

# The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUT HEARTS"

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## The Independent.

### THE DESIRE OF NATIONS.

BY BISHOP ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D. D.

"I will shake all nations and the desire of all nations shall come."  
"In Bethlehem of Judea."  
"There went forth a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled."  
—Margin of English Version.

ONCE, on the Imperial Palatine,

Those arches of its pride around,

I strove that chamber to divine

Where once Augustus might be found,

Setting his signet to a scroll

That all the nations should enroll.

'Twas but his whim: 'twas done, 'twas o'er;

The purblind despot never knew

That what he did forevermore

Should sound the world-wide nations through;

That thus the Age of Cloud was closed,

And Numa and his nymph deposed.

As o'er the parlor's chequered board

The ivory troops are moved at will,

So Cæsar sees his sov'reign word

All lands with haste and motion fill:

He dreams not that his own proud hand

Moves at a mightier Lord's command.

He dreams not, he whose nod is death,

Far off, the Syrian hills amid,

There is a maid of Nazareth,

In a poor joiner's cottage hid,

For whom he sets the world astray;

For Him that shall be born of her.

As stretch the spider's radiant twines,

So, from his throne of power and pride,

The highways spread in thousand lines

To west and east, afar and wide;

And at their master's beck—'tis done;

Through all the world his heralds run.

Goes forth that edict near and far,

Where sceptered strapons own his sway;

Where Danube's fierce barbarians are,

Where Rhone and Rhine pursue their way;

To Spain and Britain sound the call,

The Parthian's East and Western Gaul.

It shakes all nations, wonder-fraught:

It works unseen Jehovah's will,

For thus the peasant maid is brought

From Nazareth to David's hill;

And thus it comes—of David's stem

The Christ was born in Bethlehem!

Uplift his cross—the idols fall;

Descends the dove—the eagles fly;

Another Cæsar sounds his call

To men and nations, far and nigh,

Proclaiming David's Son divine:

Christ reigns upon the Palatine.

Hail, Prince of Peace! hail, King of Kings!

Who would not hail thy day of birth,

Sunshine with healing in his wings,

Light, love, and joy to all the earth!

Once more let all men be enrolled,

Thou the One Shepherd—in one fold.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

### PEACE ON EARTH.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

"PEACE I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you." Who said that? Who is so bold as to set himself up in superiority to the whole world? He is the meekest man in all Jerusalem and one of the poorest. Not a rood of real estate does he hold the deed of; he has not probably a single silver shekel in his scrip. His attendants

are a handful of fishermen, publicans, and others of like humble rank. Within four and twenty hours even they will all "for-sake Him and flee."

Yet this homeless person, under the ban of the Sanhedrim as an impostor, makes the most royal legacy that was ever bequeathed to mortals! An emperor can bequeath his crown; but Sedan destroys the crown and a savage's spear impales the heir. A millionaire bequeathes his vast treasures; but his chief legacy is perverted to other uses and even his bones find no rest in their sepulcher. Such mockeries do last wills and testaments often prove to be. But Jesus Christ bequeaths not only what he owns in fee simple, but is able to confer and secure in everlasting possession.

"My peace" is what Jesus gives to every one who is willing to accept it. It was his own peace—such deep tranquillity of soul as he maintained amid all the trials, humiliations and bitter oppositions which he had to encounter. None of these things moved him, and the peace which many of Christ's heirs enjoy is secured to them under the sharpest stress of afflictions. One of them enjoys it on a bed of torturing pain; another sings her sweet psalm of contentment in a garret, or in the ward of an infirmary; still another keeps it as a calm strengthener under insult and reproach. It gives soft sleep after a day of trial; it often breaks out in songs in the night.

The peace which Jesus bequeaths to every true believer may be said to comprise almost all needful good; so comprehensive is it in its blessings, so rich and abundant in its bestowments. First of all, it is the gift of an approving conscience. Nothing torments like sin. A guilty conscience can fill a palace with specters (as it did Herod's) and can drive slumber from a bed of down. When conscience is brought into harmony with God, it is a wonderful comforter. Then, too, Christ can subdue unruly passions; his grace can check unhalloved desires. It is the gnawing of unsatisfied desire which devours some people's souls like a vulture. The sweetest, richest peace of all is *peace with God*, and this is conferred by the crucified Saviour in its fullness. What can compare with the tranquillity of a soul justified before God? To such a man there is no condemnation. His sins are blotted out; his guilt is taken away; his title to Heaven is secure as long as he holds fast to his omnipotent Lord. No good thing will God withhold from him as long as he walks uprightly. Everything works for good in the end unto him who loves God and is called unto his high calling. He rolls his burthens on Christ, and is relieved from distressing anxieties. In short, all things—*i. e.*, all the real things, all the best things—are his, and he is Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Well might the legacy-giver of Calvary say that "not as the world giveth give I unto you"; for this world bestows very meagerly. It promises much and gives but little. When the richest man who has died in New York within my memory was on his dying-bed, he asked his attendants to sing for him. They sang the familiar old revival hymn "Come ye sinners, poor and needy." The dying millionaire said to them, in a plaintive note: "Yes, please sing that again for me. *I am poor and needy.*" Ah! what could fifty millions of railway securities and bank stocks do for

him on the verge of eternity? One verse out of the fourteenth chapter of John could bring him more peace than all the mines of California, multiplied by all the bonds in the National Treasury. "Poor and needy" was he? I count that one of the most pathetic sayings that ever fell from dying lips.

This world gives very deceitfully. It pretends that it can satisfy the soul, and then cheats everyone who trusts it. Instead of giving solid contentment, it only gives restless, feverish desire for more. Its medicines only increase the fever; its draughts inevitably increase the thirst. Whenever I see a little marble ball tossed up on the jet of a fountain, and as often as it drops caught up again and tossed anew, I say to myself: There is a picture of the life of a money-worshiper or a greedy place-hunter. Never at rest one moment. In one hour up, in the next one down, and at his highest point never secure from another tumble. Yet tens of thousands are choosing just such a restless, wretched life, and wondering all the while why they cannot succeed in being happy. Would to God that all the worshipers of Mammon and all the pleasure-seekers who throng the saloons of mirth would only give ear to that calm, divine voice which says: "My peace I am ready to give unto you. Not as this poor, lying, deceitful world gives; for what I bestow can never be taken away."

The whole methods and results as practiced by Christ are just the opposite of those attempted by the world. The policy of the worldling is to get rich by accumulation. The policy of Christ's follower is to get rich by renouncing. Get all you can and keep what you've got is the world's motto. Christ's maxim is: He that is not willing to leave all and follow me cannot be my disciple. It is more blessed to give than it is to receive. I have always observed that an immortal soul gets rich not "by what it takes up, but what it gives up." True peace of mind belongs only to the self-renouncing spirit. This world's boasted successes often prove to be wretched failures; but no genuine godly life was ever a failure. Its losses are turned into gains; its crosses are wrought into crowns of glory. The peace which sin promises is a mockery. The peace which Jesus bestows passeth all understanding and is insured beyond all contingencies. Old Matthew Henry sums up the difference between the legacy which Christ offers and that which the worldling covets in these terse words: "This world's peace begins in ignorance, consists with sin, and ends in endless sorrows. Christ's peace begins in grace, consists with denial of all sin and lust, and ends in everlasting joy and blessedness."

The will and testament made by the atoning Saviour never can be set aside or broken. All the powers of hell cannot cheat the humblest child of Jesus out of his legacy. Every human being, lofty or lowly, prince or pauper is invited to become an heir. The estate is large enough to supply an universe of sinners with an eternity of bliss. At Christ's right hand are treasures and pleasures forevermore. But, if I am an heir to all this untold wealth, what a grateful creature I ought to be! How ready to consecrate my time, labor, and influence to the service of my Divine Benefactor! And the more entirely I can consecrate everything to Him, the more of Heaven's glorious peace I shall enjoy in advance.

### A WOMAN'S LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

ON one of the softest of these Indian Summer days I have seen a coffin, borne by aged men, brought out of a public boarding-house in one of the most busy and dusty centers of the city. It was a handsome coffin, piled high with purest flowers, some of them sent by the gentle mistress of the White House; but behind it came but four mourners—a delicate, dark-eyed woman, a young man, and two children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the woman whose form was being borne to Oakhill Cemetery. A long cortege of carriages followed. Signs of grief were not wanting, yet about the whole procession seemed to hover an air of indescribable tranquillity. I watched it moving slowly down F Street, between the hurrying crowds rushing out from the departments, and somehow felt a consciousness of gratitude that she who but yesterday had said "It is a beautiful world to leave. I am not afraid to die; but it is such a beautiful world" was going out of it at last swathed in the splendor of supernal sunshine, decked with delicate blossoms, and touched with the tenderest odors of a November day. Her last words were full of youth; yet the woman who uttered them was very old in years, older still in memories of a most eventful life, begun in an era and a generation long since passed away. She was Margaret Eaton, whose name is indissolubly bound with the Administration of General Jackson as President of the United States, and whose beauty and personality were a combined force in the affairs of state unknown to any woman before or since her time.

Von Holst, in his Constitutional History of the United States, speaking of Jackson's Secretary of War, General Eaton, says: "He was chosen as a boon companion from Tennessee, and out of gratitude for his services in bringing the electoral campaign to a happy issue. Another circumstance, which was attended by important political consequences, gave Eaton a further claim on Jackson's favor. Some months before the inauguration, after consultation with Jackson, he had married a Mrs. Timberlake," with whose name his own had been discredibly connected in gossip during the life of her first husband.

Jackson's chivalrous nature led him on every occasion to espouse the cause of the weaker sex. Accusations of this kind especially provoked him to contradiction; for they had been made against himself also, and his wife, to whom he clung with "touching devotedness," and whose death he always believed was hastened by these false and cruel reports. "It seemed to him to be a duty toward the good genius of his own life to restore the good name of Mrs. Eaton."

"But the lady rulers of Washington society were determined not to permit her to be forced upon them. The President was the cause of exceedingly angry scenes with the wives of foreign ambassadors, and with the married members of the Cabinet whose families were in Washington. He soon found himself engaged in an open and violent feud, caused by the question of Mrs. Eaton. The contest soon assumed a very malignant character, and finally became the real provocation to the complete reorganization of the Cabinet."