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

WHOLE NO. 388

DAVID McKINNEY and JAMES ALLISON, Editors.

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TERMS.—IN ADVANCE.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860.

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Original Poetry.

Lines,

Written in Rockland Church-Yard.

What fond recollections now gather around me,
While sitting alone in the place of the dead;
Where the ashes of lov'd ones departed surround me,
While to unknown regions their spirits have fled!

At my feet lies the dust of my once loving father,
Long, long years have passed since his loss I first knew;
Yet still in my eyes will the blinding tears gather,
As the past rushes vividly up to my view.

I can see him again as he called us around him,
And bade us farewell ere he pass'd from our sight;
I can see him as death's icy fetters had bound him,
When the soul left the clay for the mansions of light!

Sleep on, dearest father, thy slumbers unbroken,
Until the last trump shall awaken the dead;
Then hear the glad sentence so joyfully spoken,
"Come, enter the joy of thy glorious Head!"

Ere then *I* shall sleep, and my spirit shall meet thee,
Where death never more shall divide us again;
In yonder bright heaven, I trust then to greet thee,
Where sorrow ne'er enters on Eden's bright plain.

Here sleeps the dear pastor, whose kind admonitions
First led me to Jesus, my Saviour and God;
O, with what emotions I think of his teachings,
While striving to walk in the way that he trod!

Here, too, stood the church, where my vows first were spoken
Before men and angels, my Saviour to serve;
Where often my spirit, in anguish was broken,
While melted with mercy I ne'er could deserve.

O, sweet were the seasons I've spent while adoring
The God of my fathers in that hallow'd spot—
When bending in deepest contrition before him,
And viewing the price which my ransom has bought!

That lov'd pastor's voice in my ear is resounding,
As mem'ry revisits the scenes that are past;
As he spoke of the grace to lost sinners abounding,
Thus cheering the heart by dark shadows o'er cast.

But these scenes are all past, and what sad desolation
Now marks the dear spot where my eyes fondly gaze;
But my ears are still blest with the news of salvation,
And my heart still enraptur'd with anthems of praise.

In a more lovely place, do the saints now assemble,
To feed on the bounties of God's holy Word,
There too, at his threat'nings, do proud sinners tremble,
Tho' yet but the voice of a stranger is heard.

May Jesus still water this vine of his planting,
And visit in mercy these sheep of his hand;
May the prayer of his servants be answered by granting
A shepherd to guide them through this desert land.

MARY.

Nicklesville, 1869.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

A Field to Cultivate.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having recently visited, as a supply, a portion of our Mountain Territory, permit me to sketch, briefly, a Domestic Mission Field, which, I earnestly desire, may catch the eye and *heart* of some one of our Theological students who either is, or expects to be, licensed the coming Spring. The field referred to, lies East of Uniontown, in the Presbytery of Redstone, and chiefly in the Counties of Fayette and Somerset, Pa.; though it might readily and profitably be extended to adjacent portions of Preston County, Virginia, and Allegheny County, Maryland. We have, in this Territory, two small churches, Petersburgh and Mt. Washington; the former in Somerset County, the latter in Fayette County, Pa. Both these churches were organized by the writer, when pastor at Uniontown, some twenty-three years ago, the former with about forty, the latter with some thirty members. The writer was the first Presbyterian minister who ever preached in the Territory above mentioned, excepting an occasional sermon from some traveling minister who may have lain by on the Sabbath. And when, shortly after their organization, his engagements at Uniontown forbade his going to the Mountain, he was succeeded, on the Mountain, by Rev. W. W. McLain, who, for nine years, most faithfully led them, in connexion with the churches of Springhill and Laurel Run, of this Presbytery, into "the green pastures, and beside the still waters." The Divine blessing resting on the labors of the sainted McLain, gave considerable enlargement to these little churches; but having accepted a call to Mt. Pleasant, he was obliged to leave them, and after a brief but successful pastorate in the latter charge, he fell asleep in Jesus. Since he left the Mountain, now some ten or twelve years, supplies, "few and far between," have been the only provision extended to these little mountain flocks. And owing either to the distance, or the fatigue and labor to be encountered, or want of sufficient sympathy for their spiritual necessities, nearly *one-half* the supplies appointed by Presbytery fail to reach them. With so little attention, they must of course dwindle. Death, as elsewhere, is doing its work; removals take place; and but few, if any, additions are made.

To my certain knowledge, persons *preferring our* Church, have connected with *other* churches, simply because we give them so little attention, while the churches already formed, seem to be destined to extinction. Yet those churches live, and hail, with great satisfaction, the occasional visits of our ministers. Dr. R. J. Breckinridge uttered truth when he said, "one of the hardest things in the world to kill is an Old School Presbyterian church." With a membership, at one time, of more than fifty, Petersburgh has dwindled to less than a dozen, and yet contains one member and an elder, who alternately pay the supplies from their own pockets.

I have said, the field may be conveniently and profitably extended to two adjacent counties of Virginia and Maryland, with no risk whatever, in crossing Mason and Dixon's line. Without knowing it, at the time, the writer once, in mid-Winter, preached in Pennsylvania at 10 A. M., in Maryland at 1 P. M., and in Virginia at 6 P. M.; i. e., in three States in one day. In alleviation of the onerous labors of the field, it should be said, the people generally are remarkable for their hospitality and kindness to ministers.

Now, Messrs. Editors, should Presbyterians abandon the cultivation of such a field? With a beginning so auspicious and encouraging, can we innocently yield to extinction the interests of our Zion throughout this Territory? Shall the venerable Presbytery of Redstone, "the mother of us all," fail to make suitable provision for "those few sheep in the wilderness?" Shall her "lack of service" in the cause of Domestic Missions be thus made manifest to all men? No member of Presbytery, with the facts all before him, will say "we have done our duty to this Domestic Mission field."

It is said, we cannot find the man for the field. But has sufficient effort been made for this purpose? Has Presbytery, for more than ten years past, done more than appoint a few supplies, nearly one-half of which were never filled? The sheep upon the Mountain, it cannot be disguised, have been sadly neglected; no man cared for their souls! True, they are generally poor; but "to the poor the Gospel is preached." Is it the will of Christ, or in accordance with his Spirit, to exclude them from Presbyterial attention, because of their poverty? Assuredly not. Occasional supplies cannot build them up. Mt. Washington, on account of greater proximity to ministers supplying, has had much more preaching than Petersburgh, and is consequently looking up. At their last communion, the writer received on profession, four new communicants, three of whom were baptized. Still, what is specially needed and desired, is a minister of their own, giving his whole time to this field. Nor can I doubt that, with assistance from the Board, a missionary shall find support. The post, I admit, is a laborious one; but shall that prevent its occupancy? "Tell it not in Gath," &c. Has the spirit of Francke and Oberlin died out of the Church? Is there no youthful aspirant to the ministry in our Zion possessed of sufficient heroism to encounter the labors necessary to feed the sheep and enlarge the fold upon the mountains? No one prepared to "endure hardness like a good soldier of Jesus Christ?" Did Peter, or Paul, thus shrink from much severer labors in the Master's cause? Did the beloved McLain, who for nine years blew the Gospel trumpet all through those mountains?

Besides, a *permanent* settlement in this field would hardly be expected. An *unmarried* man would probably suit the field better than one with a family; and when one *retires* from the post, he might be succeeded by another.

Patient endurance, respectable extemporaneous powers—above all, an heart filled with zeal for God's glory in man's salvation, determined to *know* nothing, and *preach* nothing but Christ and him crucified, are of course necessary qualifications for such a post as this. Permit me to add, that just such a missionary field as this would furnish an admirable introduction to a different sphere of ministerial labor in older and more settled portions of the Church. The self-possession and freedom of utterance, insensibly acquired in such a district, would be of vast importance. The simplicity of manner prevalent in such regions of country, encourages just such self-possession. *Ornateness of language* would not here be highly appreciated; yet, the more *good, sound, hard, Scriptural sense*, the better. This *latter* aspect of the subject, should commend this field, with special interest, to our candidates for the ministry. I add no more; except to express the earnest hope that some one of our young men in our Western Theological Seminary, now licensed, or soon to be licensed, possessing much of the noble, self sacrificing spirit of Paul, will, after reading the above, exclaim, "Lord, here am I; send me." Any additional particulars, so far as practicable, will be cheerfully furnished by the writer to any generous, devoted aspirant to the ministry, who may be looking forward, with deep anxiety, to the period when he shall enter practically upon the solemn functions and responsibilities of an Ambassador of Christ. Very truly, yours, L.D.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

CARDINGTON, OHIO, *Feb.* 18, 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Last Saturday and Sabbath we spent at Delaware, the seat of the O. W. University; and perhaps a notice of what we saw there, may not be uninteresting to some of your readers. This institution is the acknowledged stronghold of Methodism in Ohio, and as might be expected, they concentrate their energies and efforts in sustaining and building it up. As a consequence, they are making a "fair show." The Prescot Cabinet, purchased at a cost of $4,000, would reflect honor on any of our older Eastern Colleges. The Library room, too, is a most beautiful piece of architectural skill. It was built mainly by the donation of one man (Mr. Sturgis,) and both it and the Cabinet room are said to be the finest of the kind outside of the Eastern cities. So much for externals; and as is usual, where so much attention is paid to the "outside platter," other more important parts suffer. The Professorial corps is said to be strong, but there are evidently some things wanted before they can turn out energetic, working men—such as the world needs. They *may* be well educated in "the books," but if so, they become such by dint of their own perseverance, and fixed determination to do so. All other inducements and incentives are wanting. There are no honors given—no contests between Literary Societies—nothing to stimulate to active efforts at excellence either in scholarship or literary performances.

Great interest and attention, however, are given to religious culture, and God seems to be acknowledging their labors. For some three weeks they have been "getting up" a great revival, and much of it, we trust, has been "got down" from above. Some forty to sixty had joined the church, and the "mourner's bench" was crowded by scores of "mourners in Zion"—we would say *toward* Zion. There is also a considerable interest in the Rev. Newton's church, (New School.) About twenty-five were received at a late communion season in his country congregation. Is not this special encouragement to Christians to pray, more earnestly than ever, for the outpouring of the Spirit upon our Colleges and Seminaries, and I would not forget, as too many do, our *common schools*.

"Even before they call I will answer." Let us expect great things at the hand of the Lord. J.H.W.

THOSE who keep themselves pure in times of common iniquity, God will keep safe in times of common calamity.

THOSE who make God and his name their praise, may make God and his name their trust.

From our London Correspondent.

The Breach Widened—Gallicanism vs. Jesuitism and Ultramontanism—The Encyclical Letter and the Imperial Rebuke and Reply—The Conversation between Napoleon and an American Gentleman—"More of a Priest than a Sovereign"—Sympathy for the Pope in "Words"—What is Wanted is "Rept"—French Policy toward Italy—The Glasgow "Guardian" and its Italian Correspondent—Reasons for Imperial Sincerity—A "Religious War" and its Issues—The Commercial Treaty—"Dame Cobden and her Pupil"—The Lesson Book and Cobden's Luggage at St. Cloud—Scholarship and Sacred Philology—Mr. Roberts' Book on The Original of Matthew's Gospel—Postscript.

LONDON, February 3, 1860.

THE BREACH between the Pope and the Emperor grows wider every day. First of all, the *Univers*, the organ of the French Jesuits, is suppressed. Its fanatical editor, M. Veuillot, has been breathing out threatening and slaughters for months and years against heretics—has been trying to hound on the Popish powers to invade England—has indorsed the miracles of La Salette and the blasphemy of the Immaculate Conception. His impudence was but the true representation of the Ultramontanist party. They tried to use Napoleon for their ends; now they find that he has used them for his own purposes, and then treads them in the dust. Although the *Univers* is to be published now at Brussels, yet the fact of its suppression in France remains. It is not a matter of congratulation in itself, for even the abuses of the press are better than a despotic power that compels it to be silent when it would speak. As a matter, however, of Christian casuistry, I think t would not be hard to prove that the *Univers* was a fire brand publication, most murderous in spirit, necessarily revolutionary in its tendencies, and anti-social in the strongest sense of the term. But without dwelling on this, it *is* suppressed, and what your readers will see to be all-important in the fact is, that it indicates that Napoleon has proclaimed open war with Ultramontanism—has drawn the sword, and thrown the scabbard away.

THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER of the Pope to the Bishops has given another occasion to the Emperor to show his policy and his power. The *Constitutionel* publishes the document, and subjoins an editorial which is evidently, from type and style, and indeed from its manifest character, an Imperial proclamation of the determined, yet calm resolve, that France shall not be Ultramontane, but Gallican, in the historic sense of the term. But what is more, this article denies, formally, the power of the Pope even to settle "questions of faith," in which, it is said, "his authority is only absolute when conformable to the sacred canons, and in accord with the universal consent of the assembled Church." And if that be true, much more must "the competency of the Court of Rome" be denied and abjured when "a political question is under consideration." That "could not be admitted without disowning all the traditions of the Church of France," as well as "the memorable declaration of 1682, to which the name of Bossuet is so gloriously attached, in which it is said that St. Peter and his successors have only received power from God for spiritual things, and which concern salvation, and not temporal or civil things."

And so the Pope is told that he, as a temporal sovereign, speaking in the name of a temporal interest, yet using the forms and claiming to speak in such a matter, as "the head of the Church" has been guilty of "an *abuse of jurisdiction*." Is not that plain speaking? Is it not also a very logical conclusion from the premises—which, although *ambobus manibus*, every Ultramontanist would deny as at all admissible, are yet strictly in accord with the struggles of the Gallican Church against the Court of Rome? Well may the Emperor reproach the Pope for moving a spiritual question, (and "lowering" it thereby,) with the fortunes of those princes, who, in Italy, only maintained themselves by the arms of Austria, and could not return there except at her back. And so the Pope's reason for refusal *to permit the Romagna* to be free, is quoted, namely, that he could not abdicate that portion of his territory "without detriment to the rights of the Princes of Italy, who have been unjustly despoiled of their domains." But "the Emperor thought it was more advantageous to give up the Romagna than to reconquer it at the cost of the blood of the people," (the Perugian massacre here hinted at,) "by foreign intervention." He had told the Pope so, sincerely, in a letter worthy of the Eldest Son of the Church, and the Sovereign of France. The Pope has a right to reject the advice, but he must take the consequences. France will not "desert her task of moderation. At Rome" (only there, observe,) "she would still defend the Pope against anarchy, but if the political authority of the Holy Father every where else is destined to go through other crises," (the doom of the Pope's temporal sovereignty thus not only indicated, but virtually pronounced,) "the responsibility must not fall on the generous nation which has done every thing to obviate them, and which will be always ready to grant that trusty support which is ignored to-day." Such, then, is the substance of a newspaper article of the greatest possible interest, as "in this unpretending shape," says the *Times*, "we find a State paper of great importance, well considered, clearly arranged, logically reasoned, and evidently emanating from the highest authority in France."

A conversation, alleged to have taken place between the Emperor and Mr. Seward, an American statesman, appeared yesterday in the *Times*, copied, I believe, from another source. It was to the effect that Mr. S., being an old acquaintance of the Emperor, went to the palace, was courteously received, had questions asked him about Mr. Webb and other parties known to Louis Napoleon when a sojourner in the United States; and then, when Mr. S. referred to a visit paid by him at Rome, to the Pope, the Emperor said, "Ah! and what did you think of the Pope?" "I thought him," was the reply, "much more the priest than the sovereign." The Emperor exclaimed, "Exactly so; you have hit the right nail on the head. That's it; he is more the priest than the sovereign. That is what I always thought." Whether this story be apocryphal or not, one thing is certain, that *priestism* is now at a discount over Europe, and "grows small by degrees and beautifully less," daily. In Ireland, the Catholic University languishes, and the recent collections made for it were small. More "words" have been all that the Pope has received in the way of sympathy. The *Dundalk Democrat* bitterly complains of this, and suggests that a collection should be made for the exhausted Papal exchequer on Patrick's day, (March 17th,) which would be pretty sure to realize a large sum, say £40,000. The fervor of Irish Popery generally waxes cool when "rint" is called for. Daniel O'Connell extracted that commodity with a success peculiarly his own. But ere he died, he found it diminishing every week, and were he alive now, all his "blarney" could not succeed in raising the wind for Pope Pius IX. Indeed, the shame and confusion of the party are patent to all the world. Revenge they will have, if they can. A sanctified assassin may be found for Bonaparte, and it is possible that, by some party move during the session of Parliament, the nominees of Cullen may bring on a crisis. But still, the nation would punish both the Tories and the Papists at a new election, and the hated Palmerston and Russell would rule more strongly than ever.

FRENCH POLICY toward Italy is now fairly developed. The British press, by a large majority, has been hitherto most suspicious, but it is worthy of notice that, in opposition to most sections of the British press, that excellent Presbyterian paper, *The Scottish Guardian*, has all along held views, as to the origin and aim of last year's policy in Italy, such as seem now to be justified by the issue. A recent number of that paper contains a letter from "an intelligent Italian," to the same effect. This writer goes so far as to express his conviction that Napoleon was all along sincere, not only for his own personal interest, but "for the general good of nations." He treats as the invention of enemies, "the representation of domination to be shared with Russia, in order to excite the fears of the less initiated in politics." He refers, in justification of his views, to "Orsini's letter to him, (the Emperor,) and printed by order on the eve of the execution of that deluded, but high-minded patriot—the cause of this delusions being, I fear, recklessness unrestrained by Christianity."

"In that letter," it is added, "Orsini almost appears aware of the deepest and remotest intentions of Napoleon." He then answers a possible objection thus:

Could that letter have been forged by Napoleon? I thought it not possible; because the man would have done so, either to foreshadow to the world his future purposes and views, or to bamboozle men, in order to be able to act more freely and boldly for his wicked purposes. On the first hypothesis the letter could not be forged, because, if it hinted good toward Italy, Orsini himself would have written that letter as he did, being apprised of the lofty intentions of the man he thought before the most reckless foe of mankind; and, therefore, it is not probable that Napoleon should have forged the letter which he could have had easily from the doomed patriot, if he had only made him aware of his intentions; and, moreover, it was to be preferred by him, as by any man of the world in his case, even if he were unprincipled, to be accompanied by the blessing rather than the curses of the dying man. On the other hypothesis, that he wished to mislead the world in order to strike the blow more surely against liberty, the forgery was impossible, because nobody would have believed, even after that letter, that Napoleon would have done what he has since effected for Italy. All atrocities would rather have been supposed of him than that. The world indeed, in fact, did not believe or soon forgot the letter. I was struck, on my part, by the extraordinary way in which the man gave a hint of his intentions to the world, and from that time that letter was fixed in my mind.

Another reason assigned for belief in the Emperor's sincerity, is based on "the family alliance" (with the daughter of the King of Sardinia, married to prince Jerome,) "which preceded the political." The Napoleons, if they had been playing false to Italy, would not have had recourse to such a connexion with one of the oldest of the royal dynasties of Europe. Would one try to become the relation of another, only to undo him? If this were even possible, would the King have given his own daughter, without the most evident guarantees, to one who, if not his friend, would have been his assassin? Would such a man as Cavour have been deceived?"

The writer concludes his very suggestive letter as follows:

When Bologna shook off the Papal yoke, I thought directly that the affairs of Italy were assuming a new aspect; it became then a religious question. Napoleon since that time has not only had to contend with the European Powers politically, but with the Roman Catholics of the whole world. These were the two main reasons that induced him to desire to conclude the treaty of Villafranca, after having proved to the world that he could be a conqueror. Since that time the great agitations of Europe have become more religious than political. Since that time the cleverness of Napoleon has been put to a wonderful test; and after a thousand uncertainties, in the opinion of the world, he now proves equal to the circumstance. I, indeed, never despaired of the Emperor, even after the peace of Villafranca; not only for the antecedents in Italy following closely his conduct, but, if I am not mistaken, because Kossuth did not stir after having been disappointed, and did not raise the outcry of indignation, when he found at once his hopes baffled, regarding Hungary. It was not noticed, but I then thought it was the strongest reason for speaking in favor of Napoleon; he must have succeeded in persuading the Hungarian patriot of his sincerity.

He may have been deceived in his schemes, but every day shows he was not insincere. His fault was that he thought it possible to combine the Papacy with the regeneration of Italy. It has been the mistake, too, of great Italian philosophers, and of great men of that unhappy land.

Now he shows that he has found out his mistake. Let what will come, he has decided upon a more open and resolute course. The Papacy challenged him as a foe after the famous pamphlet, in which he showed that he was not subservient to it; he has bravely accepted the challenge: the Roman world is rising in Europe, the Protestant is opposing it; the war of nations with nations, and of the people even of the same nation, is not political but religious; England has to fight against her Roman subjects; Austria raises the fanaticism of the Catholic order; the Bishops of France excite against her ruler all the "believers;" the Pope aspires to martyrdom; many of his satellites do the same. The war, I regret, is now a religious war—between darkness and light—between Protestantism and Catholicism—and I fear sad results if the Emperor should be found to have advanced too far. If he retire again, war will inevitably arise in Italy. But since I have found that he is not of bad faith, as he was accused, I trust to the Emperor's genius to save Italy and Europe.

The "Religious War," is indeed, began, but thank God, even that is full of hope and inspiration to all true hearts. The more this question of the Papacy is agitated, the better. Infatuation is upon the Pope and his counselors, and judicial blindness will doubtless mark the policy until indignant Europe sweep them and all their abominations utterly away. Verily on the back of the thundercloud now freshly gathering, Faith's eye discerns the rainbow of covenant mercy for the true Church of God.

THE COMMERCIAL TREATY is now an accomplished fact. "Dame Cobden and her Pupil," was the suggestive illustration of *Punch*, last week. There sits one of the old school "dames," (now fast disappearing from English villages,) who were wont to teach the little ones. A book, marked "Free Trade," is open, and over it stoops the "Pupil," the Emperor minomized into a very little fellow, most attentive and docile. There is no doubt that Mr. Cobden completed the work of the Emperor's conversion to a Free trade policy, or rather that he so "crammed," his Pupil with facts as to make him resolve to act at once, and qualified him also to answer all protectionist arguments. A story is told of Mr. Cobden going over to Paris, some months ago, with tons of luggage, all of which was sent direct to the Palace of Saint Cloud. These bales and boxes contained all manner of specimens of British manufacture for the "Pupil's" study; and his "progress" was so satisfactory, and his convictions so entire, that now France and England will receive mutual benefits. It is not improbable that this event will be the precursor of a more liberal free trade policy on the part of other Continental Governments. Some of your readers who have traveled over Europe, will remember the wretched cutlery and other things, with which they were often served, because English articles were either shut out altogether, or loaded with heavy duties.

SCHOLARSHIP AND PHILOLOGY have received a valuable contribution from the pen of a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Alexander Roberts, M. A., of St. John's Wood, and a member of our London Presbytery. Mr. Roberts, even before he left the North of Scotland, was much given to critical pursuits. In the metropolis, he has had greatly increased advantages for research. The title of his book (appropriately published by Bagster & Sons,) is, "Inquiry into the Original Language of St. Matthew's Gospel, with Relative Discussions on the Language of Palestine in the Time of Christ, and on the Origin of the Gospels." Its object is "to vindicate and uphold *the Greek* original of St. Matthew's Gospel." This he maintains against a formidable host of writers. Three opinions are current on the subject. The first is, that Matthew wrote in Hebrew only; that is, in the modified form of Hebrew, the Aramean, or Syro Chaldaic dialect, which is supposed to have been the ordinary language of Palestine in the days of Christ. Grotius, Walton, Mills, Michaelis, March, Eichhorn, Campbell, Weston, Tregelles, Cureton, and many others, have maintained this opinion. Mr. Roberts states that when he read the arguments of Drs. Davidson and Tregelles on this subject, they appeared to him to settle the question. But on further reflection, viewing the *whole* evidence, he came to an opposite conclusion. A second opinion, "of very recent origin," is, that there were *two* original Gospels written by Matthew, one in Hebrew and the other in Greek, as Townson puts it. "There seems more reason for allowing two originals than for contesting either; the consent of antiquity pleading strongly for the Hebrew, and evident marks of originality for the Greek. Guerike, Olshausen, and Thiersch, on the Continent, and Kitto, Horne, and Lee, in Great Britain, have been the zealous supporters of this view.

The other remaining opinion is, that Matthew wrote in *Greek only*; defended by Erasmus, Calvin, Lightfoot, Wetsein, Lardner, Halls, Hug, De Wette, Credner, and Moses Stuart. Mr. Roberts points out how the question has been perplexed by its being made the foundation on the part of Romanists of the pretensions of "The Church," as the authoritative settler of the Canon of Scripture. Romanists eagerly urge that the original Gospel was written in Hebrew, and that the *Greek* is only a translation, which has authority simply because the Church says so! But Protestants also, in order to maintain the supreme authority of Scripture, and opposition to all mere ecclesiastical claims, and assuming the idea that there must have been two originals, or else that the original was pure, have supported their position "on grounds that cannot be maintained in argument." Mr. Roberts, seeking then to decide the question by evidence only which is not to be found in what ancient writers have said, but in the internal proofs, such as "the striking and important fact that our present Gospel of Matthew abounds in *verbal coincidences* with the other Gospels, all of which are now universally admitted to have been written in the Greek language."

Mr. Roberts' work consists of five chapters. I. Statement of the Question and of the method in which this inquiry is conducted. Of this I have just given an analysis. II. Language of Palestine in the Time of Christ, General Observations, Historical Proofs of the Prevalence of Greek, and proofs of the same from the writings of the New Testament. The object of this chapter is to prove chiefly from the New Testament itself, that "Greek was widely diffused, well understood, and commonly employed in Palestine in the time of Christ," yet not denying that the Aramean was made use of to a considerable extent. The condition of the Jews both in Palestine and out of it was, that they understood both the Greek the common language their own vernacular language, and just as in Canada, at the Cape of Good Hope, and Guiana, different languages are used side by side. The reading of this chapter produces a strong impression in favor of the author's views. Chapter III. presents general evidence that Matthew's Gospel was written in Greek, from a comparison of the first three Gospels, and from its own special structure. Chapter IV. gives the External Evidence in Testimonies favorable; in adverse statements of Ancient Writers, and in Remarks on Cureton's Syriac Gospels. Mr. Roberts maintains, and powerfully argues versus Cureton, that the Syriac is a translation from the Greek. Cureton charges errors on the Greek translator, Roberts, by a close examination, finds the errors to be those of the Syriac version, as he endeavors to point out in its "additions" and "mistranslations," specimens of which are given.

The last Chapter of the work is the best justification of the publication of a book, the reading of which is a fine, bracing exercise for any student, and which proves the author to be as good a scholar and linguist (German, Syrian, Hebrew, and Greek, are all familiar to him,) as he is a faithful pastor, an able preacher, an honest inquirer, a thorough logician, and a most modest and worthy man. It is entitled, "Results of the Preceding Inquiry." After showing that the idea that Matthew wrote in Hebrew as well as in Greek, is a mere matter of tradition without evidence, and clearly gratuitous, he argues strongly against Tregelles, and writes with dignified severity of the tendency of Cureton's positions. The latter tries to prove that Matthew's Greek Gospel is full of errors, and therefore must be a translation. And yet he calls it "canonical." Thus skepticism is engendered. And another result of a successful investigation of such a theme, is something most practical and important. "It may be ridiculed by some, as a sentimental weakness; but for our part," says Mr. Roberts, "we are not ashamed to confess, when we read the Gospels and reflect that in these the *ipsissima verba* of the Divine man have been recorded, the book is invested with a new interest, and we feel as if introduced within the very circle of the Saviour's hearers, who it is said, all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." I trust that this work will receive the attention of scholars and critics on the other side of the Atlantic. J. W.

P. S.—The Free Church has agreed to comply with the requirement of the Law Courts to produce their contract with Mr. McMillan. This contract bound him not to appeal to the civil Courts, and its breach authorized his degradation. The Scottish Dissenters are making common cause on the question thus raised.

The Hungarian Protestant Deputation to the Emperor of Austria, have been refused an audience! Francis Joseph, blind and bigoted, rushes on his ruin.

France covets Savoy; Sardinia resists, England disapproves, and Switzerland fears for her independence, should this thing be done. There is uneasiness abroad to some extent.

"And When I'm to Die."

During the last two or three years of Rowland Hill's life, he very frequently repeated the following lines:

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me—I cannot tell why;
But this I can find.
We two are so joined,
That he'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

"The last time he occupied my pulpit," writes his friend and neighbor, the Rev. George Clayton, "when he preached excellently in behalf of a charitable institution, he retired to the vestry after service, under feelings of great exhaustion. Here he remained until all but ourselves had left the place. At length he seemed with some reluctance to summon energy enough to take his departure, intimating that it was probably the last time he should preach in W——. I offered my arm, which he declined, and then followed him, as he passed down the aisle of the chapel. The lights were nearly extinguished, the silence was profound; nothing, indeed, was heard but the slow, majestic tread of his own footsteps, when in an undertone he thus soliloquized—

'And when I'm to die,' &c.

To my heart this was a scene of unequaled solemnity, nor can I ever recur to it without a revival of that hallowed, sacred, shuddering sympathy which it first awakened."

When the good old saint lay literally dying, and apparently unconscious, a friend put his mouth close to his ear, and slowly repeated his favorite lines—

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry," &c.

The light came back to his fast fading eye, a smile overspread his face, and his lips moved in the vain attempt to articulate the words. This was the last sign of consciousness he ever gave.

We could almost wish that every disciple of Christ would commit these lines, quaint as they are, to memory, and weave them into the web of his Christian experience. *Confidence in Christ*, and *undeviating adherence to him*, can alone enable us to triumph in life and death.—*Belcher's Life of Whitefield.*

The Seclusion of the Soul.

Who is so unthinking as not to be sometimes impressed with that great mystery of our spiritual being, its utter isolation from an all-surrounding universe. How perfect the seclusion in which every individual finite soul dwells apart from every other! We do, indeed, hold an imperfect intercourse by telegraphic signals passing through matter, but walls of adamant could not more effectually separate us from direct spiritual communing than the state in which God has created us. There is something impressively solemn in this deep seclusion, this everlasting loneliness: No other soul knows us; no other finite spiritual eye has ever seen us; the nearest friend has only inferred our existence; like the natural belief in a God, "our invisible things are understood from the things that are seen," even our inward power and humanity. The thought is sometimes our pride; it places in such gloomy grandeur each soul's inviolable individuality. It may also give rise to a feeling tinged with melancholy. O, could another know us, as we are sometime's led to exclaim, just as we know ourselves; we would be willing even that he should know our sins; could he also feel and know to the fullest extent, all the palliations to which they are entitled in human eyes.

There is one soul that knows us, personally, intimately, thoroughly—knows us not by media, by signals outward or interior, not by induction from effects, or fore-knowledge from causes, but by direct and immediate presence, by more than presence, even by spirit-pervading interpenetrating spirit; not only by an occasional or partial beholding, but by an uninterrupted knowledge of our all, our sense, our memory, our intelligence, our consciousness, even when least sensible, least known, least conscious to ourselves "Thou hast possessed my reins; thou knowest my thought; when I awake I am still with thee." And then to think of this soul thus pervading all other souls—forming the universal medium, if we may use a term so much profaned, of all spiritual existences, and yet losing nothing of that distinct personality which it presents to each, not impairing in the least that distinct individuality with which every finite spirit stands before the Infinite. There is in such a view, all that the highest philosophy can demand, and yet all that meets our lowliest human thought, our deepest human sympathy.—*Taylor Lewis.*

A Pulpit Baptism.

My sermons yesterday were almost fully written, but I was too full of my subject to require their aid. O, I like new light to fall upon my texts in the pulpit. It makes notes appear mean, paltry things I remember, when living with the Rev. Dr. Dickson, in Edinburgh, that he handed me a sermon to read, and I went to church expecting to hear him preach it. He took the same text, but not an idea of what he had written and I read did he utter. At dinner he asked if I had observed anything at church that seemed strange. I said I did. "What was it?" said he. "Why, doctor, you took your Saturday evening text, but uttered not one idea upon it you had written to preach." "I thought you would notice it" said he; "I got such a new and precious view of my text when in prayer, that I put not my sermon on the Bible, but spoke just as I saw and felt." His wife said: "Well, doctor, I wish you would always preach as you see and feel. I should see the truth better and come home feeling better than when you read what you have written on your text." This will happen sometimes, but not always. When at Great Bourton, England, I once forgot my text, and in my first prayer had such a full and glorious view given me of those precious words, "Therefore let us come boldly to a throne of grace;" etc., I could preach from them all day, I saw so much and felt so much in them. But God had a poor trembling sinner to save that day, by that word, who said, "I could perish—pray, I dare not." And God showed that trembling penitent, then and there, that there was neither necessity to perish nor to restrain prayer before him. O, the joy that soul rejoiced in before the sermon was ended, to which full expression was given at the house of the the pious Deacon Knill at its close O, I love the pulpit baptism! I think God has some design in it for good to souls; and that is the sugar that sweetens my soul.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Family Prayer in a Tavern.

Rowland Hill was once driven by a storm into a village inn, and compelled to spend the night. When it grew late, the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed. Mr. Hill replied, "I have been waiting a long time expecting to be called to family prayer."

"Family prayer! I don't know what you mean, sir; we never have such things here."

"Indeed! then tell your master I cannot go to bed until we have family prayer."

The waiter informed his master, who in consternation bounced into the room occupied by the faithful minister, and said: "Sir, I wish you would go to bed. I cannot go until I have seen all the lights out, I am so afraid of fire."

"So am I," was the reply; "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayer."

"All! very well, sir; but it cannot be done at an inn."

"Indeed! then pray get my horses; I cannot sleep in a house where there is no family prayer."

The host preferred to dismiss his prejudices rather than his guest, and said, "I have no objection to have a prayer, but I do not know how."

"Well, then, summon your people, and let us see what can be done."

The landlord obeyed, and in a few moments the astonished domestics were upon their knees, and the landlord called upon to pray.

"Sir, I never prayed in my life; I don't know how to pray."

"Ask God to teach you," was the gentle reply.

The landlord said, folding his hands, "God teach us how to pray."

"That is prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill, joyfully, "go on."

"I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir."

"Yes you do; God has taught you how to pray, now thank him for it."

"Thank you, God Almighty, for letting us pray to you."

"Amen! Amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, and then prayed himself.

Two years afterward, Mr. Hill found in that same village a chapel and school, as the result of the first effort of family prayer at the "Black Lion."

A Difficulty Considered.

A gentleman, on being expostulated with on his own neglect to seek earnestly the salvation of his soul, excused himself on the very common, but insufficient plea, "That the Christian world was divided into so many sects, that he should be at a loss to decide with which one to unite."

The reply he received was substantialy as follows: "You greatly deceive yourself if you regard this as a satisfactory excuse for an irreligious life. You make that a *primary*, which is only a *secondary* question. There are various sects which have distinguishing peculiarities, but there is a great foundation—'repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ'—on which they are agreed. Now, your first consideration should be to get a safe standing on that foundation, and then you will be able, without danger, more deliberately to determine with which sect to unite. You may lose all, even the precious life of your soul, if you wait, in your present perilous situation, to settle this really secondary question. Look at that vessel trembling under the power of the gale, her sails rent, her seams opening, he rudder lost, and she driven helplessly toward the rocky shore! Of what are her crew thinking? Is it not the main and absorbing object with every one to secure a safe footing on shore? Suppose one of them, with death staring him in the face, should refuse to make an exertion for his safety, because he had not determined whether he should be entertained at this house or that which he descries on the land. This is your case. Get on shore first, set your foot firmly on that rock, then you may safely take time to decide to which house you may repair."

"Eyes on the People."

Deacon L—"Why don't you look about more on your congregation when preaching? They like to have your eyes on the people. When you first came to us you looked us right square in the face."

Pastor M.—"I will tell you; I have eyes that are easily pained. I am sorry, but they are growing very weak and sensitive. They can bear light, heat, fine print, and the glare from snow or sand. But as soon as they fall on one man leaning on a pew back, or gazing at the fresco; on another, with his face in his white handkerchief; or one person looking at his watch every five minutes, and another pulling on and off her gloves—they become so weak that it is impossible to lift them from my manuscripts; and worst of all, is to see any good deacon turning the pages of his hymn book over and over, as he would the pages of a new volume of poems. It is my weakness not to be able to keep my eyes on the people, when they are not keeping theirs on the minister. It is my weakness also to see everybody in the church who is listless"

The good deacon saw himself in the corner of his pastor's eye, and was satisfied He has stared ever since, and the people have an "eye to the sermon."—*True Witness.*

Christian Comfort.

Let the course of your tribulation be what it will, "in me ye shall have peace." How is it, then, perhaps you will ask, that Christians are not always rejoicing? How is it that we so often see them bathed in tears, and scarcely hear anything from them but sighs and complaints? It is easily enough to be accounted for. It is because they love the world, and the things of the world so much, that they have no room or relish for Divine consolations. To be sure, where Christ is, there is always ground for comfort; but Christians are not always fit to be comforted. They may, through mere inattention to spiritual things or too fond attention to temporal possessions and enjoyments, be so sadly declined as to require reproof rather than comfort, and what they want, Christ gives.—*Lavington.*

Why put into the Church.

If Christ puts any one into his church, he puts him there to work for him. If you are really a member of his church, you were redeemed by his precious blood, and renewed by his Holy