

Miscellaneous.

ADVICE TO AN INQUIRER MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

From your pleasant letter of November 2d, I am glad to learn of your welfare and health, which is a special benefit and grace of God; for since you left home many a man, and even many a young man, has been called into eternity, as might easily have happened to you. Now, who knows but that this great transition to eternity is near, at our very door? Yet we know, also, out of God's Word, which cannot lie, that without regeneration and sanctification we cannot see the kingdom of God. I hope, therefore, that you will take this to heart, and not slight precious grace and the time thereof. I am glad that you know your sins a little, and that you will lend a willing ear to the call of grace. But, for all that, you are not yet a converted man, although such feeling and your desire is indeed a grace of God, and a source from which something better may spring if you give place to this convincing grace. Of ourselves we have not a single good thought; and if we have but one good thought in sorrow for our state, or longing for God, we need not imagine that it came to us by chance; but we should think, the merciful God and Saviour cometh to thy heart and soul, that He may save thee as a brand from the burning of everlasting destruction. And by the love we have for our immortal soul we should not let such precious emotions be stifled through vanity and careless behavior; nor should we listen to Satan when he would make us wise, saying that one is still young, that one cannot live so strictly, that one would be foolish to think of it, that many a one has thought to be saved without being so very precise, that God is gracious and merciful, and other such cunning suggestions, whereby men are secretly deceived until their time of grace is past, and on their death-bed their eyes are opened and they are filled with fear and dread. Well; we shall not act thus, but to-day, because we hear the voice of God, we shall abide still and say: "The night is past: the time to slumber o'er; This day salvation cometh to thy door."

And, with the Prodigal Son, "I will arise and will go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." Read once more, and with prayer, the story of the Prodigal Son, in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and you will see how a penitent sinner must come to God, and how ready the eternal, loving, Father-heart of God is to receive the poor, returning, penitent sinner.

What you write is quite true, that when we fear we are overburdened with many sins, we cannot draw near to God with free confidence. But what are we to do? We cannot make good our past transgressions; we cannot make ourselves pious; we need not fancy we would come if we were only once pious. That, indeed, by no means; but we must come just as we are, with all our sins and corruption, and must cry to God for the pardon of our many sins, for the sake of that dear Saviour Jesus, who for our sins poured out his precious blood, and endured all the pains of hell, that he might obtain pardon and grace for penitent sinners. You must not leave off this continuous prayer for God's grace, for the sake of Jesus Christ; and the more your sins press upon you, so much the more humbly and heartily call upon the blessed Saviour, and hold before Him his bitter pains. God will then, at his own time, certainly have mercy, and send you forgiveness of sins, free confidence, and a new heart, so that it will be your pleasure to serve Him, to love Him, and to deny everything for his sake. O, how blessed the man is who chooses this way, and does not leave it till he has found this great good! Nothing can give me more joy than to see and hear this of you, and I shall not fail to pray God for it through his grace. Pray, also, yourself diligently, and avoid all hurtful society. The blessed God hath given grace to your brother Gerret, from whom I had a letter last Sunday, and I hope that every day he will be strengthened and advanced. Your brothers Henry and William also feel that things must be changed. May God help you all to break through, so that God and his children may through you rejoice, and, after short time of this woful life, we may find each other eternally before God's face. Wishing this, I greet you heartily, my beloved nephew, and, commending you to God, I remain, Your affectionate uncle, at your service, GERHARD TERSTEGGERN.

MUHLHEIM ON THE RUHR, 9 Nov., 1745. —Sunday Magazine.

THE IRREPARABLE PAST.

Time is the solemn inheritance to which every man who is born is heir—he has a life-portion of this world—a little section cut out of eternity and given him to do his work in; an eternity before, an eternity behind; and the small stream between, floating swiftly from the one into the vast bosom of the other. The man who has felt with all his soul the significance of time, will not be long in learning every lesson this world has to teach him. Have you ever felt it? Have you ever realized how your own little streamlet is gliding away and bearing you along with it toward that awful other world, of which all things here are but the thin shadows, down into that eternity toward which the confused wreck of all things earthly is bound? Let us realize that until cessation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling strongly that it is worse than madness to sleep time away. Every day in this world has its work; and every day, as it rises out of eternity, keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, what will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity, and nothing rises again? And now what have we to say with respect to this solemn thing—time? That men do with it through life just what the Apostle did for one precious and irreparable hour of it in the garden of Gethsemane; they go to sleep.

Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden, which art has so finished with a perennial fountain, that through the lips, or through the

hands, the clear water flows in a perpetual stream, on, on, on forever; and the marble stands there—passive, cold, making no effort to arrest the gliding water? It is so that time flows through the hands of men, swift, never pausing till it has run itself out; and there is the man, petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever.

It is so, just so, that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself, slipping away from them, aimless, useless, till it is too late. And we are asked, with all the solemn thoughts which crowd around an approaching eternity, what has been our life, and what do we intend it shall be? Yesterday, last week, last year—they are gone. Yesterday, for example, was such a day as never was before, and never can be again. Out of darkness and eternity it was born, a new, fresh day; into darkness and eternity it sank again forever. It had a voice calling to us, of its own; its own work, its own duties—what were we doing yesterday? Idling, whiling away the time in idleness and luxurious literature, not as life's relaxation, but as life's business; thrilling our heart with the excitement of life; continuing now to spend the day most pleasantly—was that our duty? Sleep, brethren; all that is but sleep. And now let us remember this: there is a day coming, when that sleep will be rudely broken, with a shock; there is a day in our future lives when our time will be counted, not by years nor by months, nor yet by hours, but by minutes—the day when unmistakable symptoms shall announce that the messengers of death have come to take us.

The startling moment will come, when it is vain to attempt to realize now, when it will be felt that it is all over at last—that our chances, our trials are past. The moment that we have tried to think of, shrunk from, put away from us, here it is—going too, like all other moments that have gone before it; and then with eyes unsealed at last, you look back on the life that is gone by. There is no mistake about it; there it is, a most palpable sleep, self-indulgent unconsciousness of single destinies, and God, and Christ; asleep when Christ was calling out to you to watch Him one hour; asleep when there was something to be done; a sleep broken, it may be, once or twice by restless dreams, and by a voice of truth which would make itself heard at times, but still a sleep which was only rocked into deeper stillness by interruptions. And now from the undone eternity, the boom of whose waves is distinctly audible upon your soul, there comes the serene voice again—a solemn, sad voice—but no longer the same word "watch;" other words altogether, "You may go to sleep." It is too late to awake; there is no science in earth or heaven to recall time that has once fled.—F. W. Robertson.

THE NARROW CHURCH.

Opposed to the Broad Church is what we may call the Narrow Church. These two repel each other, and each drives the other away farther from the centre. The Broad Church becomes broader and lighter as it is blown away from the Narrow Church, and the Narrow Church becomes more shrunk and shriveled out of a terror of being caught in the folds of the Broad Church. The fault of the Narrow Church consists essentially in its being incapable of comprehending the great breadth, or appreciating the full love of the religion of Jesus Christ. This may sometimes arise merely from its partisans having received little or no liberal education to expand their minds; and at other times, from their being beset with a narrowness of intellect; in such cases we can excuse the persons—unless, indeed, they become what they are often tempted to be, censorious of others who can take a wider and more loving view than they. But it springs, most commonly, not from mere unfavorable circumstances, or a defect of natural gift, but from the culpable narrowness of heart, which will not allow itself to be enlarged by the full influence of Christian love.

That man belongs to the Narrow Church, and deserves to be called an exclusive churchman to whatever sect he may be attached; who looks upon the Church as consisting only of those who bear office in it, such as ministers and presbyters, members of ecclesiastical courts, ministers, elders and deacons. The Church invisible consists of all who believe in Christ and are united to Him. The Church visible consists of all who profess their faith in Christ and live consistently with their professions, in the use of the sacraments and the other ordinances of God's appointment. All of these have high privileges secured to them, and have important duties to discharge. It certainly does not prove any one to belong to the Narrow Church that he loves his own denomination, that he strives to advance its interests by his own contributions, his exertions, and his prayers, and to have its sphere of usefulness widened for good. But he is a member of the Narrow Church, with whatever sect, large or small, he may be connected, when he looks on his own denomination as constituting the Church of God; when he unchurches all other churches; nay, when he refuses to acknowledge that there are other sheep who are not of his fold; when he shuts himself up within the narrow precincts of his own communion, and declines to look on the things of others to see if there be anything good or imitable in them; when he prays for no other body of Christians than his own; nay, when he neglects to read about the missionary exertions at home and abroad, of other religious organizations seeking to Christianize the world. "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church" in a nobler sense than the adherents of the Church of Rome do. "I believe in the communion of saints," in the universal communion of saints on earth, as well as of saints in heaven. A Christian cut off from the communion (I mean here outward communion) of the Church, is not, as every one knows, in a favorable position for advancing in the Christian life, for growing in love. I believe that, in like manner, a Church cut off from the communion of the Churches of Christ, is in an equally unfavorable position. It is like a pool out off from living streams; apt to become dead and stagnant; mantled all over with green envy and black prejudice. This Christian Church, like the Christian man, should be like a lake receiving fresh

streams above, and giving them out from beneath, to mingle with other streams, and to foster fertility as they flow far and wide.—Dr. James McCosh.

CONVERSION OF MARTIN BOOS.

Martin Boos was one of those rare priests found in the Romish Church, who have a clear evangelical faith, and who labor with the whole heart to build up Christ's kingdom, rather than the Romish hierarchy. The Montreal Evangelist gives the following account of his conversion:—

In 1788 or 1789, says Martin Boos, I visited a sick woman who was distinguished for deep humility and exemplary piety. "You shall die in great peace, shall you not?" I said to her. "Why?" asked she. "You have led such a pious, such a virtuous life," I replied. "Ah," she said, with a sweet smile, "if I trusted in my piety, I would deserve nothing but hell. No, no; I rest only on Jesus, my Saviour."

Then looking at me with surprise, she added, "What kind of a priest are you? What consolations do you give me? How could I stand for a moment before the judgment seat of God, where every one shall give an account even of his idle words, if Christ was not my rock? I would certainly be lost if I looked to myself, to my merits, for the blessedness of heaven. What man is there who is pure in the eyes of the Eternal? Which of our actions, of our virtues, would be of the necessary weight, if He should weigh in the balance? No, if Christ had not died for me, if He had not satisfied the justice of God and paid my debts, all my good works would not save me from endless wrath. He, He alone is my hope, my salvation, and my joy."

These words, coming from the mouth of a woman in great reputation for holiness, were as a bright light shining into the eyes of Martin Boos. From that time he received Christ as his perfect righteousness, and found peace and the joy of salvation. From that time also he had to endure all kinds of persecution; his preaching, impressed with the wholesome doctrines of the Gospel, could not fail to stir up against him violent enemies. To preach free salvation, a salvation given by God, and which man can and ought to receive only as a gift, as merely an alms—to preach such a doctrine in a Church which, while it preserves the name of Christ puts in His place human works as the means of redemption, was it not to undermine the foundation of that Church and to expose one's self to her severest punishments? However, Boos once settled on the sure foundation, remained there; the Lord kept him on it, and enabled him to suffer with joy for His name.

A PLEASANT EPISODE IN THE ANDOVER ANNIVERSARY.

One of the interesting events of the late meeting of the Andover Alumni, in connection with anniversary exercises of the Seminary, was the opening of Brechin Hall, the new Library building, erected by the munificence of three Scotchmen, now residents of Andover, and so named from the Scotch home of their youth. Prof. McCosh, who has been making the tour of the New England Commencements, was present, and, of course, owed it to Scotland, as well as himself, to obey the call for a speech. He stated that he himself, in early life, was pastor of the little church in Brechin, Scotland, where these three men originated, though they came to this country before his settlement there. He himself knew nothing of them as donors to the library until he came to Andover to attend these anniversaries, where the whole train of coincidences was developed. He related another interesting fact in this connection. While he was pastor in Brechin, there was an outlying district, where the people were poor, and had no school. He himself labored to raise the funds and establish a school among this neglected population, but the work was not done until after he left the place. After he had gone away, he heard that three Scotchmen, who had emigrated to America from Brechin, had sent back funds to erect a house, and establish the school, but he knew not who these three men were until he met them here in Andover. It appears, also, that in honor of the place from which the money came, the hill where the school stands in Brechin, is called Andover Hill. These men came to this country many years ago, poor, and began life in an humble way. But like many other thrifty and earnest Scotchmen, bringing with them the religious principles of their fathers, they have achieved success, and now rejoice in the power to bless with their gifts their native land and the land of their adoption.

The Congregationalist says that the speech of Dr. McCosh, on this occasion, was eminently felicitous and inspiring, moving the audience to smiles and tears. He amused his hearers by proposing that the Andover students should undertake to pronounce the word Brechin, and intimated to the donors that they should not let them have the building until they could pronounce that word aright. It is not Brechin, nor Brechin, but has the German sound of ch, in which the k is submerged in a soft guttural.

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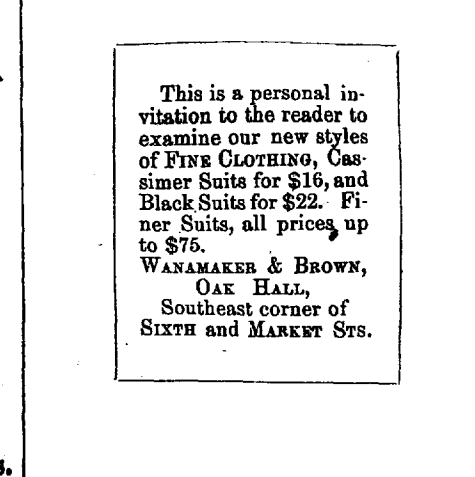
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