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. 885

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TERMS.—IN ADVANCE.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1860.

By Mail, or at the Office, $1.50 per Year, } SEE PROSPECTUS
Delivered in the City, 2,00 " " }

Original Poetry.

Trust in God.

Oh Thou, who art the helper still,
Of those who trust in thee,
Look thou on me! I cry for help,
Deliv'rance speed to me.
I'm weary, Lord; downcast and weak,
I'm apt to turn aside;
And oft forget what thou hast said—
"The Lord, he will provide."

I'm fearful, yea, and faithless too,
When clouds around me fly,
And I forget, that o'er them all,
There shines a cloudless sky.
Perplexed by many dismal fears
That crowd around my way,
I often fail to call on thee,
To drive those fears away.

Afraid to trust a sovereign God!
My Maker and my Friend!
Oh no! I'll ever trust in thee,
Until this life shall end.
For thou art good, my gracious Lord,
On thee I'll fix my trust,
And thou wilt save my precious soul,
And lift me from the dust.

Then, 'mid the anxious cares of life,
I'll cast my cares on thee,
I'll lean upon my Saviour's arm,
Till cares and troubles flee.
Yes, e'en in death I'll trust thee still,
To walk with me along
Thro' death's dark vale, and then will sing
Thy praise in endless song.

YELRUTS.

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. VI.

Let this be a year of *Increased Liberality*. Begin it with your "Systematic Benevolence." Or, rather, since Benevolence means only to *wish* well, and there is often an "impassable gulf" between the wish and the deed, write on the field of your practical Christianity, in bold, broad letters, Systematic *Beneficence*. Systematic well-*doing*. And let it be systematic.

1. Remember, *giving is a grace*. It is a beautiful grace. It is also an ordinance of God's house, as much as prayer, praise, or preaching. We must give, as well as pray or preach. Indeed, giving is just the hand which praying and preaching holds up. When we give, Israel prevails; when we stop giving, Amalek prevails. It cannot be otherwise. The work of the Church is to evangelize the world. This is the work of the *whole* Church. The great commission, "Go preach the Gospel to every creature," was given to the *whole* Church. The obligation to do it rests on the whole Church. But how Bibles are to be printed, churches and school-houses built, missionaries sent out and sustained, without money, is a mystery. The heathen will not print Bibles and pay missionaries to convert themselves; we must do it. And to what better use we can appropriate our money, I know not. Yet, when the cry of perishing millions comes to us, and we ask you for help, some of you call it "*begging!*" Oh! let me tell you, the man who so despises God's ordinances, and so tramples underfoot the most sacred instincts of humanity, I should not be surprised to see himself a despised beggar in the public highway. "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again." Think of that.

2. *Give Systematically*. Do not leave to chance impulses this glorious, heaven-sanctioned philanthropy, which shall one day bring all nations redeemed to the foot of the Cross. Understand your business, and know your yearly income; determine the claims of your family and other interests; then give, five, ten, twenty per cent., as God has prospered you. Honor God with your substance, and my word for it—nay, God's word—all history and experience for it—God will honor you. "Give, and it shall be given unto you," dollars for limes!

3. *Deny yourself for the sake of giving*. It must come to this, or the world will never be converted—by us. The dollar that you give for cigars, young man, would print a dozen Testaments, which might save a hundred souls, or start another Chinese revolution. Yet when I come to you, on contribution day, you give me a quarter to save the heathen with, and your tobacconist a dollar for cigars! What shall I call that? Christianity? No, sir. Humanity? No, sir. What then? Why I call it a monstrous *absurdity*, if not worse, before God. There must be self-denial. But you ask, what will all this lead to; is there no end to giving? Shall we beggar ourselves, and let our children grow up in ignorance, for the sake of the heathen? No. I answer emphatically, No, to both questions. No end to giving until giving has wrought its own end, and no begging for yourselves or intellectual starvation for your children. I never yet knew a liberal, God-fearing man, aught the poorer for enlightened giving to Church enterprises. Never. On the contrary, the most liberal and successful business men of the age, unite with the wise King of Israel in saying, "The liberal soul shall be made fat." And both but express the uniform teachings of Providence in respect to this. But practical men want other proof than any man's word, or perhaps even the word of God. Well, I verily believe the peace of mind and the good feeling about the heart which comes of duty done, will so sharpen every faculty for business, that the increase of your gains will be double what you gave to God. You know how clear the *brain* is, when the *conscience* is clear. Again: The amount of careful reading necessary to an *intelligent* giving, will make you and your children so much better informed, that your prosperity will increase in the ratio of your intelligence. An ignorant man is always behind in everything. Again: Would not the *habit* of prudence, foresight, and economy, acquired by this careful looking into your business to know where the dollar is to come from that you give to God, amply repay you? But a truce to such compromises. What is the religion worth that will not submit to a little self-denial in so glorious a cause? What is a man's Christianity worth—nay, I will not speak of Christianity—what is a man's *humanity* worth, who would poise a dollar on his finger's end, uncertain whether to give it for the civilizing and evangelizing of the nations, or for a *dozen Havanas?* I come to you and say, "Gentlemen, here is a box of the first brand cigars," and you hand me a V, for the Winter's smoking} I come again, and say, "Gentlemen, here are *five hundred millions* of heathen in utter darkness and degradation, and I want you to help us pour the light of heaven in upon them," and you hand me a *quarter!* Do you think I put the case strongly? Let me tell you I could put it stronger yet, and be far within the whole truth. And I ask again, not what is such Christianity worth, because there is no Christianity about it, but what is such *humanity* worth?

The world must be brought to Christ. We must bring it by preaching Christ. Miracles have ceased. "Go teach," is our business. Make *dollars* "teach," if you cannot teach in person. Dollars are eloquent when they speak through Bibles, and schools, and missionaries, on heathen shores. The *Millennium* will not *come;* we must *bring it about*. Therefore, and for this end, be more liberal this year than ever you were before. H.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Decease of Dr. Addison Alexander.

Truly, a great man has fallen in Israel. Joseph Addison Alexander is dead. The laborious student, the profound thinker, the able Commentator, the ripe scholar, the learned professor, the apt instructor, the impressive and powerful preacher, has left us. The places that lately knew him, shall know him no more. The man of mind and memory, and large attainments, dwells no more on earth. On the evening before the Sabbath he retired calmly from the scene of his earthly labors, to rest in the bosom of his Redeemer. His failing health for some time had created deep anxiety as to the issue, and yet the announcement of his death came suddenly.

As a Professor, Dr. Alexander never failed to impress every one who entered his class-room. Strong in his convictions, he carried conviction to the minds of others. He was a thoroughly read historian, a discriminating and philosophical observer, clear in exegesis, with a mind of the highest order, and equal to the successful analysis of any subject. No student sat before him, without feeling that he was in the presence of an extraordinary man.

As a *scholar*, he was a fine illustration of the benefits of long-continued training. He was a scholar from his early youth. At the age of fourteen years, he had mastered the Arabic, and read the Koran. He delighted in the study of languages. His knowledge of languages at an early period was extensive and accurate. He was a rare instance of a scholar fully ripe. He was fond of books. He loved his study; no place had more attractions for him. And in it, reclining on his couch, he breathed his last. He read much. He thought much. He learned much. He seemed to forget nothing. The fruits of his toil and learning have abounded like clusters on the vine.

As a *preacher*, he had few equals. He wrote with ease and elegance. It may truly be said of him, "*Nil tetigit quid non ornavit.*" He wrote with power, too. The truth came strong and vigorous from his lips. Without aiming at oratory, he was an eloquent and powerful preacher. His happy illustrations, his clear presentation of truth, his beautiful method, his glowing descriptions, nicely blended with earnestness and pungency, always attracted and edified, while he often amazed his auditors by the vast amount of truth evolved from a single text. When it was known that he would preach, he always commanded a large audience; nor did he disappoint expectation. He was remarkably gifted in prayer. His prayers abounded with varied and earnest petitions, eloquently poured into the ears of Him who hears the suppliant's cry. Alas! that we shall hear no more the voice of this faithful expounder of the inspired Word.

As a *man*, he was modest and retiring, perhaps even to a fault. He shrank involuntarily from the public gaze. He was at different times urged to go to the General Assembly, as a representative from the Presbytery of New Brunswick, but never consented. Nor would he consent to serve as Moderator of his Presbytery; yet he always made it a matter of conscience to attend Presbytery and Synod whenever his duties at the Theological Seminary would allow. Although retiring, and mingling comparatively little in society, he was not wanting in social qualities. He was fond of the young. Fifteen months ago, he spent a Sabbath with us. Our people listened with great satisfaction to two able sermons from his lips. He tarried with us until the following Monday. In the domestic circle, he delighted us with his cheerful flow of instructive conversation. His visit will not soon be forgotten. He noticed with interest each child, even the little one who was just accomplishing the feat of standing by a chair. And when the hour of family worship came, the devout earnestness with which he led us in most appropriate prayer before the mercy seat, is still fresh in memory. We were impressed, at the time, with the growing resemblance to his excellent father, whose society we had enjoyed on similar occasions, and whose precious memory is embalmed in multitudes of hearts.

Within the period of about six weeks, the Presbytery of New Brunswick, as well as the Church at large, has been called to mourn the loss of two distinguished men. Princeton mourns! It is not long since a large company of mourners gathered in her noted cemetery, to deposit in the silent tomb the remains of that incomparable preacher and pastor, James Waddell Alexander. The sod is yet fresh upon the grave of the lamented Hope, who was snatched away from us in the vigor of his manhood, and in the midst of his growing usefulness. And now comes again the stroke of death, and cuts down one whose place for learning, finished scholarship, and devotion to his Master's service, in his particular field of labor cannot soon be filled. In the sadness of our bereavement, we stand in awe at these mysterious dispensations of Providence, while faith looks up with tearful eye, and exclaims, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." S.M.H.

Lawrenceville, N. J., Jan. 30, 1860.

The Rebuke.

A man of great learning and talents, but an unbeliever, was traveling in Manila. He was escorted by a native of rank, and as they were about starting, the native, with the refined politeness which characterizes the Orientals, requested the white stranger to pray to his God.

This was probably the only thing he could have been asked to do, without being able to comply; and on his declining, the native said,

"Well, *some* god *must* be prayed to, so you will excuse me if I pray to mine."

"Full many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer never meant."

And so it was in this case. The unbeliever was rebuked by the heathen, and the man of science, who had gone there in quest of natural curiosities, returned, having found the "pearl of great price." His next visit is to be with the missionaries to preach Christ.

A MAN may be great by chance, but never wise and good without an effort.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Funeral of Dr. J. Addison Alexander.

PRINCETON, January 31, 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The funeral of Dr. J. Addison Alexander was attended here to-day. He died unexpectedly, the Saturday previous, in his study, surrounded with his books, the companions and witnesses of his labors. Besides citizens of the place and students of the Seminary, there was present a large number of prominent ministers and laymen, especially from the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and from the city of New York. The places of business in the town were closed during the services. The remains were placed in the chapel of the Seminary for a short time, to allow friends to take a farewell look, and then borne in procession to the First Presbyterian church. Those who had not seen Dr. Alexander for some time, were struck with the marked change in his appearance. His noble, massive brow remained, but his face and form seemed wasted with disease.

At the church, Dr. McDonald, of Princeton, Dr. Hall, of Trenton, and Drs. Spring and Potts, of New York, conducted the services. Dr. Hall preached from Hosea vi: 1, "Come and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn and he will heal us; he hath smitten and he will bind us up." His discourse was simple, touching, and beautiful. A strain of hope and cheerfulness ran through it, like threads of gold through a garment of dark velvet, which relieved the gloom and sorrow of the occasion. He exhorted all to regard the sad event which had called them together, not as an unmixed calamity or inscrutable providence, but as a call for humility, mingled with gratitude. The gift of such men to the Church was a mark of Divine favor; and though their removal was a great loss, their talents and services should be remembered with thankfulness. "We have received good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil also." It was disgraceful to be unmindful of his benefits, because in his good pleasure he chose to remove some of them from us. Let your grief, then, he said, be trusting and submissive, worthy of God and of the departed.

The preacher briefly sketched the history and character of Dr. Alexander. He was born in Philadelphia in 1809, and graduated at Princeton in 1826. He was Professor in the College there from 1830 to 1833; then, after a residence in Europe, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick in 1838, and the same year elected Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, though he had for some time previously fulfilled the duties of that office. For twenty-five years, with a marvelous application, he had devoted himself to study and to teaching, and, with his great powers and unwearied diligence, had accomplished what was equivalent to a century of labor by common minds. His brilliant gifts and varied attainments fitted him to shine in any department of letters; but he devoted all his talents and energies to the Word of God, even from his youth. At the age of fourteen he had read the Koran in Arabic, and with what success he had pursued his work, his lectures, sermons, and writings, abundantly testify. No attempt was made to analyze his mind, nor to eulogize his character. His natural reserve was mentioned. But he who could gambol with children, and find his amusement, even perform his severest labor in the crowd and noise of a large city, could not be misanthropic. His piety could not be questioned, though less demonstrative, owing to his temperament, than is often witnessed. But his love for the study and preaching of God's Word, if there were no other evidence, would prove its Divine character. So marked, indeed, was his love of the Scriptures, that only a few hours before his death he was known to be reading them in several versions. When too feeble to prosecute severer studies, he spent a portion of his time in committing to memory and reciting to himself such simple hymns as:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O! Lamb of God, I come."

And, again, the last verse:

"Just as I am—thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O! Lamb of God, I come."

The truths which suit a little child, and which the plainest believer rests upon with joy and hope, were the truths in which his great mind delighted and trusted; while he relished even the simple language which adapts them to the humblest comprehension. What an evidence of the oneness in Christ of all believers, and of the suitableness and sufficiency of the Gospel to all classes.

In his reading, some little time before his death, Dr. Alexander found a sentence of Whitfield's, which arrested his attention, and which he marked as if foreshadowing his own end. It was this: "I shall die silent." It proved a true prophecy, or description, though there is no reason to suppose that at the time he thought his own hour of departure was so near. He sank away, from sudden prostration, and died unconscious. But he has gone to a higher sphere, and a nobler service. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

All the exercises were simple and dignified, suited to the tastes and character of the departed. They derived additional solemnity from the fact that three times in six months, similar services had been held in that church. Indeed, six months from that very day, the earthly ties between Dr. Alexander and his distinguished brother had been sundered, and only a few weeks before, Prof. Hope, of the College, had been followed from that house to his last resting place. All felt that "a prince and a great man" had fallen in Israel. But faith looked up from that scene with calmness, and rested with fresh hope on Jesus as the life and refuge of his people. There were numbers there who have grown gray in the service of the Church, who must soon be summoned to the General Assembly of the first born in heaven. And as the long procession followed the remains in silence to the cemetery, where rests so much honored dust, the thought could not but arise, "Who shall be the next reaper in the Lord's vineyard on earth, gathered by the great reaper death, into his garner in heaven." Yours, &c.

A Blessed Intimacy.

A friend once asked Professor Franke how he maintained so constant a peace of mind. "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a day," replied Franke. "Wherever I am, whatever I do, 'Blessed Jesus,' I say, 'have I a share in thy redemption? Are my sins forgiven? Am I guided by thy Spirit? Renew me, strengthen me.' By this constant intercourse with Jesus, I enjoy serenity of mind and a settled peace of soul."

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Third Annual Statement

Of the Operations of the Bible Cause in Eastern Ohio, for the Year ending December 31st, 1859.

In presenting to the friends and patrons of the Bible Cause, in Eastern Ohio, my third annual statement of its operations, it affords me pleasure to state, that notwithstanding the continued depression which has rested so heavily upon all the financial interests of the State, throughout the entire year, the receipts from my field show a decided increase over those of any previous year, since I entered the field. In no period, perhaps, since the organization of the American Bible Society, have the difficulties in the way of a successful prosecution of the work been greater than during the past year. The hopes of thousands who were looking to the fruitful increase of the labor of the husbandman, have been doomed to another disappointment, and the "bone and sinew" of the land have felt the loss and felt it severely.

It would not be surprising, then, that a cause whose claims are of a benevolent character, should share largely in the general depression.

Much of the success of the cause under all these difficulties, is due to the excellence of the system now in operation. The work is mainly conducted through the operation of auxiliaries and branch Societies; the former usually comprising a single County, and the latter only a Township.

The number of auxiliary Societies upon my field, is now thirty-four; and that of branch Societies has been increased to one hundred and eighty—eighty-one of this number having been added to the list during the past year. Where three years ago many of these auxiliary or County Societies were sustaining but a feeble and sickly existence, and were practically bene*fi*ciaries, rather than auxiliaries of the American Bible Society, now liberal donations are being annually made by many of them in aid of the general work abroad.

The utility of branch or Township Societies has herein been satisfactorily established. They have imparted a vigor and strength to our auxiliary Societies, such as could not have been secured to them in any other way.

By the annual co-operation of the county agents with the friends and patrons of the cause, these Societies are kept in active operation by regular annual meetings, and in no instance has a Society thus conducted, fallen into decay or stagnancy. On the other hand, every successive year has been one of advancement.

Another wheel in the working of the machinery has been the system of Local Agencies. Each Township Society is divided into a number of districts—usually comprising the limits of a School District each—over which a local or unpaid agent is appointed, who visits his district annually, supplying the destitute, and soliciting from all who are friendly to the cause, donation in its behalf.

Still another feature of the work is the annual nature of our subscriptions. By this plan the work has been greatly systematized and economized. Our subscriptions falling due annually, the necessity of a call from the traveling agent year after year, is, to a great extent obviated.

As was above stated, we have now in operation, upon my field, which comprises twenty-three of the Eastern counties, or one-fourth of the State one hundred and eighty branch Societies. Each of these Societies is furnished with a well assorted Depository of Bibles and Testaments, thus rendering the Bible accessible to almost every community.

Connected with these branch Societies are about sixteen hundred Local, or unpaid agents, who cheerfully devote such a portion of their time as the interests of the cause may require, in visiting their respective districts annually. They constitute a noble array of fellow laborers, and to them the cause is greatly indebted for its efficiency.

Two thousand copies of *The Bible Society Record* are sent monthly to the local agents and main officers of the branch, and auxiliary Societies, which serve to keep alive the interest taken by our fellow laborers and the patrons of the cause. In this way the operations and claims of the Society are statedly brought before almost eight thousand readers. The number of families visited upon my field the past year is about twelve thousand; of whom upwards of fourteen hundred have been found destitute and supplied with the Bible. The number of volumes distributed was about eighteen thousand.

The amount of funds raised the past year, on my field, is about $11,000; of which, about $8,000 have been remitted to the parent Society, and the balance applied upon the field in supplying the destitute, &c.

In addition to the amount of cash received, much has been accomplished of a prospective character. An unusual number of liberal and reliable pledges have been obtained and secured by promissory notes. In this way, in a single county, about one hundred life memberships, (thirty dollars each,) were obtained for the Society.

We have endeavored to keep in view throughout the year the missionary part of the work to be performed. We trust that the good which has been accomplished is not measured solely by dollars and cents. The Word of God has been circulated among many destitute households, who have given expression to the liveliest emotions of joy; and both local and county agents have found abundant opportunities for presenting the claims of this Blessed Word upon the individual conscience.

The "Christian's Bible Fund," has received some attention during the year, and is serving a useful purpose in enlisting our youth in this noble cause.

The plan of semi-annual meetings has been introduced, during the year, into the workings of our branch Societies, and is found useful in serving to keep up an interest in them, and render them more self-sustaining.

About six hundred pastors, representing eight or ten different denominations, have cordially co-operated with us, and to them we feel much indebted for the success that has crowned the cause.

In the work of supplying, special attention has been bestowed upon places of public resort. Many of our criminal and humane institutions, hotels, vessels, and railroad stations have been thoroughly supplied with substantially bound copies of the Bible.

We desire to return our sincere thanks to the numerous friends who have so cheerfully co-operated with us in our labors to promote the cause; nor would we forget to acknowledge the blessing of God upon them, and to implore a continuance of his favor during the year to come.

T. C. HARTSHORN,
Agent American Bible Society.
Ravenna, Ohio.

UNLESS we are saints on earth, we shall never be saints in heaven.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

The Pilgrim.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

The pilgrim is weary and needs to rest. Hers has been a long and toilsome journey. For nearly four score years she has trodden these desert wilds, and we rejoice that shortly she will walk beside the river of the water of life. She has long—aye, for more than fifty years has she known and rested upon the Saviour of sinners. Full often has the Adversary whispered in her ear doubts of her acceptance with Christ, and for a little season the timid heart has trembled, lest the suggestion be true. But those apprehensions shall cease shortly now, and that forever. Her sensitive nature has been ever pitiful toward others' woes, but especially have we, the children of her love, been the objects of her tender sympathy. That precious mother's memory shall remain fresh while life lasts; yea, though we, too, should reach the boundary of those accumulated years, whose "strength is labor and sorrow." We can never forget her anxious watchfulness, her wise guidance, her tireless love. Most of all should we remember the gentleness with which she taught our infant feet to incline toward "the green pastures and the still waters." But our mother's active labors are over now, and she has but to suffer the will of our heavenly Father for a little season, and then will come the blessed realization of the Saviour's assurance, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

We could not calmly bear the thought of parting from thee, beloved pilgrim, but that we expect a re-union after a few more revolving suns have marked the limits of *our* sojourn! No imperfection shall mar the pleasures of our intercourse then; sickness shall not enter there; the black wing of death shall not cast a shadow over celestial joys.

A little while since, and the life-long companion went home, and as he entered, "he left the pearly gates ajar." He waited long amidst weariness and pain for the bright dawning of an eternal day, and now she too, whom we have been wont to call by the tenderest of human titles, is but waiting. "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away." ALETHEIA.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Professors Yet.

"I would not have expected *that* of a professor." Why not? Where do you live? What do you read? The professors in your place must be much better than common, or you would have expected that long ago. We learn some things about professors from the Bible; and, from that it seems, they will do anything—anything from dying for the truth, to betraying the Saviour, for the pitiful price of blood. But perhaps you do not form your expectations of professors from the Bible. Some have very extravagant whimsical notions of the character of a professor; and he would be an odd creature, indeed, who would meet all notions, as to what he should be. We learn something of professors from experience; and from that, it seems they will do anything or *nothing*. This last case is as common, and as bad as the other. I know a number of men, very respectable men, who made a "public profession, that they would help build churches, support ministers, sustain schools, suppress drunkenness, prevent gambling, aid public improvements, who never did any such thing, but the contrary. And though good men have *forgiven* them, and been reconciled to them, and they have renewed their profession twenty times, still they do no better. Then I have known some who, very solemnly, professed to hate falsehood, perjury, and dishonesty, and to be painfully anxious to be elected, only for public good; but when elected, they not only pocketed the salary, but did not refuse to share "the stealings." Indeed if we may judge the future by the past, professors will do anything. Why then expect *that;* since *that* is no awful crime after all? I know a person who did not expect *that* of a professor, when *that* meant getting a feather for a baby's cap. The person who did not expect *that*, had no baby. Another, who did not expect *that*, meant, that in paying a bill between four and five dollars, the professor had said he ought to throw off three cents, by which the change would come even. These are specimens; others will suggest themselves to every mind. Why did you not expect that? Does the Bible say it is wrong? Do you not think well of yourself; and have you never done anything as bad as *that*, in God's sight. Has not the same God made you? Do you not enjoy as much of his care and bounty, and owe him for greatly increased comforts? Does the child owe nothing to the father, until it has professed that it will pay. Ah, my friend! there is a matter of much importance between you and God. You owe him a child's gratitude, obedience, and love. There is nothing wrong in a professor that is not wrong in you. Your sin is fast running up before God; and I fear for you, because, those who look much at others, do not often closely watch themselves. A.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

"Without God in the World!"

"And what of that?" (methinks I hear some careless reader ask.) "Have I not often said in my heart, 'No God!' Have I not often said to God, 'Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways?'" Perhaps, my friend, you have never thought what it is to be "*without God in the world.*" Do not imagine that you are beyond his notice, or out of the limits of his government. His eye still sees you; his rod is still stretched over you; and for every idle word he holds you accountable. Nor are you without God as a providential care-taker and friend. Sad, indeed, were it for you, if this were the case. How wretched would you be if the Father of lights should withhold himself, with all his good gifts, from you. How would you live without the cheering rays of the sun, and the refreshing drops that distil from the clouds? What if your bread should be withdrawn, and even the air you breathe shut out from your lungs? Yet all these are the gifts of Him who causeth his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust; in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways. For in him we live, and move, and have our being. O, how would you live a single day without God's rich bounty—much less without himself? To be without light, without food and drink, without invigorating air! How utterly undone must that man be, who is deserted by the God of providence! Must he not instantly perish and die, and return to his dust!

"His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they should breathe no more."

But while God sees you at all times, and holds you strictly accountable for your conduct, and supplies all your temporal wants, still there is an important sense in which you may be "*without God in the world.*" You may not have his gracious presence with you, to enlighten, renew, sanctify, and save your soul. Instead of this, his wrath may be abiding on you. And, O, how dreadful such a situation! The immortal spirit cast out from the presence of its Creator; involved in outer darkness; destitute of all title to, and meetness for the joys of heaven; having no hope, and without God in the world!

"O dreadful state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I cannot taste his love."

If your condition would be hopeless without the God of providence, rest assured it is still more so without the God of grace! The entrance of his Word giveth light. His Son formed in the heart is the hope of glory. His Spirit imparts peace and joy to the soul. Through him strengthening us, we can do all things. Would you escape the darkness, the despair, the hopelessness and helplessness of those who are without God in the world? O, seek to be brought nigh by the blood of Christ. No man cometh unto the Father but by him. "Take heed, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God." "If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." "But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ: for through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father." W.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Farewell Missionary Meeting.

Interesting religious services were held in Ebensburg Presbyterian church, on Wednesday evening, January 18th, at 7 o'clock, on the occasion of Rev. R. J. Evans going out to Washington Territory, under the direction of the Board of Domestic Missions. A large and intelligent congregation filled the house to its utmost capacity, every available spot being occupied, even to the pulpit stairs.

After invocation and singing, Rev. Mr. Shane, of the Methodist Episcopal church, engaged in prayer. Mr. Evans preached an excellent sermon from the words, "Go ye into all the world," &c., enforcing the duty of the Church to put forth greater efforts than ever before, to send the message of grace and peace to all people, encouraged as she is by the Divine promise of Christ's presence.

Rev. Mr. Powell, of the Welsh Congregational church, addressed the congregation on the self-denial and sacrifices made by all missionaries, who leave home and country to spread abroad the knowledge of Jesus. Nothing but the constraining love of Christ could account for men of talent and education forsaking kindred and friend, to preach the Gospel in distant parts, where society, in its forming state, could not be expected to possess the refinements and advantages of old communities.

Rev. Mr. Williams, of the Welsh Calvinistic church, delivered an admirable address, tracing the origin and growth of the missionary enterprise, and the increased attention that is now given to the work of evangelizing the nations; spoke of the greatly enlarged contributions of the Christian public in England and America, to sustain the zealous and single-hearted men, who are spending and being spend in this most holy and honorable work of pointing sinners to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

Rev. Mr. Harbison, pastor of the Church in which the meeting was held, addressed the congregation on the importance of establishing Christian institutions in every part of our country, and especially in the Pacific region, and closed by bidding the missionary farewell in behalf of the audience, assuring him of their interest in the arduous work, and their purpose to follow him with their prayers that his labors might be richly blessed in the salvation of many sinners.

Mr. Evans responded in a few happy remarks—deeply affected himself, as were the entire people.

The services lasted three hours, and as evidence of the solemnity and interest manifested, it need only be said that not one left till the close, and scarcely a dry eye was seen in the vast assembly. The whole was a fitting close to a week of prayer which was well observed here, and a new and enlarged interest in the subject of Missions is aroused, which, it is hoped, will grow and appear in increased contributions to the good cause.

After each address, appropriate missionary anthems were sung by the Welsh and Presbyterian choirs, and the services were closed by prayer, commending the missionary and his wife to the protection of that God who rules the raging sea, and imploring the Spirit to crown with success his ministrations in the field to which he is assigned.

Many lingered to express their kind feelings to Mr. E., but sorrowful emotions prevented more from giving utterance to their thoughts. He is a native of this place, and carries with him the warmest regards of all in all our churches. C. C.

Dying Poor and Dying Rich.

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker, "the saddest I have attended for years."

"That of Edmondson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor, poor as poverty—his life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfillment."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! he was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."

"Did he not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoke of his perseverance and endurance.

"No, sir, he died poor, as I had just said. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and thought he died rich."

"No; he has left nothing behind," was replied.

"The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of the estate."

"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

"And precious examples," said another.

"Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence, when no sunbeams fell upon his path," was the testimony of another.

"And high trust, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich!" was the emphatic declaration; "richer than the millionaire who went to his long home the same day, a miserable pauper in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was rather a triumphal procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonial attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed! Why, his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. No, no, he did not die poor, but rich, rich in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affections."

"You have a new way of estimating the wealth of a man," said the one who had at first expressed sympathy for the deceased.

"Is it not the right way? He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide for ever; and he who has to leave all behind on which he has placed affection, dies poor indeed. Our friend died richer than Girard or Astor; his monument is built of good deeds and noble examples. It will abide for ever."

Whitefield's Experience.

"My mind being now more enlarged, I began to read the Holy Scriptures upon my knees, laying aside all other books, and praying over, if possible, every line and word. This proved meat indeed, and drink indeed, to my soul. I daily received fresh life, light, and power from above. I got more true knowledge from reading the book of God in one month, than I could ever have acquired from all the writings of men. In one word, I found it profitable for reproof, for correction, for instruction; every way sufficient to make the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished for every good work and word. About this time God was pleased to enlighten my soul, and bring me into the knowledge of his grace, and the necessity of being justified in his sight by faith only. Burkitt's and Henry's Expositions were of admirable use to lead me into this and all other Gospel truths."

To these habits of reading, Whitefield added much secret prayer. "Oh, what sweet communion had I daily vouchsafed with God in prayer! How often have I been carried out beyond myself when meditating in the fields! How assuredly I felt that Christ dwelt in me and I in him, and how, daily, did I walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost, and was edified and refreshed in the plenitude of peace!"

"It Shuts out the World."

A few years since, on visiting a mother in Israel, one who wrestled and prevailed in prayer, she led me to a small room in a retired part of her low-roofed dwelling, and showing me the hasp which fastened the door of that quiet retreat, said, "I often think that this little piece of iron is more to me than all the treasures of the rich in yonder city are to them—for this 'shuts out the world.'"

It was a sacred spot, that room of prayer. For more than fifty years had it been a bethel to the soul of this aged disciple; and how many in that mountain village, aye, and in the world, are indebted to the prayers offered there, eternity alone will reveal. It seemed to me holy ground, hard by the very gate of heaven.

Reader, have you any bar, or bolt, or key, which, when you enter your place of prayer, keeps away the intruding cares and perplexities of the world without? Alas! alas! how many weary, aching hearts, burdened with earthly treasures, would give all they possess for the "little piece of iron," the something, which would "shut out the world," and give the sublime repose which he gives to "his beloved."—*Tract Journal.*

The Discouraged Pastor.

We believe that a large number of the frequent removals of ministers, arise from morbid feelings on their part, that their people have ceased to love them, and their usefulness is therefore almost gone. In some cases there may be truth in these feelings, but generally they are a species of morbid discouragement, the origin of which is in the prostrated nerves and jaded mind of the pastor, rather than in the actual feelings of the people. In many cases all this might be prevented with a very little trouble on the part of the people. A tithe of the affection shown to many a pastor in leaving his flock, and a hundredth part of the trouble required to replace him with a suitable successor, would have retained him, and gladdened him to a double efficiency in his work, if it had been shown before he had taken the inevitable step. Let the people think of these things, as well as the pastors. —*Central Presbyterian.*

Confession of a Drunkard.

Some years since there was a pamphlet published in England, entitled the "Confessions of a Drunkard." The statements made in it are asserted, on good authority, to be authentic, and what does the writer say? "Of my condition there is no hope that it should ever change; the waters have gone over me; but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood.

"Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's debauch; and feverish looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death of which I cry hourly, with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."—*London Quarterly Review.*

Reading.

Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it, that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination; this is perfectly free to every man; but whether that amount be large or small let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one thing connected with the government of the human mind, it is this.—*Dr. Arnold.*

ALL those who are guided and led by the counsel of God in this world, shall be received to his glory in another world.