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Poetry.

"IT IS NOT DEATH."

BY MRS. CAROLINE SOUTHERN.

It is not Death—it is not Death,
From which I shrink with coward fear;
It is, that I must leave behind
All I love here.

It is not Wealth—it is not Wealth,
That I am loth to leave behind;
Small store to me (yet all I crave),
Hath faith assigned.

It is not Fame—it is not Fame,
From which it will be pain to part;
Obscure my lot—but a humble heart.

It is not Health—it is not Health,
That makes me fain to linger here;
For I have languish'd on in pain
This many a year.

It is not Hope—it is not Hope,
From which I cannot turn away;
Oh, earthly Hope hath cheated me
This many a day.

But there are friends—but there are friends,
To whom I could not say, "Farewell!"
Without a pang more hard to bear
Than thine can tell.

But there's a thought—but there's a thought,
Will arm me with that pang to cope;
Thank God! I shall not part like those
Who have no hope.

'And some are gone—and some are gone—
Methinks they slide my long delay—
With whom, it seem'd, my very life
Went half away.

But we must meet—but we shall meet,
Where parting tears shall never flow;
And, when I think of those I love,
I long to go.

The Saviour wept—the Saviour wept—
O'er him he lov'd—corrupting clay—
But then He spake the word, and Death
Gave up his prey!

A little while—a little while,
And the dark Grave shall yield its rest;
Yea, reader! every stem up
Of human dust.

What matters then—what matters then?
Who earliest lays him down to rest?
Nay, "to depart, and with Christ,"
Is surely best.

Correspondence.

NO FICTION.

We have borrowed this simple title, to follow it with a common and well known saying, "truth is often stranger than fiction." In the world of fiction we find groups of unlikely personages—exaggerations of human pursuits—performing all sorts of wonderful things. But when we have finished the most labored and fascinating description of human crimes and human virtues, as they are clustered before us, we feel like those who have been dreaming. We have awakened and the vision has vanished.

But not so with the truthful realities of life. Here all the personages are real personages. All their actions are the doings of living men and women. All they enjoy and all they suffer are the enjoyments and sufferings with which we may be familiar, and which may be our own.

We have been led to make these remarks after having just read a small volume entitled, *THE PRAIRIE MISSIONARY*, published originally by the American Sunday School Union. It is a small book and may be soon read and ought to be read by every individual who can read and feels any interest in the condition and welfare of human kind.

The book was published some ten years ago, and we doubt not much read then, and its contents pondered by many readers, and may have been made instrumental in awakening greater interest in the labors of our home missionaries. But as this untiring little book was first published in consequence of the incessant issue of new publications, we bespeak for it in this way, a fresh and more earnest interest in missionary life.

It will richly repay a perusal. It will do any one good who reads it. And if any reader can rise from its perusal without leaving his admiration of the self-denying labors recorded there, just as they occurred, raised to the intensest pitch, and without having his deepest interest excited in the labors of the home missionary, then we are utterly mistaken in our cherished opinions of human and Christian sympathy.

If we had space we would like to give copious extracts from this little work, so full of melancholy interest. We would just suggest that it will teach two prominent lessons. The one lesson is, that much can be done by self-denying labors. The other is the duty which the churches owe to those who are laboring in the missionary field, liberally to support, and in every way to sympathize with them.

It will teach the lesson, how much can be done by self-denying labors. Who the writer of this little book is we learn from the book itself. She was the wife of the Prairie Missionary. She was, while in her father's house, and before her marriage, accustomed to comforts and conveniences. She was, we presume, delicately reared, and liberally educated, and had all her wants supplied. But she married the Prairie Missionary and was willing to share in all the privations of the missionary life.

Often without the shelter of a roof—often in a long station in nursing a sick and disabled husband—and pressed with many cares throughout all around her—this woman never lost her trust in the promises of God, never faltered in the performance of duty, although sorely tempted to relinquish both.

The other lesson is for the churches to learn. And here, by the churches, let us be understood as meaning and including all the members of these churches. Let no individual try to lose himself in the crowd. As a church member, he is equally bound, measured by his ability, with every other church member, to see that every missionary in a long station, whether at home or abroad, who has been sent out by these churches, is liberally cared for, his wants

regularly supplied, and his joys and sorrows warmly sympathized with. Much responsibility rests with all the churches in this respect, and their duty is plain and cannot, without great guilt, be overlooked or forgotten.

"I said to myself, do the churches know at what price their work is done? Do those Christians who sit, surrounded by luxury, and out of their abundance give a trifle to send the gospel to these new settlements, ever dream what sacrifices of health and strength and comfort those whom they send hither are compelled to make? If each of these hearts could be laid open, what records of needless and unwritten offerings would be read? Then comes the question, does Christ call upon some of His children to bear all this, while the great company of professing Christians never know, by experience, a single sacrifice for the sake of the Gospel?"

After reading this little volume we naturally turned our thoughts to the seventh chapter of the Book of Revelations, and asked—anticipating the revelation of future scenes: "What are those which are arrayed in white robes, and whence come they?" and the response seemed to come in cadences of the sweetest kind, and sonorous as the "sound of many waters." THESE ARE THEY WHICH CAME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION. J. R.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

PROPOSED TRANSFER OF GOVERNMENT SUPPORT OF IDOLATRY TO SCHOOLS.

My dear Brother Mason:— If you bear in mind the very large sum annually paid by the British Government in India, for the support of idolatry, and that this patronage is the strongest bulwark of the system with all its debasing influences on the Hindu mind and heart; I am sure you will rejoice with us in any influence which looks to the final withdrawal of this patronage, and its appropriation to a useful and praiseworthy purpose.

The Government now appropriated 2,500,000 Rupees a year to the cause of education, besides 100,000 to mission schools as "grants in aid." A large part of the 2,500,000 Rupees is expended on Universities and Institutions of a high grade; and it is not without cause that the friends of India are urging the Government to do more to educate the common people. The number of scholars in all their schools is 127,518, and if to these we add the 100,000 pupils in the Mission schools, we get a sum total of only 227,518 out of the whole 30,000,000 of Hindu children and youth who ought to be in school. In urging the Government to establish more common schools for the benefit of the people we have been met with a prompt reference to a deficient income, and the annual grant already made. To this the *Poona Observer*, one of our secular papers, replies:—

"With regard to the money we think we could obviate this barrier. As an example, we shall begin with an object just at hand, and which is very imposing and clearly seen by every eye who enters Poona, namely Parbatti. It should be made to disgorge its yearly upwards of 20,000 Rupees, but gives no return, no *quid pro quo*. This sum is laid out by our Government to feed a parcel of useless Brahmins. They go there daily to get their bellies filled; and these are not the poor and the needy, but the substantial loanholders for the city; men who do not thank us for our care, but give all the praise to a senseless idol. Now, we would at once put an end to this absurdity, and devote the sum to educational purposes, telling the feeders, rather eaters, that unless they work they shall not eat, that work will be provided for such of them as like, and are able, in the schools to be established. They would thus have no cause to complain; many of them would be thankful, and the people generally would benefit. But this is not the only temple which receives money from Government—there are indeed few such in the country that are not some way or other paid. Were all the money thus spent on idolatry by our Government recalled and devoted to primary schools, there would be enough and to spare."

This temple of Parbatti was the special favorite of old Bajirao, the Maharatti Peshwa; and because he endowed it, the British Government have continued the endowment; thus assuming towards it the position of the native prince. But as the *Poona Observer* well says, almost every temple and idol in the country stands in the name relation to the Government, receiving an annual allowance from the Government treasury. Now if you have in mind that the sum total of these annual idolgrants is more than 1,700,000 of Rupees, you will see what a splendid impetus might be given to the education of the common people by the transfer of this amount from the senseless idols and lazy priests to the common schools. If this proposition should be urged by the press of India, and finally carried out in good faith by the Government, it would mark the introduction of the grandest era India has ever known. And why may it not be? Native Rulers gave and withheld these idolgrants at their pleasure. Why should the present Rulers feel themselves forever sold to sin without reprieve? I know of no measure in the whole scope of Government which would do so much for India as the one here proposed.

ITEMS.

The *ex-king of Delhi* is dead. He was a son of *Akbar Shah* and succeeded him in 1837. His part in the late Rebellion, and consequent forfeiture of the throne of the Moguls, is well known. He lost a son. What will the Government do with him? The *Maharaja of Patiala* has also deceased. He was a Sikh prince of rare intelligence, and even rarer fidelity to the English. In the Rebellion of 1857, his services to the British were invaluable. His government of his million of subjects presented a model to the rest of India. He had abolished some of the cruel rites of his people, and gave his influence to the cause of human and political and religious reform. Worthy, or, better still, worthy on the side of truth and the evangelization of their countrymen.

Valdeo Pant, a notorious rebel of 1857, has just passed our house in heavy chains. He signified himself in 1857 by attacking a defenceless officer of Government; Mr. *Manson*, whose head he cut off and carried

in triumph to his chief. For more than four years he eluded all attempts to capture him, but was recently detected and apprehended at *Pandourga*, the great shrine of *Vithoba*, where he had gone on pilgrimage. He had his trial last week before the *Political Agent of the Southern Mahrattah country*, *Major Barr*, whose headquarters are at this station, and has just been despatched in chains with a mounted guard, to be hung on the spot where he committed the murder of Mr. *Manson*. Another rebel of note has been recently apprehended at *Sholapur*. He proves to be no less a character than a second Bajirao, a foster-brother of the notorious *Nana* himself. There is sufficient evidence that he has been plotting widely in the interest of the *Nana*, and the recent circulation of *Chupatties* probably had some connection with his schemes. British officers have shown great skill and vigilance in the apprehension of these arch rebels, and this vigilance is some guarantee, under Providence, that similar plottings will continue to miscarry.

Thus the rebels of 1857 are meeting the due reward of their deeds. So may it be with the rebels of our own beloved land.

R. G. WILDER.

PREACHING—NO. 5.

By Rev. E. E. Adams.

QUALIFICATIONS—CHARACTER.

It was a fine remark of Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and one of the greatest of pulpit orators, that "the principal means between God and man is man." A. Vinet, the champion of Switzerland, and one of the greatest of this utterance has said: "If God's uses means we surely may use them. Our faculties are not more unworthy of us than we are of God, and if it be certain that God consents to make man his instrument, let us employ the whole of man in God's service." These words may be justly applied to man in every right calling and relation, how much more in his office of announcing the thoughts and words of God.

It may be said that in this sense, character embraces the whole man. It is a charm, a power which we feel but cannot define. It wins and masters us. It leads its possessor through opposing forces, converting them into helps. It is a silent divinity in the man. It burns, and throbs, and presses within the soul.

"Like a restrained word of God,
Fulfilling itself by what seems to hinder."
Character is a man's tone; true character, the tone of a lofty, pure, comprehensive, generous mind. It is not the mould and carving of nature merely, but the engraving of God's finger, as on the tables of stone. It is courage, great heart-action, that masters the body, that energizes in silent power alone; and like a mighty dynamic within, moves the man to great and holy achievement. It enables the lowlier, gentler qualities, standing like a tall pine or gigantic oak, up which the vines of sentiment, affection and sensibility may run. It is sympathetic with nature, a sense of sublimity, of majesty and beauty in material forms; the capacity to take in, and the sensibility to feel what nature is—that the torrent preaches in its rush of waters—that say the granite lips of the mountain, when the storm rages about its head—that the streams utter as they dance over the rocks, and wind and murmur through the vales. It is a taste for art—at home—not only among the rounded uniformities of a Dutch garden, but amid the liberal and varied paths and forests, statues, fountains and flower-beds of Versailles; it looks with appreciative wonder on the Greek slave, or gazes on the marvellous Christ of Thorwaldsen; it sees nature and art in the harmony of a blessed sisterhood, as it gazes on the Acropolis of Athens, and lets its eye run over the Agora, along "the streamlets of the Ilissus, to the Piræus, the garden of plane-trees, and torrent-loving shrubs of Greece." Or, holding in memory and imagination the stupendous grandeur of Chamonix, whose battlements are mountains, and whose music is made by the avalanche and the glacier, and the rattling and almones ad columns of Paris, or the solemn ruins and sacred art of Rome. It is a spirit that catches the tones of fallen empires; of departed bards and philosophers; and feels the majestic presence of the ages, amid the calm walks or stirring deeds of the present. It is a deep view of man; grappling with his soul's needs, entering into his life, feeling his agonies, cherishing his hopes, awed by his immortality.

The man of labor, of trade, of science, of literary devotion, is prone to regard his species, each in the light of his own calling and profession. He would make his own life is likely to think of *not* possessing a body or a head either finely adapted to the fitting of his peculiar covering, or else as defying the rules of his art. He will not ask what emotions thrill the soul that dwells within your frame; or what plans of ambition, what theories of government, what conceptions of the beautiful, what philosophic analysis, what grand historic themes, what questions of law, of society, of theology, may succeed each other, forming into systems, within your silent, busy brain: The man of science may experiment on your nerves, with a devotion to his ideal, to his theory, that suspends for the moment the thought that pain can burn along those living fibres. But the man of true, deep, commanding character will not lose, in the stress of the occasion, the remembrance that "man is greater than science"; that the laborer who erects his mansion is greater than his house; "that he who cuts your grain and beats it with the flail is greater than the harvest"; that for man the earth rolls, and planets sweep the blue upper sea; that for man institutions exist—*even divine institutions*, such as the gospel and the church.

No one can claim the attribute of genuine character, unless, like the great Sufferer, he sees in man something worth a sacrifice, worth saving.

Character ennobles thought. It is inseparable from the love of truth. The true man, the genuine thinker, whatever be his calling, seeks truth; *for*, see it, as by a divine instinct, amidst the fields of error and the labyrinth of deceit. He earns to be false. The following paragraphs are mostly from "The Pulpit a Civilizer," by the same author.

He is bold in truth. He believes in his mission, and its final triumph. He holds to it, "amid shaking empires and stormy revolutions." It turns before his eye with everlasting brightness.

True character confides in virtue; recognizes a righteous God, a safe and just government—law in nature, providence and grace. It claims its own right, as Paul did when shielded by the power of Roman citizenship, but only for the sake of magnifying his office.

True character does not limit life. It is a grand present, and yet lives beyond it, reaching into the ages. It is willing to wait for appreciation and reward like Milton and Kepler, and sublimely like Ohlström. It is enough to know that God approves. The man of genuine character demonstrates by his intelligence, his culture, his devotion, his piety, his harmony of temperament, his power, his self-oblivion, his high aims, his piety of ignorance and wondrous blindness, the right to teach others. Men feel that the pulpit is his proper sphere. When he speaks it is with authority. They see that he speaks from conviction, and are continually uttering the words of the great Master. There is boldness with modesty, conscience with mental penetration, zeal with prudence, fervor with dignity, faith with rigid reason, promptness with deliberation, amenity with stern resolve.

Skelton.

PHILIP SKELTON, THE IRISH RECTOR.

In the early part of the 18th century, there lived and labored in obscure parishes in Ireland, an Irish clergyman of remarkable original character, interesting memorials of whom are brought to light by a recent contributor to the *British Review*. His works formed part of the extensive and valuable collection of the poet, and fell into the hands of the reviewer at the sale of the poet's effects subsequent to his death. From these memorials, it would appear that Skelton was a person of good family and excellent education; tall, athletic, and noble in appearance; of a high degree of eloquence and scholarly attainments; author of elegant Latin hexameters, a finished writer and logician; a sound theologian, and a simple believer; enthusiastic and laborious in his pastoral work; and above all fearless, "plucky," independent, and unflinching above the common lot of men, to the praise or blame of his fellows. He appears to have been an object of jealousy among his ecclesiastical superiors, and was treated with studied neglect and injustice, but it mattered little to the self-contained and healthfully-organized Irish rector, who seemed but too content with an opportunity to labour, and deny himself for his ignorant and needy parishioners.

"Skelton" characterizes the *Review*—at first bewildered eyes. The most opposite qualities unite in him. You are at times half vexed at his disregard of dignities and his self-reliance, and then you are struck by his generous patience with his detractors, and his willingness to surrender all hopes of honorable promotion to devote himself to the poor and humble. He could to-day give battle on some question from Aristotle, some quotation from *Lucian*, *Seneca*, or *Horace*, and to-morrow sell his library for a song, and live on herbs, to keep his starving parishioners in hearts until relief should reach them.

"You are reminded at one moment of Dr. Johnson, at another of Thomas Carlyle, and then of the apostle John. Your perplexity increases till you turn from his biography and read his thoughts, and then you are roused in every fibre by his holy zeal, his epiphany and ardor. You are borne away by his irresistible and fearless logic, and you do not wonder that, when the Irish Skelton preached in London the houses were crowded, and people wondered that he was so little known."

He was born in the Parish of Derraghly, near Lisburn; had a somewhat severe early training, and entered Dublin University in 1724, where his delight in vigorous sports, his manly spirit and the presages of his peculiar talent in after life, to be the object of the admiration and respect of his superiors, already began to appear.

Skelton took a curacy from Dr. Madden, and was ordained deacon, in 1729, by Dr. Sterne, Bishop of Clogher, successor to the famous Dean Swift. He entered upon this with fasting and prayer. The noble charity of Skelton began to show itself. He gave away half his scanty salary. Returning from church on the Sabbath, he came to a smouldering cabin where three children had been burnt to death. To dress the wounds of a fourth, he took off his garments and stripped his linen to pieces.

While with Dr. Madden, he published a pamphlet recommending Dr. Madden's scheme for premiums in Trinity College. It appeared, and sent to the doctor, who showed it to Skelton with the joyful declaration, that he had one of the finest pamphlets ever written, and mist find out the author. He wrote a very complimentary letter to the unknown author requesting his name. A correspondence was maintained for some time through the publisher—the unknown, resisting the politest and most pressing invitations to reveal himself. Sed sat nominis umbra. The Doctor was corresponding with his own humble curate. His position under Madden was very uncomfortable, however, and he soon left his curate.

Skelton was never married. He was three engaged, the first time to a lady who became too curious in her inquiries into his financial prospects; the second disgusted him with her attempts to awe him with an account of her grand connections and ancestry. The third was so unfortunate as to receive the call of a gay young man, a kind of Irish Beau Brummel. Skelton, in a massive way, laid hands upon him, bore him with the greatest ease to the landing-place of the stairs, and dropped him like a puppy down a flight, and took his final leave of the lady. But he was no misogynist. He ever spoke highly of the sex, and treated them with a cavalier's respect. In his works we find two very able and godly discourses upon marriage, and albeit the title of one is slightly sarcastic, namely, "How to be happily though married," yet throughout the sermon itself, there is no trace of irreverence, nor a tinge of the cynical; on the contrary, it is earnest, eloquent, and full of the "meekness and gentleness of Christ."

Appropos of titles. The following are some of the quaint mottoes prefixed to his elegant, and often classic, sermons: "The Sinner's Scoorn"; "God will Measure to you in your own Babel"; "The Thinker shall be Saved"; "The True Christian is both Dead and Alive"; "None but the Child of God bears God's"; "The Good Few require but a Narrow Road"; "A Crowd must have a Broad Road"; "Rob him not of the Seventh who gave you Six"; "The Church of Christ can have but one Mind"; "He only Saves, who wisely Gives Away"; "Infidelity is the Heart"; &c. &c. These terse titles are keys to unlock the discourses subjected to them, and display no little power of compressing thought. His title of another is, "The Angel in the Marble"; and every sentence of the sermon is a stroke to set it free. It would be well for all who are desultory in their style of preaching to compress their discourses into some single, nervous statement, like Skelton's, and then cast out all irrelevant matter.

A NEW PARISH.

Skelton opened a new chapter of his life in the cure of Monaghan. He was all ablaze with zeal. He catechised the children, visited the people of all sects, from house to house, and on a certain evening, invited them all to his house to instruct them. He now began to display an eloquence almost Chalmersian. His style, his flexible voice, modulated by the instinct of his genius, his clear diction, his eloquent features, his sincerity of heart, which was felt like a breeze from the sea, diffused and bracing, these combined made him impressive, irresistible.

His life was parallel with his preaching. It was "decorated with piety, chastity, humility, and charity." He set off in haste to Dublin to save a convict sentenced to be hung in five days, known by him to be innocent. He explored his way to the prison, council, started them with eloquence, and returned with an acquittal.

He returned a notorious sinner, a perfect Gibraltar of iniquity, whom no bombardment of truth had ever silenced or taken. At first, Skelton was forced to fly bounding from his presence, for "he took a spit and ran" at him to stick him. But he invested him again, and by divine aid, by thunderous sermons, and a good Christian of him, he was cured. He studied medicine, and cured diseases of his people. He cured a lunatic, by humoring her whims. She was haunted with a phantom. She declared that it was first here, then there; sometimes on the bedpost, sometimes on the cupboard, and then in the window. Skelton made a Celtic demonstration with the broomstick, not sparing the crockery or sash-lights, until the phantom was routed forever, and the woman was restored.

He was brave as a knight-errant, in the service of God. Disgraced at an inn, with the profanity of an officer glittering with scarlet, he requested him to desist from his swearing. The officer insulted him, saying him a "sounder curate." Skelton gave him a deliberate and effectual drubbing, and extorted from him an apology, and a promise of more reverence in future.

In the meantime Skelton's fame as a preacher and writer was extending. His sermons, his charity, his eloquence, and his trenchant, ridiculing infidelity, concentrated upon him the attention of many. This composition was anonymous, and styled "Some Proposals for the Revival of Christianity"; and was taken to Dean Swift, with the inquiry, whether he was the author or not. Swift would give no positive denial; thus indicating his sense of the ability of the writer.

TRUTH BATHER THAN PREJUDICE.
Bishop Sterne at length died, and the see of Clogher fell to Dr. Clayton, who was an Arian in his proclivities. Skelton early determined to be a champion of the Orthodox faith. When he and the bishop met, sparks flew from their broadswords.

On one occasion Skelton tracked him, in the intricate style, from point to point, until the bishop found his position reduced to an absurdity. If Skelton had been more artful, or had recalled the fate of poor Gil Blas, he would have been more careful than to beard thus his bishop. While Skelton's society was cultivated, while his conversation dazzled, and his publications challenged the respect of Clayton, the livings were given to others.

"Deism Revealed" is a remarkable work. It deals in true scholastic style with the Bolingbroke and Hume of the day. It is a curious circumstance, which Skelton related with much gusto, that Hume himself one day took the manuscript into a room near the shop, read for an hour—then returned and said to the publisher, "print." Skelton made two hundred pounds by "Deism Revealed."

This first introduced him to the churches of London, whom he startled with his eloquence. After many years of repression—their indignities, and the indignities of the Bishop of Sherlock of London asked the Bishop of Clogher if he knew the author of "Deism Revealed." "O yes," said he coldly; "he has been a curate of mine for twenty years." "More shame for your Lordship," replied Sherlock, "to let a man of his merit remain obscure so long."

THE PARISH OF PETTICO.

A year after Dr. Delany and another bishop called upon the Bishop of Clogher. They assured the bishop that such studied neglect would be brooked no longer. He must give Mr. Skelton a living now, after so many delays, or be removed himself from his diocese. But pretentious meanness never reached its climax. He made a number of changes—and Skelton, in a fit of passion, sent poor Skelton to the town of Pettico, "a savage place among mountains, rocks and heath." The people themselves were as rough and hirsute as the hills. They seemed to have sprung from the rocks of the wild and primitive formation—as if the deluge had just withdrawn, and some Deucalion and Pyrrha had cast stones over their heads to repopulate the country.

He could not collect from his parish two hundred pounds a year. His people were almost as fierce as the subjects of Hengist and Horsa.

He was really afraid of being killed by them. He took with him from Monaghan, "Jonas Good, a great boxer," to defend him. "I'll give you a fight," said he, "at which I am told you are weary of pugilism." "Good confessed he had a knack at plevism." "Well, Sir, you must fight bravely; when you see me

laying down my hands, be sure to do the same, then strike stoutly, and when I stop then stop you." He equipped him with pistols and holsters, and a horse. They sallied out together like some knight-errant and his squire. The squire went forward and received most of the salutes, for many mistook him for his lord.

Like a true evangelist, he adapted himself to this wild race. He laid aside his learning, and the ornaments of rhetoric. He visited them from house to house, and told them of the Saviour Jesus, whose name was as new to many of them as that of Plato or Leibnitz. He lured them to the church, and their look, when talking to them in a plain style, with a wild and impressive oratory to fix religious truth in their minds. He "worked upon their shame," and plied them in every manner till he led many of these wild Hibernians to believe in the God who made, and the Saviour who redeemed them. He preached monthly at Sir James Caldwell's house, to the peasantry, and it is a proof of their abject and stark ignorance, that on one occasion, one of them assured him there were two Gods, another, that there were three.

In 1757 his parish was visited with famine. He, shuddered at the prospect of his people starving. He sold his books, the great soles of the scholar—the friends of his solitude. Watson, bookseller, of Dublin, bought them for £80. Two ladies sent him a £50 bill, requesting him to secure his books and devote the money to his poor. He received the money; wrote Lady Barrymore that he had "dedicated the books to God, and he must sell them."

THE SUMMIT OF HIS WISHES.

Meanwhile the see of Clogher was again made vacant by death. Dr. Garnet succeeded Clayton, and at once paid Skelton that attention which so anxious and learned a divine deserved. In 1768 he promoted him to the living of Finton. Skelton had preferred no request. With the loftiness of true humility he sought not promotion from man, but waited for the movement of Providence.

Not long after, the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Cloyne, invited him to preach his consecration sermon in Dublin. Skelton wrote the discourse, but was seized with indisposition, and sent his lordship the sermon. The bishop was astonished with its ability, but was pained by his absence, and wrote him that he had broken the chain of friendship. Skelton replied with an independent but Christian spirit, and there the matter ended. Had it not been for this "contraband," Skelton would have been promoted to a high position in the Church. Burdy says, "he had no ambitious motives." Finton was the summit of his wishes. "In no human breast was there ever a more settled contempt for the vain pomp of a sublimity of God, than in that of Skelton, who, in that restless egotism of many of our modern clergy, who are nervous lest the world should benefit of their transcendent abilities, and who are no sooner settled in one field than they are seized with the migratory impulse, and explore for another."

DR. BEECHER'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of Dr. Lyman Beecher was held at the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn on the 14th ult., in the afternoon. The house was densely crowded in every part. The family of the deceased were nearly all present. There was a very large attendance of clergy men of various denominations. Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., D.D., read various passages of Scripture, and offered prayers. The sermon was by Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven, from the text: "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rev. Dr. Skinner made the concluding prayer, and Dr. Peters pronounced the benediction. The pall bearers were as follows:—

Rev. Thomas Skinner, D.D., Rev. William Adams, D.D., Rev. Wm. A. Hallock, D.D., Rev. Milton Badger, D.D., Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D.D., Rev. Joshua Leavitt, D.D., Rev. John Marsh, D.D., Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., D.D., Rev. Mr. Spear, D.D., Rev. W. I. Badger, D.D., Rev. M. Bidwell, D.D.

On Thursday the remains were taken to New Haven, and buried beside those of Dr. Taylor, in accordance with Dr. Beecher's dying request. In the course of the sermon Dr. Bacon read the following note from Mrs. Stowe:—

"For the last year of his life, all the organs of communication and expression with the outer world seemed to fail. His utterance was much of the time, unintelligible sounds, only short catches and phrases from which could be gathered that the internal current still flowed. Still his eye remained luminous, and the expression of his face, when calm, was marked both by strength and sweetness. Occasionally a flash of his old quick humor would light up his face, and a quick reply would break out in the most unexpected manner. One day, as he lay on the sofa, his daughter stood by him brushing his long white hair; his eyes were fixed on the window, and the whole expression of his face was peculiarly serene and humorous. 'Do you know,' she said, 'stroking his hair, 'Do you know, you are a very handsome old gentleman?' Instantly his eyes twinkled with a roguish light, and he answered quickly, 'Tell me something new.'"

In another mood as he sat gazing apparently into vacancy, a friend drew near and began to read to him a little article out from the papers, called "The Working and the Waiting-Servant." He drew nearer and nearer, listened with fixed attention, and finally covered his eyes with his fingers, and the tears slowly, coursed down his cheeks. 'How could you know that was what I needed?' he said. 'Keep that and read to me often.'"

At another time, when she had compassed him to his night's rest, she named over to him the names of his old friends, Taylor, Edwards, Cornelius, &c. 'Oh, I know them all,' he said. Then in a moment, with an effort at utterance,—"One more thing let me say—'I am all gone! I am left alone, gone!'"

laying down my hands, be sure to do the same, then strike stoutly, and when I stop then stop you." He equipped him with pistols and holsters, and a horse. They sallied out together like some knight-errant and his squire. The squire went forward and received most of the salutes, for many mistook him for his lord.

Like a true evangelist, he adapted himself to this wild race. He laid aside his learning, and the ornaments of rhetoric. He visited them from house to house, and told them of the Saviour Jesus, whose name was as new to many of them as that of Plato or Leibnitz. He lured them to the church, and their look, when talking to them in a plain style, with a wild and impressive oratory to fix religious truth in their minds. He "worked upon their shame," and plied them in every manner till he led many of these wild Hibernians to believe in the God who made, and the Saviour who redeemed them. He preached monthly at Sir James Caldwell's house, to the peasantry, and it is a proof of their abject and stark ignorance, that on one occasion, one of them assured him there were two Gods, another, that there were three.

In 1757 his parish was visited with famine. He, shuddered at the prospect of his people starving. He sold his books, the great soles of the scholar—the friends of his solitude. Watson, bookseller, of Dublin, bought them for £80. Two ladies sent him a £50 bill, requesting him to secure his books and devote the money to his poor. He received the money; wrote Lady Barrymore that he had "dedicated the books to God, and he must sell them."

Meanwhile the see of Clogher was again made vacant by death. Dr. Garnet succeeded Clayton, and at once paid Skelton that attention which so anxious and learned a divine deserved. In 1768 he promoted him to the living of Finton. Skelton had preferred no request. With the loftiness of true humility he sought not promotion from man, but waited for the movement of Providence.

Not long after, the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Cloyne, invited him to preach his consecration sermon in Dublin. Skelton wrote the discourse, but was seized with indisposition, and sent his lordship the sermon. The bishop was astonished with its ability, but was pained by his absence, and wrote him that he had broken the chain of friendship. Skelton replied with an independent but Christian spirit, and there the matter ended. Had it not been for this "contraband," Skelton would have been promoted to a high position in the Church. Burdy says, "he had no ambitious motives." Finton was the summit of his wishes. "In no human breast was there ever a more settled contempt for the vain pomp of a sublimity of God, than in that of Skelton, who, in that restless egotism of many of our modern clergy, who are nervous lest the world should benefit of their transcendent abilities, and who are no sooner settled in one field than they are seized with the migratory impulse, and explore for another."

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