PRESBYTERIAN BANNER & ADVOCATE.

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"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL." "ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED OF THE LORD;" "THIS ONE THING I DO."

WHOLE NO. 38

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TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1860.

By Mail, or at the Office, $1.50 per Year, Delivered in the City, 2.00 " " } SEE PROSPECTUS

Original Poetry.

"Remember Lot's Wife."

"Remember Lot's wife," was the Saviour's com mand,
To those who were seeking the heavenly land;
Remember that monument standing there still,
That mark of his wrath, who obeyed not his will.

While dwelling in Sodom, that land full of sin,
Her nature depraved, and her heart all unclean;
She worship'd her treasures of silver and gold,
Nor thought of destruction which God had foretold.

But God in his mercy looked down from above,
An angel was sent with a message of love;
She fled at the warning, "Escape for thy life,"
But ah! she looked back! Oh "Remember Lot's wife."

O ye, who have started for Canaan's fair land,
I pray you give heed to the Saviour's command;
Forget all the sins and the follies of life,
Let not your hearts wander, "Remember Lot's wife."

Though youth's hopes have vanished, its gay visions fled,
Though friends you have loved are now low with the dead;
Though age be upon thee, yet flee for thy life,
And look not behind thee, "Remember Lot's wife."

Young Christian awake and examine thy heart,
Does Jesus possess thy affections *in part*?
And dost thou still long for the pleasures of life?
In this there is danger, "Remember Lot's wife."

But Oh! hast thou never attempted to flee
From death and destruction? I tremble for thee;
There is danger behind thee, "Escape for thy life,"
The prize is before thee, "Remember Lot's wife."

Remember, O sinner, the hour is at hand,
When you shall be called in the judgment to stand;
Your sins will debar you forever from life,
And then, if not now, you'll "Remember Lot's wife."

Sugar Hill, October, 1859. MATTIE.

Quarterly Review of Literature, Science, and Art.

NUMBER X.

[BY OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, Jan. 6th, 1860.

In the department of ART, the leading incident of the last year, has been the sale of Lord Northwick's famous collection at Cheltenham. The numismatic department was the most recent, as to sale, and was peculiarly rich. Day after day there appeared in the *Times* a regular catalogue of coins disposed of, of rarest value, and in many cases, the Greek legend on each was given accurately.

Of course, a goodly number of the paintings and coins of Lord Northwick, will find their way to those private collections which every year are becoming more precious, and which, as I have repeatedly indicated, form the *true* National Gallery of England. But in addition to this, valuable additions have been recently made to the National Gallery properly so called at Trafalgar Square. These are two pictures of Waterfalls, by Jacob Ruysdael; and a Holy Family and Saints, and Virgin and Angels, by the early Italian artists. The large picture of the "Battle of Trafalgar," has been lately repaired. It is the largest canvass ever painted by that remarkable artist, Turner. It is worthy of notice, that not this picture only, but others by the same hand, have been found to need careful restoration. This, it appears, can be done "safely and well."

A competent critic says, "a careful relining will preserve a Turner, even if the subject is not restored; and though the pictures of Reynolds, and fifty other artists fade and crumble into ghosts of pictures, our great landscape painter may preserve his glory for the thousand years which Napoleon told an artist, was not long enough for real glory."

Magnificent frescoes are about to be placed in the barristers' Hall at Lincoln's Inn. The Hall itself is a modern erection in the Gothic style. The design of the fresco is to present a group of all the great legists and legislators of the world. Here are Mena, Zoroaster, Confucius, Moses, Minos, Lycurgus, Draco, Solon, Numa Pompilius, Tarquin, and Justinian; here also, Alfred, Charlemagne, Mohammed—in a word, every celebrated person whose name has been preserved by history, as a founder or improver of the laws. The grouping of the figures is described as very graceful.

Lectures are being delivered in the South Kensington Museum, by Mr. Robinson, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, on the Fine Arts, and art collections. Mr. R. is the official keeper of these collections in the Museum, and is admirably fitted for his post. I trust, that every American lover of art, will not fail to visit South Kensington Museum, when he comes to London. In connexion with "Schools of Design" all over the country, and liberal rewards to excellence, from an annual grant of Parliament, Art, as applied to drawing, to manufactures, &c., is making rapid progress. The visitors to the Kensington Museum, &c., during the period which has elapsed since its opening, have been one million, one hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and forty-four.

The illustrated works of the Christmas season are marked by extraordinary genius in the conception, and by unparalleled excellence in the engravings. Wood engraving is indeed a great success in England, and presents an astonishing contrast with the miserable attempts of even fifteen years ago. The artists receive excellent remuneration, and the printed page is thus "illuminated" by the artistic commentary of many a true poet-painter, who otherwise might have pined in neglect and obscurity.

One of the Christmas books of the Tract Society, is a collection, of the finest of these wood engravings, mostly illustrative of sacred scenes, into a quarto volume. Here are drawings from the best of the old masters, and some of the very best wood-cut proofs from the tracery of Nicholls and other eminent men.

The *Scotsman* mentions that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone, and Sir W. Dunbar, Bar't, one of the Lords of the Treasury, recently visited the National Gallery of Scotland, which, as many of your readers know, finds a fitting shrine in the beautifully classic, and graceful building at the foot of the Mound and near to Princes Street. Great satisfaction was expressed by the visitors at the condition of the gallery, and its progressive wealth in art treasures.

A remarkable man—painter, engraver, poet, and musician, in one—has recently died at Paris, aged one hundred years. He was totally unknown to the public, because he never would consent to publish his productions. In his boyhood he came to London, and took lessons from the celebrated sculptors, Flaxman and Fuseli. He was wont to pass the greater part of his time in copying the paintings of our great masters, especially those of Raphael. He caused a house to be build on one of the Boulevards, and annexed to it a vast painting room and two picture galleries. There he labored incessantly, year after year, in painting and engraving, in composing poetry and setting it to music. Here was enthusiasm indeed. He had warm domestic affections, and left forty-nine portraits of his wife, taken on successive birth days. He executed one of these the day before he died, with marvelous fidelity.

The name of this prodigy is not given, but M. Lambert, of the *Courier de Paris* fully vouches that he was a real personage. His son, aged seventy five, and a grandson, aged fifty, propose to exhibit his paintings and engravings, and to publish his poetry and music. Great curiosity will, doubtless, be excited thereby.

Theatres are regarded by many as developing artistic power, but the evils associated with them—including the license to sell strong liquors, and the presence of bad characters—still make them tainted scenes. Still, the increasing power of religion and morals, has reached to the theatres, and great improvement has taken place in many respects. Macready, however, tried in vain to root out the toleration of the social evil, and he has found no successor who, as Manager, could grapple with it successfully. Many theatres, also, are of a low character, and art is degraded when spoken of in such a connexion. The old adage that "vice has so hideous a visage, that it needs only to be seen to be hated," is found not to be quite sound; and when she puts on such alluring visors as youth and beauty, it is much more likely the fancy will be smitten, and the appetites show the moral sense struck with the result of extravagance and licentiousness. The experience that we gain in a theatre is but a transitory glimmer, and has very little effect on the soul. It is nothing more than a reflection, which sensible objects soon obliterate; and whilst our animal spirits are stimulated by the brilliancy, gaiety, and abandonment of such scenes as those we have alluded to, very little thought is employed on the final scenes of distress and imprisonment that the characters may endure. Indeed the moral does not fit, because the answer of the sensualist will be, not that such a course must bring such a result, but that a little care and tact in not going too far, or having plenty of money, will avoid the punishment.

So writes a theatrical critic and man of the world, who pleads that "the grand drama may and does affect the mind," but who does not indicate any possible era when this shall be separated from adjuncts and companionship full of evil—if not to every one, yet to very many.

Ecclesiastical architecture is still occupying considerable attention from Tractarian Churchmen, and archæologists, properly so called. Apropos to this subject, a curious little tractate has lately been published in French. It indicates that a document has recently come to light from among the archives of Bruges, which establishes beyond a doubt, that the decorations in wood engraving, which once adorned Melrose Abbey, were, in great part, the work of Flemish artists. This document is the award of arbitrators in a dispute which arose between a Scotch monk and merchant, acting as the agent of the Abbot of Melrose, and a Flemish master-carver, who had contracted to execute a large portion of work for Melrose Abbey. That German and Flemish architects had much to do with most of our ancient ecclesiastical buildings, is not doubted by those who have most investigated the subject.

The various Scientific Societies meet regularly in the metropolis. Among these Societies, the Geographical is one of the most, interesting, in connexion with the appearance before it of the discoverer of the Franklin relics, as well as the communications occasionally received from Dr. Livingstone.

LITERATURE, generally, is in a flourishing condition, in almost every department. Among the most esteemed book of the season, is Sir Emerson Tennent's "Ceylon." This gentleman, formerly M. P. for Belfast, and a native of that town, was for some time Colonial Secretary at Ceylon, and gathered stores of information, which, coupled with beautiful illustrations, as well as an elegant style of writing, furnish the "upper ten thousand" and the circulating libraries with a magnificent volume. The first edition was exhausted in a few days. A story is told of one great publisher—Murray—being offered the book, and declining the MS., and that Longman & Co. thereafter accepted it. At all events, both author and publishers will reap a handsome profit.

The widow of the late James Richardson, the African traveler, has edited and published a volume from her husband's pen, "Travels in Morocco." In consequence of the Spanish crusade against the Moors, everything pertaining to them is very interesting at this moment. Richardson had not a high opinion of the Moors, although they like the English better than any other people. A Mr. Cave, in his preface to this book, puts the sweeping query, "Why should we respect the national existence of any community of Mohammedans?" He even goes so far as to advocate a crusade against Mohammedan races! The *Critic*, without endorsing this opinion, deprecates English jealousy of the Spanish expedition, and says "it is undeniably true that the Mohammedan race stands in a position of cowering menace toward Christians of all creeds. Englishmen will be long before they forget the treachery and cruelty of their Mohammedan fellow subjects in India, and the worthlessness of their allies in Turkey." No doubt this is true, as is also the statement that "it would be for the benefit of the human race were the religion of Islam to disappear." But no truly Christian nation will take up the sword for this purpose. True, we had to use it in India, but it was to suppress and punish a cruel and treacherous uprising. God in his providence is causing both Popery and Mohammedanism to waste away simultaneously. It is very evident that in this Spanish business, Romish and Moorish fanaticism are helping on their respective systems to the crisis of their doom.

The *Publishers' Circular* states that the year closes with some books of *first rate importance*. Among these, in Theology, are enumerated, "The Church History of Scotland from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Present Century," by the Rev. T. Cunningham. The author of this work avoids the controversies of Non-Intrusion and Disruption times, by stopping half a century back. Next is mentioned "The Divine Life in Man," by the Rev. J. Baldwin Browne, one of the London Congregational ministers, who in his book rejects the "forensic" idea of justification altogether, and who is taken to task by the *Evangelical* and *Baptist* Magazines, for his eulogy of Professor Maurice. It would be unjust, I believe, to say that Mr. Brown rejected the idea of Christ's substitution, but he is very obscure in his teachings on the subject, and somewhat perilously, I fear, approaching the verge of the Negative Theology. The book is highly praised for its originality. Arnôt, of Glasgow, has given us "Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life," in his own sententious way. The "Sermons by George Roberts," are the production of a rising preacher among the Methodists, who at present is next in popularity to Punshon. The *Circular* also enumerates, among the works of "first-rate importance," Rev. R. Steel's (Presbyterian minister at Cheltenham,) "Samuel the Prophet;" also, "Wilkinson's Revival," and "Weir's Irish Revivals." The former views the Ulster Awakening in its physical aspects, in a friendly and philosophic spirit, while the latter treats of the antecedents of the Awakening, gives information as to the great Revival among the Scotch Colonists in Ulster, two hundred years ago, and traces the parallel in the marvelous work of 1859; gives full information of its origin and early progress; contains, besides, thirteen chapters of a Tour of Personal Observation and Inquiry; and in its third, and concluding part, presents authentic and striking proofs, in social and spiritual results, that the Awakening is indeed of God. There are two chapters devoted to the "Physiological Accidents" of the Revival. The first of the works sells for $2.00, the second at $1 00. Of the second, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, (who writes the preface,) says "that he cannot pretend to add anything to its worth," and that it "is wanted, because no connected narrative of these transactions has yet appeared. *Evangelical Christendom*, for January, says, "It is by far the most ample and complete on the subject," and written "with a sound and discriminating judgment, and with a heart in sympathy with the theme." Of these two books on the Revival, Chapman & Hall publishes the first, and Hall, Virtue & Co., the second. Probably the former house has an agency in the United States. Scribner, of New York, is the agent for the second named publishers.

Oliphant's work on China and Japan, is written by a Christian and an accomplished gentleman. He was with Lord Elgin for some time. Captain M'Clintock's "Diary of the *Fox*," is sure of a great sale. Trinity College, Dublin, has been giving him a literary degree, as one of Erin's distinguished sons, while fresh *eclat* is thrown on the name of one of her Alumni, Wm. H. Russel, LL.D., (the famous Crimean correspondent of the *Times*,) by the publication of his "Diary in India." I had an opportunity, this week, of looking over this work, at the great publishing house of Messrs. Routledge & Co. It has a number of valuable pictorial illustrations; but its main charm is the *vivida vis* of the letter-press narrative.

Messrs. Routledge have published a beautifully illustrated catalogue, and the variety and vastness of their stock is something truly marvelous. Mr. Bentley's new List includes Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, by Dr. Hook, (formerly Vicar of Leeds,) no doubt, sufficiently High Church and Laudean in its sympathies. The indefatigable veteran, Lord Brougham, is about to publish "Tracts Physical and Mathematical."

Dr. Eadie, of Glasgow, gives us an Ecclesiastical Cyclopædia or Church Lexicon, together with a Commentary on the Ephesians. The Rev. T. D. Maurice has written a manual of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy. Messrs. Nisbett's announcements comprise some beautifully illustrated books, and also Sermons by Daniel Rees, a famous Welsh minister; Through the Tyrol, by Mrs. Newman Hall, (wife of the minister of Surrey Chapel;) and the Romance of Natural History, by Mr. Gosse.

Captain Mayne Reid, formerly in an American Rifle Regiment in the last Mexican war, and author of "The Rifle Rangers," has produced a new Christmas book for boys, and also the "Wood Rangers." Captain M. Reid is the son of the Senior Clerk of the Irish General Assembly, and is a most graphic writer. There is a peculiar Saxon ring in his words. His pictures and perils are perhaps somewhat too melodramatic. But he occupies a high place in the literary world.

Thackeray's "Corn Hill Magazine," is a great success. First of all, it is "a large penny worth," very thick and well printed, with two illustrations, and a map of the Arctic Regions—the latter given along with a paper worth the "shilling" price, entitled "The Search for Sir John Franklin," from the private journal of an officer of the *Fox*. Thackeray himself begins a story, "Lovel the Widower;" and Father Prout, (famous in *Blackwood*, in its palmiest days) writes an inaugurative ode.

I had occasion to call at Wesley's—the great London book binding house—this week. In one of the rooms I saw an immense number of the Corn Hill Magazine in sheets, being put rapidly into covers. Smith, Elder & Co., the Publishers, have their house in Corn Hill, in the city. They are both East India agents and publishers. They are the patrons of the celebrated Charlotte Brontë. They are also publishing two new books, by Sir John Bowning, one on China, and the other A Visit to the Philippine Isles in 1858–59. These two on the *media* of Ruskens: Elements of Perspective of Heathen and Holy Lands; or sunny days in the Salween, Nile, and Jordan, by Captain Briggs, of the Bengal army, and of Expositions of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton. The fecundity of the mind of this remarkable man, is best estimated by his short career on earth, and the numerous posthumous works which have appeared. The beauty of the style, and the originality of the views of the author are alike transparent. But his theology is radically unsound, as to the doctrines of justification and atonement. He is the most seductive of all the writers of the "Negative" School. When he treats of the "subjection" and development of the inner life, nothing can be more impressive.

Messrs. Trübner, of Paternoster Row, and Sampson Low, of Ludgate Hall, still import largely the best American works.

Death has been busy amongst literary men, during the past year. Among these are Leigh Hunt, a genial and beautiful writer, the great Humboldt, and the illustrious Macaulay. With regard to the latter—in addition to notices in my ordinary weekly letter—let me say that there is sufficient written and ready for the press to bring the History to the close of the life of King William, and "that viewed in the light of the Revolution and its hero, it may assume something like a character of completeness."

Macaulay's ancestors, from the grandfather upward, were natives of Scotland. His fraternal aunt married Mr. Thomas Babington, a wealthy merchant—hence his Christian names. He was a distinguished student at Cambridge. In August, 1825, appeared the article on Milton, in the *Edinburgh Review*—the first of his brilliant essays. In 1830 he entered Parliament, and made great speeches on Reform, and other topics. In 1834 he went to India, as a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta. He returned within three years. His Lays of Ancient Rome appeared in 1842. The first two volumes of his History were published in 1849; the last two in 1855.

Other great names have been written in the obituary list of scientific and literary men. Stephenson and Brunel are gone. So is De Quincey, the "Opium Eater." So is it with William Prescott and Washington Irving—the last a name dear to England as to America, and a link to bind them closely in the remembrance of their common blood and heritage. J. W.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Letters for the New Year to My Congregation.

"Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time."—Col. iv. 5.

NO V.

Speaking of *activity* reminds me that the Church lies nearer the heart of the Christian than the world, and so must set him astir quicker and more effectually than the world. This is true in theory, but where, alas, do we find the whole truth of it in practice? In whose heart, in whose prayers, in whose labors have the interests of the Church, where our fathers worshiped, and our mothers wept, and we were "born again," been more prominent than the world which has chilled us so, unbaptized us so, and unchristianized us? There are such, I have no doubt; still I ask, *who* are they?

(1.) Be more active, then, in *attendance upon all church meetings*, especially meetings for the worship of God. Let no small thing keep you at home. Make going, or staying a matter of conscience. Settle the question as you must answer to God. You may not like the preacher, or the preaching, the one may be dull and the other unedifying. No matter; your place is in the house of God; that is an obligation you owe to God, not to the preacher or the Church. And remember, God's Spirit sometimes works marvelously with the most unpromising instruments. The dull, the dry, and the weak, have become mighty by the Spirit's power on them. And think, if you please, how much empty pews, and listless hearers, have to do with dull sermons and prosy preachers. Think how it clips the wing of fancy, breaks the links of logic, and puts out the fires of enthusiasm in the preacher's study—(where the sermons are made)—the thought that after all, alas, his fancy, his logic, his enthusiasm, if they go with him into the pulpit at all, will be wasted on empty pews and sleepy hearers. O sirs, I am sure, were our houses only filled, from side to side, every Sabbath, with (wide awake, thinking hearers, we would have few, very few, dull preachers and prosy sermons. Fire in the hearer's heart kindles fire in the preacher's brain.

(2) Be active *before going* to the house of worship. Active for what? I answer, in order to have an hour's time for preparation before entering the house of God. How much there is in preparation! When some one asked Daniel Webster the best rule for successful extemporaneous speaking, he said, *thorough preparation*, sir. Suppose the preacher enters the pulpit without preparation, how will the hearer be edified? Suppose the farmer scatters his seed without preparation, what would you say of his chance for a crop? Suppose a ship master puts to sea without preparation, what would you say of his chance for the farther shore? And suppose a Christian enters the house of God without preparation, what would you say of his chance to have his affections lifted heavenward? Prepare, then, for worship before you go to the house of worship. Let the hour before worship be spent in meditation and prayer for this specific object, a blessing on the worship and on the heart of the worshiper. This cloud of incense from family altars, all over our congregations, would come up as a sweet smelling savor before God, and return like rain on the thirsty hill of Zion.

(3.) *Be always in time.* Have moments for preparation after, as well as before you come. Get your heart into the spirit of worship before you begin the worship. For this, you must be in time. Many things on the way may have spoiled the frame with which you set out from home. A minute now, in the stillness of the sanctuary, will avail much in recovering that frame. When the worshipers are all seated quietly for five or ten minutes before the worship begins, and, in the stillness, prayer is going up from many hearts for a blessing on the preacher, and on the Word preached; I cannot tell how it touches the heart of speaker and hearer, and warms them both—I know it does. But, if, the hush of the hour be broken by a storm of in-rushing feet, or the slamming of shutting doors, with the rustle of crowding dresses, that we cannot feel like worshipers, and consequently, are only in name. This may seem to you a little thing. I tell you it is a grievous evil. I have known the effect of a searching sermon, which was beginning to tell on the consciences of the hearers, all dissipated in a moment, by the tramp of a foot or the rattle of a stove. Be always in time, then, waiting for the worship, not the worship waiting for you.

(4.) Be active *during the worship*. Praying, while the congregation, and preacher pray; singing, while the congregation sings; thinking, judging, discriminating, applying, while the speaker speaks. How much we need thinking congregations! What a disgrace it is on our logical theology that we cannot go into the depths of its massive doctrines, because the people can't follow us. You can follow us if you will. But you must will. Come to church with the determination that you will follow the preacher, even though he go down to the very foundations. Look him straight in the face, be sure you hear the text; grasp with a vigorous hold the first sentence; then determine not to mislay sentence between the first and the last, and the thing is done. But turn your back on the pulpit; lay your head on the seat-back before you; close your eyes in order to listen; open them to scrutinize your neighbor's dress, or your neighbor's face, and the preacher's labor will be in vain to you. You will be of the number, who, "hearing, hear not, neither do they understand." In short, remember that so soon as you cross the threshold of the sanctuary, you are committed to the worship of God. And no man should dare worship him but with active mind and heart, with soul quickened by his awful presence. H.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Professors Again.

"When I think a man is a professor, I always suspect him." This is certainly to be very cautious. Now, though I have had some precious experience with *professors*, I do not suspect a man because he makes a profession. While truth, honesty, generosity, and religion are more esteemed in the world than their contraries, some will make professions without having the reality. A certain man made a *solemn profession* that he sold *me* goods for much less than others, because I was a minister. But he charged me ten per cent. over regular rates. He is not alone. I know a full dozen persons, not members of the church either, who do the same thing. Who *profess* all kinds of benevolence, in selling to churches, benevolent Societies, and ministers, but really charge as much, often more, than when selling to others. I think the one-half who have told me of their benevolent intentions, have cheated me. But I do not suspect all who make such professions, but only where there are suspicious circumstances. Because there are many who do real kindness to religious enterprises in this way. We know some, who have done very liberal things, and deserve kind remembrance. While gold is precious, many things will be gilded. Yet it is only when something indicates a worthless character that we should suspect.

"Well! I always suspect a professor." Now, I hope the contradiction may be pardoned, but I do not believe you always suspect a professor. You may sometimes, you may often; but in a great majority of cases, where there is nothing suspicious in the circumstances, you do not suspect, but the contrary. Suppose you meet in a public room, a man grave, serious, quiet, and kind, who does not swear, or boast; who picks up the Bible and quietly, attentively reads. Ten to one, you think him a professor, and are disposed to have confidence in him. I am not often taken for a minister when traveling; I find it amusing to sit, and silently study the character of others. But once it leaked out, from a Hebrew Bible I chanced to be carrying. Well there was an old man, an avowed infidel, in the stage, who was going out to buy sheep, and had a few hundred dollars with him. When we stopped at a country inn, for the night, this old gentleman touched me on the arm, took me aside, and giving me the secret of his circumstances, proposed that we two should take a room to ourselves. I believe many infidels, and irreligious persons, would do the same thing.

"Well, I always suspect." If that is true, you cannot be a very impartial judge. It is not strange that you decide against religious people. The credit of your own cherished opinion, depends on finding them guilty. Would such a person be permitted to bear evidence, and decide, in any court of justice. But why do you suspect? Do professors furnish a larger proportion of criminals than non-professors?

I will close, by suggesting to you the possibility that you suspect, because you hate. Your heart is at enmity against God, and you would keep yourself in countenance, by finding fault with his people. Just as Joseph's brethren suspected, "and could not speak peaceably," to the harmless youth, because they hated him. A.

THE glory of the Bible and of Christianity is, that it lifts man up to the summit of the universe covered with glory.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

"The Week of Prayer."

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I herewith send you a notice of the observance of "The World's Prayer Meeting" in this place. The publication of it may go to show that though, comparatively, we may be "little among the thousands of Judah," the Christian people here are not without some good degree of interest in the coming of Christ's kingdom; also, that they indulge some humble hope that the Request they make in relation to the Second Week in January, 1861, shall be acceded to; and that by the opening of another year, we shall thus be permitted again to unite in prayer with *all the good of earth*, for the still fuller coming "of the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ."

In our own church here, on Monday the 15th, we had a prayer meeting at six o'clock in the morning, another at ten o'clock, and another at six o'clock in the evening; also, one at six o'clock each evening during the week. These were all well attended.

At our Union meetings, during the week there were probably from two hundred and fifty to four hundred or five hundred persons present—varying with the weather, and with the size of the house in which we were to assemble, as we met in five different churches. On Sabbath, however, the "Convocation for Thanksgiving and Praise," far exceeded any of the other meetings, both in numbers and in interest. It was held in our church, which will seat, it is estimated, seven hundred persons comfortably; but on that day there were probably eight hundred or nine hundred people within its walls, while it is said over two hundred were counted retiring for want of room. Had we known this in season, a second meeting might have been organized in the basement.

In these meetings, from day to day much missionary information was given. The spirit of Christian union was evidently strengthened, and we trust that the spirit of enlarged Christian philanthropy received a new impulse among us. "Thy kingdom come." A. C. Mc.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Jan. 21, 1860.

MT. PLEASANT, IOWA, Jan. 16, 1860.

The different churches in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, unite in the Concert of Prayer during the second week of Jan., 1860. After spending Monday as each church preferred, a Union Prayer Meeting was held daily. These meetings were well attended and full of interest.

At the close of the last meeting, on Sabbath the 15th, when the large church in which it was held was so crowded that hundreds, who came were unable to enter, it was unanimously

Resolved, That we request all Christians throughout the world, to observe the Second Week in January, 1861—beginning with Monday, Jan. 7th—in like manner as the Missionaries in Northern India proposed the past week should be observed.

In behalf of the meeting.

E. CRANE, Pastor of Baptist church.
P. P. INGALLS, Pastor of Asbury M. E. church.
J. Q. HAMMOND, of University Charge, M.E.C.
A. J. DEAKE, of Congregational church.
W. A. SAUNDERS, of Christian church.
J. B. BASS, of M. P. church.
PHILO BURR, of Prot. Epis. church.
HENRY SAVAGE, of U. P. church.
A. C. MCCLELLAND, of Pres. church.

TIMOTHY STEARNS, Chairman.

Posture in Prayer

Our Episcopal friends sometimes ask why we stand in prayer, rather than kneel. Our answer is that standing is the spontaneous posture of reverence. We always rise and stand in the presence of a superior. It is a convenient posture for a public assembly, wherever, or however it may be brought together. It is a Scriptural posture. The people of Israel stood when they worshipped at the entrance of the Shekinah into the tabernacle, Ex. xxxiii: 10. They also stood during the dedication prayer of the temple, (1 King vii: 14.) and Solomon stood during a part of it, at least. They also stood when Jehoshaphat made his earnest prayer for them in a time of danger, 2 Chron. xx: 5, 13. God seems to recognize it in Jer. xv: 1; when he says, "though Moses and Samuel stood before me, yet my mind could not be toward this people." Job seems to have used it when he says, "I stand up and thou regardest me not"—Job xxx: 20. Our Lord distinctly recognized it when he said, Mark xi: 25, "and when ye stand praying, forgive." Both the Publican and Pharisee stood when they prayed in the temple, and this was the common custom of the Jews, as we learn from Matt. vi: 5, "they love to pray, standing in the synagogues, and the corners of the streets to be seen of men." Trench, himself an Episcopalian, says in his exposition of the parable of the Pharisee and Publican, "to pray standing was the manner of the Jews." It was also the manner used by the primitive Church. Proof of this is given by Bingham, the highest authority among our Episcopal brethren, in all matters of ecclesiastical antiquity.—*Central Presbyterian.*

The Rising Tide.

When the tide is out, you have noticed, as you ramble among the rocks, little pools with little fishes in them. To the shrimp in such a pool, his foot depth of salt water is all the ocean for the time being. He has no dealings with his neighbor shrimp in the adjacent pool, though it may be only a few inches of sand that divide them. But when the rising ocean begins to leap over the margin of the lurking place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet, and by and by, in place of that little patch of standing water, they have the ocean's boundless fields to roam in. When the tide is out—when religion is low—the faithful are to be found insulated, here a few and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, having no dealings with their neighbors of the adjoining pools, calling them Samaritans, and fancying that their own little community includes all that are precious in God's sight. They forget, for a time that there is a vast and expansive ocean rising—every ripple brings it nearer—a mighty communion—even the communion of saints—which is to engulf all minor considerations and to enable the fishes of all pools—the Christians—the Christ-lovers of all denominations—to come together. When like a flood, the Spirit flows in the churches, church will join to church, and saint will join to saint, and all will rejoice to find, that if their little pools have perished, it is not by the scorching Summer's drouth, nor the casting in of earthly rubbish, but by the influx of that boundless sea, whose glad waters touch eternity, and in whose ample depths the saints of heaven as well as the saints of earth have room enough to range. Yes, our churches are the standing pools along the beach, with just enough of their peculiar element to keep the few inmates living, during the ebb tide, period of the Church's history. But they form a very little fellowship—the largest is but little, yet is there steadily flowing in a tide of universal light and love, which, as it leaps in over the margin of the little pool, will stir its inhabitants with an unwonted vivacity, and then let them loose in the large range of the Spirit's own communion. Happy Church! farthest down upon the strand! nearer the rising ocean's edge! Happy Church! whose sectarianism shall first be swept away in this inundation of love and joy; whose communion shall first break forth in that purest and holiest, and yet most comprehensive of all communions—the communion of the Holy Ghost! Would to God that Church were mine.—*Rev. James Hamilton, D.D.*

The Morning Cometh.

What Christian heart does not beat high at the thought of the mild but piercing radiance of Divine light now shining forth fitfully along all the borders of heathenism? The thick clouds are edged with white, and seem, after a long night, to be stirring on the mountain side, as if to collect themselves for rolling up and opening the valleys to the day. It has been said that "beside every group of wild men in the Ethnological department of the Crystal Palace, the missionary could place a contrasting group of their Christian countrymen." Again, "The Old Book, the Book of our Redeemer's gift and our father's faith, * * * * has been gradually ascending; taking to itself new tongues, spreading open its page in every land, printed in Chinese camps, pondered in the red man's wigwam, sought after in Benares, a school book in Feejee, eagerly bought in Constantinople, loved in the kloofs of Kafirland; while the voices of the dead from Assyria to Egypt have been lifted up to bear it witness." Among the millions of India there is a listening and a surmise; amid the strange, fascinating roar of civilization, advancing from the West, is heard the deep, still music of the Gospel; a quivering here and there, a faint, ruddy flush, as of life, seems to announce that the swoon of superstition, unbroken for a thousand years, may ere long pass away. The all-important preliminary victory that had to be won over anti-Christian prejudice on the part of the new lords of India, is no longer doubtful. Still farther East than India, China has heard tidings of a true celestial empire, from the lips of apostolic men, who have cast behind them all the refinement and social pleasure of Europe, as Paul cast behind him the philosophy of Greece and the lordliness of Rome. Beautiful is this return of the Christian morning from the West to the East. Christianity does not now go forth against heathenism, as in the old Crusading days, clad in visible armor, and bearing an earthly sword. It steps gently like the dawn, its weapons the shafts of light, wearing the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation. Clothed thus in the armor of God, if faith does not waver, and love continues to burn, it *will* conquer.—*Bayne's Characteristics of Christian Civilization.*

The Apostleship a Temporary Office.

The grounds of the presumption of this remark are, (1) that the twelve Apostles are referred to in the New Testament, as a well known body of men, limited in number, and not to be increased, except in the extraordinary case of Paul, which he himself describes as a remarkable exception—(2) that some of the powers exercised by the original Apostles, are no longer in existence—(3) that some, which still exist, are exercised by Presbyters, and were so exercised in apostolic times—(4) that those which are thus exercised by Presbyters, are in themselves the most essential to the existence of the church—(5) that the office of Presbyter has been continued in the Church for the very purpose of succeeding the Apostles in these functions, and with a view to permanent action within fixed local bounds—(6) that the advocates for the perpetuity of the Apostolic office, are not agreed among themselves as to the powers which now belong to it, and this want of agreement arises from the silence of Scripture, and the impossibility of fixing any principle, by which a line may be drawn between the powers which are thus continued, and those which have ceased or been transferred to Presbyters.—*Princeton Review.*

To the Aged.

The late Rev. Mr. James, when an old man, by reason of the infirmities of age, could not do much work for Christ out of doors. But his feeling then was, he could glorify Christ by suffering patiently whatever God was pleased to lay upon him. He wrote on this subject:

"I am still in circumstances calculated to give solemnity to my reflections, and perhaps some weight to my words. The pressure of disease upon my bodily frame has been lightened, but it has left me no longer strong to labor. I am on the verge of old age, and a subject of not a few of its infirmities. The evening of life is come, and with it some of its clouds. Should these clouds, however, only furnish a new theatre on which to display the luster of my setting sun, and afford me an opportunity of glorifying Christ by the passive virtues of Christian character, they ought to be more welcome than even a clearer sky."

We remember that Dr. Alexander, in his "Religious Experience," says it is by no means an uncommon thing for old Christians to decline in spirituality of mind, and as they grow older, to grow less like Christ. Let our aged readers then be warned, and let them, if not in their power to *do* much for Christ, gladly suffer, and thus without murmurings, whatever the heavenly Father is pleased to lay upon us. The old *must* die. Let such then be more and more in earnest as the sands of life are running out.

Safe to Speak.

Some years ago I occupied a pastoral field in the town of Easton, in this State. There was an old man attending my church, of some fourscore years, who attracted my attention. I found that he was a merchant who had amassed four hundred thousand dollars worth of earthly possessions, but was not yet "rich toward God"—had laid up no treasures in heaven. Said I to some of my friends, "I must go and speak to him." "No, no, for your life, no!" You will only drive him from the church; and perhaps, if you let him go on uninterrupted, undisturbed, he will get some good by and by." But I went to see him. I took him kindly by the hand, and said, "Mr. M., have you made the matter of your soul's salvation for eternity secure?" The tears immediately started to those old eyes that had rarely wept of late. "Oh," said he, after a few moments conversation, "you are the first man that ever spoke to me directly about this matter, and I thank you for it." Instead of getting angry, he was glad, and so will it often prove, if we are faithful in this duty of *speaking* to our unconverted fellow-travelers to eternity.