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Importance of Religion to Public Men.

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A FUNERAL DISCOURSE

ON THE DEATH OF

ROBERT CRAIG, Esq.,

OF ROANOKE,

LATE A MEMBER OF THE VIRGINIA HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

PREACHED BY REQUEST OF HIS FAMILY, IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA,

JANUARY 9, 1853.

BY REV. T. V. MOORE.

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MACFARLANE & FERGUSON, PRINTERS.  
1853.

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1853

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

*House of Delegates, Richmond, January 11, 1853.*

DEAR SIR:—

The undersigned, members of the Legislature of Virginia, respectfully request that you will furnish us a copy of your Sermon, delivered on the last Sabbath, as the Funeral Discourse of our deceased friend; ROBERT CRAIG, late a member of this House from the county of Roanoke, as we wish to have the same published. Your compliance will greatly oblige your friends, &c.

Z. E. CHEATHAM,  
SAM'L CARPENTER,  
CHARLES B. BALL,  
ALEX'R RIVES,  
A. LEYBURN,  
JOHN D. IMBODEN,  
THOS. J. BOYD,  
R. M. WILEY,  
JNO. M. SPEED,  
WILLIAM F. BUTLER,  
JOHN GOODE, JR.,  
CLEM. HANCOCK,  
WM. C. PARKS.

REV. T. V. MOORE.

*Richmond, January 12th, 1853.*

GENTLEMEN:—

In reply to your note of yesterday, I would say that, although the discourse requested for publication, was not prepared with any view of such a destination: yet, if its appearance in this form will serve any good purpose, I do not feel at liberty to withhold it: and hence, as soon as it can be written out, it will be placed at your disposal. I am, gentlemen, very respectfully, yours, &c.,

T. V. MOORE.

Messrs. Z. E. CHEATHAM, SAM'L CARPENTER, and others, House of Delegates.

## PRELIMINARY SKETCH.

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Capt. CRAIG was born in Montgomery County, Va., in the year 1792. His mother was a woman of more than usual piety and good sense, and from his birth had dedicated him to God. Her earnest desire was, that he should be educated and prepared by the grace of God, to preach the Gospel. For this purpose she gave the most untiring attention to his early training, and furnished him with the means of obtaining a liberal education. But, anxious as she was about the cultivation of the mind, her deepest anxieties were for the soul. Hence, she sought early to instil religious principles into his mind; and, to the end of her life, devoted one day in every week to fasting and prayer for the conversion of her child; but, in spite of all her anxieties, she died without seeing the answer to her prayers, but died in faith, leaving her son to the care of a covenant keeping God.

One day in his early youth, after his mother had been talking and praying with him, he was walking out alone, when the thought occurred to him: How does my mother know that these things which she teaches me are true? These queries were fostered into a doubting state of mind, as the native depravity of the heart began to find itself restrained by the teachings of the Bible. Unfortunately at that day, the French infidelity had poisoned the sources of thought, to a very great extent, and flooded the country with infidel books. Many of these were sought and read by him with great avidity. Offering, as they did, to release the unbridled passions of the heart from the galling restraints of the Bible, they were welcomed as the instruments to break loose the fetters that had confined the sinful tendencies of the soul within the limits of outward virtue. Hence, he became an avowed skeptic, and gave himself freely to the pleasures of the world. Yet, even in his wildest and wickedest moments, he never could shake off the influence of his mother's piety and his mother's prayers. He felt that the book whose teachings formed her cha-

racter in life and sustained her soul in death, could not be an imposture or a delusion, or a thing that arose from falsehood. His head might suggest many a cavil, and his heart might cherish many a secret wish that the terrible tellings of the Bible, as to the future, were not true, but higher than these cavils of the understanding and deeper than these desires of the corrupt heart, was the resistless conviction, that his mother's character was nearer heaven and nearer God than any thing that infidelity had ever furnished to him, and that the religion that formed that character must be divine. Oh, there is a logic in a mother's piety, a mother's prayers and a mother's tears, that all the sophistries of infidelity cannot touch, for it reaches far up into that heart of hearts, that inner and upper sanctuary of the soul, which is the last spot invaded by the trail of the serpent—the last spot that is covered by the bitter deluge of evil, and the first that gives token of the retiring waters, and the emerging of the soul to the light and peace of heaven. This deep utterance of the holiest instincts of the heart he could never wholly stifle. Hence, when moments of reflection would come upon him, he would take the Bible and read text after text, with melancholy feelings, fearing, and longing and hoping in mingled and inexplicable blending. He felt with the dying Rochester, that the only real argument against the Bible was a bad heart, and yet he could neither submit to its lofty and unbending requisitions, nor wholly forego all hope of partaking its magnificent promises for the future.

In 1824, he was married to Miss Melinda O. Walton, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and though still in a sceptical state of mind, one of his first gifts to her was a beautiful Bible, which he often read with her, and endeavored to explain its obscure passages. He was elected a member of the State Legislature, where he remained for four years, was then a member of the Board of Public Works for about the same length of time, and again served in the Legislature for four years, after which he spent ten years in Congress. While in Congress, a distinguished deist of this State died, and his son came to Washington to consult Mr. Craig as to the publication of his father's deistical Works. He advised him to commit them to the flames; convinced that if men were so wicked with the Bible, and its teachings of future retribution, they would be much more

so without it. This advice was followed, and these writings have never seen the light. This incident illustrates his state of mind very fully. He had escaped from the chafing restraints of the Bible morality, and given loose to his passions, but deep in the profoundest convictions of his soul, there lay the unquenchable belief, that after all, the Bible was true. He feared therefore, to be accessory in "unchaining the tiger," knowing that what was done in unsettling the faith and weakening the morals of the young, by infidel writings, could never be wholly undone. It would set in motion a wave of influence that would roll on wider and farther, until he would meet it again at the judgment, and he feared by any possibility to have the blood of souls in his skirts, and if he must perish, he preferred to perish alone, and not drag down others to the same dark fate.

The silent influence of a pious wife, the cherished memory of a pious mother, and the secret strivings of the Spirit of God, all moved upon his heart, leading him to feel that he was not safe, as he knew he was not happy. These influences were brought to a point by the agency of Dr. Plumer, who, in a visit to Christiansburg, in 1842, was the instrument in God's hand of leading him to Christ, and thus answering a mother's prayers and a mother's tears, long after that mother's eyes had been closed, and her lips sealed in the stillness of the grave.

"It shan't be said that praying breath,  
Was ever spent in vain."

Soon after his conversion he removed to Roanoke, when failing health induced him to retire from public life, but he was prevailed on to serve in the Legislature again, which he did for two seasons, when the hand of disease arrested him as he was about to return and complete his unfinished term. His last illness was brief, only about ten days, and his suffering very great, but his patient endurance was unbroken, and his peace without a cloud. A little while before he died, he called his wife to his bedside, and after many words of consolation, said to her: "Weep not for me, I am happy, very happy. How could I be otherwise, since my faith is fixed upon that rock, even the Lord Jesus Christ. The sting of death is taken away, and tho' I walk through the dark valley and shadow of death, I fear no evil, his rod and his staff are supporting me. We must part, love, I leave

you in a cold and cheerless world, but if you serve God, and hold out faithful to the end, we shall soon meet again." A few moments before he died, she was bending over him, and thinking him unconscious, she said, "Lord Jesus receive his spirit." He feebly whispered, "My Saviour is with me." And then breathed his soul sweetly and calmly into the hands of Jesus.

Thus lived and died one who was honored and loved by those who knew him to an unusual degree, and who having shown with what honest integrity a christian statesman can live, also showed with what triumphant peace a christian statesman can die.

## DISCOURSE.

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Phil. iii: 22.—“*Chiefly they that are of Cæsar’s Household.*”

There is something very beautiful and instructive in discovering the triumphs of Christianity in places where we would least expect them, and by means that seemed least likely to effect them. If there was a spot on earth where we would least expect the Religion of Christ to make a lodgement, it was in the voluptuous court of the bloody Nero. If there was an agency that seemed least likely to effect this result, it was that of the chained Jew, who stood, with all the gathered contempt and hate that attached to his nation, a friendless culprit at the bar of Cæsar. And if there were any Christians in Rome who might be expected to conceal their attachment to Christ, it would be the inmates of this haughty court, where imprisonment and death might be the penalty of a public profession of this unlicensed religion. Yet, it was in this very court, and by means of this very agent, that Christianity entered the imperial circle, so that Paul, in writing to the same city in which his fetters had once before achieved a similar triumph could say, (Philip. i: 13,) “My bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace;” and when delivering those salutations that constituted an effectual way of professing faith in Christ, was enabled to deliver them from all the saints, but chiefly from them that were of Cæsar’s household. The attainment of such eminence in the Christian life as seems to be intimated by these words, in spite of the difficulties with which these persons were surrounded, is a fine and convincing testimony that there is something in Christianity mightier than human power; and that it is adapted at once for the lowest and the loftiest positions in human society, for the humble servant of Philemon not more than for the haughty members of Cæsar’s household.

But the lesson which we design chiefly to draw from these words, and which is alike adapted to them and to the occasion that brings us together, is, *the importance of religion to men in public life.*

We are well aware that the very announcement of this proposition will almost provoke a smile of incredulity from some, for it is seen that religion is sometimes rather a hindrance than a help to advancement in public life, and that it is rare that a man is found eminent in the one, who is also eminent in the other. But it must be remembered that we are not discussing what will enable a man to succeed in public life, or what will make him prominent, popular, or available to secure advancement to the higher posts of trust and power in the State; for, were this the question, it might be found that religion is not the only hindrance in such cases, and that other things, the value and importance of which, none can doubt, are sometimes found equally in the way of rapid and certain success in public life. In spite of this objected fact then, we still maintain that even though it be often a hindrance and a trammel to public men, as the world is now, it is not the less true that it is important for them to have it; and that whilst there are reasons making it all-important for men in any position, however humble, there are reasons that render it important, chiefly for them that are of Cæsar's household.

We urge the importance of religion to men in public life, *first, from the great responsibilities that rest on them.*

Every citizen is affected more or less by the mode in which the laws are framed and executed. If wisely enacted and justly executed, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are guaranteed to all; but if the reverse, all must, to some extent, feel the inconvenience and injury. The immediate agencies in enacting, expounding and executing the laws, are entrusted to our public men. There rests, therefore, upon them, a most tremendous responsibility. The writing of a single paragraph, the affixing of a single signature, or the casting of a single vote, at some critical juncture, may set on foot a series of measures that will either raise to riches or reduce to beggary a thousand families; that shall give an impulse to the industry and prosperity of a whole section of country, or cut the sinews of its exertions and paralyze it with adversity; or that shall secure the blessings of peace to a whole nation, or plunge them into the bloody whirlpool of war, and send death, desolation, widowhood and wo to ten thousand happy homes.

A responsibility so vast as this demands on the one hand a fit-

ting tribunal where an account of it may be rendered, and on the other, a preparation to render this account with confidence and peace. There is, we know, a tribunal of public opinion, to which all are amenable, and whose decisions none can lightly disregard. But the experience of the past demonstrates that it is too capricious and blind at times to be a final court of appeal. It welcomed Absalom, whilst it exiled David; deified Pericles and murdered Socrates; released Barabbas and crucified Jesus. Indeed it is impossible in the nature of the case, that a tribunal that is unable to take cognizance of the secret springs that direct public affairs, can award to each actor the merit and demerit which he may deserve. We need a tribunal higher, surer, better than this; one whose flaming scrutiny extends to the hidden secrets of courts and cabinets, and committee rooms, and caucuses, and deeper still, to the smothered secrets of the human heart; whose power shall be too high to be defied, and too wide to be evaded; and whose justice shall be too stern to be softened by indolence, and too pure to be tainted by corruption. We need a tribunal where the highest and the meanest shall stand on the same impartial level; where the crowned king and the mailed warrior shall have the same unswerving justice with the serf in the field and the galley slave at the oars; and where the Cæsars, the Tamerlanes and the Napoleons shall have the same even-handed retribution with the nameless crowds on whose bleeding forms they have trampled in their ghastly path to power. Such a tribunal we have in the bar of God, that awful judgment seat of Christ, before which we must all stand, to give answer for the deeds done in the body.

At this dread bar the public man also must stand. He too must die. He too must appear before the flaming tribunal and receive the unchangeable award. And shall his account not be solemn in proportion as his privileges have been great? If the humblest and meanest shall answer for the one small talent entrusted to them, shall not those who have wielded a nation's power and moulded a nation's destiny, give answer for the ten talents committed to them? If God will not suffer the obscurest man that walks the earth to escape the dread inquisition of that Day of Wrath, shall not the wider influence and the weightier responsibilities of the public man make his account all the more

searching and fearful? And shall he rush to this dread assize unprepared? If he has a special account to render, does he not also need a special preparation to render it? Now, as the religion of the Bible, the atonement of Christ, the righteousness that he has wrought, give the only sure preparation to meet this great day, say we not truly, that they who have a special account to render, have a special need for this preparation? and, that therefore, whilst the religion of Christ is important to all, it is chiefly to them that are of Cæsar's household.

We urge the importance of religion to public men, *secondly, because of the peculiar difficulties and dangers to which they are exposed.*

It is not to be denied that there are peculiar difficulties in the way of public men in giving their attention to religion. There has always been an atmosphere surrounding courts and capitols that tends to relax the sterner elements of the moral nature, and blunt the finer sensibilities of the heart. It has always been too much the case that there has been one code of action for men in their private and another for them in their public capacity, so that a man will sometimes do that in an official station which he would scorn to do in an unofficial and private position in life. There are certain modes and rules of doing things established in public life, certain maxims and customs in office that obtain a prescriptive right and perpetuate themselves from one set of incumbents to another. These are sometimes of such a nature that the untrained conscience of the fresh official recoils from them with disapprobation and disgust, but finding it impossible to change them, he finally submits to them at the expense of a weakened or a wounded sense of moral propriety, that must ever be a clog in his way to Christ,

There is another fact that in many cases is yet more potent.— It is impossible to throw around men in public life, the restraints of home and society as they bear on men in private life. Few men are aware how much they owe to these wholesome safeguards until by some means they are removed beyond them. A man leaves his quiet home for the scene of his official duties, and enters upon a totally different habit of life. In the crowded hotel where he sojourns, he has no fireside to welcome him at night like the cheery hearth of home; and in the busy throngs around

him, he has no prying neighborhood to note his motions and assail him with whispering gossip if he deviates from rules of wonted propriety. Soon he is met by some of those greedy pimps that swarm like bottle-flies about such spots to do the scavenger work of designing employers, by pandering to the frailties and passions of every new victim. He is invited to the social gathering, to the wine party or the oyster supper, then to the theatre and faro-bank, and step by step, lured to deeper and deeper chambers of imagery, and plied with every cunning stimulant to lead him to give loose to those guilty pleasures that shall make him a pliant tool in the hands of his tempters. No gentle home is now at hand to disenchant him of this fascination by its holy breathings; no evening smile of welcome, no guileless gush of prattle from wife and child to tell him of untainted innocence and joy; no sweet and winning entwinements of domestic purity to enfold and shield him from the evil eye; no jealous watch of public scrutiny to follow him nightly through the streets of the city; but he is left unaided by his previous defences to struggle, often in loneliness, exhaustion of mind from official toil, and the heavy dragging of unoccupied time, with the subtle spell of seducing influences that approach him with the blandest smile of pretended friendship. Can you wonder then if he sometimes is ensnared, and if he sometimes falls? Can you wonder that even members of the church should at times forget the vows of their holy calling, and be found at the party instead of the prayer-meeting; at the theatre instead of the church; in the worship of pleasure instead of the worship of God; until at last they make shipwreck of their hopes, and return to their homes with hearts all burnt and hardened over with backsliding and apostasy? Oh! if the records of our national and state governments were unfolded now as they will be at the day of judgment, there might be read tragedies more deeply and darkly sad than any that human pens have ever written, tales of struggle, temptation and fall, of blasted hopes and withered joys, of holy professions all soiled and trampled in the mire of sin, and of faces set heavenward that were gradually drawn downward toward hell, until the hapless victims had reason, in the bitterness of a broken heart, to curse the hour that led them from the peaceful privacies of home to the fearful and hidden perils of public life.

But, even if these dangers should be avoided, there are yet others that must be encountered. There are in public life, as in almost every human thing, two classes of elements at work, each tending to develop its own peculiar type of character. One of these finds its typical development in the honest and single-hearted statesman. And there is not found on earth a nobler form of merely human character than the man who forsakes his private interests, and neglects his private advancement, and devotes himself with an unswerving purpose to the good of his country; who toils on through years of malignant opposition and ungrateful misrepresentation, to promote the best interests of his very maligners; who, after a life of untiring and unrequited labor, lies down at last, leaving to his family little more than the heritage of a name that calumny could not tarnish, and malice could not pierce; and around whose grave there comes the tardy justice of a nation's honors, and a nation's tears.

But there is another class of influences that in every age and form of government has tended to bring forth the flatterer, the parasite, or the demagogue. We find them at every stage in human history, from Absalom, who stood fawning on the passing people, and whispering in each man's ear, "Oh, that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice;" and who stole the silly hearts of Israel by his hypocritical kisses; down to the last pettifogging canvasser for votes, whose principles are in his pocket and whose heart is on his sleeve; who is hand and glove with the meanest man whose suffrage can be bought by bribe or flattery; who panders to the passions of the drunkard and the gambler, that he may buy their patronage; who fawns on and flatters the people in the very acts and opinions that he knows to be wrong; who turns with every breath of popular prejudice with the oily flexibility of a political weather-vane; and who deems no trick too low, no expedient too mean that will eject another from office, or retain him in his place. With such must the man in public life come in contact, and with the temptations that make such must he be assailed. It is exceedingly difficult then to avoid a lowering and relaxing of some of the tone of the soul, and a sacrifice of what we deem punctilios of minor importance to the attainment of some paramount good.

Especially difficult is it for a man to do his duty to God and Christ in the face of such influences, when he knows that every step is watched by these prying spies, who are ready to malign every movement, and turn it to his injury, and excite against him the wicked feelings of the "lewd and baser sort," and especially in the matter of religion. He knows that he will be charged with hypocrisy, with bidding for the votes of the saints, and every act of possible perversion paraded as a proof of deliberate and consummate deception. Hence many abandon all effort to do so in public as hopelessly unavailing, and await the friendly retirement of private life before they make the attempt to profess Christ before men. The temptation that even the iron will of Jackson, and the honest uprightness of Harrison could not wholly overcome, is one of no ordinary magnitude. The offence of the cross has not yet ceased.

But difficult as this is, it is not impossible. Never yet has there been a government so corrupt that men of piety have not been found under and near it. In the corrupt court of Ahab was found an Obadiah; in that of Darius, a Daniel; in that of Herod, a Chuza; in that of Nero, a nameless band of saints; whilst in modern times the Hampdens, and Sidneys, and Hales, and Russels, and Teignmouths, and Wilberforces, and Jays, all prove that there is nothing in the perils of public station to make it impossible to attain eminence in the christian life. Indeed, it would seem that the very difficulties that must be grappled with in such a sphere, if overcome, give a breath and altitude to the spiritual nature that is not reached in more fostering circumstances. It was not from the quiet homes of unknown christians that the loudest response of christian love was given to the church of Philippi; it was not from the inmates of Roman cloisters, or the retirements of Roman schools that the most signal avowal of christian brotherhood was made, but from the very halls of the imperial palace, from the very abandonment of luxury and sin that reigned around the infamous Nero; for when the fraternal greetings of all the saints were given, they came chiefly from them that were of Cæsar's household.

If these difficulties could be overcome then, they can be overcome now; and if eminence in piety could be reached in the court of a bloody despot, much more may it be reached in the

manly freedom of a great republic. The very difficulties that exist make it the more important that this religion should be sought, for it is at once more necessary and less likely to be obtained by ordinary efforts, in an atmosphere so unfriendly. If there is a sphere of life where it is especially necessary, it is that occupied by public men; and if there is a single class that stand in imminent peril of losing their souls, it is that class that is exposed to these nameless and countless influences of evil. Hence, instead of urging men to abandon public life and seek religion, we would rather urge them to seek religion that will act as a purifying leaven on the facts of public life, and fit them to overcome its difficulties and dangers. Important as it is to have the hallowing influence of piety every where, it is especially important to have it in public life; and whilst we need good men in the pulpit, in the school, in the counting room, and in the shop, we especially need them in the forum, the hall, the court and the office; and hence, whilst religion is important to all classes of society, the very difficulties and dangers of public life, make it in some respects important chiefly for them of Cæsar's household.

A third reason we draw from the *peculiar premonitions of public affairs at the present time.*

There are but few observing minds that have pondered either the words of holy prophecy, or the signs that loom up from the future, that do not believe that stupendous scenes of human history are at hand. And few of these do not apprehend scenes of trouble and confusion. All the signs that have betokened such times in the past, may not obscurely be seen in the present. There was nothing preceding the disastrous changes that hurried Athens and Rome to the grave of nations; nothing that betokened the outburst of the Reformation, or the English, American and French Revolutions, that gave note of their approach more unequivocally than those whispering voices in the air, and those smothered quakings in the earth, that ever and anon arrest the startled ear, in the present posture of human affairs. There is an uneasy discontent with the present; a vague and anxious grasping at the future; a hollow faithlessness in the deeper principles of human action; a challenging of every existing institution and a prurient rage for change; a mocking irreverence for

all that is old and an insane eagerness for all that is new ; that seem to betoken a loosening of the cohesive elements that hold human society together, and a preparation for some new and untried form of things. Europe lies breathless and still, but it is the stillness that precedes the hurricane, the awful hush that is followed by the rush and roar of the avalanche. And when this wild and terrific storm has burst upon her, shall we be wholly unaffected? When "there shall be signs in the sun and the moon, and the stars, and on earth, distress of nations with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring and men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after the things that are coming on the earth," shall we remain enfolded in the light of summer skies, and the peace of summer landscapes, a Goshen in the circling pall of Egyptian darkness? Alas! when we look at the growing spirit of sectional bitterness and strife; the widening alienation of conflicting interests; the indifference to vested rights and constitutional guarantees that is the political creed of thousands and proclaimed with shameless effrontry; the prevalence of a spurious philosophy that would drive the ploughshare through the very hearth-stone and pillow of home, and abolish all human relations from the ties of domestic service to the twinings of wedded love; and that greedy and grasping spirit of conquest that would swell and expand our unwieldy limits until they are crushed by their own weight and left to dash like severed icebergs in the grinding sea, when we look at all these facts, we may well say with the dying Calhoun, that a curtain has dropped over our country's future that hangs dark, portentous and impenetrable. Whether that curtain shall be gently raised on scenes of peaceful beauty, or be rudely torn away by the rush of the storm and the deluge, God only knows. But howsoever it may be removed, there shall be scenes of trial to men in public life, such as this generation, perhaps, has never seen. Many a Curtius may be needed to cast himself into the yawning gulf to save his country from ruin; many a foremost rank, like the Russian battalions at Schwiednitz, to lay themselves down in the stifling ditch, that their comrades may pass over the bridge of their smothered bodies to victory and success; many a noble sacrifice to present peril and present prejudice, to secure future safety and future good.

And what shall nerve a public man for scenes like these? What shall breathe into his heart that high heroism that shall carry him with a martyr's step to a martyr's fate? Shall patriotism? Alas! it is the very dying out of genuine patriotism that produces such scenes in a nation's history, and hence, when most needed, it is most wanting. And even did it exist, its garland of fading laurel is too cold a wreath to warm the fainting heart at such times as these. Man needs a motive that shall reach from the unseen and eternal; a glory that shall not fade before the changes of human things, a reward that shall brighten and lure from beyond the gloom of the grave, and that shall assure to the conquered good of earth, a crown of victory in heaven. This is furnished alone by Christianity, which holds up to the struggling combatants of life's broad battle, the flashing splendors of immortal hopes, and as it proclaims in trumpet notes "be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life," also bends gently over the drooping spirit, and whispers softly, "fear not, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." This then is what the public man shall need in these times of stern trial that are coming on the earth, before the final consummation.

Then, as the public man must die, as he must render an account at the flaming bar of the many talents that God has given him; as he must take his place in eternity according to his acts in time; as he is a sinner by nature and needs the religion of Christ, and is surrounded with many difficulties in the way of embracing it, and as these difficulties may be increased rather than diminished by the events of the future, we affirm that prayer should be made for public men, that interest should be manifested for their souls, and that in the scenes of the future, whether on this side the dark river, or the other, important as religion is to the humblest, there are some respects in which it is important chiefly for them that are of Cæsar's household.

