PRESBYTERIAN BANNER & ADVOCATE.

Presbyterian Banner, Vol. VII, No. 45. Presbyterian Advocate, Vol. XXI, No. 40 | "ONE THING IS NEEDFUL." "ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED OF THE LORD." "THIS ONE THING I DO." WHOLE NO. 857

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TERMS.—IN ADVANCE. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859. By Mail, or at the Office, $1.50 per Year. Delivered in the City, 2.00 " " SEE PROSPECTUS.

Original Poetry.

Lines

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF J. F. A.

Brother, farewell, we meet no more,
In this dark vale of tears;
Thou art "not lost, but gone before,"
To brighter, happier spheres.
And faith looks up with joyful eyes,
To a re union in the skies

O happy day, when we shall meet
Thee in those realms above;
And bending at the Saviour's feet,
In rapturous notes of love,
We 'll there unite in blissful lays,
To celebrate his glorious praise.

With what delight we 'll wander o'er,
Those bright, celestial fields;
And pluck the fruit, the tree of life
In rich abundance yields.
And drink of *Life's* pure, living stream,
Basking in *Light's* effulgent beam.

Our Father's face we there shall see,
Th' incarnate Son behold;
And with the Spirit, One in Three,
Their mysteries unfold.
Our then expanded minds shall know,
What darkly we beheld below.

With happy saints and angels there,
Forever we shall dwell;
And in their songs of triumph share,
With joys no tongue can tell.
Loud hallelujahs to our King,
Thro' all eternity, we 'll sing.

But who can paint the joys above,
The glories of that place;
Where we shall know the Father's love,
The Saviour's wondrous grace.
Where *faith* is sweetly lost in sight,
And *hope* in infinite delight.

Nicklesville, 1859. MARY.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

North-Western Wisconsin.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Our late meeting of the Presbytery of Winnebago, was at *Weyauweya* in the county of *Wapaca*, on the Wolf river. One loves, you know, to keep his own State in some measure in notice, and to think it is of considerable consequence. I shall call attention, therefore, occasionally, to this region; and my best assurance, for not being lengthy on this occasion, is that the thermometer is at about ninety-five, and has been for some days.

Our meeting was decidedly pleasant, and I trust, profitable. The subjects that came before us, (besides the usual amount of preaching, prayer meetings, the communion on the Sabbath, and a general devotional meeting in the evening,) were our Domestic Missionary operations, the supply of the destitute churches, and the extension of our field of labor. Liberal and conservative principles seemed to prevail; we are in the best harmony among ourselves, and with the Boards of the Church, and have only to lament, that revivals of religion have not prevailed during the year amongst us, while most of our churches (owing to the embarrassment of the "times") are still unable to be self-sustaining

Our Presbytery has not yet expressed its opinion with regard to a North Western Secretary for the Domestic Board; but will in due season, and are prepared, I think, to acquiesce in any arrangement likely to be made on this subject.

But I took my pen, not so much with a view to an ecclesiastical report, as to make you acquainted, in some measure, with the geography of an interesting region of country—a region hitherto, I apprehend, almost *terra incognita*, to most of your readers. If you take your departure from Milwaukie by the La Crosse Railroad, you will soon find yourself at Horicon, and, by an offset at *The Junction*, to Fond du Lac, and fifteen miles further, *Oshkosh*, on the mouth of *Fox*, or the *Wolf* River. Here, a company of us met, on Wednesday evening, and were obliged to remain for the boat, until the next morning. Had it not consisted of clergymen, for the most part, I should say we were a *merry* company; a happy company we certainly were. We had left our labors in weariness, and it being soon after our late severe frosts, were not without anxieties that we should find ourselves traveling through a barren country But in this we have been happily disappointed. Everywhere we saw our prairies and openings as beautiful as usual; the principal crops look decidedly well, and with the continued good providence of God, the country never had a better prospect of a bountiful harvest, if as good.

On Thursday morning we embarked, and ascending, soon were at a place called by the people *Branty Mo*, (the true name is *Butte des Morts*, being a mound of Indian graves, where it is said a great battle was fought;) and here the river forks, that ascending to the S W. being the *Fox*, and leading to Berlin, Montello, Portage, &c., and the N. W Branch, which we ascended now, appropriately called the *Wolf*. But such a *river*, I think you never saw. The whole country above *Winneconne*, (a snug little humble village, twenty miles above Oshkosh,) may be said to be *amphibious*, you know not whether it more belongs to the land or aquatic tribes. It is a succession of lakes, or sluggish streams, winding in serpentine curves; while on either side, as far as the eye can reach, is a growth of rank water grass, affording the home of millions of water-fowls, and stretching away to the distant forests.

Such a luxuriant, and far extending level of "living green," has my eye never lighted on before. Up this strange *Terra Marina* river, we voyaged slowly and pleasantly on, for most of the day. Above *Winneconne*, a house, or a farm opening, did not mar the wild scenery for some forty miles. And, indeed, never can; so that the lover of native wildness, may here hope to see his Paradise unblemished by the hand of man, for many years, perhaps forever. Farther and farther ascending, the wildness increases. It is now, indeed, the Wolf river! Trees approach the bank, the stream narrows, and at length the wild rice, sure index of a high Northern latitude, appears. O, what a home must this have been for the Indian! His cereals, his game, his fish, in unbounded quantities, and his canoe navigation to every part of the country, were all provided here. No wonder he left it with a groan, and perhaps a curse.

At length we reached *Mills' Landing*, (I think it is called,) a place still twenty miles from the head of steamboat navigation; and here we went ashore on the Western side. We passed over the deep swamp, on a plank road, some two or three miles, and found ourselves, to our surprise, at a beautiful modern village. This is Weyauweya, and a gem of a place it is, on a branch stream of the Wolf river, where a fall has created a fine water power; human enterprise penetrated some fifteen years since, erected mills, and spread out as neat and thrifty a village, in this otherwise wild region, as can be found in any part of our State. There are now two fine mills, a bank, a church, and hotel, with one fine street of stores and mechanic's shops, and then a rising elevation behind, crowned with elegant dwelling houses, groves, and gardens. If we add now that the inhabitants are well informed, and highly hospitable, (as the members of our Presbytery had abundant occasion to acknowledge) it will be seen to be no extravagance, to call it a *rural gem*, appearing in a forbidding wilderness.

The locality is also interesting from its marked geological character. Here the lime region ends, and the sand begins. On the opposite side of the stream, the pine begins to appear; this is the lumber region, from whence are floated down the Wolf river our uncounted logs and rafts, which supply, through our Railroads, all the South-west of the State. From this point, too, the strata are evidently descending to the North. The Potsdam sand stone prevails; occasionally the granite crops out, until at Lake Superior you find the bottom, whence have been washed down the mighty boulders scattered all over our prairies. Here, at last, is the home of minerals, the rich copper and iron of the lakes

But I have written enough; and as the thermometer is at length at blood heat, must stop, per force.

Yours, as ever,
WISCONSIAN.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Another Version of the New Testament.

It seems we are to have more modernized New Testaments. Another translation is promised. Another candidate for criticism comes in after Mr. Sawyer, who, with something of Mr. S.'s modesty, claims his translation to be a "great improvement above any translation that I have seen."

He sends a specimen of it to the *Christian Register*, a leading Unitarian journal, with the request that "correspondents examine it and point out any defects in any respects." Although not a "correspondent" of the *Register*, I am a reader, and so may presume somewhat. As the translation is promised in good faith, and is "intended for general use," your readers may be interested to know something of it. The specimen I have seen is the "Sermon on the Mount." I send you a specimen of "the specimen." First, the *title*:—"*The Sermon on the Mount. Delivered by Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Oct. 16th, A. D. 29.*" This is, surely, modern enough to suit any taste. All it lacks to be thoroughly modern is the usual "*published by request.*" The translator says, "it is intended for general use, and is in the *style of the present age.*" So it seems.

Let us hear, next, how he renders those beautiful "Beatitudes," which King James has rendered so simply and so well that we almost think it presumption to touch them. "The poor in spirit are blessed; for the kingdom of *the heavens* is theirs." "They who hunger and thirst for *the righteousness* are blessed; for they shall be *satisfied.*" "The pure in heart are blessed; for they shall *enjoy* God." "Rejoice and *exult*," &c. How does this compare with the simple, "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" blessed are the pure in heart," with which we are all so familiar?

I submit another specimen, where the unhallowed touch seems almost sacrilege. "Our Father who *is in the heavens*, hallowed be thy name; may thy kingdom come; may thy will be done, on the earth as in heaven; give us *daily our sufficient* bread. And do not bring us into temptation, but *preserve us from the evil*," &c Pray, Mr Editor, can't we be allowed to have our children say, "Our Father who *art in heaven.* Give us this day our *daily bread*," as they have been taught, instead of the stiff, pedantic, "Our Father *who is in the heavens*, give us daily our *sufficient* bread"

I submit, at random, a few other specimens of the "improvements:"

KING JAMES.	NEW VERSION.
A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.	A city situated on a mountain is not *able* to be hid.
Thou shalt not kill.	Thou shalt not *commit murder.*
Thou shalt not forswear thyself.	Thou shalt not *commit perjury.*
Resist not evil.	Be not opposed to the evil person
Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile.	Whosoever shall press thee as a courier for one mile.
He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.	He makes his sun to rise on wicked and good men; and rains on just and unjust men.
Verily I say unto you.	Indeed, I say unto you.
Pray to thy Father, which is in secret, and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.	Pray to your Father who is in *the secret*, and your Father, who sees in the secret, will reward you in *the public.*
Ye cannot serve God and mammon.	Ye cannot serve God and riches.
Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith.	Will he not much more you, you distrustful.
Judge not that ye be not judged.	Do not condemn so that you be not condemned.
Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye?	But why do you see the splinter which is in the eye of your brother?
Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.	How narrow the gate and close the way which leads to the life.
&c.; &c.	&c., &c.

Here are a few specimens of the New Testament "in the style of the present age," compared with King James' translation. Your readers will judge for themselves whether this, or any of the recent translations "intended for general use," is any improvement on the old. I think they will say "the old is better." H.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Presbyterianism in Iowa.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As a general rule, it is probably wise, where incorrect statements are made in the newspapers, to let them pass and be forgotten. But sometimes, if this is done, very erroneous impressions will be made.

The article in the *Banner*, of the 9th inst., on "*Spiritual Dearth*," signed *Gulielmus*, seems to demand a brief notice. Some preacher had said, "The Holy Spirit has not yet crossed the Mississippi." This must have been said and repeated without due consideration.

Let us notice a few facts in relation to the growth of Old School Presbyterianism in Iowa. I shall say nothing in this article of the good work of the Holy Spirit among other denominations.

The man still lives, and is a faithful missionary, who preached the first sermon ever delivered by a Presbyterian minister within the present limits of Iowa. This was done in the Fall of 1836, less than twenty three years since. The first Presbytery was organized in Nov. 1840, with six ministers and nine churches. In October, 1852, a Synod was organized; and in 1853 reported twenty five ministers, forty three churches, and sixteen hundred and twenty seven communicants. The "Minutes" for 1858, the last received, report in the same field, two Synods, seven Presbyteries, eighty one ministers, one hundred and twenty three churches, and forty eight hundred and fifty six communicants, although none of the ministers or churches in Omaha Presbytery are reported. Here is a progressive work requiring Divine aid.

The "Minutes" of 1858 report four hundred and thirty eight additions to these churches, on examination, during the year. Of these, one church in Dubuque Presbytery received twenty one; one church in Cedar Presbytery, seventeen; one church in Des Moines Presbytery, thirty three, and another twenty; one church in Iowa Presbytery, twenty six, another nineteen, and another fourteen Such additions on examination, would seem to indicate the work of the Holy Spirit. During each of the two last Winters, a season of refreshing has been enjoyed in the Mt Pleasant church, Iowa Presbytery, though it was without a pastor the last Winter; and during the preceding Winter, the pastor was in so feeble health, as to be able to preach very little. As the fruit of the work last Winter, over twenty have been received on examination. The "Minutes" for 1856, report twenty-eight added on examination, to the church of Round Prairie, Iowa Presbytery; and twenty four to the church of Albia, Des Moines Presbytery. The "Minutes" of 1857, report forty seven added on examination, to the church in Fairfield. These were the fruits of revivals in these places; forty have been added to the church in Fort Madison, as the fruit of a revival there last Winter. A daily union prayer meeting has been sustained in that place for over a year.

Of the eighty one ministers, thirty-two were pastors. The same "Minutes" report in the two Synods of Indiana, one hundred and ten ministers, only thirty nine of whom were pastors; so that the pastoral relation would seem to be as much respected here as in some of the older States. Inferences: 1. We should not judge every part of a State or country by the little we have seen. 2 When sweeping remarks are made, we should consider their import, before we endorse them. TIMOTHEUS

From our London Correspondent.

The Battle of Solferino—A War Picture—The Losses of the Combatants—The War Spirit in Europe—The Causes Thereof—God's Providence in Recent Wars, and in the Present Struggle—Gloom among the Priests—Their Menacing Attitude—Jews in the Allied Army—Austrian Fears and Concessions—Presentation to Sir John Lawrence—His Personnel—Presentation to Lord Shaftsbury—Scene at St. Martin's Hall—The Revival in Ulster, and its Marvels—Spread of the Movement—The Field Preaching at Belfast—A Communion Sabbath—Converts from Romanism—A Persecutor—A Card Playing Priest—The Rev. H. Hanna's Testimony.

LONDON, July 1st, 1859.

A TREMENDOUS BATTLE, throwing all the preceding contests of the war in Italy into the shade, has been fought. I shall best give a vivid idea of its nature in the following marvelous piece of word painting, as it appears in the *Times*:

"Since the three days of Leipsic, now six and forty years ago, so great a battle has never been fought in Europe, as that which has cumbered the plains of Lombardy with dead. Imagination toils in vain to realize the story of more than three hundred thousand men engaged in mortal conflict over an area, the front of which extended twelve miles. The common incidents of a battle, the plunging of the cannon shot, the devouring grape, the advance of long drawn columns, the resistance of dense masses, the furious charges of cavalry, the sudden deploy into lines lengthening in long vista, and meeting in stern and furious collision, bayonet to bayonet, are all, in such a mighty battle as this, multiplied into indistinctness.

"We seek in vain to single out the details of slaughter, and the mind hovers hopelessly over a mist of carnage. After sixteen hours of thundering sounds, and dense smoke, and shrill death shrieks, and the rush of squadrons shaking the earth, and the measured tramp of many thousands marching to death, and of the shouts of multitudes in strong excitement, the turmoil subsides, and we are told that upon one side alone, thirty five thousand killed and wounded are stretched upon the plain.

"No eye can take it all in, for it extends beyond human vision; no ear can hear it all, for the boom of the cannon which tears a chasm through the human mass at the wing, is inaudible at the centre; a single groan is lost in such a chaos of butchery as this; we arrive at the point where figures cease to have power to increase our conceptions of magnitude, and where the highest forces of numeration can go no further than to overwhelm us with a feeling of the wickedness of ambition, and of the horrors of war."

Fearful above all the preceding conflicts of the campaign, must this battle have been. The opposing hosts probably numbered three hundred thousand, and

"There the mighty pour'd their breath,
Slaughter feasted on the brave;
'T was the carnival of death,
'T was the vintage of the grave."

The battle was offered to the French, and indeed the attempt was made to surprise them, and so to discomfit them in detail. Their former disasters would have been repaired, and possibly Milan might have been re occupied. The French were hard pressed, as well as the Sardinians. The losses of their artillery and cavalry were fearful. But again the Emperor's genius triumphed. At Vienna, the losses of the Austrian army are calculated at twenty thousand killed, wounded and missing. The French have taken thirty cannon, several flags, and five thousand prisoners.

THE WAR SPIRIT that now animates the nations of Europe, is a melancholy contrast to the peace aspirations of the exhibition year, of 1851. The prophets of universal peace would then have laughed to scorn the idea that before a decade of years, then commencing, there would be fought, on European ground, one of the bloodiest battles which history records.

There is terror, yet fascination, in the glance of the War-Fiend. For years, we have had, with but brief praises, naught but conflict appear uppermost, and Christian men have been as intensely interested as others, looking at that Crimean struggle, at that Indian mutiny, and at this awful conflict in Italy, from their own stand point, only calming their hearts' apprehensions by hearing a voice ever and anon breaking through the hurtling tempest, "Be still, and know that I am God!"

I may say further, that many Christian men, while ardent advocates of peace, never expected it to grow up like a tree, with its clustering fruits, without Christianity among the nations. While Popery and Infidelity divide the Empire of the European Continent, while the nations themselves are wicked, and while Britain is placed as she is, in an attitude of necessary self-protection and self-defence, how is it possible that wars and fightings will not come? There is injustice, there is oppression, there is selfishness, there is ambition, all seething together in one cauldron.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE in and by war, as one of his sore judgments, comes out afresh in every one of those great struggles of which I have been called to write you, for the last five years. The result of the Crimean war was the virtual slaying of Islamism, in the repeal of the death punishment for apostacy from the Moslem faith. It was also the security to Bible lands, for a time, of opportunity to read, and hear, and receive the Living Word, and it was the signal of emancipation and re conversion in the enslaved and corrupted Churches of the East.

So, also, the Indian Mutiny was a chastisement on England's guilty neglect, and her timid, God dishonoring policy, in keeping back the light from the Hindoo soldier, which, had he enjoyed it in the reading of the Christian Book, he never could have broken out into mutiny, because maddened by the thought that England's faith prompted her to take away his caste by force.

More than this, the Churches of Christ in England and the United States are now waking up at last to the *claims* of India for evangelization. What the commission of the ascending King, what the sure word of prophecy—listened to with dull ear and unbelieving heart—could not accomplish; what the burning eloquence of a Duff failed, save in a measure, to do, is now being done through those shrieks and wails that came to us from the victims of Cawnpore; through missionaries and officers martyred, dying with courage, all uncomplaining, their blood telling us that there is "*cruelty*" in Hindoostan, because it is one of the *dark* places of this fallen world.

In Italy, again, behold great Babylon coming up into remembrance. See her pride abased, her dooms day of terrible reckoning hastening apace. The Pope's Swiss troops may slaughter the poor women and children of one of his revolted towns, but not the less sure is it that he is but a puppet sovereign, and that the very obstinacy and pride of Antonelli, who moves the puppet, and the mock loyalty to St. Peter's Chair, offered by Bonaparte and Victor Emmanuel, combine to bring nearer and nearer a crisis which Christian men, looking at prophecy, have always expected. And then Austria, Rome's fastest friend, is beaten again and again! The young Emperor is sternly proud; but is it nothing to have his troops decimated, to have his resources taxed to the uttermost, and to teach to Rome, or rather to the world, that all the prayers of the Mariolatrists, Pope, Cardinals, and Legates, are in vain?

THE GLOOMY VIEWS of the friends of the Papacy are greatly increased by the accession to office of the Palmerston Ministry. The *Tablet* says:

"Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston have, like Herod and Pontius Pilate, become friends on the eve of this new crucifixion, and the Catholic members of the House of Commons will have the satisfaction of walking in the procession of this new Calvary. The French designs upon Rome will not be unacceptable to the present Cabinet, and Lord John Russell will derive a singular pleasure from witnessing another blow at the Pontiff. He will be gratified, in all probability, and his joy at seeing his neighbor's house on fire will so derange his faculties that he will be unable to see the incendiaries about to do the same service for his. The protector of the Madiai will sympathize with the Tuscans, nor will he see the slightest risk for the future in the insurrections stirred up by the Emperor of the French. In short, we had better make up our minds to the worst—for Lord John Russell has in his hands the means of doing irreparable mischief, and will do so without knowing what he is doing If men will blind themselves, there is no help for it: we must take the issues we have chosen; the country is determined to have a Ministry which sympathizes with Louis Napoleon, and which regards the alliance with him as the safeguard of peace, which is already broken."

It is worthy of notice that the Church party in France see, in the war, the gravest cause for alarm, as endangering the temporal authority of the Pope. Of course, Louis Napoleon professes (innocent man!) to be both surprised and shocked at the revolutionary movements in the Papal States, and that he not only solemnly declares that he is full of respect to the Holy Father, but that he has not the slightest intention of allowing his temporal power to be encroached on. The King of Sardinia, in like manner, "doth protest too much," for all the while he is, with rather insatiate maw, swallowing up Tuscany, Parma, and Lombardy. The priests hate and execrate Victor Emmanuel, as the cause of all these disasters. The grand fact is—and the Church party instinctively detect it—that this war is *revolutionary* in its nature. The result is, that in France the ecclesiastical party are beginning to assume a menacing attitude toward the government Thus the Archbishop of Paris declined assisting at the *Te Deum* for the victory of Magenta, alleging that the slaughter of men was not a ground for praising God. A good apology, certainly; but would he, or the Pope, refuse a *Te Deum* if both Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel were killed on the battle field, or Austria achieve a crowning triumph? We trow not.

It is said that the Pope, in a recent Consistory, has spoken in strong terms of reprobation of Louis Napoleon, or, more probably, of the King of Sardinia; and it is a fact that Cardinal Antonelli has written letters to friends in France, to whom he complains, with vehement bitterness, that at this moment the most dangerous enemies of the Church are not heretic England and Prussia, but Catholic France and Sardinia.

THE JEWS, as a race, have intense sympathy with the Allies in this war. Their persecutors, at Rome and Vienna—shutting them up, in the one city, in the Ghetto, in the other, putting a bar on their employment as servants—are now being heavily punished. The Vatican has triumphed in kidnapping a poor Jewish boy, and we are now informed that he has been, the other day, actually "confirmed." But this is a poor triumph, and but intensifies the detestation of the Jewish people.

It is a positive fact that there are not less than one hundred and forty Jewish officers now serving in the army in Italy. This indeed is the number published as serving, but a supplementary list will soon appear. The whole Jewish population in France does not exceed one hundred thousand souls. The proportion, therefore, of Jewish officers serving, indicates their great ability, bravery, and morality. "We can imagine," says the *Jewish Chronicle*, "with what zest the French Jewish soldiers will fight the Austrians, the bigoted oppressors and persecutors of their brethren in Central Europe. It would be curious to know how many Jewish officers serve in the Austrian army; before Francis Joseph became the slave of the Concordat, we know there were some in the Austrian army; but we have not heard of any since the canonical laws superseded the law of the land" Newsinow reaches us that in his terror the young Emperor is about to issue his decrees in *favor* both of Protestants and Jews. An insurrection in Hungary may be stayed, if her old independence as a kingdom be secured.

THE PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS to Sir John Lawrence, on Friday last, was in every respect a most interesting event. First, there was the expression of one who may be truly called A GREAT MAN. There he sat, on the crowded platform, with Bishops, Divines, warriors, nobles, and notables, around and behind; but in the sublime simplicity of that honest face; in the solid strength of that massive head; in that burly frame; in that eye, dreamy in its depths while in repose, but now kindling like a torch, or glaring, if need were, like a lion's, or softening into a darker liquidity, so to speak, as Dr. Tait, in his beautiful address, touches the cord of the heart's best love, by a reference to the *dead* brother, Henry Lawrence—you see a man greater and more honorable than them all. On the banks of the pleasant Bann, ere it debouches into the Atlantic, amid the green meadows and bleach-fields, nigh to Presbyterian Coleraine, in the County of Derry, were these two brothers born and brought up. Like others, they went out as cadets; like many others, too, Christianity developed itself, amid Indian solitudes, into vigorous life, and when the day of trial came, they proved its ennobling power.

The address presented to Sir John, was signed by more than seven thousand persons, including archbishops, bishops, ministers of all ecclesiastical communities, and the Mayors of more than one hundred cities and towns. It spoke of great services rendered, and then of a great principle asserted. In point of fact, the recognition of that *great* principle constituted the main feature of that crowded and influential gathering. It was a demonstration, in no mere *party* spirit, of the most solemn kind, in favor of a free Bible for India, and at the same time a stern, determined protest against the detestable "neutrality" policy of the old Indian school.

Sir John Lawrence remained seated while the Bishop of London read the address, and then gave utterance, at some length, to sentiments suited to the occasion. He then rose, and the whole assembly rose up to hail him, just as Livingston was hailed and welcomed at Freemasons' Hall. In low and modest tones, he reads his reply, whose simplicity of statement, and ascription of glory to God alone, were worthy of a great and good man. It was as follows:

My Lord Bishop, Ladies and Gentlemen: I heartily thank your lordship and the many noblemen and gentlemen who have signed the address, for the high honor which they have done me. You have been good enough to attribute to me a large share of the credit which is considered due to those who fought to maintain the supremacy of England, and secure the safety of her people, so sorely jeopardised in the late dreadful struggle in India. I am grateful for the good opinion of my countrymen, and deem their suffrages the highest honor I could gain. There were, however, in that crisis, many men by my side who are fairly entitled to participate in this distinction, and whose services I have endeavored to bring to notice. All, however, which we did was no more than our duty, and even our immediate interest. It was no more than the necessities of our position impelled us to attempt. Our sole chance of escape was to resist to the last. The path of honor, of duty, and of safety was clearly marked out for us. The desperation of our circumstances nerved us to the uttermost. There never, perhaps, was an occasion when it was more truly necessary to win or to die. To use the words of my heroic brother, at Lucknow, it was incumbent on us "never to give in." We had no retreat, no scope for compromise. That we were eventually successful against the fearful odds which beset us, was alone the work of the great God who so mercifully vouchsafed his protection. Nothing but a series of miracles saved us. To him, therefore, alone is the glory due. I see no valid reason for changing the opinion which I expressed on the expediency of allowing the Bible to be read in all our schools and colleges in India, by those who desire to do so. Far from apprehending evil from this liberty, I believe that the results for some years would be scarcely perceptible. In progress of time, no doubt, however, the seed which was sown would bring forth fruit. It is not possible to introduce Western learning and science into India without leading its people to throw off their own faith. If this position be correct, surely we are bound to give them facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the true faith. This is our true policy, not only as Christians but as statesmen. In doing our duty toward them we should neither infringe the rights of conscience nor interfere with the free will of man, while we should be working in the true way to maintain our hold on India. Had the mutineers of the Bengal army possessed some insight into the principles of the Christian religion, they would never have been misled in the manner they were—they would never have banded themselves together to resist and to avenge imaginary wrongs. Ignorance, in all ages, has been productive of error and delusion. India has formed no exception to this rule. I pray that the misfortunes entailed by this mutiny may teach England true wisdom, without which her tenure of India can never prove prosperous and enduring.

A PRESENTATION to Lord Shaftsbury, has been another feature of the past week. That great philanthropist has now been the President of the Ragged School Union for more than fifteen years. The teachers of the twenty-three thousand children now in these schools, as well as those who in times past were teachers, joyfully hailed a private proposal, made some months ago, to present his Lordship with a work of art, which shall be suggestive and commemorative in its character, and be suitable to place among the paintings and heir looms which should go down to his posterity. In addition to this work of art, an address was prepared, and on parchment leaves attached were inscribed the names of more than eighteen hundred teachers of Ragged Schools in the metropolis.

The presentation took place at St. Martin's Hall, and the scene was most striking. I was admitted, as a friend of the cause; but very few ministers or others, were there. The Hall was filled with *teachers* A band of music, connected with Lambeth Ragged Schools, poured forth its joyous notes from the gallery. The address gave expression to the affectionate respect and gratitude cherished by the teachers toward their illustrious leader. It was read by Mr. Alexander Anderson, one of our Presbyterian Church officers in London, and one of the early Secretaries of the Union. It was beautifully engrossed, and, with the signatures attached, formed a beautiful quarto volume, bound in red morocco. The following is an extract from the address:

Your fifteen years presidency of our Union has been no mere nominal tenure of office; and the feeling that we were following a leader himself so abundant in labors, so unwearying in well doing, has often encouraged us to renewed exertions, and cheered our hearts when they were faint and weary. Through evil report as well as through good report, a friend high in worldly station, but ranking still higher in the sacred aristocracy of the benefactors of mankind, your lordship has ever stood by us to countenance, advise, and aid us, with your influence, your wealth, your practical intellect, and also by kindly personal contact with the forlorn, outcast children, for whose best interests you have felt it, with us, to be a privilege to labor. This your lordship has done without in the least diminishing your zealous and self-sacrificing devotion to other departments of Christian philanthropy, in which you have successfully striven to lighten the toils, to carry comfort to the homes, and pure religion to the hearts, of the toiling millions of our beloved land.

These sentiments have long been deeply impressed upon our hearts: and we have assembled this evening to beg your kind acceptance of an humble token of the gratitude which we feel. In choosing the form, which our modest memorial should take, we wished to fix on something which might embody in some suitable pictorial form a memento of your lordship's connexion with our own valued institutions. We hope in some measure to have attained that object in the choice of a work of art, representing a member of the Ragged School Shoe Black Society enjoying a morning meal at his station behind St. Clement's Church in the Strand. Many such otherwise friendless lads has the Society over which your lordship presides raised from degradation and misery, led to the house of God, and taught to earn their daily bread by honorable toil.

Unaffected modesty, deep affection for the teachers as a body, (comprising dock laborers, sempstresses, and persons of every class in society,) together with Evangelical and catholic feeling, and strong personal emotion—all marked Lord Shaftsbury's reply. It was not written, but spoken with great vigor and earnestness, and the speaker gave but utterance to the conviction of an honest heart, when he said that he would rather be the President of the Ragged School Union, than the greatest and most successful General the world had ever seen. And verily, such victories as have been achieved by him and his coadjutors, are, indeed, "glorious." The laurels thus won are all unstained by blood, and they are not steeped in the tears of widowed and orphaned ones.

THE REVIVAL IN ULSTER progresses with accelerated power. It is now spreading itself rapidly over the four counties of Antrim, Londonderry, Down, and Armagh. Its power has been as yet mainly indicated in the two former counties. It is, verily, a strange thing to find such a stirring of the very depths of Ulster Presbyterianism, so generally calm in its temperament, so unexcitable as compared with that old Celtic race, beside which it has dwelt for two centuries, but with which it has never intermingled.

Strange, too, are those physical agitations which are followed by the entire collapse of nervous energy, with a sense of burning and oppression in the chest and in the region of the heart, under which strong men, as well as more excitable females, are "struck down." When we also find that under the distress thus caused there is a tremendous sense of Divine wrath, leading to irrepressible cries for mercy, and when we add to all this the beautiful fullness of prayers and thanksgivings poured forth by the converts, (many of whom were comparatively ignorant before,) it must be admitted that it is something mysterious and perplexing above all other revival scenes, and that even while we must recognize the great power of God.

At Ballymena, at Derry, at Coleraine, Bushmills, Ballymoney, and other places in Antrim, the movement is in full force. The male converts form missionaries to other quarters, and these are taking up a field extending along the line of railway from Omagh to Enniskillen.

So at Belfast, the power of the awakening increases daily. The Bishop of the diocese presided at last week's united prayer meeting, and about one hundred ministers were present. Open air services have been conducted by Presbyterians, as well as members of the Primitive Wesleyan Conference, assembled in annual session at Belfast. At a great "Field Meeting," of this character, last Lord's day evening, it is said fifteen thousand persons were present, formed into different congregations.

"During the services," says a local journal, "many persons were led to cry for mercy and pardon through a Saviour's blood, and they were ministered to, and prayed over, by some of the ministers, and soon declared they had found peace in looking unto Jesus."

At Dr. Morgan's church, in connexion with the celebration of the Lord's Supper, last Sabbath, there was very deep emotion. During the service, two female Sabbath School pupils were greatly agitated, and were led into the school room, where prayer was offered, and consolation effectually afforded.

An elder of Dr. M.'s church, who has been incessantly engaged in visiting those under conviction, writes me thus: "Every one who has a heart for work, is done up, the calls are so many. As the movement here has been much among the poor, our town Mission arrangements greatly increase. The Lord is doing great things in our midst. In Fisbewick Place Sabbath School, about forty have found the Saviour within the past three weeks.

The Rev. Hugh Hanna has almost written me fully on the same subject, and his letter appears this week in the London *Christian Cabinet*, to which I have been providentially called to furnish weekly and authentic accounts of the Revival. An immense united prayer meeting was held on the Wednesday of the present week, in the Botanic Gardens, Belfast. Railway trains brought large numbers thither from the counties of Antrim, Tyrone, Armagh, and Down.

The American Revival of last year, under God, seems to have been the occasion of the present movement, in the sense of waking up the spirit of earnest and united prayer in Ulster. J. W.

P. S.—Mr. Cobden has arrived in Liverpool. He is offered by Lord Palmerston a place in the Cabinet. Parliament re-assembled last evening. The new Ministry are strong for neutrality, and peace diplomacy is busy, and it is said that the Prince of Prussia presses hard upon Francis Joseph's retirement from Italy, and the liberation of Hungary. If his intolerable pride will but yield, we may have peace ere long. But he may now trust to his strong fortresses of the quadrangle, and if so, the war will go on, and widen its awful sweep more and more.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Letters

OF THE REV. JOHN SMITH, A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, TO HIS BROTHER, THE REV. PETER SMITH, A METHODIST PREACHER.

LETTER I.

TO THE REV. PETER SMITH:—*Dear Brother*:—I now comply with your request, that I should state on paper my objections to Arminianism, as it is taught by the Standards of the Methodist Episcopal Church It shall be my aim to be perfectly fair and dispassionate. The Methodists have indeed done a great work. Many thousands have, through their instrumentality, been brought into the kingdom of Christ. The great doctrine of salvation by faith in a crucified Redeemer, has, to a great extent, been the theme of your preachers, and God has crowned their labors, as he always will crown such labors, with success. But it is not the Arminian element that has been thus made efficacious. Pure Arminianism could never save a soul. This, I think, must strike any person that considers the nature of prayer.

Without prayer, we are not saved. But Arminianism cannot be worked up into prayer. It would crumble to pieces in the very attempt. It is only as you temper it with the truths and the spirit of Calvinism; that is, when you take out the self-exalting and infuse the God honoring, that you can make it up into anything like prayer, suitable to be offered to the Divine Majesty. As a matter of fact, on your knees you Methodists are usually good Calvinists; and just so long as you remain on your knees, you do virtually endorse the principles and doctrines of the Westminster Confession of Faith. With strange inconsistency, the moment you rise to your feet, you are all Arminians again. We have decidedly the advantage of you. Our prayers and our sermons are of the same material. We can convert the sentiments of our sermons into the language of prayer; we can take our prayers and turn them into sermons. This, you Methodist preachers cannot do. If you think you can, my good brother, just make the attempt.

Between the Methodists and Roman Catholics, there is indeed a wide interval. It is the interval between Protestantism and Popery. On one point, however, they are not so far apart They are both given to praying in a foreign tongue—the one literally, the other metaphorically. The Romanist says his prayers in Latin, the Methodist prays in the language of Calvinism. Neither the one nor the other is ever known to pray in his own proper tongue; the Papist will not, the Arminian cannot. Brother, if I belonged to a religious denomination which could not pray in the language of its own sentiments; if every time I was about to enter into my closet, I had to leave my own creed outside the door, and had to borrow my neighbor's creed for the purposes of devotion; I say, if I belonged to a sect that lived thus on borrowed capital, I think that I should dissolve my ecclesiastical relations on short notice, and cast in my lot with those who can preach as they pray, and can pray as they preach.

JOHN SMITH.

Spiritual Balance Sheet.

"For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."—Rom. viii: 18.

How frequently we dwell on present trials and sufferings, rather than on "the glory which shall be revealed in us;" we think more of the "light affliction which is but for a moment," than of the "eternal weight of glory" which is in reserve for us. Paul was a man who knew how to work experimentally on suffering and trial: perhaps no one ever endured so great a variety of suffering as he did, and no mortal ever had such manifestations of the Divine glory. I never think on the above text, but I imagine a sort of spiritual balance sheet laid before the tried and afflicted Christian drawn up by one who is fully competent, under Divine influence, to give such a detail of losses and gains, and of riches in actual reversion, as will not fail to cheer him amidst the trials and vicissitudes of which he is the subject, if he will but calmly, prayerfully, and in faith consider this statement, relying on the faithfulness of that God who influenced the Apostle to draw it up for the consolation of the children of God. Let us now take a glance at the balance-sheet, in the hope that we also may arrive at the same conclusion as did the Apostle Paul.

Dr.

"THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PRESENT TIME."

In labors more abundant.
In stripes above measure.
In prisons more frequent.
In deaths oft.
Five times received I forty stripes, save one.
Thrice was I beaten with rods.
Once was I stoned.
Thrice I suffered shipwreck.
A night and day I have been in the deep.
In journeys often.
In perils of waters.
In perils of robbers.
In perils by mine own countrymen.
In perils by the heathen.
In perils in the city.
In perils in the wilderness.
In perils in the sea.
In perils among false brethren.
In weariness and painfulness.
In watchfulness often.
In hunger and thirst.
In fastings often.
In cold and nakedness.
Besides those things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.

Total, "Light afflictions, but for a moment."

Cr.

"THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED IN US."

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him.
That he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he hath before prep