

# American Freebytem

Vol. VII, No. 24.—Whole No. 336.

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1863.

GENESEE EVANGELIST.—Whole No. 873.

## Poetry.

### A Story of Gibraltar.

[Correspondence of the American Presbyterian in Delaware.]

Mr. Editor and Dear Brother—  
In a prayer-meeting a few evenings since, I employed the incident of the sentinel in the gallery, in the Fortress Gibraltar, trying out "The precious blood of Christ," in illustration of the good any Christian may do even incidentally, whose heart is filled with love to the Saviour. Subsequently, the enclosed versification of the incident by an unknown hand, came into my possession. It is at your disposal.

Night brooded on the sea. The galled Rock,  
That through the long, bright day had echoed  
back  
The tramp of soldiery, and ring of arms,  
Was hushed to silence; from its triple points  
Which springing from the waters, seemed to  
reach

Up to heaven's vault, to where the gentle gale  
Of waves upon the beach, showed man his bound.  
No sound disturbed the stillness, save the tread  
Measured and slow, of sentry as he paced  
With muffled step his ever-wearing boot.

The rugged coast peacefully beneath  
The flood of moonlight on the placid bay  
Shone like a mirror; 'twas a holy night,  
Before the morn of one vast gallery strode,  
Restless and sad, a soldier; he had been  
A good companion, so his comrades said.

Generous and cheerful, bold and gentle too,  
The soul of honor, and in morals pure  
As goes the world. But on the previous morn  
He stood with others on the "neutral ground"  
And stooping carefully to pick what seemed  
A blank page from the earth, he started back—  
"Prepare to meet thy God," was written there,  
And echoed in his ear; how could he dare  
To meet his God? His conscience brought to  
view

His daily sins, and memory, waking up  
To mock his misery, told a faithful tale  
Of early errors, counsels thrown away  
Heaven's ungodly love, and sternness scorned.  
So did God's Spirit work; and eagerly  
He sought what he might do, but could not find.

Looking far out upon the "Middle Sea"  
Another sentry stood; he guarded there  
The outlet of a gallery. Far beneath  
Straight downward as he looked, the waves laved  
The stern Rock's foot; and far above him  
stretched

Only the Rock. He was alone with God.  
The moon fast sinking in the Western sky  
Illumined not his beard, the huge Rock's shade  
Spread like a pall below, till far away  
The slant rays struck the waves, and lighted  
them

To silvery brightness. Yet amid the gloom  
His soul was light; for he had sent his thought  
Through centuries of time till in a land  
Washed by these very waters he beheld  
The dying Son of God. Low at the Cross  
His spirit bowed, and with adoring faith  
He praised his Saviour. Rapt in joyous thought  
The guard approached unheard, and half recalled  
The guard's quick challenge, he as quickly cried  
"The precious blood of Christ!" Then smiling  
gave

The password for the night. But echoing back  
Through the long gallery, his words had fallen  
As if from heaven upon the man who stood  
A self-conscious stranger; and as soft  
"The precious blood of Christ," he heard, and soon  
So did a faith in Jesus swiftly pour  
Sweet peace into his soul, and gave him rest.

Soldier of Christ! What dost thou idling thus  
Upon thy post? How knows the outer world  
That thou art here? Thou hast a word for all  
Who pass thee in their way; a trifling jest,  
A merry song, or sage advice perchance,  
Or pleasant converse; but no word of Christ!  
Oh, shame! "Stand up, for Jesus!" Let his  
praise

Be upon your lips, nor shun to have  
His name upon your lips; lest when he comes  
In all his glory, yours be strange to him. F.

## Correspondence.

### ESCAPING FROM SLAVERY.

NUMBER ONE.

Is the escape of a slave from his master a crime upon which the utmost severity of legal penalty ought to be visited?

A few years ago, as I was about to enter my study, I was met, at the gate, by a man of gentlemanly manners, who respectfully asked for an interview with me. He was of complexion but little darker than my own, and his cast of features was not such as to show very plainly that he belonged to a different division of the human family; but when he uncovered his head, the crisp hair upon it at once indicated that the dark tinge of his complexion was derived from the mingling of African blood with that of his proud Kentucky ancestry.

He was a minister of the Gospel, and showed me credentials of good standing as such, in the M. E. Church, together with ample testimonials of his entire trustworthiness, from ministers in this city of the Methodist and Old School Presbyterian Churches.

He was the slave of a man living in this State, who offered, for the sum of nine hundred dollars, to manumit him; and had given him "leave of absence" for several months, to go abroad and solicit that sum. His desire was to go to Liberia, and I have been told that he succeeded, and is now preaching the Gospel in that African "land of the free."

During my interview with him, I was surprised to find that he expected to solicit contributions from the Methodist churches in Illinois; and I expressed a doubt, whether he would be permitted to cross the river. He assured me that he was too well known to prominent citizens, to experience any difficulty on that score; and with as many a sense of character as I ever saw manifested, expressed his firm purpose to take no dishonorable advantage of the confidence placed in him. Pleased with his Christian honor, and perceiving that he possessed no mean powers of moral discrimination, I asked for a fuller expression of his opinion, upon the question, whether it is right for a slave to escape from slavery by flight.

He replied: "I am not prepared to say that it is *never* right. There are cases of very great oppression, from which there is no other chance of relief. I am not prepared to say that, in *some* such cases, it is not right to flee. But in my circumstances, I have no idea of doing any such thing. I am trusted, and I mean to act a manly and honorable part." He spoke in the deliberate, calm manner of a man who had thought the subject all over, and who had well-considered principles and fixed purposes, for the govern-

ment of his conduct. He accepted his condition of servitude as allotted to him in the ordering of divine Providence; in that condition, he received with docility the Scriptural instructions to be obedient and faithful to his master; and he would not harbor the thought of seeking to change his condition by any least sacrifice of truth and honor, or by any but unquestionably lawful and honest means. Yet his docile, thoughtful, prayerful mind could not receive the doctrine that it is *never* right for a slave to flee from his bondage.

I have been authentically informed of an instance occurring more recently in this city, which illustrates that honest man's allusion to "cases of very great oppression," from which he was "not prepared to say" that it would be wrong to escape by flight.

A woman of pleasing personal appearance, fled from the cruel scourging, and the far worse injuries of a drunken master, and took refuge in the house of a lady, who pitied her, and allowed her temporary concealment in her garret. It could be only temporary. Consultation with sympathizing neighbors convinced the lady that her unhappy refugee could not escape. There was no lawful way to rescue her. The most that could be done was to obtain from the master a promise that he would receive and treat her kindly; and she had to return to him, to be subject, in his home, to his arbitrary power, with no security against either his cruelty or his kindness, save his promise—the promise of a drunkard!

Which of the Ten Commandments would that woman have broken—what principle of Christian morality would she have violated in making her escape, if she could have done it? The law of our country forbade the neighbors rendering her any assistance to escape; but if there had been no such human statute, is there any law of God that would have sustained them? Would the Golden rule or the parable of the Good Samaritan, duly considered, have hindered them from exercising their womanly sympathy, in encouraging and helping their fellow-woman's escape?

Some of my friends will say that this is "an exceptional case." So it is. Evidently my colored clerk brother would say so. He did not affirm that flight from servitude was *always* right, or *commonly* right. He simply could not admit that it was "never right."

Have not the legislation, and the politics, and much of the Biblical interpretation of our country in past years, assumed that it is *never* right to flee from slavery—that a "running slave" is *always* to be regarded and treated as a criminal? Have we in this been in harmony with the Bible, and with God?

If you please, Mr. Editor, we will pursue this inquiry farther in other numbers.

H. A. N.

St. Louis, Jan'y 27th, 1863.

### PROFESSOR SAUNDERS' LETTER.

Since Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, without a suggestion from any one, gave his impressions of my lamented son, Courtland Saunders, who fell in the last moment of the last of the Antislavery battles, he has suggested in a letter that some one who knew him intimately write his biography. He was pleased to remark: "Should his life be told in a simple, loving way, it will find readers all over the land."

My son, the author of the New System of Latin Paradigms was much engaged in the preparation of his life in preparing two books for publication—one on which he spent the greater amount of time, in Latin; the other, a treatise upon education.

I propose publishing, in future numbers of this journal, a few extracts of his sentiments and of his tract for soldiers.

May I most respectfully request all intelligent Christians, who may read such extracts, in case they find important matter in them; to point them out to others, and, especially, to any local editors of their respective counties, towns, or cities.

I know the willingness of editors to publish his ideas; for distant journals containing articles respecting him, have been received daily by Mrs. Courtland Saunders—and in a single day, within the last week, as many as eight.

Will all such editors who may see this article accept the sincere thanks of a bereaved family, and will kind Christians co-operate with me in spreading the pious sentiments of our gentle, loving member, who, as he impelled by sense of duty, passed for the last time through the gate of his home, paused for a moment, and said of the grounds adorned by his exquisite taste, of the house and the hearts within—"I will take one more look at the dear old place—these are pleasant things to leave."

"We once were" four "who now are" three—a widow and parents. Then his candle shined upon my parents. His words are quoted and applied to ourselves, not, we hope without gratitude.

Now that it has pleased God to remove this light which still throws back soft and consoling beams from afar, may we speak of its brightness to families upon whose head his candle still shines; and, especially to such as, like ourselves, sit in comparative darkness; having it may be a well grounded hope of deliverance, reunion and glory.

The last mail brought us from the banks of the Allegheny an editorial in the *Armstrong Democrat*, from the pen of a stranger. I will, I trust, be pardoned by the Christian community in publishing it as a very beautiful specimen of the kind things which my editors have written of the Tract for Soldiers and its author. "We notice by the Philadelphia press the 'Courtland Saunders Tract for Soldiers' has been issued. A tract bearing the name of the young man, whose Christian virtues, profound learning, and heroic conduct as a soldier won for him the grateful admiration of all who knew him while living, will attract the attention of thousands who have known him only by his death. The memory of the great and good is immortal. In the light of this truth, Courtland Saunders will live so long as virtue has a follower, and the rarest talent an admirer."

"It is not often such men appear on the stage of life. His pure and simple Christian faith, his truly wonderful acquirements, his devotedness to the cause of his country, sealed with his life's blood, all so noble and perfect, what else is left untold, worthy of respect and memory."

"When twelve years of age, he had read all the Scriptures in Greek; a little later and he was one of the best linguists of the age; at twenty, a professor in a school of high character, and an author of great promise. His new system of Latin Paradigms is said to be a work of great ability. Two years before his death he introduced military instruction into the school over which he presided."

"He entered the Corn Exchange Regiment as a Captain of a volunteer company recruited by himself, and fell at the battle of Antietam. At his death he was but twenty-one years of age." E. D. SAUNDERS.

### IS ROMAN CATHOLICISM THE SAME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY THAT IT WAS IN THE SIXTEENTH?

I have just finished the perusal of Motley's History of the rise of the Netherlands Republic. How admirably does he delineate the characters of the actors in that bloody drama. The agents of Philip II. move over the stage the very embodiment of evil. They tower aloft in wickedness, in cruelty unsurpassed, lapping up blood like water, living and moving in lying, hypocrisy and deception. These devotees of the Church of Rome seem like many demons jostling loose from the pit of hell. On the other hand you behold a cruelly oppressed people struggling for their political and religious liberties.

At the head is William, Prince of Orange, one of the noblest men the world ever saw, who, after breathing for years the fury of the oppressors, finally falls by the blow of an assassin, hired by Philip II. of Spain. All the horrid atrocities committed in the Netherlands—such as burning at the stake, hanging, beheading, quartering, sacking of cities, and butchering of the inhabitants, confiscation of estates, and banishing, were done by the express command of Philip II. of Spain, a most devoted bigot of the Church of Rome, whose avowed effort was to destroy and to banish the Netherlands all who were not Roman Catholics. This same Philip, he it is remembered, was in league secretly with the King of France, that he should do the same in his dominions. They were combined in, what they called, the holy purpose of destroying every Protestant (heretic) in the Netherlands and France.

Now, I repeat the question, is Roman Catholicism the same in the Nineteenth century that it was in the Sixteenth. To this question the reply made by many, and even, I think, by some Catholics, is no, it is much modified.

The question is not, does it do the same acts now that it did then, i. e. does it now celebrate Autos da Fe, burn at the stake persons for their dissent from Rome, torture them in the Inquisition, confiscate their estates and banish them—for confessedly these acts are not done now—but the question is, is the same spirit there, the disposition to commit all the bloody atrocities above referred to, if it had the power? Would it do now as the Duke of Alva, the Governor of the Netherlands under Philip II. of Spain, did, as Requesens, his successor did, as Parma did? Yes, I say emphatically, yes, the same spirit is there; and the same cruel, bloody scenes would be enacted, and the country swept clean of all who claim to be Protestants, who eschewed Roman Catholicism—if it only had the power.

Now it will be asked, why such an uncharitable view of Roman Catholicism is this? What has given occasion for this? I will tell you. On the 23d of August last, in a country not far near which I reside, a Roman Catholic congregation kept the anniversary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. This horrid butchery was commenced on the eve of St. Bartholomew's Day, August 23d, 1572, by Charles IX., King of France, urged on by his mother, Catharine of Medici (a bigoted Papist), and continued three days in Paris and flew like the deadly scirocco throughout the nation. To accomplish his ends, and to keep the unsuspecting Protestants in the trap laid for them, they were invited to be present at the marriage of Henry, King of Navarre, and Margaret of Valois. Neither rank nor age was spared. Charles IX. himself bled in the massacre. In the capital there suffered five hundred gentlemen, with ten thousand persons of inferior station, while not fewer than seventy thousand individuals fell throughout the entire kingdom. Some say not less than a hundred thousand in all.

How was such an event received by the nations around? Motley says the hearts of Protestant Europe for an instant stood still with horror. Elizabeth, Queen of England, put on mourning weeds, and spurned the apologies of the French Envoy with contempt. At Madrid, Philip II. was overjoyed and more delighted than with all the good fortune which had ever before happened to him. This rejoicing was echoed in all the churches, as if they would make the Lord God, merciful and gracious, a participant in such bloody deeds—yes, an approver of the massacre!

Pass through the gates of Rome and enter the Vatican. Gregory XIII. then sat on the Papal throne. History says this Pontiff received the news of the massacre with "inexpressible joy," he caused the cannon in the Castle of St. Angelo to be fired; commanded public rejoicing to celebrate the triumph of the holy cause, and then published a jubilee throughout Europe "in order," he said, "that the Catholics might rejoice with their head at the magnificent holocaust offered to the Papacy by the King of France." He received the head of the murdered Coligni, which Charles IX. and his mother had cut off and sent to him as a present, with transports of ferocious joy; and, in testimony of his gratitude to the King, sent him a magnificent, blessed sword, on which was represented an exterminating angel. He went in procession with his Cardinals to the church, The Te Deum was sung, and thanksgivings offered for the success of a crime which Tuannus, himself a Roman Catholic, stigmatizes as "a ferocious cruelty without a parallel in all antiquity."

Two years after, this monster of a King, Charles IX., this pious holy Roman Catholic, died in the most terrible agonies of body and mind.

This is the event which Roman Catholics have the effrontery, in this Nineteenth century, and in this Protestant country to commemorate; in this bloody butchery, this deed without a parallel—done in the name of religion—of their religion; and at the same

time would have us believe that they would not restore the Inquisition; would not kindle anew the fires of Smithfield, would not hark back to the quarter, and down Protestants. How *lamb-like!* and yet it celebrates the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day! What a shudder ran through the minds of the religious community of Philadelphia when the Infidels celebrated the birth-day of Tom Paine, one of the most violent and scurrilous revilers of the Bible and the Christian religion which the world ever saw. And did no shiver of horror pervade Protestant hearts, when the massacre of St. Bartholomew was commemorated by Roman Catholics?

Surely no one will deny, in view of this commemoration, that Roman Catholicism is the same it ever was, and that nothing but the weight of new restraints that church, which is steeped in the blood of the martyrs, from doing like deeds and in all the nations of the world. And anything more clearly evince the spirit which animates that anti-Christian system, than the hatred to Protestants (whom it calls heretics) which pervades it. In what light should we Protestants view Papists, approving as they do that bloody transaction. Roman Catholicism is the same in spirit if ever was. C.

### LESSONS OF WAR.

NUMBER XXVII.

GREATNESS AND PROSPERITY SPRINGING FROM DOWNFALL AND MISFORTUNE.

Nations have frequently been indolent for their greatness, to the disadvantages of their situation, and the poverty of their soil. The political influence and power of Attica originated in the barren and rocky soil of Greece, on account of their favorable situation and the fertility of their soil, offering a constant allurements to plunderers and invaders, continued, age after age, to change their inhabitants, and were unable, in consequence, to make any steady progress in wealth and population; whilst Attica, from the rugged and uninviting nature of the country, was permitted to remain undisturbed, and to grow in resources through successive generations.

Besides the other tribes that had, for the reasons just mentioned, been dispossessed by invading bands, were led to betake themselves for refuge to Athens, the capital of that part of the country of which we are speaking, and so became part of the nation, and continued to swell her wealth and population with a rapid and solid increase.

A similar account is given of the origin of the Republic of Venice. When the Huns had destroyed those parts of Italy, that lay near the north-east of the Gulf of Venice, many of the people escaped to the uninhabited rocks and marshes lying about the neighboring sea. "Thus," to use the words of Machiavelli, "under the pressure of necessity, they left an agreeable and fertile country, to occupy one sterile and unwholesome. However, in consequence of a great number of people being drawn together into a comparatively small space, in a short time they made those places not only habitable, but delightful; and having established among themselves laws and useful regulations, they engaged themselves in security amid the devastations of Italy, and soon increased both in reputation and strength."

As necessity had led them to dwell on sterile rocks, they were compelled to seek the means of subsistence elsewhere; and voyaging with their ships to every port on the ocean, their city became a depository for the various products of the world, and was itself filled with them. The advantages of this, in these instances, there is something admirable to contemplate. Here we behold powerful forms of national existence, originating in annihilation; the spirit and capacity for extensive conquest, rising from the completeness of a former overthrow, a harvest of power and wealth, springing from the seed of extreme weakness and poverty; imperial dominion, laying its foundations in the depths of misfortune and obscurity; influence and delight, in the midst of the world, taking their rise in circumstances so straitened and necessitous, as scarcely to afford room for the despairing relics of an extirpated people, to prolong their existence for a single day. And what particularly deserves our notice is, that the connection between these two classes of things is not accidental; that these great and favorable results were not produced merely in despite of the disadvantages that preceded them, or by some indirect way, in consequence of them; but that they originated vitally in them, drew from their radical elements of their being, their birth, their growth, their nourishment, their noble and superb perfection.

There is, in all this, something so remote from our accustomed ways of thinking, that when it is set before our eyes, we cannot but behold it with surprise; yet these instances are so far from being singular, that the principle involved in them is to be discovered in everything in which human nature is concerned. What appears in the view of men to be a case of ruin, where power, happiness, and fortune, are laid in dust, often proves, in the hand of God, the germ of a more vigorous form of life, magnificence and prosperity. And in this aspect of divine Providence we are called upon to adore that supreme wisdom, and almighty power, that can confound all human speculation and dispense with all counteract all natural instrumentalities, in which sense and reason teach mankind to trust. "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent." . . . God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought the things which are."

These considerations should teach us a veneration, more not to feel, for divine wisdom and omnipotence. They should make us humble, and distrustful of ourselves, by showing us how ignorant we are of the real meaning of any course of events, or any condition of things we see around us. They should lead us in lowliness of mind, to address ourselves to the plain duty of every day, and to leave our welfare in the hands of Him, who understands all the intricate and hidden connection of things, upon which our happiness depends. They should restrain us from the folly of despising and trampling upon the fallen and the poor, since we do not know whether Infinite wisdom may not be bringing them down to this low and helpless

state, he preparing them for rising again with glory and prosperity, before which we shall stand intimidated and ashamed.

Often happens that before men experience a happy and permanent elevation, they were sunk for a time out of the sight of men, in depression and misfortune. As winter, with its rigors of frost and snow, enriches and mellow the earth; as night, with its shadows, gives invigorating repose to nature, so the severities and gloom of poverty prepare the heart for greater fruitfulness, when the day of action shall arrive. Incalculable are the blessings that flow from a prolonged season of difficulty; and from the embarrassment of an obscure condition, that possesses nothing to lift up the heart. Such experience affords a shelter, when the soul is hidden from premature temptation to self-confidence and pride, till it has become fortified, by time and struggling, against their influence, and grown sufficiently strong for the battle of the world.

And not from obscurity alone, do such advantages arise; but from appalling changes, and seeming ruin itself. It sometimes occurs that stern and threatening events, that had been dreaded, while they were approaching, as things that involved one's certain destruction, when at length they fall upon him, only give new impulse to his soul, and open new prospects before his eyes. Life is like a game of billiards; where the skillful player does not aim the stroke of his meringue at the ball he is ultimately to fall upon him, only give new impulse to his soul, and open new prospects before his eyes. Life is like a game of billiards; where the skillful player does not aim the stroke of his meringue at the ball he is ultimately to fall upon him, only give new impulse to his soul, and open new prospects before his eyes.

Men frequently wander long before they ascertain their objects, and are enabled to fix upon the business of their lives; and are thus painfully made, for a time, to spend their efforts at random and in vain; but this is the work of a good and Almighty Providence letting in by degrees the light of solid reason, moderate and extravagant desire, demonstrating the hollowness of many things, that once possessed a dangerous fascination, turning the mind to things of more lasting utility, and improving its facilities for reaching after them, with greater certainty of success. It is true, indeed, that long continued adversity, and many disappointments, may exhaust the fortitude and strength of some minds, and end in the extinction of hope, and the overthrow of reason; but they seldom produce such effects in men of large and earnest views, of entering enterprise and genius. They only correct their mistakes, invigorate their reason, interrupt them in their low pursuits, and give a wider range, and bolder instinct to their aspirations.

These observations, in which we have endeavored to show, what happy results may flow from hard fortune, obscurity, and apparent ruin,—are calculated to remind us that we are of yesterday, and know nothing. They show us how unwise it is to despise a fellow-man, since we cannot tell from anything we see, how soon our own condition, or his may change, and with what pious awe we should regard the Deity, to whom it is so easy to disappoint all the calculations, and defeat all the purposes of man. S. P. H.

### Selections.

DR. BEGG ON READING SERMONS.

Dr. BEGG of the Free Presbytery of Edinburgh has recently been making a vigorous attack upon the prevailing practice of reading Sermons; and has persuaded his Presbytery by a vote of 10 to 9 to memorialize the General Assembly that means be taken to teach theological students to preach without reading. We regard the address as sufficiently interesting and valuable to lay the principal portion of it before our readers.

Dr. BEGG'S remarks are as follows:—Dr. Chalmers could deliver a sermon much better than he could deliver one without reading. In no other department of life did men read discourses. In the House of Lords—one of the most fastidious assemblies in the world—in the House of Commons, reading, said Dr. BEGG, is entirely out of the question. Then, again, at the bar there is no such thing as reading; and on a public platform any man will immediately discover that the audience will very effectually deal with him, should he attempt to read a speech. There is a stronger reason for reading in every one of these cases than there is in the pulpit, because in almost all the effort is almost entirely an intellectual effort. A man at the bar, for example, could as fully and as effectually discuss the subject which he brings before the mind of a judge from a written document as he could by means of a spoken address, because there is no attempt, and there should be none, to influence the feelings of the judges, but simply to appeal to their understandings. In the case of the preacher, on the other hand, the case is quite different, as he requires to endeavor to influence and convince both the feelings and convictions of his hearers. But, while on this point, I would say even more than this;—I would say, if in all these different departments of life men undergo the heavy drudgery of preparing addresses to be delivered without reading, far more ought the ministers of Christ, who have a far higher and nobler object in view, to undergo any amount of drudgery in order to bring themselves more into contact with the understandings and consciences of

their people. I would, in such a case as this, actually use the language of the Apostle, and say, "They do it for a corruptible crown."

No one can have read the letter which Lord Brougham addressed to the father of the late Lord Macaulay,—a letter which I think should be put into the hands of every one of our students,—without seeing what an immense labor that eminent man underwent, and what immense labor he advises the young Macaulay to undergo, for the purpose of becoming an effective speaker without being obliged to read.

Not only is there no reading of speeches in any other public department of human life except the pulpit, but it is a most remarkable fact that there is no reading except in the Protestant pulpit. No such thing exists in the Catholic Church. They know human nature far too well to allow any such thing to be introduced into their system. As far as the pulpit is concerned, our practice of reading sermons was introduced into the English Church at the time when persecutions raged,—at a time when many were liable to be charged with saying things that rendered them in the eye of the law amenable to punishment. That being the case, ministers found it necessary for self-defence to write down all they uttered in the pulpit, with the view of preserving the manuscript, and producing it in court, should they be challenged with having said what they were conscious they did not say, either before or after the fact.

The history of the Church of the world, discover any traces of the introduction of this practice of reading sermons until the period of the persecutions.

And, while speaking on this subject, let me ask, what, at the present moment, do we find in regard to the other Churches? Take the Wesleyan Methodist Church, for example, which has produced such powerful effects in England. The reading of sermons in that denomination is, I believe, a thing quite unknown. Take, also, the other Dissenters of Scotland; and although I believe they have to some extent degenerated, yet you will find that in the days of their strength and glory, the general rule which they laid down was the rule that a man should preach without reading. At all events, they trained all their students to preach without reading. Then, again, every young man who enters the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church is obliged to repeat his sermon without reading; and in the Reformed Presbyterian Church the same is the case. If a sermon were merely an address to the understanding of the human eye; and, if there is no end, and the mind wakes and sleeps on it. What has been wearisome in the composition is not likely to change its character in the delivery; and the preacher and the hearer slumber over it together. I would have the pastor write less, that he may study more; that he may present to his people better thoughts, with richer utterance and greater power. The only other point to which I should like, for a moment to direct the attention of the clergy, is the special bearing of all this upon the people of Scotland in reference to this subject; and I have no hesitation in saying that, if you were to poll them from Dan to Beersheba, you would find that an overwhelming majority of them have a great dislike to reading sermons. They have an idea, or a kind of feeling, that the man who reads a sermon has not been properly trained to do his work. They have a kind of contempt for the man who reads his sermon; to which there is no end, and the mind wakes and sleeps on it. 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