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ART. I.—MIRACLES.

*Notes on the Miracles of Our Lord.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, M. A., Vicar of Itchen Stoke, Hants; Professor of Divinity, King's College, London; Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Oxford; and late Hulsean Lecturer. Second ed. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. 1847. Pp. 467.

*On Miracles.* By RALPH WARDLAW, D. D. "*What sign showest thou, then, that we may see, and believe thee? What dost thou work?*"—THE JEWS TO JESUS. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, No. 285 Broadway. 1853. Pp. 295.

*An Inquiry into the Proofs, Nature, and Extent of Inspiration, and into the Authority of Scripture.* By the Rev, SAMUEL HINDS, M. A., of Queen's College, and Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford. Oxford: Printed by W. Baxter, for B. Fellowes, Ludgate Street, London; and J. Parker, Oxford. 1831.

ALL the departures from the ancient faith concerning the authority of the Scriptures, which have distinguished modern speculation, may be traced directly, whatever may be said of the perverseness of the heart as the ultimate cause, to an insuperable repugnance to the admission of miracles. The supernatural has been the stone of stumbling and the rock of offence. The antipathy to it has given rise to open infidelity, on the one hand, and to the various types of criticism, on the other, which, in consequence of their agreement in rejecting everything that transcends the ordinary agencies of nature, have been classed under the common name of Rationalism. If the immediate intervention of God, either in the world of matter or of mind, is assumed to be intrinsically incredible, nothing

## ART. III.—THE TEACHINGS OF THE DEAD.

*Obituary of Mrs. ELIZA LELAND, consort of Rev. A. W. LELAND, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Seminary at Columbia, S. C., and epitaphs from the burial place.* Charleston: Steam press of Walker, Evans & Co., No. 3, Broad street. 1857. Printed but not published.

*Circular letter of the bereaved consort, in reply to letters of condolence, on occasion of the death of Mrs. LELAND.* Printed but not published.

*In Memoriam, obituary notices of Mrs. SARAH E. ADGER.*

The clay that is moistened sends back no sound. Yes, Death is silent to the ear, but it ever speaketh to the heart.

HERVEY GILES.

The good and the true,  
Never die—never die;  
Though gone they are here  
Ever nigh—ever nigh.

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the Living. These we would not exchange for the song of pleasure or the bursts of revelry.

Thou art not lost,—thy spirit giveth  
Immortal peace, and high it liveth!  
Thou art not mute—with angels blending,  
Thy voice to me is still descending.

Thou art not absent,—sweetly smiling,  
I see thee yet, my griefs beguiling!  
Soft o'er my slumbers art thou beaming,  
The sunny spirit of my dreaming.

Thine eyelids seem not yet concealing,  
In death, their orbs of matchless feeling;  
Their living charms my heart still numbers,  
Ah! sure they do but veil thy slumbers.

As kind thou art; for still thou'rt meeting  
The breast which gives the tender greeting!  
And shall I deem thee altered?—Never!  
Thou'rt with me waking—dreaming—ever!

## THE SPEAKING DEAD.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

## THE TEACHINGS OF THE DEAD.

Then the forms of the departed  
 Enter at the open door ;  
 The beloved, the true hearted  
 Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
 Noble longings for the strife,  
 By the roadside fell and perished,  
 Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
 Who the cross of suffering bore,  
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
 Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the being beauteous,  
 Who unto my youth was given,  
 More than all things else to love me,  
 And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
 Comes that messenger divine,  
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,  
 With those deep and tender eyes,  
 Like the stars so still and saint like,  
 Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer ;  
 Soft rebukes in blessings ended,  
 Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
 All my fears are laid aside,  
 If I but remember only  
 Such as these have lived and died. •

CHRISTIANITY is distinguished from all other forms of religion in all that is essential both to the well being of the life that now is and of that also which is to come. But in nothing, perhaps is this contrast more striking than the aspect in which it regards sorrow, bereavement and death. These constitute the mystery of life, and the mastery of all human wisdom and philosophy ; hovering over humanity in fearful darkness ; terrifying us by the loud and incessant crashes of their thunder ; and ever and anon bursting in storms of devastating fury. And as all other religions have stood aghast, mute and motionless before such appalling phenomena, Christianity demonstrates its inspiration and divinity by at once resolving the mystery, and imparting peace and consolation to the troubled spirit.

The earth, as Christianity teaches us, is now enveloped in a murky atmosphere of cloud and sunshine with its ever varying lights and shadows, as emblematic of the blighting curse of sin of which all sorrow is the shadow and all death the penalty. The present dispensation and government of the world is therefore, Christianity

teaches us, temporary and not final, partial and not complete, preparatory and not perfect, probationary and not retributive. It is purely a disciplinary dispensation, where everything is made to work together so as to form, develope, and mature character, whether evil or good, in view of a state, and life, and world, everlasting. The race of man is not now in its pristine and perfect condition. The earth is not what it first was. The relations between God and man are not those of a father infinitely wise and benevolent rejoicing over his children in whom He sees everything good. Men are now fallen, sinful, guilty, imperfect and helpless creatures; and God is now revealed, as having in Christ, devised a scheme of infinite mercy, whereby He is reconciling sinners unto Himself, reinstating them in holiness, and fitting and preparing them for full and final happiness in His heavenly kingdom.

All events are therefore subordinated to this gracious purpose, and to be interpreted by this light. And is it not a blessed light? Does it not at once dissipate all darkness, bring order out of confusion, impart joy to sorrow, hope to despair, life in death, and brighten every cloud of grief with a tinge of heavenly wisdom and unspeakable tenderness. Sickness and sorrow now become handmaids to virtue; tutors and governors training and educating immortal minds for the maturity of perfect men in Christ Jesus. Death is not an end. It is only a transition, a stage in our journey, a step on the onward march to immortality, a halt in the pilgrimage through the desert: on our way to the heavenly Canaan, a passage over the Jordan, or a transformation out of this earth-worm, chrysalis condition, to the seraph-winged beauty of a spiritual and angelic nature.

All other religions have considered death as an end, a cessation of existence, an awful catastrophe, the annihilation of the body, and the vanishing of the soul into thin air—to roam in dreary sadness through the gloomy shades and by the turbid waters of some unknown region of the dead.

Moschus sung thus mournfully :

“Ah, Mallows in the garden die,  
Parsley, and blooming Dill,  
Yet waken'd by the vernal sky  
Again their course fulfill.

While we, the wise, the strong, the brave,  
Have no fresh spring in store;  
But silent in the hollow grave  
Sleep on for evermore.”

Homer is not less plaintive :

“Men fade like leaves” that drop away  
Beneath the parent shade,

Others again succeed, but they  
Are in oblivion laid.

So spake the sire of Grecian song ;—  
Through each succeeding age  
The words are caught and borne along  
By poet, saint, and sage.

“ Better” said Achilles,

“ be slaves on earth  
Of some poor hind than king of all the dead.”

So doth man’s sinful nature deem  
With ill-foreboding gloom,  
And strays as in a fearful dream  
In realms beyond the tomb.

For want, disgrace, and servitude  
Seem nothing in that hour,  
When Death’s huge pinions o’er us brood,  
We feel his chilling power.

Christianity alone has brought man’s immortality to light, revealed and illustrated it, and endeared it to us by bright and beautiful descriptions of it. Christianity alone, has demonstrated that death is a portion, not the end of life ; a change, not the destruction of the earthly house of this tabernacle ; a development, not a decay of strength and beauty ; or to employ its own peculiar and exquisitely attractive representation, a sleep from which the weary and troubled spirit shall awake refreshed and invigorated, rejoicing in the clear dawning of a celestial day.

All other religions also consecrated pride, passion, stoical indifference, insensibility to grief and pain, and forgetfulness of the dead. It was only thus they could, in any measure, escape from the power of these evils, and blunt the point of their severity. And hence, while ordinarily, they carefully concealed and ignored their existence, we find that on occasions of social festivity, they were wont to introduce them in their ugliest form of representation, in order that by the combined hilarity and excitement of the company, they might triumph over their awful power, and make them subservient to their greater excess of riot.

“ Religion showed her head from realms above,  
Threatening mankind with visage horrible.”

’Twas thus that clad in storms of yore  
She spread her awful mein,  
And in dread lightnings ope’d the door  
Of the eternal scene.

Sad shades and shapes were there revealed  
 In dismal vision clear,  
 While conscious Guilt the pencil held,  
 And dark—portending Fear.

But Abram saw his children throng  
 Like stars in heaven at night,  
 Those stars they heard the angelic song,  
 And from their orbs of light  
 Came Bethlehem's star, which with us dwells;  
 Since when they nearer roam,  
 But seem to walk, like sentinels,  
 Around our earthly home.

Christianity, therefore, consecrates sorrow, and leads us to the house of mourning. It quickens and refines our sensibilities, that we may be the more susceptible to their hallowed influences. It opens up to them the deepest recesses of the heart, and every principle in our nature. It eliminates from these scenes of trial and these pangs of nature, an elevating, refining, purifying alembic, with which to restore health to the soul and comfort to the disconsolate. It crowns with the diadem of valour—patience in tribulation, and fortitude in adversity. It exalts as the greatest hero the greatest sufferer, who is made perfect through manifold afflictions, and who in hopeful confidence presses on to the kingdom of God. Instead of hopelessly drawing from these sufferings and sorrows provocations to abandoned self-indulgence in present pleasures, christianity regards them as incentives to self denial, humility, activity in well-doing, and a hearty consecration of the life that now is, to a fitting preparation for the great hereafter.

Other religions buried their dead out of sight that they might soon pass out of mind; covered them with the pall of silence, and left them in eternal darkness.

Catullus, to give point to one of his ditties, thus sentimentalizes on a brother's death.

"Horatius, now unceasing sore distress  
 From the Aonian maids withdraws my mind,  
 For how can it the muses' theme express,  
 Which toss'd by its own woes no rest can find?

For lately has my brother cross'd the strand  
 Where Lethe flows by his dear pallid feet;  
 He on the Retian shore in Trojan land  
 Lies buried, and mine eyes no more shall meet.

No more to speak to thee! no more to hear!  
 No more to see thee! from my bosom torn  
 My brother! unto me than life more dear!  
 Still will I ever love thee, ever mourn."

Even the atheistic Lucretius is haunted by the same fear of death, and painfully portrays the efforts of mankind to escape from it.

Then Avarice and Ambition, passions blind,  
 "Which beyond bounds of right urge on mankind,  
 Associates and ministers of crime,  
 To labour nights and days upward to climb.  
 These rankling wounds that tend on mortal breath  
 Are but occasion'd by the dread of Death:  
 For shame, contempt, and poverty severe  
 Apart from sweet and stable life appear,  
 "Dwelling beside Death's portals. Hence men fear,  
 And far, far off to flee them with false dread  
 They strive, as from the dwellings of the dead;—  
 Inflame sedition, civil wars, and heap  
 Wealth upon wealth, slaughter on slaughter, steep  
 Their hands in citizens' and in kinsmen's blood,  
 And find no safety but in solitude."

Thus each man from himself attempts to flee,  
 But bears within him that same enemy  
 From which he would escape, then frets the more,  
 Nor doth of his disease the cause explore;  
 Which did he well discern, he soon would cast  
 All other things aside, and to the last  
 The nature of man's being strive to know:  
 For 'tis not one short hour for weal or woe  
 That is at stake,—but all eternity,  
 All after death—the life that is to be.

Christianity on the other hand, cherishes the dead. She keeps them alive in undying memories. She communes with them spirit with spirit. She consecrates their graves, adorns and beautifies the place of their repose, and plants it with flowers and trees of heaven. This is to her a place of frequent resort. She loves to wander there, to read the past, to bring up the dead, to converse with them, and though dead, to hear them speak in the still small but thrilling voice of sainted purity. Here in her earliest times, she was sure to be found when hunted by the bloodhounds of persecution, and how often did the christian mourner water with her blood as well as tears, the grave of departed piety. And when driven from the *face* of the earth by relentless and inexorable in-

humanity, christianity took refuge within its bosom, and there amid the labyrinthine passages of catacombs, buried her dead, and amid their corpses slumbering peacefully in the surrounding niches of those subterranean walls, worshipped their common Saviour, sung praises to Christ as God, and made the caverned vaults resound with the songs of glory to Him who had abolished the reign of death, disarmed it of its sting, and the grave of its victory, and united the living and the dead who die in the Lord, in inseparable, blissful union.

And so it is now, and every where, and always. Satisfying every natural instinct and affection of the heart, christianity recognizes and sanctifies our yearning for our departed friends. How beautiful is the memory of the dead, as seen in her mellowing light ! What a holy and chastening influence does it exert upon the human heart ! Is there one who has not some loved friend gone to heaven, with whom he delights to live again in memory ? Does he not love to sit down in the hushed and tranquil hour of silent meditation, and bring before him the face and the form so familiar and cherished—to look into the eye which mirrored not more clearly his own face, than the soul which he loves, and to listen to the tones that were once melody in his ear ?

In a recent visit to a family burying ground, now with its deserted Church abandoned to decay, a writer beautifully illustrates this spiritual communion with the dead, by which christianity hallows and endears the place of their last repose.

There, in that quiet churchyard, dear reader, we first heard the burial service—then new to us—alas ! how familiar now.

We can recall that warm and sunny October day. A cold, still figure, lay in our home ; weights were upon the closed eyes to keep down the lids ; and the white, rigid hands, lay as they had been placed, on the still bosom. Tears had wetted the pillow—warm lips had strove with kisses, to melt the gathering ice of death, and a voice, made sharp with anguish, had gone up to Heaven pleadingly.

But all in vain !

We could not comprehend why, on this day, we were dressed in a black slip and black sleeve-knots ; and as our childish feet wound through the open gate into the graveyard, we sometimes stooped from the guiding hand to pick up the tufts of scarlet and yellow leaves, which made this place of graves strangely gay. The coffin was set down beside an open grave, while the procession trailed through the long grass, and circled slowly around. The burial service for the dead was read, and then they laid the coffin upon ropes and gently lowered it. There was a harsh grating against the hard earth, then a shovel-full of loose soil was thrown upon the coffin. We recall, even now, the fearful, shivering, tightened clasp of a cold hand that drew us up to the grave's brink, as those cold clods fell upon the loved



bosom. But neither the anguish of the form at our side, nor the clinging clasp of the cold hand could win one answering sigh from that shrouded form.

They filled up the grave, and placed green sods upon the mound they raised, and when all was done, we went away and left the coffin deep in the quiet earth, where the bleak winds could not reach its inmate. The next day we were chasing the runaway bees, or playing with toys in our baby-house, or wondering why a pale, sad face, was all the time weeping.

October went by, and the trees put on their russet; long spires of pallid grass waved to and fro heavily; the wind awoke with a shiver, and marked its course with sobs and wailings; the brooks grew bluer, and chillier, and then the bare trees were wreathed in white; and that mound of earth, lost beneath the deep snow of winter, was forgotten by all but the stricken family. One mourner kept a path well trodden, and though we could not then comprehend why her face bent tearfully over that grave—we learned in after years (ah how bitterly) what it meant. We have comprehended, since then, what it is to have a coffin and a heap of earth between oneself and the author of one's being. Oh! it is a sorrowful thing to make the grave the only door to a meeting with one in whose bosom we have nestled.

Many an hour, in blissful childhood, we passed in that quiet graveyard with only one companion. Many a lesson was taught us beside that green mound—lessons of a bright spot, with flowers all fadeless, and sainted ones, and white winged throngs we were then told of. One who watched over the "widow and the fatherless," in their helplessness—counted all their tears and lightened all their burdens.

Long years have wheeled their weary round,  
Since dark and deep they laid  
Thy coffined form, and heaped the earth,  
And bowed their heads and prayed.

Yet, Father, I have felt thy care,  
In danger o'er me thrown;  
And when cold hearts were gathering near,  
I have not been alone.

Thou seem'st to clasp me in thine arms,  
And hold me to thy breast;  
When by the thronging cares of earth  
I'm wearied and oppressed.

I seem to close my aching lids,  
And sleep upon thy arm,  
Which used to seem enough to me,  
To shelter from all harm.

Yes, let us, as we may well do, talk pleasantly of the pious dead, as of those who no longer suffer and are tried. With them the fear and the longing, the hope, the terror, and the pain, are

passed. The fruition of life has to them begun. How unkind, how selfish, how unnatural, were it, when we inter their bodies to cease the utterance of their names—the tender-hearted dead, who so struggled in the parting from us—and more for our sakes than their own—why should we speak of them with awe, and remember them only with sighing! Very dear were they when hand clasped hand, and heart responded to heart, and why are they less dear, because grown perfect in loveliness and in loving kindness? By the hearth side, then, and by the grave side, in solitude and amid the multitude, let us speak cheerfully and lovingly of the dead.”

Our beloved have departed,  
While we tarry broken-hearted,  
In the dreary empty house;  
They have ended life's brief story,  
They have reached the home of glory  
Over death victorious.

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly,  
On we travel, daily, nightly,  
To the rest that they have found.  
Are we not upon the river,  
Sailing fast to meet forever,  
On more holy, happy ground?

Whilst with bitter tears we're mourning,  
Thought to buried loves returning,  
Time is hasting us along,  
Downward to the grave's dark dwelling,  
Upward to the fountain welling  
With eternal life and song!

See ye not the breezes hieing?  
Clouds along in hurry flying?  
But *we* haste more swiftly on—  
Ever changing our position,  
Ever tossed in strange transition—  
Here to-day, to-morrow gone!

Every hour that passes o'er us  
Speaks of comfort yet before us,  
Of our journey's rapid rate;  
And like passing vesper-bells,  
The clock of time its chiming tells,  
At eternity's broad gate.

On we haste, to home invited,  
 There with friends to be united  
 In a surer bond than here;  
 Meeting soon, and met forever!  
 Glorious hope! forsake us never,  
 For thy glimmering light is dear.

Ah! the way is shining clearer  
 As we journey ever nearer  
 To the everlasting home.  
 Friends who there await our landing,  
 Comrades round the throne now standing  
 We salute you, and we come.

The dead are still with us. There is a communion more real and more satisfying than that of mere bodily, physical and social presence. We are, by original constitution, more mental, moral, emotional, and spiritual beings, than we are sensitive, sensual, and physical. And were we now what we were intended to be, that is, sinless beings—the body with its appetites and wants would be subordinated and kept under, and occupy but a small place in our estimation and regard. The subjugation of our affections and souls to the craving power and tyranny of bodily appetites and desires is that vanity to which the creature is now, by reason of sin, reduced, and in consequence of which the whole creation groans and travails in pain together, so that even the children of God groan within themselves, being burdened. Christianity hears the despairing cry, “oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death,” and brings deliverance. Grace elevates and ennobles man’s nature just in that proportion in which it reigns and rules within us. It purifies the moral atmosphere, dissipates the rank vapours of sensuality, and imparts to the faculties of memory, association, and imagination, power of abstraction, an ideal life, and a capacity to roam the future, bring near things distant, and clothe with reality things invisible and spiritual.

Oft when we pine afar from those we love  
 More close we knit the spirit’s sympathies,  
 By mutual prayer, distance itself doth prove  
 A greater nearness. With such stronger ties  
 Spirit with spirit talks, that when our eyes  
 Beheld each other, *something sinks within,*  
*Mocked by the touch of earth’s realities.*

This wondrous capacity of the soul to hold communion with far distant friends is sometimes so vivid, as to give a realizing

sense of their presence and power over us. The experience alluded to is very graphically described by a recent and very pictorial tourist in Europe.

“Thus o’er the sea, as slumbers turned to dreaming,—  
That so mocks real life with vivid seeming,—  
On spectral journeys, e’en in rest advancing,  
I saw in prospect hills and rivers glancing :

When, lo ! a hand I feel my steps arresting,  
And hear a strange, dumb, ghostly voice, requesting  
My quick return, the track unfinished leaving ;  
Whereat my soul, as in a swoon, sank grieving.

Wide through the world’s eclipse again outreaching,  
That vision of the night repeats its teaching ;  
With sense of baffled will vague sorrow feeding,  
My waking wit to understand exceeding.

Would earth or sky disclose for me a meaning ?  
Were angel-forms of mortal towards me leaning ?  
What summons thus subdued me to obeying  
A shadow in my moving or my staying ?

Ah, shadow cast from life remote, retreating ?  
Ah, cry from kindred heart more slowly beating !  
O God ! so distantly could I be learning  
For sight of me its fond and frequent yearning ?

Was spirit’s ear, so fine, from spirit hearing  
The whisper of a soft and tender fearing,  
Lest never more should come, in earth’s beholding,  
What lay so deep within the bosom’s folding ?

Where’er I went, went still the dream pursuing,—  
My daily thoughts the nightly show reviewing ;  
While naught I knew, howe’er I strove at knowing,  
But only as it urged my feet were going.

Mystic conductor humbly not refusing,  
Homeward I blindly sped, no moment losing ;  
For solemn tidings at my door confessing  
To what I owed affection’s farewell blessing.

We are therefore made capable of a communion far deeper than that of bodily presence, or even of memory. It is a spiritual communion. It is that fellowship of which all that is material

all of the eye, and lips, and hands, all that constitutes our daily and most endearing social intercourse, are but the symbols. These are only interpretations of an interior intercourse, the sensible proofs of an insensible affection, pledges of its reality, means through which the spirit communes with spirit. They are therefore necessarily imperfect and unsatisfying. They are found, after all, to be barriers and interruptions to that closer and more endearing sympathy which their very intervention renders impossible. And hence it is, that they leave behind them an unappeased, quenchless longing for a nearer, dearer, and more perfect fellowship. The brightest hopes are darkened by their realization. Expectations the most enlarged are crushed by the felt poverty even of the richest luxuriance of earthly good, and feelings the most intense, which a letter read in absence will kindle into a flame, often die away into slumbering ashes upon the hearth stone of our homes. How much more soul-stirring is our communion with some gifted author, when we read his works, than when we see him face to face? And when we peruse the letter of a friend long dead, how powerfully beyond all personal presence, do they stir up the fountain of our deepest emotions.

And thus by some celestial art  
 With friends that are apart,  
 Associate feelings will awake,  
 Or thoughts responsive break :  
 As if some spirit of the skies  
 Convey'd their sympathies !  
 Moves there 'mid minds some unseen power,  
 Like bee from flower to flower ?  
 With intermingling of their kinds—  
 From each to each it winds,  
 The seed, or dust, or honey brings  
 On loaded thigh or wings.

Thus also it is that in the perusal of the Bible, in prayer, in worship, in the ordinances of the Lord's house, and especially in the Lord's Supper, the soul enjoys such near and living and delightful communion with that adorable and ever blessed Saviour, whom having never seen, it nevertheless loves, and in whom though now it sees Him not, it rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory. And so also is it found, that in the upper chamber where brethren are gathered together with one accord for prayer, and praise, and mutual exhortation, that heart blends with heart, and all are melted together as unto one living, loving soul.

Prayer ! mighty accent—language winged—supreme—  
 Which in a single sigh blends all of love,  
 Which makes a thousand loved ones, scattered far,  
 Seen by the heart, and present before God ;

Making among them, by fair virtues boon,  
 The viewless interchange of heaven's best gifts,  
 One general speech, which swells unto the sky,  
 And rises higher to be better heard.  
 Incense unquenchable, which doth perfume  
 Him who receives and him who lights the flame.  
 For thus does soothing hope her powers employ,  
 Sweet visions of long severed hearts to frame,  
 Though absence may impair or death destroy,  
 Their constant presence draws us still the same.

Such also is our permitted communion with the dead. Though dead, they yet live. They yet speak to us. They are near and round about us. We see them not. We hear them not. We feel them not, though even this one sometimes seem to do in sweet visions of the night. But we think of them. We conceive their well known forms. We remember all their love, all their natural features and manner and character. We believe them to exist and to be still identical, still personal. We believe that they also retain though purified and enlarged, these same powers and affections. They abide with them imperishably and forever. They must therefore be exercised towards us as ours are towards them, and thus produce mutual and real communion of souls and hearts, of memory, love, and hope. Wherever they are, and whatever may be their condition, we know of the pious dead that they are happy and holy, that they are with Christ in paradise, that they remember us, and pray for us from beneath the throne.

The dead. The dead are with us :  
 And they throng around our way,  
 And the greenness of their memory  
 In our hearts can ne'er decay.  
 When round the hearth we gather,  
 We know that they are there ;  
 And with them our spirits worship  
 In the holy place of prayer.

Around our couch at midnight,  
 Their forms flit slowly by,  
 And in olden tones they speak to us,  
 Ere they fade into the sky.  
 At twilight, when the dew falls,  
 They walk with us and sing,  
 And their voice is like the murmuring  
 Of swallows on the wing.

And when in social circle  
 We join the merry band,  
 Or in the hour of sorrow,  
 Sit silent hand in hand.

## THE TEACHINGS OF THE DEAD.

They come and sit beside us,  
 And gaze into our eyes;  
 And we listen to their voices then,  
 With a calm and mute surprise.

The departed—the departed,  
 They crowd around me now,  
 And a sweet and cheerful light of peace  
 They shed upon my brow.  
 I know they have not left me,  
 Tho' no more I see their forms;  
 And their presence 'mid the strife of life,  
 Is like sunshine seen in storms.

The beautiful, the beautiful,  
 All silently they stand,  
 Within the chambers of my soul,  
 A fair and shadowy band;  
 And from out those chambers now and then  
 This cheerful voice is given,  
 "Oh! faint not, while ye walk below  
 Ye dwell with us in heaven.

No earthly sorrow blight us,  
 No chill misfortunes pain;  
 Then weep not, tho' with you no more—  
 In form we walk again.  
 Ye feel that we are with you—  
 When ye wander by the streams,  
 And ye see our faces as of old,  
 In the pleasant light of dreams.

And when in twilight musings  
 Ye think of us as dead—  
 And o'er our grassy resting place  
 The sweet spring flowers ye spread.  
 Remember, for the soul that *lives*  
 There can no ending be—  
 Remember that the soul once born,  
 Lives thro' eternity."

The dead, therefore, still speak to us. They soothe and comfort us with a present, a living, and a loving communion, and with the hope of a perfect personal union in that better world where we shall see eye to eye, and know even as we are now known. They draw our hearts after them. They are not gone where we never expect, or wish, to go, but to a better country than this, a country which is ours also—to which we have an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, reserved for us—and to which we have even now secured to us an indisputable title.

We remember when a boy, seeing a much elder brother jump from the wharf into the boat which conveyed him to the vessel that bore him to this foreign land. He was the first link severed from a large family, and the event was sadly impressive. How anxiously did we watch the receding sail until it was finally lost in the blue horizon. How often afterwards when walking along the sea shore did we feel consoled by the thought that the same Atlantic ocean which spread itself out in magnificent beauty before us, rolled its waves to this further shore, where he might be also treading—that the sun which was sinking beneath the western horizon, would in the morning rise upon the eastern—and that the same moon and stars which kindled glory in the evening sky, attracted the upward gaze of the distant wanderer. When we met around the family altar, how refreshing was it to mention his name, to remember him in prayer, and to feel that around the mercy seat however separated in body, we could mingle our spirits and our petitions. And as one brother after another were attracted to this land of promise, how were the affections of those behind centred here! How home-like did America become! And how gradually were all remaining ties of home and kindred loosened, until they were willingly, though sadly, severed, in the hope of a reunion here. And thus is it when friend after friend departs to the celestial land. They are not lost, but gone before. They are not dead, they only sleep bodily in our dust, while their spirits have returned to God. They are now with him. They are where we wish soon to be, and where alone we can be fully and abidingly happy. They are gone to prepare a place for us, that where they are, we may also be. And we cannot but feel more and more weaned from earth as we think of them, and commune with them, and as we become more and more desirous to depart and be with Christ and them, which is far better.

Were earth our home, our rest, our end, these severings of heart-strings, these separations of commingled souls by the blank wall of death through which we cannot see, and over which we cannot pass, how dreadful would they be! But if this world is but our place of probation, discipline, and preparation for our true homes and rest, oh how needful are these bereavements to sever our affections from the things of earth, around which, like parasitic plants, they so luxuriantly entwine, and thus open up to us that heavenly radiance they had so much obscured. How sweetly does Fanny Forrester depict these earth loving ties of every human heart.

O do not let me die ! the earth is bright,  
And I am earthly, so I love it well ;  
Tho' heaven is holier, all replete with light,  
Yet I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.



I cannot die! the flowers of earthly love  
 Shed their rich fragrance on a kindred heart;  
 There may be purer, brighter flowers above,  
 Yet with these ones 'twould be too hard to part,

I dream of heaven, and well I love those dreams.  
 They scatter sunlight on my varying way;  
 But 'mid the clouds of earth are priceless gleams,  
 Of brightness, and on earth O let me stay.

It is not that my lot is void of gloom,  
 That sadness never circles round my heart;  
 Nor that I fear the darkness of the tomb,  
 That I would never from the earth depart.

'Tis that I love the world, its cares, its sorrows,  
 Its bounding hopes, its feelings fresh and warm,  
 Each cloud it wears, and every light it borrows,  
 Loves, wishes, fears, the sunshine and the storm.

I love them all; but closer still the loving  
 Twine with my being's cords and make my life;  
 And while within this sunlight I am moving,  
 I well can bide the storms of worldly strife.

Then do not let me die! for earth is bright,  
 And I am earthly, so I love it well—  
 Heaven is a land of holiness and light,  
 But I am frail, and with the frail would dwell.

And as no one has learned by more touching sorrows and bereavements their heavenly power to wean the renewed soul from earth, and assimilate and uplift its desires to heaven, so no one has more beautifully and feelingly portrayed it than this same writer.

Yes, let me die! Am I of spirit-birth,  
 And shall I linger here where spirits fell,  
 Loving the stain they cast on all of earth?  
 O make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell.

'Tis sweet to die! The flowers of earthly love,  
 (Frail, frail spring blossoms) early droop and die;  
 But all their fragrance is exhaled above,  
 Upon our spirits evermore to lie.

Life is a dream, a bright but fleeting dream  
 I can but love; but then my soul awakes,  
 And from the mist of earthliness a gleam  
 Of heavenly light, of truth immortal breaks.

I shrink not from the shadows sorrow flings  
 Across my pathway ; nor from cares that rise  
 In every foot-print ; for each shadow brings  
 Sunshine and rainbow as it glooms and flies.

But heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure ;  
 There angels fold in love their snowy wings ;  
 Their sainted lips chant in celestial measure,  
 And spirit fingers stray o'er heav'n-wrought strings.

There loving eyes are to the portals straying ;  
 There arms extend a wanderer to fold ;  
 There waits a dearer, holier One, arraying  
 His *awn* in spotless robes and crowns of gold.

Then let me die. My spirit longs for heaven.  
 In that pure bosom evermore to rest ;  
 But if to labor longer here be given,  
 "Father, thy will be done!" and I am blest.

Were this communion with the dead more constantly and believably maintained, would it not have much influence in learning us to live better and happier and holier lives. Selfishness, self-will, and many painful infirmities of disposition and peculiarities of character interfere, to a very unhappy extent, with social enjoyment and happy fellowship even in families and kindred. In the daily intercourse of life, these occasion many a harsh jar and dissonance of feeling, and mars the harmony of the best consorted spirits. They lead us sadly to undervalue the sweet charities of love, and kindness, and self denial and forbearance. They lead us to dwell upon the rough and ugly, or at least unlovely features in each other's character, and to think less of those which may be lovely and attractive. Alas for us, we are blind and ignorant as to what the real happiness of earth is, until it is forever taken from us. This is one chief reason why in absence our affections are so much deepened. We cease to think so exclusively or frequently of what is imperfect and unlovely. All that is good and true and beautiful, comes before us as they do to the poet's and the painter's eye, enshrine the ideal picture on which we so fondly gaze, and make us wonder that in communion with such a character, we should not enjoy perfect union of heart and sympathy. But it is only, as has been said, when those whom we love pass away, that, realizing a great loss, we learn how vital was that relation, how inestimable the privilege which is withdrawn forever. How quick, then, is our regret for every harsh word which we have spoken to the departed, or for any momentary alienation which we have indulged ! This, however,

should not reduce us to a morbid sensitiveness, or an unavailing sorrow, seeing that it is blended with so many pleasant memories; but it should teach us our duty to the living. It should make our affections more diligent and dutiful. It should check our hasty words, and assuage our passions. It should cause us day and night, to meet in kindness and part in peace. Our social ties are golden links of uncertain tenure, and, one by one, they drop away. Let us cherish a more constant love for those who make up our family circle, for "not long may we stay." The allotments of duty, perhaps, will soon distribute us into different spheres of action; our lines, which now fall together in a pleasant place, will be wide apart as the zones, or death will cast his shadow upon these familiar faces, and interrupt our long communion. Let us, indeed, preserve this temper with all men—those who meet us in the street, in the mart, in the most casual or selfish concerns of life. We cannot remain together a great while, at the longest. Let us meet, then, with kindness, that when we part, no pang may remain. Let not a single day bear witness to the neglect or violation of any duty which we owe to our fellows. Let nothing be done which shall lie hard in the heart when it is excited to tender and solemn recollections. Let only good-will beam from faces that so soon shall be changed. Let only pleasant and fragrant feelings spring up in those hearts over whose common grave nature will soon plant her tributary flowers.

With what patience and thankfulness also, do the dead teach us to enjoy the blessings which are still continued to us, and to bear with thankful resignation the trials and discomforts which are mingled with our lot. Imperfect in ourselves, we nevertheless, with monstrous inconsistency, expect perfection in others, and while unhappy and discontented within ourselves, we are easily worried and fretted by trifling inconveniences around us. We take but little account of our multiplied mercies, in our undue regard to incidental evils. It is only when some loved one is taken from our family circle, that we realize how, in comparison with the loss of that child, or wife, or husband, or parent, all the inconveniences and trials of life are as nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity. We could now cheerfully endure a thousand ills greater than any we have borne, if only borne in fellowship with the departed one. But in Him as by one devastating wave, everything has been swept away, and the earth has become a dreary waste. What was before great, has become of little value. What we most coveted, ceases to attract. And the trifles which annoyed us, have sunk into insignificance. Let us then lay this to heart. Let us learn and ponder upon the needful lesson. Let us turn our thoughts to the friends still spared to us. Let us duly estimate their priceless value. Let us practically feel the evanescent, temporary, and incidental nature of all our possible trials.

And remembering how soon God can desolate our hearts and our houses, by one single visitation of His bereaving providence, let us prize one another as our chiefest earthly treasure, and find in each other's society, hallowed by pure and undefiled religion, the only antidote to all our earthly cares, the compensation for all our trials.

AH! GRIEVE NOT SO.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."—1 Tim. 6, 6.

"Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr."

Ah! grieve not so, nor so lament  
My soul! nor troubled sigh,  
Because some joys to others sent  
Thy Father may deny;  
Take all as love that seems severe—  
There is no want if God is near.

There is no right thou canst demand,  
No title thou canst claim;  
For all are strangers in the land  
Who bear the human name:  
Earth and its treasures are the Lord's,  
And He the lot of each accords.

How thankless art thou, child of man!  
For favors that abound;  
Thy God has given thee eyes to scan  
The glory all around;  
Yet seldom for this priceless sight,  
Hast thou been heard to praise aright.

Number thy limbs, thy members tell,  
And ask thy thankless soul,  
If another thou wouldst sell  
Even the smallest of the whole.  
There is not one from which thy heart  
Would willingly submit to part.

Now, go and search the depths of mind,  
Explore its wondrous power,  
New proofs of benefits to find,  
That meet thee every hour;  
More than the sand upon the shore,  
And ever rising more and more.

He knows, who lives on Zion's hill,  
What we in truth require;  
Knows too how many blessings still  
This flesh and blood desire;  
And could He safely all bestow,  
He would not let thee sorrowing go.

## THE TEACHINGS OF THE DEAD.

Thou wert not born that earth should be  
 A portion fondly sought ;  
 Look up to heaven, and smiling see  
 Thy shining golden lot !  
 Honours and joys, which thou shalt share,  
 Unending and unenvied there !

Then journey on to life and bliss,  
 God will protect to heaven ;  
 And every good that meets thee is  
 A blessing wisely given.  
 If losses come, so let it be—  
 The God of heaven remains with thee.

That these lessons may have all their impressiveness, let us remember that the dead constitute a multitude, in comparison with whom, all the living are as nothing. There are alive upon the earth some one thousand millions of human beings. How many, then, have lived and died during the six thousand years that have elapsed since man first became an inhabitant of earth. Their number is legion. It is past finding out. Could they return to this world, it would not be able to contain them. Could they encompass it round about, they would darken all the sky. And we shall see them, one and all, on the great final day of the gathering together in one, of the quick and the dead, before the throne of final judgment. At death we enter among them in one or other of their present habitations, where they await in longing hope, or fearful apprehension, the consummation of all things. And even now, they soar round about us, though we see them not, as a great cloud of witnesses, if not, also to some extent, perhaps, as ministering spirits. With what a pressure of the powers of the world to come, ought, then, their testimony to be heard. How much more ought it to impress us than any utterances of the living, beguiled as they are by sin and satan, and unwise and evil ways ?

And with what unanimity does the whole multitude of the dead, testify by the brevity of their lives and the necessity of their death, that life is vanity except as spent in preparation for eternity ; that death is certain and near ; that health is but the sap of the tree, which the winter's blast will soon drive again to the earth ; that beauty is only the blossom of the flower, which even in blooming fades ; that fame is but the fragrant perfume which exhales and disappears as soon as it is given—and that all the lusts of the flesh, and the lusts of the eyes, and the pride of life, are less than nothing and vanity, sunbeams sparkling upon the waters of death ! With what overpowering emphasis, also, do the dead, one and all, exclaim, " Prepare, O man, to meet thy God. Live not for self, or for sin, or ease, or wealth, or pleasure, or for any thing seen and temporal, for what shall it profit you to gain all these and lose your undying soul."

In thy heart there is a chamber,—  
None but God and thou hath seen it—  
Darkened by the sombre shadows  
From the folds of thought that screen it.

On its walls are many pictures  
Painted by the hand of time,  
Sketches of those mystic regions  
In the Infinite sublime.

There are portraits of the faces  
That have passed away from earth,  
Glimpses of those sunny places  
Sacred to thy childhood mirth.

Of the homestead, old and mossy,  
Close beside the meadow green,  
Where the brooks like threads of silver,  
Wound their graceful curve between.

And, it is a haunted chamber,  
There the ghosts at midnight stray,  
Silent as the stars that wander  
Down the white-pav'd Milky Way.

You behold the light forms trembling  
In their pure robes like a bride,  
And they look so like the living  
You forget that they have died.

You forget the marble features  
Of the friend you laid to rest,  
You forget the pale hands folded  
On a pulseless, soulless breast.

But you see him slowly walking  
'Mid the glow life's sunset weaves,  
When his lips dropp'd farewell blessings  
As the trees their autumn leaves.

Thus comes he long since departed,  
Reaching out his hands to thine,  
And his lips unto thee murmur  
In a tone which seems divine.

In this chamber stands a mirror,  
Mem'ry's lamp hangs overhead,  
Throwing down a soften'd radiance  
On those pictures of the dead.

In its clear depths we distinguish  
 What we were, and what we are,  
 There our inner life reflected,  
 Shows us hideous or fair.

Oh! 'tis in this secret chamber  
 That we learn a solemn truth,  
 As in links of spirit union,  
 Age is join'd again with youth.

It is true that this testimony of the dead is given in mute silence. They speak to us but not in words. They utter their voice, but it is in a silence far more powerful than any language—in a way which is equally understood by every speech and language, and by every human heart. How silent, and yet with what mute eloquence speaks the vacant chair of the departed; the banquet hall now empty, cold, and damp, the silent woods, the mouldering ruin, the deserted house, the starry night with its eternal solitude! Who has ever felt such deep and soul-absorbing emotion, such soul-stirring and multitudinous thoughts, as when he has stood in the chamber where the good man breathes his last; when every eye is intent upon the slumberer sinking calmly into the untroubled sleep of death, when every breath is hushed, and an unearthly awe rests upon every spirit? But how much deeper still is the awe profound, when the mourners enter the room where that sleeper, whom the peal of a thousand cannons could not now disturb, lies still and motionless; and when they gather round the opened grave, and hear the clay rattling upon the coffin lid of the loved form so lately by their side.

Oh let that silent noise with which the dead so touchingly speaks to us, impress our hearts. Let us give it earnest heed. Let us open to it the ear of our inmost soul. Let us ponder and weigh it well. They tell us that with them all of life is now finished, and that, with death, is finished the all of every man's probation for eternity. Death closes the account and ends the harvest. Were it otherwise, would not He who loved the world with such an infinite love, have revealed it to us? He *has* revealed to us the future of the earth, the future of heaven and hell, and had there been any other probationary scene than this present life, would God not have made it known; would He not have allowed the angelic messengers, or some spirit among the just made perfect, to impart the consolatory truth? Life, then, and this life *only*,

— is the time to serve the Lord,  
 The time to insure the great reward;

Since—

In the cold grave to which we haste,  
 There are no acts of pardon past;  
 But darkness, death, and long despair  
 Reign in eternal silence there.

On him who dies in his sins, unpardoned, the wrath of God abideth forever, while they who die in the Lord, are blessed from henceforth and forever.

Thus do the dead yet speak to us. They tell us that as they were born, and lived, and died, individually, and not in companies or corporations, or churches, but each one alone and by himself, so did they all stand severally before the judgment seat of Christ, and there receive, according to their course in this world, whether good or evil. The dead also proclaim to us with united voice, the immutability of the divine law—God's impartial and un pitying justice, and the unerring certainty of retribution. Not one of all these myriads has escaped death, the penalty of God's violated law, except two, who were miraculously taken up to heaven, to prove to us that death is neither natural, nor necessary, nor final, to man. They teach us, therefore, that not one of all the generations yet unborn, shall be delivered from death. Not one of those now alive can pass by death into eternity. Just as certain as our birth and life, is also, our death. And as we live alone, individually, each one responsible for himself, his life, his character, his principles, opinions, and conduct, and for all these, as it regards man, and God, and Christ, the Savior, and the Holy Spirit—so must we one by one, die alone, and be judged alone, and be either damned or saved alone.

The dead also teaches us the all-important truth that death is no certain criterion of real piety. It ought to be such. It is naturally such. If ever a man is candid and sincere, he is so when all the motives for concealment, and all the influences of a worldly nature, must to a great extent cease to operate. This is generally the case. Death is the great teacher, and also the great revealer of secrets. And when death is met in a calmness, in full possession of reason, with a perfect knowledge of its near and inevitable approach, it will generally bring out the real character and disposition and principles. But it will not change a man's real character and fixed principles. These may be atheistic, infidel, pharasaic pride, self-righteous confidence, ignorance of the gospel, and reliance, therefore, on some refuge of lies, whose insecurity may be only discovered at death. Or a man may exhibit confidence in death from a reliance on the prayers of others, or baptism, or attendance at church, or what is called respect for religion, or a mere outward, formal, and worldly profession of religion. Or the character exhibited in death may be, as it often is, open, abandoned, hardened impiety, blasphemy and indifference. Death, in order to be felt as terrible, must be fully realized in its nature, and consequences, and dread alternatives. There is nothing in death itself, or in the mere pain of ordinary dying to terrify or alarm. The great majority of men probably meet death in a state of physical insensibility and mental weak-



ness or aberration. Many die just as the beasts that perish. Many die as the fool dieth, utterly thoughtless of the future. And many meet death while wholly at ease and quiet, and without any bands in their death. God gives many, also, up to damnable delusion, that they may believe a lie, so as to repose upon it as upon a bed of ease, even in death. God leaves men to die in all variety of forms, both of faith, feeling, and hope, in order that the living may not trust to a dying hour, or to dying experience, or to any dying expressions. In themselves, these are nothing, and worth nothing. At the very best, they only tell us what the man is, and thinks, and believes. But as often as otherwise, all such dying calmness and confidence are hollow and insincere, assumed and not real, the offspring of fear and alarm, or the desperate attempt of the cowardly and terrified spirit to keep up its courage, and to brave it out. Death is terrible not because it is painful. Sin is the sting of death, and it is only in proportion as this sin is realized, that the thought of death is alarming. The law which denounces and inflicts death as the penalty of its violation, is that which gives strength and vigour to this sting of death which is sin. It is this consciousness of guilt which inflames the conscience, kindles up fear, and terror, and a certain looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, since these all depend upon the clearness of our knowledge of the holiness and spirituality and breadth and immutability of God's law.

Of this law and of all sin involving guilt and punishment, all men have some knowledge, and therefore some fear; and although a man may drown that fear of death in wickedness, and pervert his conscience by false philosophy, and keep down a sense of guilt and a dread of death by pride, and conceal and try in every way to escape from it, and succeed too often in thus searing conscience as with a hot iron, and dying in utter stupidity—yet very often, in the worst and most ignorant of men, as for instance, in Pharaoh, in Nebuchadnezzar, in Belshazzar, in the sailors of Jonah's vessel, God awakens the sleeping conscience, and lets loose the dogs of hell, the worm that never dies, enkindles the fire that is never quenched, to torment them before the time, in order to demonstrate in the body in this life, and in this world, the nature and the beginning of that misery that shall hereafter be the portion of all who die in their sins. Of this, from time to time, God gives public and awful examples, as in the case of Voltaire, of Spira, of Paine, and of multitudes in private life, who are driven away in their wickedness, and with terrible apprehensions of their certain perdition. The experience and the testimony of one such sinner, dying in his reason, and with the full knowledge of all his previous atheism or infidelity, or unbelief in hell and damnation, is an irresistible proof of the reality of such fears and forebodings in the human soul, and of their certain premonition of the terri-

ble hereafter. They are otherwise utterly inexplicable, while the fact that in the majority of cases they may not be felt, can easily be accounted for on the principles already explained.

And we are here led to remark that just as it is with the teachings of the dead in their dying hour, so is it with their teachings after death. We have seen what death should teach to all, and that the dead should speak to all. But even as the ears of the dead are often closed, so that they cannot hear and therefore cannot feel aught, even so is it with the living. The ears of multitudes are closed, so that they will not hear, and their eyes shut, so that they cannot see, and their hearts hardened so that they cannot feel. To them the dead forgotten lie:

Their memory and their sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.  
Their hatred and their love are lost,  
Their envy buried in the dust;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

But while this condition is common among men, it is abnormal—even unnatural. And while it is proverbial, that “dead men tell no tales,” yet if our relation to them has been one of crime, they haunt and terrify with their continual and unappeasable cry. Being dead they speak, and though not audible to others, their still small cry is louder than a peal of thunder to the terrified and self-tortured spirit. Better face ten thousand living foes than one dead victim of our crime.

This power of the dead to influence and terrify the prosperous living, is powerfully depicted by Shakspeare in many characters, and among others, in that of Claudius, king of Denmark. But perhaps no one has ever more truthfully portrayed the power of the dead over the guilty living than Hood, in his *Eugene Aram*.

And long since then of bloody men,  
Whose deeds tradition saves;  
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,  
And hid in sudden graves;  
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,  
And murders done in caves.

And how the spirits of injured men  
Shriek upward from the sod—  
And how the ghostly hand will point  
To show the burial clod;  
And unknown facts of guilty acts,  
Are seen in dreams from God.

## THE TEACHINGS OF THE DEAD.

He told how murderers walked the earth  
 Beneath the curse of Cain—  
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
 And flames about their brain;  
 For blood had left upon their souls  
 Its everlasting stain.

Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
 That could not do me ill;  
 And yet I feared him all the more,  
 For lying there so still;  
 There was a manhood in his look,  
 That murder could not kill.

And lo! the universal air  
 Seemed lit with ghostly flame—  
 Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
 Were looking down in blame;  
 I took the dead Man by his hand,  
 And called upon his name.

Oh God! it made me quake to see  
 Such sense within the slain!  
 But when I touched the ghostly clay  
 The blood gushed out again.  
 For every clot a burning spot  
 Was scorching in my brain.

My head was like an ardent coal,  
 My heart was solid ice;  
 My wretched, wretched soul, I knew  
 Was at the devil's price;  
 A dozen times I groan'd; the dead  
 Had never groaned but twice.

And now from forth the frowning sky,  
 From the heaven's topmost height,  
 I heard a voice—the awful voice  
 Of the blood-avenging sprite;  
 "Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,  
 And hide it from my sight!"

So wills the fierce avenging sprite,  
 Till blood for blood atones!  
 Ay though he's buried in a cave,  
 And trodden down with stones,  
 And years have rotted off his flesh—  
 The world shall see his bones.

Of this terrific power of the dead to haunt and torment the living, the Bible gives many illustrations, both in its preceptive and historical books. Take one scene.

Behold, the price of courtly dance,  
The fruit of the forbidden glance,  
The head of Christ's great harbinger!  
The voice which did repentance call,  
From sylvans rude to palace hall;  
Hush'd is that voice and tongue, and ne'er again shall stir.

Nay, is that tongue forever stilled?  
Nay, it anew his ears hath fill'd,  
That they can nothing hear no more;  
Abroad the Baptist's shadow stalks,  
In secret to his spirit talks  
Of that incestuous crime more sternly than before.

He saw, and startled back, I trow,  
When on that glittering festive scene  
Death's silent image looked forth now  
From that same majesty of brow,  
Reproving, gray, serene.

We have seen what death is to thoughtless and unbelieving men, and how, while its teachings are too generally unheard and unheeded, in other cases they are heard in wailings of despair, and yells of premonitory damnation. Nor does death cease to be death, and therefore dreadful, to the Christian. To him also, death is the king of terrors—the last enemy that shall be destroyed—through fear of whom he is more or less in bondage all his life. To him as well as to others, and indeed in an eminent and peculiar degree, there is everything to make death fearful. He has a deep consciousness of sin, a clear knowledge of the law, and therefore a realizing conviction of guilt, of death as the penalty, of a coming judgment, and of an everlasting perdition. To meet death calmly, quietly, hopefully, or exultingly, with such a faith, and in the full possession of his reason, is only to be conceived of as possible on the supposition of a perfect self-deluding hope, or a certain inward, spiritual experience of the power of a divine Redeemer. True Christians are therefore living and dying witnesses for the truth and certainty, and sufficiency of Christian faith, hope, peace, and joy, not only to outride all the storms of life, but to hold us fast, and secure for us a glorious entrance into the haven of eternal felicity, amid the thunderings and lightnings and tempestuous hurricane of death itself.

How important, then, how inestimably valuable is the teach-

ings of the dead, especially of those who die in the Lord. They are signs and seals of the covenant of promise. They are epistles in which the sure mercies of God are seen and read of all men. They are like the setting of the sun in glory and in beauty, gilding the whole horizon of life with an unearthly splendour, and giving the promise of a coming morn more bright and beautiful. They are links between the spirit land and ours, already shining with its radiance, speaking with its tones of melodious sweetness, and imparting to us some earnest and foretaste of its seraphic joys. By their lives they taught us how to live, and by their death they teach us how to die. They were lovely in life, and beautiful! very beautiful in death! In them death appeared transformed from a spirit of darkness into an angel of light, from an executioner into a messenger, from an enemy into a friend, from a curse into a blessing, and from a terror into a triumph.

And these pious dead are still ours—still with us—and still speak to us. The blessed dead! how free from all sin and selfishness and stain of corruption, is the love we now cherish towards them. The earthly is all buried with that which in them was earthly, and the spiritual and unearthly in us now rises towards them as spirits of the just made perfect in heaven. There they shine, fixed immutably in purity and peace, and joy. They are ours forever—beyond all need of our sympathy, all sorrow for their sufferings, and all anxiety for their final salvation. They now await our coming in mansions of rest prepared for our common in-dwelling. We shall find them waiting for us in their garments of beauty, and with everlasting joy upon their heads.

How glorious and exalted are they! How reverently do we take their names into our sin-polluted lips! How do our hearts burn within us when we remember all the words they spake to us, the counsels they left behind, and the lessons they still enforce.

The immortal dead! how unchanging, how purified and enlarged is their love for us! With what ineffable tenderness do they look down upon us! With what unspeakable concern do they await the end of our course, and the last faithful and victorious conquest over sin and satan. And in view of the coldness of all, the formality of many, the worldliness of the most spiritual and the backsliding of the most devoted, how do they invoke us to walk humbly, to watch unto prayer, and to give all diligence to make our calling and election sure.

Hark! a voice, it cries from heav'n,  
Happy in the Lord who die;  
Happy they to whom 'tis given,  
From a world of grief to fly!  
They indeed are truly blest;  
From their labours then they rest.

All their toils and conflicts over,  
Lo! they dwell with Christ above;  
O! what glories they discover  
In the Saviour whom they love!  
Now they see him face to face,  
Him who saved them by his grace.

'Tis enough, enough for ever,  
'Tis his people's bright reward;  
They are blest indeed who never  
Shall be absent from their Lord!  
O! that we may die like those  
Who in Jesus then repose!

In such experience our church is rich. We have had a long line of faithful confessors who have gone up with a shout, and are now entered into their rest. We are well represented among the elders round about the throne, the servants of God, who serve Him day and night in His temple, and the innumerable multitude who worship before Him, and sing the new song of Moses and the Lamb. We have had a few apostates—alas for it—but we have had *many* martyrs. We may enrol upon our list of members *some* who have gone back, but more, many more that have followed the Lamb whither soever He led them, until they were translated by Him to His celestial fold. And while some have left our earthly abode, who, dying, gave no sign, no sure pledge and token of their safety, many have there been, whose dying, like their living, was sweet, and whose memory is yet fragrant with the odour of sanctity.

Among these not a few have left us within the last few years and to their happy number God has added two during the past year, to whom for our argument sake, and the benefit of the living, and the glory of God displayed in their lives and deaths, some allusion is due. One of these was a mother in Israel in one of our churches—who united with its first worshippers, watched with interest every step in its progress, celebrated its dedication, became by public profession a member of it in Feb., 1812—has ever since, for almost forty-five years, continued an humble, holy consistent, and zealous disciple, ever ready to co-operate in any good work, and never more happy than when the ways of her beloved Zion prospered, and when its children, and children's children were seen entering into covenant with their fathers' God, making His church their home, and His service their delight. To her, as to many, the very walls and stones and surrounding trees and cemetery, were dear and sacred. And for years past, when growing deafness prevented her from uniting in the service, she was still as desirous as ever to be present among

us, to commune with us in spirit, and in the silent meditations of her heart, often visible in the movement of her lips and the upward glancing of her eye—worship Him who seeth in secret, in spirit and in truth.

Of Mrs. Adger we may truly say, that no one ever knew her who did not love her, and feel attracted by her gentle, loving, and generous nature. With this she combined in rare union, firmness, wisdom, and good understanding, by which she was enabled, with divine assistance and blessing, to attach and yet to govern, to melt and at the same time mould the character of her nine children, eight of whom lived to mature age; one of whom is a herald of the cross, another of whom was "the beloved elder," another of whom occupies his place, of whom all have been long fellow-members with her in the church, and were around her bed-side, day and night during the four weeks of her gradual sinking into the sleep of death, and to every one of whom she is now a presence and a power, an atmosphere of love, a magnetic centre of irresistible attraction, and a fountain of sweet memories and blissful hopes.

Though it was not our privilege to be with her and them, in these weeks of wasting weariness to her decaying body, but of peace and quietness and assurance to her calm and heavenly spirit, we were permitted to receive with others, her dying farewell, and to rejoice in spirit with her and those around her, that through the loving kindness of her God and Saviour, death was to her gain, and the grave a blessed rest, where she awaits in hope the glory of God, that her last end was peace, and that she finished her course with joy.

She has left behind her the companion of fifty years to whom by her combination of attractive powers, meekness, sweet compliance, and tender persuasion, she has been indeed a help meet for him, to whom from behind the curtain of death she still stretches out the hand of love saying, yet a little while and where I am you shall also be. Be thou also faithful unto death and thou shalt receive with me a crown of life.

"Never couldst thou bear to grieve us—

Dearest mother, why to-day?

Wherefore wilt thou thus forsake us,

Why, oh! why refuse to stay?"

"Were it but our Father's will,

Gladly had I tarried still."

"Mother, see the bursting anguish

Of thy dear ones, loved so well;

See our eyes with grief o'erflowing—

Grief which words refuse to tell!"

"Children, bid me not remain :

Let me with my Lord remain!"

" Ah ! and art thou really going  
 To that dark and distant shore ?  
 All *our* cares, our joys, our sorrows,  
 All forgotten, shared no more !"  
 " Children, think not, say not so—  
 To the land of *love* I go."

" From the circle of affection,  
 Mother, must thou next depart ?  
 Ah ! how many a link is broken  
 Once uniting heart to heart !"  
 " Closer draw that gentle chain  
 Round the lov'd who yet remain."

" Canst thou then so gladly leave us ?  
 Is our grief unheeded now ?  
 For thine eye is brightly beaming,  
 Calm and cloudless is thy brow."  
 " Yes ! for faith, and hope, and love,  
 Draw me to my Lord above."

" Yet even there, in bliss undying,  
 When thou numberest thine own,  
 Mother, shall not *we* be wanting—  
 We, who here in bondage groan ?"  
 " Come, beloved ! quickly come,  
 Join me in our heavenly home !"

To the name of Mrs. Adger has been added that of another mother in Israel, Mrs. Leland, consort of Rev. A. W. Leland, DD. who has recently passed from among us at a well advanced, though not an old age.

" The latter part of her life was passed in Columbia, in the quiet discharge of her appropriate duties. She walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, as blamelessly as one may walk who is subject to the infirmities of human nature, and has not yet arrived at the perfection of the heavenly state. Her life was a practical exposition of the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel ; one of those living arguments for the reality of the Christian Religion which no Skepticism has ever met, and in the presence of which the confidence of Infidelity itself is shaken. The holiness of the Gospel—a holiness which no earthly system of Philosophy, and no human education ever produced—was the pervading state of her soul, and the *fruits* of holiness hung in golden clusters about her character, and illustrated it in the eyes of all beholders. To her, the name of Jesus was the symbol of all that is lovely, and all that is glorious. Her love of Christ was not a mere sentiment ; it was a passion. His name was as ointment poured forth, which perfumed and enriched the smallest



offices of life. Seldom did she pen a letter or a note in which there was not "*aliquid Christi*," a sweet savour of Christ, which hallowed her counsels, and imparted the spirit of His Religion, and the dignity of His name to the minutest details of domestic life. She has gone to behold Him "whom having not seen she loved;" to "look upon that head which was crowned with thorns, and that face which was spit upon for her."

"Another conspicuous feature of her character was, a faith in the special providence of God, and in the promises of the everlasting Covenant, which no vicissitudes of life, no shocks of affliction, and no tempest of cares could shake. It rendered her calm when others were perplexed, and peaceful, when others were disturbed. And hence she was enabled to maintain a tranquil equanimity amid all the changes of her earthly circumstances. She seemed to lean, with the most perfect repose, upon that "righteous, omnipotent Hand," which had upheld and guided her through all her pilgrimage. Thus, though subject to often infirmities and sicknesses of body, she became a stay for others; a pillar of support, and a minister of consolation to her family and friends. She has received the end of her faith, and now enjoys the rest which remaineth for the people of God; but, alas, the pillar of support has crumbled to dust, the staff of strength is broken, the ministering angel is gone; and naught of her remains but the precious legacy of her example; the fadeless memory of her love; and the mute and touching memorials of a departed wife and mother.

"But the element of character which chiefly distinguished her, was her unselfish and untiring devotion to the interests and comfort of others, especially her family and friends, and as a consequent, a most fervent spirit of intercessory prayer. In serving others, she seemed to forget herself. It mattered little that she was sick, if others were well; if her rest was broken, that theirs might be enjoyed; the midnight hour was frequently passed while she toiled for their comfort; and how often did she prevent the dawning light, that the stranger, who had lodged within her gates, or the friend, who had slept under her roof, might be refreshed for early travel, and receive her parting words of kindness and affection. The poor and friendless student for the ministry was ever welcome to her hospitable board and fireside, and received from her the sympathy of a mother and a friend. The needy and the destitute found her door open to them, and her hand of charity extended for their relief. Her domestics were treated rather as children, than as servants; as is attested by the fact that she contracted her last illness from exposure and fatigue, undergone while nursing one of them in sickness. But who may describe the watchful assiduity, the exhaustless patience, and the tender and yearning affection with which she ever ministered to the temporal and spiritual wants of her beloved husband and children. "In all

their affliction, she was afflicted," and all their joys were enhanced by the fact that she shared them. It was such a love as this which formed the source of appeal from which a covenant-keeping God has drawn, in order to illustrate His own unchanging affection for His people. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?"

"Before closing this long letter," says her bereaved husband, "I feel it my duty to record my solemn testimony, as to some facts and traits of character, which distinguished my beloved wife, and which are fully known to myself alone. I do not make these statements to her praise, from any vain-glorious reference to her connection with me; for alas, that connection, however endearing and ennobling, has ceased forever. "*Hinc illae lachrymae.*" But these graces of the Spirit should be known *below* to the praise of God's glorious grace, as they will be proclaimed *above* for the same purpose.

"I mention first, an utter forgetfulness of self, and an unremitting zeal for the good of others. In more than forty years I have never seen an indication of any regard to self-interest or self-indulgence. She lived for others, and found her happiness in their enjoyment. Another remarkable trait was a most generous liberality towards all around her, united with a rigid economy towards herself. All her resources were lavishly bestowed to aid and comfort all within her reach, while it was difficult to persuade her to supply her own necessities. Habitually she withheld the price of her own comforts, to bestow it upon the needy. Untiring laboriousness in duty was another striking characteristic. In the domestic offices of her large family, her diligence and efficiency were almost unexampled. And yet at the close of every busy day, she devoted her hours often until midnight, to reading, writing and devotion. In these seasons of quiet and solitude, as one instance of her devotional reading, she read all the volumes of Scott's Commentary thrice through in course, and had begun the fourth perusal, when she was called away to nobler employments. She composed four volumes of a closely written Diary or Journal, for the guidance of her children after her decease; and for several years she wrote more than four hundred letters of affectionate counsel each year, to her absent children. Of her heavenly intercourse and communion at a throne of grace, the record is on high. Most of these works were done in the hours of night. Her devoted love to her children was marked by one leading feature. Their spiritual interests, the safety of their souls, so engrossed her solicitude, that she hardly regarded anything else. As to her Christian character, her spirituality and heavenly mindedness, I am utterly unable to express my honest convictions. I will only say that a spotless *Purity* of heart and motive, *Kindness* in feeling and action, *Benevolence* in its most exalted exercise, pervaded and governed her whole soul. But

while her experience of the sanctifying power of Divine grace was so remarkable, she was no less distinguished for a low estimation of her own attainments, and a profound humility which prostrated her continually at the footstool of mercy, as the chief of sinners. A thought of any other position or claim never seemed to have entered her mind.

"Equally distinguished was my blessed wife for her kindness and charity to the poor and the afflicted. To her truly belonged the title which the Roman Pontiff arrogantly assumed, *servus servorum*. For to the relief and comfort of servants, not only in her own family, but in others, much of her daily attention, care and toil, was sacredly devoted. And the sad event was in unison with her constant habit, when her mortal sickness was caused by a night exposure, during extreme cold weather, in attendance upon the sick couch of a servant woman; and this, with the distinctly expressed apprehension that the effect might be fatal.

I must add one more particular. Whatever money she received, she never thought of using a shilling for her own comfort, till all the benevolent subscriptions were paid, and all the claims upon her private charity were fully met. I often thought she carried this too far, but I now see that she was wisely making an investment, which she now enjoys. A few days before her decease, she received her last payment of money, and before the sun went down half of the amount was given away."

In concluding his circular letter, Dr. Leland records the following remarkable dream which Mrs. L. had about fifteen years ago, making a very deep impression at the time, and preserved in most vivid recollection to the last. While she did not believe in any supernatural influence in the case, she had an invincible persuasion that the solemn and scriptural directions and encouragements which seemed to be addressed to her by a messenger from the world of spirits, demanded her most special regard. And it is certain, that those imaginary communications did exert a mighty influence upon her subsequent conduct.

It should be stated, that at the time of this dream, she was surrounded by nine sons and daughters, in childhood and early youth, whose moral perils and exposure to evil examples filled her anxious, loving heart with intense solicitude and apprehensions.

She dreamed that she was wandering on the seashore, where the retiring tide had left a wide expanse of the beach only partially covered with water. At some distance from the sand on which she stood, she seemed to see a land turtle, surrounded by a group of her young, making her way to the dry land. The animal appeared distressed in guarding her little ones, which were continually straying from her, and running into danger. Sometimes she would have to cross a rivulet so deep that she could on-

ly secure her charge by taking them upon her back, and bearing them through, though she sometimes sunk out of sight with her burden. At length, however, after long toiling and most anxious struggles, she seemed to reach the safe, dry sand, with all her little charge. At this moment, the dreamer seemed to behold at her side her own sainted mother, who had been in Heaven for ten years, and to hear from her lips such words as these; words never to be forgotten, and never remembered without profound emotion. "My child, you see there a mother, and a fit emblem of yourself. You have marked the care and toil, the ceaseless watchfulness and distressful anxiety of that poor animal, to preserve her helpless brood; and after all her fears and terrors in guarding and guiding them, you have witnessed the success which has crowned her strivings to conduct them to a place of safety. Regard this, my daughter, as indicating your own difficulties, responsibilities and obligations. To your charge are committed the precious immortal interests of all your thoughtless, perishing children. Under God, their salvation depends greatly upon yourself. O, make it your one great business, to watch over their precious souls. Pray without ceasing, and labour without intermission, for their conversion. Imitate the example of this poor turtle, and you may hope, like her, to rejoice in the consummation of your hopes, in seeing your children safe at the Saviour's feet." Such was this memorable dream. And its effects were equally memorable. Previously, my dear wife had exhibited more than ordinary devotedness to maternal duties; but afterwards, she cherished a severe conviction that "she had *one thing to do*," and that was to devote her undivided energies, her time, her efforts, her whole soul, to the spiritual good of those who called her mother. She felt as if a message had come to her from the spiritual world, and the consequent obligation pressed upon her continually. And nobly and gloriously did she obey the mandate. I never witnessed, and never expected to witness such devotedness, such entire consecration. This object governed her conduct by day, and was the inspiring motive of her habitual midnight studies and labours. She desired to live only that she might bless her household. She sought no repose, no cessation in the strenuous exertion of all her powers, in the work assigned to her. Nor was she left without precious tokens of divine favour. She had the unutterable joy to see blessed fruits of her prayers and tears. Successively her beloved children gave hopeful evidence of vital piety, and were received into the communion of the church. At length, her wrestling at a throne of grace, for her youngest son, seemed to have prevailed. And when the tidings reached her from a distant State, that he had hopefully become a subject of grace, she evinced a rapture of joy wholly unusual to her, and in-

stantly wrote, in one of the last letters she ever penned, *my work is done*; feeling evidently that she had nothing to do but to die.

"Her body was taken to the town of Mount Pleasant, where she had passed her early days. The funeral service was attended by the friends of her youth; and her remains, accompanied by her family and some of her friends, were borne to the burial ground, about seven miles from the town, called "Cook's Field." There, according to her own wish, beside the graves of her beloved parents; remote from the bustle of life; in the silent forest; and amid the tears of her kindred, her precious dust was committed to its final resting place. Fit spot for the last sleep of the saint, whose life had been gentleness, and whose end was peace! No rude foot will tread upon her grave; the morning and the evening dew will fall upon it; and the sweet voices of nature, in this still retreat, will hymn her gentle requiem. Many bodies of Christ's dear people there rest in death—a goodly company. The sacred spot has been further signalized and hallowed, by receiving the dust of this noble and excellent mother in Israel; and not the least among those who shall there rise at the sound of the archangel's trump, and the call of the descending Saviour, will stand the glorified form of our departed friend.

It was truly affecting to see her venerable partner, who, like Abraham, bearing the body of his illustrious wife to the field of Machpelah, had come with *his* dead, to this quiet spot, to discharge for her the last mournful offices of affection. The light of his dwelling has been extinguished; the prop of his age has been withdrawn; and the noble heart that had beat with ineffable love for him and his children is still; but may He, who has promised that He will be with His people when they "pass through the waters," and "walk through the fire," and that "even to hoar hairs," He "will carry them," graciously comfort and sustain him under this sore and heavy trial."

How precious is the sacred spot.  
In yonder burial ground,  
Where my endeared, departed wife,  
A last repose hath found!

Full twenty summer suns have shone,  
Since heart and hand she gave,  
And kindly pledged her love to me,  
Till parted by the grave.

Alas! these years have sped away;  
That happy time is flown!  
But, year by year, her plighted love  
Has sweetly bloomed and grown.

In prosperous times, when all was fair,  
And comfort reigned the while,  
Each blessing high in value rose,  
Augmented by her smile.

Affliction's stormy winds might blow;  
And dire distress portend;  
But what were they—since she was mine,  
My loving wife—my friend?

A mother, pious, prudent, kind,  
In her my children had;  
Who made their cares and griefs her own,  
And in their joy was glad.

Her presence was our light and joy,  
The blessing of our store:  
But ah! that source of joy is gone,  
That light can shine no more!

We mourn our loss, and well we may;  
Our home is blighted now!  
Our dearest, kindest friend away!  
But, Lord, to Thee we bow.

With tender, aching hearts we bore  
Our precious dead away;  
And left her with her kindred dust,  
In hope of endless day.

Pass on, ye wintry tempests, pass;  
Why linger with your gloom?  
Go, let the early spring flowers rise  
To deck her couch with bloom.

Blow soft; ye gentle breezes, oh!  
Blow softly cross her grave:  
Ye dews of evening, kindly fall,  
As her lone bed ye lave.

Angelic guardians, watch with care,  
Her peaceful, hallowed tomb,  
Until that glorious morning dawn,  
When Christ, the Judge, shall come.

Dear wife, thine absence we deplore;  
Our hearts with grief are riven;  
We weep: and yet we should not weep,  
Since thou art blest in heaven.

## THE TEACHINGS OF THE DEAD.

We loved thee with affection true,  
That never knew decline ;  
In weal or woe, in ease or pain,  
Our warmest love was thine.

But oh ! we never prized thee more  
Than since thy parting breath  
Announced our loss, and made us feel  
The majesty of death.

Oh ! may we tread the heavenly path,  
Which thou hast trod before,  
And meet thee, in yon world of love,  
Where we shall part no more !

These, and other beloved mothers and sisters in the Lord, have recently been taken from the church and their families on earth. But they have left behind them their example, their life, their character, their works and their death, that we may walk in their steps and be stimulated to holy zeal and heavenly ardour. And we cannot but thank and praise the Lord—not that they were taken from us, but that they were taken at a time when the moral power of their example in life and in death, was so needful. In them we have an illustration of the reality, the power, the benign and holy influence of the Gospel, which all will admit, and none can question—a life and character and death for which *only the Gospel can account*. In them we see the legitimate effect of the Gospel so far as it is truly received and sincerely obeyed in purifying, elevating and perfecting the character. The failure of one, or of a few, or of any number of professors to maintain a practice in all things according to their profession, and in conformity to the immaculate purity and probity required by the Gospel, is therefore no valid argument against the Gospel or the church since it is in direct contrariety to the principles of both. Membership in the church is constituted by a *profession* of the Gospel. That profession is all of which either minister or elders can judge, since it is evident that a clear possession of real piety is a fact which God alone can certainly discern. The inconsistencies and unchristian conduct of members of the church, is only evidence, therefore, so far as it goes, of the insincerity of their profession, or the gross inconsistency of their lives. It is no argument against either the church or the Gospel. But on the other hand, every professor of religion, whose life and conversation and conduct are in spirit, in purpose and in constant effort, conformed to the Gospel they profess, is a demonstration of its truth and of its infinite and paramount importance ; and for this simple reason, that while to act contrary to the Gospel, is easy, natural, and

agreeable to the pride and selfishness and sensuality of the heart, to live in conformity to the Gospel, is an opposition to them all, a denial of self, a humiliation of pride, a crucifixion of the flesh, a mortification of lust, and, in many things, an abandonment of pleasure and of profit.

Mrs. Adger and Mrs. Leland, therefore, being dead, yet speak. All those among us, who, like them, have lived and died in the Lord, and all those still living, and of the sincerity of whose profession you have no doubt, speak to us. They speak, O, sinner, to you, and they tell you that the Gospel is a divine reality, that it is life and power, and Salvation to them that truly believe and obey it, and that it is condemnation and death, and everlasting destruction to them that believe and obey it not, whether they are professors or not.

They speak also to those who are professors of religion, and they tell us that a mere profession will not save us, because it will neither justify nor sanctify us. They tell us that a profession made from worldly, selfish, or ambitious motives, and used as a cloak for covetousness, and hoarding avarice, and penurious giving, or for vice, dishonesty, or any other course of sin, is an aggravation of guilt, and will entail a deeper damnation. They tell us that such is the abounding worldliness, and covetousness, and ambitious desire for wealth and prominence, even among professors of religion, that hardly can any professor enter the Kingdom of God, scarcely can even a righteous man be saved, and that it becometh even the oldest disciple, and the most honoured elder or deacon, yea, and the most faithful minister, to fear lest after all they may be cast away, and to work out their salvation with fear and trembling. And let him that hath ears to hear heed what is thus spoken to him by the dead with whom he is soon to stand in judgment.

#### REJOICE,

Rejoice, all ye believers,  
 And let your lights appear ;  
 The evening is advancing,  
 And darker night is near.  
 The Bridegroom is arising,  
 And soon he draweth nigh.  
 Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle—  
 At midnight comes the cry !

See that your lamps are burning,  
 Replenish them with oil,  
 And wait for your salvation,  
 The end of earthly toil.



## THE TEACHINGS OF THE DEAD:

The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near ;  
Go, meet Him as He cometh,  
With Hallelujahs clear !

Ye wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Till in songs of jubilee  
They meet the angel-choir.  
The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand ;  
Up ! up ! ye heirs of glory—  
The Bridegroom is at hand !

Ye saints, who here in patience  
Your cross and suff'rings bore,  
Shall live and reign for ever,  
When sorrow is no more.  
Around the throne of glory,  
The Lamb ye shall behold,  
In triumph cast before Him  
Your diadems of gold !

Palms of victory are there ;  
There, radiant garments are ;  
There stands the peaceful harvest,  
Beyond the reach of war.  
There, after stormy winter,  
The flowers of earth arise,  
And from the grave's long slumber  
Shall meet again our eyes !

Before dismissing our readers, there is one point on which these beloved mothers in Israel, though dead, yet emphatically and very encouragingly speak to us, and that is the intimate and divinely appointed connection between maternal piety, consistency and gentle loving conduct towards her husband and her children, and the conversion of her children, and the conversion and spiritual advancement of her husband.

Of this principle, the ministry, both living and dead, and the membership in the church in all ages, churches and countries, are standing proofs. Mothers, not only pious, but prudent, not only holy, but happy, not merely gracious, but gentle, not less firm than faithful,—mothers in whose heart is the law of love, drawing with the cords of a man the most reluctant hearts, and on whose lips is the law of kindness and persuasion, and in whose conscience is the law of heaven's purity, and in whose hands is the rod of

correction, and the staff of authority—such women have ever been the nursing mothers of the church from the days of Hannah and Louis to the present time, and must continue to be the hope of the church, and of the State for all time to come.

"There was once," says Rev. Dr. P. H. Fowler, "an obscure and pious woman living in the south of England. History is silent respecting her ancestry, her place of birth, and her education. She had an only son whom she made it her great business to train in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In the seventh year of his age, his mother died, and a few years later the lad went to sea, and engaged at length as a sailor in the African slave-trade. He was soon an adept in vice, and though among the youngest of the crew, he was the most proficient in guilt. But his mother's instructions sent their echoes to him, and though at first he sought to deafen himself to them, they grew louder and louder, until listening to them at last, he became a fervent Christian, a successful preacher, the author of books which the church will never let die, and a writer of hymns the use of which is co-extensive with our tongue.

"This wayward son whom his mother, though dead, addressed and reclaimed, was the means of the conversion of Claudius Buchanan, so distinguished for his labors in the East Indies; and the 'Star in the East,' a book published by Mr. Buchanan, first called the attention of our Judson to the missionary work, and sent him an apostle to Burmah.

"The sailor, turned preacher, was also the means of delivering the Rev. Thomas Scott from the mazes of ruinous error, and introducing him to the way, the truth, and the life. Mr. Scott prepared the Commentary known by his name, and which still continues its mission of converting and sanctifying power.

"The influence of this same minister and author, in connection with that of Doddridge, was principally instrumental in making Wilberforce the Christian he was. To Wilberforce's 'Practical View of Christianity,' the conversion of Legh Richmond may be ascribed, and Legh Richmond wrote 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' and other tracts, which have contributed to the salvation of thousands of souls.

"Such are some of the results of that voice from the dead which spoke to John Newton; and what a small portion of the whole sum has yet been revealed!"

A young man of Virginia, in the joyous flush of youth, and all the vigor and promise of life's morning, was as in a moment laid low, and a minister, who only knew that the young man had been sceptically inclined, was sent for. The minister entered the chamber apprehending a mournful scene of unpreparedness for the solemn change; but to his surprise and joy, he saw the countenance of the dying man lighted up with that celestial radiance

which naught but a well-founded hope in Christ can impart to the last trying scene. He drew near, and tenderly inquired whether or not he felt ready and willing to depart, if such should be the Divine Will.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the dying man; "for me to die is gain; I long to depart and be with Christ." The minister inquired how long this blessed hope had been his, and to what instrumentality he referred this happy change in his views and character.

"It was only a few days before I was taken sick that I was brought to submit entirely to Christ," said the young man; "and I owe it all, under God to *my sainted mother's prayers*, and her godly life. While in college, I imbibed, from corrupt associates, their sceptical views, learned to doubt the authenticity of the Bible, and stumbled at many of the doctrines of revealed religion, because I could not, with an unrenewed nature and a heart at enmity with God, comprehend them. But while thus setting at naught God's holy word, and the message of his servants, there was one thing I could not get over, and that was, my mother's holy life, a constant, living, breathing epitome of the religion she professed, which to my inmost soul whispered a refutation of all my scepticism. One thing was ever ringing in my ears and setting at naught all my arguments against Christianity—the memory of my mother's prayers for her prodigal son. I tried again and again to put them from me, but they would be heard; and at last, unable to continue the conflict longer, I was brought in humble penitence to the feet of Jesus, and there found peace and joy in believing in Him."

Christian mother, are your prayers the best refutation of your son's scepticism? Is your life a living, breathing epitome of the gospel you profess? The weal or woe, for time and for eternity, of those you love, may hang upon you. Your faithfulness may elevate them to heaven, place a crown of glory upon their heads, and a tuneful harp in their hands, with which to swell Emmanuel's praise to all eternity; or your inconsistency and heartlessness may send them down to the blackness of dark despair, "where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Oh, let mothers hear and heed the teachings of the dead, and then may they hope when surrounded by their weeping children as they gather into her dying chamber to comfort and soothe their latter hours, saying unto them

What mean ye by this wailing,  
To break my bleeding heart?  
And if the love that binds us  
Could alter or depart!  
Our sweet and holy union  
Knows neither time nor place,  
The love that God has planted  
Is lasting as His grace.

Ye clasp these hands at parting,  
 As if no hope could be ;  
 While still we stand forever  
 In blessed unity !  
 Ye gaze as on a vision  
 Ye never could recall,  
 While still each thought is with you,  
 And Jesus with us all !

Ye say, " We hear, that yonder,  
 Thou goest, and we stay !  
 And yet Christ's mystic body  
 Is one eternally.  
 Ye speak of different journeys,  
 A long and sad adieu !  
 While still one way I travel,  
 And have one end with you.

Why should ye now be weeping  
 These agonizing tears ?  
 Behold our gracious Leader,  
 And cast away your fears.  
 We tread *one* path to glory,  
 Are guided by *one* hand,  
 And led in faith and patience  
 Unto *one* Fatherland !

Then let this hour of parting  
 No bitter grief record,  
 But be an hour of union  
 More blessed with our Lord !  
 With Him to guide and save us,  
 No changes that await,  
 No earthly separations  
 Can leave us desolate !

Let us all listen to the teachings of the dead, and then shall the  
 dead be still ours and we theirs, and heaven our common and  
 eternal home.

Meet again ! yes, we shall meet again,  
 Though now we part in pain.  
 His people all  
 Together Christ shall call.  
 Hallelujah !

Soon the days of absence shall be o'er,  
 And thou shalt weep no more ;  
 Our meeting day  
 Shall wipe all tears away.  
 Hallelujah !

Now I go with gladness to our home,  
With gladness thou shalt come ;  
    There I will wait  
    To meet thee at Heaven's gate.  
                        Hallelujah !

Dearest ! what delight again to share  
Our sweet communion there !  
    To walk among  
    The holy ransomed throng.  
                        Hallelujah !

Here, in many a grief, our hearts were one,  
But there in joys alone ;  
    Joy fading never,  
    Increasing deepening ever.  
                        Hallelujah !

Not to mortal sight can it be given  
To know the bliss of Heaven ;  
    But thou shalt be  
    Soon there, and sing with me.  
                        Hallelujah !

Meet again ! yes, we shall meet again,  
Though now we part in pain !  
    Together all  
    His people Christ shall call.  
                        Hallelujah !

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ART. IV.—THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF 1857.

THE GENERAL Assembly which lately convened at Lexington, was said to be the most numerous assembly of our church that ever met. Many who have had large experience, also, pronounced it a very harmonious assembly. Its members were sent there by Presbyteries extending from Northern Indiana to Texas, from