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THE GOSPEL, THE POWER AND WISDOM OF GOD.

SERMON BY THE REV. D. B. CHENEY, PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO. (PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

WE PREACH Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block and unto the Greeks foolishness ; but unto them that are called both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.—1 *Cor.* 1 : 23-24.

THE apostle Paul gives in this chapter a graphic delineation of his own ministry. To his brethren at Corinth he presents a bold and clear outline of the gospel he was wont to preach. Though absent from them in body, he would not have them ignorant of his concern for them, nor of his general efforts to make known among the Gentiles “the unsearchable riches of Christ.” Hence his care in the opening of this epistle to declare his manner of life, and the great principles he preached as an “ambassador for Christ.”

In studying this declaration we can but be impressed with his effort to exalt the Saviour. The name of Jesus appears in some form in almost every verse of this chapter. With the great apostle his name was above every name, full of glad tidings and joy ! While Paul might glory in the flesh, if any man hath whereof to glory, yet did he “count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord.”

Let us, brethren and hearers, take our places to-day with the inspired apostle at the foot of the cross, and look upon the crucified Jesus with penitent, adoring, grateful love, while we endeavor to learn some of the lessons contained in the text. “We preach Christ crucified, unto the

Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise ;  
And round me let thy glory shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.

When I lie buried deep in dust,  
My flesh shall be thy care ;  
These withered limbs with thee I trust,  
To raise them strong and fair,"

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Written for the Expositor.

### THE PILGRIM SOLDIER'S LAST MARCH.

BY REV. DR. BURROWES, OF SACRAMENTO.

AND when thy tent is struck, and the last march  
Of life awaits thee, through death's fearful shades.

ON A CALM Sabbath afternoon in June, I was sitting at the front door open towards the setting sun, reading the closing part of the Pilgrim's Progress. Occasionally my eye was raised to the humming-bird that hovered along the honey-suckle which was in luxuriant growth and full bloom, the evergreen and woodbine, on either side of the door. The later roses were still fresh ; in front was a field of heavy clover covered with blossoms scenting the air ; on the right was a field of wheat whitening for the harvest. The weariness resulting from preaching and from a ride through the sun to the afternoon appointment, caused me to fall asleep. The current of my thoughts gave a coloring to my dream.

I saw the pilgrim soldier resting in the land of Beulah. He seemed to be gathering strength for the last march that lay before him. Around him spread a meadow of green pastures and still waters, with lilies and the rose of Sharon ; he was lying on a bed of grass and flowers by the side of a fountain of living waters, his shield resting against the citron tree which spread over him its delightful shade, (*Song 2-3.*) while his eye was fixed with quiet, intense earnestness on the heavenly city now full in view. At a short distance beyond, this ridge with its pure, clear, bracing air, its fresh landscape and crystal springs, sunk abruptly into a wide, deep valley. Far away across this valley, there was a region of indescribable beauty, such as eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath the heart of man conceived ; along the swelling highlands of which lay the Holy City—its walls, and domes, and bat-

lements, and towers, and steeples, purely white, combining the beauty of spotless marble and undazzling light. The intervening valley, low, and dreary, and desolate, was covered with dark clouds, on which, as you looked down from the brow where the pilgrim was lying, you could see the lightning flash, at intervals, with a quick, angry vigor, and hear the thunder roll. Through this valley ran a river, dark, deep, wide, and fearful, as though a stormy strait between two tempestuous seas over which hung the darkness of a clouded polar night; its heavy roar might be heard in the distance, with other sounds unusual to human ears. Yet down through this region of darkness, and clouds, and terrors, the lurking place of all those spirits and foes to holiness and peace, which love darkness rather than light, lay the only path to the heavenly city.

As the soldier was gazing steadfastly on the glories lying beyond, I heard the soft tones of a trumpet, as though near him. He knew the call, sprang to his feet, and took his shield. At the same time I saw a star falling from heaven, throwing out many scintillations, and drawing after it a trail of light. It came down directly before him in the air; and as it hung there a brilliant flame, it gradually faded away; and I noticed it had been an angel sent to warn him to arise and go forward. To the pilgrim the command was most welcome—“*Forward! forward to thy crown!*”

When he stood on the verge of the precipice, and was going down along the defile into the fearful ravines shut in by rugged cliffs, there was unusual vigor in his tread, and unusual animation in his eye. On his helmet burned a light brighter than that which a goddess kindled on the armor of Diomedes—

When on his helm and shield a radiance burned,  
Like the autumnal star which brilliant beams,  
Just risen from the ocean's deep blue waves.

His shield was made of that which is better than gold; yea, than much fine gold; than silver purified in a furnace of earth, refined seven times; more precious than Prince Arthur's shield, which was

“Not made of steel, nor of enduring brass,  
But all of diamond perfect pure and clean,  
One massy entire mould hewn out of rock  
Of adamant;”

which was too bright for any eye to gaze on, which could not be pierced

by any weapon, the radiance of which turned enemies to stone. His shield was brought from a higher heaven than that of Achilles, covered over with the emblematic devices of that truth which is the object of faith, engraved by the hand of Him who wrote the law on the two tables of diamond on Sinai, capable of quenching all the fiery darts of the wicked; thi shield, thus precious and imperishable as the heaven-born truth which formed its materials, then burned "as a torch of fire in a sheaf." The countenance of the pilgrim, like that of Stephen, shone as it had been the face of an angel. Like Moses, who "wist not that the skin of his face shone," he seemed to be unconscious of the glory and grandeur of his appearance, which made me think of the Angel of the Apocalypse standing in the sun. The promise was fulfilled to him, "Thy righteousness shall go forth as brightness, and thy salvation as a lamp that burneth." (*Isa. lxii: 1.*) I felt that—

"The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below."

I could see around him, though he saw them not, a troop of attending spirits with shields and helmets, such as those worn by the angels who stand as sentinels at the gates of pearl opening into the Holy City. They appeared of the number of those seen by the young man when his eyes were opened, and he saw "The mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—*2 Kings vi: 17*. The way was steep, a narrow defile between precipitous and craggy mountains along which the thunder reverberated with appalling rolls. There was the mount that burned with fire, and blackness, and darkness, and tempest. The gloom thrown over the deep ravine by the towering rocks, was settled into heavy darkness by the lowering clouds; while shouts were heard, as though of a hostile host, enough to appal the stoutest heart. I noticed that his cheek turned pale; he compressed his lips, and tightened his grasp on his sword and shield; yet did his eye grow brighter, and his tread more earnest as he steadily went forward. A voice was murmuring in his ears, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." *Isa. xli: 10*.

As the darkness thus grew deeper, a soft white light was moving above and before him; it was of the same that had gone before Israel out of Egypt, and formed their rear-guard through the sea. It seemed also like the star which had gone before the wise men to Bethlehem; it

was bright like the morning star. Here the promise was fulfilled, "My presence shall go with thee."—*Ex.* xxxiii : 14. Besides this, he was encompassed with a cloud of soft, undazzling light, as a moving dome or tent above, below, and round about on every side. What Virgil's imagination only conceived of, was here reduced to glorious reality, when he represents Æneas and his companion as having a bright cloud spread around them by his goddess mother, in which they moved invisible and unharmed through a multitude of enemies. This hollow sphere of light encompassed him as a shield. I thought of the words, "Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield."—*Ps.* v:12. "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her."—*Zech.* ii: 5. "Then shall thy light spring forth as the morning; thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward."—*Isa.* lviii: 8.

As the pilgrim soldier was thus advancing along this straight and narrow way, here hemmed in by beetling precipices, and lying through the deepest chasms of the valley of the shadow of death, he saw through the gloom rendered visible by flashes of lightning, his path blocked up by a host that filled it as one solid mass farther than his eye pierced. It was an array fearful to the soul, and of all those things—ghosts, apparitions, fiends, angels of vengeance from the bottomless pit, ministers of a guilty conscience, spectres; things which when existing here on earth, in the imagination only, are most appalling to the heart of man. One of these alone was enough to cow the bravest of men—to make Belshazzar tremble even with the finger writing his doom; to appal the dauntless Macbeth even by its shadow; to make the hardy Richard start in terror from his boding dream. Now, this solitary pilgrim was to encounter here, in these domains of death, not the shadows, the imaginary shapes of these things, but the dread reality—all these ghastly beings in their panoply of terror, marshaled in one limitless, spectral host. At their head, directly before him, stood one who is their fitting leader. That shape,

"If shape it might be called, that shape had none,  
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb,  
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,  
For each seemed either; black it stood as night,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Here, then, he was front to front with the king of terrors. For a moment there was a slight falter in his bearing; but in an instant he regained the calm courage of his advance, as a reassuring voice, like that to Moses from the burning bush, came to him from that guiding presence or star, "Fear not; I will help thee. Look unto me and be ye saved."—*Isa.* xli: 13; xlv: 22. He looked unto Jesus and was lightened; and he delivered him from all his fears.—*Ps.* xxxiv: 5. As he looked, that presence was "a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light in the night to these."—*Ex.* xiv: 20. Its front was terrible with the cherubim and flaming sword that had blazed at the east of Eden. He heard a voice also saying, "Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of God."—*Ex.* xiv: 13. "The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hailstones and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings and discomfitted them."—*Ps.* xviii: 13. At the first blaze of the Presence unfolding by a burst from the darkness, the ghastly king of terrors dropped his dart, and fell as Dagon before the Ark of the Lord; his hosts were panic-stricken; and at the noise of the thunder they hastened away, as ghosts before the breaking dawn.

The pilgrim soldier filled with amazement and love, felt "The Lord is good, a strong-hold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in him. But with an overrunning flood he will make an utter end of the place thereof, and darkness shall pursue his enemies."—*Nahum* i: 7. The valley before him was cleared of that terrible host and light was breaking in along it from the farther end. The shadow of death was turning into morning. Before him lay the powerless form of Death crushed and despoiled of his terrors. He passed on with the tread of victory; and I heard his voice in praise. He sung "the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty. Who shall not fear thee, O God, and glorify thy name. Death is swallowed up in victory! O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" *Rev.* xv: 3; 1 *Cor.* xv: 55.

He thus went forward till he came to the river. The current was strong and angry; the flood rolled along with a power which no mortal strength could struggle with and get safe over. Efforts were constantly making at other points by persons to launch themselves across in boats, which they had devised under the promptings of their own righteous-



ness ; but in every instance they perished as hopelessly as the boats to which the guilty betook themselves in the flood, when the Ark only, God's appointed means, survived. None could approach the river at this point, but the persons who had come down along this straight and narrow way. It was still shut in by the precipitous mountains, which here formed a bold and dangerous shore. There was a single opening down to the gloomy waters. He was now standing on a rock by which the flood swept on with angry roar. What must he do ? How shall he go farther ? His own strength is weakness in struggling with such a current. One thing still supported him—the Star, the Presence, was yet before him. He looked and said, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.”—*Ps. xxiii : 4*. At that moment he heard the same voice which spoke to Moses at the Red Sea, saying to him, “Go forward !”—*Ex. xiv : 15*.

Though the first step must cause him to fall from the rock on whose edge he was already standing, his faith led him not to hesitate. Like the father of the faithful, he went forth, not knowing whither he went. *Heb. xi : 8*. When lo ! as his foot left the rock, and to human eyes, he must sink—his mortal form fell from him ; his earthly house of this tabernacle was dissolved. He stood forth a pure spirit, “like the angels,” clothed in fine linen, pure and bright, which is the righteousness of saints.—*Rev. xix : 8*. His eyes were opened on a new world ; he saw things which, like those seen by St. Paul in Paradise, it is not possible for a man to utter. He noticed that the rock on which he had been standing, was one precious stone, purer than the diamond, more imperishable than adamant. It had been laid by the Lord “for a foundation, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation.”—*Isa. xxviii : 16*. And while “the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place ;” he that trusteth to this, shall never be confounded.

(To be continued.)

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THE CHURCH is so preserved in the world that it suddenly arises from the dead ; in short, the preservation of the Church brings with it almost daily miracles. Its life cannot continue without many resurrections.—*Calvin*.

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ENDORISING OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

SEVERAL times the question has been forced upon us as to whether we would open our columns to contributors who advance sentiments and principles contrary to our own, and our answer is, that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. We do not see the necessity of deciding such a point *in thesi* or in the abstract. Every case must stand on its own merits. Some subjects and sentiments and sorts of style *cannot* appear in the Expositor. But as we love freedom of thought and of speech, so we do not mean to exercise any expurgatorial or censorial power over the sentiments of our contributors. Within any reasonable limits, we design to leave them to their own taste and to the enjoyment of the largest liberty. But anonymous articles we cannot publish at all. The true name must at least be submitted to us. Nor do we hold ourselves responsible for any opinion, sentiment or principle or interpretation of Scripture, nor for the manner of its presentation, except what we write ourselves. We have the highest regard for our contributors, and will defend them from misrepresentation if need be, but as we ask no one to endorse our principles, so we wish every one to answer for himself. As far as we know, if our endorsement would be of any possible use, we are prepared to stand by the sentiments and principles advanced thus far by every one of our contributors. Our remarks are intended wholly for the future, and to prevent misunderstandings or misrepresentations.



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BY REV. DR. BURROWES, OF SACRAMENTO.

(Continued from page 170.)

HE NOW saw for the first time the escort of angels around him. He saw that from this rock of adamant and diamond, there was, though invisible to human eyes, a bridge laid across this flood to a like rock on the opposite side;—a bridge or way like that seen by the patriarch in his dream at Bethel, reaching from earth to heaven; so light, so airy, so peculiar, that though light as the gossamer across our path on an October morning, it was firm as the rock of ages, on which at either end it was made to rest;—a bridge of light, pure, graceful, beautiful, ethereal, like that track of light which on a clear night the moon seems to throw on the tranquil waters of the ocean, and along which we have imagined spirits might cross to distant shores and balmy isles. The angry current of the river rushed along unheeded, underneath. The heavy mist had sunk back on either side; the lowering clouds were cleft and rolled back along this path of light, their black masses forming downwards on the right hand and on the left along the bridge, as it were, the sides of a valley ablaze with a radiance surpassing the glories of a summer evening when the sun breaks forth from the bosom of a departing storm and turns the rolling edges of the clouds to flame. From the intervening space of these clouds thus parted and touched with such hues of splendor, there burst a view more glorious than Homer imagined,—on a beautiful night—

“When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,  
And all the signs in heaven are seen;”

a view of heaven such as no eye has ever seen; the like of which was caught by the eye of him who on the mount “saw the God of Israel; and under his feet a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in its clearness.” *Ex.* xxiv: 10.

From beyond the farther end of the bridge, there poured a flood of glory,—the same seen by the prophet,—“a light like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.” This light kindled every thing along their way with the radiance of its splendor. He saw as they walked in this light the amazing beauty and preciousness of the materials and structure of this bridge. “The foundations on either shore

were laid with sapphires," *Isa.* liv : 11 ; each a sapphire, a diamond rock, each "a living stone" blending far downward beyond human view, in "the rock of ages;"—so perfect, so firm that heaven and earth might pass away without this ever feeling a jar. The angels accompanying the pilgrim assured him, that among all the wonderful works of God, this showed most marvellously his manifold wisdom ; that nothing but the wisdom of God could have devised such a structure, nothing short of the almighty power of God could have thrown such a structure over this great gulf ; that were the abutments on which it rests at either end, of any other than the rock of ages, they could not stand the corroding violence of this deadly flood, but soon be undermined and swept away. Such lightness, such strength, such perfection, such beauty,—and then "the midst thereof paved with love." *Solomon's Song*, iii : 10.

As the christian soldier thus moved along amid the escort of angels over this track of light, he saw on the other side glimpses of flashing helmets, as though of a moving host in martial array ; as the trumpets of his attending guards paused at intervals, he caught mingled sounds of stirring tone,—among them swells richer than notes of the softest bugles. His soul was stirred ; his step quickened at what he saw and heard. "What is yonder host," asked the pilgrim, "which thus looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"—(*Song* vi : 10.) "That host," said the angels, "have come forth to welcome you and escort you into the Heavenly City. You see the radiant avenue stretching far along between their opened ranks, and through which you must pass, is terminated at the farther end by a cloud of light rising upwards as a column ; in that light do you notice an appearance as of the Son of Man?" "I do," said the pilgrim in the trepidation of holy ecstacy and fear. "That light," continued the angels, "is the Presence of your Redeemer." "Of Him who loved me and gave himself up for me?" "Yes : though now he appears in glory, Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He has thus come forth to meet you, and welcome you to the Holy City and to the joy of your Lord. Yonder is the place he has prepared for you as your home, far away on those highlands of light among the temples and palaces of that Holy City luminous with the glory of God and of the Lamb.

"There thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad ;  
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

The glorious light along their way increased, till at last when they reached the farther rock of diamond, it shone more and more unto the

perfect day. There, farther than the eye could reach,

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green:  
O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day.”

Here they were come to an innumerable company of angels. And when the pilgrim saw them, his angel-guide said, “This is God’s host.” *Gen.* xxxii: 2. Their ranks had been opened for the pilgrim and his escort; and they passed along through an avenue of heavenly soldiery, receiving at every step signals of welcome and honor,—swells of sweetest music,—bursts of cheering welcome. As they moved through their ranks, there were seen marshaled in this most glorious array different bands known by the inscription on their banners, who had been from the first, “ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation:—The morning stars who, when the foundations of the earth were laid, sang together,—the sons of God who, over this new creation, shouted for joy; the guard of honor who waited around our first mother when as the bride of Paradise she was led to her nuptials at the feet of Him whose presence dwelt in the cloud of glory and sanctified their union; the cohort whose sad office had been to guard the way to the tree of life by cherubim and flaming sword; the column seen by the patriarch at Bethel, ascending and descending on the highway that reached from earth to heaven; the battalions who formed the rearguard of Israel’s host, and with their dreadful artillery appalled the Egyptians in the passage of the Red Sea; the host whose march of grandeur tracked the path of Him whose way was in the whirlwind and the storm amid the majesty and terrors of Sinai; the fearful phalanx, one of whose number wielded the falchion that smote in a single night the Assyrian host; those who accompanied the Son from heaven to earth in his humiliation, and heralded at Bethlehem the advent and divinity of their king; the band who ministered to him in the temptation in the wilderness; those who came to his support in Gethsemane: the guard who watched as sentinels his tomb and rolled away the stone from the door of the grave; the host who closed around him in triumph as a cloud received him out of human sight in his ascension; all, all were there,—those deeds of glory written on their banners of love. At their head, amid light full of glory, stood one who was the chief among those tens of thousands, that captain of the Lord’s hosts at whose feet Joshua fell before Jericho, overawed by the grandeur of his majesty, *Josh.* v: 15,—now his face shining as the

sun, and his raiment white as the light; his countenance as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars; and on his head many crowns; clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow upon his head, and his feet as pillars of fire; and the earth was lightened with his glory. Before him they paused; and while the pilgrim soldier overcome with the grandeur of his presence, was sinking down at his feet as dead, He laid his right hand upon him, saying unto him, "Fear not; I am the first and the last; I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive forever more, Amen. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God." *Rev. ii: 7.* Then I heard that innumerable host, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, and the voice of harpers harping with their harps, saying, "Hallelujah: Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God,

"Servant of God, well done:

Rest from thy loved employ:

The battle fought, the victory won,

Enter thy Master's joy.

Hallelujah: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." And again they said, Hallelujah. There were those who placed on his head a crown of glory that fadeth not away; and in that crown was given him a white stone, more brilliant than the diamond; and in the stone a new name written; and as a king and priest unto God there was given him on his breast the morning star. *Rev. ii: 28.* His armor had been forever laid aside,—the shield for a harp, the sword for the palm of victory. Could this be he whom I had seen heretofore "destitute, afflicted, tormented?" Now he was standing forth in greater glory than when another's eye,

"Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,

The same whom John saw standing in the sun,

His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;

Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar

Circled his head; nor less his locks behind

Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings

Lay waving round."

Of the honor conferred on this pilgrim thus faithful unto death, that bestowed by Pharoah on Joseph was but the dim foreshadowing, when "Pharoah took his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand; and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen; and put a gold chain about his neck; and made him ride in the second chariot which he had." *Gen.*

xli: 46. The christian soldier was now changed into the likeness of his Redeemer, the King of glory,—arrayed in His righteousness, and having the body of his humiliation changed into the likeness of the body of glory of the Lord Jesus Christ, *Phil.* iii: 21,—prepared to sit with Jesus in his throne. *Rev.* iii: 21.

“There gleams a coronet of light upon our hero’s brow,  
 But of far purer radiance than earth can e’er bestow.  
 He takes his place among his peers: his peers; and who are they?  
 Princes of yon celestial spheres whom angel hosts obey.  
 The heralds have made search and found his lineage of the best;  
 He stands among the sons of God a son of God confessed.  
 He wears a glittering starry cross called by his monarch’s name;  
 That monarch whose ‘Well-done’ confers a more than mortal fame.  
 The banner under which he served can never know defeat,  
 And so he lays his laurels down at his Great Captain’s feet.  
 There rest thee, Christian warrior.”

Behold, there appeared, as in the case of Elijah, a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and therein was this pilgrim victor. Among the innumerable host through whose ranks the triumphant pilgrim had passed, I saw the glittering of helmets, as though the whole array were in movement. These bright battalions were closing their shining ranks as an escort around this heir of heaven; and with the King of glory at their head, were taking up their march for the Holy City, in a procession more purely triumphal than ever accompanied a conquering Roman in triumph to the Capitol. I had read of the triumphal entry of the army of the great Emperor of the French into his capitol city after the close of his most victorious campaign,—his Old Guard at their head,—when they passed along through files of citizen soldiery and crowds of admiring countrymen, to strains of military music, into the central garden of the Tuileries, and there sat down under the shade of the trees to a sumptuous banquet. I thought how much more glorious is the triumphal entry prepared for the christian soldier into the New Jerusalem, there to sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

The whole innumerable host were in motion; in their movement and appearance was a grandeur inexpressible. Before them, in all the majesty of his glory, moved the eternal Son glorified with the glory He had with the Father before the world was,—with a grandeur greater than when “Thou, O God, wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness; when the earth shook and the heavens were moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.” *P.s.* lxxvii: 8.



All that angel-array were thronging thus around the glorified pilgrim ; “for the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself, and Israel for his peculiar treasure.” *Ps.* cxxxv : 4. Though long deferred, the promise was now fulfilled, “Ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people.” *Ex.* xix : 5. Though he had lain among the stalls, yet now was this way-worn soldier as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. *Ps.* lxxviii : 13. He was standing amid that host, as a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord and a royal diadem in the hand of his God, *Isa.* lxii : 3 ; as one of the jewels the King was in that day gathering for his crown, *Mal.* iii : 17,—shining as the brightness of the firmament, as the stars forever and ever. *Dan.* xii : 3.

The sound of this moving host was “as the sound of thunder heard remote,” as the sound of many waters, as the sound of the silver trumpets of the morn of jubilee, as the voice of harpers harping with their harps. Amid these swells of music, I caught the chorus bursting from them as they came near the Holy City, over which the central cloud, the glory of God, threw its silver mantle of light :—“Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory ? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates : even lift them up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory ? The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.” *Ps.* xxv : 7-10.

Thus they entered in through the gates into the city ; the battlements of which, and streets of pure gold, as it were transparent glass, were crowded with the innumerable company of angels, and spirits of the just made perfect, who welcomed them with shouts,—“Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.” *Rev.* xix : 9. Thus this triumphal host passed on till they compassed the throne, where One was sitting that was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone, in the splendor which beamed from Him ;—and there was a rainbow round about the throne in sight like unto an emerald,—dwelling in light inaccessible and full of glory.—There they were gathered to the marriage supper of the Lamb, under the shade of the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God. And I beheld, and lo, this great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and people, and kindreds, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands ; and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living Ones, and



the elders : and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands ; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever. *Rev. v : 11.*

Such was the end of the pilgrim soldier's last march. As I gazed and wondered, I wished that my last end might be like his. Thus I awaked from my dream.

The twilight was low along the western hills, and above its edge the evening star was brilliant ; the fragrance of the locust-bloom and of the honey-suckle, richer in the falling dews, was filling the quiet air. I fixed my eye on the evening star : I sat in silence and thought of heaven.

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PACIFIC METHODIST COLLEGE.—The Annual Conference of the Methodist Church, (South,) at its late meeting in this city determined to build up an institution of learning for young men. The above name was adopted for the Institution, a Board of Trustees elected, and an agent appointed to collect funds. The place is not yet determined upon. It is understood that several towns and districts in the interior of the State are candidates for the honor and advantage of having this Institution established in their midst. We like this, and no doubt the highest bidder will have the best chance.

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ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.—Only let it be established that when you say you know a thing, that you really do know it, and that when you promise to do a thing, that you will surely do it ; and that when you are enticed to do wrong that you will say no and stick to it, and you may depend upon it, your way to fortune and eminence is made.

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“EVERY sentence of the Bible is from God, and every man is interested in the meaning of it.”—*Bishop Horsely.*