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Poetry.

Under the Cross.

I cannot, cannot say—
Out of my bruised and breaking heart—
Storm-driven along a thorn-stem way—
While blood-drops start
From every pore, as I drag on—
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

I thought, but yesterday,
My will was one with God's dear will,
And that it would be sweet to say—
"Whatever ill
My happy state should smite upon,"
"Thy will, my God be done!"

But I was weak and wrong,
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart:
And pride alone in me was strong,
With cunning art,
To cheat me in my golden sun,
To say, "God's will be done!"

O shadow, drear and cold,
That frights me out of foolish pride,
O flood that through my bosom rolls
In billowy tide,
I said, till ye your power made known,
"God's will, my God be done!"

Now, faint and sore afraid,
Under my cross—heavy and rude,—
My idols in the ashes laid,
Like ashes strewn,
The holy words my pale lips shun—
"O God, thy will be done!"

Pity my woes, O God!
And touch my will with thy warm breath;
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,
That quickens dead,
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,
And say, "Thy will be done!"
—Poems of Sorrow and Comfort.

Correspondence.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

EMANCIPATION MEETING.

A demonstration, the like of which has not been seen in London since the days of the agitation about the "Ora Laws," took place lately in and around Exeter Hall. The main hall was crowded to suffocation, two smaller rooms were also filled, and a great crowd stood on the street, in front of the building; and thoroughly orthodox speeches were delivered in all the three places at the same time. The meeting may be described as one in favor of "negro emancipation"—its object being to give, as the Chairman said, an answer to the question, "is the feeling against slavery really dead in this country?"

Baptist Noel and Newman Hall were among the speakers on the occasion. Two or three persons proposed amendments to the several motions, and were literally hissed down for their impudence, so strong was the feeling of the assembled thousands against slavery. The Secretary read, among others, a letter from the Union and Emancipation Society of Manchester, affirming that the operative classes of that city "are united by the voice of pro-slavery advocacy, and that the sympathy with Jefferson Davis and his co-conspirators, which makes so formidable an appearance in the columns of certain journals, is at best a colossus of brass with feet of clay; and that 'should our government, under pressure from the aristocratic sympathizers with slavery, attempt a premature recognition of the projected Southern slave empire, it will arouse the indignation of the working men in the North of England.'" Similar meetings were held on the same evening in Bradford and Strand. The Times sneers at the Exeter Hall demonstration as of no importance, but this gives no surprise to either the friends or foes of the *Protesse of the Peers of England*, which lately was ignorant enough, or audacious enough to advocate the divine right of the most glaring specimen of despotism on earth. The British Standard says, "No words can give an adequate idea of the moral demonstration; it was grand, sublime, and glorious!"

These meetings, while they must show to the Abolitionists of America that the anti-slavery sentiments of the English are unchanged, impress upon me, in common with many others, the notion that had the Northern States adopted an abolition policy at the commencement of the war, they would have had the sympathies of at least the Protestant world with them, to such an extent, that the Southern Confederacy must have collapsed after a very brief inflated existence. I speak thus in no spirit of mere fault-finding, for I desire to be mindful that he who "has forfeited whatever comes to pass," is working out his own eternal purposes by instrumentalities which are far from being morally perfect. I should mention also that the "American war" is a common subject for popular lectures in Ireland, and that the lecturers are uniformly strong Abolitionists.

THE BIBLE WOMAN MOVEMENT.

The Bible woman movement in London progresses satisfactorily—its income for eleven months of last year being £10,000. Its abiding fruits in the reformation of manners, education of children, increase of domestic comforts, and attention to the duties and privileges of religion are more than remunerative for all the pecuniary outlay. The midnight meeting movement is conducted with great activity, and many of the fallen "have been hopefully reclaimed. The fourth series of the special religious services in the theatres, is new in history. By this agency backsliders have been restored, and others who might never have heard the Word of life, have had an opportunity of listening to the "glad tidings of great joy."

SCOTTISH REFORMATION SOCIETY.

The Scottish Reformation Society is prosecuting its work with its wonted vigor; and it serves to keep Protestants posted up in the history of the doings of Popery at their own doors. In the Protestant's Institute the Rev. Dr. Wylie has a class of 150 students who are receiving a thorough training in the Romish controversy. Much good must result from this class, as the rising ministry of Scotland will be master of the ministry of Scotland with his enemy's tactics, and families with his strong holds. Such an agency is a necessity of the Reformation Society, is a necessity of the times, and must be so, as the United King-

dom is the hotbed of modern Jesuitism which has its empires in all parts of the country, and in all ranks of society. Inasmuch as Jesuitism implies a violation of the true theory of civil and religious liberty, no nation can be under any obligation to give it, or its advocates quarters. When Popish powers on the continent expelled the brotherhood of Loyola, for the sake of their internal peace and safety, it cannot be very wise policy, on the part of England, to bid it welcome to her borders. The Jesuits have the whole community under an organized system of espionage, by which they are fully acquainted with the affairs of individuals, households, and even the Government.

UNITARIANISM.

While Popery appears to be gaining ground somewhat in Scotland, it is pleasing to note that Unitarianism is declining, as it is also in Ireland—and that rapidly. This is demonstrated by the fact that "old negations" are not acceptable in the present day. As in Scotland, so in Ireland, several of the congregations are so small that they are hardly worthy of the name. In connection with this, I may mention in passing, that in a district of Co. Down where they used to boast there was no *Zevill*, a Unitarian congregation had such a fight on its hands, as showed most conclusively that "the old Serpent" has power and prevails now. In the Remonstrant Synod of Ireland, they have had lately very angry discussions about what is virtually a *creed*—the questions which a minister should be required to answer before his ordination. The opinions and arguments of some of the younger members—themselves pupils of Dr. Montgomery—startled the redoubtable old champion of Heterodoxy, who now insists on knowing what candidates for the ministry really do believe, and profess to believe of course, the *creed* referred to is sufficiently meagre; yet it is enough to testify that there is a reaction in the minds of those who denounce *creeds* and *confessions* thirty years ago as the leading strings of infants.

THE THRONE OF GREECE.

It is somewhat novel in the history of nations to find a throne "going a begging." Yet this is actually the case with the throne of Greece, which has not yet found a man to take it. The sailor Prince (Alfred) of England, I suppose hopes to do better; but it speaks well for Greece that she set her heart on a member of a Protestant family. A great change has surely come over her. It is a curious coincidence that, when Greece is in search of a king, one of the descendants of Constantine Paleologus who fell in the storming of Constantinople by the Turks, A.D. 1453, should now appear as the writer of a letter in the *London Star*. This gentleman sets himself forth, as a lineal descendant of "the last Grecian Emperor." Could he establish his "succession," he might catch a "windfall" not to be despised in these days of fortunes rapidly made and as rapidly lost. Poland, long oppressed, is in a state of wide spread insurrection. A new order of conscription, and the violent manner in which the Russians were carrying it out, seem to have goaded the brave Poles to this last outbreak for the achievement of their independence, without any rational prospect of success. It would be an act of righteousness, as well as of humanity, on the part of the "Great Powers," to interfere on behalf of a cruelly wronged people who are little better off, if better at all, than the slaves in America.

It is to be feared and regretted that the friendly relations, for a time existing between England and Japan, have been interrupted if not suspended *sine die*, in consequence of the murder of some English by the Japanese. This is the more to be deplored, as Japan, so long closed, seemed to be fully open to receive the Gospel without which no nation is great, or free, or truly civilized.

ITALY.

With respect to Italy there is not any sensation intelligence this month. In the British House of Commons there has been considerable discussion on the offer of an asylum to the Pope, should he become a refugee. Earl Russell, in his place in the House of Lords, stated that "the offer was made solely in consequence of the question, put by the Pope himself, whether, in the event of a rebellion in the Italian provinces, there would be any objection to concede to him the hospitality of Great Britain." This question shows that his holiness has studied to some purpose, the parable of the "unjust steward," whose foresight is so highly commended. "Straws tell how the wind blows," is a significant proverb; and the Pope's preparation for a "retreat" plainly implies that he who has the best right to know, thinks it is drawing near. It is likewise highly suggestive that he should seek quarters in a Protestant Kingdom, and not in a Popish country. It seems *home* is not always the happiest place a man can be in. In his present condition, *Pio Nono* has a close resemblance to the man who, on being inquired of concerning his occupation, and having a scolding wife, replied that he kept a *hothouse!*

Dear reader, "I have a message from God unto thee." It is this, unless you are "on the Lord's side" in the great moral warfare which is waged on earth between the powers of light and darkness, you are neither right, nor safe, nor happy. They, and they alone, are "on the Lord's side," who believe in Jesus, and are born again, or have experienced a change of state and preparation for a more glorious and abiding grace. Be it your lofty and lawful ambition that you be the blessed enjoyment of holy Paul, expressed in these words: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Let Christ be the principle of your life, the means of your life, and the object of your life, and so your life shall be happy and useful, your death profitable, and your rest eternally glorious. S. M.

ESCAPING FROM SLAVERY.

WHAT are our duties to the multitudes now lawfully escaping from slavery? We ought to give them a generous and cordial welcome to the fellowship of Liberty. I say nothing of the social position, nor of the political franchises, which ought to be accorded to them. Let these be determined in the future, by the intelligence, refinement, and virtue which they shall, at any future time have attained; and certainly without abridging our liberty to choose our intimate

companionships according to our taste, and of refusing companionships that are distasteful to us for any reason, or for no assignable reason. But to the grand essentials of liberty we surely ought to welcome these newly liberated people most cordially. The free possession of their persons, secure from all claims of ownership by others; the enjoyment of the rights of home and family; the opportunity to use, and cultivate their intellectual powers; liberty to read the Bible, and to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences—such elements of liberty as these, which we have always enjoyed are to these people a new possession. They have acquired this enfranchisement, not by running away from masters who had a legal claim to their services, nor by any unlawful act of their own whiter, but by the regular operation of laws enacted for the suppression and punishment of rebellion, and by acts of war which the rebellion has rendered necessary.

Having no just ground of prejudice against them, in respect to the mode of their entrance, let us give them a generous and cordial welcome to the *goodly freedom of liberty*. Let us also remember that they come to us daily with their long bondage in extreme poverty. Considerable numbers of them have reached St. Louis and other cities of loyal States, and are needing employment, and (temporarily) gratuitous supplies of food and fuel and clothing. At Cairo, Helena, Memphis, Grand Junction, etc., they are gathered by the hundreds and by thousands, hungry, shivering, homeless crowds, exposed to the most demoralizing influences, often sadly abused by some who ought to be their protectors, while that better portion of the army who desire to treat them justly and humanely have most inadequate means of making them comfortable, and cannot turn aside from their great and stern work of subjugating rebellious populations, to attend to the wants of these refugees.

We who are not in the army must attend to this. Organizations already in existence through which the benevolent can help to clothe, and shelter, and instruct these poor sufferers. Let every one who has more garments than he needs, or money that he can spare, consider whether he can in any way share the cause of humanity and of God better than by informing himself of some suitable agency, and sending forward his gifts with all possible promptness.

And let those to whom God has given ability devise methods which shall commend themselves to the public mind, whereby these myriads delivered from the degradation of slavery may be settled in peaceful and guarded, and regulated liberty, with opportunity to ascertain, and show to what respectability, and Christian civilization they are capable of rising. Let the old question "What shall we do with the negroes?" be as soon as possible reduced to its proper form, by placing them in such conditions that we can justly say to them—"Now show us what you can do for yourselves—God speed you!"

St. Louis, Mo., H. A. N.

AN ARMY CHAPLAIN'S ENCOURAGEMENTS AND DIFFICULTIES.

NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA,
March 16th, 1863.

Brother Meigs: As you printed my former letter in the *PRESBYTERIAN*, I am induced to follow it with another, although the monotony of camp life affords very little of incident that might be interesting to your readers.

Since that letter was written, our brigade has been assigned to "the post" to do "provision duty," and other parts of the Division have gone to Suffolk. One of the monitors has left for South Carolina; and a new double-turreted monster has arrived, and lies near the frigate *Minnesota*, between the wrecks of the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*.

You can make for yourself, as a miniature model of this new monitor—or so much of it as appears above the water—by turning a saucer upside down on your table, and putting two small thick spoons of cotton thread on the upturned bottom of it, and at opposite sides; with about a third of a lead pencil on end between them, for the smoke-stack. This monitor differs from the others in having sloping sides and two turrets.

It is a singular conjunction of the old and the new, that the monitor and old frigate lying side by side, between the charred remains of the *Congress* on the one hand, and on the other, the outstretched arms of the lost *Cumberland* appealing so pitifully, so hopefully for help. It is the old cross-bow and the minnie rifle standing in the museum between a broken javelin and a shattered shield. The great ship with its frowning port-holes which played so grand a part in the naval history of our country, and whose exciting sea tales which we read under our desk-lids at school; sits as noble and stately on the water as ever, but the romance of the sea fight is over, for this ugly and insignificant iron tub could run unharmed under her broadside, too close to be hit by a single gun, and striking her through and through with a few shots, each one nearly as heavy as the frigate's guns, send her in a few minutes lumbering to the bottom.

Since I wrote you, the chapel tent of which I spoke has reached me, and I have preached in it twice. In the midst of the numberless hindrances to a chaplain's work in the army, this tent, which gives me a definite place for preaching and worship, makes me the envy of all my brethren here. The tent is one of Richardson's patent, which opens like an umbrella, and is supported by a similar frame-work. Its peculiar form makes it as much of a home among the surrounding dwellings. I regret, as do all my brother chaplains, the insufficiency of our branch of the service; but until it is put on an equal footing with other departments, or until better and more able men are put in our places I do not hope to see it greatly improved. The only chaplain I have met who did not seem to feel the difficulties of his position and the inefficiency of his work, but who thought he was accomplishing a great deal was a Universalist.

I am told that the *New York Observer* and *New York Herald* have been very solicitous about the purity and efficiency of army chaplains. Indeed, when I was here last summer, and had just preached three times on an exceedingly hot Sunday, and was really more happy than I can express at the rare opportunity, a copy of the *Herald* was shown me in which chaplains were accused

of being idle, mercenary and cowardly, neglecting everything except the receipt of their pay and their personal safety in time of battle.

Now, I care not to speak for myself but for my brethren in the chaplaincy; and I can do so better since, unlike theirs, my position has been one in which I have invariably been treated with kindness and respect by my superior officers in the regiment, and almost invariably by the others. My superior officers have been moral men, eminently free from all those vices which the army affects. They are my friends. At our table God's blessing is always asked and nothing is done or said which might not be properly said or done at a table where God's blessing is asked. With one of them who was killed at Antietam, I have often knelt in prayer night and morning by our camp cot. At the colonel's special suggestion I have prayed before the regiment daily at dress parade. You will see from this that whatever difficulties may be in my way do not arise from this source, but are in the nature and circumstances of the army itself.

But it is far otherwise with many of my brethren who are compelled to associate daily with officers who seem to pride themselves on boldly breaking every command of the Decalogue; men who delight to cast slights upon the ministry and to humiliate the chaplain under their superior rank. Such men have a short way of dealing with chaplains—if they remain in the rear at the hospitals with the wounded in time of battle, they are cowards; if they go on the field, and like my friend Benton at Newbury, or that Massachusetts chaplain, Fredrickrick, are killed, then it served them right, they had no business to be there. A favorite charge against chaplains is that they drink; but much as I have associated with chaplains, I have yet to see the first one under the influence of intoxicating liquors. Some chaplains are total abstainers; these are fanatics. Others are accustomed to keep a glass of wine with their dinner at home, and sometimes take a glass of liquor; these are fanatics. It is of old, John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, He hath a devil; Christ came both eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man glutted with wine and beer.

And what does the government do for the chaplains? It furnishes the necessary offices and appliances for the quartermaster. It furnishes every convenience, as it ought, for the surgeon. But it does absolutely nothing for the chaplain, leaving him subject to all the inconveniences which the weather, and the movements of the troops, and the want of disposition of the army to attend divine service, may occasion. But how does the government hinder the chaplain? It sets an example of Sabbath-breaking for its centre at Washington to the very extremities of the army. It carries on its business with very little regard to the days of the week, and this is what we have a glass of wine to do to duty when ordered by their superiors whether their consciences say yes or no. Inspections, parades, reviews, mark the day if it is distinguished at all from secular time. Do you say that orders are issued forbidding unnecessary labor on the Lord's day? Yes, but they are only a sop to Cerberus—a mere compliment to the Christian public sentiment—like the articles of against profanity, leaving the subject of wine service—a mere compliment and no real service. Besides this it puts contempt on the chaplain before the army, where rank and pay are the criteria of respect. When the people demand retrenchment in the national expenditures, the National Congress looks about for some fearful leak, which it may close with the finger of reform, and pitches upon the chaplain whose pay it reduces by one fourth—from the pay and emoluments of a captain of cavalry to a sum below the pay of a second lieutenant. A few other officers are deprived of some of their perquisites, and the work of retrenchment is over. The pay is enough as it is. I would not have the pay large enough to be an inducement to ministers to draw them away from other fields of labor. It is the slight cast upon the ministry that I feel. It shows that the government appoints chaplains to satisfy its profane objects, and reduces their pay as low as it dare, because it is in their eyes a sheer waste of money.

There is one of the Articles of War which forbids profanity under the sanction of a definite penalty; but who ever heard of such a thing as the infliction of the penalty? What single colonel, for instance, could bear up against the overwhelming public sentiment in the army, that profanity is the right thing for a soldier, even if he should desire reform over so much in his regiment? Authority in the army, in what respects when necessary, consists in the officers and officers course and swear? Could he have his officers punished when every general officer through whom his petition for a court-martial to try them must pass is himself an example of the most dreadful profanity? What can you expect from the men, when gentlemen of education and refinement and elegant manners, whom they look up to as their models in everything that belongs to a soldier, in all ranks from the lowest lieutenant to major-generals and commanders-in-chief set them the example in disobedience to this law of the country and of the army and of God!

In the midst of our difficulties, from the circumstances of the army, and from the disposition of the army, and from the want of moral and religious restraints in the army, and from the bad examples set by those in authority in the army, I hope we may be thought no worse than our brethren who stay at home, while we pretend to be no better. I am persuaded, however, that the chief real objection to chaplains is not their unfaithfulness, but their presence in the army. Their very presence is a rebuke and an unwelcome restraint. I close.

But I have written too much already, and I close.
D. G. M.

GRAY HAIRS mark the decay of man; but contempt for gray hairs, and want of respect in children to parents, or in youth to age, is a sign that virtue, society, and the Church of God decay.

THAT which is lawful is not always expedient, and love prompts sometimes to the denial of what is lawful.—*Tholuck on Ps. 104, 15.*

Selections.

A PUNISHMENT OR A DISCIPLINE?

There is no more reason for regarding a nation struggling for truth and righteousness, as accused of God, than for regarding the afflictions of God's elect as evidence of his displeasure. The monstrous doctrine of Carlyle, and of the modern philosophy; that history is judicial; that the strong are always right; that those who succeed ought to succeed; that we must always take sides against the afflicted and down-trodden, is simply diabolical. It would make us the partisans of the kingdom of Satan from the beginning until now. No man really believes this. No American regards the trials of our revolutionary war, Divine judgments for the sins of the people; no patriot looks upon the blood shed at Bunker Hill, Princeton, or Yorktown, as drawn by the scourge of the Almighty. Neither does any enlightened man of this generation look upon a civil war in England as a judgment of God against the nation. It was its salvation. To the perfidious Stuarts and their abettors, it may have been punitive, but to the people it was the price and means of their Protestant and national life. So in our case, we, as a nation, have sinned enough to justify our destruction. So had Paul and all the martyrs. This war, what we know, may be a punishment for those sins. But no man has a right to assume this, much less has he the right to press this assumption on the consciences of others. It may be, as some wars and other trials, individual and national, have been, a mark of God's favor; the discipline by which he is educating the nation for a higher career of usefulness in his service. It may be his means of awakening the consciousness of our unity as a nation, of arousing the spirit of patriotism, and of patient endurance. It may be the necessary process of development of our national life, and be all meant in mercy and not in wrath. This at least is an elevated and healthful view of the subject. At any rate, we are not to take for granted that God is against us. We are not to assume, even should the rebellion be successful, that God approves of the cause of the Confederates; that he favors the perpetuity and extension of slavery; or that he condemns the efforts of the Government and of the nation to preserve our national life and institutions. There is need for caution against this pharisaical and censorious spirit. We can hardly take up a religious journal, or enter a religious meeting, without being struck with some of its manifestations. If the works of some public improvement are carried away by a flood, it is because the proprietors violate the Sabbath. If a village is burnt, it is because the inhabitants were wicked; if a man falls dead, it is because he was a blasphemer. Do not these things happen to the just and unjust? Are we entitled to gather up our skirts lest they should be defiled by the touch of poverty or suffering? Do not the Scriptures and all experience teach us, that God is a sovereign, that the orderings of his providence are not determined by justice, but by mysterious wisdom for the accomplishment of higher ends than mere punishment or reward? We still in his hands, and we live to learn his will and our duty, not from the adverse or prosperous dispensations of providence, but from his holy word.—*Princeton Review.*

PATIENCE CALLED FOR.

FROM REV. P. BREED'S SERMON ON "FAITH AND PATIENCE."

If the men of the Revolution endured seven long years of distress and anguish; shame on us if we cannot endure seven long years more, to leave to our children a more perfect government, and a brighter national heritage than they left to us. We can endure twenty years of war, we can suffer than never cost them. Cicero was fond of saying that in rescuing Rome from Carthage, he had done a larger service for his country, than the founders of the nation in erecting the commonwealth. And we harbor no shadow of doubt, that they who carry the present struggle to a successful issue, will lie nearer the heart of posterity, than even the sages and heroes of the Revolution.

REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT FAVORABLE TO ART.

Republicanism is not the bald and fruitless thing that monarchists are wont to term it. For the general expansion of mind, for the diffusion of knowledge, for the equalizing of intellectual positions, it has done more than any other form. It has not produced in its youth the first scholars of the age; it has given birth and development to minds which Germany, France and Britain have honored.

Our historians and poets, our sculptors and painters have won no mean fame in Europe. Our great metaphysician, Robert Hall said, "He is the greatest of Philosophers." We have had statesmen who, in their comprehensiveness, foresight and honest devotion, rise above all but the noblest in the annals of the world; already, to our country, the old world comes for "right on our preachers and jurists, and writers on surgery, medicine, science and romance; and foreign pens are rewarded, both substantially and with admiration among our busy but reading millions. With the stimulus for trade and wealth, for conquest over nature which a new country offers, the people do not cannot settle into calm thought and study, as in the more staid societies. We have not yet had time to accumulate such libraries, manuscripts and varied annals as are open to the European scholar. This is not the fault of our form of government. It is rather the glory of it. We are creating history. Our posterity are to collect and write for the world. By the mighty lever of republican government, tried and sifted and glorified through sacrifice, by antagonism, by the reproaches of death-struck and dying systems which the world has outgrown, we are to be lifted to loftier attitudes of thought, and a nobler ideal of life. And, if we have not the prestige of palace and throne; of a grand and towering aristocracy; of an upper circle of privilege casting its majestic shadow over hopes and possibilities; if we have not a history of family titles running through a millennium already gone; we have the memory of the olden times; of the old traditions; of religion born in martyrdom and nurtured in sacrifice; of patriotism which no art can amply glorify. We have a present in which suffering becomes sublime, and from which we see ourselves emerging into a grand and holy future, to the apotheosis of art, the glory of government, the highest models of statesmanship, to an embers of old virtues, to the noblest oratory, to the full blessedness of religion. We seek the unseen. Our symbols are the great lives we live, the great deeds we do. Let us first be—then achieve. It is the genius of our government, as of Christianity, to give us the largest development; to let man grow as great as he will, that he may take in and give out forever.—*Rev. E. E. Adams.*

THE TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.

It is somewhat remarkable that we never find the Apostles grounding their confidence upon a privilege to which we are often disposed to attribute it—I mean the fact of their having known our Saviour in His human person. To those who are conscious of possessing their Lord, it is little merely to have seen Him; and with them the external view is so merged in the sense of inward realization, that St. Paul, in describing the intimacy and fullness of the life in which all things are made new, exclaims, "Yes, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know Him no more." To understand the bearing of these memorable words, we must drink so deeply into the spirit in which they are uttered, as to be able to meet the speaker in his explicit statement, that no man can say (in an availing and effectual sense) "that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost"; and this, because any acknowledgment of Him that rests on merely outward evidence must necessarily fall far short of that good confession for which St. Peter, when he was Peter's Master pronounced him blessed. That, on the Master's own testimony, was the expression of a deep inward conviction wrought by God Himself upon the soul; and it was not because Christ had been manifested to St. Peter in the flesh, but because He had been revealed to him in the Spirit, that he was able to answer our Lord's question, "Whom sayest thou that I am?" in the words which drew forth this comment: "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." Now it is evident, upon the warrant of these words, that the Apostles, to whom we ascribe so many superior advantages, were exactly in our own position in this one respect, that they could know nothing except they received it from heaven—could learn nothing truly, even of Him whose words they listened to, and whose steps they followed in their lives; they were taught of God. Without a spiritual illumination, even when they looked upon their Lord, their eyes were holden that they should not know Him; without a spiritual appropriation, even when they sat with Him in the house, and walked with Him in the way, they were not really with Him. Their need was as great as ours of that inner illumination, that internal contact, without which it would have availed them little that they had seen with their eyes, and handled with their hands, of the Word of life; for all this might have been, and yet have left them without that knowledge of a Saviour which is life and peace,—have left them, too, among the number of those to whom, after having lived in their presence, and taught in their streets, He will none the less on day profess,—"I never knew you."—*A Present Heaven.*

PATIENCE CALLED FOR.

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Republicanism is not the bald and fruitless thing that monarchists are wont to term it. For the general expansion of mind, for the diffusion of knowledge, for the equalizing of intellectual positions, it has done more than any other form. It has not produced in its youth the first scholars of the age; it has given birth and development to minds which Germany, France and Britain have honored.

Our historians and poets, our sculptors and painters have won no mean fame in Europe. Our great metaphysician, Robert Hall said, "He is the greatest of Philosophers." We have had statesmen who, in their comprehensiveness, foresight and honest devotion, rise above all but the noblest in the annals of the world; already, to our country, the old world comes for "right on our preachers and jurists, and writers on surgery, medicine, science and romance; and foreign pens are rewarded, both substantially and with admiration among our busy but reading millions. With the stimulus for trade and wealth, for conquest over nature which a new country offers, the people do not cannot settle into calm thought and study, as in the more staid societies. We have not yet had time to accumulate such libraries, manuscripts and varied annals as are open to the European scholar. This is not the fault of our form of government. It is rather the glory of it. We are creating history. Our posterity are to collect and write for the world. By the mighty lever of republican government, tried and sifted and glorified through sacrifice, by antagonism, by the reproaches of death-struck and dying systems which the world has outgrown, we are to be lifted to loftier attitudes of thought, and a nobler ideal of life. And, if we have not the prestige of palace and throne; of a grand and towering aristocracy; of an upper circle of privilege casting its majestic shadow over hopes and possibilities; if we have not a history of family titles running through a millennium already gone; we have the memory of the olden times; of the old traditions; of religion born in martyrdom and nurtured in sacrifice; of patriotism which no art can amply glorify. We have a present in which suffering becomes sublime, and from which we see ourselves emerging into a grand and holy future, to the apotheosis of art, the glory of government, the highest models of statesmanship, to an embers of old virtues, to the noblest oratory, to the full blessedness of religion. We seek the unseen. Our symbols are the great lives we live, the great deeds we do. Let us first be—then achieve. It is the genius of our government, as of Christianity, to give us the largest development; to let man grow as great as he will, that he may take in and give out forever.—*Rev. E. E. Adams.*

PATIENCE CALLED FOR.

FROM REV. P. BREED'S SERMON ON "FAITH AND PATIENCE."

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is first in God, and under God in the sound sense and intelligence of the mass of our citizenship. This last has rarely failed in the hour of need, and the first cannot fail.

Let us be patient then with one another in the expression of our honest convictions. Let opinion meet with opinion. Let thought clash with thought. All extravagance and treason will meet its just rebuke; the atmosphere will be cleared by the storm, and God in his own good time, will make the bells of peace to call the nation to the house of joyous thanksgiving and praise.

On the 28th of October, 1781, the midnight slumbers of the good citizens of Philadelphia, were broken by a strange clattering of horses hoofs over the street pavements. A courier from the South had arrived. "Let thought clash with thought. All extravagance and treason will meet its just rebuke; the atmosphere will be cleared by the storm, and God in his own good time, will make the bells of peace to call the nation to the house of joyous thanksgiving and praise.

Instant measures were taken to communicate the thrilling news to all the watchmen in the city, and ere long the cry was heard coming through the streets:—"Half past twelve o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!" Hundreds of windows flew up! Thousands of heads were thrust out into the frosty air. The streets were thronged with citizens, and old Philadelphia thrilled from her heart to her extremities, with joyous, exultant emotion!

Let those who love the Republic have faith in their God, and faith in the eternal principles that underlie and pervade our Government; and let them have patience with that Government, with its armies, with its navy, patience with Divine Providence, patience under disaster, patience as to the future, and when the clock of Heaven strikes the appointed hour, the feet of another courier-bearing steed will ring upon these pavement stones, with another and more thrilling message from the South, telling us that will delirium has given place to reason, and passion to returning patriotism, and that the edious the-better symbol of dishonour and despotism lies buried beyond resurrection, while the stripes and stars were in triumph over its grave!

And the time will come when every patriot will thank God that he witnessed and shared in this great and glorious struggle for the nation's life, and our noble soldiers will be the pride of the crippled arm or crutch, than courier ever was of the stars of honor conferred by royal favor.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In grand and availing time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime!

Hark! the waking up of nations,
God and Magog to the fray!
Hark! what soundeth? Is creation
Groaning for his latter day?

Will ye play then, will ye dally
With your music and your wine?
Up! It is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine!

Words are charging, Heaven beholding!
Thou hast but an hour to fight!
Now the blasted cross unfurled,
On! right onward, for the right!"

FORGIVENESS.

A soldier, whose regiment lay in a garrison town in England, was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had been often punished. Here he is again, said the officer, on his name being mentioned; everything—flogging, disgrace, imprisonment—has been tried with him. Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and apologising for the liberty he took, said, there is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir. What that was the answer. Well, sir, said the sergeant, he has never been forgiven. Forgiven! exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected for a few minutes, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge? Nothing, sir, was his reply; only I am sorry for what I have done. Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the colonel addressed him, saying, we have resolved to forgive you. The soldier was struck dumb with astonishment; the tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust, he thanked his officer and retired—to the old, refractory, incorrigible man? No; he was another man from that day forward. He who tells the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the Queen's colors. In him, the sergeant said, he never harshness could not break; he was conquered by mercy, and forgiven, ever afterwards feared to offend. Shall the goodness and grace of God have less effect on us? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. Let the forgiven fear; and, oh, how none offered a greater forgiveness, a pardon which cost God his son, refuse so great a boon! Weigh well, I pray you, these solemn words. He that despised Moses' law without mercy under two or three witnesses; of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath contemned the blood of the Covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?—*Dr. Guthrie's Speaking to the Heart.*

CHOOSING A TEXT.

In his anxiety to save poor sinners, to rouse their fears, their love, their interest, to make them understand and feel the truth, our Lord predestined everything—art and nature, earth and heaven—into his service. Creatures of habit, the servants if not the slaves of some book of the sacred Scriptures. He took a wider range, and instead of keeping to the invariable routine of text and sermon with formal divisions, it were well perhaps, that we sometimes ventured to follow his example; for may it not be the naturalness of their addresses and their striking out from the beaten paths of texts and sermons, of their direct appeals and home arguments, that our street and lay preachers owe perhaps not a little of their power!