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Poetry.

AUTUMN HYMN.

BY D. BATES.

Lovely is the autumnal forest,
In its many-hued array,
Standing, grouped by nature's florist,
Like a vast and grand bouquet.

Over all the soft, blue heaven,
Shaded to a purpling haze.
Fringed with tints of morn and even,
Calm and still its blessing lays.

'Tis God's temple; go unbidden,
Through its aisles in freedom stroll,
And a thousand voices hidden
Tranquillize and teach the soul.

Odorous is the air, and saintly,
Shapes and shadows flit before,
And the dusky light falls faintly
On the tesselated floor.

Each tree stands a lofty column,
Capped with over-arching limbs,
Where the winds in concert solemn,
Chant their wild and mournful hymns.

Autumn leaves are slowly falling,
Trembling through the dreamy air;
They are words of preachers calling
Man to thoughtfulness and prayer.

Words of wisdom, fitly spoken
O'er the dying and the dead;
Hear them, mortals, ere is broken
Life's attenuated thread.

Dust with dust is ever blending;
Soul to soul forever flies;
That, towards earth is ever tending;
This, immortal, seeks the skies.

Editorial.

THE LIBERTIES OF GENEVA.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

"God never forsakes a people that does not forsake itself." Filled with this noble sentiment, the indomitable Genevese seized upon the first moment after the departure of the Duke of Savoy, with the purpose of restoring and securing the liberties he had so nearly destroyed. Ten days after his disappearance, the friends of the exiled patriots crowded around he hotel-de-ville, where the syndics were sitting, and, with a Swiss deputy in the midst as a witness, drew from the Mameluke authorities the fullest admission as to the good character and rights of citizenship of the patriots. A declaration was drawn up by the deputy to the same effect and the citizens eagerly hastened to sign it. Not a hundred persons in Geneva refused to give their names. This took place on the 22d of December.

On the first of February, the bishop of Geneva, whose timorous, undecided character made him an object of interest to both parties, returned to the city. On the fourth of the month, the annual election of syndics took place. The bishop expressed a wish that two of each party, Huguenot and Mameluke, be elected. The people gave no heed to his wishes, but elected four Huguenots, including one of those at the very time in exile. The opposition counted only eleven, and after the election, every body declared that they sided with the majority.

The bishop was confounded. He summoned a general council on the morrow to annul at least the election of the exile. In vain. His own presence in the council availed nothing. The Genevans were courteous but immovable. The election of the exile was confirmed. Nor did the people stop here. They repealed all statutes contrary to the liberties of Geneva, passed under the fear of Charles of Savoy. In vain did the bishop expostulate. From bad laws they proceeded to bad functionaries. Huguenot councillors were elected in the place of Mamelukes. The restoration had been so promptly accomplished that the ducal faction could not believe their eyes. They began to turn their sails, some of them were seen shaking hands with the patriots, whom however they were not able to deceive. The bishop himself made a show of placing himself on the side of freedom. He despatched a messenger to Switzerland, informing the exiled Jean Philippe of his election as syndic.

This was a most opportune announcement for the exiles. It confirmed beyond doubt their representation to the cantons, that Geneva was not under subjection to the duke. The opponents of the alliance were overwhelmed when they saw one of these wretched fugitives (*mendicants* as their enemies called them) raised by the people of Geneva to the head of the State. They were welcomed as fellow-freemen by the council of Berne. All obstacles to the Swiss alliance were removed. The people of Geneva were about to rise if we may so speak from the grave. Their history, says an old writer, is a marvellous one. It is full of special marks of the providence of God, who has guided, up to this present hour this ship of his miracles through an infinity of shoals. The more thoroughly we contemplate human action, so much the deeper appear the counsels of God.

Friburg and Berne speedily voted an alliance with Geneva. The fugitives of six months previous, bore back the good news in triumph. They were met with honors and with great joy. The syndics and a mounted cavalcade of citizens went out to welcome them. A salute of cannon announced their approach. They walked three abreast; in the middle was a Genevan fugitive, on his right and left, a deputy of Berne and Friburg. This was on the 23d of February, 1526. On the 25th the finishing stroke was put to these proceedings by voting in general council the alliance which had been offered them by the Swiss. We give the account in D'Aubigne's own words which will fitly conclude this series of sketches from his recent volumes.

THE SWISS ALLIANCE RATIFIED.

The catholic party and the ducal party were aroused. The Swiss alliance, an immense innovation, threatened all the conquests they had made with so much trouble in Geneva during so many generations. The bishop, full of uneasiness, consulted with the canons and some others on whom he thought he could rely. All told him that if Berne had its way in Geneva, there would be no more bishop, no more prince. To work then! All the power of feudalism and the papacy conspired against an alliance which first gave Geneva liberty and afterwards the Gospel. At first they wished to prevent the general council from meeting. It was customary to summon it by tolling the great bell; now Canon Lutry had the key of the tower where this bell hung. In the evening the reverend father, followed by some armed men, climbed step by step up the narrow stairs which led to the bell-loft, and placed the men in garrison there. 'You are here,' he said, 'to defend the bell and not to give it up;' he then went down, double-locked the door, and carried away the key. In the morning the door was found to be locked, and Lutry refused to open it. 'The canons,' it was said in the city, 'are opposed to the assembling of the people' The irritated citizens ran together. 'Whereupon there was a great uproar and alarm in the church of St. Pierre, so that De Lutry was constrained to open the door and give up the bell.'

It was all over; they resolved still to fight a last battle, even with the certainty of being defeated. The general council met; the bishop went thither in person, attended by his episcopal followers, in the hope that his presence might intimidate the huguenots. 'I am head, pastor and prince of the community,' he said. 'It concerns my affairs, and I wish to know what will be laid before you.'—'It is not the custom for my lord to be present,' said Hugues; 'the citizens transact none but political matters here which concern them wholly. His presence, however, is always pleasing to us, provided nothing be deduced from it prejudicial to our liberties.' Thereupon Hugues proposed the alliance. Then Stephen de la Mare go up. In 1519 he shone in the foremost rank of the patriots; but, an ardent Roman Catholic, he had since then placed liberty in the second rank and the Church in the first. It was he who had undertaken to oppose the proposition. 'It is sufficient for us to live under the protection of God, St. Peter, and the bishop. . . . . I oppose the alliance.' De la Mare could not proceed, so great was the confusion that broke out in the assembly; the indignation was general, yet order and quiet were restored at last, and the treaty was read. 'Will you ratify this alliance?' said first syndic G. Bergeron. 'Yes, yes!' they shouted on every side. The syndic continued: 'Let those who approve of it hold up their hands!' There was a forest of hands, every man holding up both at once. 'We desire it, we approve of it,' they shouted again. 'Those of the contrary opinion?' added the syndic. Six hands only were raised in opposition. Pierre de la Baume from his episcopal throne looked down upon this spectacle with anxiety. Even to the last he had reckoned upon success. By selecting De la Mare, the old leader of the patriots, and placing him at the head of the movement against the alliance with the Swiss, he fancied that he had hit upon an admirable combination; but his hopes were disappointed. Alarmed and irritated, seeing what this vote would lead to, and determined to keep his principality at any cost, the bishop-prince exclaimed: 'I do not consent to this alliance; I appeal to our holy father the pope and to his majesty the emperor.' But to no purpose did the Bishop of Geneva, on the eve of losing his states appeal to powers the most dreaded—no one paid any attention to his protest. Joy beamed on every face, and the words 'pope, emperor,' were drowned by enthusiastic shouts of the Swiss. . . . the Swiss and liberty!'

FLIGHT OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

The principal supporters of the old order of thing, engrossed by the care of their compromised security, thought only of escaping, like birds of night, before the first beams of day. They disguised themselves and slipped out unobserved, some by one gate, some by another. It was almost a universal panic. The impetuous Lutry escaped first, with one of his colleagues; the bishop-prince's turn came next. Bitterly upbraided by the Count of Genevois for not having prevented the alliance, Pierre de la Baume took alarm both at the huguenots and the duke, and escaped to St. Claude. The agents of his Highness of Savoy trembled in their castles; the vidame hastened to depart on the one side, and the gaoler of the Chateau de l'Ile, who was nicknamed the *sultan*, did the same on the other.

The fight of the 26th of February was the counterpart of the 15th of September. In September the new times had disappeared in Geneva for a few weeks only; in February the old times were departing for ever. The Genevese rejoiced as they saw these leeches disappear, who had bled them so long, even to the very marrow. 'The priests and the Savoyards,' they said, 'are like wolves driven from the woods by hunger: there is nothing left for them to take, and they are compelled to go elsewhere for their prey.' Nothing could be more favorable to the Swiss alliance and to liberty than this general flight. The partisans of the duke and of the bishop having evacuated the city, the senate and the people remained master. The grateful citizens ascribed all the glory to God, and exclaimed: 'The sovereignty is now in the heads of the council, without the interference of either magistrates or people. *Everything was done by the grace of God.*'

Correspondence.

ANYWHERE, BUT DON'T TROUBLE ME.

"I am having great comfort in my children," said Mrs. Manning, as she folded up a letter which she had just been reading. "Martha is here with me—my companion and friend, almost like a sister, instead of a daughter. Charlie is fighting for his country, but God has been very good to him in keeping him from sickness and wounds, and enabling him to resist temptation. Ralph is out West, doing missionary work in one of the rough settlements, and Clara, my blue-eyed baby Clara, is an angel in heaven. Yes, of the living, and of the dead, God has given me to say, 'It is well.'"

An expression of pain crossed the face of Mrs. Carpenter, a neighbor who had called to see Mrs. Manning.

"I wish" said she, "that I could say the same. But my boys are wild and give me much sorrow and uneasiness, and my daughters are self-willed, and devoted to dress and fashion. In our younger days, our positions were very similar. I wonder why our children have turned out so differently."

"Look back, Mrs. Carpenter, back over the years, to the time when your children were little; when they played merrily at your feet, when they went to school, when they came dancing joyously home, when 'mother' was their first, their last, their only call. Do you remember the beautiful little dresses that you tired your eyes out embroidering for Carrie, and the tucks and flounces, and delicate insertions, that you sat up late at night to put on Mary's garments? Fifteen years ago, one warm summer afternoon, you sat in your pleasant room, sewing quietly when your children came from school. Full of plans and pleasures, and picnics, which they eagerly discussed in your presence, appealing to mother for this and that, in every little argument. Your head ached, your nerves were unstrung, and you said impatiently, 'Be quiet, children; sit down every one of you, and don't utter a word above a whisper. I cannot bear the noise.'"

"Mother," said Carrie, "won't you come into the garden and see the moss rose. It is in bloom to-day."

"Hush, Carrie, I have all the roses I want to see in this dress of yours. I am perfectly sick of roses, and wish I had planted potatoes instead."

"Mother," said Eddie, "George and I want to ask some of the boys over here to-morrow afternoon, after school, to examine our ship. May we?"

"May we indeed? I should think you might ask; a crowd of noisy boys, tearing through the house, destroying the furniture and making my head ache. I have boys enough of my own, I don't want any of my neighbors'."

"Then," said Eddie, "we'll have to take it in the street, they want to see it."

"Take it anywhere, go anywhere, but don't trouble me about it."

What wonder that the little girls, whose love for the beautiful was so early checked, should follow their mother's example, and care for the artificial rather than the real. That the boys, sent *anywhere*, should prefer, in their dawning manhood, the street to their homes. Make home unwelcome and unpleasant to a child, and you are giving him a down-hill push. When the angels do not move him upwards, Satan will be ready to drag him downwards.

Mrs. Manning watched with unceasing fidelity over her children's childhood; she shared their pleasures, she lightened their sorrows, she made their home the dearest place on earth. She led them by prayer and precept, to the Saviour, and in their maturer years, she had her reward.

M. E. M.

THE SECESSION CHURCH OF HOLLAND.

This body is the only voluntary and thoroughly evangelical church organization in Holland. It arose in 1834 as a protest against acts of tyranny inflicted upon certain ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, because of their faithful testimony against the prevailing errors of that communion, and by a wish to secure a liberty of preaching, discipline, and ecclesiastical action, which the treatment they had received abundantly proved could no longer be obtained in the Protestant Established Church of Holland. Out of the 1,500 ministers of that Church, it is generally understood that considerably less than one-third adhere to the Evangelical doctrines of the old Dutch Confession of Faith, Rationalism, in its various shades, whether imported from Germany or of native growth, having produced serious havoc in what was once the Church of Witsius and Vitringa. And it is easy to understand how in such a Church a faithful minority must have found its position unnatural and uneasy, and how individual ministers, subjected to peculiarly evil treatment, must have been led to seek liberty in separation.

That the public mind of Holland was in no little degree prepared for the movement, is shown by the fact that while it took place so lately as 1834, and was led by a very little band of ministers, it already numbers 263 churches, 70,000 members, and 60 students. Its theological institution or college at Kampen, on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, is conducted by three professors.

The recent session of the Synod in August, was attended by delegates from the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, one of whom communicates the above facts and others, given below, to the *Weekly Review*.

We were invited to preach to the members of Synod and to the congregation on the following Sabbath evening—an invitation which we willingly embraced. It has always been affirmed that defection from Evangelical doctrine was far more common among the ministers of Holland than among her people, and our experience confirmed this, for the place of worship was densely crowded long before the hour of meeting; and though we were exposed to all the disadvantage of speaking through interpreters, the interest continued unabated through considerably more than two hours. And what singing!—not one silent worshipper in the vast assembly, the life and energy compensating a hundredfold for the want of softness and artistic skill. The female part of the audience, all wearing ornamental plates of gold and silver, which covered a large part of their heads, sat seperate from the men, in the middle part of the church, and when the church was lighted the effect of the light reflected from the ornaments was novel and dazzling. There was one practice which struck my fellow-deputy and myself as not to be commended or imitated. Two collections were made during the service, while the psalm was sung, and even during a part of the time when the minister was preaching. The bags, at the end of long poles, into which the collection was dropped, had little bells suspended to them, and made a noise which, while it was fitted to turn attention to the collection, diverted it in the same degree from the worship. This is an old custom which the seceders would have done well to have left behind them in the church from which they withdrew; but it is strange how custom reconciles us to practices that strike every new onlooker as unseemly.

The picture which we witnessed on our reception in the Synod, on the following morning, was something which I am sure could not be seen out of Holland. All that was external was as different as can be imagined from what you have seen in meetings of Assembly or Synod at the head of the mound, or in Queen street Hall, Edinburgh. As we entered the place of worship in which we had preached the evening before, fumes of smoke darkened the air. A long table stretched along the place where the women had sat, which was lined on either side by ministers and elders, while at the head of this there was a transverse table, at which sat the Moderator, the professors, and other official men. Every man was smoking, or preparing to smoke. The Moderator held a pipe in one hand and a wooden hammer, with which to call attention, in the other. The clerk wrote and puffed too. While on the table, from one extremity to the other, boxes of lucifer matches, plates of tobacco, ink-bottles, paper, pens, books, &c., were mingled in most admired confusion, a *corps de reserve* of long pipes being fixed in an ingeniously constructed wooden frame, lest the business of the Synod should come to a pause, through want of the usual *solatium*. The audience stood on either side smoking, with a look of placid and dreamy attention. My fellow-deputy and myself were offered a long pipe, and all the facilities for smoking, a mark of brotherly welcome which we declined, as we felt that we had abundance of smoke without it, unless, indeed, like Robert Hall, when anticipating an interview with the learned Dr. Parr, we had had recourse to smoking in pure self-defence.

The business, however, in spite of these odd accompaniments, was conducted with a freedom of speech, and order and despatch, which would not have been unworthy of any ecclesiastical assembly in the world.

We said much to encourage the young and faithful Church in its attachment to the doctrines of the reformation, in its fidelity to Church purity, and to the Christian Sabbath. Professor Van Velzen replied in name of the Synod, and the whole tone and spirit of his warm and eloquent address proved that our visit had not been in vain.

I wish to speak with affectionate respect of those Evangelical pastors who continue within the pale of the Dutch Protestant Establishment. Such men as Dr. Beets, of Utrecht, and others, would be an honor to any Church, and the piety and intelligence of many of its private members is unsurpassed in any country. But their false position has made them timid and feeble, and keeps them from united action. And I cannot but rejoice that a Church has been formed which is untrammelled in speech and action, which is by no means restrained by delicate conventionalisms in witnessing boldly against error and calling things by their right names.

Selections.

REMEMBERING CHRIST.

If any skeptic or any stranger to the Gospel were to look in upon a company of Christians at the Lord's Table, and were to inquire; "What is the *use* of this service, and what does it mean? I never could see anything in it"—we might answer him by asking him, "Did you never see anything in the miniature of a departed wife? Did you never find any beauty in the golden lock clipped from the temples of your dead boy? Are there no teachings, no reproofs, no blessed suggestions in the very sight of your mother's Bible? If you cannot understand and feel such influences, you cannot appreciate one of the highest and holiest uses of the sacrament of the Holy Supper."

For among other benefits linked with this simple ordinance, one of the very chiefest is that it is a *memorial* of the suffering Savior. It is a *keepsake* of the best of friends. Not only do true believers come to the sacramental table in order to remember Jesus, but because they remember Jesus. In many characters and offices, beautiful and glorious, does the Redeemer there appear. In two characters does he shine pre-eminent and incomparable.

I. First, we remember Jesus at his table as a *sufferer*. All suffering touches us; but what sorrow is like unto Christ's sorrow? When Stephen was slain, he was slain for his religion; when Paul bled, he bled for his best Benefactor; when Hampden fell, he fell for his nation's liberty; but when Jesus of Nazareth died, it was the incarnate Son of God dying to bring salvation to the most malignant of his foes. A world's enmities he bore. The chastisement of a world's iniquities was laid upon him. By his stripes is the worst of lepers healed. His blood cleanses even a persecuting Saul of Tarsus from his guilt. But if this general statement does not touch my heart, I can think of the atoning Lamb as my own personal deliverer, bearing on his divine heart a distinct and individual thought of *me* in the hour of his bitter agonies. For the sins of the whole world he died; but this does not so move me as the recollection that for me, poor, guilty, wayward, ungodly me, he gave himself to the tormentors. What the broken law of God demanded of me my Savior bore. What I deserved to suffer, Jesus suffered for me. That wounded side was cleft, and those mangled hands were pierced, that I might go with clean hands and a forgiven heart into heaven. Putting forth his grateful hand to the sacred emblems, the believer exclaims:

"This body broken for *my* sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
This testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee;
Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while I breathe, or pulse remains,
Will I remember thee."

II. For Jesus the sufferer is at the same time Jesus the *lover* of my soul. Not that I at the first loved him, but he, when I was all unlovely, loved me. This is the sublimest teaching of the sacramental hour, this its holiest, tenderest inspiration. On the emblems which Jesus offers me at his table—on the folds of the banner which he lifts above me—on every morsel of the bread, and on every drop in the flagons, his sacred hand writes, "Herein is love." Free, unsought love was Christ's, for he gave himself for us. Sovereign love was Christ's, for it passed by fallen angels weltering in woe, and lighted upon fallen me, weltering in my guilt. Condescending love was Christ's, for although he were quite as rich without me, yet he became poor that I might be everlastingly rich with a celestial inheritance. Mighty was this love of Christ's, for it subdues the most obstinate opposition, and transforms the most malignant depravity of the sinner's soul. It was a love stronger than death. It saw me ruined by the fall; yet loved me notwithstanding all! Bless the Saviour, O my soul! let all that is within me bless his holy name! Draw near to him now. Reach hither thy finger and behold his hands. Reach hither the hand, and thrust it into his side; and cry out, "*My* Lord and my God!" Thou art my Shepherd; thou art my Husband; thou art my King. Woe be upon all spiritual love but the love of Christ! Shame be upon all glory but glorying in the cross of Christ; death be upon all life but upon the life of Christ! "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth my soul rejoice over thee!"

To remember Jesus thus at his table, and to rejoice in him, is comparatively easy for the believer, when the very air is loaded with the fragrance of his presence. With every thing to remind us of Christ, it is not so hard to keep the heart upon him. But when we get out again into the pestilential atmosphere of an unfriendly world—when we come among the jinglings of the money-changers, and the wranglings of the seekers after gain, and the clamorings of the seekers after pleasure—when there is nothing around us that looks or acts or speaks like Christ, can we remember him then? Can we order our lives in remembrance of his law of purity? Do we carry Christ's keepsake with us into daily life? Do we labor for dying souls in remembrance of the way in which he toiled for poor humanity? Do we try to be patient under trial, and forgiving under provocation, remembering how he returned good for evil? Do we remember him when we divide up our gains, seeing to it that Christ's cause receives its full share of our gold and silver? Do we remember him in the person of his poor, his enslaved, or his injured ones? These are the practical questions for every Christian to answer, both when he approaches and after he leaves that sacred spot where the voice of his crucified Master says: "Do this in remembrance of me."

THE CHRISTIAN'S NEW RELATIONSHIP TO GOD.

Had our first parents retained their original holiness and no sin, consequently, have cursed our world, happiness—the happiness which unbroken communion with God gives—would have been the portion of our race, and a world of beauty their dwelling place. Thus and here would we have forever lived, unless God should have translated us, one by one, when our work was done, like Enoch and Elijah, to a "mansion above." But then what relationship would we have sustained to God? Only that of holy creatures! If translated to heaven, would we have been in any sense nearer to God than the angels? We cannot conceive how this could have been the case; for the angels, equally with us, according to our supposition, are holy beings, and, in addition, are superior intelligences. And, admitting this, then it would follow that angels would occupy a higher place in heaven than the translated of our race. This seems to be the principle taught in the parable of the "talents." Now, the servant who received the ten talents, and gained other ten, was made ruler over ten cities, while he who received five and gained other five, received a corresponding reward—was made ruler over five cities. But since our hypothesis has no foundation, sin having entered and ruined our race, and a Saviour having been provided, "mighty to save," what shall be the new relationship of the saved ones? Shall their position be lower than it would have been, or will God overrule the introduction of sin for the bringing of his "chosen" nearer to himself, and for their higher exaltation than if they had never sinned? Wonderful as it is, and contrary to human modes of action as it may be, the latter is the case. Satan shall not succeed in divorcing our race from God. No! God will overrule his work for bringing his redeemed nearer to himself.

1st. They are brought near by adoption. All are creatures of God by creation; but the moment a sinner exercises faith in Christ, a relationship is formed between him and Christ, which makes him, in a new sense, a child of God. The promise, then, has a practical effect, "I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters." They then become heirs of God, and partakers of the Saviour's glory, as it is written, "Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. . . . that we may be also *glorified together*." Yes, once adopted sons and daughters, and heaven becomes their *inheritance*—not merely a gift, but something which comes to them in consequence of their new relationship.

2d. They are exalted *to reign* in heaven.

It is never said of the angels that they reign, they are always represented as *servants*: "Are they not all ministering servants, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Yes, servants *waiting on the heirs* who shall bye and bye reign: "For if by one man's offence death reigned by one, much more, they which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, *shall reign in life by one Jesus Christ*." Again: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne," says the Saviour; but no such promise is given to even the faithful angels. In addition, they are represented as being nearer the throne in heaven than the angels.

The Apostle John records part of his vision of heaven: "And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces and worshipped God." Here, in the inside circle, around the throne, we have the elders—representatives of the entire church—and the living creatures, representatives of the martyrs, both together representing "the souls that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and *whoever* had not worshipped the beast;" and in the outer circle "all the angels."

Surely, among the "mysteries of Godliness," this is one, that the redeemed of our ruined race should be brought into such a new relation to God, and exalted to such glory in heaven—a relationship and glory that would not have been theirs, only that through much "tribulation they have been called to enter the kingdom." Reader, what is your hope?

There are two goals before you, one a throne in glory, to be obtained through an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ; the other a place in the pit of woe, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, the fit reward of impenitent transgressors. To which goal are you running? Answer your own heart, and do not deceive yourself, for God will not be mocked.

THE TOMB OF WHITFIELD.

The Prince of Wales took off his hat at the grave of Washington. Napoleon lingered the intellect in the conception of those mental attributes with which the visible frailty has been associated. What we have known hitherto only by reading at such a time becomes to us present and actual.

Such were the thoughts excited in us by a recent visit to the tomb of Whitfield. A call of few hours is Newburyport, Mass., with no design of sight-seeing, led us to inquire for the church where his remains are deposited. The sexton conducted us into the vault which is beneath the pulpit at the rear of the church. Mingled feelings were excited as the rays of the lamp rendered visible the open coffin, the bare bones, and the decaying mound of the great, good, and eloquent man. The coffin is of plain, massive, solid wood, apparently oak, and is yet very sound. It rests upon the coffin of a Mr. Prince, a blind preacher, and one of the first pastors of the church. The skull, the bones of the arms, the back bone, and the ribs are in good preservation. One of the bones of the arm lies crosswise thoughtfully and reverently in the tomb of Frederick the Great. An instinctive awe must pervade every truly thoughtful mind when standing in the presence of the last earthly remains of those who wielded a controlling influence upon their times. One desires to see the living man who is shaping the thought, moulding the character of the generation to which he belongs, that he may look with his own eyes upon the actual form under which power manifests itself. This may be hero worship. But it is not weakness in our nature, only as our nature needs for its growth and gratification embodied thought, the visible concentration of those forces which we know to be at work. So when we gaze upon the dust of the mighty, the mind is aided by the sight in realizing the acts recorded in history. The very contrast between past strength and present weakness sets the imagination vividly to work; the near contact with the last and the all of the earthly quickens near the region of the breast, where it was laid after it was returned from England. The little box in which it was transported lies upon the coffin.

The cranium can hardly be regarded as of very large size, nor of unusually full development in the frontal regions. But as our hand was placed upon it, we were stirred at the recollection of the lofty, fiery thoughts which were there conceived. As we peered into the vacant eye-sockets, imagination filled them again with those wondrous luminous balls which rolled and flashed with electrical power over gazing multitudes. We saw the mouth again in its place, so full, firm and well-defined, and fancied we could hear the words of superhuman energy which poured forth an irresistible stream of holy, fervid eloquence. Those arm bones were again clothed with sinews and flesh, and raised aloft were themselves instinct with the meaning and purpose of the glowing soul which guided them, and converted their tremulous wavy lines into an inspiration. We were down in the gloomy cell, with the bones and dust, but conception was up stairs, stretching forward and gazing at the pulpit. In it stood the living man, his whole person transformed by the grandeur of the themes of the Gospel. Baptized with an unction from the Holy One, invested with a supernatural presence, he argued, persuaded, wept, expostulated, until the great facts of eternity were as real to the people as though they had already entered upon the experience of them.

Yet here before us, just here to the eye, to the touch, was all that remained of the greatest preacher of modern times. Indeed it is doubtful if any times ancient or modern have known a man possessed of such rare and popular eloquence. This mould, these repulsive bones are all. No difference between these and those of the blind preacher whose history, though a faithful man, is not known beyond his parish! Ah, this is not all. The great preacher is living on! His career and influence illustrate the power of unwritten truth to survive him who utters it, and to exist always and everywhere. The fame of Whitfield, and his usefulness, accumulate with the progress and increase of the Gospel with every year. The victories he achieved over self and over others are reproducing themselves in ever extending triumphs. To-day the reverence for his character, the estimate of his labors, the interest felt in everything pertaining to his history, is as pervasive and profound as at the day of his death.—*Meth.*

THE MOTHER'S STEADFAST FAITH.

Years ago, a man and his wife emigrated from England to Western New York. The husband was intent upon adding to his farms, his cattle, and his sheep; the wife, upon securing the true riches and serving the Lord. The nearest church was ten miles distant, and on Sabbaths the horses were always too tired to take her—so thought the husband. But the believing wife somehow found the way to God's house, if only once in months; and as children were born to them, she resolutely persevered in training them for a future and holier life. In these duties also she was opposed: "All such reading and singing and praying and learning the catechism took too much time." Twelve children were the fruit of this union; seven were sons, and as they grew older, they delighted to gratify their mother by assisting her to enjoy religious privileges, and the father ceased, in a measure, his opposition.

In her fiftieth year, the Master called her. Some of her children had embraced the truth, the rest were still in unbelief. To die and never meet again, it could not be. She called her family around her, and bade them "take heed to the word of life," and "follow her as far as she had followed Christ."

"I am going home, and I am happy. Here in my heart God has given me an assurance that you, my husband and children, will all join me in the company of the redeemed. Not one of you will be left out; sooner or later you will lay down your unbelief and rebellion, and serve Him who died for you. Do not put off that blessed day, but hasten to prove that God hears and answers prayer. Thirty years I have taught you and prayed for you. Some of you, my sons, will stand before men and preach the gospel of Christ, and souls will be converted through your means." Firmly as in days of health the dying woman spoke to her family; but when the message was given, with a smile on her face she sank to rest.

The mother's assured trust was fulfilled. Her children all professed their faith in Christ, and five out of the seven sons became preachers of the gospel. The father married again, and lived as he had done until his eighty-second year, when, in a powerful revival in the place which had grown from a forest to a town under his own eyes, he became convicted of sin. Humbly lamenting a long, a wasted life, at the eleventh hour he entered into the vineyard. As he received baptism, his white locks shone with a silvery light; and the sight of one so aged submitting at last to the Lord he had so long denied, was tenderly impressive. Four years only were added to his days, and for two of these he was scarcely able to walk. But this was a true regeneration; every word and act revealed that he was born of God. He lived lamenting the past, and holding up his long life of rebellion as a beacon to others. God is merciful, and graciously received the servant who came at the eleventh hour.

ETHEL.

THE COST OF MAKING A BISHOP.

The Manchester (Eng.) *Examiner* analyzes a bill in a return made to Parliament in regard to the expenses of becoming a bishop in England. The bills in the return show that the rate has ranged from £397 7s. 6d. to £624 0s. 8d.; but the *Examiner* takes the bill paid by the Rev. John Jackson, D. D., on his promotion to the bishopric of Lincoln. It amounted to £468 odd, and was made up as follows:

It commences like that of his right reverend brethren with the payment of £7 13s. 6d. for the Secretary of State's warrant and stamp. The Attorney-General then extracts £9 18s. 6d. The royal letter of recommendation to the dean and chapter costs £9 3s. 6d, while the "Petty Bag Office" takes a first installment of £46 19s 6d. All this comes under the head of the *conge d'elire*. But as soon as the dean and chapter have done what they were told, and elected the royal nominee, the Crown changes its attitude, assumes a lofty air of strangeness to the whole of the previous transaction, and claims to be paid for confirming what has been done under its own directions. The Secretary of State and the Attorney-General are content to repeat their previous demand; but "Petty Bag" will not be satisfied with less than £48 2s. 10d. After this the government for a time relax their hold upon the inchoate bishop, but it is only to give the Archbishop of Canterbury his turn. He and his officers are quite equal to the occasion. The Lambeth Palace fiat costs £21, the Vicar-General's office gets £31, Doctors' Commons' library claims £20, the installation mandate figures for £10, some minor officials pocket their two or three guineas apiece; and although it does not figure in the bill under examination, there is in a similar account an item of £12 12s. for gloves used at the consecration.

The dean and chapter of Canterbury, having received a little matter of £5 10s. for a license of some kind or other, our clergyman is now a bishop, so far as spiritual matters are concerned. But the Crown how takes him in hand again, reminds him that there is an embargo upon his temporalities, and imposes some rather stringent pecuniary conditions upon his entering into their enjoyment. First of all he must do homage to her Majesty, and simple as that ceremony is, it costs more than £94. Then the Secretary of State and the Attorney-General again send in their little bills "as before." Petty Bag returns to the charge with a demand for, no less, than £68. A gentlemam named Halfhide, receives no less than £22 10s. for "seals;" under the rather vague description of "passing papers through the offices," we have a round sum of 20 guineas; letters, messages, and parcels figure for £3 10s.; the sergeant of her Majesty's Chapel Royal is good enough to content himself with £1 1s.; and the Court Circular figures for a similar sum.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

A delegate of the Christian Commission, laboring at Jefferson Barracks' Hospital, near St. Louis, gives the following account of the work which a devoted Christian lady is doing there for the Saviour and her suffering countrymen:

"The most prominent human instrumentality, under God's grace, in the religious work here, is a woman. In an uncarpeted room in the barracks, furnished with three chairs, a stand, and a hospital cot, we found this devoted lady. Here she labored for six months among the sick and wounded, receiving no salary, but her whole heart appearing to be absorbed in the Christ-like work. Sometimes there have been nearly two thousand patients here, requiring all manner of religious counsel. To each she speaks directly, making personal appeals, and urging the impenitent to go to Christ. She has a peculiarly simple, natural, and impressive manner of talking about religious subjects, that makes one feel that she is most sincere, unconscious of herself, and nothing more than your fellow sinner. We perceived, from incidental remarks that she dropped, that it is no ordinary trial for her to pass through the distressing scenes incident to the hospital. She could not witness the death-struggle. She had done so at first, and was sick for several days after it. During the day, the interest of each new case would sustain her, but when she came back to her lonely room at night, the distressed faces of the day would come up before her most painfully. Then, too, she would so often hear the death-tread beneath her window, at different hours of the night, and know that one of "her men, as she called them," was being borne to his burial. She would feel wretchedly, and close the shutters tight. Her friends warned her that she was exposed to dangerous diseases. Her noble reply was—

"*I am immortal till my work is done.*"

Still she perseveres in her labor, and would esteem it her sorest trial to be removed from it. We shall never forget the hours of delightful communion with this worthy Christian lady. The prayers of Christians should ascend for her that she may be supported and still further blessed in her most fatiguing but self-imposed labors.

A SOLDIER PREACHING.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

An esteemed field agent of the Christian Commission writing from Nashville, Tenn., relates the following beautiful incident.

Sabbath morning, I was standing at the door of the Commission room, supplying the passing soldiers with testaments. I asked one if he had a testament; he said, "No, sir." "Would you like to have one?" "Yes, sir, and would thank you kindly for it." I asked him about Jesus; he said he had known his love. Before the war he was a preacher in a branch of his church, but was sorry to say he had well nigh backslidden in heart and life. I remarked, you are the man I am looking for, I want some one to preach to the soldiers in the barracks, at three o'clock. "Well, they need it," said he, "for I am quartered there myself." T said, select a text from the little book I gave you, and preach in the name of Jesus.

At the appointed hour we assembled together. My soldier friend was ready; his text was, "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." When he ceased speaking, I tried to say a word. The Lord was with us. I saw the tears drop off the soldiers' cheeks on the floor. A proposition came from a soldier to have prayer meeting in the evening, which was agreed to, and with one exception, we have held prayer meeting every evening since. A great many have risen to ask an interest in our prayers. Two have requested me to write to their homes and have their names placed on the church books with their friends. The following Sabbath, I held Sabbath school with them—had forty come together to read the word of God. We had a glorious time. Jesus was with us, and so the good work goes on.

FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.

Dr. Todd, looking over some old sermons, thus recalls reminiscences connected with them:

Well, there is one on "receiving the kingdom of heaven as a little child." I well recollect writing that. I was to preach before a college, and I made it with great labor and care, in the hope that some young man would be saved by it. I went and preached it with all the power I could command. The result was, no young man was converted, nor did I ever hear that any one was in fact, the least moved or interested by it. But last year, when at the West, a lady came to me, a stranger, and with beaming face, told me that her daughter happened to be visiting in the town, and happened to be present, and my poor sermon, useless to the college, was the means of her conversion! Thank God! I can't burn you.

One more in the drawer! Well, what are you? Text—"Every devoted thing is holy." I remember that when I wrote that sermom I felt an uncommon burden on my heart, and hoped and prayed that it might reach some of my flock, and be the means of their salvation. Alas! it made no impression on them. It seemed to vanish like smoke in the air, and perish like foam on the billow. But, thank God! some months afterward I received a letter from a young lady, saying that she stopped in town over the Sabbath, and heard that discourse, and it was the means of her conversion. I have never seen her; never heard from her before or since; but if, by any possibility, these lines should fall under her eye, I wish she might try to conceive how much her letter did to cheer the discouraged preacher.

THE BUBBLE BURST.—Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in his old age, wrote: "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead; my surviving child is consigned to a living tomb; my old friends, brothers, sisters, are dead all but one, and she too is dying; my last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet; but at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone by myself, is it wonderful my philosophy at times takes flight; that I rush into company, resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang; and then, sick of the world and dissatisfied with myself, shrink into solitude?" And in this state of mind he died.

JESUS CHRIST is the Saviour of sinners. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.