PRESBYTERIAN BANNER & ADVOCATE.

Presbyterian Banner, Vol. VII, No. 15. Presbyterian Advocate, Vol. XXI, No. 10. | "ONE THING IS NEEDFUL:" "ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED OF THE LORD:" "THIS ONE THING I DO." WHOLE NO. 327

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TERMS.—IN ADVANCE. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859. By Mail, or at the Office, $1.50 per Year; Delivered in the City, 1.75 " " } SEE PROSPECTUS.

Original Poetry.

"Whither, and Why?"

While walking through the crowded street,
Where fashion gay attracts my eye;
I to myself these words repeat,
Ye careless throng, whither, and why?

Each presses onward in his way,
And some rejoice while others sigh;
But oh! how few there are who say
These solemn words, whither, and why?

Thus, in this world of strife and noise,
Of busy care and vanity;
Each presses on in search of joys,
Nor stops to ask, whither, and why?

The youth, with footsteps quick and light,
With bounding heart and joyous eye,
Eager to seize some new delight,
Ne'er asks himself, whither, and why?

The business man, engrossed in care,
With eager footsteps hurries by;
Nor can he e'er one moment spare
To ask himself, whither, and why?

The belle of fashion, vain and proud,
In silk and satin gliding by:
Heeds not the voice, though oft aloud
Her conscience calls, whither, and why?

Ye pleasure-seekers, careless throng,
The hour will come when you must die;
These solemn words, neglected long,
Will then be heard; whither, and why?

But see that sinner pressing on
With throbbing heart and streaming eye;
Go watch him as he sits alone,
And hear him ask, whither, and why?

That meek and lowly child of God,
Whose faith and hope are fixed on high;
Whose trust is in the Saviour's blood,
Oft aks himself, whither, and why?

While pressing onward in my way,
Or musing o'er the days gone by;
On childhood's home, now far away,
I often ask, whither, and why?

While traveling through this world of care,
In scenes of sorrow or of joy;
O! let my memory ever bear
These solemn words, whither, and why?

May I on Jesus cast my care,
On him alone for strength rely;
O, may I to his throne repair,
And daily ask, whither, and why?

And when my days on earth are o'er,
When Jesus calls my soul on high;
Far, far away on Canaan's shore
I then shall know, whither, and why.

MATTIE.

Wapello, Iowa, November, 1858.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Prayer.

Prayer is the means whereby we may communicate with God—the way in which we can tell him all our wants, unburden all our sorrows.

Living in a world of sin, away from our Father's house, how can we keep up our communication with our heavenly home, if we pray not? If we close our hearts against the visits of the angels, as they ascend and descend upon the ladder of prayer, bringing us life and strength from heaven, how is it possible for us to keep up a love for the better land, the home where we expect to dwell? And will not sin, with its allurements, entice us away? Let the enemy of our souls but once persuade us to close our Bibles and to neglect prayer, and he destroys our intercourse with God, shuts us off from all communion with him; and unless the Holy Spirit comes in his power upon us, we should soon be given over to worldliness, and become castaways, lost forever!

Neglect of prayer on the part of a professing Christian, is a plain notice to him of a *decline in the heavenly life;* for what is prayer but communion with God, and if *this* becomes a burden and a task, if we love it not, we are certainly going back to the world. But, my Christian reader, do you not too often *forget* the petitions you ask? If we ask a favor from a friend, or if we present a petition to an earthly ruler, do we go away careless and indifferent as to whether our request is heard, and our petitions granted or not? No: we *anxiously* wait to hear the result.

But when we appear at a throne of grace, do we not often pray only because it is a duty, and our conscience feels the easier for having done so? Perhaps we pray, because from our infancy we have been taught to do so, and it has become a habit; or because we are professing Christians, and it is expected that we *should* pray. Certainly, if we are in *earnest*, and do really desire the things we ask, we should be more anxious about the success of our requests. Alas! how many make prayer a mere formality—a thing which *must* be done—a thing hurriedly disposed of, glad when got through with, and forgotten as soon as uttered.

Whilst there are many professing Christians who think too *little* of prayer, there are others who make their prayers the *main thing*—their chief religion. Such persons pray with great fervor for the hastening on of Messiah's kingdom, but they *do* nothing to advance it. They confess their sins, but do not forsake them; they make solemn vows for the future, but never perform them; they rise from their knees, go away and forget all about it; they seem to think that there is some hidden virtue in the act or form of prayer, which wipes off all past sins and leaves them clear for the future, ready to begin their old lives again; they live all the week like men of the world, and on Sabbath days they sing hymns and pray, and this constitutes their religion.

How can that person be a real, sincere disciple of Jesus, who keeps all his religion for certain times and places, to be used only at the prayer-meeting, at the Sabbath School, or at the church on the Sabbath? He expends all the energy of his pious soul in singing hymns and praying occasionally! All his efforts as a Christian soldier consist in words, and not in deeds. There may be too much dependence on outward forms, whilst there is no inward life. Religion should be an every-day companion, and prayer a delightful communion with God.

Another great sin, into which many professors fall, is inattention or heartlessness in public prayer. We stand up to pray in the church, but we pray not. We hear a few petitions, and then our thoughts rove abroad, and we have no heart in the prayer. We may be in a position of reverence, and our outward appearance be as those who worship aright, but our spirits! do they commune with that God who is a Spirit, and who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth? Our thoughts wander, and whilst some one endeavors to lead us in prayer, how often do we criticise the words of the petitions? We feel them not as our requests. Oh, it is to be feared, that of the many who stand up in the congregation on the Lord's day, to *pray*, but few, very few are there, who *do really* engage in this duty!

Again: Our prayers should be *in earnest, and to the point.* When Peter was sinking, his prayer was short, importunate, and earnest—"Lord save, or I perish." He felt that he needed aid, and that *immediately.* The poor publican wasted not many words, but how much was there in those seven words, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"—confession of guilt, earnestness of entreaty, adoration of God. His position, too, spoke most eloquently; he stood afar off, bowed his head and smote upon his breast. He felt his need of mercy. Blind Bartimeus, too, how importunate, how earnest he was! The ten lepers, who lifted up their voices and cried, "Have mercy upon us!" All these should teach us how to pray. Jesus tells us to pray, and not faint—to be *importunate.*

Christian reader, were you sinking, drowning, and you saw help but a little way off, yet none knew of your danger, how earnestly would you cry to your fellow-man for help, how you would plead for your life; but men are sinking every day into eternity, unprepared, and they are indifferent, and pray not, and Christians see them go, and are almost as indifferent and unconcerned as they.

The Church of Christ needs more real, earnest prayer within it; and Christians must pray more, watch more, and fight more, if they would advance the cause of Jesus upon earth, and hasten the time of his glorious appearing. S.L.C.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

A Word to Young Converts.

The past year has been one long to be remembered. Many hearts have been made glad, because many sinners have found the hidden treasure. And among those who have found this treasure, are many who are but in the youth of life. It would be well for these youth to remember that their position is somewhat peculiar. It will be necessary for them to secure a livelihood. If they would support themselves, they must needs seek employment. This is all correct. Religion will not keep a lazy man from starving. "If ye work not, neither shall ye eat."

But my object in writing this article, is to caution you against being too intent upon the securing of large salaries, and permanent situations, to the neglect of your spiritual interests. It is not unfrequently the case that young men professing a love for Jesus, will seek a location in some place far removed from the ordinances of God's house, because they receive a small pittance more than they can in the midst of a highly intelligent and religious community. Again: young men who have professed Christianity, will hire themselves as salesmen to some man who is engaged in an unlawful business, and their only excuse is, "I get so much a month, and that is better than I can do any where else; so I shall stay on with this man until I have gathered some money, and then I will go at something more respectable."

Again: young men sometimes violate God's commands, because it is the will of their employer, and excuse themselves by saying, "Well I can't help it, I have told my employer it was wrong, and he will have to bear the blame."

Now, my young friends, this all looks very much like giving the lie to your profession. You profess to have found the hidden treasure, and yet you turn right round and sell it for naught. How different is your conduct from that of the man we read of in the Scripture, who found a treasure, and immediately sold all that he had in order to possess that treasure!

You may make what excuses you please; but none of them will be sufficient to justify you in relinquishing your hold upon Christ. On the other hand, if you have found Christ to be a treasure, you will understand more and more its value, in proportion as you refuse to part with it. If you prize it above all other things, you will find it precious even in a pecuniary point of view. Yes, my friends, even among the ungodly this hidden treasure will secure you confidence. It will secure you employment.

The ungodly may try to buy you at the expense of your religion; but if he finds you honest to your profession, he himself will pay you a larger salary than he will to an ungodly young man. And it is no wonder he should do so, for it is to his own interest.

The writer of this article, a few years ago, and just after finishing his College course, made an engagement with a gentleman in the city of C——, to act as an agent for him in the marble business. After receiving some good advice from a pious father, he set out upon his journey, reached C—— on Tuesday evening, and met with his employer, for the first time, on Wednesday morning. All was right, and we were to start together for K——, on Thursday. Thursday came, and his employer informed him that he could not be off before Friday. Friday came, and it was the same story, and so also Saturday. Saturday evening, however, the employer came to the writer, and remarked: "Well, sir, I am all ready now, and we will be off to-morrow, sure." The writer, by God's grace, was enabled to answer, promptly, in the following words: "Well, sir, *I* am not ready to go to-morrow." The employer, with an angry countenance, and an oath, exclaimed: "You not ready! I thought you came to put yourself into my employ." "I did, sir, (was the reply,) but to-morrow is the Sabbath, and I shall not trample upon that day for any man." "Very well," replied the employer, "you wont suit me; I want you to understand all days are alike to me; and if I ask my men to go on Sunday, I mean they shall do it. I will pay you off and let you slide."

Though among strangers, and scarce of funds, the writer did not relent. Sabbath came and passed, but the employer did not go still. Monday morning the writer called on his employer for a settlement, for he was now resolved to retrace his steps toward his father's house, and engage in teaching.

The employer had him do some business for him before settlement. He had him go to the bank, and draw out for him three thousand dollars, and purchase a small boat with which to carry marble down the river. When this was done he had him take another check, and draw out of bank two thousand dollars more, which he intended taking along with him. When this was done, he urged the writer to remain with him, and promised he would not interfere with his observing the Sabbath; and, more than this, he promised him more than twice the wages he had promised him before. The reason he gave for this was, "that he knew a young man who would lose his place rather than violate the Sabbath, would deal honestly with the funds entrusted to him, and that not one of the young men in his employ would do." You see, then, my young friends, that honesty in your profession is an advantage to you even in a worldly point of view, and among the ungodly. Let me urge you, then, to hold fast your profession. If you have found Christ, never forsake him, and be assured, "He will never forsake you." Do not allow a small pittance more to take you into a community where you will be deprived of the public ordinances of God's house. Do not assist an ungodly man in an unrighteous traffic, because he pays you well. Do not listen to any arguments that would teach you to trample upon God's holy law. Let this be your resolution: "As for me I will serve the Lord." "Whether I eat or drink or whatsoever I do, I will do all to the glory of God." n—s—g.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Benevolence.

MR. EDITOR:—Would you grant me the medium of your paper, for the presentation of a few facts to the minds of the professedly Christian Societies of these cities and vicinities, suggestive of the relative responsibilities devolving on those who profess to be the Disciples of Christ. In the day of adversity, we are called upon by the voice of Inspiration, to consider. When we view around us, on every hand, the prospective indications of extreme suffering, during the coming Winter, as a consequence resulting from the want of employment, ought not our sympathies for the distressed be awakened, as well as our energies be directed to the amelioration of the destitute, whose common humanity (with those who are possessors of plenty,) entitled them, by the special law of Heaven, to the regard of all godly persons?

Are we not bound, by the Great and only Head of the Church, Christ Jesus, to bear one another's burdens and so fulfill his law? If we recognize this principle as our rule of life, let us remember Him who saith, "Give to him who asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." "In this, the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness, is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother." And, again: "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels (of compassion) from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" "My little children," (saith the beloved Apostle,) "let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed, and in truth. And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him." It is written in the Prophets, "Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not." Let not Societies, else than God's Church collectively, take the Crown, which God hath laid up for them that love him. Now is the time for the manifestations of the sons of God.

Yours in the Lord,
A PROVOKER UNTO LOVE AND GOOD WORKS.

Pittsburgh, October 21, 1858.

The Two Services.

"I know, with Newton, what the world can do, and what it cannot do," said Hedley Vicars, a pious English officer, who perished in the war of the Crimea. "It cannot give or take away the peace of God in the soul. It cannot soothe the wounded conscience, or enable us to meet death with comfort. I have tried both services. For twenty years I lived under the yoke of sin. The retrospect of my past life is now miserable to me, yet, before I was taught by the Spirit of God, I thought and called it a life of *pleasure.* The very name when applied to sin, now makes my heart sicken. Even then I could never enjoy reviewing the occupations of a single day; and think you my conscience was quiet? No, no. Bitter experience has taught me that there is 'no peace for the wicked.' Blessed be God, now I am pardoned and reconciled through the death of his Son. How happy is the Christian's life when he has this assurance."

No Substitute for Christ.

Shall we find nothing in the true Church of God which would seem to indicate a proneness to substitute some object in the experience of the believer for Christ? Verily, we think so. To adduce an example, alas! too common: When the *act* of faith is substituted for the *object* of faith, what is this but the hewing out a broken cistern. Whatever I put in Christ's place, necessarily becomes a *substitute* for Christ. If I look to my faith for comfort, and peace, and evidence, instead of my faith looking to Christ for these, I exchange the fountain for the cistern. We are now touching upon a truth of vital moment. Jesus is the fountain of all life, light, grace, and love to the believer. Faith is but the channel through which these blessings are received. And yet, who has not detected in his heart a tendency to look to faith for the evidence of his Christianity, instead of to Christ? Thus making the act of believing a substitute for the object in which we believe. You have long been pleading, as your reason for the unsettled and unhappy state of your mind, the weakness of your faith. What, I ask, is this, but the making a Saviour of your faith? It was not faith that died for you—it is not faith that saves you. It is Christ, and Christ alone.—*Dr. Octavius Winslow.*

CHERISH the tender buds of pity, and they will bloom with benevolence.

From our London Correspondent.

The Montalembert Trial—Position and Character of the Emperor—The English Press Unanimous—Contrast between Prussia and France—The Univers Warned—Why?—The English Working Men and the Sabbath Question—Secularism at a Discount—Cheering Prospects of Home Evangelization—The Pioneer Causes—Serial Literature—The Pulpit and the Masses—Mr. Walter's Lectures at Halifax—"Love's Labor Lost"—Spiritual Results—Kindred Lectures at Manchester and Liverpool—The Bishop of London Preaching to the Poor—China and Japan—Dr. Tait's Views—The Bishop of Oxford's Speech—His Soft Words for Romish, and Hard Words for Non-Episcopal Missions—Postscript.

LONDON, December 3d, 1858.

The MONTALEMBERT TRIAL continues to occupy public attention. With innumerable bayonets at his back, the Emperor *may* be able to despise the indignation of all that is enlightened in Europe, but yet it is impossible to believe that he can be entirely indifferent, or escape from the conviction that he has committed a grievous error. It argues but little confidence in the real love of the French nation for his person and government, when we find him pouncing on the free expression of sentiments with which, if a real lover of liberty, he must himself sympathise. The truth is, that here is a man whose selfishness and egotism are intense and all-absorbing. If there is to be any degree of privilege accorded, any liberty conceded, it must come from him; he must think for, plan for, and regulate every thing for all classes, and "*I am France,*" is the habitual sentiment of the nephew, as it was that of the uncle.

The English Press unanimously condemns the recent trial, and in the following, from the London *Daily Telegraph*, you have a specimen of its utterances:

The Emperor himself is the firebrand of the Empire—the man who, by smiting innocent and honorable men, will raise against himself, at length, the blood and gallant spirit of all that remains to be called by the name of virtue in the central realm of Europe. If not France is dead, and Louis Napoleon is enthroned upon the corruption of a colossal sepulchre. But France is not dead. M. de Montalembert himself is a proof that she is alive; he speaks, and for a single calm and faithful word, the bolts of a prison must be drawn upon him for half a year. Within the next six months who knows what may happen? The game is desperate; but Louis Napoleon has always gambled more like a maniac than a coward; yet cowardice, and that of the most unmanly description, lurks at the bottom of his policy. He fears the great men of France; he prefers the unbroken silence of imbeciles, bigots, and sharpers, intent upon their several schemes; his power renders him dizzy; and in the midst of his tremor, he reflects that if the glorious French nation were for one moment to be governed by its intellect, instead of being overridden by a Zouave mob, he, Louis Napoleon, would be a fugitive, a prisoner, or a relic of extinguished human vanity. Therefore does he insult all Europe, and deride its public opinion, by licentiously depriving an illustrious citizen of liberty, by fining him, by handing him over to the unmeasured severities of a police controlled by no law, and responsible only to the Tiberius of the Tuileries. In such an hour what must France think, or England feel? Was it not enough that freedom should be strangled and equity dethroned, that the moral aspirations of a great people should be drowned in the beastliest sensuality—assiduously flattered in the *Moniteur*—that philosophy should be crushed and religion enslaved, that the very idea of public life should be obliterated? Could not Louis Napoleon survive an eulogy upon England, from the pen of M. de Montalembert? This, indeed, is the decrepitude, the self-judgment of usurpation! It tells us that the throne of the Empire rocks upon its unnatural basis; it bids us look where we may expect to find the inheritors of administrative authority in France, after this apparition, this eclipse, this mockery has passed away.

It is also significant and curious that the two weekly Romish organs, including Cardinal Wiseman's paper, the *Weekly Register*, deplore and condemn the Emperor's conduct.

The *Times*, after referring to the striking "resemblance which France, with its new institutions, bears to imperial and enslaved Rome," remarks that "there is one great difference between the world in which we live and that which obeyed the sway of Nero and Domitian, namely, that there exist nations whose independence France, in past days, endeavored in vain to crush, but for which Frenchmen might indeed fancy that the heart and brain of Europe were paralyzed, and that the sun of civilization had gone down at noon in darkness."

The contrast between Prussia and France, at the present moment, is very marked; in the one case, liberty throwing off the fetters with which a Court party had encompassed her limbs and impeded her progress; in the other, an Emperor stifling her accents of sympathy or complaint, urged on by those parasites whom Count D'Alembert denounces, and of whom he says, in words which helped to bring down on him prosecution, "When I choke with the weight of an atmosphere charged with the pestilential vapors of servility and corruptions, I hurry to breathe a purer air, *take a bath of life in free England.*" And so says the *Times*, of Prussia, and its prospects in connexion with the inauguration of a liberal policy:

We think it is not merely as a matter of Prussian or even German interest that the recent changes at Berlin are to be regarded. We in England are generally immersed in our own concerns, and are at present little inclined to be hopeful of continental politics; yet the accession of the Regent, the dismissal of the Manteuffel ministry, and the meeting of the Chambers have undoubtedly raised curiosity in a high degree. It is felt that Europe begins to move. The long sleep of the continental nations is coming to an end. On the second of next month, seven years will have elapsed since the forcible overthrow of free government in France, and by the time that this anniversary has arrived, the Representative Chamber of Prussia will have been constituted by the elections which are now proceeding. The institutions which have perished in the one country are coming into action under the happiest auspices in the other. The moment of deepest darkness in France sees the sun shoot his first cheerful ray over Prussia and all Germany. While in Paris an eloquent orator has been finally silenced, in Berlin a band of new deputies are preparing political orations; while in the one place the press has been reduced to the lowest point of uselessness and degradation, in the other, reviews and newspapers are daily imbibing the spirit of free discussion. We trust that, to make the contrast between the two countries complete, we shall shortly have to report the proceedings of a Prussian Representative Chamber, distinguished by the independence, the disinterestedness, the dignity, the moderation, and the ability of its members.

Well may the *Times* anticipate that Prussia shall have "the good wishes of every free people." "They are indeed few in number now, unless we count each of the great British colonies as one. But, such as we, and the Americans, and the Canadians, and Holland, and Sardinia, and Belgium, are, we are glad to receive a new ally." I am sure that when the news reaches the United States of the Montalembert trial, there will be a universal expression of disgust. It is well that the Anglo Saxon race, in all its branches, should be forced at times into a fresh review of the "great sum" whereby their fathers purchased the boon of that liberty which, to the rest of the world, is almost unknown, and that the conduct of Continental tyrants, foreshadowing, it may be, an assault on Britain itself, should make England and America register a vow of united resolve, such as Wordsworth gives utterance to, when he says:

"It is not to be thought of, that the flood
Of British freedom, which from the great sea
Of dark antiquity, hath flowed with pomp of water unwithstood,
That this mostfamous sea in bogs and sands
Should perish; in our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible knights of old,
We must be free or die. * * *
In everything we are sprung
From earth's best blood, have titles manifold."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S CHARGE has called out the *Univers*, the organ of the French Jesuits, which indulges in a eulogy on the Romeward sympathies of the Tractarians, mingled with a little impatience at their attempts to realize primitive Catholicity, out of the bosom of the mother Church of Rome. "In reality," exclaims the *Univers*, "that movement can only be explained by the intervention of Divine grace. It belongs to the class of supernatural events." It certainly *is* a movement "supernatural," but not "Divine." The true name for it is "Satanic;" one of the last and most cunning of the inventions of the father of falsehoods.

It is worthy of notice that the French Government has given a "warning" to the *Univers* itself. As long as it abused England and Protestantism, there was no interference. Nor while it justified the assassins of Cawnpore, was there a frown on the imperial brow, to indicate that this was foul and unjust. But—oh, the *money* power!—when the Mortara case of the forcible abduction of a Jewish child, which had been secretly baptized by a Popish nurse, excited a commotion among the Hebrew Rothschilds, and the French Government thereupon felt that the millionaire must not be offended, and so rebuked the Pope and his Cardinals—and when, moreover, the Prince Napoleon actually advanced some rich Jews in Algeria to the position of local Counsellors of State—the pious horror of the *Univers* knew no bounds. It, therefore, cried out lustily, and with all the intensity of a burning, Jew-roasting, honest bigotry, like that which mediæval days boasted of. And so it gets an "avertissement." It is politic to do this; but even here the liberty of the press is interfered with. Better to let blasphemers and bigots, rebels and fanatics, have their say, and then meet and confound them in the arena of free discussion.

It is thus that I rejoice to say, the working classes of this country are beginning to settle, in the right way, great Social and Religious questions. In my recent Deputation Tour for the Religious Tract Society, I had delightful proof of this furnished to me. Thus an English Episcopal clergyman told me of a district where Secularism had been rampant, and where the Sunday League views were strenuously held, and at first claimed the adhesion of the artizans. But, first of all, Secularism in that district is now disorganized. It has no power over the people; where there were hundreds of copies of Holyoake's "Reasoner" once sold, now there is not sold a dozen; and a Secularist bookseller now finds it his *interest* to exhibit for sale, in his window, the "Leisure Hour," and "The Sunday at Home," of the Religious Tract Society. The foregoing statement as to the breaking of Secularism in *one* district, applies, be it remembered, to *many* others. And *this* is the result of *free discussion.*

And so, secondly, I have to add that at a large meeting of the working men in the district alluded to, to which the advocates of the Sunday League views were brought in force, after a full and fair argument, the people, by an overwhelming vote, decided, and that on secular grounds, against those who would have "Sunday play," at the cost of ever-increasing "Sunday toil."

Most encouraging, also, is the prospect of evangelizing the men of the artizan class. Several things conduce to this. One is, that total abstinence principles, amid great opposition, are making steady progress, and that even when these are not practically embraced, the result of the agitation is to discourage and diminish the consumption of intoxicating liquors. Another powerful means of pioneering the way for the Gospel among working men, is the increasingly Christian character of many employers, and the deep interest they take in the workmen employed by them, and in their families. Liberal wages; no overtaxing of strength by protracted hours of toil; the provision of sanatory appliances in the way of comfortable dwellings, with abundance of pure air and water; and the supply of useful reading—all these are the sure forerunners of something better still. The *popular passion for reading* is also tending to the same end. The periodicals in largest circulation, are certainly those of a secular character, and in the use of fiction, love stories, &c., are enervating and injurious exceedingly. But even these periodicals, with perhaps one exception, are free from the vileness and licentiousness which once characterized them, and which made them the poisoners of all that was virtuous and innocent. The superior character of illustrated periodicals, through which Christian truth runs like a golden thread, has compelled the proprietors of what was once literary garbage, to provide healthier mental food for the masses, and even occasionally to do homage to the morality of the New Testament. Thus, for example, the *London Journal*, the other day, referred one of its inquiring correspondents to our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, as the most satisfactory, and complete elucidation of what was sought for.

Religious Literature, properly so called, is making very rapid way, and is eagerly sought for. This is true of many tracts and books, as well as serials, published in England and Scotland. We mark it also in the large sale, among working men, of those sermons and lectures which are *specially addressed to them.*

At Halifax, in Yorkshire, I found that lectures of this class are now being statedly delivered; these are published on the Monday morning immediately succeeding the Sabbath afternoon when they were addressed to a mass of working people. The *ale* at the adjoining railway station, and through the town, is very great. Those who heard them, buy them and read them. The railway porters who are able to go to a service in the afternoon, and who heard them, buy and read them also; and more than this, they are found at railway stations far and near, and in country villages in shop windows, and working people purchase and read them.

You ask, "What are the results?" First, in reply, let me tell you who the lecturer is. He belongs to the class whose style of lectures comes under the censure of some, who surname that style as (thus spoken of in my last,) "The Funny Pulpit." The Rev. Wm. Walters, of Halifax, is a lecturer of this school. Just like Mr. Spurgeon, (whose predecessor he was at Park Street chapel, London,) he is liable to be misunderstood by those who don't or wont read or hear for themselves. The titles of his lectures, I admit, are startling. They startled, and rather shocked myself. But when one goes to Halifax, sees and talks with the man, not arrogant, but humble, earnest, spiritual, successful among that very class whom he seeks, by a loving "guile," to arrest and save, the feeling is wondrously modified, even as to the "titles" of his lectures; and these, when read, (I had not the opportunity of hearing any of them,) give you a lofty idea of adaptation, vigor, fidelity, truth, unction, and love.

Here, for instance, lie before me—given to me by the lecturer himself—three lectures, "delivered in the Odd Fellow's Hall, Halifax:". The title of the first is, "Love's Labor Lost." "That title," says some of your readers, "is rather too much for a minister's lecture. Why, it is actually the name of one of Shakspeare's plays" Well, so said I, till I came and saw, and read. Let the lecturer explain himself to that crowded gathering of working men and women, and let us listen: First, he opens the second series of Winter Lectures, by a thankful reference to *results* last year, praising God "for those who have been led to reverence the religion which once they despised; for those who have renounced evil habits and reformed their lives; for those who have entered on a course of regular attendance on the means of grace; *above all, for those who have been savingly converted to God, and who are now useful members of the Church of Christ*—for all these, let us praise his Name! May his goodness still follow us, and a richer blessing crown our labors." Thus, you see, that besides the "shaking" among the dry bones, and outward reformation; the Spirit of Life has been at work! The particulars of all this I had from Mr. Walters' own lips. Not less than six working men and their six wives, have united themselves to the church of which he is the pastor, as the fruit of his labors, while cases of dishonesty abandoned, and restitution practised, of licentious habits utterly forsaken, through the smitings of consciences awakened by the lectures, have been most gratifying. But what meaneth "Love's Labor Lost?" "Under 'Love's Labor,'" says the lecturer, "I place the innumerable efforts of Christian men, and the merciful deeds and dispensations of that Being, of whom it is affirmed, He "is *love.*" And then he proceeds to show how, in the Christian home, where pious parents have expended such pains and training; how, in the Sabbath School; how, in connexion with the work of the Christian ministry—"much" of this "*Labor* seems wholly and irretrievably lost!" And very powerful are the appeals to conscience, coupled with telling facts. Here is a specimen:

My Hearers! many of you were taught in childhood in the Sabbath School. In this town and neighborhood the large majority of our young, and even of our middle-aged men and women, have passed through our schools. And yet how small a proportion are joined to our churches, or swell our congregations. Some give themselves to lives of open profligacy and shame. Some help to fill our prisons. Some come to an untimely end in drunken brawls. Some die on the gallows. While thousands, like yourselves, live, a worldly, careless, sinful life; enjoying no peace with God, and having no prospect of heaven. Let me beseech you, this day, to consider your ways. The Sunday School has a charm for you, yet, I know. You love to contribute to its funds at the Anniversary. You delight to hear the children sing. But do you never think how *you* used to sing long ago? Do you never look back with regret on the days when your voices filled the anthem of youthful praise? Do you never wish you had made a better use of your early instructions and given your hearts in your youth to God? As you look around and see one here and another there of your old school companions, filling useful and honorable positions in the Church of Christ, do you never secretly wish you had grown up as they have, and were engaged in a similar way? On you hitherto all toil and prayer have been spent in vain. Wanderers! return. Pursue the paths of sin and death no further. Hear now the voice of warning. By all the blessed instructions of loving teachers—all the joys and hallowed associations of the sacred songs of youth—all your remembrances of happier days—all the vows often made to serve God some future day—by all these considerations I implore you to turn this day to the Lord. If you refuse now, you may perish forever, and in your eternal ruin furnish fresh illustration of "*Love's Labor Lost.*"

Another lecture has the title of, "A Chip of the Old Block." In this, it is shown, first, that God hath made of *one* blood all nations and all classes; that, physically, the rich and poor are on a level—that they are subject to the same sorrows, that they have common sympathies—and finally, a common *depravity and guiltiness of nature and state before God;* on which last is based a solemn and earnest appeal, for Christ, and his salvation, to the men and women before the lecturer. A third lecture is styled, "The Light of Other Days," in which the *backslider* is dealt with, and that with great fidelity and force. You will thus perceive, that a good use is made of his position by Mr. Walters, and no abuse of it; and that in his noble "avarice for souls," he does not hesitate to set forth his topics in the plainest Saxon, and with special use of popular phrases, giving them a new, and noble, and sanctified application.

Kindred lectures are being delivered at Manchester, by Mr. Mursell—a second Walters—and at Liverpool by the Rev. H. Stowel Brown, who was the first to inaugurate this novel, and now most popular and effective attempt to attract those who previously looked upon ministers with coldness and suspicion, and neglected the public worship of God altogether. Notwithstanding the startling novelty of his *titles*, I think Mr. Walters is more spiritual than either of the other lecturers, and is more careful to avoid stirring up his audience to unseemly laughter, by broad jokes or ludicrous descriptions. One of Mr. Mursell's lectures is entitled, "Old Clothes," and opens with a description of the old Jew calling out, "Clo', Clo'!" in the streets, who, on being remonstrated with for not saying "Clothes," instead of "Clo'", successfully pleaded the frequency with which he had to call out during the day, adding, that if the objector were in his place, he would gladly do the same. A good use is made of the subject, however. With all its defects, the attempt to do good is praiseworthy and hopeful.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON is busy preaching to the very lowest classes in London, in connexion with his Diocesan Mission movement. His sermon this week at Bethnal Green, was based on the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," and was plain, earnest, and affectionate. Missionary clergymen for dark districts have been appointed, and their number will be constantly increased. Among the topics in the Bishop's recent charge, this movement was prominently brought forward.

CHINA AND JAPAN are beginning to be viewed together, in connexion with Missions and Christianity. A meeting of the members and friends of the Propagation Society was held a few days ago, the Bishop of London in the chair, "to direct attention to the providential openings which have recently been made for the introduction of Christianity into China and Japan." Not a single Evangelical clergyman appears to have been present. The Bishop of London directed special attention to the system of Buddhism, whose adherents are estimated at three hundred and twenty millions. Its very success, as an aggressive system in the East, the Bishop argued, was an encouragement for us to believe in the still more abundant and final success of the true religion of the Cross.

As for Japan, Romanism had once established itself there, but was expelled because of the mutual animosities between its agents, and especially because of political intrigues, in both of which were to be found warnings to the Protestant missionaries who should occupy Japan. The Bishop referred, as a matter of encouragement, that the whole Scriptures in the Chinese tongue could now be purchased in China for a sum of two shillings, and the Gospel of Luke into the Japanese has also been executed.

The Bishop of Oxford was the chief speaker at this meeting. He dwelt on the duty of a Christian nation to propagate its faith. He said that he was as much opposed as ever to the spirit which had led to the late war in China, but that he would all the more endeavor to "bring the healing influences of the truth to bear upon that which had been shattered by these convulsions, even as Nature does—to clothe the *debris* of the mighty earthquake with the beauty and fertility with which the vegetable world surrounds it." As to China, he referred to the former influence of Romanism in that Empire, and seemed to give it credit for the charitable institutions for outcast children, and infirmaries for the sick. He could not quite decide "whether this had been the result of *the preaching of the Gospel,*" (that is, the Gospel as preached by Romish priests; the Bishop admits it was "the Gospel!") "or whether the old Chinese system of thought had been impregnated with Christian ideas."

The Bishop evidently deprecates any form of Christianity in China but that which, as "the Church of Christ, comprises the order of bishops, priests, and deacons." With a bigotry and an impudence worthy of the man and his party, but insulting to that glorious King whose departed servants, Morrison, Miller, and others, (on whose heads no proud prelate's hands were ever laid,) first opened China to the Bible, and the true Gospel, he declared that "they could not expect the blessing of the Divine Head of the Church, unless they conformed to the model," (the Episcopal.) "He had prescribed (!) and acted in obedience to his appointments." William Burns, the Presbyterian Evangelist, and his coadjutors at Amoy, have in ten years reaped a rich spiritual harvest. American missionaries, and those of the London Society, are doing a glorious work, but they are all "cursed" by this Semi-Popish Prelate of Oxford, and their toils utterly ignored. There are men, (like your Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, whose words of narrow exclusiveness were heard in this country some ten or eleven years ago,) who would re-enact all the stringent laws against liberty of conscience which Laud rejoiced in. They are a class not to be reclaimed. They will live and die impenitent bigots, with impotent malice glancing from their eyes and trembling on their tongues. J.W.

P. S.—Montalembert's sentence is cancelled! The Emperor is *compelled*, a *third* time within a year, to bow to the power of the English press.

From India, we have news of fresh successes against the rebels, both in Oude and Central India. The Queen's proclamation was issued with great eclat and fire-works on November 1st. It is very conciliatory, and was well received.

Christ the Central Glory.

It is the glory of the world, that he who formed it dwelt on it; of the air, that he breathed in it, of the sun, that it shone on him; of the ground, that it bare him; of the sea, that he walked on it; of the elements, that they nourished him; of the waters, that they refreshed him; of us men, that he lived and died among us; yea, that he lived and died for us; that he assumed our flesh and blood, and carried it to the highest heavens, where it shines as the eternal ornament and wonder of the creation of God. It gives also a lustre to Providence. It is the chief event that adorns the records of time, and enlivens the history of the universe. It is the glory of the various great lines of Providence that they point at this as their centre; that they prepared the way for its coming; that, after its coming, they are subservient to the ends of it; though in a way indeed to us at present mysterious and unsearchable. Thus, we know that they either fulfill the promises of the crucified Jesus, or his threatenings; and show either the happiness of receiving him, or the misery of rejecting him.—*Maclaurin.*

THE whole Christian Religion lies in this: Faith in Jesus Christ, as the means of salvation; the Gospel, as the source of light; the Spirit of God, as our guide; the love of God, as our law; heaven, as our home; eternal life, as our end.