

Correspondence.

ANOTHER SABBATH AT CAPE MAY.

DEAR BROTHER:—The hotels and cottages have all been crowded to their utmost capacity for a week past. It is said that Congress Hall is seating one thousand at its table, Columbia seven hundred, United States four hundred and fifty, and all the other houses in proportion. To-day fully one thousand visitors left the island, but the down trains are still heavily laden.

The churches were well filled yesterday, and so was the beach. It is believed that if services were held early, as by the Episcopalians, so as to close in time for the eleven o'clock bath, the number of worshippers would be doubled. It would be worth a trial.

The Saturday paper and numerous posters at the hotels, and along the sidewalks, announced that the renowned Bishop Simpson would preach in the Methodist church on the Sabbath; and as we had never heard him except on the platform, we resolved to go. Half an hour before service the church was well filled, and by half-past ten the building was packed.

The familiar hymn, "O, where shall rest be found?" was joined in by the whole congregation standing, after which the Bishop led in an earnest prayer, closing with the Lord's Prayer, in which the audience joined audibly.

The Bishop is a tall, large-boned man, with considerable of a stoop in his shoulders, and with nothing in his manner or voice to indicate his greatness. His delivery is quite deliberate, but he becomes more animated as he proceeds. He has a tender heart, being easily moved himself, and moving his audience with him, as frequent pathetic allusions crowd into his mind. The text was in 2 Kings, vi. 17—"Lord, open his eyes that he may see"—the young man to whom Elisha wished the Lord to show the surrounding chariots and horsemen of fire when they were besieged in Dothan.

The realm of the unseen is far greater and more important than the seen. This thought was illustrated with great fullness by allusions to the wind, to electricity, to height, and the telescope, to death with epidemic from sweeping the land; and to the manner in which thought moves society, rules thrones and empires.

The superiority of the unseen over the seen was dwelt upon. How thought compels the ocean to obedience, and talks underneath its hitherto unfathomed depths from continent to continent.

We are said to see what we discover by reason. Elisha wanted the young man to have assurance of the great designs of Providence toward Israel. Homer saw his heroes on the plains of Troy, and sang his grand Epic, which has been sounding through the centuries ever since his day.

To see the unseen is faith. At the grave we see the body lie in the earth, but by faith we see the soul wafted far beyond the blue of heaven, and hear the harp of another saint singing around God's throne.

Is it more of a miracle for God to send a ray of faith across the space between our souls and Himself, than to send a ray of light from a distant star to our earth?

The Bishop then gave a sublime picturing of what the young man saw when God opened his eyes—the mountains around Dothan filled with God's armies in flaming chariots drawn by steeds of flame; but he spoiled it all, to our mind, by asserting that the young man saw them only by the eye of faith; that it was not a really miraculous appearance. He also went further to rob the narrative of its beauty, by saying that the blindness with which God smote the Syrian soldiers was not real blindness, but merely a sort of mental or spiritual blindness, and that when their eyes were opened again in the streets of Samaria, it was not a real, miraculous opening, but merely an ability to appreciate their situation in the armed city, which ability had been hitherto withheld.

The text, "Lord open his eyes that he may see," is a prayer for all of us. We stand at the verge of a boundless ocean, without a boat to cross. We leave this clay tenement, but we have no house in heaven. O, that God would open the eyes of all of us that we may see our true position! Then followed close and earnest appeals to all classes of the congregation, asking whether the Lord had ever opened their eyes, which must have gone to the heart of every hearer; but want of space forbids our following further.

At the close of the sermon the Bishop stated that the church needed repairs sadly, and some \$2500 to \$3000 must be raised to meet the expense; that it was proposed to raise \$1000 this morning; that if the congregation would keep their seats but a few moments, the matter could be attended to. "Would the pastor appoint a brother for each aisle, to take a list of subscribers?" Then commenced what more resembled an auction than anything else. "Who will give \$100?" After a long pause, "Will any brother hand in his name for \$100?" Another pause. "We don't wish to press the matter; but if the brethren will please speak without delay, precious time will be saved. Who will give \$100?" Pause. "Father Miller has authorized me to say that he will give \$100. Who will give another?" Long pause. After

several additional appeals, it was announced that the proprietor of one of the largest hotels had authorized the Bishop to put down \$100 for him. These were the only \$100 subscriptions. The same appeals, eight or ten in number, were made for \$50 subscriptions, only one of which was obtained. Then they came down to \$25, and five names were obtained from the audience, amid a dozen or more appeals, with long pauses between. They then called for \$10 subscriptions; of which eleven were obtained; then for \$5s and any smaller sum. Twelve \$5s were got and a good many \$1s and \$2s. After every subscription the Bishop promptly responded "thank you." Most of the smaller amounts were reported merely as "cash," no name being given. It now grew late, twenty minutes before one o'clock, and the people, having long been quite restless, were pushing out among chairs and benches, notwithstanding the frequent urgings from the pulpit to remain but a little longer. The baskets were ordered round to take up what had not been called out, and the doxology was started, when half the audience were making their way out. The remark oft repeated among the crowd in passing out was: "What a pity to spoil the effect of the sermon by such a scene!"

The afternoon was the occasion of a grand children's jubilee in the concert room of Congress Hall. Fifteen hundred people, most of them children, crowded the room, and as many more went away unable to gain admittance. Beautiful Sabbath-school hymns were sung, under the leadership of Mr. Thomas Rawlings, of Philadelphia. An address was delivered by George W. Mears, of Philadelphia, bringing out the value of the religion of Christ in life, at death, and at the judgment, and illustrating it by several forcible and interesting incidents.

Then came the feature of the day—an illustrated sermon by Rev. E. M. Long, formerly of Norristown, now of Philadelphia, on the text: "A man shall be a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest." A beautifully-painted panorama was made to pass before the audience, each picture assisting the speaker in enforcing his subject. The various hiding-places of sinners were dwelt upon, and their uselessness fully portrayed to eye and ear together.

We have seldom seen an audience of young and old more closely interested than was this one in Mr. Long's sermon, and the good it is calculated to do, by the strong impression made, by one sense assisting the other, must be very considerable.

Rev. Mr. McClellan, of Philadelphia, made the closing address. The whole was ably presided over by Mr. John Wanamaker, merchant of this city. The impression everywhere seemed to be that more good was accomplished, and deeper and more lasting impressions were made, than by the open-air meetings last year, which were much less religious in character.

The morning prayer-meeting is still kept up, proving interesting and instructive to all who attend. The numbers vary from thirty to fifty.

We have never seen a watering place so largely patronized by the Jews as this has been this season. They are a class of people having money, which they love to enjoy apparently. They dress with much display, and figure so largely at the hops, and join so eagerly in the amusement, that they are the subjects of constant remark. They all know each other, and seem to enjoy displaying their wealth and accomplishments to the Gentile sojourners. We are told that at some of the hops more than one-third of the company were well-dressed Jewesses and Jews. The way in which they "dwell apart" from the rest of the company, carries us back in thought, to the days of Balaam the son of Beor. G. W. M.

CAPE MAY, August 6, 1866.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

THE INQUIRER, MR. TANG.

The case of this man was noticed in a previous letter, under date of May 5, and already some new light has been shed upon it. But do not misunderstand. It is light which rather shows more fully the difficulty of the case. Mr. Tang states that he has been grievously persecuted by his neighbors for refusing to pay the customary fees in support of idolatry. They came in a crowd to his house, raved, railed and stormed at him, dashed his furniture about, made his wife and children cry, and declared that he must pay the fees or leave the place. He declined to do either, and quoted the treaties against them. But he finally agreed to pay his landlord additional rent, and thus the fees are probably paid over. Whether the renter or the rentee in such a case is responsible for the sin of feigning the idols, is a case in casuistry which you and your readers may decide. Mr. Tang adds that the effect of this persecution has been to break up his school, so far, at least, that he cannot fulfill the engagement to gather one of ten scholars or more. All these statements of his are believed to be mainly, if not literally, correct.

And now comes the test which it was hoped would prove him either a sincere or a false inquirer. His *te-hoong* (employment) is lost. What will he do? For myself, I cherish still the thought of helping him in his sore distress, as wisdom might, from time to time, dictate. Yet he did a curious thing one morning, which has almost barred the way of every kindly intention. He came, un-

observed, and posted on my study door-post and on Main Street Chapel the following sententious effusion. It savors strongly of the inuendo or pasquinade, but some of its terms are very enigmatical: "A charity dressed in the name only! Investigate the real and follow out the manifestations. Think of celestial doctrine as lofty. Dependence on human strength, how can that effect reformation? Alas! alas! for the dead. Resign life, come swiftly to death! Ah! hell is indeed imminent! Though the Holy Spirit renews, repentance comes too late. By rigid adherence to one idea (mode) how can the doctrine spread? As occasion demands, bend to it. Thus virtues gain completeness."

You must not hastily conclude that the odd mixture of ideas just given marks a diseased or unbalanced intellect. They are cast in the form of a distich. And though to us they seem like a serio-comic production, to the Chinese they are fair specimens of poetic license. But what must we think of Mr. Tang in the light of his posted effusions? Is he a knave, or is he groping his way to the light in this strange style? His first sentence is not necessarily a sarcastic bit. It may be taken as a persuasive to true charity, or, in its connection with what follows, as expressing a hope that we will not seem as though we had a false or unintelligent charity in judging of him and his circumstances. Some of the native Christians, moreover, still cherish hopes for his salvation. An aged Christian, in speaking of what he had so boldly done, remarked that an earnest inquirer would naturally be outspoken, and that a mere heathen and hypocrite would express himself more cautiously. Another experienced native, in a recent monthly concert, gave it as his opinion that many inquirers, who in the end become Christians, are apt at the outset to cherish selfish motives. Perhaps he spoke from experience as well as observation. At any rate, his remark is valuable as a hint to those whose solemn duty it is to deal with inquiring minds. Increasing light patiently communicated and the renewing grace of the Spirit pierce often the thick mists of selfishness, and disclose the poor groveller the substantial wealth of salvation.

And so this poor man, about whom I have written, may yet come out all right, and become a star in the Saviour's crown. Much allowance must be made for him. He is feeble in health, in impoverished circumstances, and has a dependent family. He evidently does not suppose that anything he has done necessarily cuts him off from our sympathies. For he continues to attend our religious meetings and has, of his own accord, prayed in the meeting held for prayer and conference. The blessed Jesus never quenched the smoking flax. He patiently bore with the perverse even. He fed the multitudes who listened to his instructions. We cannot work miracles to feed China's poor, famishing multitudes, but through grace and wisdom from above, it is our glorious privilege and distinction to do what we can for the bodies and souls of some of them. C. C. B.

FOR CHINA, May 15, 1866.

"DID THE JEWS REALLY CRUCIFY JESUS?"

A pamphlet has been published under this title, by the Rabbi Philippon, well-known among the Jews, in which he endeavors to prove that the Jews could not be charged with the crucifixion of Jesus. He contends that on purely political grounds, and without the cooperation of the Jews, Pilate condemned Jesus, as one of the many pretended Messiahs who at that time appeared. At most, he affirms, a single Jew might have informed against Him, or a disciple might have betrayed Him.

In order to arrive at this conclusion, the author is compelled to employ the aid of that negative modern critic, David Strauss, (for he rejects Renan, not without reason, as a superficial rationalist,) and represent the Gospels as incredible, partial and fabulous. It seems to have escaped him that, in the application of his argument, the entire existence and history of Christianity in the first and second centuries is declared to be a myth. And then, as to the assertion which the author regards as historic and worthy of belief, that a disciple of Christ betrayed him, or a single Jew informed against him, does he not derive this conclusion from those same Gospels which he, with Strauss, rejects as utterly incredible?

The Talmudists, indeed, who in their polemic fables do not attempt to shield the Jews from the charge of having condemned the Lord, are more reliable critics than the modern Rabbi, who does not understand the faith and the spirit of his own ancestors. Surely the Jews ought to defend the historic truths of the Gospels against the shallowness of the modern critic; for if the Gospels are untrue, then their own history and literature must be a gigantic lie.

Mr. Philippon deceives himself if he imagines that, by this attempt to remove from the shoulders of the Jews, the guilt of the crucifixion, he will augment the tolerance of Christendom toward them, for the charity with which they ought to be regarded falls to their lot in consideration of their fearful mistakes. The modern materialist will hardly merit this charity. The peculiarity of the Jewish popular mind appears in this, that it must manifest itself either in a Saul or a Paul. A Rabbi appears much better in the Sanhedrim than as a disciple of

David Strauss and Bruno Bauer. Men will entertain far more charity and respect for the former than for the latter.

Editor's Table.

BEECHER. Royal Truths. By Henry Ward Beecher. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo., pp. 324. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This volume was compiled in England from Mr. Beecher's published sermons, and issued by Strahan, without knowledge of the author, who first heard of it from a clergyman in Wales. Arriving afterward, half incredulous, in London, he hunted up the book, and found it even as he had been told. Six editions had already been published in 1862. None need wonder at this. Mr. Beecher's best thoughts are of the sort that will bear detached presentation. And all the public knows and keenly relishes their beauty, their clearness, their naturalness, their truth. The genius of Henry Ward Beecher, not as a deep reasoner, or as an orator of grand, impassioned eloquence, but as a gifted seer of the relations of abstract and religious truth to the common facts of external life and nature, and as copiously endowed with powers of expression, is indisputable. We regard every one of his books, chiefly such as the present, as additions to the readable and wholesome literature of the time. There is a complete index to the thoughts, and an excellent portrait.

BROWN. Spare Hours. By John Brown, M.D. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo., pp. 426. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a volume of most miscellaneous character, comprising pieces upon literary characters, such as John Leech, a famous comic illustrator in *Punch*, and Thackeray, upon striking points of natural scenery, upon dogs, books, dreams, and health. It has taken a wide sweep to gather up the materials for the volume, and they are very unequal. Yet much of them is genuine precious metal. The lively gossiping style, not concealing a strong, warm and tender heart, the prevailing sound sense and good judgment, and the real practical value of what is said about HEALTH, must win readers, especially among those who have already made acquaintance of the author of *Raab and His Friends*. The versatility of the writer's gifts and his unflinching freshness and good humor are indeed something remarkable, and make it a pleasure and a recreation to read almost anything he has written. The book is dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

FIELD. History of the Atlantic Telegraph. By Henry M. Field, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo., pp. 364. For sale by Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia.

The story now may be told, for the great work is done. The details of early experiments and early failures, for which the public generally would otherwise have cared little, now take the form of advancing steps in a great and successful struggle for one of the very highest ends of practical science in this wonderful age. Dr. Field has told the story of his brother's long toils and final achievement in a very unpretending way, perhaps with more plainness than those who know the capacities of his pen would have expected. Often, perhaps too often, it is in the mere form of a very good newspaper report, fresh, stirring, but without the completeness and satisfactoriness which a literary monument of such a work should be. Still, it is a faithful record, over parts of which the reader must pause with breathless interest, and the public is deeply indebted to the author for giving us facts, which his relations to the hero of the enterprise commend as in the highest degree trustworthy and important. The book should not have been without a portrait of the manager.

MOENS. English Travelers and Italian Brigands: A Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. Moens. With a Map and Several Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo., pp. 355. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A book of great and novel interest. He who has been in the snare of the fowler, whose hand has been in the lion's mouth and who has escaped, has some peculiar experiences to relate, which all are eager to hear in proportion to their unwillingness to share them. The writer of this volume is one of two Englishmen, whose capture and detention among the Italian brigands last summer, as all remember, attracted much attention in the old world and the new. He here gives us a very minute and interesting account of his life during the three or four months of his captivity, together with the journal of his wife for the same period, describing the efforts made for his release. The public has, perhaps, never before had such a complete inside view of the wild phase of Italian life. It is to be hoped that the new Government will show itself more able and disposed to cope with the great evil of brigandage than has hitherto been the case, the contrast with the policy of the Bourbon government being much in favor of the latter.

HARRINGTON. Inside: A Chronicle of Secession. By George F. Harrington. With Illustrations by Thomas Nast. New York: Harper & Bros., 8vo., pp. 228. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a republication, from *Harper's Weekly*, of a powerful work of fiction, presenting, as the title indicates, the features of the secession movement from a domestic and interior point of view. It is done skillfully done. Nowhere can there be found a completer view of the

effect of the secession movement upon the various types of character, male and female, legal, ministerial and commercial, Union and rebel, such as might be found in almost any Southern village. The manner in which rebel hopes are kept alive by manufactured or "doctored" news is capitally exhibited. We need scarcely add, that the tone of the book is wholly Union, the secession movement being shown up in its worst light, not so much by argument, as by the revelation of its effects upon individuals.

The author informs us that it was entirely written within the pale of the secession, and that it had often to be scrupulously concealed for its own and the writer's safety. Many spirited, and some rather stupid, illustrations enhance its interest.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF PSALMS.—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have issued specimen sheets of a work with this title, by Dr. W. S. Plumer. It will be very extensive, comprising 1200 8vo. pages, and will include a practical as well as critical commentary. There are nineteen "Doctrinal and Practical Remarks" on the First Psalm, covering nearly five immense pages, in which the well-known ability and versatility of the author appears. The externals are really luxurious.

TALES OF THE LIVING AGE.—Kate Croser: An Autobiography. From Fraser's Magazine. First issued in America in Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell, Son & Co. Price, 38 cents.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS.—THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, July, 1866. American Edition. Re-publication of the London, Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster Quarterly Reviews—Contents: Tenant-right in Ireland; Brigandage; *Ecco Homo*; The Origin of Language; The Legendary Lore of Ireland; Italy, Venice, and Austria; Chaucer—his Position, Life, and Influence; Felix Holt, the Radical; Contemporary Literature. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Company. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, July, 1866. American Edition.—Contents: Nina Balatka: The Story of a Maiden of Prague, Part I; The Principles and Issues of the American Struggle; Sir Brook Fossbrooke, Part XIV.; Westminster School, Part I.; The Panic in the City; Felix Holt, the Radical; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and Other Things in General, Part XXIV.; What shall we do for Coal; The Collapse. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Company. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 1159, Aug. 13, 1866.—Littell, Son & Co., Boston. Weekly; 64 pp., 8vo. Price, 38c.

CERTIFICATE OF SABBATH-SCHOOL MEMBERSHIP.—A very large and handsome lithographed Certificate, suitable for framing, has been published by J. C. Garriques & Co., of this city.

TEMPERANCE AND THE WINE QUESTION.—A sermon published in the Presbyterian Church, Fredonia, N. Y. By Rev. Edwin S. Wright, D.D., pastor.

MINUTES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH [O. S.] in the United States of America. With an Appendix. A. D., 1866. Vol. XVIII. Philadelphia. Presbyterian Board of Publication. Price, 75 cents.

THE WESTERN PULPIT; a Monthly Theological Miscellany. Edited by Drs. Haven, Bannister, R. W. Patterson, Everts, Elliott and Bishop. Rev. R. F. Shinn, Publisher, Chicago. Monthly; pp. 32, small 8vo. Price, \$1.25 per annum.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—THE FRENCH EMPRESS has presented to the Imperial Library of Paris a large Bible, in two vols., of the Thirteenth Century, recently brought from Arabia. It is written on vellum, contains many valuable marginal notes, is illustrated in a very curious and exquisite manner, and is, altogether, a splendid specimen of old works of this kind.

THE SEVENTH VOLUME of M. Guizot's "Memoirs" will not be published until next year. It carries the narrative of the historian's political career up to the 20th of February, 1848, the eve of the Revolution. M. Guizot's correspondence will be published after his decease. His letters are believed to be of the greatest interest, among them being no fewer than 1200 letters from Louis Philippe upon every event of importance which took place between 1840 and 1848.

THE JULY NUMBER of *The Dublin Review* has an excellent article on "The Negro in Africa and the West Indies," in which the writer shows that emancipation in the West Indies has proved an immense benefit to the colonies, and that the real cause of the distress which the Islanders experienced after the passing of that measure was not the abolition of slavery, but free trade.

A SHORT METHOD WITH AN INFIDEL.

The *Christian Index* gives an incident which illustrates the value of Christian consistency in particular, on all occasions. The writer of the anecdote was one of several gentlemen—among them a lawyer and an editor of some note—who were quartered for a night in the same room at a country tavern. Before retiring to rest, the editor introduced a dispute on the subject of religion, by avowing his disbelief in and contempt for its doctrines. He indulged in a lengthened display of his bitterness and folly, with but an occasional reply from the lawyer, until the latter commenced preparations for rest, by withdrawing to his bedside and kneeling in prayer. An instant hush fell on the scene. An audible rebuke from heaven could scarcely, it seemed, have interrupted the current of blasphemy with more surprise and awe. Little was said further; but the retiring of that company of travelers was a season of speechless solemnity long to be remembered by every one of them.

Miscellaneous.

WHAT MINISTERS SHOULD SEEK FOR.

We will suppose, now, that a pastor is permanently and usefully settled over an affectionate people, and that his life and health are continued to the common age of man. *What are to be the results of his labors?* Are these results worth living for? And in prospect of them, may an intelligent, pious, conscientious young man be justified in choosing the ministry as his profession and devoting his life to his sacred duties? These are very serious questions—well worth the consideration of every pastor, and of all who are anticipating the pastoral work.

In the circumstances supposed, a pastor may not expect riches, at least as the fruit of his ministerial labors; but he may expect for himself and family the *comforts and conveniences of life*. Ministers are sometimes charged with preaching for money, and with fattening, growing rich upon the earnings of their people. But this charge, I need hardly say, is as unfounded and foolish as it is malicious. I have been extensively acquainted with pastors and ministers for a long course of years, and I never yet saw a minister, or heard of one, who became rich in his salary. I have known a few rich ministers; but their riches have been acquired, uniformly, in some other way. It is on this ground that I feel authorized to say, confidently, the settled pastor has no right to expect riches, at least as the result of his ministerial labors.

But though he may not expect wealth—unless he inherit it, or acquire it in some way aside from his ministry—he may expect, he has a right to expect, his share of the comforts and conveniences of life. If he faithfully and devotedly preaches the Gospel, he may reasonably expect that he shall live of the Gospel. If he ministers to his people in spiritual things, he has a right to partake of their carnal things. If he devotes himself to his appropriate work, they will not let him suffer. Much less will his Divine Master permit him to suffer. Accordingly, (although, as I have said, evangelical ministers have little wealth,) there is probably less suffering among them from palpable poverty than in the same number of any other class or profession. What the Psalmist said in his day, may, in general, be said of good ministers now: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Again: faithful pastors have no reason to expect much worldly honor; but they may expect honors and influence of a vastly higher and more desirable character. Worldly honors they are not to expect, because, in the first place, they are not worldly men. They are not in the path of promotion; not in the way to secure honors of this nature. Or, if they were, and were devotedly pious and faithful as Christians, it is not at all likely that the world would honor them. If a holy angel was to become incarnate, and appear as a man among men on the earth, he would not be likely to be promoted to seats of worldly honor and power. He would not seek such promotion, nor would he be enough a favorite with worldly men to induce them to bestow it. Said our Saviour to his disciples: "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

But it is of little account to the faithful minister of Christ that the honors of the world are not before him. He has higher honors in prospect—those which come not from man, but from God only. The honor of being an accredited servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; an ambassador of the King of kings; of acting under a commission from Him, and of gathering souls into His kingdom;—these are honors in his estimation vastly beyond any that this world can bestow. Then if he is faithful, he may expect a degree of influence—Christian influence—among men, as great as he could, on the whole, desire. His learning, his wisdom, his holy character, his consistent example, his sacred office, his kindness to all men, whether friends or enemies, his unwearied efforts to do good,—these all combine to give him an *influence*—an influence of the best and most salutary kind; as strong as any good man will ever exert as strong as can safely be trusted to his hand.—*Rev. E. Pond, D.D.*

MAMMON-WORSHIP.

Do you remember that old Seythian custom, when the head of a horse died—how he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses, and each of them placed him at his table's head, and feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you in plain words, as it is offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Seythian honor gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh peltrey, your heart beat at last only as a rusted grid of iron valves; your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina; but day by day your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast—crowns on its head, if you will. You shall bow low before it, stare and show round it, crowd after it up and down the streets, build palaces for it, feast with it at their table's head all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the sorrow of the crown-edge on the skull—more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among you take it, think you? Yet, practically and verily, we grasp at every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fullness of horror. Every man accepts it who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honors, and—not more peace and soul. He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warms, whose brain quickens, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—*Ruskin.*