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For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Tennessee Correspondence.

East Tennessee—Holston Conference—Brownlow—Daniel and the Telegraph.

MR. EDITOR: With a copy of your excellent paper for company, I took the Nashville cars for the regions of your early home. I was greatly disappointed with East Tennessee. I knew it had been the nursery of great men; but, aside from this fact, I thought of it only as a kingdom of rocks and ugly hills. I found it, like Old Canaan, a realm of planes, and hills, and vales, where milk and honey flow. I was fascinated with its diversity of landscapes, and its breadth of valleys, bordered with far-off hills, looking like pictures of beauty in frameworks of glory. Its wide streams of crystal, flashing by noon and moonlight like the silver highways of angels; its animating air, banishing languor; its multiplied fountains of healing waters; its fields of shining wealth; its towns and villages like bursting buds of spring; its heights and gorges repeating the thunder and the shout of locomotion; its lovely women and their bearded friends of power, afford a panorama that a musty, city drone might overlook, but one that strikes the soul of enterprise and poetry with great effect. I fancied the mountains, that keep in such a perpetual trot while racing with the cars, felt proud of their country and people. You may talk of the beauty of a monotonous prairie, and the grandeur of a large-sized muddy river, with slippery sides, but give me a clean landscape, with features distinct and animated.

Among the men of Knoxville, Dr. Brownlow and the refugee, Mitchell, are known as objects of interest, even in Missouri. Mitchell is tall, spare, firm eyed, black haired, and wears a moustache. He is a fine scholar and writer, has a grown-up family, lives two miles from K., is choleric, dresses in light clothes, carries a small cane, edits the Citizen, advocates the slave trade, is a Roman Catholic, and hardly a National Democrat.

Dr. Brownlow is tall, spare, nervous and muscular. He dresses plainly, but very neatly; he neither uses canes, tobacco, alcohol, nor strychnine. He lives in K.; has a competency, and one of the best ordered households to be met with. His mind is power—he is always thinking or searching. He is a polemic by nature, while humor, wit, sarcasm, and statistics seem to be his guardian genii. His industry is unsurpassed; his gifts and graces are multiform and marvelous, and his knowledge of facts Bentonian. His private life is blameless; his honesty is unimpeachable; hypocrisy is not an element of his character. Bold, independent, and unreserved, he dares everything, and fears nothing; there is nothing *negative* in his composition; he is positive as a stream of lightning, and blazes a full track wherever he travels. He troubles none but those who first trouble him or his idols; but when he does, the crotchety missiles he hurls make the assailant feel like Ashan before Joshua in the valley of Achor. He is a terror to evil doers of every stripe, and delights in calling bad things and men by unvarnished, proper names. Many of his figures of rhetoric seem to have been calorified in a blast furnace, and his logic carbonized in the same oven with Damascus blades. His seven thunders, for the great debate in Philadelphia, proceed from gigantic quivers of facts; his arrows will be swift as lightning, ponderous as steel, and strike with a metallic clangor between the joints of Northern harness. He is passionately attached to Methodism; is always at Church in time, and is beloved as a stern adherent to principle. Many, who know him *intimately*, think him the truest of Christians; some, who have *smarted* under his strokes, think him a bad man. He has friends who almost adore him, and foes who hate him as they do brimstone and fire. He is a far better and abler man than some folks imagine, and his existence will never be a jest. As for his political life, we have nothing to say, being seldom a voter, and no politician.

The Holston Conference is composed of one of the noblest and most self-sacrificing bodies of men alive. Scarcely any of its members ever realized an average support from the churches they served; the balance they paid themselves. They have paid for the privilege of preaching, and given the lie to the old and still repeated slander that "preachers preach for money."

Bro. Hickey, at Knoxville, is still a bachelor, and has taken the singing from the choir into his own lips; he sings with the spirit. Bro. Huffaker is at Athens, and doing well. Bro. T. Sullens, once so fine a type of health, is paralyzed and feeble—a wreck of a great and goodly leader in Israel. Bro. Catlett, one of the iron links between the past and present, is laboring with zeal, for a veteran, at Cleveland. Bro. D. Sullens has been very successful at Chattanooga. Bro. Sevier, that powerful preacher, divine and worker, lives at Chattanooga; he needs lighter work, and a more congenial climate. Bro. Stephens still looks as generous and energetic as ever, and travels thousands of miles to dispense the word.

The Holston Conference is doing much for education. A new and elegant Female College is just completed, at the charming village of Athens, under its care. Being on the E. T. R. R., it is accessible to all the South, and is beyond malaria and sickly sunshine. The Bishops might draft noble ministers for the South and West from Holston.

At Cleveland, I heard the "inquiry trial" of Hon. Mr. White, charged with forging land warrants. There was not *one iota of evidence against him*, and I felt grieved for him, and rejoiced at the dismissal of the senseless charge. He is half blind, and was always a dutiful son. His father was a preacher, and he is universally popular. If all the defaulters were hung by the heels it would be a good thing, but good men should be preserved with care.

Chattanooga is at present rather languid, but will doubtless revive with renewed vigor. The railroad from this place to Cleveland will soon be finished, and then the route from New Orleans to New York will be continuous, and less zig-zag. "Look Out Mountain," or "Looking," as the Indians called it, seems to overlook the world. It is a great and useful resort for the sick and the pleasure takers. There are five hotels upon it, and they are always crowded. There is a wonderful lake spring upon its brow; also, a cascade, a natural bridge, a natural elephant, and a natural city; while below it is a natural moccasin of rare beauty, formed by the river; and also one of Murrell's caves, or dens of robbers. Past the foot of this mount the Atlantic sent its blue brine to greet your big mud river; and on the top a telegraph bonfire blazed high enough last week to be seen for a hundred miles. On that lofty occasion and place a dominion and Armageddon speech went hurtling above the wires. It was stated that the "locomotive throne," and "departed days" of Daniel VII was the symbol of a lightning empire, antedating the second advent, and that "the fiery stream" that "issued and came forth before him," or in Hebrew the "*ner di nur neged unepeq men qdemuei*" was legitimately rendered "a stream or current of light or *lightning* issued and flashed forth before him." "*Ner*," indeed, signifies the *sea*, or *great abyss*, or *sea current*, as in Jonah ii, Ps. xxiv, and Hab. iii. Hence the Greeks and Romans had their NEREUS, as in the Orphic hymn. "Nereus * * possessor of the *ocean's gloomy depth, ground of the sea*, earth's bourne, and source of all." A tide of lightning through the sea, proceeding from our lightning empire, may be taught by Daniel, though on a more majestic scale than is yet attained. I think the world must concede that "the Look Out Celebration" was one of the loftiest telegraphic glorifications that has transpired in either hemisphere. ARIEL.

Earth and Heaven.

Flowers that bloom to wither fast;
Light whose beams are soon o'ercast;
Friendship warm, but not to last—
Such by earth are given.
Seek the flowers that ne'er shall fade;
Find the light no cloud shall shade;
Trust a friend that ne'er betrayed—
These are found in heaven.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

The Cause of Education.

By the mail, to-day, we received a catalogue of the officers and students of Central College. Like its appearance, in several respects, very much. It is a neatly done up affair, as it respects the matter and manner; and the putting of it up is very well done, which, by the way, is the case with all the jobs that we have seen turned out by our publishing house at St. Louis.

From the catalogue, we gather quite a flattering account of the success that has attended this institution during the past year; showing the round number of 146 students, which, for the first year, is quite flattering. As to its success, we have not had a doubt about that from the beginning, its central situation making it a point more readily attained.

Central College is situated in Fayette, Howard county, Mo., one of the wealthiest counties in the State; good society, fertile land, enterprising people, and thickly populated; it embraces all that makes any portion of country desirable for all classes of enterprising people. We believe that, as to the situation of the surrounding country, a better place could not have been selected in which to locate an institution of learning, and especially such a one as Central College is designed to be—that is, a first class College. It has been the intention all along, ever since the institution was first projected, to make it a first class College. But what are the requisites to this? What constitutes a first class College? We suppose one in which the very highest principles of truth are taught, which should be the object in all education. The mind is guided by, and takes its coloring from, the education it receives; then, of course, this education should embrace the principles of truth in their clearest form. Also, teachers are required who understand the quality of instruction to be given. Mere nominal teachers will not do. They must be capable of investigating the subjects presented in all their bearing, understanding the relation of each part to other parts. We suppose that the board of instruction is selected with strict regard to experience and qualification. Some of them we know personally, others by character, others not at all; but those of them we do know are certainly well suited to fill their respective stations with honor to both themselves and the institution. What more can we desire in regard to this enterprise than an endowment fund; and certainly *this* will not be withheld by the people of Missouri. It is needed, and needed *now*, but how are we to get it? Not, surely, by looking on with our hands folded, and trusting to *luck*, as some will have it. Fie on such a word; it should never drop from the mouth of a Missourian, in regard to Central College. No; industry and perseverance, that's the motto. And we think there has already been a considerable amount of industry manifested; the perseverance is to be tested by time.

There are certainly enough friends of education in Missouri to build up and maintain an institution of high grade, and of which we might be proud. There are numbers of men who have means by the thousand, more than they need themselves; then to what better purpose can it be applied than to the cause of education—education founded upon the principles of truth and morality? Perhaps some are holding off to see whether it will be a failure or no. To such we would say, you need have no fears; it is a fixed fact that the College will be permanently established. Will you withhold a helping hand? Now is the time we want your assistance; now is the time when, of all others, you should not withhold the means that would benefit the cause, and build up the institution. Also, students are required to complete the success of the cause; send them up. Now is the time to educate at home; no need of sending two or three thousand miles to get the advantages of education; they are right at home.

The next session will begin the third Monday in September. We trust there will be a large number of students in attendance, and that all will work well toward the advancement of good, sound education.

HOWARD HIGH SCHOOL.—This deservedly popular school for young ladies is well known. The next session will begin on the third Monday in September. Hope it will continue to prosper as it has heretofore. A METHODIST.

Open Prairie, Aug. 26th, 1858.

A Country Cottage.

The following is a pretty peep of a country cottage, the praiseworthy certainty of the last line making a homely, but not inapt, termination:

The stream ripples bright by my cottage;
The sunshine is bright on the stream;
And the wee pebbly stones in the sunshine,
Like diamonds sparkle and gleam.
There are hazel trees kissing the water,
And plumes of the fair meadow-sweet;
And down by the hazels sits Jeanie,
And dabbles her little white feet.

The robin peeps in at my door-way;
The linnet looks down from the tree;
And here, pillowed up in his cradle,
Wee Sandy sits smiling at me.
My milk pail stands bright in the corner,
My tins are all bright on the shelf;
And the white supper cloth on my table
Is clean, *for I washed it myself!*

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Is Faith an Attribute of the Soul?

MR. EDITOR: We do not like to differ with great men, and, more especially, we do not like to array ourself against such men as Dr. Bright, of Louisville, Ky. We would rather agree with him than oppose his theories, if we could do so conscientiously. But we can not agree with the Doctor in the idea that faith is an attribute of the soul, because it is, to my mind, unscriptural, not to say unreasonable. We believe faith to be an act of the heart, affections, in place of constituting any part of the soul of man.

1. If faith is an attribute of the soul, it is a constituent part of it, and the soul is not complete, it is not a whole, without this constituent part; if a person has no faith, his soul is not complete, it is not a whole soul, because it lacks a constituent part; but there are persons who have no faith, therefore those persons have incomplete souls.

2. We believe that experience bears us out in saying that it is an act of the heart, and not a part and parcel of the soul. A man may say, "I have faith in God." Do we understand that man to say he has a part of his soul in God, or that his faith is a part of his soul? Certainly not. If it is an attribute of the soul, that principle ever has, and ever will be, in him, independent of the man; for God gave him his soul complete. And if faith is an attribute of the soul, it is not an act, and I can not see how man is to be held accountable for his faith. The Doctor attempts to escape this conclusion by showing that faith is a medium, through which the sinner is justified, and the Christian sanctified. Very well. But if faith is the *medium* through which God blesses the soul, how can it be a part of that soul? We are disposed to believe, as the Doctor teaches, that faith is the *medium* through which we are justified and sanctified; but it appears to me that that shows faith to be an act of the heart, and not an attribute of the soul.

Here: "intelligence is communicated through the *medium* of the press."—*Webster*. Here the press is the *medium* through which intelligence is communicated to the mind; but the press is no part of the mind.

"A *medium* is a middle place," through which something acts, or communicates to something else. Faith is the *medium* between God and the soul, so to speak. God, through this medium, justifies the sinner, and thus communicates peace to that once troubled soul. The soul, nor any part of it, can not be the *medium*, because it is the receiver.

3. The etymology of the word stands against the Doctor. Critics—men who ought to know—inform us that faith is from "*peitho*, to persuade, to draw toward anything, to conciliate." This is a scriptural as well as a philological definition; for by faith we *draw* nigh to God, in order to be *reconciled* unto him; and, in order to this, we must first be *persuaded* that "he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." And this proves just what we have shown above, that faith is the medium between God and the soul of man, but no part of it.

4. One or two quotations from the Bible, and we are done. We shall here find that faith is of the heart, and no mistake:

"And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." Acts viii. 37. "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth, the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe *in thine heart* that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved; for *with the heart* man believeth unto righteousness." Rom. x. 9, 10. This is enough.

Every one understands the Scriptures in speaking of the heart to mean the affections of the man; and you may say that the affections are the soul, if you please, and we still have the argument; for faith is spoken of as an act of the heart, and not an attribute of it.

This article is now too long, and we conclude by saying, that if we are wrong, we would like to be righted by some one. Faith is a very important doctrine of the Bible, and it is highly necessary that we understand its true nature.

C. R. RICE.

Tecumseh, K. T., Aug. 24th, 1858.

CLOSE OF LIFE.—The last act of life is sometimes like the last number in a sum, ten times greater than all the rest.—*Collier.*

Sloth is commonly the mother of poverty.

For the St Louis Christian Advocate.

Pro Bono Publico.

"For he to drink had yielded up
His intellect and noble strength;
And now the demon of the cup,
Exulting, claimed his prey at length.
Alas! he had erected for his soul,
A scaffold o'er the abyss of hell;
The spirit demon of the fiery goal
Bewitching smiled, it tottered—fell."

Kind reader, pause, reflect, calmly meditate upon the subject that I introduce. O, deem yourself not unconcerned, for, whether a father, mother, brother, or sister, in youth or in age, you are a link in the mighty chain that binds the society of earth. Your interest is affected in proportion as the general interests of society are affected, no matter how humble your position. You have an influence, for the exertion of which you are responsible to God; then, brother, or sister, I pray you lend a cheerful co-operation (in thought, word, or deed,) in rescuing souls from the deadliest curse of the age, intemperance. To kindle a ray of hope in the heart of some lone, forsaken son, to light his footsteps up the rugged declivity of reform, be my highest aim.

Much has been written and spoken in the temperance reformation. Drunkenness has been legislated against for the last two hundred years, yet how comparatively little has been accomplished. In almost every society, even at this (so styled) temperate age, its seductive madness may be indulged in for a few cents. There is an element of power in the alcoholic current that man has never been able to obstruct. It flows deep down under religious manifestation—under legislative, diplomatic, and judicial agencies—under military prowess and valor—under all the powers and interests of humanity. Neither the forms of society, nor the maxims of legislation, nor the institutions of civil government, nor the creeds of religion, nor the conceptions of virtue and obligation, nor all the varied combinations of power and influence, have been able to arrest its progress. It flows on, the mightiest, deadliest, most ruinous stream that ever tracked creation's bosom fair. More lives have been sacrificed in the alcoholic war, than in all the sanguinary conflicts of earth. If the marble slab, that marks the resting place of the silent dead, had for its epitaph the cause of that final slumber, methinks the greater part would read, Alcohol! Living witnesses would tombs then be, standing amid the carnage of slaughtered millions, bearing testimony to the world of the power of this insidious foe.

O ye men, who administer the public affairs of the world of mankind, how calm, how quiet your influence upon the subject. 'Twere seemingly natural to infer a happy, temperate state of society. But truth, though it sink for a time beneath the waves of error, will rise again, and shine forth in undimmed splendor. He who has silently and earnestly stood and gazed upon the drama of human life, with its variety of joy and sorrow, its pictures of brightness, and its shadows of gloom, and has witnessed the introductory and the closing scenes of its darkest acts, will tell you that this mighty and most formidable adversary of man is as powerful now, as universal in its march now, as it ever was, since the introduction of the spirit of wine into the veins of man.

But let us look at the statistics: According to a recent estimate, there is an aggregate of thirty thousand drunkards that die annually in the United States. It costs our country, in ten years, for alcoholic beverages, one hundred millions of dollars—burns five millions more of property—destroys three hundred thousand lives—sends one hundred and fifty thousand to the prisons—sends one hundred thousand children to the poor house—causes fifteen hundred murders—two thousand suicides—bequeaths to the country one hundred thousand orphan children. Of five thousand three hundred arrests in Montreal, the police report says, the principal part resulted from the too frequent use of intoxicating drinks, and this will accord with the municipal history of almost every city on the continent. These are alarming truths, and should impart earnest zeal to the hearts of all co-workers for temperance. There is no subject, upon which the mind can dwell, that awakens as deep feelings of sadness as the baneful one of intemperance.

No scourge ever visited the homes of men with the same desolating and ruinous effects. How very few persons fully appreciate the pangs of suffering humanity inflicted by the fiery-headed dragon, alcohol. We must not describe the bloated face, the inflamed eye, the diseased and trembling frame, the ruined character and blighted fortune of the drunkard himself; nor the withered plant of conjugal love in the bosom of a wife, nor the wretchedness of her infant group, as evincing the worst evils of intemperance. No, it is after this group have grown to manhood, to take their places in society as young ladies and gentlemen, that the climax of the damning process is reached. Then that wife feels over again all her pangs, with augmented strength, in the disgrace of her children, while they, fluttering for a time, with vain endeavor to rise above the domestic infamy, alas! too often settle back into the habits of the parents, and drown an incurable sorrow in the maddening cup which had produced it. It is only in the social relation of a drunkard's child that the injury fully appears. The feelings of disgrace and infamy, acting upon the ambitious soul of the drunkard's son, no genius can describe. He is miserable—earth hath no place for him—society casts him out as a poluted thing—there remains no solace for him but the dumb silence of the tomb. Alas! how many, who might have shone as stars of the first magnitude, have been doomed to sustain this unfortunate relation. But words fall short of reality. The record of aspiring minds, repressed and crushed by a brutalized and degraded paternity, is known only to the Searcher of all hearts. The pangs and tears thus extorted are too deep, too intense, for pen or pencil. The poet can sing of rum and ruin, but his song is not inspired with the inebriate's feelings. The artist can spread the canvas, and depict the familiar scene of the temperate drinker, with his social glass, and the wife making her first gentle plea for him to desist; but the brightest mortal genius can not portray upon that canvas the agony, the woe, the misery that fills that wife's pathway, as she follows her husband in his downward career to the closing scene of a drunkard's grave.

The spirit of wine, though invisible, yet it is the incarnation of all evil—its march through the world is strewed with human blood and bones. There are but few wrongs it does not instigate—no lust it does not inflame—no law it does not violate—no virtue it does not despoil. Yet man will put this curse to his brother's lips for money; for the mere satisfaction of having a golden stream flow into his purse, man will make merchandise of woman's tears and orphans' griefs. But I will desist. 'Tis vain further to portray scenes and facts upon this gloomy subject.

The most natural inquiry that arises now, is, what is the remedy? How shall I answer a question that science and age have failed to solve? In conclusion, I submit a few brief suggestions. Legislation can never secure for our country the great blessing of temperance. Hope is the mighty weapon that temperance reformers must must carry with them in rescuing the degraded and forsaken. For truly hath it been said, that a disposition to reform underlies the most degraded and unpromising characters. Let friendship supply to the inebriate the requisite stimulants to sobriety, by exercising a kind care over him, and by giving him the place among us which we assign to loved ones who have become enfeebled. Let the watchcare of love and charity unite in re-establishing the prostrated mind and character of the drunkard in virtue and peace. Let society join with cheerful might and influence to elevate those poor unfortunates to their once fair position. Let this be done, and this vice will no longer be considered hopeless.

There is at present a noble temperance organization, which has superceded all others. I allude to the Independent Order of Good Templars. Its pledge and duties are sacred—its exercise is beautiful, lovely, sublime. The Templar's vow is binding upon the heart, the conscience, the soul. With a union of female influence, the purest and mightiest of all influences that could be employed in such a society, the Good Templars should succeed. If there is a place on earth where the angels love to look down and smile upon, it is the pure and sacred circle where the Templars meet. O may that circle never be invaded by the venemous fumes of the spirit! Templars, keep bright your armor, be earnest and faithful, let there be no traitors among you, stand firm, yield not to the darts of the enemy, and ere long you shall wear the laurels, that poets, orators, legislators and divines have labored long in vain to win. And, having attained the proud eminence of success, you may unfurl your fair and spotless banners, inscribed with the lovely emblems of Faith, Hope, and Charity, to the pure breezes of heaven, while the highest praises, and the brightest eulogies, shall arise from the camp of the conquered rum host, to the faithful band of Templars. More anon. W. O. K. CONE.

Boonville, August 25, 1858.

What a Pastor Should Possess.

A father's tenderness—a shepherd's care;
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear;
A ruler's awe, a watchman's careful eye;
A pilot's skill—the helm in storms to ply;
A fisher's patience, and a laborer's toil;
A guide's dexterity to disembroil;
A prophet's inspiration from above;
A teacher's knowledge, and a Savior's love.
—*Bishop Ken.*

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Religion the Only Unfailing Source of Enjoyment.

Numerous as are the objects pursued by men, in their eager search after happiness, but one thing can be possessed in this world, which, under all circumstances, will be its unfailing source. The feverish desire to possess wealth is, perhaps, a greater source of enjoyment than its actual possession. While in the pursuit the mind feasts on glorious dreams, but when we come to possess the thing pursued, we find it a gilded falsehood; and, instead of the glorious things of which we dreamed, we find ourselves surrounded by cares, fears, anxieties, and vexations, of which, in our poverty, we never thought. And many rich men can look to the time when their daily bread was earned by the daily labor of their hands, as the happiest portion of their lives. Fame, too, is an empty bubble, which, though decked in the most gorgeous colors, is composed of the frailest material of earth—most unsubstantial and fleeting; and, when possessed, instead of affording the possessor that substantial happiness for which every human being thirsts, it is found to contain nothing that can satisfy the cravings of an immortal mind, and, when touched, it melts away in empty air. Friendship, too, though almost the dearest word of earth, is often only another name for hypocrisy. And though it is a source of real pleasure to feel that we have friends, yet how common it is, in the very hour of greatest need, when adversity assails us, when troubles rise up before us, when lowering clouds almost shut out the light of hope from our hearts, how common it is, under such circumstances, for those who professed to be our most devoted friends, and in whom we placed the utmost confidence, to leave us to struggle alone—nay, turn upon us and join the howling horde of our enemies. There are those whose professions of friendship are made from none other than the purest motives, and whose friendship will wax stronger and stronger as the storms rage more and more fiercely around us. It would scarcely be possible to have a friend thus tried, and not rejoice that there is such a flower of Eden left blooming on earth as friendship. But great a source of enjoyment as is the presence of such friends, dear as they are to the heart that can appreciate them, they are passing away, and in proportion to our love for them will be our sorrow when called upon to consign them to the cold grave, from which they can rise to comfort us no more on earth. Yea, friendship and love, and whatever else of earth that can give any degree of joy, all are passing away. But there is that which may be obtained on earth which will be an unfailing source of enjoyment, both in this world and in the world to come. I mean the love of God. This, dwelling in the heart, is wealth, which, instead of bringing with it the cares and troubles of the wealth of the world, brings a holy calm, and a peace of mind unknown to the world. This is fame which is worthy to be sought, for it makes known our names in heaven. This, too, is friendship which will never fail. Under whatever circumstances, God will never desert us. And, better than all this, in that solemn hour, when earthly friends can afford us no aid, if we have the love of God in our hearts, he will then be found not only a firm but almighty friend; one who can afford us that aid and comfort which in that awful hour we will so much need. And O, how dark, how dreary, how dreadful, would be the thought of death without that hope which the love of God implants in the heart! But with that love, and the hope of immortality dwelling within us, we rise above the storms of life, and dwell continually in a heavenly calm; and, when death comes, we can meet him with a smile, and he takes us in his arms, and bears us away from the troubles of earth to the place of rest.

J. M. KIRKPATRICK.

Hopewell Furnace, Mo., August, 1858.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

A few Thoughts for those that Think.

The Spirit itself beareth witness (to) (not) with our spirit, that we are the children of God.

In this passage of Divine truth, three things invite our attention: 1st. The witness that bears testimony. 2d. The fact testified. And 3d. That to which the testimony is given. A moment's reflection will convince the reader, that, in every case where testimony is to be given, these three things are essential: 1st. There must be a witness. 2d. There must be a fact or facts known to the witness to testify. And 3d. There must be some one to whom this testimony is to be given.

With this postulate before the mind, look at the text above quoted. Who is the witness? The Spirit itself is; and you will observe that the reflexive pronoun, itself, excludes the idea of mere mediate testimony, or that delivered indirectly through means or instrumentality. It implies a direct and immediate delivering of the testimony to the receiver of it. 2d. What is the fact testified? That we (those who have received the spirit of adoption) are the children of God. 3d. To whom is this testimony given? To our spirit. See 1 John iv. 13.

I can not construe the above text otherwise, without doing violence to the obvious rules of syntax, which, in my judgment, apply to the structure of this text in the original, as used by St. Paul. I can not resist the conviction that this is the plain meaning of the passage.

Now, as it is the Spirit itself which creates us anew in Christ Jesus, and makes us sons of God, it is undoubtedly the proper competent witness to testify to our spirit that this work is done; it is too wise to be deceived itself, and too good to deceive us. Surely the power that is able to create us new creatures in Christ Jesus, is also able to impart to our spirit a knowledge of that fact, clear and unquestionable, if such knowledge be the privilege of the child of God. That it is, the passages above referred to evidently teach. That it is an interest too vital and important to be the subject of such doubt or uncertainty as attends the mere deductions of reason, observe the following reflections:

If it is the privilege of the sons of God to rejoice evermore, to be filled with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, then this joy must be matter of consciousness, and that which produces this joy must be a matter of knowledge, simple, clear, and unquestionable. It must not be dependent on any process of reasoning, nor the subject of reasonable doubt. That which is life to the soul must be manifest to consciousness. That in which the happiness of the sons of God so essentially consists, must be evident, indisputable, and without shadow of doubt. The Spirit itself can impart to our spirit testimony, clear, unquestionable, and indubitable as simple consciousness. No evidence of our acceptance with God, dependent on the mere deductions of reason, can fill the soul with the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, nor impart to it the peace of God that passeth understanding. I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say.

A. H. M.

THINGS TO THINK OF.—"What will it profit you, if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?"

"Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Think of the end for which you were made; to glorify God.

Think of the end to which you are hastening; to joy or woe: heaven or hell.

Think of the value of your soul; it will exist forever.

Think of death; you must soon die; time is short.

Think of judgment; God will give to every man the just reward of his deeds; to the righteous, eternal life; to the wicked, eternal death.

Think of hell; the worm that never dies, the fire that is never quenched; and try to escape it.

Think of heaven, eternal happiness and joy, and endeavor to obtain it. Think of these things.