

Correspondence.

DR. BRAINERD.

DEAR BROTHER:—Earth is poorer and heaven is richer, for one of the best and noblest of men is gone from us and is with God. This morning, as my eye glanced over the despatches in one of our morning papers, it fell on the lines, "Dr. Thomas Brainerd, pastor of the Pine Street Church in Philadelphia, is dead." The paper dropped from my hands, and the words burst from my heart, "O, what a loss; what a light has gone out!" What a genial, broad-minded, catholic, spirited man has gone from amongst us. I had known Dr. Brainerd by reputation and his writings for years—indeed, since 1837; and occasionally I had met him in the General Assembly, but I had no intimate personal acquaintance until 1863, when our nation's struggle brought me to his house. From this time our relations were of the most friendly and intimate character. My relation to the army and various charitable associations connected with the service, brought me frequently to Philadelphia, and in his family I made my home; and every hour I spent with him ended with but one regret—that I had not known him sooner. I have gone with him to the social and religious assemblies of the Church, into the alleys and remote streets of Philadelphia, where we addressed on the sidewalks, in school-houses, and in churches, small groups and large congregations of colored people, urging them to avail themselves of the hour for their race and their country. I have been with him on many visits to the hospitals, where we endeavored to pour balm into the wounds of our broken heroes. I have stood by his side in many gatherings of loyal men, and in the darkest days of despair and gloom he spoke such words of cheer, of faith in God and the right, of courage, as rarely fall from human lips, and sent forth thousands with brighter eyes and spirits perved for every sacrifice. In these years of our great nation's travail and agony, the pastor of the Pine Street Church was the leader of that noble host of loyal men and women whose munificent charities and sacrifices for the army and country have won for Philadelphia the gratitude of millions. Were the soldiers from other States hastening to the field of battle, to be met, warmed and cheered, Dr. Brainerd was your voice and hand. The profound admiration that glowed in his words and face for those who were willing to shed their blood and lay down their lives for their country, the benedictions of his religion, the reverence felt by him for the poorest and humblest man that followed the flag of his country, gave dignity in the eyes of the soldier to his mission, and sent him forth a more cheerful and courageous man. Were the wounded to be received and borne to the hospitals, Dr. Brainerd was foremost amongst you, who, with blessings and tears, prayers and sympathies, softened the couches and relieved the anguish of the sufferers. Was there an hour when all hearts stood still in fear, when a mighty, crushing storm bewildered us all; there was one amongst you who knew no fear, and whose head rose far above the darkness of the tempest. Was there an hour of great deliverance, when the power of the enemies of the country was broken forever, and strong men wept in each other's arms, and all rushed as by a common impulse before the sacred shrine of American liberty, again, by one consent, Dr. Brainerd expressed, in seer-like words, your gratitude to God. In these scenes I would, one hour, most admire Dr. Brainerd's self-forgetfulness, his indifference to fatigue; at another, I would most admire his eloquence, his sympathy with man, and magnanimous generosity. Another day I was most impressed with his far-seeing wisdom and tact, his knowledge of men and power, of silencing opposition and stimulating to enthusiasm the inkwarm and the wavering.

In those years there was a marvellous growth in the affections and spiritual being of Dr. Brainerd; his trials and sorrows, exertions and struggles, deepened his sympathies with human nature, and made him love more earnestly all true and good men. And whatever, like broken shreds, had remained of human weaknesses, such as ambition, self-seeking, the love of ease, the fear of man, repugnancy to those of different opinions and faith, were all thrown off as unworthy of the man.

Long before his departure from us the angels were weaving above him his robes of light.

Such a man ennobled our nature and increased our gratitude to the Gospel, which gives us the assurance that we shall meet him again, and know him and love him forever.

Probably, there is reason for gratitude to God, that in the fulness of his usefulness, if not of his strength, he departed from us. It is best that such a man should not gradually retire from the thoughts and walks of those who have revered and loved him. We will pray more earnestly for his mantle, because we saw it hanging fully and gracefully on the shoulders of one not creeping into silence, but in the full glory of his ministry.

May the stricken but gifted widow be spared to give us the memorials of an eventful but fruitful life. If the Church mourns, what shall we say of the irreparable loss of her companion of thirty-five years? How lonely the

dwelling of joy! How silent the house of gladness! May God comfort with that vision of glory which we see only brighter through our tears. J. J. M.

JOHN HOWARD, OR THE LIVING CHRISTIAN.

Life must have a proper aim, a spiritual character, and godly results, to fulfil its high commission. There are various ways of occupying it, of spending its opportunities, and of consuming its powers; but there is only one way of devoting it to its divine end, and its fully enjoying the blessing which it is capable of receiving. Many prefer the course which gratifies the flesh, but dishonors God and at last brings misery to existence. Few only direct their lives in the channel of Divine obedience and realize eternal bliss. To live in the highest and only true sense, is not merely to breathe and maintain in health and exercise the union of soul and body; it is to be animated by the Spirit of Christ. It was Christ who first taught the world "that life in every shape is precious." Only since he came did man build hospitals, stoop down to the degraded, and send missionaries to the benighted and lost. Only since he came have men learned that God's image may be engraven upon the wreck and offscouring of humanity, and that none on earth are too far gone to be beyond the power of the Gospel.

In the person of John Howard we behold a beautiful exemplification of the Spirit of Christ. If the question had been asked, who of the young men in the last century was to win a statue in St. Paul's Cathedral as a tribute to his philanthropic service, none would have sought for him in a grocer's shop or looked for him in that pale-faced boy behind Mr. Newnham's counter in London. Yet such was John Howard in his youth. The son of a wealthy upholsterer, he was apprenticed to a wholesale grocer at the usual age. Although the business was not to his taste, he undoubtedly derived much advantage from the rigid discipline of his apprenticeship, especially much of the accuracy in details which enabled him to give such clear statements of the condition of the suffering and point out the efficient remedy. It was years before his hour came and he found his true mission. We can but glance at two or three points in his life previous to his celebrated career.

In the year 1752 or 1753 visit the village of Newington near London and you find that the pale apprentice has become a man of fortune, and though still in feeble health, he devotes himself to scientific pursuits and charitable deeds. He is now twenty-five years of age, and married. He takes decided ground as a religious man, and without being at all dogmatic, is an interested member of the dissenting Church in the place. He himself started and headed a subscription for purchasing a house for the minister of the congregation. Such was Howard at Newington, a kind-hearted man of wealth, of whom few persons out of the little village much knew or cared.

Glance at him once more a few years after. Look into a filthy dungeon in Brest, the naval port of France. There upon the damp floor of the prison, with only a little straw to protect them, lie a considerable company of Englishmen, sailors and passengers of a merchant vessel bound to Lisbon and captured by a French privateer. For forty hours they are kept without food. Among them there is a somewhat feeble-looking man of twenty-nine years. It is Howard. He is tasting the lot of the captive in all its bitterness, and unconsciously preparing himself for his holy mission. Left a widower, with health impaired and mind given somewhat to melancholy, he looked to travel for relief, and was led by his interest in the suffering to visit the scene of the recent fearful earthquake at Lisbon. His imprisonment was not of long duration, though long enough to give him knowledge and impulse.

We may now glance at his position in 1770, at the sober age of forty-three. His home is at his favorite place, Cardington, upon the farm bequeathed him by his father. Fourteen years of varied experience have passed, years in part of happiness with a congenial companion, years in part of sad bereavement. He had travelled frequently in England and on the European continent, and during the year of which we speak had made a continental tour. His mind was of the most serious frame, and the beautiful bay of Naples, to his soul, rather reflected the glory of God than the effeminate beauty of Italian life. In Naples he made a solemn dedication of himself to God and put his name to a covenant between himself and his Maker. In this spirit he returned to Cardington. His mode of life for three years from our date was retired, yet earnest and active. He was a good neighbor, a kind landlord, a faithful Christian. He visited the poor, gave them good counsel, and when necessary, relieved their wants. In one point he anticipated an excellent movement, which has of late made great progress in England, and began to show itself in this country. The owner of a large property, he considered the poor not as offering him plunder, but as claiming his protection. He did not, as many have done, put up miserable hovels, fertile in rheumatism and fever, and rent them at enormous prices, but erected on his grounds neat and healthy cottages, and leased them on very moderate terms to persons who would use them well. He walked three miles to Church, both

forenoon and afternoon, unwilling to keep his servants from equal privileges on that day. Yet, notwithstanding all these things, the world knew little of John Howard. His hour had not yet come. Even at the sober age of forty-six, his great and immortal work was before him.

The immediate occasion of directing his attention to the cause so identified with his name was his appointment to the post of High Sheriff for the county of Bedford. This office, although honorable and respectable, was one usually undertaken by some affluent and prominent man, who took to himself all the dignity of the station and left its labors to some subordinate. Howard was not the man to content himself with grand pageants and banquets to which the high sheriff was usually called. Scrupulously faithful to his duties, he took an early opportunity to inspect the jail of his county. He saw at once that a state of things existed there that called out his warmest indignation and protest. He was struck, first of all, by the outrageous custom of retaining men in prison after their acquittal for the payment of fees charged them for the time spent in confinement previous to their trial. Anxious to abate this abuse, he investigated the condition of other jails, in the hope of finding more humane precedents, and thus his career as the prisoner's friend began. This was in the year 1773.

The revelations of oppression and misery that constantly presented themselves to him in his tour through England, astonished himself as they did the whole English public. The disease, vice and injustice that were connected with the prevalent system, he carefully investigated and boldly exposed. The attention of the English Parliament was at once drawn to the subject; Howard was examined before the House of Commons, and a bill was passed abolishing the obnoxious jail fees and providing for the better health of the prisoners.

What to some men would have been hailed as a triumph sufficient to crown a life, with honor, was to him but the beginning of his work. He aimed, as it were, to take the whole census of human misery, and after two years of observation through England and Wales, and two visits of examination to the Continent, he published his first grand treatise on prisons in the year 1777. Our space would not permit us to review or even classify the forms of misery that he met in the prisons of Europe. In Holland he found some ray of light, but almost everywhere else the darkness was unbroken. One incident is worthy of notice, in his first visit to France, for its high historic interest. At Paris, he tried to obtain admittance into the Bastille, and actually passed within the outer gate. But an officer came out of the guard-house with such a look of astonishment and threatening that the philanthropist made his way back as quickly as possible. What thoughts are suggested by this fact—Howard and the Bastille!—the spirit of humanity endeavoring to enter the dungeon of feudal despotism! Humanity is repulsed, and despotism triumphs with its moats and battlements; the captives in the iron cages were not then to hear the voice of a friend. How different the meeting, some ten years afterward, at those gates. Not gentle humanity, but terrific revenge stands face to face with feudal despotism, and the Parisian mob raised the stronghold of tyranny to the ground.

After having devoted more than eleven years of his life to the reformation of the jails, and the improvement of the hospitals of his own and foreign countries, he determined again to quit his home on a journey fraught with greater danger than any he had yet undertaken. He now resolved to face that most terrific of human ills, the plague. Forth he goes on his heroic expedition to the lazarettos or plague hospitals of Europe. On this tour of mercy he visited the Italian States, and from thence passed by sea to Turkey, in which country he examined the hospitals and prisons of Constantinople, Smyrna and other places. Through all he kept his faith and courage. In a letter to a friend at this time, he deprecates the idea of having undertaken a wild or chimerical enterprise, although fully aware of the extent of his exposure. "But I persevere," he says, "through good report and evil report. I know I run the greatest risk of my life. Permit me to declare the sense of my mind in the expressive words of Dr. Doddridge, 'I have no hope in what I have been or done. Yet there is a hope set before me. In Him, the Lord Jesus Christ, I trust. In Him I have strong consolation.'"

Returning home in 1787, he was sincerely troubled to find an effort in progress to erect a statue in token of his services, and stopping this enterprise by his entreaties, he gave himself now to the task of embodying his new researches, in a quarto volume, on Lazarettos.

Surely now his labors are at a close, we cannot but say. Over sixty years of age, with infirm health, he certainly must give himself to repose, and pass his few remaining years in comparative leisure. But his book on Lazarettos gave indications of another journey like the last. Look over his journal kept at this time, and we may understand his state of mind. We find passages like these, bearing date of Sabbath evening, March 15, 1789:—

"An approving conscience adds pleasure to every act of piety, benevolence, and self-denial. It inspires serenity and

brightens every gloomy hour, disarming adversity, disease and death. It is my ambition to put on the Lord Jesus Christ and have the same mind that was also in Him.

"Health, time, powers of mind, and worldly possessions are from God. Do I consecrate them all to Him?—so help me, O, my God!

"Our superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others—our conveniences should give place to the necessities of others—and even our necessities give way to the extremities of the poor."

Once more and with a with a presentiment of approaching death, Howard went forth to study the nature of the plague in its most fearful haunts in Russia, Turkey and the East. It is sad to say farewell, even for a few months, to anything that we love. There was great beauty and pathos in Howard's farewell to England—his home—and his friends—a farewell forever. He made his will and all necessary arrangements as to his property; he even gave directions for his tomb-stone, and forbade any epitaph except the simple inscription of name, age, death, and the words "My hope is in Christ." He visited the poor in his neighborhood, passed the evening before his departure in the grove planted by himself and the deceased one most dear to him, and on the morrow he was on his way in search of the pestilence that walketh in darkness.

Visiting all the chief prisons and hospitals on the way, he went through Germany to St. Petersburg, and thence to the borders of the Black Sea to Cherson, where war and disease had accumulated their horrors. While the Russian army were revelling in festivity for their victory over the Turks, the philanthropist was pursuing his holy vocation at the bedside of the sick and dying. His hour came at last, as it must come to all. Called to visit a young woman sick of malignant fever, and thus obliged to ride a long distance in the cold and wet on horseback, he was no longer proof against infection. Soon he was prostrated upon his bed. Calmly, even cheerfully, he watched the approach of death. In a little while he was absent from the body and present with his Lord.

Christian reader!

"Behold the lovely portrait and admire; Nor stop at wonder—imitate and live."

Miscellaneous.

THE CONVERSION OF SUMMERFIELD.

Summerfield, for a few years before his conversion, caused his father great anxiety by his irregularities and dissipated habits. The temptations of a city life were too strong for his good resolutions, and frequent lapses into sin lost him self-respect, and awakened serious apprehension among his Christian friends. But God had purposes of mercy toward him, and plucked him as a brand from the burning, to become a shining light in the world.

The place where he had first found peace through faith in Jesus has a special interest. It was in the house of one who had been a notorious sinner, but through the grace of God had been recovered from a life of vice. William Haughton was a member of a little circle of mockers at religion, calling themselves the "Hell-fire Club." They made sport of sacred things, and in their meetings revelled in all forms of ribaldry and blasphemy.

Connected with a regiment of soldiers stationed in barracks in Dublin, was a private named Richard Mellen, one of those earnest, heroic workers for Christ, of which the early annals of Methodism furnish many examples. When off duty he was incessant in labor to win souls, and among the converts won by his affectionate zeal was the wife of William Haughton. She was a woman of resolute character, and with a boldness which perhaps outran discretion, invited Mellen to preach at her house, in spite of the bitter opposition of her husband. He resented the liberty taken in his house, and irritated by the taunts of his associates in the club, swore a terrible oath that he would turn the preacher into the street.

One day when the house was crowded he determined to put the threat into execution. He rose with a defiant look, and with a courage stimulated by liquor, approached Mr. Mellen to thrust him out by force. The preacher suspected his purpose, but felt no fear. With an unflinching calmness of face, and a voice that never trembled, he looked steadily at the approaching ruffian, and continued reading a hymn for singing. The poor wife trembled at the scene, and could only lift her heart to God in earnest prayer. The prayer was answered quite otherwise than she had dared to hope. The preacher read the words,

"If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all."

and these words were carried home to William Haughton by the power of the Holy Ghost. He stopped suddenly in his forward movement, gave a loud cry, and fell senseless to the floor. When he came to himself he was humble and penitent, in great agony of mind for his sins, and at last found peace in trusting in Jesus.

He was a tool-maker by trade, and had a large basement for work under his house. This basement was at once opened for meetings, and became a great centre for effective Christian labor. It was a spiritual birth-place for many souls. Summerfield was attracted thither by reports of the great change wrought in the profane drunkard, and came to see and hear some new thing. His impressive nature was touched; his conscience, long uneasy, was agitated by bitter remorse; he felt the need of Christian prayer and sympathy; and at last an assurance of a new birth brought him unutterable peace. In this humble basement the eloquent preacher began his Christian

life by shouting "Glory!" and here his first exhortations gave promise of that wonderful sweetness and pathos which clothed with power his brief ministry. A cobbler's shop was the school where John Angell James began to work for Christ, and John Summerfield received his first training for the pulpit in a tool-maker's cellar. One learns from such instances never to despise the day of small things.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

SORROWS OF THE MINISTRY.

Lord, why are we commonly sent on so vain an errand? Why are we required to speak to them that will not hear, and expose thy sacred truths and counsels to the contempt of sinful worms, to labor day by day in vain, and spend our strength for naught? Yea, we cannot forbear to complain; none so labor in vain as we; of all men none are so generally unprosperous and unsuccessful. Others are wont to see the fruit of their labors in proportion to the expense of strength in them; but our strength is labor and sorrow for the most part, without the return of a joyful fruit. The husbandman plows in hope, and sows in hope, and is commonly partaker of his hope; we are sent to plow and sow among rocks and thorns and in the highway. How seldom fall we upon good ground; where have we any increase? Yea, Lord, how often are men the harder for all our labors with them, the dearer for all our endeavors to quicken them; our breath kills them whom thou sendest us to speak life to; and we often become to them a deadly savor. Sometimes, when we think somewhat is done to our purpose, our labor all returns, and we are to begin again: and when the duties we persuade to, come directly to cross men's interest and carnal inclinations, they revolt and start back, as if we were urging them upon the flames or the sword's point; and their own souls and the eternal glory are regarded as a thing of naught. Then heaven and hell become with them fancies and dreams, and all that we have said to them false and fabulous. We are to the most as men that mock in our most serious warnings and counsels, and the word of the Lord is a reproach. We sometimes fill our mouth with arguments and our hearts with hope, and think sure they now will yield; but they esteem our strongest reasonings as Leviathan doth iron and brass, but as a straw and rotten wood, and laugh at Divine threatenings as he doth at the shaking of the spear.—*Howe.*

TRUTH ILLUSTRATED.

Some preachers have a delightful faculty of illustrating truth, whether in the pulpit or in pastoral labors, by means of happy and appropriate suppositions, employed by way of simile or comparison. The late eloquent and heavenly-minded Doctor Payson possessed this faculty in an eminent degree, and often used it with the most delightful results in his faithful and affectionate ministrations. Those who are familiar with the history and writings of this holy man will immediately call to mind a variety of instances. One or two specimens will suffice for our present purpose.

"Suppose," says Doctor Payson, "you wished to separate a quantity of brass and steel filings, mixed together in one vessel, how would you effect this separation? Apply a loadstone, and immediately every particle of iron will attach itself to it, while the brass filings remain behind. Thus, if we see a company of true and false professors of religion, we may not be able to distinguish between them; but let Christ come among them, and all his sincere followers will be attracted toward him, as the steel is drawn to the magnet, while those who have none of his Spirit will remain at a distance."

Is it possible, I ask, to conceive of any other form or figure of speech by which the exact idea in the mind of the speaker could have been more accurately or more forcibly conveyed to the mind of the hearer. If the object of true eloquence be, as has sometimes been said, the imparting to others the emotions with which we ourselves are agitated, then certainly comparisons like the above must be a powerful aid to the orator in the performance of his task.

Nor was Doctor Payson less happy in the chamber of sickness or the dwellings of sorrow, in the employment of these illustrations for the solace of the disconsolate or the bereaved.

"Suppose," said he, on one occasion, to a Christian sufferer, who was almost in despair, because the influence of her bodily agonies so distracted her mind as to prevent her concentrating her thoughts on the Saviour as she wished—"suppose you were to see a little sick child lying in its mother's lap, with its faculties impaired by its sufferings, so that it was generally in a troubled sleep, but now and then it just opens its eyes a little, and gets a glimpse of its mother's face, so as to be recalled to the recollection that it is in its mother's arms; and suppose that always, at such a time, it should smile faintly, with evident pleasure to find where it was,—should you doubt whether that child loved its mother or not?"

The application of the comparison, though not expressed, was easily made by the afflicted sufferer, and we are not surprised to hear that her doubts and despondency were gone in a moment.

Equally happy was he on another occasion, so painfully familiar to every sympathizing pastor—a visit to a weeping Rachel, refusing to be comforted for the loss of a beloved child.

"Suppose now," said he, "some one was making a beautiful crown for you to wear, and that you knew it was for you, and that you were to receive it and wear it as soon as it should be done. Now if the maker of it were to come, and in order to make the crown more beautiful and splendid, were to take some of your jewels to put into it, should you be sorrowful and unhappy because they were taken for a little while, when you knew they were gone to make up your crown?"

The mother smiled through her tears at the thought that her jewel was taken from her but for a season, and said, in meek submission, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."—*Rev. J. Dowling, D.D.*

THE LAW OF EQUILIBRIUM.

You are seated in a warm room, by your wintry fireside, the doors and shutters are fast, you have done your best to keep the outside air outside, but there is a rush of the outside air toward the key-hole, and every other little crevice, and you hear the whistling effort which it is making to get inside. But why this effort? Why can not the outside air remain quietly outside? This is the reason. There is no equilibrium between the outside air and the inside. The temperature of your room is a great deal higher than the temperature without, and nature makes ceaseless efforts to restore equilibrium. And nature receives this law from God. There is the same effect in the light as in the air. Exclude the light from your room, and if there be a single chink or opening, you will see the light in the effort of coming, showing you that it would, if you would allow it, make it as light within your room as it is outside. The same effect is in heat, and even greater. The Psalmist, speaking of the sun, says, "Nothing is hidden from the heat thereof." You may shut up your house as you please, the summer's warmth will get inside, even as a person may exclude your truth, who cannot exclude your love. Now this law contains a voice within it from God. It is from God. The law is spiritual. It works in things material, but the law has its power in spirit. All effort is in spirit, and from spirit it descends to matter, and this is the fact and the law. There is in the great spirit astounded working and effort toward a spiritual equilibrium. As in heaven, so in earth.

This is the way the tide of the great spirit ocean rolls: Heaven rushes toward all the key-holes and crevices of our world. The souls of mankind are shut up against the entrance of this tide of holy influence, and there is no equilibrium between the spiritual temperature of man and the temperature of heaven. But heaven presses itself upon their souls, and strives by every little inlet to effect an entrance. Why, all the commotion and restless and heaving of the nations have their origin in the laws of the spiritual universe. Heaven, or pure truth and good-will, are in the ceaseless effort to descend—"as in heaven so in earth;" in this ceaseless effort to descend, they throw into turmoil the opposite principles of falsity and selfishness; and these shaking of nations and thrones must go on, until those principles fill the world which cannot be shaken. Until the earth is as good and true as heaven, heaven cannot but go on in the energy of descent—the effort cannot cease, then, until the earth is heavenly, any more than higher waters can cease to flow down to the same level; and when they both have the same level they rest. So heaven will rest when the spiritual state of our world is as it is in heaven—in equilibrium.—*Rev. John Palsford.*

CAST IRON PREJUDICES.

Some one applied to Aaron Burr, to know the best way of influencing a prominent man to adopt a certain policy.

"Has he argued against it?" asked the wily politician.

"Yes."

"Has he written against it?"

"No."

"Well, then we may change him, but if he had written it, it would be improbable, for a man seldom changes when he has put himself in black and white."

"Does de facts contradict my theory?" said an irate Frenchman to one who had thrown some facts against his favorite theory, "then so much de worse for de facts."

A certain writer on the Apocalypse, for a long time refused to believe in the death of Napoleon I, because it destroyed his theory of interpretation.

An article in *Good Words* has the following incident of "cast-iron prejudices"—About half a century ago, a worthy old gentleman was professor of chemistry in one of the colleges at Aberdeen. He had framed a course of lectures on his science, which had enabled him decently and comfortably to discharge the duties of the chair during a considerable incumbency. In his old age, the received theory of the constitution of salts began to be attacked by Humphrey Davy, and discoveries were announced unsettling the opinion of all former chemists. In the course of time, the voice of the revolution was heard even at Aberdeen, and a defence began to be shown to it that troubled the worthy professor. But his Aberdeenian caution stood him in good stead. He would give his old theories just as before, merely adding an explanatory note: "There is a man called Davy telling us now that all this is wrong. He is a troublesome man, Mr. Davy, a very troublesome man; but we'll just wait a while till we see." The dread of trouble may often have to do with the reception or rejection of religious proposals or practices.

PIETY PROMOTIVE OF UNITY.

The want of elevated sentiments of piety does more to arm the sects against each other than any amount of error that their respective systems embody. Their uncharitableness, sectarian prejudice, the interference of their party interests, and other evils of which a high degree of personal religion is the only cure, often provoke them to controversy than their boasted devotion to the cause of truth; and there are probably few cases in which the strife would ever be commenced should the parties concerned precede it with a long course of earnest supplication together for the guidance of Heaven, with mutual efforts to unite in doing good as far as they could agree, and with honest endeavors to arrive at the exact truth on the points at issue between them. Impatient for debate, they rush to war without allowing themselves to reflect, that in all the most material points of the Christian scheme, their views are already, perhaps, substantially the same, or at all events, much nearer alike than they will be after becoming embroiled in controversy. If the duty of controversy, therefore, be not too imperative to allow our looking at consequences, or if the spirit of these pugnacious prophets be not above their control, more enlarged views of the whole subject, and more elevated sentiments of piety, could not fail to hush most of the dissensions with which they now embroil the Christian family.