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[Original.]

Abide With Me.

Where'er I am—at home, abroad,
Upon the land or on the sea,
Oh Saviour! blessed Son of God,
Abide with me, abide with me.

When faith is weak, and doubts come nigh,
When sin would tempt my soul astray,
'T is then I need thee, then I cry,
Abide with me, my Saviour stay.

Abide with me when joys o'erflow,
Nor let them make me turn from thee;
And stay with me in want, in wo,
Keep thou the nearer then to me.

Should I be called thro' Sorrow's Vale,
To pass with weary trembling feet,
Where grief and pain my heart assail—
E'en there, I trust thy face to meet.

When age comes on, and frail and weak,
I travel on life's toilsome way,
Sure then I must thy presence seek,
And ask thee still with me to stay.

And when the race of life is run,
My home in heaven prepared by thee,
Then let me hear thy words, "Well done
Thou faithful one—come, dwell with me."

S.L.C.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Old and Young Presbyterian Again.

O. P.—Glad to see you at our church again. I suppose, as far as the *Catechism* had to do with your *conscience*, you could join with us in singing the praise of God, to-day.

Y. P.—Not that fast, quite; our minister, Rev. D. D., says we must have Scripture warrant for singing hymns, or we will be following the commandments of men, and not the ordinances of God.

O. P.—Very well; so I say, too. Please give me a Scripture warrant for confining the worship of God in his praise to *one book* of the Bible.

Y. P.—I did not think of that; but I suppose there is such a command.

O. P.—I will give you a month to find it, and will now try to show you from the Scriptures that we ought to use the *whole Bible* in the praise of God. Do you think that praising God is a *good work?*

Y. P.—Of course I do, if it is done Scripturally.

O. P.—I understand you now to say, if we "sing with the spirit and the understanding, making melody in our heart to the Lord," that we are doing a *good work*. Am I right?

Y. P.—You are. I think just so.

O. P.—I am glad to hear you say so; we are perfectly agreed on that point. But have you never read that "*all Scripture* is profitable, that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished to *every good work?*"

Y. P.—Certainly I have; but what of that?

O. P.—What of that! Why surely this: Praising God, you say, is *a good work;* and the Apostle says, all Scripture is needful to furnish us for *every good work*. Thus, according to this passage of Scripture, we are not *thoroughly furnished* for the *good work of praise*, or indeed for any other good work, without we use the *whole Bible* for that purpose. This I call a Divine warrant for a *Bible Psalmody*. By the phrase, "*Bible Psalmody*," I mean a Psalmody taken from the whole Bible. And I can't see that your Psalmody is rightly called Scriptural, when it rejects so much of the Scriptures. I am afraid you take away from that perfect Book, which is *all* needful. But I will wait for your proof. N.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Seeking and Finding.

"Seek and ye shall find." This is a truth capable of a very extensive application. It is true always and in almost all things. If a man diligently seeks a thing, he will find it if it be a thing to be found. Let him seek to be a man of strong faith, and he finds what he seeks, in the very act of seeking. The exercise of faith in the search, for strength makes faith strong. Let a man seek to be heavenly-minded, and the fellowship held with heavenly things in this search, makes him what he sought to be. Or let him seek purity, and the casting out and shunning of all impure things, in this search, actually puts him in possession of the thing he sought. So the truth will apply to the whole range of spiritual gifts and graces; seek them earnestly and you find them; the very seeking develops them within you.

The truth has another application that we do not generally think of. In the affairs of this life a man ordinarily finds what he seeks. Let a man go out among men, seeking and expecting to find knavery, meanness, selfishness, and he will be sure to find them; they lie around everywhere, and he who is on the look-out for them can not well fail to see them. Let him, on the other hand, go out among his fellows, seeking and expecting to find honesty, generosity, and disinterestedness, and he will find them. A man can hardly be disappointed in his search in either case. There is villainy and honesty, good and bad, among men, and we will find either according as we seek.

There is a sort of affinity, too, in villainy to draw villainy to itself, and honesty to draw honesty to itself, as there is among particles of gold in the earth. Where there is one particle of gold there will likely be two, and where there are two there will likely be more. Goodness develops goodness in others, and so a good man will see goodness where a bad man could not, because it was not there for him to see.

Evil elicits evil, and let a bad man seek badness in others, and he will find it spring up all along his path, elicited—brought to the surface—by himself. The good find good when they seek it, partly because their very presence develops it. The bad find badness for the same reason.

A man goes to an evening party, expecting to find people selfish and unsocial, and the whole thing a *bore*, and it turns out just as he expected; people are to him selfish and unsocial—the whole thing is, *to him*, a bore. A man goes to church on Sabbath, expecting to hear a dull sermon and witness a formal worship, and the sermon and the worship prove to be just what he predicted it would be—the one dull, and the other formal. These evil prophesyings are almost always true—to the prophet! On the other hand, a man goes into church expecting to be pleased, and he is; intending to be edified, and he is edified; meaning to worship—not *witness* a worship—and he finds the worship warm and real.

There is a way, then, of finding anything you want. If you want to find things green, put on green spectacles, and every thing is green to you. If you want to find blue things, put on blue spectacles, and everything will look blue. If you want to find happiness, look through happy eyes—seek it with a happy heart and you will find happiness everywhere. If you want to be miserable, look through jaundiced eyes, and the world and things in it will all look miserable enough. "Seek and ye shall find." Seek goodness and you'll find it. If it was not there before, your very presence will develop it—goodness elicits goodness, kindness elicits kindness, as the light elicits life. Seek evil and you'll find it. If it was not there before you, as soon as you come on the path, it will spring up under your feet, worked to life by your very presence and the spirit of your mission.

"Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience are defiled."—Tit. i: 15.

H.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Music and Music Books.

NUMBER III.

A second difficulty of a different character, arising out of our imperfect supply of our own music books as a Church, meets us as we would promote the music of the Church. We are left to go a begging at the doors of other denominations, or out to the world for material, both of which have been much more provident for *their families* than we for ours. In this they have been wise—to be commended not condemned. We find the Baptist Harmony, the Methodist Harmony, the Episcopal Choir, and a host of minor names for minor persons, in their different families; and who would think of a Roman Catholic singing from any but his family book? We are left to hang upon one of the two horns of this dilemma—to use the material provided to our hand by some of these various denominations, (and in the Roman Catholic books is found much of the very choicest music,) or to take that provided by the world. If we prefer the former, we cultivate a character of music and musical taste associated with words imparting sentiments—all foreign to our views—Church tastes, and interest. And in using them we prepare our youth with musical taste, sympathy, and sentiments for annoying and injuring ourselves, or sending them to these denominations to enjoy what we have trained them to prefer. This may be thought a small matter, but it is far otherwise. The writer, in many years teaching and leading church choirs, has been long since thoroughly convinced to the contrary—has witnessed much annoyance from this source in our own churches, and seen many a youth, by these instrumentalities, led entirely from the Church of their fathers, greatly to the grief of parents and others. If we go to the world for our music, we make a still worse choice, and secure a far worse end. The music of our Church every way, has very much to do with the church attendance of our young people after beyond the direct control of parents. If there is danger of our youth becoming contaminated by sending them to Roman Catholic schools, there is a more insidious danger here, because less suspected or perceived, and we ourselves using the means in our own families to effect the end. It was once, at the writer's request, made a matter of grave decision by the venerable Drs. Alexander and Miller, of Princeton, as to whether it would be proper or idolatrous for him to use, in teaching their families music, the words, "*Ave Sanctissima Ora Pro Nobis*," as placed to that beautiful piece of music, "Evening Hymn to the Virgin," in Kingsley's Social Choir; a book found upon thousands of our familiar centre tables—who decided it to be entirely improper, and to enjoy the use of the music other words were arranged to suit it.

Music, to have its legitimate effect, especially upon youthful minds, should be *married* to its *own words*, and never divorced or prostituted. So we find much used by other denominations to their special benefit. This is a principle of association of immense importance, from which alone we can account for much of the effect produced by such combinations. Who will doubt that upon this principle arises all that peculiar effect and charm upon both young and old of some old camp-meeting pieces; bringing to mind familiar words and a thousand sympathies and associations of places and times gone by, borne in upon the soul by the power of sweet sounds. The moment one word is articulated, all present know the music to be sung; or one sound struck, all remember the words; men, women, and children, often unconsciously in motion and tone, join the enchanting strain; hence the magic effect, not so much from the excellence of the music as the power of sympathy and union of act. Who would think of singing for effect, "Say, brothers, will you meet us?" or "From Greenland's icy mountains," to any other than their own music?

In all this are seen living lines of instruction to us as a Church in regard to our having our own family music, suited to our own taste, and associated with our own peculiar doctrinal and devotional hymns, and the danger of adopting foreign material. If we would give to music its proper place and power in our Church, and properly guard it and our youth in this day of error and inroads in every thing, we should go on principle and known law of experience. Said one—"Let me make the ballads of a nation, and others may make the laws." We wish no Unitarianism, Universalism, Spiritualism, or any of the multitude of fanaticalisms of the day introduced to our families. But adopt music from abroad, and we open a ready and most insidious channel to them all, noiseless as the gentle stream, but sure. Much of our Calvinistic orthodoxy as a Church has been secured to her through her psalms and hymns, treasured in memory in her families by songs of early days, and retained to a ripe old age and dying bed in their delightful associations and influences for Christian consolation.

The writer has witnessed much of this under various circumstances. He once knew an aged great-grandmother, for nearly twenty years blind to all this world, who would spend hours upon hours during the day, when no one was at liberty to read or converse with her, and sleepless nights in repeating and singing the ten thousandth time over, in German, the devotional hymns of her youth with great comfort; and at times in her lonely, sleepless nights her songs of ecstacy upon these precious words would wake the house. In another case an aged servant of God, when so weakened by protracted disease as to be himself unable to either repeat or sing his favorite pieces, or bear the noise of song, he would, to his very last moments, call for them to be played over very softly upon a violincella, to revive their hallowed associations of truth to soothe and comfort his dying moments.

During a pastorate of near twenty years, in a multitude of cases, has he been requested to sit by the dying bed of the members of his charge, and soothe their last moments by singing such hymns as "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!" and the last passing breath of the companion of his life died away to wake in hallelujah to the Lamb, singing, with his two infant children at her bedside, "Jerusalem, my happy home; O how I long for thee!" A subject fraught with so many tender and hallowed interests to the pious in life and at death cannot readily attach to it too much importance in our minds, or demand too much attention at the hands of the Church of Christ. How exceedingly important that these associations, having so much power over the mind for life and for death, be only those of truth, and not error and fanaticism! How dangerous that such a power be left in the hands of the world, or errorists, and we adopt *their provisions*, or neglect a better! The cup will be full, so our children's minds; if not with good, it will be evil.

The world well understand and appreciate this whole subject. The stage teems with it to allure our youth astray; how insipid the "scene" without music! Many of our wide-spread secular papers know that they must head off with a ballad or a song. Shall we not arise and grasp the power which is *our right*, and not indifferently suffer it to be rent from our hands, and hurled against all our dearest interests; often with the vilest purposes and most fearful effects thrust in upon our firesides in ballads and songs, coupled with words of licentious lust and passion; polluting the very earliest breath of our children, blasting the dearest interests of our homes, and ultimately, through a thousand ungodly sources, carried in spirit and form into our very church services. Such can only be the case so long as we make no proper provision for ourselves, thereby supplying and guarding our own homes. Nothing can reasonably be expected from our present provision and attention to the subject but comparative ignorance; from the time, places, manner, circumstances, and person by whom our music is too generally taught, but the use of improper music and a perverted musical taste; and from much of the materials used, but a pernicious and disastrous influence upon our families and church services.

All this may be said to be bringing in a new era and effort in regard to church music; that the Church has, in ancient time, gone on in her stayed course without so much ado about an attention to her mere music. This, on examination hereafter, may be seen to be otherwise; or if true, hence much of our difficulty *now*. But this is not *that age*, but one very different, of forsaking the "old paths," in roads, and motion in every thing; and that which is not kept abreast must be cast out, or trodden under foot.

C. F. WORRELL.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

POLITICAL DISTRUST—NAPOLEON AND ITALY—A DEEP GAME—CAVOUR AND THE EMPEROR—PROBABILITY OF WAR IN ITALY—ITS RESULTS ON THE PAPACY AND ITS SUPPORTERS—THE TREATY OF COMMERCE—PAST LIMITATION OF EXPORTS FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND—CONTRASTS—A NEW OPENING TO CHINA—SPECIAL SERVICES IN THEATRES—CITY LECTURESHIP—MELVILLE AND THE "GOLDEN LECTURN"—BINNEY AND THE "MERCHANT'S LECTURE"—SKETCHES OF THE MEN AND THEIR SAYINGS—SAINT GEORGE'S IN THE EAST, AND LEGAL "BLOOD-LETTING"—VESTMENTS AND THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY—GREAT GATHERING OF VOLUNTEER OFFICERS—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON, March 9, 1860.

POLITICAL DISTRUST is at this moment the prevalent feeling over Europe. As might be expected, the cause of this is the French Emperor. He has "pattered in a double sense," in the whole of his conduct with regard to Italy; and even when he makes fresh professions of peace, the stronger they are, they but remind us of this time last year, when similar good words really meant war.

The Savoy annexation seems to be resolved on by the Emperor; and Sardinia, even while backed by the moral weight of England and that pregnant correspondence of Lord John Russel with our Ambassador at Paris, which (protesting against the annexation,) has extorted the approbation of a Tory opposition, Sardinia, I say, seems but feebly to stand up for her retention of the land which gave birth to her earliest Sovereigns, and whence her Royal dynasty has sprung. A deep game is suspected by not a few; in other words, that Count Cavour and Napoleon are secretly agreed, that on the pretense of Sardinia's proceeding to annex Tuscany, against Napoleon's expressed wishes, the Emperor will withdraw his sixty thousand troops from Lombardy. Thus a strong temptation would be given to Austria to come out from behind her fortresses and try to reclaim her lost possessions, including Lombardy, as well as to restore the exiled Princes, and to re-establish the Pope's authority in the Legations. Then all Italy would rise against Austria; blood would flow, and at least the Emperor would find an excuse to quarrel with Austria, and so come to the rescue, and finally effect his avowed purpose of 1859, that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic.

War in Italy this year, seems to be very probable. If so, the Papacy will receive a fresh concussion that shall cause the old decaying fabric to show fresh fissures, and to topple toward its final fall. Naples, too, whose bigotted king is drunk with superstitious zeal for the Pope, and the young Emperor of Austria, whom the Jesuits rule, and whom his wife advises to liberal measures in vain, would come out of the conflict worsted, even while young Italy would be left bleeding at every pore. It may be that there will be a little season of further peace, yet after all it is but an armed truce as long as Napoleon lives, or rather as long as he is to be used as the Nemesis of guilty nations.

The funds and share markets are much depressed at this moment, both in Paris and London, even while the Commercial Treaty is likely to be ratified without further opposition on the part of the Conservatives.

Trade with France has been singularly small in its extent hitherto, as compared with other countries. Our imports from France, in 1858, were £13,271,000, but our exports were only £4,863,000, little more than a third of what we took from that country. Our exports, moreover, were mostly of raw material, while of our manufactured articles we exported less than £1,000,000 to the French, our nearest neighbors. During the same year we sent to the United States, goods to the value of more than £22,000,000; to Northern Germany, £11,770,000; to Holland, £5,329,000; to the Australian Colonies upwards of £11,000,000; and to Turkey *nearly as much as to France*, £3,493,000. So that the amount of mutually beneficial commercial intercourse has hitherto been immensurably below what it should be. Free trade will increase this very speedily, and will inevitably cause both countries to gravitate toward peace and concord.

A NEW OPENING TO CHINA, across the territory of Burmah, from Rangoon to certain provinces now almost inaccessible, and containing a population of eighty millions, is being earnestly urged on the consideration of the Government. It would bring China nearer by fifteen hundred miles, besides tending to commercial development. It is said that the Burmese Government is friendly, and that the expense would be comparatively moderate.

THE SPECIAL SERVICES are still continued in Cathedrals, Halls, and Theatres. Reginald Radcliffe and Brownlow North respectively officiated at the afternoon and evening services at St. James' Hall. Mr. Spurgeon continues his regular ministrations in Exeter Hall, on Sabbath, both morning and evening, always to a crowded audience, and with his wonted fullness and power.

TWO PREACHERS at week-day services peculiar to the olden times of London City and its godly merchants, were heard by me on Tuesday last. The first was the Rev. Daniel Moore, M.A., a clergyman of the Church of England; the second was the Rev. Thomas Binney, the minister of the Weigh House Congregational Chapel. Both are men of mark; but there is a very wide diversity in their mental calibre and gifts. The first is the more polished and elegant: the second is more original, and is a man of genius. Mr. Moore succeeded the famous Henry Melville in the Golden Lectureship at Lothbury church, immediately behind the Bank of England. This is a foundation of some standing, and is specially designed for the benefit of men of business who can, in the earlier part of their city day, repair to the House of God, and have their spirits refreshed and quickened, by united prayer, and by the hearing of his word. In the memory of old people, still lives a fine old clergyman of the Romaine school, the Rev. Watt Wilkinson, who, up to an advanced period of life, continued to drop from his lips, precious and edifying Words for the benefit and food of Christ's flock. From the suburbs of London, ladies and gentlemen were wont to repair thither; and when Melville's services began, and during the period of their continuance, large congregations were wont to attend. Melville grew old and gray, retired to a Canonry in St. Paul's Cathedral. Daniel Moore, once a City Draper's assistant, but early repaired to one of the Universities, and coming forth a popular preacher, not only first succeeded Melville in a suburban Incumbency at Camberwell, but also, on Melville's retirement from his Lectureship, appeared in the Lothbury pulpit in his room, being elected thereto by the Trustees of the ancient endowment, amounting, I believe, to nearly £500 per annum.

Entering Lothbury church, last Tuesday morning, I found Mr. Moore in the pulpit, and delivering, in animated tones, a sermon on the "Saviour's Tenderness," founded on the words, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." And very sweetly did he set forth the tender forbearance and long-suffering, and sympathy of the Divine Man in the believer's trials, temptations, doubts and fears, as well as in the valley and shadow of death. Mr. Moore is about forty-five years of age, with brown hair, naturally and thickly curling over a compact brain, and an intellectual brow. His gray eyes looked out from under overhanging brows, which at first give a sternness to his aspect, but which, coupled with the glance of the eye, leave an impression of keen, searching power. He uses a manuscript, but with great freedom from restraint or slavish reading. His voice is ringing, and his style marked by clearness and force. Altogether gray-haired men, and ripe Christians of both sexes, here find weekly, refreshing draughts from the water-spring of Truth Divine; or, to change the figure, "streams from Lebanon."

Here is a specimen of Mr. Moore's ordinary style, from his last week's printed sermon, on "My thoughts are not your thoughts," &c. After showing that God's thoughts and ways are not as ours—1. As to the original way of the great plan of the world's salvation. 2. As to the way of bringing a person to the knowledge of this salvation. 3. As to the abounding extent and freeness of his pardons. 4. As to the method of training and preparing redeemed souls for glory—then concludes his discourse in the following language, which, because I believe it to be eminently calculated to edify and comfort, I ask you to print in full:

Neither are our ways God's ways with regard to spiritual experience. We find ourselves constantly baulked and thwarted in things which we feel persuaded would have been most for our soul's good. The best aids to our growth in grace are taken away; hindrances to spiritual usefulness are thrown right across our path; evil tendencies continue to assault us, which it must have been to the honor of the Divine grace to subdue; and sins, associations, snares, are weaving a mesh of moral peril around us, from which we strive in vain to tear ourself away. And yet all these initiate us to other very mysterious permissions, knowing as we do that God must be ordering all things for our final salvation. The tyranny of evil thoughts, and the rising of unsanctified tempers, and over-much carefulness about this present world, and felt decay and lassitude in our spiritual thoughts and feelings, and prayer less loved than it was, and Christ not so near as he was, and heaven less thought of than it was, and frequent fears, and doubtings, and misgivings of our interest in the promises; and if a little sickness come, things worse still—a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand perhaps, but very thick, dark, and threatening, hiding the face of the throne from us, and which no prayer can pass through—all this is very wrong. If we be indeed Christ's, why should it be thus with us? Why are we not released from the bonds of this hard captivity? Why is not the law in our members got under, and the power of the world crushed, and the soul permitted to rise heavenward on the wings of its regenerated nature, sunning itself in God's own light, without temptation and without a cloud? These would be our thoughts, as being most conducive to our spiritual happiness. Yes, but they are not God's thoughts. He has for us other and better, though none but himself know what they are. "I know the thoughts which I have toward you; thoughts of peace, and not thoughts of evil, to give you an expected end." An expected end, for herein lies chiefly the difference between God's ways and our ways. We think too much of present means; he is regardful only of the final result. We look only at a few links of the chain, much twisted as we think, and involved, and out of place; the eye of God is upon the end of the chain, seen, as he only can see it in the hands of Christ, and fastened to the eternal throne.

And therefore, how much of spiritual comfort by the way, or how little, how intricate, and rough, and dark our path may be, or how smooth and easy, this we know not. In regard to our journey from this world to the other, God speaks of us as blind. It is better for us to feel that we are blind, holding on by Christ's hand and walking trustfully when we cannot see. Our thoughts will be God's thoughts in the end; and when we see whither his way has brought us, we shall wonder at the blindness which could have made us ever desire our own. "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not, and lead them in paths they have not known; and I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight."

Our subject, brethren, should be comforting to many, but especially to those who are prone to despond, to be cast down, to become a prey to unfilial fears, to those who write bitter things against themselves—to those who forget that they have been purged from their old sins, and allow them to rise, and accuse, and affright again. They think they have sinned away the days of their accepted time; they have made a circle for Christ's mercy to work in, and have put themselves just without the line; they believe that the blood of Christ will cleanse from much, but not from their sin. Oh! put, I beseech you, these hard thoughts away, for this, if for no other reason, that they are not God's thoughts. Rather are they the reverse of his; for where, from one end of his blessed Book to the other, do you read anything of this limited Christ? of this blood with a limited cleansing, of this grace with a limited power, of this covenant with limited undertakings, allowing that you might have been Christ's yesterday, but that you have ceased to be his to-day? Oh! measure not the mercies of God by these low human standards. Suppose not that the everlasting heart of Jesus cannot make room for larger thoughts than yours. What depths of love are hidden there none can tell. Angels know them not, time exhausts them not, space measures them not. "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Immediately after leaving St. Margaret's, Lothbury, I hastened to the Poultry Chapel, nearly opposite the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's official residence. Here Mr. Binney was about to deliver "The Merchant's Lecture," an ancient "foundation," also, but which only requires occasional, not weekly lectures. Neither is the Lectureship confined to one minister. Entering the Chapel, which stands at a sufficient distance from the rush and roar of traffic, as to be perfectly free from interruption from without, I found about one hundred persons gathered in the pews below, in front of the precentor's desk, in which Mr. Binney, tall and towering, stood. He was reading in a low voice, the story of the healing of the Ruler's daughter. There was a marked contrast between the two men, in their aspect as well as in their dress. The Churchman was in his robes; the Dissenter stood up in unadorned simplicity, and with an outside coat sheltering him—for the place and the morning were cold. He is, as I once informed you when writing from that great Northern town, a Newcastle man by birth. His style of speaking, as well as writing, is singular, terse, and thoroughly Saxon. It is anything but diffuse, although sometimes he preaches an hour. Its character is, that it awakens thoughtfulness, and is eminently suggestive.

On this occasion, Mr. Binney brought out with great clearness and force, points and truths from the narrative, which, though in it most decidedly, would yet, I fear, be *occult* to most preachers. Thus he called attention *first*, to the narrative as exhibiting the *logic of sorrow*. In other words, he showed how the sufferer, the mourner, one of a class who, by their training, were blind to the true meaning and intent of Messianic prophecies, and who, *as a class*, therefore, were totally unprepared to receive Jesus as the Christ; here was a man who shared the prejudices of his class, who yet had his intellectual consent won and overcome, as it were, through and by *his affections*. His "little daughter" (how tender that word *little*,) lay a dying. Day by day she was pining away, and the case became hopeless. And so in his own quaint way—provoking a smile, but ere long causing tears to start—Mr. Binney represented the Ruler's wife speaking thus to her husband: "Do you think, my dear, that there is any truth about that Man's miracles, about which there is such a noise? And do you think—if he can do such things—that he wouldn't come and see and heal our little daughter?" And then the father answers both questions thus—prejudice and sorrow struggling, the *heart's* logic winning the victory at last: "Well, it may be true; I thought not; but—but—we can but try. I will go—yes! I will go and ask him." And then the preacher *generalized* as follows: "A man that has wife and children, not only gives, as Lord Bacon says, 'hostages to fortune,' but is in a school of afflictive discipline which may open the way to the reception of Divine truth."

Then he added: "See, 2d, How *this man's infant faith is sorely tried*. Just as Jesus encourages him by saying, 'I will come and heal her,' then comes an impediment. The crowd presses on Jesus. And he stops and *turns round*. The poor father would like Jesus to fly on wings, but he stops. Ah! but *then* comes encouragement. 'Virtue' has actually 'gone out of him,' by the very fact of a woman touching his garment! Jesus *has* wrought a miracle. And faith says, 'He can surely save my child!'

"Next comes a dread blow to faith. 'Thy daughter *is dead!*' Well; Jesus never yet had raised the dead. No one yet had an idea that he could do it. The poor father is in deep despair. But then comes the word, 'Have courage'; only believe.' Next there are the obstacles at the door of the house, the hired mourners, &c., all so discouraging to the father."

The preacher applied all this to the experience of believers, as to the vicissitudes of their faith and its various trials. "You are like the reed or the willow, now bending one way and then another, yet still the Divine work goes on, not only in spite of these blasts of trial, but *because* of them. The *shower* is as needful as the sunshine.

"Then mark, 3d, The beautiful representation of *conscious power*. Jesus is unmoved by their lamentations. He is laughed to scorn; but calmly he passes into the chamber of the dead, turns out that 'rebel mass of unbelief and ridicule;' and then he stands, like a rock which the fierce waves shake not; sublime in the consciousness of his own omnipotence." Here the preacher reminded us that we must not forget what had been going on in the heart of the poor *mother*. Her sorrow had a history, as well as that of the father. "She had been *alone* with her sick daughter; *alone* when she expired; alone with the dead child. All is over; and *she* sends the messenger after the father; *she* sent for the mourners; *she* had to begin preparations for the funeral. Some hope had she once; but oh, now faith in *her* heart is as dead as is that dead child.

"Yet—she looks out of the window—the message has been delivered, yet Jesus comes! Her heart flutters, hope springs up; perhaps she overheard Jesus say, 'Why make ye this ado and weep; she is not dead, but sleepeth;' and she sees him pushing away the crowd at the door. 'Oh,' she says, 'there is some merciful meaning in all this.'" And then the preacher again indulged in one of his admirable generalizations. "Oh, yes! the *quick instinct of women* gets to the right conclusion far more rapidly than the logic of men. There is, too, compensation in everything. Men in the time of family sorrow have resources and reliefs which women have not. They go forth, and must do so, to business; to scenes so absorbing that they cannot but have their sorrows blunted. But the woman is alone with her sorrow and with her dead one.

"4th. Mark the *life-giving Word*. Speaking in the language of the common people, Jesus says, '*Tabitha Cumi*.' He touches the dead hand. The High Priest dare not do so. He would be defiled. But not so the Holy One. And the dead rises; for there touches, here stands the Resurrection and the Life. He it is who has changed death into a 'sleep.' And is it not sleep, when there is to be a *waking up!* Is it not thus with our 'holy dead!' And just as that group was then a picture of humanity weeping, a Saviour standing by, ready to heal, and the Apostles (the representatives of the Church,) looking on; so now, in the spiritual domain, Jesus heals, and bids to live by his life-giving word.

"Lastly. Mark the command to give the raised 'something to eat.' What does that teach? Why, that with God there is *no waste of power*. He could have made that girl feel as if fully fed; but the natural hunger is there, and it is to be supplied by those around her. So we, while helped in the domain of grace, may also help ourselves. The angel broke off Peter's chains, and caused to swing back the ponderous iron gate, but after that he was left alone unhelped, because he had the power to go to his friends a freeman. If God gives you the food, it is yours to take it. If he leads into green pastures and beside the still waters, the sheep must eat and drink for themselves."

The discourse concluded by a reference to the culminating character of Christ's teaching, *in and by act and miracle*, as to the doctrine of the resurrection of his power, and of his conquest over death. First, Peter, James and John were witnesses of his glorified body on the Mount—the type and model of "what we shall be." Next, they saw this Ruler's daughter raised, almost immediately after death, "the spirit coming again," as if it had hovered near. Next came the raising of the widow's son, from off his bier, dead and about to be buried. Next came the resurrection of Lazarus, *when four days in the tomb*, and corruption had begun. Next came the resurrection of "many that slept in their graves," when Jesus himself arose. But another and more glorious display of his omnipotence remains, when the dead in Christ shall arise—*all* arise, when he shall "change these vile bodies, &c. God grant that you and I may be among them!"

Such is a faithful outline of a discourse delivered by a remarkable man, in his own singular way—in short sentences, with frequent pauses and sighs, and apparent hesitations, with didactic plainness, yet emotion shaking his great bosom, and with his dark eye, and raised finger, and anon his crossed arms, all speaking too.

I hope and believe your readers will forgive this sketch of the persons, style, and sermons of two of our remarkable men; especially as I trust it will be found suggestive to ministers, and not unedifying to the people of God—some of them, it may be, wearied and disposed to go and hear a sermon in the sanctuary!

AT ST. GEORGE'S, in the East, there was a fresh scene last Lord's day. The Rev. Bryan King, the notorious rector, and his curate, Mr. Dove, were greatly enraged by finding that persons who had been present at the afternoon lecturer's service, set themselves composedly in pews, to wait for the evening service. They, therefore, with a following of Tractarians, seized them, and tried to drag them out. For this, he and his curate, with three others, have been summoned before the magistrate of the district, who is so constantly tormented by the agitators on both sides, that he wishes that they were both thrown into the Court of Chancery, and the Ecclesiastical Court, with plenty of law and plenty of costs, so that the operation might be like that of "bleeding by lancing, and bleeding by cupping at the same time."

ECCLESIASTICAL VESTMENTS, and uniformity therein, are the subject of a Bill brought into the House of Commons by a private member, with little probability of being passed. The *Times* turns it into ridicule, and not without reason. It styles the Bill as the proposal for a "Second Act of Uniformity." The Church of England would be much wiser if she were to repeal the Act of Uniformity which almost deprived her of her life-blood two centuries ago, and which now keeps out of her pale some of the choicest spirits, and makes her largely impotent for good. Liturgical Revision deprecated by a majority of the Evangelicals, the Broad Church and the High Church parties will easily upset any attempt by Lord Ebury to effect his cherished design.

THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT has received a mighty influence, and has assumed a national and permanent character, by the introduction this week to the Queen, at a Drawing Room, of thousands of the officers of Artillery and Rifle Corps, from every part of Great Britain. The Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief of the regular army, presided at a dinner of the volunteer officers, and thus emphatically stamped his approbation on the movement, and put away the possibility of jealous feelings. He is eminently genial in his disposition, and practical withal in his military views.

J.W.

A Short Sermon to Sextons.

WHICH MAY BE OVERHEARD BY ALL CHURCH OFFICERS.

DEAR BRETHREN—You occupy an important office in the Church of Christ, which is the kingdom of God on earth. An ancient saint, with a crown on his head, said he would rather be among you than dwell in the tents of wickedness. *Very honorable, then, is your office.* This is the *firstly* of our sermon. Let us now pass to

Secondly. Very useful may your post be also. No man in the congregation can more effectually stupify the preacher; no one can more effectually put to sleep the hearers. Know you, brethren, the importance of *good air?* It is next important in the worshipping assembly to the good spirit from on high, of which the Holy Scripture maketh it the emblem. As the Lord hath the gift of the latter, so the sexton hath of the former. If he giveth it not, the thoughts of the preacher flag, and the heads of the hearers bow in worship to the false God Morpheus. Keep idolatry out of the church, brother sexton. There was a band of old saints once, who were called Iconoclasts, because they tore down idols and cast them out of the temples. The temples of our land are degraded by the worshippers of Morpheus; sextons are the champions to make a crusade against this abomination. They could purge the land of it if they would. Up then, brethren, and expel this heathenism. Do you ask how it shall be done?

1. Up with the windows at seasonable times.

2. Especially keep open, a little, those nearest the pulpit, during the whole service. The preacher will repay you by better sermons.

3. Manage this matter with skill; blunder not, as some in your honorable office do, by having the windows either too much open, so as to chill the hearers, or not open at all, so as to stupify them. Distribute the ventilation in small drafts all along the casements.

Again. Never freeze the congregation by neglecting the fires; begin them early to make sure the comfort of the temple; it is better to begin too soon than too late, for when there is too much heat it can be relieved by ventilation; when there is not enough, ventilation has to be lost without remedying the deficiency. How many in your honorable functions, brethren, have thus robbed the Lord of the worship of an entire assembly? Remember, that with your peculiar honor is connected peculiar responsibility, and we must all give account.

Again. Men in honorable posts should always have *courtesy* up to their honor. A sexton should be a model of politeness; he should move with alacrity, accommodating everybody, and when he cannot accommodate them, showing that he feels the privation more than they do. Next in importance to a good preacher in the pulpit, is a good sexton at the portal; his smile lighteth up the multitude; his whisper of courtesy openeth the ears of the people for the trumpet of truth. A rude sexton is out of his place; he is beneath its gracious honor, as much as a bear would be, guarding the palace-gate of a king.

Application. And now brethren, let him that hath ears to hear, hear this message. Harden not your hearts against it. He that hath sinned in these respects, let him sin no more, but make haste to repent. Let all our temples on the coming Sabbath show that the word has been fitly spoken, and the seed has fallen into good and honest hearts. The Lord add his blessing! Amen.

Books Upon the Book of Books.

The Sacred Scriptures have called forth the efforts of the human mind for the purpose of elucidation and instruction, to a greater extent than could have been supposed previous to inquiry. An English gentleman, who for thirty years was connected with the Antiquarian Book store in London, has interested himself in ascertaining facts upon this subject. With immense labor he has collected the names of works upon the whole or single portions of the Bible, and made an able and valuable classification of them. He has ascertained that their number is not less than *sixty thousand*. This number, in a single collection, would equal some of the largest libraries which embrace books upon all subjects.

On the first five books, twenty-five hundred different works have been published; and this, exclusive of commentaries on the whole Bible; and not less than five thousand works on the Psalms. The evangelical prophet Isaiah has had two thousand commentators; and about six thousand different volumes have been published on the four Gospels, as a whole, and Matthew, in particular, exclusive of commentaries on the whole New Testament and the other Gospels singly. There have been about three thousand works on Romans, and two thousand on Revelation.

But all this mighty labor bestowed upon the Sacred Volume, does not exhaust the mine. Pens are busy now, and thought is flowing from them, deep and earnest thought, drawn from the same blessed Book. If there be now three thousand men upon the Gospels, yet the depths of these living waters have not been sounded, nor all their treasures brought to light.

Mind after mind sharpened by holy curiosity, and burning with love and zeal, will be brought into contact with these Lively Oracles, as years and generations roll on—those minds to be illumined and refreshed by these sacred studies, and communicating the results of them to the hungering minds of others.

We confess it would gratify us to walk into a library devoted to this one subject, and to find ourselves in the presence of those sixty thousand volumes. What a vast congregation echoing and re-echoing the sublime doctrines and sentiments of the Book! What a cloud of witnesses to the value of it!—*Boston Traveller.*

Preaching.

It is not always the Gospel that is delivered from the pulpit. A man may preach very sensibly concerning the Divine perfection and authority of God's government and laws. He may set for the general obligations to duty and obedience. He may inculcate the amiableness of virtue in general or of particular virtues, and may represent many worthy examples for men's encouragement and excitement. He may earnestly call on men to repent of their sins and reform the general disposition of their hearts and conduct. He may inculcate this with all the earnestness and action that would entitle him to the character of the complete orator. *The composition may be very skillful; the language e