

American Presbyterian

Vol. VI, No. 46.—Whole No. 315.

PHILADELPHIA THURSDAY JULY 17, 1862.

GENESEE EVANGELIST.—Whole No. 843.

Poetry.

Deeds not Words.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong.

But he, who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow
Shrinks from hard service must be done
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meaneast deed more favors hearts
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

Gene.

List to the midnight lone!
The church-clock speaketh with a solemn tone:
Dark it no more than late the time?
Hark from that bell's gray,
In each deep-bowing chime which, slow and clear,
Beats like a measured knell upon my ear,
A stern voice seems to say:
Gene—gone—
The hour is gone—the day is gone:
Pray.

The air is hushed again,
But the mute darkness woos to sleep in vain.
O soul! we have slept too long,
E'en dreamed the morn away,
In visions false and feverish, rarest,
Wasting the work-time God hath given and blest.
Conscience grows pale to see
How, like a haunting fear,
My youth stares at me out of gloom profound,
With restless eyes blank as the darkness round,
And waiting lips which say:
Gene—gone;
The morn is gone—the morn is gone:
Pray.

THE STING OF DEATH.

Death is the sign of God's displeasure.
Is this its sting? It wears the frown of justice.
It is God's blight upon a sinning race.
It is the rod which sin has let fall upon us.
It is the effect of poison which transgression
has infused into our nature. "Death has
passed upon all men, for that all have
sinned." This surely is a sad, a revolting
idea of death. In dying, then, we feel our
selves overtaken by the hand which reaches
to smite; we fall before the blight which
Divine wrath has breathed upon our beautiful
world. We become like the flower, whose
beauty and fragrance perish, an offering to
those who loved us most. God's finger touches
us and we wither. It were another thing
to die, had that sentence been general—
"Death passed upon all men, for that all
have sinned." Knowing this, we are con-
strained to read in every instance of death,
God's wrath towards sin. We see beauty
fading;—this is sin's withering power. We
see the hectic flush;—this is sin's poisonous
burning. We see a stalwart form fading
away, until it stands almost uncolored, and
we say, "What a sad end." Gloomy indeed
is such an association. She asks, "What
meets an event which comes robed in the
folding cloak of a curse. This gives death
a sting. This makes it terrible. It touches
me, and that touch says, 'Thou hast sinned.'
It recalls a life of sin. It is God's voice
to our souls, reminding us of transgression.
Conscience awakens, from however long a
slumber, and repeats the fearful words, "Ye
have sinned." Imagination awakes, and flies
upon the dark sea of the future, behold-
ing lightning and storms. She asks, "What
will God do with us in eternity, if here we
must die for sin? Will that awful hand
press us more, and still more heavily?" Is death
the beginning or the end of sin's direful
work?

Here surely death has a sting. That sting
is sin. But while, as a man, I feel this, as
a Christian, I rise above all this—for faith
whispers hope beside my dying bed, telling
of Christ's submission to death, that he might
destroy its power, and its curse, and extract
its sting. Religion, then, gives even death's
dark cloud with a cheerful light. Christ's
passage through the tomb has left a perma-
nent illumination on its sombre walls. He
has abolished death, and brought life and
immortality to light. He has made death
the gateway to his royal mansion—the soul's
transition from a world of sin to a world
of glory. Are you a Christian? Then death
clothes you not in gloom. Death gives you
new life. It triumphs for a moment only
that itself may die, and leave you living and
triumphant, as you still exclaim, in the vic-
tory of faith: "O! death, where is thy
sting?"—N. Y. Observer.

TRAVEL TO DO GOOD.

Most people travel for their pleasure, or
to make money, or to see their relations. If
you could question a train-load or ship-load
of passengers, you would hardly find a single
person who was going solely to do good.
Yet there are such,—physicians, ministers,
philanthropists. Had you been in Europe half
a century ago, you might have journeyed
with a man who looked like any other tourist.
He had guide-books and a carpet-bag; he
read the newspapers, ate sandwiches, and
nodded in his sleep. But had you followed
him out from his hotel, you would have seen
him passing by museums, Roman ruins pa-
laced, and searching into the dungeons, lunatic
asylums, and hospitals of each city.
"How can I help the distressed?" was the
thought ever before him. He was called the
"Prisoner's Friend," though he wrote his
name "John Howard."
Now, he had caught a large degree of
Christ's spirit; and it might be said of him
that "he went about doing good." And all
of us might imitate him more in this—
we men have in their way, servants have
in theirs, children have in theirs.
And we notice that Jesus "went about do-
ing good." He was not content with de-
parting his disciples to do it, or doing it
at a distance. No, he would walk to the
spot himself. He delighted to do it. He
would sacrifice needful rest, or food to do it.
He would go out of his road to do it. He
would spend a whole day in doing it. He
would do it for the vilest.—Life Lessons.

This is a mercy to have that taken from us,
which takes us from God.

FOUR QUALITIES OF DR. KITTO.

We have hitherto considered a number of
Kitto's qualities, which may be regarded as
elements of his success; but there are four
others to which we would call the reader's at-
tention. They are readily derived from
what has been already said of him.

The first is singleness of purpose. By
this I mean not a narrow, but a grand, all-ab-
sorbing object, in distinction from a division
of time and efforts among several. Many
persons undertake several different pursuits
in life, and excel in none. They go from
one thing to another, with the hope of hitting
upon something that will materially add to
their prosperity. All the while, however,
they only just live, simply because divided
efforts run to waste. But Kitto's heart was
set upon one thing. One object absorbed all
his thoughts. He did not care particularly
for anything else. That object was CELESTIAL
POSSESSIONS. For it, he was willing to toil,
and make almost any sacrifice. We speak
now more particularly of the beginning of his
course.

On one occasion, when he was entreating
his father to take him from the Poor-house,
and allow him to struggle for himself, with
an education in view, he gave utterance to
the following language, which shows that not
only one high purpose animated his soul, but
also an unconquerable spirit dwelt within his
breast: "There is no fear of my starving in
the midst of plenty. I know how to prevent
hunger. The Hottentots subsist a long time
on nothing but a little gum; they also, when
hungry, tie a light ligature round them.
Cannot I do so too? Or if you can get no
pay, take me out without, and then I will
sell my books and pawn my neckerchiefs, by
which I shall be able to raise a few shillings;
and with that I will make the tour of
England. The hedges furnish blackberries,
nuts, sloes, etc., and the fields turnips, a
hayrick or barn will be an excellent bed. I
will take pen, ink, and paper with me, and
note down my observations, as I go; a kind
of sentimental tour; not so much a descrip-
tion of places as of men and manners, ad-
ventures, and feelings. A youth with such
a purpose and spirit, does not often fall of
success.

Look back upon that part of his life alread-
y sketched, and see if you can find a period
when he lost sight of this one object. In the
work-house he was a shoemaker; but was he
not still a self-denying, laborious student?
Can we not trace his determination to acquire
knowledge, even when he was most zealously
employed at his trade? In like manner,
when his friends decided that he should ac-
quire himself with the art of dentistry, was
he not still earnest for a thorough education?
Was it not equally so when he was a printer?
While he devoted himself to these pursuits
with an ardent worth of all commendation,
his heart did not lose a jot of its love of
knowledge. Underneath all the interest he
manifested for the manual labor his friends
desired him to perform, we discover a strong,
irresistible current of feeling, setting towards
the fields of literature and science. What-
ever else he might be temporarily, to please
his benefactors, he was determined to be
a learner man eventually. It was this one ob-
ject that animated his soul amid all
his trials and disappointments. It gave him
courage when otherwise he would have fal-
tered in his wearisome way, and developed
an energy and perseverance which defied the
stoutest opposition.

Another quality of Kitto was thoroughness.
When the young are obliged to de-
vote themselves to a calling in which they
are not interested, their advancement is
usually slow, if they advance at all. It is a
kind of drudgery to them; and therefore
they apply themselves only just so far as
they are compelled to do so. The same
might have been expected of Kitto. Ar-
dently attached to books as he was, and res-
olutely determined to have an education, it
would have been rather natural for him to
slight his work, and prove a very superficial
toller. But such was not the case. Thorough-
ness was an element of his character, so that
whatever he did was well done, whether it
was reading a book, or making a shoe, or an
artificial tooth. At the work-house, he excel-
led all the boys in making list shoes. For
this reason, a shoemaker selected him from
the whole number, for his apprentice.
In dentistry, his proficiency was so marked that,
in a single year, it was proposed that he
should set up that business in his native town.
As a printer, he was no less thorough. He
did everything to which he applied himself,
with speedily mastered. This made him a
critical scholar. All the works which he pub-
lished are impressed with this characteristic
of his mind—thoroughness.

Another quality which contributed to his
success, as it always does wherever it exists,
was METHOD. This enabled him to husband
his time, so as to make the most of each day.
His attention was first called to the subject
by reading the remarks of some writer there-
on. They seemed to him important, and he
at once applied them to practice. He was
methodical, both in his division of time, and
investigation of topics. The following is a
description of this plan of studying history:
"In studying history, when I commence
the study, I shall use the following method:
Geography of the portion of whose history I
am about to read. The history, such bio-
graphies as exist of the eminent characters
mentioned in the history. The principal ex-
isting works, if they can be obtained, of the
philosophers, orators, and literary persons,
who lived in the country, and during the
period which the history embraces. This plan
is only to be used in the study of ancient
history; in that of the modern, it would
require to be greatly modified."

Later in life, he carried his systematic way
of doing things into the arrangement of his
library. So much order was observed there,
that he could lay his hand upon any book he
wanted in the dark. He allowed no person
but his wife. Kitto to touch an article there,
until his eldest daughter arrived to an age
that rendered her generally useful, when the
care of the room was transferred to her. She
received written directions how to proceed,
and these were often characteristic of the man.
The following will serve as a specimen:—

"Plan, Programme, Protocol, Synopsis,
and Conspectus, for cleaning Dr. Kitto's
Table.
1. Make one pile of religious books. 2.
Another of books not religious. 3. Another

of letters. 4. Another of written papers
other than letters. 5. Another of printed
papers. 6. Put these piles upon the floor. 7.
The table being now clear, dust, scrub, rub
and scour until you sweat; and when you
have sweated half a gallon, give over, and
put the piles upon the table, leaving to Dr.
K. the final distribution.

"Signed, sealed, and delivered, this twen-
ty-eighth day of May, in the year of our
Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-two."
"JOHN KITTO."

"Witness HOLOFERNES PIPS."
This systematic division of time must have
been of great value to him. The testimony
of every successful student, and of every per-
son distinguished in the trades and profes-
sions is, that method is indispensable to suc-
cess. Many a man now living can bear wit-
ness that such a system has enabled him to
accomplish what otherwise he could not have
done. Elisha Burritt, the learned blacksmith,
belongs to this class. For years, he was wont
to work at his trade six or seven hours
each day, while he devoted the remain-
der of the time to literary pursuits. By pur-
suing this plan he mastered a large number
of languages while he followed his trade. A
distinguished United States Senator, now in
the vigor of his manhood, elevated himself
from the cobbler's bench to his present posi-
tion, by improving his time in the same way.
He labored at his trade so many hours per
day, while he read and studied the remain-
ing time. Among other things, this method con-
tributed, no doubt, to his rapid improve-
ment.

Still another quality, which contributed to
the success of Kitto, was INDEPENDENCE.
We mean by this something different from
obstinacy, or persevering recklessness. It is
that quality which enables a person to rely
upon his own manhood and principles, instead
of pinning his faith to the sleeve of another,
or trucking to public opinion. The want of
this leads to untold evils in the department
of human effort. Those youth who yield to
the wiles of the tempter, and take the intox-
icating cup, or resort to gaming saloons, are
generally destitute of this trait. A resolu-
te, well-meaning, determined "no," would
have saved multitudes of them from
ruin. But they have not sufficient indepen-
dence to utter this little word. An acquain-
tance invites them to take a glass, or play a
game, and per se they assent, but they
cannot hold out against much urging,
so they yield to the prevailing friendship,
go down, down, down to shame. True inde-
pendence would lead them to utter a deter-
mined "no," and declare plainly and fear-
lessly that they are principled against such
wrong. When the celebrated Mansfield was
attacked and threatened by a mob, on ac-
count of his course in a certain case which
he tried, he said, "I wish popularity; but it
is that which follows, not that which is
after; it is that popularity which, sooner
or later, never fails to do justice to the
pursuits of noble ends by noble means. I will not
do that which my conscience tells me is wrong,
upon this occasion, to gain the huzzas of
thousands, or the daily praise of all the
papers which comes from the press. I will
not do anything that which I think is right,
though it should draw upon me the whole
libel—all that falsehood and malice can in-
vent, or the credulity of a deluded people
can swallow. I can say, with a great magis-
trate upon an occasion, and under circum-
stances not unlike, 'I was always of opinion
that approach acquired by well-doing, was
no reproach, but an honor.'" That was inde-
pendence, such as makes signal triumphs in
the world. No matter what the pursuit of a
person is, nor how humble his condition, this
element of character elevates him!

Kitto was as much distinguished among his
friends for independence, as for other qualities
mentioned.

Just before his departure for Malta, Mr.
Harvey requested him to furnish the materials
for a memoir of himself. Kitto's reply
exhibits his independence of character in a
good degree. We make a single extract:—
"In any future publication by myself, or
concerning myself, it is my desire to appear
fully as I am; and that it should be fully re-
cognized throughout, *whom I am, and whom
I serve, I do not wish, or expect, all men to
think and feel exactly as I do; but surely I
have a right to hold, and express my own
thoughts and feelings. I am fully aware that
I hold some opinions which some will disre-
prove, and which will procure for me the
stigma of being fanatical and enthusiastic.
These you would, and I would not, wish to
conceal. In short, I should wish most deci-
dely, that it should be a publication, so far
as I am concerned, of a decidedly religious
character; and not only so, but of my own
religion."*

While he ever submitted to the advice of
his benefactors, he nevertheless, had a mind
of his own about every subject. Sometimes
he expressed his dissenting opinions plain-
ly, though in a modest, becoming manner.
He did not always agree with his benefactors,
about the wisdom of their plans for his wel-
fare. On several occasions he gave utterance
to his non-agreement. At the same time he
stated the ground of his opinion; and the
results of his eventual life proved that he
was right.

It was this trait of character which always
made him so prompt. Resolutions were fol-
lowed by immediate execution. The unde-
cided person is ever delaying. He is fearing
this and that, or waiting for some one to
move, or something else to transpire. Per-
haps he has to stop and inquire what public
opinion is. "What will Mr. A. say?"
"Will Mr. B. think well of it?" The noble
independence of Kitto raised him above these
perplexities, and therefore left no opportu-
nity for delay. He determined, then, execu-
ted. Once settled that he must be a barber,
a shoemaker, a dentist, or printer, and he
became such quicker than with any one with
whom he toiled. He was like Napoleon in
this regard. This famous general owed much
of his success to that independence of mind
which made him the man for great emergen-
cies. He looked over the field, took a bird's-
eye view of his prospect, reckoned upon his
chances, and then resolved. His camp was
all astir at once; and ere the foe dreamed
that he was nigh, he charged upon them with
all his force.

Which of the four qualities now enumer-
ated was most valuable to Kitto, it is impos-
sible to say. All of them were important,
and no one of them could have been left out
without producing a marked defect of cha-

acter. They happily blended together in
his successful career.—Working and Win-
ning.

LESSONS OF WAR.

NO. XIV.

THERE are found among us persons who
denounce the present war leveled against re-
ligion, and who make use of the following
argument in support of their opinions. They
assert that the revolted states, though over-
come by military force, will perpetuate the feud
through all coming generations. We think
the examples of history demonstrate this to
be a groundless fear. "The facts we meet
with there, prove that it is not common for
human nature to take the course which they
say the South is sure to follow. The records
of our race very strikingly show that there is
but little simple character among men, viewed
either as individuals or as nations; that they
almost uniformly submit to circumstances, that
they are seldom disposed to make great
sacrifices from adherence to principle, ex-
cept it be religious principle; that they will
not long persevere in fighting against the
condition forced upon them by the course of
events, especially if it leaves them in pos-
session of the actual and real blessings of life;
and that present sensible and reasonable
proves at length, too, strong for senti-
ment, even healthy and magnanimous senti-
ment, and much more so when it is, as in the
present instance, treasonous, wicked, unjust,
and reprobated by every honest instinct of
all mankind.

Every intelligent reader of history must
have noticed, with no small degree of pain,
how incapable states and nations are of being
influenced permanently by exalted feel-
ing or by principle. It is a feeble hold their
sentiments and honors, which have been
accustomed to contemplate with pleasure,
are often found, to have taken upon them;
how easily, under some slight change of
fortune, they become indifferent and ob-
livious to their own baseness and immemorial
characteristics. He beholds a state or city
engaged in war, and conducting her military
operations with unlimited energy; her peo-
ple full of spirit, of salutary pride, and jeal-
ousy of the public honor, brave, active, vig-
ilant; and he is convinced, as he reads, that
they could not brook existence along with
their country, if she were not crowned with
honor, victory, and supremacy; that they
could not endure to think of her, if she should
ever become, before the eyes of the nations,
less than what she is. But she suffers a few
successive reverses, or one overwhelming
blow, and he is vexed and humbled on be-
half of human nature, to see how soon her
citizens and her laws, which she has so
loved; how readily they adapt their thoughts
to a lower standard of national existence;
how void of public spirit; how insensible to
the common dishonor; how forgetful of the
splendid examples of the past; how little em-
ulous of their ancestors; how lost, in a word,
to the very sense of their identity as a peo-
ple.

Let it be observed that these facts of hu-
man nature, are exemplified in the history,
not only of secondary states, but of those
like to hold the first place among the
nations. Athens, who satisfied with inde-
pendence, aimed at unbounded empire, and
became the most splendid and formidable
power among the states of Greece, furnishes
examples of these things, under the Persians;
under the thirty tyrants set over her
by the Spartans, at the conclusion of the
war that put an end to her dominion; and
in a later age, when the eloquence of Demos-
thenes was not sufficient to arouse them to re-
sist the despotic designs of Philip.

Many other examples might be added, to
show how ready a people are to adapt their
minds of mankind, to withstand the actual
title of things, when once fully set in; how
we may easily conjecture things, how much
more impotent these sentiments are likely
to prove that are destitute of everything al-
luded to expediency, honor, or virtue. We are
bold to aver, that, if the inhabitants of the
seceded states, after having failed in a regu-
lar attempt to establish their independence,
should, from mere pride and animosity, per-
petuate the dispute, and the contest for
security for property and that domestic pros-
perity and quiet at which all civilized men
so passionately and supremely aim,—it would
stand a solitary instance in the history of the
human race. In vain would we look for a
second example of a body of men acting upon
such principles, since the beginning of the
world. The strife maintained by the Span-
iards for seven hundred years against their
Moorish invaders, the Moor was better sent
the Spaniard and the Moor were two distinct
races, unlike in the color of the skin, in lan-
guage, and religion; which last we have
already acknowledged sufficient to influence
men against the force of external circum-
stances, and the considerations of private
happiness. But there is nothing of this kind
in the case of our countrymen of the South-
ern States; and there is, therefore, nothing
in the historical fact alluded to, that affects
the position we are endeavoring to establish,
that angry passions and the dictates of
wounded pride, are things that soon run their
course, and are not sufficient to keep a peo-
ple in arms against tangible interests, and the
natural love of ease.

Our conclusion, from all that has been said
in this paper, is, that the light which history
casts upon the question under consideration,
affords abundant ground for believing, that
the South is thoroughly vanquished by the
force of arms, welded by a great
and patriotic Government de-
void of all selfish and ambitious views,
government that took up arms in self-defen-
se, and for the good of future generations;
a government, too, that knows how to spare and
to forgive; that takes away no privilege
from those who submit, but blesses them as
subjects, and embraces them as children;—
that when this is done, the South will not
perpetuate her hostility, nor find herself in-
clined to cherish, to any distant period,
a bitter feeling in her bosom; that the spirit
of false pride will soon die away among her
people; and that they will gradually and
cheerfully acquiesce in the decision of power,
sanctioned by justice, and exercised with hu-
manity.

S. P. H.

FREE grace calls for full duty.

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL.

This following is the conclusion of Rev.
Dr. Guthrie's Address, delivered in the Free
Church Assembly previous to its dissolution:

"Admit that our stipends are poor; admit
that there is little prospect for some years to
come that they will be better, I call upon the
rising talent and genius of the Church to
come and occupy the place of men—and
some I now see before me—who, with their
wives and children hanging on them, threw
themselves into a sea of troubles, and by their
sacrifices told more on the world than the
most eloquent sermons. Did our youth some
years ago leave titles, estate, luxurious man-
sions, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters,
brides, and throw themselves on the shores
of the Black Sea, and face frost, and famine,
and pestilence, and the iron shower of death,
before the walls of Sebastopol?—did the
highest and the noblest of the youth of our
country do that; and shall piety blush before
patriotism? Shall Jesus Christ call in vain
on our youth for less costly sacrifices? I
trust, fathers and brethren, that the words I
have uttered will go and stir up pious parents
to give their children to the Church, and the
children of genius and talent to give them-
selves to the ministry of the World. I have
served my master now for more than thirty
years. I am grown grey in his service, but
I can say—when I even saw how much rich-
er I might have been in other professions,
and when I felt the utmost hardship of my
own—I can say I never regretted my choice.
I have been a poor servant. I have a thou-
sand infirmities on my head, and sins, unless
washed away, on my conscience, for which I
look for pardon only through the blood of
Christ; my fathers and brethren, poor ser-
vant as I have been, I'll stand up for my
Master and say—Christ has been a good,
and blessed, and gracious Master to me.
To Him with confidence, fathers and brethren
I commend you all. May there be light in
your dwellings, may there be revivals in your
congregations, and while the Gospel of peace
is on your lips, may the peace of the Gospel
be in all your hearts. And as to my beloved
Church, I say with the Indian—May her sky
be clear, may her council fire never be
extinguished. Fathers and brethren, I
thank you for all your kindness, and I thank
God for such a bright and blessed and peace-
ful Assembly. We have had sunny skies,
and blessed showers without, and we have
had a most genial and blessed atmosphere
within. Fathers and brethren, farewell!
May God's blessing go with you to your
homes. May you all be made better, and
happier and happier men. Farewell, farewell!
And I have one to say, if I never meet
again on earth, may we meet in heaven; and
if we do meet again here, may we be nearer
heaven than we are now."

THE EFFECT OF CHRIST'S APPEARANCE IN THE WORLD.

The effect of the appearance of Christ in the
world has been to impress mankind with an
idea of transcendent purity, "which of you,"
said Christ to those who opposed Him
in Judea, "convinceth me of sin?" They
were dumb. The question was put nearly
two thousand years ago, and the response is
yet awaited. "Skeptical after skeptic has
glared into the character of Christ, searching for
a flaw; and skeptic after skeptic has recoiled
with the confession that, whatever Christiani-
ty might be, this Jesus of Nazareth was
honest and pure. No character known to
history has been subjected to scrutiny so
piercing as that of Jesus Christ; and there
is no character known to history, except His,
of which moral perfection could for a mo-
ment be maintained. The proudest names
in the annals of philosophic morality are
trampled under the feet of a stoical virtue;
Diogenes was cynically fierce against shame,
but Zeno and Diogenes were personally im-
moral. Socrates is the loftiest and purest
name of antiquity; but suspicious have in all
ages been entertained in reference to the
personal morals of Socrates, of a kind which
never, even in imagination, darkened the
figure of Christ. Aristotle and Plato were
high-minded, in some sense spiritually-mind-
ed men; but who does not know that if
Plato and Aristotle were our moral guides,
we should need to add to something like a
Mormon standard? Cato the elder was
one of the most respectable of Roman moral-
ists; but he rose not above the cast-iron
type of Roman virtue. His goodness was a
narrow, intense, implacable patriotism. His
celebrated demand for the destruction of
Carthage was inhumanly, fendishly cruel,
and his treatment of his slaves that of a man
whose heart was stone. The best thing I
ever heard of him is related by Horace,—"I
maior calidius virtutem,"—that the repulsive
old savage mellowed his virtue with wine.
Mohammed was a sincere reformer; but the
highest that can be said of him, is, that in
certain points he aimed at the Christian
model, while in others he fell infinitely be-
neath it. The veneration with which several
generations have regarded Luther and
Calvin is profound; but what Protestants
would declare the character of either to have
been flawless? Space does not permit me to
illustrate this point further, nor can it be con-
sidered necessary that I should do so. It is
beyond doubt that no being has yet appear-
ed in human form, whom the suffrage of the
race has pronounced so pure, so holy, as
Jesus Christ. A beam of white radiance,
purer as the light of God's throne, proceeds
from his eye, falling along all succeeding
ages. May we not ask whether men could
have recognized this ray so pure if there
had mingled in it originally an emanation
from the spirit of evil—a conscious decep-
tion, a lie?—Bayne.

THE HABIT OF PRAISING.

The habit of praising draws men into gen-
erous moods. It is generous and magnani-
mous to praise our fellow-men. It is a thing
that redeems a man from selfishness, to be
conscious of, and to be sensitive to, others'
good qualities, and to give himself to praising
them. And a higher and nobler thing
it is to make one's self acquainted with the
attributes of the divine mind, and to form
the habit of expressing gladness in view of
them.

It is also the cause of great life and joy in
religion. It takes away the mischief of sad-
ness. It is frequently the very charm by

which cares are driven away, and troubles
are ended. Oh, that we could reason less
about our troubles, and sing and praise more!
There are thousands of things that we wear
as shackles which we might use as instru-
ments with music in them, if we only knew
how. Those men that ponder, and meditate,
and weigh the affairs of life, and study the
mysterious developments of God's providence,
and marvel why they should be burdened
and thwarted and hampered—how different
and how much more joyful would be their
life, if, instead of ever indulging in self-
revolving and inward thinking, they would
take their experiences, day by day, and lift
them up, and praise God for them. How of-
ten, when we lift up an experience that seems
to us painful so as to see it in the light of
God's countenance, is it transfigured, and
shown to mean something different from that
which appeared to mean. We can sing our
cares away easier than we can reason them
away. Sing in the morning. The birds are
the earliest to sing, the birds are more with-
out care than anything else that I know of.
Sing at evening. Singing is the last thing
that robs us. When they have done their
daily work; when they have flown their last
flight and picked their last morsel of food,
and cleaned their bills in the napkin of a
bough, then, on a fopmost twig, they sing
one song of praise. I know that sleep
is sweeter for it. They dream music, they
sometimes in the night they break forth in sing-
ing, and stop suddenly after the first note,
started by their own voice. Oh, that we
might sing evening and morning, and let
song touch song all the way through.

I was returning from the country the
other evening, between six and seven, bear-
ing a basket of flowers, I met a man that was
apparently the tender of a mason. He looked
brick and mortar all over! He had worked
the entire day, and he had the appearance of
a man that would not be afraid of work. He
was walking with a little step, and singing to
himself as he passed down the street, though
he had been working the whole day, and
nearly the whole week. Were it not that my
good thoughts always come too late, I should
have given him a large allotment of my
flowers. If he had not been out of sight, how
the idea occurred to me, I should have flow-
ered him, and said, "Have you worked all day?"
"Of course I have," he would have said;
"And are you singing?" "Of course I
am." "Then take these flowers home, and
give them to your wife, and tell her what a
blessing she has in you."

O that we could put songs under our bur-
den! O that we could extract the sense of
sorrow by song! Then those things would
not poison so much. Sing in the house.
Teach your children to sing. When troubles
come, go at them with songs. When griefs
rise up, sing them down. Lift the voice of
song against cares. Praise God by singing
—that will lift you above trials of every sort.
Attempt it. They sing in heaven and among
God's people upon earth: Song is the appro-
priate language of Christian feeling.—H.
W. Beecher.

THE MANLINESS OF GODLINESS.

The world's idea of manhood is a hybrid
between hedonism, the religion of
pride, self-assertion, and the modern Chris-
tianity, and the religion of humility, self-abasement.
For an infidel to ground himself
upon the fact that he admires gentleness and
courtesy and other spiritual graces so pro-
foundly as the Christian does, and then,
upon the strength of this, to declare that he,
without the aid of revelation, has grasped
the true idea of manhood, is as grossly absurd
as it would be for the architect of one of
our most primitive New England meeting-
houses, to declare his work embodies the
true idea of Church architecture because it
is common with the old cathedrals, it has a
spire and bell and central aisle. But leav-
ing the region of speculation, where we have
no time to wander, let us come back to facts.
And here it may be suggested,—with what
truth the reader must judge,—that the rea-
son why so many young men think it unmanly
to become followers of Christ, is because
they do not rightly apprehend what it is to
be a Christian. Filled, as all noble-minded
young men are with a strong abhorrence
of every sort of hypocrisy and cant, and
they become convinced, in one way or another,
that religion is all cant, and so they shun
it as they would disease. "If my classmate
Robinson," said a young student once upon
a time, "if my classmate Robinson were to
come to me and say, 'what is the condition
of your soul?' I should answer him, 'Rob-
inson, if the Kingdom of Heaven is made up
of such men as you, I should prefer being
left out.'" The answer would have been
a rude and an unkind one, but yet not
wholly unnatural or uncalled for. Robin-
son did not make religion a bugbear. He gave
all about him to understand that Heaven
could only be won by making the earth
gloomy. He made it appear that in his
opinion the Gospel was called good-news,
because it really was bad news. The like
injury to the cause of Christ is done
by agents inanimate as well as animate, by
books and pictures. A young man takes up
what he has heard read a religious book,
and becoming utterly disgusted with it, lays
it down with the somewhat illogical conclu-
sion that religion is disgusting. Or he sees
it in the windows of the print-shops certain ill-
drawn, falsely-colored representations of boys
with lack-lustre eyes and rose-pink cheeks,
labeled "Piety," "Devotion," and the like,
and he concludes as illogically as before,
that in order to be pious and devotional,
one must become nabby puffy boys. We
confess to have often wondered, while turn-
ing over the pages of such books, as looking
through the windows at such pictures as those
described, how any of us, so liable as we
are to judge of systems and institutions by
their accidents rather than their essentials,
—how any of us ever come to faith. It can
only be because, in one way or another, we
are guided to the fountain-head and taught
to quench our thirst in the clear untainted
stream. Having been so led ourselves, let
us lead others.—Let us do all we can to take
away the stumbling-blocks from before their
feet. Is your friend scandalized by the in-
consistencies and charismatics of one who
calls himself a Christian? Tell him to fore-
get the disciple in the Master. Is he dis-
tressed and offended by some bigoted, one-
sided book? Open to him, as well as to
yourself, the pages of the Book which is
never bigoted and always Cath-

olic. Is he annoyed and discouraged by cer-
tain deformities of Christian art? Point
him to the thorn-crowned head. Let
him who desire to know what true man-
hood is, set aside the systems and the theo-
logies, and simply study the character of Je-
sus. Even upon the lowest ground of hu-
manitarianism he cannot refuse to regard
Christ as the central figure of human history,
and on that account alone worthy of his most
serious contemplation. Let him, then, study
that character honestly and faithfully, and
it will not be very long, we venture to be-
lieve