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ASSOCIATED WITH

ALBERT BARNES, THOMAS BRAINERD, HENRY DARLING, | GEORGE DUFFIELD Jr., JOHN JENKINS, THOMAS J. SHEPHERD.

The temporary illness of the principal editor is our apology for the lack of the usual amount and variety of editorial matter in our last two issues. This will also explain the apparent want of prompt attention to correspondents.

GREEN HILL AND NORTH BROAD STREET CHURCHES.

It gives us much pleasure to state that our churches in the north-western part of the city are getting into good working order. Both the Green Hill and North Broad Street Churches met last week, and made out unanimous calls at liberal salaries. Their choice is cordially approved, not only within their congregations, but throughout our Church in the city.

The Green Hill Church, at a delightfully unanimous meeting, called the Rev. FRANK L. ROBBINS. Mr. Robbins is from the State of New York. He was educated at Williams' College and Auburn Seminary. He has not heretofore been settled as a pastor, but supplied for a year and a half the church of Lane Seminary, at Cincinnati. He has been preaching at Green Hill for several weeks to great acceptance. He is still a young man, but not an inexperienced one, having travelled extensively in our own country and in Europe. The impression he has made is such as to have produced a universal desire that he should accept the call at Green Hill.

The call at that point is an important one. That part of the city is rapidly improving, and the congregation keeps pace with it. To each successive pastor the salary offered is larger than to the preceding one, showing healthful growth in substance and in liberality—or rather, in a generous form of justice.

The North Broad Street Church called the Rev. E. E. ADAMS, the brother who has been preaching for them from the inception of the enterprise. The church will build a house of worship at once, either on the corner of Broad and Green, or in that immediate vicinity. The harmony and zeal of this congregation are truly delightful. It is difficult to overrate the importance of this church. Situated in the very heart of a district, which is filling up with unexampled rapidity, with a population of high respectability, of wealth and refinement, it will take rank with our best churches almost from the very beginning. We will be pardoned for mentioning, among the many noble deeds of M. W. BALDWIN, Esq., that he presents this congregation with the lot on which the church is to be built, after having supported the enterprise until it has now been assumed by men amply able to carry it forward. As the North Broad Street Church will be placed at a distance of nearly a mile from any other church of our denomination, they are far enough apart not to interfere with each other, and at the same time near enough to be neighbors and fellow-helpers. As population tends irresistibly northwest, it is of vast importance to meet it with churches which are, at the same time, attractive and thoroughly evangelical.

LIBERALITY.

The New York correspondent of the *Christian Instructor* gives the following instance of considerate liberality in a young Christian worthy of imitation. God will prosper and bless those who forget not to bring their tithes into his storehouse:

"An instance of liberality to the cause of missions on the part of a young man has just come under my notice, of which, through a desire to provoke others to good works, I shall submit a brief account. The young man referred to called on me yesterday, to give me some money for missionary purposes. Considering that he earns his bread by severe bodily labor, had I formed any anticipation as to the amount he would give, I would probably not have guessed a sum higher than five or six dollars. To my surprise, however, he laid down as his contribution for the year the sum of fifty dollars. On my expressing both by look and word a little astonishment, and even a fear that he had given more than he could well afford, he told me that he had not; that if his health continued good, he could make more; that he deemed it a privilege to contribute for the establishment and spread of the cause of Christ; and that in past days he would soon have trifled away as much as he was now giving.

"I deem it proper to mention this incident because there are numbers of young men in our church, and in all churches, who, if they were disposed, could save from fully large sums of money to the benefit of their own souls and of the souls of others; and perhaps what has now been related may be instrumental in stirring up some to consider their ways, and 'to go and do likewise.' Some who now do nothing, or who fancy they are not able to give, for the spread of the gospel, would soon discover, if they were in right earnest in the matter, that they could give largely. That grace which opens the heart to Christ always tends to open the purse; and never has faith or love had its perfect work until it has reached the pocket."

SELF-DEVELOPMENT.

We commend the following valuable and practical suggestions, by the *N. Y. Evangelist*, to the consideration of the presbyteries of our denomination. We have the best machinery in the world for doing good, if we only kept it in working order, and develope its full force:—

Let the Presbyteries work, and be united under a common head, such as the General Assembly, so that the strong can help the weak, and but little more will be needed. This is true self-development; and this we must attain, ere our Church can be strong and great. The body claiming to be superior,—whether it is ecclesiastical or voluntary,—which ignores, neglects, hinders, or which does not stimulate Presbyterial activity, does the Church a lasting injury. Each Presbytery is the centre of action for all its churches, and is bound to do what it can to incite them to zeal and fidelity in the work of spreading the Gospel. If our body has any weak point now, it is in its Presbyteries. Instead of comprehending their powers, and meeting to inquire what their churches are doing to evangelize the world, and how they may be brought to a higher standard, and remaining together till all the business is thoroughly done, they come together with little earnestness for the work, and often the very first motion proposed is to fix a time for adjournment; and after doing a little formal business, which occupies a few hours, and perhaps celebrating the Lord's Supper, they return to their homes unprofited and unprofitable. Their power also is much diminished by the small attendance of elders, for where these are absent, the churches which they represent will of course take but little interest in what is done. Here is a great evil to be remedied.

THOMAS PAINE.—III.

Those who remember, John Pintard, LL.D., will easily admit that no better authority exists in this world, both for facts recollected, and integrity of motive in stating them. He told me himself, what I now narrate. Whether less or more important, I doubt if it has ever before been printed or even written. Paine was not overfond of speaking of it, unless when somewhat soaked with wine. This was at a dinner-party, about 1803–4, just after his return to this country. How he came to be sentenced, or tried, or accused, I pause not, I care not, to tell or remember. It is a fact that, with a miserable squad of others, in Paris, France, he and they were all imprisoned in cells, two in each, ironed, and waiting for the execution of the order, next day, of decapitation by the Guillotine. The doors of each cell were double in two ways. Two opened into a narrow space, where were two more; made of massive size, barred with iron, locked, and impracticable to all but the official turnkey. It was often the case in the day time, that the first pair were thrown and left open, and toward night shut, and so secured till next morning. It was custom for the jailor to designate over night, those who were to suffer next morning, by chalking over the door of each cell; so that its tenants might be all prepared for a death-march, at the appointed hour. That evening the chalking was delayed, for some reason, beyond the strict time, and then performed probably in haste. It so happened too that an official, just before, left their cell, where Paine was, and shut as he went, the first pair of doors alone. Soon after the officer came to chalk the doomed ones, and finding the inner doors only fastened, in his haste, he chalked over them, and went to others. Soon after came the turnkey and shut the outer pair. So it was for the night, all safe and right, as they thought—and no chalk on that cell, visible, where Paine was. Next morning, came the executioner and his auxiliaries; entering each cell where chalk was to be seen, skipping all others, and making quick work with his official murder, till the heads of all the victims tumbled from the scaffold into the great basket, beneath the head-detaching machine.

Thus nearly came Paine to the same catastrophe. Later in the day he found means to engage some person in his favor, and he escaped. It was while imprisoned, waiting his trial or sentence, that he sketched and wrote most of his Book in favor of infidelity. When he told this to Pintard, the latter said to him—with tenderness and distinctness too,

Mr. Paine, what a perilous escape was yours! How wonderful!

Yes, he replied, rather remarkable; a good chance for me.

Dr. O Mr. Paine, it was more than a chance! Can you see no more in it?

P. My head was near the basket, sure enough.

Dr. Yes! But think you *providence* had nothing to do with it?

P. Providence!—pshaw! none of your nonsense, Doctor.

Dr. Nonsense! Why Mr. Paine, are you atheist as well as deist? I knew you deny revelation, but must you also deny the God that made you, when all his works attest his presence? As sure as God exists, it was providential, and you ought so to regard it, and gratefully improve it too, as a solemn warning! But for the trivial mistake of that man with the chalk, you would have gone with the others; and—where, Mr. Paine? I say where would you be now, if you had died then and gone to your account? Or, is "death an eternal sleep?"

P. Think you, sir, that a philosopher, in meditating the events of his life, can do nothing with them—till he recurs to the stories of his nursery for their solution? I hear your nonsense only with scorn.

Dr. If you could make sun, moon, and stars, to be nonsense simply by calling them so, then indeed you might next attempt to scorn God himself, who made them, and resolve the highest philosophy in the universe into nursery stories; as affording the only proof in your power that you are a philosopher. Mr. Paine, this will not do. Sir Isaac Newton, Sir William Jones, Franklin, Milton, Shakespeare, and millions of other truly great men, American and European, ancient and modern, all concur to teach us, as themselves rationally believed, that God is; that he is supreme in all events; and that he ought to be worshiped! In reference to what you tell me, I can only regard you, at best, as no philosopher, if you choose to argue like atheism, about events; as if in them the God of our life had no providence; as if he made worlds and men and things, all with no design, and only let chance—that truly impossible nonsense, interfere with his work, mar it according to no laws, and kill or cure the life of his poor creatures here, with no wisdom or sufferance of his all-sustaining providence and his all-directive power, goodness, and wisdom!

Thus have I given the main argument as Dr. Pintard rehearsed it to me; and spoke it first to Paine. It grieved the spirit of that excellent and learned man, to hear such nonsense of atheistic impiety, protruded by such a man as Paine—might have been. But, with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool, if he judges amiss in the supreme point; judging aright in all else, but aggravates his folly, as it shows him wrong, though blest with the best capacities for being right—as says Dr. Young, in reference to the death-bed of the young, accomplished, distinguished, and most wretched Altamont.

The sum of it is this: If a man rejects the revelation of God, he is a fool and a felon. He has no good motive. Christ tells the whole of it, when he says, LIGHT HAS COME INTO THE WORLD; men hate it, BECAUSE their deeds are evil. It is practically—atheism, or the glorious gospel of Christ; as it is ultimately and historically, damnation, or—the blessedness eternal of the celestial palace. There is no medium, no neutrality. What a godless infidel, what a felo-de-se, was Paine! and how brutally immoral, profane, debauched, drunken, and odious to the universe!

"An infidel, when well—but what, when sick?
O then—a text would touch him to the quick."

Blaspheming the name of Christ when in health, he would often, in dying agonies, invoke his name, crying for help to Christ. Is this brave, wise, philosophical, consistent? In fact, it is only cowardly, perfidious, hypocritical. Most miserable man! What madness in the hearts of some few infatuates, that they affect to embalm his memory, and even to saint his character! One of the saints of Satan, with a vengeance eternal!

SAMUEL HANSON COX.

Brooklyn, New York, March 20th, 1860.

P. S. Your account of my successor here is a mistake as to his proper name—not Robins, but Rev. Charles Seymour Robinson, A. M., now regularly installed, as the fifth in succession, regular Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Coming there in the prime of his age, called cordially and unanimously and most honorably, it is the prayer of his oldest living predecessor, that the great God of Redemption will crown the union with his best benediction, to the good of thousands, and the glory of God, forever!

S. H. C.

ONE HOUR.

It was at the close of a beautiful day in Palestine, when the temple and domes of Jerusalem reflected golden light, and the still air of evening gathered on the city walls, that the pious band of disciples and their beloved Leader passed out of the gates, and turned their feet to the Mt. of Olives. They had just commemorated the holy rites of communion in the Last Supper, previous to that dreadful event which prophecy had foretold, and before which even the sun must veil his face. The shadows of evening were gathering, when that heroic band, leaving the gates, directed their course to a quiet retreat, where they might prepare for the morrow. The Mt. of Olives, is at hand, within whose shades the garden of Gethsemane is situated. Here the disciples and their Master may watch and pray during the long hours of the night, till the dawning of the morrow which is to witness their separation. Their Lord and Saviour had told them all, and bade them prepare for the event so soon to transpire. But how little did those chosen ones realize the awful certainty of that prophecy, and its impending fulfilment! Gethsemane was that night made sacred ground. The Saviour there passed the few hours previous to his betrayal, and hallowed the place by tears, agonies, and prayers. The sentinel stars took their silent watch above the scene, and "the lesser light" smiled with the same mellow brightness on the earth beneath, her rays penetrating the shadows of Gethsemane, and dimly revealing the outlines of the spot. From that mountain-retreat their eyes could view Jerusalem, famous in song and sacred in prophecy, spread out in clear outlines, beautiful and tranquil, as if innocent of coming evil. But the hour of betrayal was at hand, and the betrayer about to receive the price of innocent blood. No wonder that the heart of Jesus was troubled, and the struggling soul prayed in agony to the Father in heaven. And while a few of the disciples, with their Master, have withdrawn from the band for secret prayer, He retires to hold communion with his Father. In that intense agony beyond all human suffering, with the dreadful event about to follow, through which He must pass for the sins of a fallen world, we are told, that he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood. After returning to his disciples and finding them fast asleep, what waves of sorrow were rolling over his soul, and how the troubled spirit experienced a bitter pang, when in the noble language of his heart, he exclaimed, "Could ye not watch with me *one hour?*" Those words spoken in a lonely retreat to a few Christians, more than eighteen centuries ago, have become as immortal as the grandest production of the human mind, for they are written in the Book which shall survive all others. They are printed in hundreds of languages, and will dwell on human lips till "all worldly shapes shall melt in gloom," and the heavens pass away. The words of the wise men of antiquity, the sages and philosophers of all ages often fall from the memory of man: The great thesaurus of the intellectual world treasures as worthy of immortality but few of the many coins which come from her mint. The man of yesterday but seldom speaks to the man of to-day. But the words of Jesus never fail; for they were spoken by God, and relate to eternity.

Those words addressed by the Saviour, in the garden of Gethsemane, to his disciples on finding them neglectful of duty and lost in sleep, are intended for Christians of all times who desert their post in the Church, and cease to watch and pray when the hours of trial approach. Those who labor only when the sun shines, or sail only under prosperous breezes, are poor workmen and sorry sailors.

It is the furnace of affliction which reveals merit, and the gold of Christian character. Hence in the Church of Christ, the men who have been tried, are the brightest ornaments, and firmest pillars; brightest because they have been *worn* in the Master's service, and firmest because they have been *proved*.

Nor is this interrogative rebuke of Jesus addressed to believers only, who fail to perform their duty in the hour of trial, and to watch and be prayerful. It is a perpetual rebuke of great power, when we consider the occasion which called it forth, to all who live within the sound of church bells, but fail to attend the worship of God, or possess the Bible, but refuse to be enlightened. *One Hour* the Saviour asks of such men for prayer, while the months and years of their lives have been spent in the bondage of sin. But alas! the great human army marches on, following their own borders, and serving their own idols. Let us pray, then, for better times, when not one hour only, but the entire lives of multitudes will be devoted to the Cross, and the people know "that the voice of Christianity is the voice of God."

W. C. W.

"THE LOGIC OF OUR INSTITUTIONS."

A good story, all the better for being undoubtedly true, is told of an interview between a very distinguished American and the present Pope. His holiness, designing a special compliment, had expressed his desire that the American should visit him, at a fixed hour and in a familiar way. This was accordingly done. The Pope met his visitor most graciously, and very soon expressed his great gratification that Catholics enjoyed such unrestricted liberty in the United States. Without waiting to calculate the embarrassment which his remark would occasion, following hastily the first impulses of his nature, the American accepted the compliment to his country, and expressed the hope that his holiness would reciprocate this privilege of liberty to his own spiritual children, by granting an equal liberty to Protestants in the Roman States. The embarrassment of the Pope was instant, and the American discovered the uneasiness which he had occasioned. Following, then, his next impulse to remove this embarrassment, the American added, "But we each carry out the logic of our institutions." "Yes, yes," exclaimed the Pope, lifting and dropping repeatedly his hands, as if extravagantly gratified by a happy deliverance, "yes, yes, we carry out the logic of our institutions—we carry out the logic of our institutions!"

And so we do! That is the difference. Protestantism carries out its logic in freedom; Romanism, its logic in despotism;—the one has made the United States—the other has made Rome.

A Beautiful Present.—The city of Hamburg, Germany, has been celebrated for its beautiful and stately swans. With a noble generosity its authorities have presented the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, New York, with as many of them as may be desired, and will send an experienced person to see them delivered and to impart all the information required for their proper care.

MODERN PREACHERS.

A great deal of fault has been found with modern preachers, both by critics and the million; but the grand defect of many seems to us to be, that they are wanting in *heart*. They are icicles. They may argue with logical precision, but they argue coldly. They may convince the understanding, but they have not sensibility enough to touch the warm sympathies, and make a vivid impression upon the feelings of even the devout soul. Even if they touch this chord accidentally, it seems not natural to them, and they are presently back again to their stiff creeds and dry dogmas—coolly untying consequences united in *a priori*, bundling up inductions *a posteriori*, and hammering away at cause and effect, original sin, predestination, beings self-existent, and the universal scale of beings. Instead of giving a deep and commanding interest to their arguments by applying them to those feelings which are common to all hearts, and will eagerly answer when appealed to, they endeavor to interest the understandings of men in opposition to their feelings, and to set up the intellect in contemptuous despotism over every generous and glowing sympathy. Who can wonder, when religious truth is enforced in this dry, argumentative, phlegmatic manner,—when the spruce preacher reads his drowsy lucubration without lifting his nose from the text, or venturing to earn the shame of an enthusiast—that the harangues of the pulpit are so destitute of living energy, and fail to alarm the profligate, or animate the desponding? What would be the result if an actor at a theatre, instead of throwing his whole soul into his "counterfeit presentment" of feeling—his mimicry of "the billowy ecstasy of woe"—should drawl through his part in the freezing manner of many preachers? Would he not be hissed from the stage, or play to empty boxes?

Lord Erskine, who is so greatly celebrated for the delicacy and tenderness with which he sometimes describes scenes of domestic endearment and felicity, and the lofty tone of indignation with which he lashes and scourges their invaders, remarks, in the letter introductory to the published speeches of Fox, that "intellect alone, however exalted, without strong feelings—without, even, irritable sensibility—would be only like an immense magazine of powder, if there were no such element as fire in the natural world. It is the *heart* which is the spring and fountain of all eloquence." To be eloquent, a man must himself be affected. He must be sincere. He must be in earnest. In his own heart must burn the fire which he would kindle in the bosoms of others:

"*Si vis me flere, dolendum est*
Primum ipsi tibi,"

says Horace, and the maxim will hold till the "crack of doom." There must be a certain honesty and open-heartedness of manner—an apparently entire and thorough conviction of being in the right—an everlasting pursuit of, and entire devotion to the subject, to seeming neglect and unconcern as to everything else—emotion, feeling, passion. Even if discourses of a logical character, where the reasoning approaches almost to mathematical demonstration, the hearers will not be impressed, they will scarcely listen with patience, unless they are persuaded that the conclusions to which the speaker would force them, are the deliberate and solemn convictions of his own mind. A cold-blooded, phelegmatic preacher may produce a discourse irresistible in argument, elaborately perfect in rhetorical embellishment, and painfully correct in style, but nothing can give it that electric fire which darts through and through an audience, kindling each heart into enthusiasm, save natural feeling expressed with the fervor of earnest sensibility.

The only way to be eloquent in the pulpit, is to banish every thought of self—to forget every thing but God and duty. The triumphs of true eloquence—touching, grand, sublime, awful as they sometimes have been—are seen, it has been well remarked, only when the orator stands before you in the simple majesty of truth, and, overpowered with the weight of his convictions, forgets himself, and forgets every thing but his momentous subject. You think not of who speaks or how he speaks, but of what is spoken; transported by his pathos, your rapt imagination pictures new visions of happiness; subdued by the gushes of his tenderness, your tears mingle with his; determined by the power of his reasoning, you are prompt to admit, if not prepared to yield to the force of his arguments; entering with his whole heart and soul into the subject of his address, you sympathize in those strong emotions which you see are in his bosom, burning and struggling for utterance; and soon find yourself moving onward with him on the same impetuous and resistless current of feeling and passion. "It is amazing," says Goldsmith, "to what heights eloquence of this kind may reach. This is that eloquence the ancients represented as lightning, bearing down every opposer; this the power which has turned whole assemblies into astonishment, admiration, and awe; that is described by the torrent, the flame, and every other instance of irresistible impetuosity."

Christian Recorder.

TOO LATE TO CHURCH.

We feel inclined to say a word to that class of persons who do not attend upon divine ordinances at the proper time. It is freely admitted that there may be occasions on which persons are unavoidably detained beyond the hour of meeting. When this is the case, we think it is improper for persons on this account to remain at home. They should endeavor to be at the house of God though they may not be able to be there in good season. Our remarks are not intended to apply to such cases. There are, however, in almost every congregation, some persons who are just as likely to be too late in coming to the house of God as to be there in the proper time, and who think it a matter of very little consequence whether they are too late or not. Nay, there are persons from whose conduct we might suppose that they made it a point to be late. Such an imputation, however, would be very uncharitable, and therefore we are far from supposing that such is the case in relation to any of our readers who are in the habit of attending upon public ordinances. Their want of punctuality is to be ascribed to inattention on their part. Let the cause, however, be what it may, the conduct of such persons, unless it be absolutely unavoidable, is, in our opinion, exceedingly reprehensible. It is utterly inconsistent with that behaviour which should characterize the worshipping people of God. It seems to us that those who are habitually late in coming to the house of God, have good reason to suspect that they have no great desire for the ordinances. Persons are not likely to be too late in their attendance upon those meetings for which they have a great desire. They will at least make an effort to be there in good season. Will not those, then, who can say with David, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?" be likely to be in His house before the solemn exercises of the sanctuary have commenced?

Think, Christian reader, of the loss which you thereby occasion to yourself or others. Should the exercises be delayed on your account there is a loss of time. Now suppose that this time is only five minutes, and suppose that there are a hundred persons present, if you consider the whole loss, you will find it to amount in the aggregate to more than eight hours. You would doubtless feel ashamed to keep *one* person waiting eight hours for you to make your appearance. Ought you, then, to think it less shameful to keep one hundred persons waiting five minutes? It may be well for you to think of the subject in this light. It is worthy the special attention of ministers, whose presence is looked for before the exercises for which congregations have assembled can be commenced. But suppose that there is no delay, there must be more or less interruption. If you were occupying the place of the speaker, you would be able more fully to appreciate the importance of this consideration,—you would see that when the assembly is engaged in the solemn exercises of divine worship, nearly all eyes, and sometimes not a few faces, are turned to the person or persons who are making their way up the aisles of the church. Here is a serious interruption, and one, too, which may have a very unhappy influence on the devotional feelings of those who are engaged in the worship of Almighty God; and all this, too, perhaps, just for the want of a little attention on your part. We ask you, reader, is this right? Is it seemly? Is it consistent with the apostolic injunction, "Let all things be done decently and in order?" If professing Christians attached to this subject the importance which it deserves, whole congregations would more frequently, when the hour arrives, be prepared to say, at least by their presence, to the messenger of God when, at the appointed hour, he rises in the pulpit, "We are all present before God to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

Ch. Instructor.

THE NEWSPAPER.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher thus speaks of the newspaper, the common people's Encyclopædia: "In no other way can so much, so varied, so useful information be imparted, and under circumstances so favorable for educating the child's mind, as through a judicious, well-conducted newspaper. To live in a village, was once to be shut up and contracted. But now a man may be a hermit, and yet a cosmopolite. He may live in the forest, walking miles to a post-office, having a mail but once a week, and yet he shall be found as familiar with the living world as the busiest actor in it. For the newspaper is a spy-glass by which he brings near the most distant objects—an ear trumpet by which he collects and brings within his hearing all that is said and done all over the earth—a museum full of living pictures of real life, drawn, not on canvass, but with printer's ink on paper. The effect in liberalizing and enlarging the mind of the young, of this weekly commerce with the world will be apparent to any one who will ponder it. Once, a liberal education could only be completed by foreign travel. The sons only of the wealthy could indulge in this costly benefit. But now the poor man's son can learn as much at home, as a hundred years ago a gentleman could learn by journeying the world over. For while there are some advantages in going into the world, it is the poor man's privilege to have the world come to see him. The newspaper is a great collector, a great traveller, and a great lecturer. It is the common people's Encyclopædia—the lyceum—the college."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

LORD PALMERSTON AND THE SABBATH QUESTION.—As Sir John Trelawney has given notice of a motion to open the British Museum and other national and pictorial exhibitions on Sabbath, a large and influential deputation of Noblemen, members of Parliament, clergymen and gentlemen, waited on the Prime Minister, on Monday was a week, and urged him to oppose any such motion for opening secular institutions on the Sabbath. Lord Palmerston, with much emphasis, said he "was sorry to see the motion of Sir John, because he thought the question had been disposed of by what had formerly passed. There could be no doubt as to the feelings of the Government on the subject: they could not agree to the motion, and would meet it either by a direct negation or by moving the previous question, as was found most expedient." Lord Shaftsbury expressed the cordial thanks of the deputation for the bold and manly way in which the noble Premier had expressed himself, adding, "That is the way to *govern the people of England*." The friends of the Sabbath will all rejoice to hear of the firmness of the ministry on this essential point.

ENGLISH CHURCH RATES.—Sir John Trelawney's bill for the collection of this obnoxious and unjust impost was read a second time, in spite of all efforts of the Church party to prevent it. The majority for the second reading was 29—the whole votes were 265 to 236.

THE MAYNOOTH GRANT.—On Tuesday was a week, Mr. Spooner introduced his annual motion for the withdrawal of this grant to the Popish college at Maynooth. The motion, however, was lost by a majority of fifty-eight. Mr. Spooner is not the man to agitate this question. He has lost the ear of the House, by his prosy dulness and want of tact. He is, besides, a bigoted adherent of the Established Church, and the uncompromising defender of all her claims and exactions. To conduct the assault on this, and other Popish endowments, aright, the leader of the movement ought to be free from all connection with any of the different bodies receiving educational grants from the Consolidation fund; for it is somewhat incongruous for a man who belongs either to the Established Church or the Endowed Presbyterians of Ireland, to object to the endowment of Maynooth. Let their different churches abandon the grants of national money they receive, and then they will be able, with clean hands, to testify against the sin of endowing Popery. Let the Irish Presbyterians take the Popish members of Parliament at their word: Mr. Hennesey, as their mouth-piece, declared that if tithes and Regium Donum were given up, he would engage, for his party, that the grant to Maynooth would be given up also. Why, in the name of our common Protestant Presbyterian faith, will the Irish General Assembly allow themselves, year after year, to be thus twitted and mocked at? After the revival with which God has visited them, there will and must be a very great increase of Christian liberality among the people, for this is a department of Scriptural duty in which they have been lamentably and shamefully deficient. Let them then, in God's name, and in obedience to the New Testament ordinance as taught in the Word, "communicate to those who teach them in all good things," so that they "who preach the gospel may live of the gospel." Unless they do this, on them will rest the sin and shame of endowing Popery in Ireland. A little self-denial and conscientious duty on their part would enable them to get such endowments withdrawn; but, if they refuse to do this, on them will rest the responsibility and guilt of continuing the endowment of a system which is the irreconcilable *foe both of God and man.*

ST. GEORGES IN THE EAST is one of the fashionable churches in London which has long been notorious for the Puseyitish practices of its rector, the Rev. Bryan King, who, in spite of all opposition on the part of the hearers, will persist in forcing upon them all the Tractarian innovations. The people have at last openly rebelled, and for successive Sabbaths the services have been interrupted by the most scandalous uproar and noise. The police have had to attend, in order to quell the disturbances which would otherwise have occurred. The subject has been considered in the House of Lords. Bishop Wilberforce and others of Tractarian leanings defended Mr. King, who, they said, has not gone beyond the strict letter of the rubric. But is there, we would ask, no legal mode of restraining a clergyman who will thus persist in forcing Tractarian innovations and novelties upon a reclaiming and resisting congregation? Is he to be at liberty to give occasion for disturbance by his pertinaciously insisting on certain ritual performances of a most questionable character, while the people have no recourse but submission or secession? It is high time that something was done to put an end to such scenes, which are a crying scandal to our national Christianity.

Ch. Instructor.

THE BLESSING OF SUNSHINE.

A north light is cold, searching, and unsentimental, and tries both complexion and the heart; it reveals gray hairs, and the first, faint footprints of the bird of ill-omen in the corners of the eyes with appalling distinctness. The flowers of the carpet are duller, for it has not a tint to lend; except the light of early morning, nothing is less complimentary than a northern aspect.

But a room that the sun is not permitted to look into at all, should be without a door; it is unfit for human occupancy. Even the flowers will grow pale, and be freightened to death in it. The primary object of a window is not for the sons of men to look out, but for the sun to look in.

Pleasant sunshine not only brightens a man's buttons, but his heart; it makes his spirit as cheerful as the landscape. He cannot live and be happy—he cannot be happy without it.

White is not beauty, any more than a melancholy blue is the "color of virtue," and yet the insane dodging of the sun has its origin in some such optical delusion. We catch school-girls eating chalk and drinking vinegar to render themselves pale and interesting. Next to an inky skin, they dread a rich brown cheek, and a brow that the sun has pressed as pure a kiss upon as the melodious lips of Israel could give.

More windows in the sunny side of our dwelling, more living in the open air; less fear of an unclouded and parasolless sun, and more bold, free exercise, would kindle a true, country, milk-maid-glow upon cheeks as chalky as the cliffs of Dover, and let a little sunshine into the shady corners of many a heart. Light, daylight, was not made merely to see by and warm by, but to grow bright and glad in; and that beam of a clear, autumn morning has failed to reach its destination that has not shone into the spirit, and burnished the thought, as it has brightened the eye.

B. F. Taylor.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE BIBLE.

It was a noble and beautiful answer of our Queen—the monarch of a free people, reigning more by love than law, because seeking to reign in the fear of God—it was a noble answer she gave to an African Prince, who sent an embassage with costly presents, and asked her in return to tell him the *secret* of England's greatness and England's glory; and our beloved Queen sent him, not the number of her fleet, not the number of her armies, not the account of her boundless merchandise, not the details of her inexhaustible wealth. She did not, like Hezekiah, in an evil hour, show the ambassador her diamonds, and her rich ornaments, but handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, she said, "Tell the Prince that this is the secret of England's greatness."

King Edward VI.—At the coronation of this youthful king, which was on February 20th, 1547, he being then only nine years old, when three swords were brought, as signs of his being king of three kingdoms, he said, there was one yet wanting. And when the nobles about him asked him what that was, he answered, "The Bible! That book," added he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and to be preferred before these swords. *That* in all right ought to govern us, who use the sword, by God's appointment, for the people's safety. He who rules without the Bible, is not to be called God's minister, or a king. From that alone, we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of Divine strength."

Some interesting anecdotes connected with the youthful days of this excellent prince, have been preserved. One day, when engaged with some companions in amusements suitable for his age, he wished to take down something from a shelf above his reach. One of his playfellows offered him a large book to stand upon; but, perceiving it to be the Bible, King Edward refused such assistance with indignation, and reproved the offender, adding, "that it was highly improper that he should trample under his feet that precious Volume, which he ought to treasure up in his head and heart."

The Emperor Theodosius wrote out the New Testament with his own hands; Zuinglius wrote out the Epistles of St. Paul, and got them by heart; Cromwell, Earl of Essex, could repeat all the New Testament.

British Workman.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE FIRST CENTURY; or, the New Birth of the Social Life of Man through the rising of Christianity. By Chr. Hoffmann. Translated from the German. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

Christianity is represented as a living, energizing, formative principle, adapted to man's universal necessities, and elevating him into a participation of a higher and spiritual life, and fellowship and communion with God. The subject is practically illustrated by the history of Christianity during the first century. It was promulgated at a time when all other systems had signally and manifestly failed; and when there was a common expectation of some new era. The essential power and life of Christianity are manifest in the striking changes it wrought; in its new life; in its high aims; in its self-sacrificing zeal; in its power to overcome obstacles and transform institutions, and change the current of thought and manners of the most enlightened portion of the world. This reformative power of Christianity is shown to be spiritual and divine, and offers as the surest testimony to its heavenly origin the durable and excellent fruits which it yields. These lectures are eloquent, perspicuous, and demonstrable evidences of the excellence of our holy religion, as shown by what it did during the first hundred years after its introduction.

ACHAIA; or, Studies of the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures. By J. W. Janson, LL. D. F. G. S. Montreal: B. Dawson & Son. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

This is a work of no ordinary merit. It examines and discusses the question of geology and Genesis with candor, with a thorough acquaintance with science, and with a true reverence for the Scriptures as the inspired word of the Creator. The author sustains the position, that Genesis may be legitimately interpreted, so that the testimony of the rocks and the inspired records of Moses shall not conflict. He defends the more common theory, that the six days of creation were not literal days of twelve or twenty-four hours, but periods of time of undefined length, called days, for the want of a term better suited to express them. The work is written with elegance of style and diction, as well as logical precision, and will interest and instruct the reader, though he may not acquiesce in the theories advanced and defended. It ought to relieve that class of minds who think that science, especially geology, should be tabooed, lest the foundations of our religion be overturned.

THE COMPLAINT; or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality. By Edward Young, LL. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

This is a new and neat edition of a valuable standard work. It is a book that lives on through successive generations, and will always find sympathetic readers till sorrow ceases to be the lot of humanity.

THE LIFE OF DANIEL WILSON, D. D., Bishop of Calcutta, and Metropolitan of India. By Josiah Bateman, M. A. With Portraits, Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.

This is an octavo volume of 750 pages. It is not only a biography of a good and useful man, but a history of a very interesting country. Bishop Wilson was twenty-six years in India, and this book which is made up largely from his journal, abounds in most valuable information of the country, manners and customs. The extracts from his journal embrace a great variety of topics, and serve to exhibit his thoughts, his labors and his piety. This is a biography worthy to be published and circulated generally. It ought to be equally acceptable to all Christians of whatever denomination.

LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND. By Samuel Irenæus Prime, Author of "Travels in Europe and the East." 12mo. pp. 264. New York: Sheldon & Co. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

These letters were originally written for the *New York Observer*, by its PRIME editor, some years since, while making the tour of the Continent. They well deserve the distinction now given them by this re-issue in a permanent and durable form. As a traveller Dr. Prime is genial and pleasant, and is sure to observe and describe the very objects that will interest the reader. In a country whose natural scenery is unsurpassed, the traveller finds abundant occasion for the exercise of his talent at description; and Dr. Prime has not neglected the opportunity of drawing pictures from nature. The incidents of travel, and the habits and customs of people to which he introduces us afford amusement and instruction.

THE STARS AND THE ANGELS. Philadelphia: William S. & Alfred Martien, 606 Chestnut Street.

This is a volume of singular merit. The author exhibits a thorough knowledge of the sciences, and of the Bible, and shows the harmony between the real teachings of natural science and the revelations of Scripture. He meets the objections which infidelity has attempted to gather from astronomy, geology, &c., to undermine our faith in the Bible, and to throw distrust upon the divine authority of its teachings. He affirms also that man is the highest type in the order of creation, and in his resurrection his resemblance and relation to angels will appear more obvious. The volume discusses the various phenomena of human nature as the results of fixed laws; and that even in miracles we are only ignorant of the laws which operate to the accomplishment of unusual results. The author treats of the soul in its separate and connected relation to the body, of the nature and character of the resurrection body. In many respects it is a remarkable book. With extensive knowledge of science and a profound respect for the Christian religion, the author is a bold speculator, and astonishes as well as instructs the reader. It is a book that will attract attention.

THE PURITANS; or, The Church, Court, and Parliament of England, During the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By Samuel Hopkins. In Three Volumes. Vol. II. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For Sale by Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia.

The second volume of this excellent work has come to hand. It meets fully the high expectations raised by the first volume issued some months since. It covers ten years, from 1575 to 1585, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is a history of those times, and of the most stirring events of those times. The work is written with manifest ability, and grave facts and historic events have an air of naturalness that is attractive; and while gliding over the beaten track of the past, every object and event which we pass seems to have the freshness of novelty. It is such a history of the Puritans as enables us to see, in the strifes and discussions, political and religious, the influences that tended to develop and form the puritan character, to which we owe in this country, our liberties and our religion. We are made to see the cradle in which the giants were rocked, and the food on which they were fed, and cease to wonder that they grew so large.

The publishers have put up the book in a style worthy of themselves and the reputation this work merits, and will soon acquire.

THE GENIUS AND DESIGN OF THE DOMESTIC CONSTITUTION, with its Untransferable Obligations and Peculiar Advantages. By Christopher Anderson. New York: Robert Carter & Brother. For Sale by W. S. & A. Martien, Philadelphia.

This is a republication of an old book containing principles, and treating of obligations and duties, that lie at the foundation of society, government, and religion. The Christian family is the position of influence and hope. Here order, virtue, and true religion, must be maintained and cherished, in order to the safety and perpetuity of the commonwealth, with her favored institutions of education and religion. This volume is rich in practical instruction and valuable suggestions. It is adapted to show to parents their obligations, and to aid them in the right discharge of the duties growing out of the relation of family.

JAQUELINE PASCAL; or a Glimpse of Convent Life at Port Royal. From the French of M. Victor Cousin, M. Prosper Fouquere, M. Vinet, and other sources. Translated by H. N. With an introduction by W. R. Williams, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brother. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

This is an exceedingly interesting narrative, compiled from several authentic sources, and translated into English by a lady. Pascal and