

Correspondence.

OLD BOOKS, AND WHAT THEY HAVE TO TELL.

BY REV. E. H. GILBERT, D.D.

There are many persons to whom a taste for old books is something inextinguishable. They can understand well enough the attractions of a clean, white page and attractive binding, but time-worn covers and dingy pages seem to them simply unsightly. But if, for a few moments, they could enter into the views and share the feelings of the historical student, they would begin to wonder at themselves rather than him. The old book is the one he wants. He respects it, as we all do some lingering survivor of the Revolutionary war, who can tell the story of what he saw and did. The time-stained page is a kind of voucher for the identity of the witness. The tone of by-gone centuries is in its words. The worn covers are like the moss on some venerable monument. They take us back into a dead past that springs to life again in their company.

I take down from my shelves an antiquated, vellum-bound 24mo., entitled, "Defensio Regia pro Carolo I. ad Serenissimum Magnæ Britanniæ Regem Carolum II., etc., Anno 1649." I know that I have here the memorials of that remarkable controversy in which, two centuries ago, the illustrious Milton routed his antagonist Salmasius, and if the old letter press, clear and distinct, had no charm, the venerable aspect of page and binding carry my thoughts back to the very heart of the conflict, and I feel, as no eloquence of even a Macaulay could make me feel, the force and earnestness of this Latin appeal, in which the greatest of English poets spread the merits of the most remarkable of historic retractions before the court of public opinion throughout Europe.

I turn to another shelf, and take down a quarto pamphlet of some one hundred and fifty pages. It was written by Rev. Solomon Williams, of Lebanon, O., in reply to the treatise of his cousin, the elder Edwards, in which he attacked the Halfway Covenant. On the title page I read, "Rev. Robert Breck, from the people of Northampton." There is a chapter full of meaning in that simple inscription. Rev. Robert Breck, pastor of Springfield, Mass., was one of the millennial neighbors of President Edwards, by whom his course was condemned, and who was in sympathy with the majority of the Northampton congregation. That majority persecuted Edwards after they had driven him out, and to vindicate themselves, procured the publication, or exerted themselves to disseminate this pamphlet, and they did it by such organized effort as to warrant them in styling themselves "The people of Northampton." This fully confirms the statement of President Edwards contained in his life, that his enemies at Northampton exerted themselves to procure the publication of some refutation of the views maintained by their pastor, supplying in the first instance to the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Salem. The bitterness of this controversy, which resulted in the exclusion of the Halfway Covenant from the New England Churches, comes strikingly to view in the inscription in that old pamphlet.

On another shelf I find a copy of the original edition of old Dr. Hopkins's "System of Doctrines," published in 1793, and on a fly-leaf I read, "Elizabeth West, 1793." In the list of subscribers' names, prefixed to this edition, I find this same name of "Elizabeth West, Newport, R. I." In Professor Park's Memoir of Hopkins we read, after an account of the death of his wife, in August, 1793, that "as early as least as 1764, Mr. Hopkins had met Miss Elizabeth West in the praying circle of the Old South Church, Boston." Her friends "persuaded her, after the war, to establish a boarding-school at Newport. Few masters of the New Divinity had a more intelligent conviction of the truth than she. Some of her letters to Dr. Hart and Dr. West are worthy of a theological veteran." On the 14th of September, 1794, she was married to him. (Dr. Hopkins.) At that time she was fifty-five years of age, and he was seventy-three. She died twenty years later at Taunton, Mass., and the volume before me has strayed by unknown and untraceable routes to my hands.

But apart from the name on the fly-leaf, the book has an interest which does not belong to a copy of the fine new edition of Hopkins published by the Congregational Board. The list of subscribers' names has a history—a manifold history—to suggest. Upon that list we find a column headed "Free Black," and in this column are "Newport Gardner, 'Solimar Nubia,' and eleven others, citizens of Newport, and four more, citizens of Providence. Dr. Hopkins's anti-slavery efforts had not been lost on the theological sympathies of the representatives of the African race around him.

This list of subscribers' names helps us to trace out the quarters in which the "New Divinity" struck root, "Rufus Anderson, Candidate, Londonderry," (N. H.), is the first name that meets the eye, and we know his lineage. President Wheelock's name soon follows. Joseph Badger, seven years later to

become the pioneer missionary of Ohio, has a copy of the book; so has Charles Coffin, soon to leave Newburyport and lay the foundations of collegiate and theological education in Eastern Tennessee. Manasseh Cutler, to whom the early settlement of Marietta and Southern Ohio owes so much, has his place on the list. Nathaniel Emmons, (President); Ebenezer Fitch, of Williams-town; Jonathan French, of Andover; Alvan Hyde, of Lee; Jedidiah Morse, of Charlestown; Samuel Spring, of Newburyport; Stephen West, of Stockbridge, and President Maxcy, are there, as a matter of course. Dr. Chapin, of Rocky Hill, was then a tutor in Yale College; Bethuel Dod was studying theology at Orangeale; Jedidiah Chapman, the Patriarch of Central New York, was then settled at the same place; Samuel Miller was studying theology at Dover, Delaware; Moses Waddell, so famous among the Southern Churches, was also preparing for the ministry, and each of these was a subscriber for Dr. Hopkins's work. Some took special interest in its circulation. Dr. Bull, the predecessor of Dr. Beecher at Easthampton, L. I., took two copies; Walter King, of Norwich, Conn., Joseph Alexander, of South Carolina, who educated many for the ministry, and his pupil, James McRee, of North Carolina, each took twelve; Joseph Bullen, six years later to start on his mission tour to the Indian tribes of the Southwest, and to become the Patriarch of the Presbyterian Churches of Mississippi and Louisiana, took two copies; so did the younger Edwards, then at New Haven. Among other subscribers, whose views may have been shaped largely by the work, were Dr. Hill, afterwards of Winchester, Va., Graham, of Lexington, Porter, of Catskill, the celebrated James Waddell, father-in-law of Dr. Alexander, and Samuel J. Wills, of Torrington, Conn.

Indeed, a glance at the subscription list suggests at once the extensive and powerful influence which must have suddenly been given to the Hopkinsian theology, and the agitating effects in the theological world, which were destined to follow for the next thirty years, culminating in "The Triangle" of famous martyrs.

Old books surely have some testimony to bear which is not apt to be found in new editions. The historical explorer feels an enthusiasm sometimes in examining them, not altogether unlike that of one who excavates a buried city, and reads the inscriptions on its ancient monuments. Men may touch their hats to some things more contemptible than old books. True, they are not always valuable. There are works which, whether new or old, are simply worthless. Time, with its centuries, cannot elevate them to anything above curiosities. But if the hoary head is "a crown of glory" in some instances, the weather marks of old age on an old book, may well give it sometimes a beauty far beyond the reach of the binder's art.

JOHN KNOX, THE SCOTCH REFORMER.

The corruptions by which the Christian religion was disfigured before the Reformation, had grown to a greater height in Scotland than in any other nation within the pale of the Western Church. Superstition and religious imposture, in their grossest forms, gained an easy admission among the rude and ignorant people. By means of these, the clergy attained to an exorbitant degree of opulence and power, which were accompanied, as they always have been, with the corruption of their order and of the whole system of religion.

The half of the wealth of the nation belonged to the clergy; and a greater part of this was in the hands of a few individuals, who had the command of the whole body. Avarice, ambition, and the love of secular pomp reigned among the inferior orders. Bishops and abbots rivalled the first nobility in magnificence and preceded them in honors. They were privy counsellors and lords of session as well as of parliament, and had long engrossed the principal offices of State. The Bishops never, on any occasion, condescended to preach. The practice had even become unfashionable among all the secular clergy, and was committed wholly to the mendicant monks, who employed it for the most mercenary purposes. The ignorance of the clergy respecting religion was as gross as the dissoluteness of their morals. Even bishops were not ashamed to confess that they were unacquainted with the canon of their faith, and had never read any part of the sacred Scriptures except what they met with in their missals.

This state of things could not be well endured by the Scotch. Though they were held in ignorance, they were naturally shrewd and sagacious, despisers of idleness and luxury, and filled with an unconquerable love of liberty, which has ever since been one of their prominent characteristics.

The works of Martin Luther were brought into Scotland, and such were the effects that soon followed, that an act of Parliament was passed in 1525, prohibiting the importation of the Reformer's writings; for Scotland, as the act alleged, had always "bene elene of all scilth and vice." Acts of Parliament, however, could not exclude the truth. Hamilton, Wishart, and other noble spirits, saw the truth and embraced it, and because of their fidelity were burned at the stake.

While Wishart was on his last tour through the country, preaching the everlasting Gospel, a man by the name of

Knox accompanied him. The same spirit had caught him. The same fire had begun to burn in his bones. This man, who afterwards proved to be the great John Knox, had been educated for the Romish Church; but his bold and penetrating mind could not be held in the trammels of mere priestly and scholastic authority, and at a very early period of his life he showed a disposition to disregard antiquated dogmatism and to walk freely in the paths of light and liberty pointed out by the Word of God. Some other influences had helped to bring his mind to the knowledge of the truth; but the clear doctrines, the heart-warm love, and the heavenly piety of the martyr Wishart were the principal instrumentalities for completing his conversion.

After his conversion, he had employed himself in different ways. He lived as a tutor for a while in some gentlemen's families. He preached, also, when any persons wished to hear his doctrine. Resolute to walk by the truth and speak the truth when called to do so, he was not ambitious of anything more, nor did he fancy that he was capable of anything more. In this obscure way he had reached the age of forty. About the beginning of April, 1547, he entered the Castle of St. Andrews, partly drawn by respect to those by whom it was held, and partly induced to seek an asylum within it from the hostility of the Popish clergy, who seemed already to have marked him as a dangerous opponent.

One day, in the chapel, a certain preacher, after finishing his exhortations to the resolute spirits around him, said suddenly, that there ought to be other speakers; that all men who had a priest's heart and gift in them ought now to speak; which gifts and heart he knew one of their number, John Knox, by name, had. Has he not? said the preacher, appealing to all the audience. The people answered affirmatively. Poor Knox was obliged to stand up. He attempted to reply. He could not say a word, but burst into a flood of tears and ran out. He was in grievous trouble for some days. He felt what a small talent he had for this great work, and what a great baptism he needed to be baptized with.

Being thus publicly called to the work, John Knox proceeded immediately to place the controversy between the Reformers and the Papists on its proper basis. Instead of contending about rights and ceremonies and minor errors and perversions of doctrine, he boldly stated, and offered to maintain, the proposition, that the Papal Church of Rome is anti-Christ. From that moment the Reformation may be properly dated, because from that moment there could be no compromise.

In a short time we find Knox sent off with some galley slaves. He was on the river Loire. Some officer of priest one day presented him an image of the Virgin Mother, requiring him to reverence it. "Mother! Mother of God!" said Knox. "There is no mother of God. This is a pentecost, a piece of wood, I tell you, with paint on it. She is fitter for swimming, I think, than for being worshipped," added Knox, and immediately flung the thing into the river. While confined in the galleys, Knox told his fellow-prisoners, in this darkest hour, to be of courage, the cause they had espoused was the true one and would prosper; the whole world could not put it down. Reality is of God's making. It is alone strong.

Knox was liberated from the galleys in 1549, and proceeded to England, where he labored, diligently in the cause of the Reformation, under the patronage of Edward VI. until 1554.

In Scotland, the Reformation was checked for several years. The clergy having got the upper hand, used their power with characteristic vigor. Some of the most influential of the supporters of evangelical religion were prosecuted and banished or put to death. The laws against heresy were renewed, and fresh enactments added. Some reformatory regulations were also attempted by the corrupt Church, in order to satisfy the demands of some. But these were inefficacious. The friends of the Gospel, though cast down, were not in despair. A goodly number yet remained, who met in private for mutual edification.

At length, in the end of harvest, in the year 1555, John Knox returned to Scotland. He went from place to place, and made a powerful impression wherever he went. Knox's proceedings were soon reported to the bishops, and he was summoned to appear before a convention of the clergy in Edinburgh. He went, but no meeting was held. The clergy did not think he would appear when he was summoned, and when he did appear, they were sadly disconcerted and set the trial aside, under the pretense of some informality. This gave Knox a great advantage. Knox, about this time, received an invitation to go to Geneva and preach, which he accepted and went. But after a short time he returned, and resolved to devote his life to the cause of the Reformation in Scotland.

At the time of Knox's arrival in Edinburgh, a number of the evangelical ministers of Scotland had been summoned before the court, and they were to have their trial for having taught heresy and having excited tumults among the people. Their enemies, preparing a treacherous scheme to get rid of them by death, had met for several days in the monastery of the Greyfriars at Edinburgh. When on the morning of the 10th of May, while the priests were maturing their

plots, a monk who had probably been begging about the town, ran into the monastery, and, breathless and pale with terror, rushed into the room where the priests were assembled, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "John Knox! John Knox is come! He is here! He slept last night in Edinburgh." If a thunderbolt had fallen in their midst, the priests could not have felt more alarm. They rose hastily, left the hall and the convent and dispersed, some one way and some another, in the greatest confusion and dismay.

Soon afterwards, Knox was invited to preach at St. Andrews. The Archbishop, hearing of this design, hastily collected an armed force, and sent information to Knox that if he appeared in the pulpit he would give orders to fire upon him. This was a critical juncture; Knox's friends did not know how to advise him. In this perplexity they sent for Knox himself, to get his judgment on the case. And the judgment that he gave was one becoming him. He reminded his friends that he had been first called to preach the Gospel in that very town—that he had been dragged away from it by the tyranny of France under the direction of the Bishops—that now the opportunity was presented to him for which he had longed, and prayed, and hoped. He, therefore, entreated them not to hinder him from once more preaching in St. Andrews. "As for me," said Knox, "or the fear of danger that may come to me, let no man be solicitous, for my life is in the custody of Him whose glory I seek. I desire the hand and weapon of no man to defend me; I only crave audience, which, if it be denied here unto me, at this time, I must seek further where I may have it."

The dauntless courage of Knox communicated itself to the lords. Like him, they ceased to think of danger when called to discharge their duty. The next day Knox appeared in the pulpit. He had a vast audience. The Archbishop was among them, and many of the inferior clergy, and many who were ordered to assassinate him. But the hand of God was with him. The subject of his discourse was—"Our Saviour's driving out the profane traffickers from the temple of Jerusalem." From this passage he taught the duty of all Christians to remove the corruptions of Papacy and purify the Church. He preached for three days successively in the same place, and such effect did it produce, that the magistracy and the inhabitants of the town were brought over to the Protestant faith, and immediately stripped the Church of images and pictures, and demolished the monasteries.

At a meeting of the Parliament, held in August, 1560, the Reformation was established in Scotland. Mary, the Queen of Scots, took possession of her Kingdom in August, 1561. Soon after Mary's arrival in Scotland, she sent for Knox and held a long conversation with him. She accused him of raising her subjects against her mother and herself, of writing a book against her just authority, of being the cause of sedition and bloodshed, and of accomplishing his purposes by magical arts. When Knox had answered these charges, she changed the subject and accused him of teaching the people to receive a religion different from that which was allowed by their Princes, and she asked if this was not contrary to the Divine command, that subjects should obey their rulers? Knox replied that true religion derived its origin and authority not from princes, but from the Eternal God—that princes were often most ignorant of the true religion—and that subjects were not bound to frame their religion according to the arbitrary will of their rulers, else the Hebrews would have been bound to adopt the religion of Pharaoh; Daniel and his associates that of Nebuchadnezzar, and the primitive Christians that of the Roman Emperors.

"Well, then," said the Queen, "I perceive that my subjects shall obey you, and not me, and will do what they please, and not what I command, and so I must be subject to them, and not they to me." "God forbid!" replied Knox, "that ever I should take upon me to command any one to obey me, or to set subjects to do whatever please them, but my great aim is that both Princes and subjects may obey God."

Knox's conduct to the Queen has often been much commented upon and approved. But we think without just cause. It was, unfortunately, not possible to be polite with the Queen of Scotland, unless one would prove untrue to the nation and cause of Scotland. A man who did not wish to see the land of his birth made a hunting-field for intriguing, ambitious men, and the cause of God trampled under foot and made the victim of falsehoods, and formulas, and licentiousness, had no method of making himself very agreeable. "Better," said a distinguished writer, "that women weep, than that bearded men be forced to weep." Indeed, it ought not to be expected that a man, sent to row in the French galleys for teaching the truth, could always be in the mildest humor.

John Knox died November 24th, 1572, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He viewed the approach of his dissolution with the utmost calmness, and was consoled by the Gospel to a remarkable degree. A few hours before he breathed his last, being asked the cause of sighing so deeply, he replied, "I have formerly, during my trial-life, sustained many contests and many assaults of Satan, but at present that roaring lion has assailed me most furiously, and put forth all his strength to devour and make an end of me at once. Often before, he has placed my sins before my eyes, often tempted me to despair, often endeavored to ensnare me by the allurements of the world, but these weapons being broken by the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, he could not prevail. Now he has attacked me in another way; he labors to persuade me that I have merited Heaven and eternal blessedness by the faithful discharge of my ministerial duty. But, blessed be God, who has enabled me to beat down and quench this fiery dart by suggesting such passages of Scripture as these: 'What hast thou that thou hast not received?' 'By the grace of God I am what I am;' 'Not I, but the grace of God in me.' Being thus vanquished he left me, therefore I give thanks to my God, through Jesus Christ, who has pleased to give me the victory.'" "Have you hope?" they asked him in his last moments, when he could no longer speak. He lifted his finger—pointed upwards—and so died.

When he was about to be lowered into the grave, the Earl of Morton, who was then Regent, gazing thoughtfully into the open sepulchre, gave utterance to what, from his lips, was the highest eulogium: "There," said he, "lies one who never feared the face of man."

A distinguished writer has thus summarily sketched his character: "In this manner," says he, "departed this man of God—the light of Scotland—the comfort of the Church—the mirror of godliness—and pattern and example to all true ministers in purity of life, soundness of doctrine, and boldness in reproof; wickedness,—one that cared not for the favor of men, how great soever they were."

"Finish thy work, then go in peace, Life's a battle fought and won; Hear from the throne the Master's voice; Well done! Well done!" E. H. N.

THE EVIL EYE.

It will not appear strange that the ignorant colored people of the South are superstitious, clinging half-unconsciously to many traditions of the Old world of their far-off ancestors in Africa, when we remember that cunning the strength of the weak, has been their armor so many years. Indeed, there are many white persons, highly cultivated, and learned in the exact sciences, who have some pet superstition, which fetters them in its invisible chains. There are those who will not sit down thirteen at table, lest the unlucky thirteenth should die within the year, the omen itself being derived from the fact that there were thirteen at the Last Supper, of whom one was a traitor, who afterwards went and hung himself. Some are distressed with apprehensions if a dog howl in the night beneath their window; and in our Southern woods, where the timid hares play in the long grass, many a lady is alarmed if a frightened creature run across her path, lest some misfortune brood over her home.

A belief in the evil eye seems to be general among the colored people. An old auntie told me that her daughter had been sick a long time, and never could recover. "Dere's no use doing nuffin for her, honey. You see, she was looked on with the Evil Eye!" A man not long since gave himself up to the military authorities here, saying that he had shot a man. On investigation it was found that he had hurt no one. "Did you hit him?" was asked. "Of course not," was the reply; "who can hit a witch?" "But why give yourself up?" "I am afraid of his Evil Eye!"

In hiring servants, one has to be extremely guarded in referring to any other applicants for the position; as no servant will enter a "home" to which any other has the shadow of a right. Not long since, in changing my cook, I said to the dignified old woman who was officiating in the culinary department by the day: "Well, Aunt Fanny, I've hired a woman, and she is coming tomorrow; did you see her?" "Certainly, honey, she saw me first." I once thought that this peculiarity was to be referred to a high sense of honor, but I now know that it is occasioned by a sense of fear. One of the brightest yellow women I ever saw, refused to go to a good home, because old Uncle Sam, who lived there, was a witch.

But since the days when grand old Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and cried with fearless voice and emphatic gesture, to the learned and the lofty of the earth, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious," the world has not moved forward so very far. But a few days ago, a veteran soldier unbuckled his sword, and slept his last sleep, in the shadow of the beautiful Highlands, that guard the stately Hudson. And there were found people, we charitably suppose that they were ignorant, whose curiosity impelled them to attend a seance at which a young lady, who ought to be in a lunatic asylum, told them of the old man's entrance into the spirit land, and gave a description, in true milliner style, of his reception robes.

There is an Evil Eye, whose baleful glances shoot, like scorching fire, over earth's fairest and best. It is an eye that looks into the dark places of the world and makes the darkness deeper—but it also throws its gloom over the beautiful and the noble. Not a mortal eye—but the eye that shone in the serpent's head when our mother Eve was moved from her obedience to Heaven—the eye of Satan. Let us beware of that Evil Eye. M. E. M.

Editor's Table.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NAPOLEON III. History of Julius Cæsar, Vol. II. The Wars in Gaul. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo., pp. 659. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. SPENCER. A Narrative of Andersonville. Drawn from the Evidence elicited on the Trial of Henry Wirz, the Jailor, with the argument of Col. N. P. Chipman, Judge Advocate. By Ambrose Spencer. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo., pp. 272. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. TRAFFORD. Phemie Keller. By F. G. Trafford. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo., pp. 142. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. GILMORE. Four Years in the Saddle. By Colonel Harry Gilmore. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo., pp. 291. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, June, 1866. American Edition. Republication of the London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster Quarterly Reviews. Contents: The Roman Element in Civilization; The Sea Fisheries Commission; Venetian Relations; Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies of the East; Baker's Explorations in Central Africa; Colonial Policy in the Government of Colored Races; Edmund About; Disinfection. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Company. For Sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE EVANGELICAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, July, 1866. Edited by M. L. Stoeber, Professor in Pennsylvania College. Printed at Gettysburg.

MUSIC.

SUNLIGHT POLKA BRILLIANT. Composed by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst. New York: Published by Horace Waters. GENERAL SCOTT'S FUNERAL MARCH. By Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst. New York: Published by Horace Waters. LOOKING FORWARD. Words by Frances L. Keeler. Music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst. New York: Published by Horace Waters.

FAITH.

The word faith, or belief, is evidently used by the inspired writers in the same sense in which it is commonly used and understood among men in ordinary cases. They never gave the least hint that they had any uncommon idea annexed to that term, nor did they give any directions how to believe or act faith, though they insist much upon what men are to believe, and upon Divine evidence of its truth. It is also remarkable, that we do not find any of the first converts inquiring what faith is, or in what manner they were to believe. Hence we may reasonably infer that the apostles used the word faith in its ordinary sense, which required no explanation, and that their hearers did in fact so understand them. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews defines faith in this manner: "Now faith is the confidence of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen." (Heb. xi. 1.) Faith is here expressed by the two words confidence and conviction, and its objects are things hoped for, things not seen. Things hoped for must be future good things revealed and promised; and confidence in relation to such things must be a confidence of persuasion, founded on God's faithfulness and power, and that what He hath promised He will undoubtedly perform; for it is explained thus:—A being persuaded of the promises: a judging Him faithful who hath promised: a being fully persuaded that what God hath promised He is able also to perform. This confidence of faith in Divine promises is inseparable from hope; for it is the confidence of things hoped for, and so is said to be a believing in hope—viz: of obtaining the good things promised. Again, faith is here defined more generally, the conviction of things not seen. Things not seen include not only things promised, but things testified; not only good things to be hoped for, but evil things to be dreaded; not merely things future, but things past and present. All of them, however, so far as they are the objects of faith, must be things not seen; for faith is opposed to sight,—it being a conviction of the truth and reality of things made known by revelation, and is grounded on the authority of that revelation, considered as the word of God.—Bonar.

WAITING.

Every time of religious quickening is marked by an increased willingness on the part of the impatient to hear the Gospel from the pulpit not merely but to hear it in private personal appeal. If we are not mistaken, the present revival is peculiarly marked by this feature. We have again and again heard it testified by Christians that in their late advances toward direct appeal with their friends in regard to the condition of the soul, they have—to their surprise—been met almost half-way by them. We have ourselves been cognizant of frequent remarks made by those who are still out of Christ, indicating not only their desire to be labored with, but their surprise that Christians do not make more kind, warm, earnest, direct individual invitation to those who are still in impenitence. It seems to us that it would be quite safe for Christian people to assume that their friends who are out of the church are waiting to be spoken to by them on the subject of the soul's salvation; and to proceed accordingly to direct appeal. They hardly go much astray on such a supposition; while it ought much to encourage them; ought, indeed, to shame them in their duty.

Of all depressing and malignant influences in the way of the approach of sinners to the cross, perhaps there are none practically worse than this: their feeling the religion, as developed in the lives of professors, is so feeble in its power and ineffectual in its working, as to hinder from any practical influence through their own others; is, in plain words, so inefficient in its developments as to hinder devotion to the lips, while leaving the heart to flow on as before.

Christian! If your impatient husband, wife, brother, sister, child, friend, is waiting in daily expectation of being won by you to become a Christian, and in daily disappointment that no such appeal is made, can you readily estimate the positive influence of such a posture of mind with its natural inferences? Can you wonder that such friends still remain unconverted to God?—Congregationalist.