

Correspondence.

OPEN AIR PREACHERS. NO. VII.

RICHARD WEAVER AND HIS OPEN AIR MEETINGS.

BY EDWARD BAYSON HAMMOND.

The name of RICHARD WEAVER, THE CONVERTED COLLIER, has occasionally appeared on this side of the water, and no doubt many would be glad to learn something more of the history of this man, whom God has so wonderfully used in leading souls to Christ.

In the summer of 1860 it was first my privilege to listen to the earnest words of this reclaimed puglist, while addressing several thousands at a series of open air meetings on Glasgow Green. As I saw strong men wiping the tears from their eyes, I could but mark the power which God had given to this uneducated layman. During the weeks which followed, as again and again, in towns and cities, I heard his pungent appeals, I was often led to think of Luke's description of Apollos, in Acts xviii. 24-28. While the pen of inspiration has left us to form our ideas of the characters and temperaments of the apostles from their writings, or from the simple history of their actions, it has furnished us with a clear portrait of Apollos.

Dr. John Campbell, of the British Standard, London, says that "the character of Apollos was the prototype of all the most eminent pastors, evangelists, and missionaries of every succeeding age. Names in support of this view might be noted by the hundred, but it may suffice to mention those of Luther and of Knox, of Wesley and Whitefield, of Howell Harris in Wales, and of Messrs. Tennent in America. All these men had much in common, and all of those attributes which they thus shared will be found to have signalled their great archetype, Apollos. These attributes are an exalted piety, resulting from a change of heart; a profound acquaintance with the word of God; a deep, doctrinal knowledge of the gospel; a seraphic fervor of temperament; a moving eloquence; a high and dauntless moral courage, and great personal activity."

Richard Weaver certainly seems to possess these attributes, and though but a few years ago he could not write his own name, he will be remembered and loved when thousands who now stand high in the literary world are forgotten. If "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance," then I believe that in heaven Richard Weaver will be forever remembered with affection by the multitudes who have heard and received the words of "eternal life" which fell from his lips at open air meetings.

Though he is but thirty-seven years of age, a sketch of his life and labors has been published by Messrs. Morgan & Chase, London.

Again and again have I heard him speak, with tearful tenderness, of his praying mother, who taught him in childhood of the Saviour, and who often pleaded with him, as he grew up, not to follow the example of his drunken father. One of these scenes connected with his mother is thus described in the sketch referred to:—

He had been spending the night in noisy revelry, and had had a quarrel with a companion, which ended as usual in a fight. With bruised and bleeding face he reached home just as day was breaking; and the first sound that fell upon his ears was the faithful mother, praying God to save her son. This hurt him more, he says, than the blows he had received in the fight; it came home to his heart. As soon as his knoock was heard, the poor old woman ran to the door, and the eyes that had been weeping in prayer for him were greeted by his disfigured and drunken face. When she saw him, she knelt down and prayed again that God, for the sake of Christ, would save her boy; and pleaded with the lad himself that "God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." But while she prayed the lad cursed, swearing that he would murder her if she did not leave off praying and preaching to him. He went up to bed, but the mother's love constrained her to follow him; and, kneeling down by his bedside, again poured out the abundance of her complaint and grief before her heavenly Father. But no comforting voice said to her, "Go in peace," and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of Him. Far otherwise; her reprobate son in a rage sprang out of bed, and grasping her gray hair, shook her while on her knees. She took hold of his arm with her trembling hands, and said, "This is hard work, Lord, to nurse and watch our children till they begin to be men, and then to hear them say that they will murder us for asking Thee to save them. But though Thou say, yet will I trust in Thee." And then turning to her son, she said, "I will never give thee up."

Impatient of the restraints of this pious mother, he ran away from home. But her prayers and letters followed the thankless prodigal. And they were not in vain, as we see from the sketch already quoted. It says:—

One day he sat in his accustomed place, the public house, and a letter came to him. A companion read it; and there were the same old words, "I will never give thee up, my child." After the young man had read it, Richard wanted to burn it. "Nay, it will never do to burn the praying mother's letter," he replied; and with tears he added, "I wish I had my praying mother. I wish my mother was alive now. Her last word was, 'Samuel, will you meet me in heaven?' And, by the help of God," he cried, "I will meet her in heaven." That was the turning point in his career; the Spirit of God strove with him, and gave him no peace until he laid his weary head upon the Saviour's breast. Subsequently he died full of faith and joy in the Holy Ghost.

The Spirit began to operate on Weaver's mind, and he thought, "If I die now, hell will be my doom." That was a sleepless night. The morning brought him no comfort; and after a weary day, and another anxious, sleepless night, he thought he would

endure this no longer, but would drive away the feeling which oppressed him, and drown the memory of it in drink. He went to Congleton, four miles from Biddulph, where he lived, and got drunk. As he returned home, hell seemed to open before him, and such words as these were sounding in his ears, "Whoso shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Every step he took, he prayed for mercy, and promised that if spared till morning he would decide for God.

The next morning, when the drunkenness had died out of him, Richard, still in fear of hell, went out into a field and crept into a sand-hole, where no eye could see him, but the eye of God; and there, praying to his Father in secret, he told Him all his sorrows, confessed all his iniquities, cried to be delivered, trusted in the blood, and was made free. He was to have fought with a man that day, but he began the day with a more terrible adversary. "In that sand-hole," so he says, "I had a battle with the devil. Christ and Satan fought it, and Christ gained the victory; and I came off more than conqueror through Him that loved me."

That conflict in the sand-pit marked, indeed, an era in his history. Then and there he passed from death to life; and then God brought him out of darkness into His marvellous light; and from that hour he knew that he had no longer to wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of the world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places.

With what joy was the intelligence sent to the poor old mother, and how differently was she thought of, now that her prayer was answered, and the rebel brought into the arms of his Saviour. As soon as she received the joyful news, she went into her closet, and on her knees thanked her Father in heaven for hearing and answering her prayers. It seemed, indeed, too good to be true, and the tempter whispered doubts into her ear. But God said, "Be not faithless, but believe. The child is made whole."

An open air meeting was announced at a place not far from where Mr. Weaver lived in England. Reginald Radcliffe was expected to address it. Five or six thousand assembled, among whom were Richard Weaver, anxious to catch a glimpse of "the lawyer from Liverpool." But as Mr. Radcliffe was not able to be present, those who knew of Weaver's remarkable conversion asked him to come up to the stand and relate it. The Lord helped him, and from that hour he became an "open air preacher."

One night in Liverpool, when Mr. Weaver had been preaching in the open air, "while on his way home, singing, a policeman caught hold of him, and asked him if he would not stop singing. 'Nay,' said he, 'I shan't stop.' The policeman said he would make him, and caught him by the collar. He sprang his rattle, another policeman came to his help, and they took him to the lock-up."

As they went, a fellow-Christian shouted after him, "Never mind, brother, look up." Weaver said, "Loose me, and take hold of that noisy chap." They accordingly took both of them to the station. When they arrived there they had hard work to keep the people out, for as they went along two or three hundred had followed them, many of whom were the prisoners' friends. No sooner were they inside, than Weaver fell on his knees and prayed, while the people were holding a prayer-meeting in the street. When he had concluded, he got up and preached to the police officers, telling them that if they did not repent, they would all be lost.

"Dear me," said the inspector, "I never heard such a man. The next time you come here you will have to be sent to Rainhill, (lunatic asylum,) and ordered him to go out. 'I shan't go out,' replied the prisoner; 'I was publicly put in; and I shall be publicly put out.'"

Just then a gentleman came in, a friend of Weaver's, at whose suggestion Weaver withdrew, and went home singing, as before:—

"For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain, And give us the victory again and again."

A few nights after this, the policeman who had taken him into custody met him and asked him to forgive him. "Don't ask my pardon, ask God's pardon," said Weaver. "I forgive thee freely," said the policeman.

"Oh," said the poor fellow, with tears, "I'd give every hair of my head to know what you do to know my sins forgiven." "You needn't give anything," was the reply. "God gave Christ for you, and He will forgive every one that comes to Him by Jesus."

The man believed the love of God, and was made happy then and there. While they were speaking, a crowd had gathered, and an Irishwoman began to abuse Weaver, and call him a heretic. But the policeman told her if she did not go along quietly, he should take her into custody, and after that he always defended Weaver when he came in his way.

Mr. W.'s words, "I shan't go out; I was publicly put in, and I shall be publicly put out," call to mind Paul's words to the magistrates, when urged to leave the prison "in peace." "They have cast us into prison, and now do they thrust us out privily. Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and put us out."

In our next we shall try to collect some further facts with regard to this man, who has witnessed more extensive outpourings of the Holy Spirit than almost any other man in Great Britain. He is one of the "missing links" whom God has used to reach thousands upon thousands who were beyond the reach of the ordinary means of grace.

Would that those in this country, who have experience and talents somewhat similar to this "converted collier," might be encouraged to follow the Saviour to the "highways and hedges."

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, November, 1864. New York, L. Scott & Co. Philadelphia: for sale by W. B. Zieber, 106 South Third street, contains: Commercial Philanthropy; Latham's Johnson's Dictionary; Liturgical Reform; Early Roman Tragedy, and Epic Poetry; Wildbad and its Waters; Giuseppe Giusti and his Times; the late John Richardson.

CHAPLAIN ARMSTRONG'S LETTER.

HEADQUARTERS 4TH MICH. CAVALRY, BIVOUACED 5 miles out of Nashville, January 9th, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER MEARS:—

LETTERS IN THE ARMY are among the pleasantest messengers that greet the soldier. They bring to him, in the midst of his labors, and suffering, and loneliness, (and no place except a crowded city is like the army for loneliness,) familiar faces, loving voices, help, sympathy, and cheer. The bugle sends forth its calls, here in the regiment, in the camp, and on the march, some to duty and some to rest. We have "reville," "sick call," "breakfast call," "stable call," "water call," "roll call," "taps," and many other calls. We have "distribution" of rations, of clothing, &c.; but no call of the bugle is greeted with such a thrill of delight as "distribution," when it means "mail." Often when that call is heard in camp it is greeted with shouts that make these Southern woods and hills ring again and reverberate as peal follows peal.

So recently came to greet the writer, with other precious missives, a welcome letter from the editorial chair of the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN. It is like taking the hand of a friend, and that is indeed a luxury in this far away land, where nearly all are enemies. We are looking daily into stranger faces, and hearing, in Southern dialect, stranger voices, and it is sweet to hear or imagine the home sounds. By the way,

HOME TO THE SOLDIER signifies here what it never did before. It is the sweet land of the far away, in which he fondly lives over again his life—"lang syne." It is the goal of his hopes, and none but a soldier can tell how bright is the horoscope of your brother soldier, "when this cruel war is over." Now he understands what home is. He sees volumes of holy meaning in the word never seen before. Aye, how we learn to prize, and rightly to interpret, the homeliest feature of our far off homes, and the time of our service here is counted down to weeks and days, till the term of our soldiering is expired.

WINTER CAMPAIGNING.

The soldier's life is hard, even in summer; but if you can form any conception of our condition then, add to everything that you then imagine—bating only the heat and dust—all the rigors of a Southern winter. Perhaps you Pennsylvanians may be inclined to smile at this thought, inasmuch as we are seven or eight degrees nearer the equator. But do not be surprised when I tell you, that there are few, if any, Michigan men here, who do not agree that to them the winters of the Peninsular State are by far more endurable than those of the "sunny South." For we do get occasional gleams of sunshine, and sometimes a day, or a half day, of sun; but we have weeks of storm here, and the time would fail me to attempt to describe the storms, and the results of them to us poor campaigners. When a body of six or eight thousand men has passed over the road in Pennsylvania you will have mud; but the red mud of these Southern States "beats all" the mud that I have ever seen. The snows and rains all turn to mud. The soldier is marching all day in the mud, and turns to his bivouac at night tired and wet, or both. He must sleep, even if his bed be in the mud, and in wet, or cold, nature is peremptory. Then he is roused at reveille, and finds it mud again. Mud for his horse, mud for himself, mud, deeper and dirtier, more adhesive and unrelenting than we "mud sills" of the North ever saw before. But when the rain turns to snow the mud is mud still, only frozen, and then sorry work it is, indeed, for the man or animal that attempts to march over it. Yet forward go the Union soldiers, and many a noble horse and patient mule falls and remains as a way mark of our winter campaigning. But trying as is the mud, the cold and rough winds seem often harder still. These might almost claim a New England paternity, but that they are mostly from a southerly direction. Never in Vermont or Michigan, have I suffered more keenly from cold winds than in this winter march from Louisville, Kentucky, to Nashville, Tennessee.

Yet all is cheerful. There is no complaining. Our citizen volunteers take it all in a truly soldierly way. It is now raining, as it has done for the last twenty-four hours, and sitting on my bed on the ground, I am writing on my knee, and turning this way and that to protect myself from the dropping rain; but I hear, just a little over from my tent, a chorus of voices singing the John Brown song, "Rally round the Flag," &c. Ah, my brother, what is it that inspires these reading and thinking men, to leave homes of peace and plenty, homes of love and intelligence, for the rigors and hardships of a winter campaign? Is it the money that Government pays them? I trow not. There is something higher than pelf to nerve them, and right noble is their spirit and courage. Nay, sublime is their love of country and freedom. But the high and holy principle of our Union soldiers seems all the nobler when we contrast it with

KENTUCKY LOYALTY.

It may be unexpected to you to hear any suspicions of Kentucky's truth and devotion to the Union, and indeed, my brother, such imputations are severe upon any who may be truly and heartily loyal; and of such, I doubt not, there may be a few, and they are paying dear for their loyalty. They find enemies at home who prey upon them, and in the eyes of all Union soldiers they are suspicious characters "because of the company

they keep." But in all my travels in this State, I have failed to find a person, man or woman, whose loyalty has the true ring—very few who will wish our Government to succeed without an if or a but. They do not talk like the people of Michigan. The State is full of guerrillas, and no Union soldier is safe anywhere, unless under the protection of an armed force.

Some facts of recent date may be in point, as they have been of painful interest to us.

When our division set out from Louisville, ordered to Nashville, Tennessee, we had, among others, two young Pennsylvania officers of great worth, and universally known, loved, and honored through the brigade, where they were efficient staff officers. They were Dr. John L. Sherk, son of Abraham Sherk, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, who was a major-surgeon in the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, and acting brigade-surgeon at the time of our march; and Captain Robert M. McCormick, son of Robert McCormick, of Milton, Pennsylvania, who was brigade-inspector; both gentlemen of education and of peculiarly refined and interesting character. On the second day of our march, when at Bardston, the captain, at the request of a brother, had called on a family living in the suburbs of the town, who had, at some former time, befriended this brother. Dr. Sherk accompanied him. They were kindly received, and had just fairly passed the first civilities of the meeting, when the house was surrounded by a gang of sixteen ruffians, headed by the notorious Magruder and two other so-called Captains, Sommerland and Davis. The doctor and captain were not even hailed by these guerrillas; but, like wild beasts, were shot down unguarded and unthinking. The doctor was pierced with two balls, and the captain with three, and they were brought in to us in their blood. The cowardly thieves who murdered them stripped them of their watches, hats, &c., took their horses that stood tied at the gate, and were soon beyond the reach of pursuit; and being transformed at once into citizens, could defy detection.

Later in our march, when near the southern line of the State, six of our men, of Illinois regiments, being found beyond the limits of the command, and taken by surprise, were captured. Then the fiends who had them in their power, tied their hands behind their backs, and placing them in a row upon a log, amused themselves by shooting them off as boys shoot squirrels. Five men were killed, and the sixth badly shot. This last remained insensible for a while, but reviving, at length, when his captors had finished rifling their murdered victims and left, he made his way to the camp, his hands still bound, and told the story. Now, my brother, you may imagine the feelings with which we regard the people of Kentucky, when we know that these very bloody desperadoes are the citizens of the State, and in this very fact lies immunity in crime. They may defy pursuit and detection. We march through their very midst, and they watch all our movements; and so are ready to make a descent upon any unprotected soldier or officer, and yet, when detected, have on the smooth speech and sober face of innocence. But we have learned to suspect every man we meet, and why should we not? In cool blood they murder us whenever we come within their reach, and that in the meanest and most cowardly way. Had Sherk and McCormick fallen in open, honorable (?) warfare, we should have mourned their untimely fall as noble comrades perished in their country's cause; but that they should be meanly murdered by a pack of cowardly thieves, calling themselves loyal, yet burning with the vilest and most venomous treason; whining and fawning upon the Federal Government, living, forsooth, in "armed neutrality," another phrase for armed rebellion, this was too much. The men whose professed loyalty is marked with such deeds, the men who grudge us the wood to keep us from freezing, and the forage from their rich cribs for our beasts, while we are here, at the pelf of all we love, to defend them, the men who though nominally in the Union, are yet in spirit out of it, the men who whine and cringe, and meanly ask that the Government shall pay them back the cost of the war losses, which nothing but their own disloyalty has incurred, these men should be branded as the blackest of traitors; as their record makes them. I honor South Carolina in comparison, for while her hand was on the hit, she did not cover the blade; while she hated, she did not talk of love!

But Kentucky is reaping some of the legitimate fruits of her deeds. In the South she has enemies, and in the North she has failed to make friends, and I fear, she must be made but a charred and blackened waste before the end shall come.

Our division is ordered to Eastport, Mississippi, and you perhaps, brother editor, as well as we "Yankees" can guess where and what then. We are to remain here till the 12th, to repair the breakages of the march thus far, and then on to the front.

Men and animals have suffered beyond measure in this winter march. We are sending many men to the hospital, and many horses will go into hospitals too, to be recruited and saved, if possible. This mud, cold, and warm, soft and hard, will wear out men and beasts. But for the men of our command I have just drawn and issued from the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, sanitary supplies most liberally. These will do good in relieving many suffering men; who need a variation from the naked army rations. I have also received here a good supply of fresh reading matter, and

a fine lot of mittens, which will be very grateful to many a cold-fingered hand. I say to the boys, "these are not from 'Uncle Sam' they are from home," and "a hearty 'God bless you' do I receive, that belongs to the kind hands and thoughtful, loving hearts that have supplied these comforts. Ah, my brother, how is our Great Father reaching back to the hearts of his people through this most bitter, yet most glorious of wars, and developing their benevolence.

It is grand and awfully sublime to be living and working in this day. To see what God is doing, and to believe in the glory which he is about to reveal. God hasten it in its time. C. S. A.

WASHINGTON AT THE COMMUNION TABLE IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT MORRISTOWN, N. J.

The following interesting event was related to Dr. Hillyer by the Rev. Dr. Timothy Johns, pastor of the church at Morristown, at the time of its occurrence:—"While the American Army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped in the environs of Morristown, New Jersey, it occurred that the service of the communion, then observed semi-annually only, was to be administered in the Presbyterian Church of that village. On a morning of a previous week, the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Johns, then pastor of that church, and after the usual preliminaries, said: 'Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday, I would learn if it accords with the canons of your Church to admit communicants of another denomination? The Doctor rejoined: 'Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian Table, General, but THE LORD'S TABLE; and hence we give the Lord's invitation to all his followers, of whatever name.' 'The General replied: 'I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be; but, as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I proposed to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities.'

"The Doctor reassured him of a cordial welcome, and General Washington was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath."

Editor's Table.

NEANDER. History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles. By Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated from the German, by J. E. Ryland. Translation revised and corrected according to the Fourth German edition, by E. G. Robinson, D. D., Professor in Rochester Theological Seminary. New York, Sheldon & Co. Royal Sto., pp. 547. Philadelphia: for sale by James Claxton, 606 Chestnut street.

This is a revised edition, with all the lamented author's latest touches, of a standard theological work, one of the most valuable of Neander's contributions to the history of Christianity. It forms the connecting link between his Life of Christ and his great History of the Christian Religion and Church. It is a masterly and profound exhibition of the facts, personages, doctrines, polity, and controversies of the church, as presented in the Acts and Epistles of the New Testament. An acute and penetrating mind, a keen criticism, blended with a true scientific spirit and breadth of philosophical view, are employed upon these momentous themes; and a reverent, believing temper, joined with perfect candor and appreciation of the merits of diverse views, assure the student as he follows the lead of this most able thinker and instructive teacher. Neander is not free from some of the vices of German criticism. His explanation of the gift of tongues, at the very commencement of the volume, is not only unsatisfactory—as most attempts are—but it concedes the existence of unhistoric elements in the account of that great transaction, and it assumes the right and the ability of criticism to eliminate them. But this is an instance in Neander's treatment of the facts of Scripture, the historical accuracy of which he is more often found defending against the assaults of Baur and his school. Neander belonged to a movement of reaction against the extremes of rationalism and negative criticism; his faults are remnants of a state of things from which he and others, like Tholuck, were emerging. They are very different from even the similar admissions of the later English school of unbelief; these are the symptoms of a violent and dangerous attack of illness just coming on, the others are the remnants of weakness in a convalescent.

The tables of contents, and the indexes of Scripture references and of subjects, are exceedingly full, as in all of Neander's great works. The more minute, critical discussions are conveniently packed away in foot-notes, and may be omitted in reading without any serious detriment.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS.

BIBLICAL REPERTORY AND PRINCETON REVIEW, January, 1865. Article I. Are James, the son of Alphaeus, and James, the brother of the Lord, identical? This is a long and learned discussion, the interest of which turns on the question whether the mother of Christ has any children beside our Saviour. The writer takes the affirmative side, which he supports with earnestness and ability: Article II. A Plea and Plan for Presbyterian Unity. This is a brief article, conceived in a most excellent spirit, touching upon the reasons of policy for Presbyter-

ian union—all the different branches of the church being contemplated—answering objections and proposing that a Synodal Assembly be erected above all the Assemblies (which should retain their identity and perform their ordinary functions as before), composed of an equal number of delegates from each of the constituent denominations, which should have a supreme federal authority in all matters which should be submitted to it, according to the constitution of union. The boards or committees (composed also of members from each of the constituent denominations) should be directly responsible to this Synodal Assembly, and subject to its authority. Article III. Nature and Ends of Prayer. Article IV. Mason and Dixon's Line: An interesting historical sketch, in which the extraordinary difficulties incurred in settling the boundaries and running the lines between the three States of Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, are graphically told. The document in which the final agreement was recorded is said to be among the most "remarkable of all the great models of old English conveyancing: consisting of thirty-four pages, closely printed octavo; remarkable for legal precision and perspicuity; putting at rest forever the most vexing question, according to Lord Hardwicke, that ever engaged the councils and chanceries of England." Article V. The Nature of Man; argues for the doctrine of dualism, or two substances, mind and matter, and opposes the doctrine of trichotomy, or three substances (body, soul, and spirit), in man. Also, against the realistic theory which makes humanity, human nature, a something distinct from, and independent of, the individuals composing the race. Article VI. What is the use of breathing? A curious and interesting psychological sketch, showing the internal processes, the perpetual living and dying involved in the processes of inhalation and exhalation. Short notices conclude the number. Philadelphia: Peter Walker, 821 Chestnut street.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA, January, 1865. Article I. Examination of the various readings of 1 Tim. iii. 16. By Rev. William H. Ward, Utica, N. Y. A very full presentation of the authorities for the one or the other reading, &c., &c. (being dismissed as untenable) in this very celebrated passage. The writer does not take either side of the two readings, contenting himself with presenting the evidence. It is remarkable how both readings have, in their turn, been regarded as indications of heretical or orthodox tendencies among those who defended them, although just now &c., is considered the more orthodox reading. Article II. The Son of Man. By Professor Tyler, of Amherst College. A noble article, full of elevated views of the nature of Christ as man, to which ardent defenders of his divinity need, in those days, to be directed. Article III. The Supernatural in God's Promise to Abraham. By Professor Harris, Bangor Theological Seminary. The unity of the entire work of redemption requires us to attribute divine character equally to its beginning, in Abraham, as to its completion in Christ. Colenso rejects the historical character of the New Testament, because he impugns so violently that of the Old. The characteristics of God's promise to Abraham evincing its divine origin, are perspicuously and learnedly unfolded. Article IV. The Gift of Tongues. By Rev. David Greene, formerly Secretary A. B. C. F. M. A very natural theme for the pen of one whose attention has been in any special way turned to Foreign Missions, for, doubtless, many a toiling missionary, embarrassed with the perplexities of a barbarous language, has looked back with longing to that pentecostal gift, as an easy solution of his most formidable difficulty. The writer takes the received view of the orthodox church on this difficult subject, and defends it with ability and learning. Article V. The Temptation. By Rev. L. S. Potwin, North Greenwich, Conn. The view is maintained that the main design of the tempter was to call in question the sonship and divinity of our Lord. Article VI. Remarks on Renderings of the Common Version (in Galatians). By Professor Hackett, Newton Theological Seminary. The aim of the accomplished professor is simply to point out the more obvious changes demanded in the renderings of our English version. Article VII. Editorial Correspondence; being letters from Rev. Justin Perkins, on the ancient town of Amidath, and from Rev. George C. Hurter, Beirut, Syria, on the discovery of a spring of water near Mount Horeb. Article VIII. Notices of Recent Publications. That of Dr. Hodge's last edition of the Commentary on Romans, signed "C. E. S.," is sufficiently severe, though admitting very great improvements as compared with previous editions.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for December, 1864 (published and for sale as above). Contents: Visit to the Cities and Camps of the Confederate States in 1863-4. Part I: thoroughly Secessionist; Tony Butler. Part XV. Public Schools' Report—conclusion; Winchester and Shrewsbury. My Latest Vacation Excursion. Part II. Aunt Ann's Ghost Story. Cornelius O'Dowd. Part XI. Index.

TERMS FOR 1865:

For any one of the Reviews, \$4; any two, \$7; any three, \$10; all four, \$12; Blackwood, \$4; Blackwood and any one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and all the Reviews, \$15. The price of the whole, imported at present rates, would be \$100. Address L. Scott & Co., 88 Walker street, New York.