, Milton, Shakespeare, and Byron; the wisdom that has filled the world with its ocean fulness had never flowed from the soul of Solomon; the grand thunder rolls of righteousness that peal from the Bible like the voice of judgment above a guilty world had never been heard; Every picture that genius has hung in the halls of fame; every page that pen and press have laid upon the shelves of earth; all that science, learning and skill have hanged upon the hills and cliffs of time; all that have sprung from the buds or fallen under the scythe of time, of every name and clime and kind, in earth, air or sea, were made on the credit of the incarnation and crucifixion of Jesus Christ or else they had never been made at all.

The world is moored to the cross because Christ was suspended there! "The Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world."

If it had not been for the underlying provision of mercy, which was given in Christ Jesus before the world began, Adam could not have lived one moment after his act of disobedience. Upon this provisional security man was created, and all in him, and on this provisional security he fell, and but for this provisional security his fall would have been his ruin.

God has foreknowledge, and foreknowing man's fall, would he have created him, knowing he could not live a moment after his fall?

Man was safely made because he was redeemed before he was made. He fell, but he fell upon the cross.

An event may be foreseen without being fore-ordained. God foresaw the fall but did not fore-ordain it: this would have necessitated it.

In creation alone God saw only ruin, in redemption he saw life, and on the credit of redemption alone the work of creation was done.

To make man or not was optional with God. As He did make him, we infer it was better than to leave his place in God's mighty empire an unhallowed void. And he made him in full view of all that has befallen him.

Would not non-creation have been a less evil than the damnation of one soul?

If it had necessarily cost the damnation of one soul to afford an opportunity to save all the rest, creation had never been.

Remember man was created on the credit and foundation of redemption, and damnation is only possible—not inevitable. Damnation is only the result of our own will.

Oh, who has not listened with melted heart to the last throb of divine pity when he hears its dissolving moan—"how shall I give thee up, O, Ephraim!"

Sinners can go to hell, but it is only possible, and on condition that they will not be saved. Hell is only a possibility. Non-creation would have cut off that possibility, but, and with it, the glorious visions of heaven, and the ever unfolding grandeurs of God himself, and now we submit.

Were it worthy of God to withhold the light of the flaming chandelier of heaven, and the brighter light of the loving eyes of myriads of angels, and the still brighter, lovelier light of his own countenance, from millions upon millions of the saved, because one loves darkness better than light?

They that are lost, drink in damnation with greediness, and go to hell, not only with a will, but over the persuasive pleadings of the Holy Spirit, through the life blood of Jesus Christ, against the omnipotent love of God.

You no doubt ask: "What purpose had God in the creation of man? What high resolve

moved him to sound the march of time? What voice from the great deeps of the ocean of eternity called man from the realms of silence! From what wellspring in the bosom of Deity sprung the thought of man?"

We grow dizzy here, and angels might blush to stand on cliffs so high as this, but to the question, "What purpose had God in the creation of man?" Let us here remark, from eternity there have existed in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Here culminate all mysteries, here emanate all science, wisdom, knowledge, philosophy, truth, power, nature, poetry, inspiration, genius, light, life, and love, and all that beautify and adorns this home of ours. And as the rays of the sun have beamed upon every part of the solar system for thousands of years, leaving not one ray the less, so, from all eternity has beamed the fullness of the Godhead throughout the universe. and yet the great fountain, the Universal All, is still the same inexhaustible, and inexhaustless Godhead!

Here centre all the laws that harness the rolling worlds to the will of God. Here end all wonder, all inquiry, all research into the awful and profound depths of Deity. And here all weight, and measure, and sounding lead, and surveying chain yield to proportions beyond immensity's reach.

And the intelligible revelation of the sublime mystery of the Godhead to men, and the enjoyment of his home of bliss and heaven of love was the eternal motive in the Godhead for the creation of this material empire, and man, its princely lord! Oh, how this magnifies the man! In the sight of God, his worth surpasses all human thought. His worth was so great, that God invested the capital of his Son's eternal merit in the purchase of his soul from the necessity of destruction.

Christ Jesus is now the end of the law for us, if we believe, but if not, then are we in the hands of the law as insolvent debtors. Faith in Christ as the end of the law for righteousness, is our constitutional title to the right of pardon.

And the preaching of the cross is foolishness to them that perish, but in truth it is the highest expression of God's love. Man may esteem it foolishness, reject it, despise it, but with God it is more fixed in purpose than the sun in the heavens.

It may not be the power of God unto your salvation, it may not make the conquest of your heart, yet it must forever stand the highest expression of sorrow, and the mightiest manifestation of love.

If not a man be moved by the cross it will not have failed, for it is the light in the window, inviting the wanderer home; heaven's open door,

though the wanderer may never enter. Heaven's standing invitation to mercy, pardon and bliss, and the full and final vindication of the moral government of God before the universe.



WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

Preached as follows:

1875—Hannibal, Dec. 5. 1876—St. Joseph, Francis Street, Oct. 29. 1898—San Francisco, Nov. 24. 1881—Warrensburg, May 22; Lexington, Nov. 27. 1883—Independence, Feb. 11. 1884—Carthage, June 1; Brownsville, Dec. 14. 1886—Brownsville, March 21; Slater, Oct. 31. 1888—Pierce City, Dec. 30.

Not by might, nor by power, but by Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.—Zech. 4-6.

Paul to the Romans: “The carnal mind is enmity against God.”

In all men in a state of nature there is an unreasonable condition of mind in reference to eternal things. This is marked by unconcern and neglect. The sinner has no sense of danger, though on its very brink; no abhorrence of sin, though leprous with it; no sense of bondage, though actually bound; no shame and humiliation before God for a life of sin. Now, what power can awaken this deep drugged slumber of forgetfulness, unconcern, carnal security and spiritual death?

The tolling of all the bells in all the steeples of earth would not even break its dream of that better day a coming, which, like the shadow in the morning sun, is always just ahead! A bon-fire built upon every mountain top to attract the eye, and all the artillery of earth thundering upon the ear, would be as powerless as the snowflake upon the sea.

The terrific grandeur of the agony of nature at the crucifixion, wrought no deep conviction of

truth in the crucifiers of Christ. Sin is the disease and derangement of the soul, and in consequence of which, the understanding fails to discharge its appointed function on the heart. The eye of a corpse, as long as its transparency remains unimpaired, will receive the picture of an object on the retina as well as if the organ were living; but there is no corresponding impression made on the brain.

Just so, religious truths may be easily imported into the understanding; and impressed upon the mind; but it has ceased to be a medium of conveyance to the heart. The communication between them is obstructed, and you often have the mortification of finding, that to obtain the assent of the one, (the mind) is no security for the concurrence of the other, (the heart.)

Isaiah says of the Jews: "This people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me."

On one occasion Christ quoted this passage: "Ye hypocrites, well did Isaiah prophesy of you saying, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and horroreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me." II Kings 17:33. "They feared the Lord and served their own gods."

To produce the natural and essential coinci-

dence between the understanding and the heart, is the province of the Holy Spirit alone. Nature can only be changed by the power which made nature. It is worthy of our profoundest consideration, that our Lord described the mission of the Holy Spirit as absolutely dependent on his return to heaven. "Nevertheless, I tell you the truth, it is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Spirit will not come unto you, but, if I depart, I will send Him unto you."

Why not come before He went away? The arrangement may have been founded on reasons of state, reasons which measure with the universe, as comprehensive as the divine government, and the issues of which are placed far in eternity.

In the great work of redemption the Almighty was evolving a plan of infinite magnitude, the unfolding of which had commenced at the fall, and now he had arrived at a vital part of it, a part on which he would have mankind in all ages to fix their gaze, and therefore he caused it to unfold and pass before their eyes in slow and stately procession.

The advent of the Spirit was an event quite as important in the economy of God for the salvation of the world, as the advent of Christ; for the connection of the work of Christ with the gift of the Spirit is the absolute connection of cause and effect.

Christ said that when He ascended to his Father he would give gifts unto men. But what gift could He bestow rich enough to grace his ascension to the mediatorial throne? Had He collected together all the treasures of earth, and multiplied them a thousand fold, and then poured them out at the feet of his people, the gift would have been utterly inadequate to the greatness of the occasion.

The fullness of his heart impelled him to give something; and the gift must be equal to the occasion, and honorable to the royalty of his grace. And if such must be the character of the gift, then the Holy Spirit, the enlightening, the regenerating, the saving Spirit, must be the donation! Because He would give all gifts in one, He gave the Holy Spirit.

Oh, the riches of the wisdom and goodness of Christ Jesus the Lord! He himself had satisfied every demand of the law, had met the utmost claims of justice, unwinged the fettered pinions of mercy, removed the penal barrier of condemnation, but who shall cleanse and purify our defiled hearts, our depraved natures? Had heaven's very threshold, with all the glories of its fullness of love, been brought down to the feet of man, and he invited to the repose of the bosom of bliss; the offering would have been a most solemn mockery; for with a heart defiled

by guilt, depraved by sin, polluted by wickedness, stained by crime, steeped in corruption, bound with the bonds of iniquity, and tempered with the gall of bitterness, heaven would be anything, but heaven? But, oh! if there be balm in Heaven for the wounds of sin, a Physician there who can cure the heart-ache, let Him be the gift. And unto this great end, the Holy Ghost was given in the full almightiness of divine power!

It is written, He ascended up on high, leading captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men,' Having reached his throne, the Spirit came down as He had promised, came, like a rushing, mighty wind, filling the whole house where the disciples were assembled, filling each heart, filling the whole church. "Suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind." Not a wind; no gale sweeping over the city struck upon the sides of the house, but "from heaven" directly downward fell "a sound," without shape, or step, or movement to account for it, a sound as if a mighty wind were rushing, not along the ground, but straight from on high, like showers in a dead calm. Yet no wind stirred, and as to motion, the air of the room was as still as death.

The great object of the advent of the Spirit is thus declared by Christ: "When He is come, He shall convince the world of sin." He had

himself made atonement for sin, but who shall give life and holiness to a world dead in sin? "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

In the discharge of his high and solemn functions the Spirit addresses himself to the hearts of men. His one great object now, is to convince the world of sin. Solemn and mysterious process! Christ himself would not open the eyes of the blind without the instrumentality of the clay. Yet, there was no power, virtue or merit in the clay. Nor is the wisdom which adapts means to ends overlooked in the operations of the Spirit. But how simple his instrumentalities! hearing the gospel, reading God's word, some incident, or recalling some truth to mind; but while the eye, or the ear, or the memory is thus engaged, and all within seems at rest, the Spirit is at work within, bringing the truth forward into the strong lights of distinct consciousness, rendering it powerful by inviting away the will, turning the truth into a living conviction, and incorporating it among the spiritual realities of the soul.

There are times when all sensation seems collected into a point, and we live only in the eye or the ear; and when the invisible Spirit is at work within, creating a new heart, the faculties and energies of our whole being seem collected

into a focal point, and the entire soul becomes conscious.

Having cast out Satan and sin, and seated himself in the heart, the whole depth of our being is drawn to Him, owning his power in the submission of love, and trembling at his presence. The Holy Spirit is there in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ—there as the living law come down in the court of conscience to right itself, and as it goes on convicting the sinner, piling condemnation upon condemnation; one power of the soul after another awakes, till the whole soul is one region of alarm, and, collecting all its energies into an outcry for mercy, exclaims, “What must I do to be saved?” then by faith he lays hold upon Jesus, by faith his soul is purified, the prediction of Jesus is fulfilled, “When He is come, He will convince the world of sin.”

Christ had a claim upon the human heart, the purchase of his own blood, the Divine Spirit, his advocate, has conducted the cause of his illustrious client to a triumphant issue; and the believer in Christ “is a new creature, old things are passed away, and all things are become new.”

In the creation, God said “let there be light;” so in the recreation he says, “let there be light.” “And a manifestation of the spirit is given to profit withal.”

Simple indeed are the means with which the

Holy Spirit works. Some word of truth, reading the bible, a sermon, often a simple word.

Dr. Blank was not religious, rather inclined to be skeptical, yet he attended preaching regularly. Aunt Lucy, a slave, was truly pious and often got happy and shouted at church. One day as she came down from the gallery shouting, just as the doctor was passing through the vestibule, she looked him in the face and said: "Doctor, do you love God, too?" He made no reply, but went home, where everything in his room repeated the inquiry, "doctor, do you love God, too?" He went into his office, where every bottle and box was inspired with a tongue and each voiced the question: "Doctor, do you love God, too?" He saddled his horse and rode into the country, where every tree and flower and brook and blade of grass were vocalized and all asked the question, "doctor, do you love God, too?"

He returned home, sent for the preacher and told him his trouble. "Ah," said the preacher, "I thought that sermon would bring you."

The doctor replied, "It was not your sermon, but Aunt Lucy's question—'doctor, do you love God, too?' "

It was the Holy Spirit, glowing from Aunt Lucy's face that leaped from her tears, and, through her simple question, went to his heart,

that revealed to the doubting doctor the sin of not loving God.

“Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.”



SOURCE OF SAVING POWER

I find but four dates where this sermon was preached.

1882—Independence, Nov. 22. 1883—Independence, Presbyterian church, Sept. 2; Carthage, Nov. 11. 1884—Sarcoxie, March 10.

Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son?—Matt. 13 54.

The abstract idea of power does not express the quality of power. There is the power of love and the power of hate. So we see every power has its quality. As God is infinite in all His attributes, He is infinite in power. And in nothing is He so immensely separated from man as in the display of this power. And in nothing can man be more interested than in the quality of the divine power as it regards the salvation of his soul. Power may be for good and for evil; for us and against us; wise and otherwise. And now we show the wisdom of the power in the plan of salvation.

“Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works?”

We are not surprised at the question, for great indeed is the mystery of godliness. And is there any point in the whole history of Christ's person and ministry at which we can say, “this is just as we thought it would be?”

Christ preceded the great commission of his apostles with this imprint: “All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.” Of the quality of this power let his actions speak: “They

brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers deceases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy, and He healed them.”

How gentle the power. It was like bringing ice into the presence of the summer sun, that it might be melted. And we will show you presently a power before which the hardest heart will melt. One of the most prominent features of the power of Christ is seen in his true human compassion. With Him a display of power was a display of love. Once indeed, He gave an intimation, incidentally, of what would happen if He were to let loose his power in all its terribleness—the damning word fell upon a fruitless fig tree, and to the very roots it withered away. It was well in Him to leave one memorial of mere power, that men might see how short the distance between life and death.

Does it not seem strange that sinners should blaspheme the name of one who carries such resources of power? The wisdom of the power in the plan of salvation is seen in the respect which God had in the fundamental conditions of manhood. Suppose a case: Your son has rebelled against you; he spreads the poison of rebellion among all the members of the family; you must banish him or lose your authority and see your

family go to ruin. He is banished—gone where misery rules the hour, and ruin wrecks upon ruin. To bring him back is the question. A giant of physical strength and brute power proposes to bring him back. How? By omnipotent power? See now, he brings him. Ah, but he is a corpse. Pale and cold and dead! And see where the bullet went through his heart. And the blood that was yours once, now stains that once beautiful, but now pale face. Dead! dead in his dishonor! Your heart is aching—waiting and aching for his return. Breaking and waiting for the love light in his eyes. He has come at last. The bloody arms of the giant of strength lays the frozen corpse in your lap. The love light of his eye has gone out, his warm heart is marble cold and the stains of dishonor on his name are deeper than the blood stains on his face. And is this the salvation you ask? Speak, father. Speak, mother. This salvation?

Let King David answer: “And the king said unto Cush, ‘is the young man, Absalom, safe?’ And Cush answered, ‘the enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.’ And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept, and as he wept, thus he said, ‘Oh, my son, Absalom! would to God I had died for thee; Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!’”

We repeat:—In working out the basis of man's salvation, Jesus Christ had respect to the great principles of his manhood; and saves him without a broken bone in his body, or a stain upon his honor. If the atonement made by Jesus Christ were to have saving effect, without an accepting act on the part of man—not only would violence be done to man's manhood, but the moral constitution of the Universe of God would be broken. On this principle, man would be saved apart from his own will—and thus his moral liberty would be destroyed, and his manhood crushed out. Salvation through Jesus Christ, depends as much upon the will of man, as upon the will of God. And so true is the great plan of salvation in its perfect adaptation to all the wants of man—and to all the laws of his moral constitution, that he may receive it, or reject it;—but accept it, or reject it, he must! On the cross he must hang his sins, or his Savior. He must "rail on Him," as did the thief who was crucified by his side, or cry with his penitent companion, "Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

The questions in the text, "whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works" are the inquiries of infidelity.

It is easier to ask than to answer questions. Any child may propound questions which all philosophy can not solve.

It is easier to put out a light than to create one, it is easier to break a vase than to mend it. It is easy to break a heart, but oh, how hard to piece or patch it whole again!

Infidelity puts out, christianity creates. Infidelity breaks, christianity mends! Has infidelity ever reasoned upon the great problem of creation, the wonderful mystery in the words, "Let us make man in our own image?"

The palace of the world was made, but there was no king to live in it. Leviathan ruled the deep, the eagle ruled the air, the lion ruled the field, but where was the scepter which should rule over all? A new type of being was now created. And heaven and earth were represented in his nature, his body from the earth beneath, and his soul from the heaven above, the one ever reminding him of his origin, and the other ever speaking to him of his destiny, himself the connecting link between animal creation and angelic intelligence.

Oh, what a strange commingling of the temporal and the eternal, of the finite and the infinite, dust and glory, earth his floor, heaven his roof, God his Father, and eternity his home. Animated by a spirit kindled at the altar of eternal fires, his feet confined to earth, his eye measures the whole circuit of heaven, and takes in thousands of worlds.

On the creation of this wonderful combination of matter, mind, body, spirit and soul, heart, feeling, thought and affection, there arose before the Godhead a more intricate, and a more awful problem than all the questions of state in the science of government, that ever came before kings, cabinets and councils, multiplied ten thousand times. It was not, how much of the image of God can man contain? This were indeed a question most profound, too deep for seraph's ken, too vast for angel's thought. But far away beyond this in the divine science of heavenly government lay the most profound of all questions, how much can man contain of God, without seeking to contain more?

Here lay the problem of life, here was science profound as the depths of deity. Here is where infidels and skeptics should begin their researches in order to establish their wonderful philosophy. Do they do it? Oh, it is so easy to deny, but so hard to affirm. When Jesus propounded these great questions to the Jews, "they took up stones to stone him." It is hard to answer with a reason, but who can not throw a stone? Oh, was it not a great risk to create an intelligent being who should come so close up to God's own essential nature?

In fashioning planets, quickening vegetation, making the beast of the field, the birds of the

air, and the fish of the sea, God was working far away from himself, far away from the awful circle which is divine. But when He set His hand to the creation of man, a being to bear His own image and likeness, He came within the very interior of that circle. And then arose the great question: How much can man contain of God without seeking to contain more?

There was no danger that the sun would ever seek to extend his empire, and dash away his floods of light among other solar systems. The stars would never mutiny against their king. There was no danger the planets would quit their orbits and avalanche along the plains of the universe, leaving their track spread with the wrecks of worlds. But this being we are about to make in our own image, will he ever rebel against his maker? Will he make confusion, wreck and ruin, amid the peaceful order of the universe?

Ah, when you rise from the material to the immaterial, from the cold, inanimate clay, to the mighty power of intellect, you begin to grapple with the hand of difficulties. And the higher the life, the greater the difficulty. You have less difficulty with dead wood than with live wood, less trouble with vegetable than with animal life, and far less concern with the heat than with your child. Your difficulty is at the top, not at the bottom of the ladder of gradation.

As with you, so with the Almighty; the difficulty was at the top, not at the bottom of creation. It was not the sun, not the heat, but the child that broke the boundary. Now, why is it that the planet is undeviating in its orbit? The stars, why do they so constantly keep their spheres? We answer: because they are harnessed in the unchanging traces of law. And why could not man have been thus bound by law, and thus constant? If he had no higher nature than the sun, the stars, or the gatepost, he might have been governed by the strong grip of the fetters of law, just as they are. But his nature was higher—higher than physical laws could reach.

In intelligence he was alone. And yet the ox surpassed him in strength—the antelope in speed—the hound in scent—the eagle in sight—the hare in hearing—the honey bee in delicacy of tongue; and the spider in fineness of touch—and the wild deer in swiftness of foot. Man's power is not in what he can lift, or how fast he can run, or how much he can pull. Harness and traces, collars and buckles, are not the clothes for him. To mark his measure you must sound the immortal mind. Before it the forests yield—the granite rocks rend—the mountains bend—and all the elements of earth conspire to do his will.

Oh, how little do we know of man—of his real being and worth. We know his clothes, his complexion, his property, his rank, his follies, and his outward life; but who knows his inward being? Who appreciates his proper humanity, or understands the vastness of his powers?

Obedience to God, in such a being as this, is a failure, unless it is the result of intelligent and enthusiastic love to God. Such a love, law never can inspire. It is a love which can only be born of a greater love. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us." Law cannot force the obedience of the heart. This is what St. Paul means by "the weakness of the law." "What the law could not do, in that it was weak, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh."

Again says the apostle: "If righteousness be by the law, then Christ died in vain." Law is weak in that it has no mastery over the heart. Law may compel—but you cannot coerce the heart. You may compel your citizens to close their stores and shops on the Sabbath day, but will they keep the Sabbath day holy? You may compel your child to do as you bid, but in his heart he may hate you. Herein lies the weakness of law. Hence it is that we say, that if the atonement made by Jesus Christ, were to have saving

effect, without an accepting act on the part of man, violence would be done to his moral constitution. And God would be no more glorified in the atonement, than in the roar of the Pacific Ocean. Eternal Wisdom declares that in the universe there can be but one God. All order—all harmony—all peace, throughout the universe, even heaven itself—depend on this. In all government, sovereignty must reside somewhere—and sovereignty must be a unit. A house divided against itself cannot stand. From the government of the universe, down through the solar systems, empires, nations and families; all peace, order and harmony depend upon the unit of sovereignty.

Now come back to the creation of man—God poured so much of Himself into him—breathed into him so much of life, that he sought for more; sought to become God. “For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods,” was the seductive language of Satan. A falsehood blacker than the hinges on which revolves the midnight of woe! A falsehood so foul in its sin, as to bring forth hell in its birth! Now there can not be two infinites—the finite must be limited at some point—beyond that point was trespass upon God; and the ambitious rivalry of his sovereignty. And here was the hell of death temporal, spiritual and eternal.

God could not vacate the Throne and leave the universe to be overrun by anarchy and rebellion. By His sovereign power, and the eternal laws of His own nature, He must maintain the order and integrity of the universe.

Man, the rebel—man the fallen, must be saved or damned. If saved, he must be brought back within the limits and condition of his original constitution. No bones in the framework of his manhood must be broken. No blood must be drained from the heart once warm in its affections for the great “Father of Spirits.” No frozen corpse must be pressed to his bosom!

Now, what will save? Can law save? Hear the words of God:—“By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight.”—They sound like the words of doom over the heads of a guilty world. Why cannot law save? Because law is compulsory; and a necessitated holiness is an absurdity. Light now breaks upon us from the Star of Bethlehem; and salvation appears at the Cross of Christ. Not an obedience to law—such as sun and stars give but the obedience of love—a love born of love divine and kindled at the cross of Christ. The cross means love. The agony of the Garden means love—the vinegar mingled with gall means love—the lacerating stripes of the scourge mean love—the crown of thorns means love—the whole his-

tory of Christ, as it weeps its way from the manger to the cross, means love! But oh! my God! what does love mean? We stand upon the threshold of the profound mystery of holiness now! No depth of science can tell the meaning of love as manifested in Christ. No philosophy can sound its depths. I asked the hills that look eternal in their mighty strength—I asked the ocean as he mirrored the Great Eternal, and sent up the mighty bass in the midnight anthem of nature—I asked the gray-haired sire of time, as his swift winged chariot flew up the avenue of years—and all were silent. I asked my soul—redeemed blood washed and saved—she answered “the Cross, the Cross alone can tell the meaning of love!”

“Oh love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?”

To the eye of the crucifying Jew, the cross was the instrument of torture, the weapon of murder. But to Him who hung and bled, and drained his very heart upon it; and by His power might have turned it into a throne, and from it waved the scepter of the world's dominion, it was the source of the only element of moral power that would draw the dying child back to the living father; the simple but powerful element of Love. The deepest die of the damning

poison of sin is seen in its most deadly hues at the cross. It thundered at Mt. Sinai; flashed its vivid lightning from the hill of the law; but as it extorted its pound of flesh in great tears of blood, a wail of agony went up from the Garden as thrilling as though the very heart of God was broken! Oh! here is the perfection of love, a love that has stood all day long with outstretched arms crying, "come unto me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved; come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." A love that had failed in life, determined to succeed in death! "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die, but God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Oh! here is the secret of the mystery of the incarnation of Jesus Christ. The law was too weak for the moral government of man. Or man was too high in the scale of intellectual being to be nailed fast by laws, or hinged like swinging gates. When Jesus Christ said, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death," he showed forth more of saving power than ten thousand laws shod with the burning flames of hell. God's hatred of sin and love of man is more clearly seen in his tears than in his frowns.

In the fact that Christ suffered more for sin than any sinner ever suffered on account of his

sins, we find the most powerful element of salvation. Thus the sins of the whole world were laid on Him. Every sinner by his own sinfulness, lessens his own capacity to suffer; while virtue is shocked by every sin through all her sensibilities. And the higher the virtue, the more refined the sensibility; the greater the shock. And thus it is that the parent who punishes the son, suffers more than the sinning child. When a father strikes his rebellious child from anger he only strengthens the rebellion. But when he sheds tears, bitter tears, over the rebellious child, he carries his heart up to the sublimest point of love. And thus the wisdom of the cross has its response in every human heart. For no man can forgive without suffering. No father can take back a rebellious son, without stretching his own fatherly heart upon the cross. As Christ bore the cross up the hill of Calvary, Oh, how many fathers are today bearing the cross in their hearts, up the hills of life! Bear it bravely. Bear it patiently, and in that "sweet bye and bye," you will lay down the cross to take up the crown.

The hand of the Lord is omnipotent; but omnipotence can only work upon the heart, with the heart's consent. We say it reverently, but still we say, in moral government, omnipotence is strong, only when it is weak. St. Paul says: "My strength is made perfect in weakness, there-

fore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions and in distresses for Christ's sake, for when I am weak then I am strong." Grand old apostle! How he sounds the depths of Deity, and throws up upon the cliffs of time the riches of Divine Wisdom! Yes, omnipotence is strong when it is weak. Thus Jesus Christ, broken, bleeding, dying upon the cross is mightier and sinks deeper into the great heart of the world than if all the armies that ever Milton saw had fought in his name! Omnipotence as seen in the "mighty works" of Jesus Christ, stooping to conquer, bleeding and dying on the cross, gets hold upon the heart, deep as the roots of life.

And now, we say it with the most profound reverence, when we look at the nearness of man to his maker, when basking in the bliss of Eden's first bloom, and at his attempt to pass the boundary of the finite, seize the reins of the government of God's mighty empire, and thus plunge the world into the rebellion of the Devil and his angels, and when we behold the impossibility under his constitution, to be saved by the law, or by any element of power in the universe, save the love of God, as manifested in tears of blood, and the humiliation of the cross, when we see these things, we say, with the profoundest reverence, every makes the conquest of heaven!

And now, we answer the inquiry of the text, "Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works?" It is from the love of God, filling the whole plan of human Redemption, warming the whole economy of the grace of God, clothing the Gospel with the power of Divinity; filling the dead soul with a life that shall blaze and burn when suns have set forever, and demonstrating the truth, that love is the sovereign power of Salvation!

Beat on now, Oh, heart! and let us yearn for this tide of life. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again, I have fed at many a bountiful table, but hunger returned. I have seen many bright and lovely days, but they have hasted down into the cellars of night. I have seen many charming things but while I gazed, their luster faded away. I had many sweet friends of my youth, but the violet blooms and the grass grows upon their graves. I have had treasures of memory dear as the loves of youth, but they have hasted away like the recollection of music fled. But Oh, the fountain of Redeeming Love! Exhaustless as the realms of space—boundless as thought, freer than light, is as enduring as the eternal years of God!

"Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Savior's praises speak!

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest note
His love can ne'er be told!"

* * *

"The half has never yet been told
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told;
The blood, it cleanseth me."

PROCRASTINATION.

This wonderful sermon was preached as follows:

1873—Jefferson City, Sept. 7. 1874—California, March 25; Fulton, Aug. 16; Brownsville, Dec 13. 1875—Hannibal, Jan 2; Palmyra, Jan. 4. 1877—St. Joseph, Feb. 18; Savannah, June 3; Clinton, June 10; Jim Town, Oct. 7; Richmond, Nov. 18. 1878—San Francisco, Dec. 8. 1880—Pettaluma, Jan. 4; Marshall, Mo., (colored church) Sept. 3; Warrensburg, Oct. 17. 1881—Lexington, Nov. 13, 1882—Plattsburg, Sept. 12. 1883—Independence, Jan. 28; Carthage, Dec. 30.

And as he reasoned of Righteousness, Temperance and Judgment to come, Felix trembled and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee—Acts 24-25.

And as Paul reasoned of Righteousness, Temperance and Judgment to come, Felix trembled, and well he might; for the word of God was leveled at his heart—the power of divine truth confronted his vices. He felt the hand of God amid his tangled affections, and His eye upon the secret recesses of his soul. And the consciousness of the divine presence, brought forth the expression alike of his faith, fears and fault. “Go thy way for this time,” etc.

The theme of the discourse of the great apostle was “Faith in Christ.” Here was the whole gospel, Righteousness—repentance toward God, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and sanctification through the Spirit. Temperance; holy living, without which no man shall see God. Judgment to come; the awards or punishments that await us all. The motives that flow from heaven, or gush from hell to govern our conduct here.

Before Felix, Paul reasoned. No doctrine can be a proper object of our faith, which is not more reasonable to receive than to reject. Men are

not to lay aside their reason in the investigation of religious matters. Without reason there can be no true religion, for in every step we take in examining the evidences of revelation, the exercise of reason is indispensable. You can no more know a thing without reason, than you can see a thing without eyes. In all investigations, be they moral, judicial, political, scientific or religious, truth is the object sought, and reason is the faculty by which it is found. St. Paul reasoned with Felix, he reasons with the world, he reasons with you. God reasons with us. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Saint Paul's manner of reasoning is in every way worthy of the greatness of his subject. His powerful and diversified character of mind seems to have combined the separate excellences of all the other sacred authors; the loftiness of Isaiah, the devotion of David, the pathos of Jeremiah, the vehemence of Ezekiel, the gravity of Moses, the elevated morality and practical good sense of St. James, the sublime conceptions and deep views of St. John, and the noble energies and burning zeal of St. Peter. To all these he added his own strong argumentative powers, depth of thought and intensity of feeling. The reasoning of St. Paul more fully than that of

any other man exemplifies the saying, that, "Truth, unadorned, is most adorned." The naked majesty of truth disdains to owe anything to the arts of rhetoric. More than all other men the great reasoner before Felix made the unmentioned thing the supreme thing. With him a few plain, fiery words are so set together as to suggest theme and thought for minds and ages far on in the future.

Felix had heard many things concerning Jesus and christianity and he was curious to learn a more authentic account of these matters from Paul. The apostle was, therefore, sent for that he might speak before the governor and Drusilla, "concerning the faith in Christ."

What Paul said concerning the person, miracles, life, death, resurrection, salvation and kingdom of Christ we know not; but in order to show his distinguished auditors the tendency of the gospel, and its importance to them as well as to others, he reasoned about the nature and obligations of justice, equity, sobriety, temperance, and a proper government of the appetites and passions, and concerning a future judgment, when every man, without distinction, "must give an account of himself to God." These were subjects, so wisely adapted to the condition and circumstances of the governor, and so forcibly presented that he was stung in the conscience, and forced to cry "go thy way for this time" etc.

What a demonstration here of the power of divine truth in the prince, judge and governor, trembling before the prisoner! The infant hand upheaving the mountain from its firm base; the little child leading the lion; the bold hand of faith snatching the knot of prejudice from the brow of infidelity, and binding it as laurels about the Cross of Christ. It was the man of God moulding his iron bonds into bullets, and letting them slip like red hot grape from banks of powder into the naked conscience of the governor?

Think you the prince trembled under the power of eloquence? But human eloquence was not there—Paul said his manner was to “use great plainness of speech.” They said “his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible.” He said of himself, “though I be rude in speech, yet not in knowledge, for the truth of Christ is in me.”

When the mysterious hand came forth upon the wall and wrote the doom of the Babylonian king, the body that moved the alarming fingers was unseen. The meaning of the strange letters “caused not his countenance to change” and his knees to smite together,” for this he did not understand. It was the unseen power which moved the arm that “troubled his thoughts.” It was more than the prince trembling before the prisoner—it was the throne, supported by a

thousand noble lords, bending before the touch of an unknown finger! It was the burning coals of truth writing the impress of God upon the conscience! The lightning of divine wrath scattered upon the naked hearts of potent monarchs, and painting hell on their moral sky. Oh, the majesty, the terrible might and overwhelming awe of the manifestation of the unseen power!

Without this unseen power the words of the gospel are as impotent on the bosom of human nature as the snowflakes upon the fiery furnace. Therefore it is that we acknowledge the weakness of our words unless attended by the influence of that Spirit who alone is able to make the sinner tremble at the sight of himself. It was this order of living truth that thrilled the heart of the trembling Felix, and forced the cry, "go thy way," etc.

It is this that clothes the gospel of Jesus Christ with more than human power, and seals it at once of heavenly origin, and the power of God unto salvation.

It is this that gives the watchman's trumpet on Zion's wall, more power than the trumpet of Gabriel. With his, Gabriel can wake the dead; but unto Him on Zion's wall is given the power to wake the dead soul!

The voice of St. Paul is hushed in death, and the trembling bones of the profligate Felix have

hasted away to the dust, but the power that reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, is as fresh and vigorous to-day as the morning sun.

And to all men, everywhere, the voice of Jesus comes, reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; and like Felix, men before its power tremble. But, like him, oh, how many choose the varieties of life, rather than the rich rewards of heaven!

We will paint the portrait of one to represent all. We will throw on the canvas a picture of human life. Shall it be your portrait?

I saw a beautiful stream of sparkling water, that bore upon its surface innumerable gems and jewels that flashed up in the sunshine of the wistful eye of the toilers who crowded its margin to drink the liquid tide, and grasp with trembling hands the wealth that floated there. It was the stream of human life. And I saw one fresh in youth and manly beauty, who by unwearied diligence had turned the rich tide to his own fair home, and with burning lips, and flashing eyes, he fondly gathered the golden gems that floated to his feet, and filled his heavy coffers. Delighted, he dipped into the stream, till the sun of life rose to his meridian, and was slowly sinking, when a beautiful spirit on painted wings of lovely hue, fluttered down through the air, and softly

touched the brow of the toiler. Startled; he gazed upon the winged messenger and whispered "whence, and what art thou?"

"Poor mortal! I have watched thee from the earliest dawn of rosy life, shielded thee from dangers seen and unseen, and pitying thy infatuation, I have come to thee with the words of warning.

"Oh! mortal!

This world is poor from shore to shore,
 Its greatest treasures even;
 Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
 And gems and crowns, are vain and poor,
 There's nothing rich but heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even;
 And love and hope, and beauty bloom
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,
 There's nothing sure but heaven!"

Come, and let us reason together, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and loose his own soul." Wilt thou heap up wrath against the day of wrath? Canst thou meet the fiery indignation of God? Life is but a vapor, and soon vanishes away—then whose shall all these things be? My name is righteousness of the band of purity, I come from the sunbright climes where the song never ceases.

Oh, come away from this unsatisfying stream that rolls its golden store to tempt thee on to

death. Come and join our brave army, and our glorious Captain will lead thee to richer treasures in a fairer world where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt."

"I hear thee speak of that better land
 Thou callest its children a happy band,
 Spirit, oh, where is that happy shore?
 Shall I not seek it and sorrow no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs?
 Not there! Not there!
 For the trail of the serpent is everywhere!

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
 Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
 Not there! not there!
 For the trail of the serpent is everywhere!

Eye hath not seen it; my brother dear,
 Ear hath not heard its sweet song of joy,
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
 Sorrow and death cannot enter there.
 Time cannot breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 'Tis beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
 Where the trail of the serpent never can come!"

The mortal gazed upon the smiling face of the messenger of righteousness, and faintly murmured: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian," then casting his thoughtful eye upon

the waters that seemed to sparkle with new beauties, he madly cried, "Go thy way," etc.

The heavenly messenger dropped one tear of tender compassion over the infatuated youth, and winged its way up to the bosom of bliss. One scene is past—a scene to many like Adam's recollection of the fall. See you any feature of self in it? Recall the hours, days, months, of the years past. Has not righteousness called thee?

Second scene: The sunbeams fell lovingly amid the golden gems that floated upon that destructive sea of mammon and warmed the brow of him who yet toiled to secure the coveted treasure, where, lo! another bright spirit hovered over the toiler and touched his burning brow. Afflicted, he left the glittering dross and gazed upon the heavenly visitor. "Mortal! my name is Temperance of the band of love. I came from the land of sunny bowers, where the song never ceases and the saints ever sing, where the paths are all peace, and the ways are all bliss.

"I come to sing of that sunbright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time,
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the eye is fire and the heart is flame.

There the saints of all ages in harmony meet
The loved and the lost transported to greet.
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.'

Oh, come and let us reason together. Seest thou yonder sun how faintly it gleams, and see you, that dark sea of death; soon your sun will set forever beneath its dark waters. Then what need have you of all this wealth? You brought nothing into this world, and it is certain you can carry nothing out. Oh, why toil your life out here when you have enough and to spare! 'Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.' 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found and call ye upon Him while He is near. The Lord your God is gracious, and will not turn away his face from you, if ye return unto Him.' As soon as your sun shall sink in the sea of death, your soul, mangled by the fiery darts of the wicked one shall be the sport of mocking fiends, who have lured thee thus blindly on in time to torture thee in eternity. Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither tarry thou in all the plain—escape to the mountain of our king."

"See here angel," cried the convicted man, as he tried to quench the Holy Spirit. "See how beautifully these rich gems sparkle upon the bosom of this stream, see these diamonds and pearls, honors and titles, wealth and distinction,

ease and comfort, luxury and contentment; let me just gather these that are so near me now, and then I will go with thee." "Go thy way," etc.

With sorrowful look, the heavenly messenger plumed his sunny wings and went up to join the heavenly host! Another scene has passed. A scene, oh, how fresh in the memory of thousands who may date their doom from this year. How many calls to self denial, to repentance, to seek salvation, to holy living, to cross bearing, to submission to Christ, to the worship of God! Yet all gone; all rejected—almost forgotten. Oh, how many promises of amendment, vows to God, resolutions to seek religion, all recorded on high, and none fulfilled. God dishonored, Satan obeyed, sin glorified, carnal nature triumphant, and the immortal soul enslaved.

Third Scene. Evening shadows came down upon the withered brow of the toiler. The fading sunlight threw its last beam upon his white locks ere it withdrew forever. And as he looked upon the setting sun, he smiled through his wrinkled and withered face and calmly said, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee!" Terrified, he shrank before these dread words, and saw the flaming sword of justice in the hand of a dreadful majesty by his side. "My name is

Judgment to Come, of the hand of Truth. I wield the sword of justice, thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting. Thy days are almost numbered, thy sun is going down in darkness." "Oh, that thou wouldst know in this, thy day, the things that belong to thy peace; for soon they shall be hid from thine eyes." Righteousness thou hast rejected, Temperance thou hast scorned, and if thou quailed not before a Judgment to Come, justice shall be speedily executed, and that without remedy. Because sentence against thy evil work has not been executed speedily, thy heart has been set in thee to do evil. Because mercy hath delayed, thy feet have been swift to take hold of destruction."

He is wise in heart and mighty in strength, who hath hardened himself against him and hath prospered. Now hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment—with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil. "The Son of Man shall come in his glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations." "He hath authority to execute judgment because He is the Son of Man." Oh, mortal!

"There is a time, you know not when,
A point, you know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair!

There is a time by you unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die;
To die as if by stealth—
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing, still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead, God has set
Indelibly, a mark
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed --
He lives—he dies—and wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

Oh, when is this mysterious bourne,
By which your path is crossed?
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes, is lost?

An answer from the skies is sent,
'Ye that from God depart,
While it is called today—repent
And harden not your heart!'

Then spake the gray haired toiler: "Judgment to come, thou hast spoken truth; my long life now curdles down to an hour, and all truth

comes back fresh as morning dew. But see here, my golden cup is almost full—one diamond more, one more shout of applause, one more draught of pleasure's cup, and I will follow thee. "Go thy way, etc."

"Call for me! call for me!"—Thou shalt be called!

"Alas, indeed, your summons shall come,
Piercing your ear in the silent tomb,
Sweeping through heaven—rolling on earth,
Bidding the dead and the living come forth.
Forget it not—you shall hear that sound,
When death your limbs in his chains have bound,
And forget not when you hear that call,
By your deeds on earth, you stand or fall."

A voice from heaven was heard, "Amen, and amen! he is joined to his idols, let him alone, let him alone!" And the spirit of the Lord took his everlasting flight.

The curtain is falling—the last scene is passing and the years are departing. Is this your picture? Oh, what memories crowd into this hour! What sermons, exhortations, persuasions, admonitions, promises, pledges, resolutions, mercies slighted, truths rejected, offers of pardon refused.

The last scene is passing. It was midnight, a moonless night, a starless night, a night where suns and hopes had set together—a night when ravens and nightmares roost on aching hearts. The burning, fevered head of that toiler pressed

a thorny pillow. His frenzied eye was watching the flight of some far off object, and his cold lips cried in agony "come back!" A cold and icy hand was laid upon him. He shrieked, "not thou—not thou, oh, death!" Come back, oh, Righteousness, oh, Temperance, oh, Judgment to come! Would to God I had hearkened to to your warning voice. oh, Righteousness, come to me now. My tears do scald my brain like molten lead. Oh, Temperance, come to me now with your song "of the morning lit land, and the sunbright clime." "Mercy's door is forever closed against thee," mocked the skeleton form of death. "Why camest thou to this hour without panoply?" Then folding his icy arms around his victim, he bore him down—down where pathway never led to tell the depth beneath. And after long years had rolled away—as he rose upon a fiery billow, I heard a watchman cry, "Spirit, what is a man profitted, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And a shout of heartrending agony came bounding o'er the heaving waves—"So little does he gain that if after millions of years are gone, eternity could end, shouts of joy would rend the rocks that gird this gulf of despair." And I heard the watchman cry, "Spirit lost, what wouldst thou give in exchange for thy soul?" And a voice came pealing o'er the fiery billow, "a million of

worlds for an hour of time.” And I saw a host of fiends, black with horrid woe rise upon the surging flame and scream in direful wails, “Oh, watchman, tell us what of the night—what its signs of promise are?” And a torturing sound came o’er the wave: “Life nevermore! nevermore! Eternity, evermore, evermore.” The smoking billows heaved beneath the swell of misery that rose from the mighty host of tortured souls as a last, long, loud shriek racked the dark domain of hell. “The harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved.” God of mercy! save, oh, save my congregation from the folly of Felix, and the thief of the soul, Procrastination!

THE ALPINE CROSS.

“Benighted once, where Alpine storms,
Have buried hosts of martial forms,
Halting with fear, benumbed with cold,
While swift the avalanches rolled.
Shouted our guide, with quivering breath,
‘The path is lost! To move is death!’

The savage snow-cliffs seemed to frown—
The howling winds came fiercer down.
Shrouded in such a dismal scene;
No mortal aid whereon to lean,
Think you what music ’twas to hear:
‘I see the Cross! The way is clear!’

I looked, and there amid the snows,
A simple cross of wood uprose.
Firm in the tempests awful wrath,
It stood to guide the traveller’s path,
And point to where the valley lies,
Serene, beneath the summer skies!’

Our dear companion of that night,
Has passed away from mortal sight,
He reached his home to droop and fade,
And sleep within his native glade.
But as his fluttering hand I took,
Before he gave his farewell look,
He whispered from his bed of pain,
‘The Alpine cross, I see again!’

Then smiling, sank to endless rest,
Upon his weeping mother’s breast.”

METHODISM

THE RESULT OF THE INTERPOSITION OF GOD.

This sermon was evidently prepared to be used in the Centenary celebration of the organization of the M. E. Church. It will be good reading for this the bi-centennial year of Mr. Wesley's birth. It was preached as follows:

1884—Nevada, in June. 1885—Jefferson City in January; Clinton in May; Marshall, Aug. 30; Linneus, Oct. 12; Brownsville, Oct. 25, 1886—Blackwater Chapel, Feb. 7. 1887—Slater, Sept. 18; Bolivar, Sept. 25. 1888—Cambridge, September 16.

But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places; and many of the brethren in the Lord, waxing confident by my bonds, are much more bold to speak the word without fear. Phil. 1-12.

It has been truthfully said of the certainty that the testimony of the gospel shall ultimately and universally prevail that there is nothing desirable for success in the future which its Great Author has not provided for, and nothing adverse which he has not provided against.

Perhaps the most striking instrumentalities of the gospel are those weapons of satan which have been overruled to advance the very cause they were intended to destroy. Such was the case in the instance of the text: "I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel."

The Philippians feared lest the imprisonment of Paul should check the progress of the gospel, and intimidate others from preaching or embracing it; and this, no doubt, was the desire and expectation of satan and his servants. Paul, however, would have them to know that his imprisonment had conduced to promote the cause

through the interposition of God. So that "his bonds for Christ's sake," and his constancy in them, the doctrine which he preached, and for which he was imprisoned, had become openly known, even in Nero's palace among his courtiers, and in all other parts of Rome; which had excited a general attention to the gospel through that immense city, whence the report would circulate throughout the earth. Moreover, those ministers who had been timorous, perceiving how Paul was strengthened, were greatly emboldened to preach the gospel in the most open and unreserved manner.

God often works by apparent contraries, and his most able ministers have been immured in prisons, that their "bonds in Christ" might bring the knowledge of his truth into the courts of justice; nay, even into the palaces of kings. This is the lesson of the text; and the history of Methodism is the best illustration of its truth.

Methodism is a growth, not a structure. It was not made to a plan, as a building is to the design of an architect. From the beginning until now its formation principle was vital, rather than mechanical.

He (the historian) everywhere sees a living force at work, traces its growth, records its development, and shows the marvelous organization into which it has expanded. Not a narrative of

facts simply, but an elucidation of divine purpose, differing from collection of annals as much as a tree differs from a bundle of faggots.

The history of every dispensation of religion abounds in illustration of this great truth. In studying the interpositions of providence in the affairs of this world, we can never correctly estimate any event if we consider it a part from what went before, and what follows it. There is no such thing as an isolated event. Solitariness may be an idea, but it is never a fact. All events are but the links of a great chain. No event, in character and effect, ever terminates in itself.

As each century owes some portion of its character to that which preceded it, so it imparts something of its nature to that which succeeds it. A single event may thus live in its influence along the line of all ages, often assuming new shapes, and clothing itself in the drapery of new events, but ever marching onward and upward in the continually growing, and advancing affairs of time. As on the surface of the earth, hill rises above hill, and "Alps pile on Alps," so, on the surface of the moral globe, peak appears above peak, and none rise higher than that of civilization, the united spirit of art, culture and religion; an orb in the moral heavens, ever growing steadily by the interposition of the hand of God upon the events of human life; a moral generation

which lives on while material generations die.

The problem of most profound interest to-day, belongs not alone to the Methodist, but the question of the world is, what influence, effect, and impression has the interposition of Methodism on the laws of civilization?

Our laws, manners, habits, tastes and principles make up our civilization—which is but the structure of society. Just as the surface of the globe is composed of various layers of clay, sandstone, slate and granite, which successive geological epochs deposited—and the united strength of which upholds our soil, and supports our steps; so, the moral world is constructed of strata of laws, customs, truths, sentiments and discoveries which successive races and generations have deposited; and which our souls now live upon. It should be a comforting thought to every christian, that the best life of the generations gone, is still in our civilization. Influences from the buried past are steadily poured into our moral life.

“Our deeds are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more.
We look behind us for the past,
But lo, 'tis all before!

In short, from the thoughts of great thinkers, and from the victories of great heroes, and from the blood-sealed fidelity of martyrs, and the holy achievements of saints, contributions have con-

stantly been made to that progressive reality we call civilization. And today they all exist around us as beneficent forces—ennobling our lives with fortunes, the value of which cannot be estimated.

Your father may not have left you any legacy of houses, and lands and money; but the whole past, by the interposing hand of Providence is your mental and moral father—a provident father who leaves to us an inheritance which would be a miserable bargain in us to exchange for a fortune of millions, on the sad condition of being disengaged from the civilized life of the race! The poorest man in your midst is immensely rich so far as attaining the great objects of human life is concerned, especially if he has a family, compared with what his poverty would be, if he could own a hundred square miles of original nature, skirted in the drapery of its primeval darkness, on which he must live alone, cut aloof from all privileges of society, and with the wealth and worth of civilized influences forever cancelled from his brain and breast.

Surely one century avenges the wrongs of another. The eighteenth century would not allow John Wesley to preach in the little country church where his father had long ministered; but the nineteenth century threw wide open the heavy doors of the Abbey which enshrines England's most illustrious dust; and on a beautiful tablet

puts, in deep cut letters, his three immortal epigrams. And more than that; it puts into the very Abbey pulpit, a man, who dares to break the very knees of the persecutors of the last century, and vindicate final justice in fearless speech, as did Archdeacon Farrar, when, with an emphasis and an enthusiasm, which burned deeply into the hearts of his bearers, he said: "When the established church was trailing her robes in the dirt, Wesley and Whitefield forced her back to look after souls." And when he would awaken enthusiasm, he shouted, "Think of Luther! Think of Wesley!"

Thus we see that the real substance of the past lives on and is vitally present with us now. All that is visible of a nation dies—but its soul survives; the truth it discovered and illustrated is preserved; its essence passes into civilization, makes its moral deposits on the surface of society, and becomes the common property of after times. All history is but a vast volume filled with illustrations of this sublime truth. And from the multitude which throng the avenues of time, we follow the interposing hand of God in one today.

The greatest social and moral revolutions of the world—revolutions which have swayed nations as the winds have shaken the forests; and the greatest truths—truths that burn like suns in the firmament, have been the most humble and

lowly in their origin. The greatest revival of experimental religion that has been witnessed since the day of Pentecost, was commenced by one who so far from having attracted the attention of the world, had not even attracted his own attention. And when notice was turned in his direction, and attention was attracted to Mr. Wesley, the interperposing hand of God was seen upon the instrument.

With many people, it is still a question of much doubt whether great men are the producers, or the products of great times and events? But most men are agreed that the field of operations, the occasion and the circumstances are all necessary to bring out the strong mental powers of man. It has been truly said, that the great man, the wise leader—never comes till he is wanted, though the world, stoning its prophets still, only misinterprets its hunger, and knows not its wants.

The things which St. Paul, in the text says “happened unto me:” and which likewise happened unto John Wesley, is that care which God has over rational creatures, which is called his Providence. It implies special divine acts and interpositions to meet the endless emergencies necessitated by the free choice of free beings in a state of probation.

And, as to mend the world is the most stupendous of all great designs, he who has done

most to prepare the world to receive the greatest blessings of God, has been its greatest benefactor.

Who can fail to see the hand of Providence in withholding a knowledge of the compass, the printing press, gun-powder, steam-engines and telegraphs, till the monsters of the early, and the dark ages, had passed away? Along this line and order of providence, great century lights may be seen upon all the cliffs of time, and in the succession of these great lights and events, seen upon the shifting scenes of time, none take rank higher, wiser, or more surely from the interposing hand of God, than John Wesley and his methods!

In the kingdom of nature it will be found that the divine benevolence has provided an antidote to grow in the vicinity of every poison.

When we look at the wonderful power of Jesuitism, we are struck with the interposing hand of God, which made the birth of Martin Luther coincide so nearly with that of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit order. This order wrapped itself about the history of our country with its very discovery. And had the efforts of Spain or France been successful, Jesuitism would have given color to our institutions, and where now you see the Cross, the

Bible, and the Book of Discipline of the Methodist church, and the liberty of worshipping God according to the dictates of your own conscience, and the privilege of mending the world according to the methods of Mr. Wesley, you would have had only the Roman crucifix!

And you will be still more wonderfully struck with these strange happenings, which Paul says fell out unto "the furtherance of the gospel," when you observe the relation of the birth of John Wesley with that of Voltaire. Voltaire was 8 years, 7 months and three days old at the birth of John Wesley. The years in which these two great minds entered upon active life were nearly the same. An age when God seemed for a time to allow a new "hour and power of darkness," akin to that which brooded over the world at the time of the crucifixion of the Redeemer. Then boiled up from the human heart floods of corruption, that, in ordinary ages, slumber on, dark and unseen, in their caves of concealment. Then steamed up, as it were from the nethermost abysses of hell, strange and hideous errors, that generally avoid the light of day; and the world was aghast at the open appearance of atheism; and the rejection by a great nation of their old ancestral faith. But, as if to illustrate his own government of the universe; then, to meet this revolt, rose up, from quarters the most

distant, and some of them the most obscure, designs for good, and enterprises of benevolence, of which the world had long seen no parallel.

In the spiritual philosophy seeming failure and stubborn opposition are often the forerunners of real victory. And so has it ever been. The days of the French Revolution, when infidelity was ready to triumph, ushered in the glorious era of foreign missions, the most courageous charge, and the grandest invasion ever made upon Satan's oldest seats of power! So will it continue "to happen unto" the gospel we preach, as it did unto Paul. Every conflict, sore and long though it may be, will but add to the trophies of the Redeemer's cross, till around it shall cluster, as votive offerings, the wreaths of every science—and the palms of every art; and the cross, that instrument of shame and anguish, shall be hailed as the hinge of the world's history and destiny, the theme of all study, the central sun of all hope, and the seal and sanction to the Universe of the purity of God's holy laws!

And in "the happenings" of the coming years, the presaging eye may look forward to the fierce clash of opinions—the tumult of parties—the inquisition of persecutions, and the collision of empires. But when the "thunder of his power" is out, and one barrier of opposition and oppression after another is overwhelmed, and one sea mark

after another topples and disappears beneath the engulfing flood, the interposing hand of God will be seen overturning what man has built! "Who can understand the thunder of his power?"

The bonds in Christ, of St. Paul, which he said were made manifest in all the palace, and sanctified to the furtherance of the gospel—find their counterpart more completely in Mr. Wesley and his methods, than in the repetition of history on any other line of its operation. And if the man Wesley and his works, can be said to stand a breakwater against the surging tide of any man and his writings, it is against his contemporary—the learned—brilliant—unprofound, and unphilosophical Voltaire. Now we begin to see how great men are made. This was an era of moral revolution, and it is a settled fact that revolutions produce great characters. Great emergencies awaken feeling, and develop talent. Some mighty crisis paralyzes the weaker crowd, and summons forth the master spirit who can meet its demands and thus reveals to the world his merits and his powers. And it is also true that the most stirring and popular thoughts are often the progeny of such an age of turmoil and conflict. Leisure, idleness, and tranquil peace, never produced greatness in men—of thought—or action. It was the paradox of Christ that as the Prince of

Peace, he still brought on earth, not peace, but a sword. It is the paradox of life that in order to have peace, we must first have war.

There are works and thoughts now operating upon the springs of life that were born of the throes and death-pangs of some great era of changes and moral renovation. No other age than that of the Wesleyan—and no lighter emergency could have called forth such intellectual strength, and such depth of feeling—and scattered such burning coals of truth upon the naked hearts of the people. Even the sermons and published volumes of those days, have the energy of the conflict—and still breath its strong passions. Their very words often sound like the cry “to arms!” and their pages are battle fields. However far reaching the influences of the age of which we speak, and however deeply others impressed themselves upon that age—no master spirit came forth like John Wesley. The splendor of his intellect, added to the beauty and purity of his character, made his very shadow seem to some as powerful as that ascribed to Peter’s in the streets of Jerusalem. And yet church doors were closed against him, unmeasured abuse heaped upon him—and prison doors stood open to receive him. He had no social influence to sustain him, no arm of police or civil power to cut passage through the mob for him—

and yet there dwelt in his lofty brain more of the civilization creating power even then, than could be gathered in from the whole realm! But like the lightning from heaven he cut his own pathway, and flung down before the world the platform of a Christian Empire, upon which millions now stand and shout their birthright to a home on high.

George the Third declared that Wesley and his Methodists had done more for the interests of religion and morals than all the other subjects of the establishment in his kingdom put together.

Macaulay said of Wesley: "He was a man whose genius was not inferior to that of Richelieu." Buckle styles him "the first theological statesman." Gladstone says: "He gave the main impulse, out of which sprang the Evangelical movement." Another equally wise statesman says: "A greater poet may rise than Homer or Milton—a greater theologian than Calvin—a greater philosopher than Bacon—a greater dramatist than any of ancient or modern fame—but a more distinguished Revivalist of churches than John Wesley, never!"

The late Dean Stanley said of Wesley: "He was the chief Reviver of religious fervor in all Protestant churches, both of the old and new world!" Well may his greatest historian say: "The man who, a century since, was the best

abused man in the British Isles, is hardly ever mentioned now but with affectionate respect. In the literature of the age; in its lectures and debates in chapels and churches, in synods, congresses, and all sorts of conferences; by the highest lords, and the most illustrious commoners, the once persecuted Methodist is now extolled."

We have only time now to set the man and his methods before you for his photograph. Whereon would you rest a monument to the name and glory of the Father Almighty? His works are the monument to his glory. The Methodist points to the methods and their results in mending the world, and giving force and finish to civilization, as the monument to John Wesley. We bid the world to find in his methods and motives an impulsive revival power which shall never be spent; and an example whose self-sacrificing benevolence will never be rivalled! And we call upon the world to bring forth its wickedest man, and through the methods and doctrines of John Wesley—as fresh as truth itself from the word of God—we will offer him salvation through Jesus Christ, and the witness of the Spirit to eternal life!

The source of Mr. Wesley's power? The volume of nature and the Great Author of the wonderful Book. In the book we read the mind of the author—the impress there is the true im-

print of the work. It is the method of God's providence to produce great results from small and inconsiderable means. This law pervades the kingdom of nature; and is discerned in the history of mankind. The mightiest forces on earth are the most silent. The little drops of water that trickle behind the rocks have not the volume of voice and mighty roar of Niagara—but they loosen the rocks from the mountains on which they rest—and suddenly, and when you least expect it, the crash comes—the rocks fall! Today “Bell boweth down, and Nebo is bending” from the silent force of truth in the impulsive power of Methodism! He who fires a great truth at the world strikes men's consciences. His victory may be postponed for a while; but it can not in the end be averted.

The secret of Wesley's power? When Kepler discovered the mathematical harmonies of the solar system, he said: “Oh, Almighty God, I think thy thoughts after thee!” Analyze Mr. Wesley's methods of revival, and you will find every element of success woven in the organization—the great system of cause and effect, made the very base of operation, and every thought in the grand and onward movement, like the great astronomer's “Oh! God, I think thy thoughts after thee!” It was by this power, he converted his adversaries into allies, his assailants into his

assistants, his bonds into palaces, and his foes into “the furtherance of the gospel!” That his wing was untiring, and will be untiring in its onward flight to the end of time, is because his genius possessed an element of power unknown to any man since it adorned the apostle Paul—patience, the passion of all great souls, which ever says to opposing obstacles, “I will find a way, or make one!”

