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For the Presbyterian Banner.

Asking and Receiving.—No. 2.

"Ask and it shall be given you."—MATT. VII: 7.

I know of no words more full of comfort than these, "Ask and it shall be given," even as I know of no fact in man's history more prominent than his utter helplessness and absolute want. He *needs* to pray. He only shows his utter ignorance of himself and the world he is in, who denies this need. The origin of life is too sublime, its paths too strangely complicated, and its end too awfully mysterious, for a man to stumble on, like a mad giant stricken blind, careless and reckless of the paths he treads, or the end he reaches. God has made the paths of his providence too intricate, and has set traps and dangers too thick along them for us to walk without the guidance of his wisdom and the protection of his power. And he has shown too often that he is sovereign ruler of all events in nations' and individuals' lives, for any man presumptuously to suppose that he can *make* events bend to his individual will, independently of the will of God. "Counsel is *mine*, and sound wisdom," saith the Lord. "Power also belongeth to the Lord." We *need* the aid of this wisdom and power.

2. We are taught here the intimate *personal* relation of man the receiver, to God the giver, as well as our *wants*. The words are familiar, "ask and ye shall receive." But we do not *ask* of chance, or fate, or fortune, or law, or nature, or the "spirit of the universe." The prayer which leaves my lips in the hour of deep distress and strange calamity—a prayer for comfort or protection—does not wander through the dew-drop, and the grass-blade, and the twinkling star—through wind and storm, through fire and tempest, holding communion with nature's laws, and influencing their action, before from earth, or air, or universal nature, the answer comes in comfort to my aching heart. My prayer goes direct from the lip of the comfortless to the ear of the Comforter, who *rules* the universe, and can make a blessing come on the wings of the wind or the storm, in the light of the dew-drop or the star, while the chief blessing comes, instantaneous, in the communion of my spirit with his—comfort in the very act of breathing a prayer to Him who can hear and answer prayer. That is, what is taught is not Pantheism, but simple Theism; not that Nature is our mother, but that God is our Father, and that prayer is not obeying the laws of Nature, but the direct coming of one person to another person—a child on earth to a Father in heaven, with the simple confidence that the one hears while the other prays. We pray to a *Person*.

3. We have here, also, an *inexhaustible supply*. "Ask and it shall be given." The words are not qualified. The promise is absolute, "it shall be given." It is as broad as any petition that can be framed, and as deep as any spiritual longing that can be created. As man's spiritual nature is developed, as the line of his sanctified reason and desires runs out longer and longer, and he goes through life sounding in its deep seas, he is only fathoming the depth covered by that promise, "Ask and it shall be given." And this doctrine of a personal relationship between the receiver and the Giver, makes this other doctrine of an inexhaustible supply every way most interesting. What if the streams which flow out from the ocean are sometimes small! Lift the sluices and they shall, every one of them, overflow their banks, and scatter green and beauty all along their margin. What if the Christian's life is sometimes a mere silver thread in a sandy waste! It is not hopelessly nor necessarily so. He has his hand on a flood-gate which may, any moment, convert the silver thread to a mighty river, and the sandy desert to a blooming garden. So has it been these years now past in which the Church asked largely, and largely did receive. "Thou art coming to a King," &c. H.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Are You Ready?

A messenger is approaching whose errand is to cause a dissolution of your soul and body. That solemn event will soon take place. In a few brief years at farthest, you shall behold, for the last time, the scenes of earth, and then close your eyes in death. Then your immortal spirit will launch into the ocean of eternity, and your body and active limbs be consigned to the silent tomb. That solemn change will transpire ere long; yes, in a very brief period your earthly career will terminate, and the full blaze of eternity will break in on your soul. Are you prepared? If not, you are liable at any moment to sink into the regions of despair and eternal misery. If you go down to death without an interest in the blood of Christ, you will then reap the bitter fruit of your sad neglect, and be forever debarred from the peaceful presence of God. Your torment will be inconceivably awful, and pangs of remorse will always be sinking you deeper and deeper in the abyss of endless woe.

But if you are prepared, all is well; and when your body shall die, your happy spirit will mount up to the courts where saints and angels dwell. And there you will be in the immediate and glorious presence of your Saviour, whom your rapturous soul will adore and praise. You will join the happy throng of the redeemed in singing sweet anthems of praise to Him by whose blood you were cleansed, and through whose merit you were made a recipient of heavenly joys. Ere long you will be received into the bright mansions of glory, and shall witness the lovely scenes, and hear the melodious sounds of those peaceful realms.

Praise God for the sweet hope of immortal glory which you entertain. J.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Trifling Conversation.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another."

Of what did they speak? The same blessed volume tells us, "Out of the abundence of the heart the mouth speaketh." Then, if the heart be filled with the fear of the Lord, the love of Christ, &c., will it not manifest itself in our conversation? If we judge ourselves by this rule, how many of us would give evidence that these things filled our hearts? How much time is wasted in "foolish talking and jesting!" How often is the pious heart pained, when in company, (yes, and among professors, too, and even on the holy Sabbath,) at the frivolity, and trifling nature of the conversation! Even the mention of the subject of religion will, sometimes, almost strike a whole company dumb! Why is this? Are we Christians? Then, does our hearts never "burn within us while we talk by the way," not of trifles, but of the love of our Divine Redeemer? Is it not more *pleasant*, as well as *profitable*, to speak of the great things God has done, and is still doing for us, than to spend our time in "idle words," for which we must shortly give account? Ask yourself, reader, as in the sight of God.

Some will be ready to say, "the Christian should not be sad or gloomy." Granted. And we appeal to every Christian heart, if these things have a tendency to make any one gloomy. Is there any sadness in speaking of the goodness and love of God? of the prosperity of the Church? *of the joys of Heaven?* If Christians must conform to the world to find pleasure, is not this virtually saying, "there is no pleasure in religion," and will any *true Christian* say this, either by word or example? As to our influence with others, let experience testify. Which is the most consistent in the eyes of the world, that professor who maintains from day to day a serious, Christian-like deportment, keeping aloof from the world, or the one that mingles freely in the trivial amusements and follies of those who have never "tasted that the Lord is good," or felt the joys of pardoned sin? Which of these are most likely to lead the minds of others to serious reflection? Is it by trifling levity, or by grave, serious, yet cheerful deportment, that we are to show that "our conversation is in heaven," that there *are* pleasures in religion, but they are pure and holy pleasures, infinitely better than anything this world can afford? Let each one strive, not by a sinful conformity to the world; but by soaring above its trifling toys, to win others to tread those ways which are true and refined pleasantness, and those paths which are the only enduring peace. MARY.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ITALIAN INSURRECTION—A GREAT, GENERAL AND PATRIOT—BOMBARDMENT OF PALERMO—THE COST OF IT TO A KING—THE ARMISTICE AND ITS REASONS—THE TRIUMPHING OF "THE WICKED," SHORT—TERROR AND TREMBLING AT ROME—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S TRICKS BAFFLED—THE "DAILY NEWS" AND THE CRISIS OF THE PAPACY—THE VAUDOIS CHURCH—TWO-FOLD DIVINE WORKING—POLITICAL AND SPIRITUAL—THE REVIVAL ASSEMBLY AT EDINBURGH—ULSTER FRUITS—LONDON AWAKENING—THE BIBLE-WOMAN MOVEMENT, ITS OBJECT, AND ITS ISSUES—THE REFORM BILL—THE NEW BISHOPS—THE PRIZE-FIGHTER TURNED PREACHER.

LONDON, June 9, 1860.

INTENSE INTEREST is now, and has been for some weeks, concentrated on the insurrection in Sicily. A great general has been developed in the person of Garibaldi. Before this, he was considered brave and enterprising; now he is something more—a master in military strategy, and his name is enrolled in the list of gifted and illustrious commanders. More than this, his patriotism and love of liberty are such as to be a watchword all over the Continent, and the hopes of the oppressed rise from the dust at the very mention of his name. When he succeeded in drawing away the principal part of the Neapolitan troops from Palermo, and by a sudden night march found himself, early in the morning, victoriously entering Palermo on its unguarded side, the people clung to the knees of their deliverer. The Neapolitan troops fought well, but Genius was the director on the one side, and Dullness on the other, and so the fight was won both outside and within the town.

The bombardment of Palermo was of the most savage description, and was continued for about thirty hours. Very many of the people perished under it, although Garibaldi's troops suffered little. At last he sent word to the Neapolitan commanders that he had two hundred prisoners, and that for every shell sent into the town, after this notice, he would shoot one of them. Soon after, the bombardment ceased. Previously, the prisons were broken open, and many political captives were set free. Garibaldi seized the jailors and the prison-police, and hanged them publicly. I presume they were the willing instruments of young Bomba's cruelty.

The Armistice agreed upon arose, it is said, from Garibaldi's want of ammunition. But as he insisted on the enemy laying down their arms, it is probable that the difficulties were on the other side greater than his own. Meanwhile, from Naples came fresh supplies of war stores, while from Genoa set out a fresh expedition for the Sicilian shores, composed of the bravest and the best veterans to be found.

The *Times* confidently declares that the bombardment of Palermo has cost Ferdinand II. his throne. Such cruelty could never be condoned by any promises or any concessions. It is right that it should be so. The wretched young sovereign listened to the counsels of Austria and to Jesuit priests, instead of taking the advice of Lord John Russell, and it may be of France also. Now it is too late for him to remedy matters, and however diplomacy may interpose, it is believed that the Bourbon dynasty must cease, in Sicily at least, before this month is over.

THE PAPACY was in high hopes of reinvigoration a month ago. Lamoriciere appeared for her deliverance *in extremis*; and, coupled with this, the success of Cardinal Wiseman's plan of enlisting Irish recruits for the Pope's army, seemed to indicate the dawn of a bright and prosperous era. But *now*, although infatuated Irishmen still enlist, and a number even of the county constabulary are resigning in order to "emigrate" to Italy; nay, although the busy and disloyal English Cardinal is about to come back to us *via* Spain, in order to rouse fanatical enthusiasm and stimulate volunteer enlistments—the prospects of the Papacy are darker than ever they were before. The successful revolt of the Sicilians, the tottering throne of Naples, the powerlessness both of Austria and Spain to render material help—all indicate a dolorous prospect for Pius IX. and his Cardinals. Fears are even entertained of an immediate outbreak at Rome, and nothing but the incessant vigilance of French patrols keeps it down. If the King of Naples, as is said, has been sending large sums of money to England of late, so probably have the agents of the Pope. At all events, his strong boxes are filled and locked up, ready for departure on the first alarm. "Terror and trembling of heart" thus fill the supporters of Antichrist.

Looking, too, at the question in the light of European opinion, and the question of nationalities and their right, matters seem truly desperate, and even though there be a little delay, the destruction of proud Babylon seems inevitable.

The London *Daily News*, the fast friend of freedom, and directed by Christian principle, has recently spoken on the topic just indicated, in an article so valuable that I think it worthy of your readers' thoughtful consideration. The following is a portion of the journalist's remarks on the present crisis of the Papacy:

Now that we see that Church engaged conspicuously on the side of despotism in Europe, and even implicating its fortunes with those of the most absolute sovereigns, and resisting the interests of the largest classes, just in proportion to the advancing intelligence and ripening will of the people at large, it becomes a question of the deepest interest whether it will reserve its present course, or perish from its wilfulness in going astray. If it yet retrieves itself it must evidently be by schism. A Papal Government which made the Austrian Concordat, and demands the repression of the Protestants of Hungary and Germany, which supports the despotism of Nalples, and anathematises the King and kingdom of Northern Italy, may safely be considered past all redemption, in an age when there is a doctrine of nationalities, and when representative government has become an object of popular demand. The only practical question in the case is, whether a sufficient proportion of the Church will refuse to follow the Papal Government on its road to ruin, and insist on returning to the old principle and methods by which the Catholic organization became what it was. The division had proceeded some way before two sides were openly taken, as we now see them in Piedmont. For many years past we have observed that where the Catholic religion was spreading and increasing in power, it was in virtue of its democratic leanings. In Ireland it has been powerful in opposition to the Church of England, because it was the Church of the poor, and its ministry derived from the ranks of the poor, whereas the Protestant Church was frequented by the upper classes where frequented at all, and sustained by a ministry which had no obvious connexion with popular feelings and interests. In the United States there was a sudden spread of the Catholic faith, twenty years ago, so rapid that the term of study for the priesthood was reduced from five years to three, and again to two, in order to meet the demand for ministers; and at that time it was noted as a fact of strong significance that every vote in every State of the Union was given to the Democratic party—that party then answering to its title more truly than it does now. In France, the clergy gave an effective support to the Imperial Government, while that Government professed to represent democratic ascendency; and it has drawn off from the Emperor in proportion to his divergence from his profession of being a popular ruler. In Austria a chasm is yawning more widely every day between the Church authorities, who are the mere tools of the Romish Government, and the popular clergy; and in Piedmont the Pope and his advisers have thought fit to bring the schism to some sort of settlement. While the Pope's agents in Ireland are collecting men and money to support him in his conflict with the civil liberties of his own flock, the English Catholics are shocked, dissatisfied, and alarmed, and will, generally speaking, lend no aid to the evil work. Everywhere it is becoming clear that there must be a renovated Catholic Church, replaced on its original principles, with modifications to suit an advanced age, or Catholicism must go down to the destruction which visibly awaits the intolerable tyranies which its head is striving to sustain.

THE WALDENSES having resolved at their last Synodical meeting, at La Tour, to transfer their Theological Institute to Florence—under the protection of the New Government—a grand prospect is opened up for the work of Italian evangelization by them. The *Daily News*, in its article, thus speaks of the Vaudois Church, its antecedents, and its prospects, putting its remarks in the light of two alternatives, the one a renovated Papacy from within, (which is hardly to be expected,) and the other a revivification of that primitive and Apostolic Christianity which the Waldenses cherished and conserved through all the terrors of fire and sword:

It will be interesting to see what the Waldenses will do in a period so exactly adapted to what they have anticipated as their proper work. Long before their present opportunity opened to their view, they declared their expectation of bringing Italy and the whole Catholic world round to a true view of Christianity. Protestantism is little known, and not at all cared for, by Italians generally, and it is scarcely conceivable that it would make any way in time for the change which is impending. The Waldenses are not Protestants, because they never were Catholics. They do not hold a critical and corrective faith, bound up with dogmas and doctrines brought from other quarters—such as the right of private judgment, &c. They hold (in their own belief) the primitive Christianity itself, unspoiled by corruption, and unperplexed by reformation. They are exempt from the prejudices and denunciations which weigh upon Protestantism in the imaginations of Catholics. They are now considerable in numbers, and their great cathedral at Genoa, and their churches in other towns of Piedmont, are open before the eyes of all Italy, while they have freedom, and are zealous in the use of it, to spread their views wherever they can. Whether the Italian reformation which is apparently impending, will take the form of recurrence to the primitive Christianity which has lived on for eighteen centuries unchanged in the solitudes of the steadfast Alps, or whether there will be two Catholic hierarchies, following respectively the popular and the despotic principle of ruling mankind, till the one shall have extinguished the other, it is for us to observe, and not rashly to prophesy.

"GOD IS WORKING;" that is a sentiment and an utterance which may well be found in the heart and on the lips of every Christian man. First of all, he is leveling the mountains and upraising the valleys by mighty political movements such as two years ago were not even dreamt of, or if anticipated by any, were indefinitely postponed as to their execution. Look, then, at the marvelous upheavings in Italy of the last twelve months. A year ago, Austria was invading Sardinia; now she licks the dust. Then she was powerful to sustain the Papacy; now she is powerless to help, and financially she is on the brink of ruin, and all that her ships at Naples can offer King Ferdinand, is an asylum as a fugitive on board, to bear him anywhere—say to London or New-York! Napoleon is, meanwhile, the instrument of God, the "rod of his anger," and his end is not yet, just because he has probably great things yet to do for God, although he meaneth not so. God, therefore, is working; rather let us say and think, "Our Saviour-King, reigning as Head over all things to the Church, is, by terrible things in righteousness, answering the prayer, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true?'"

Secondly. The Wonder-Worker is busy in putting forth spiritual and vivifying power on the souls of men. The Apostolic age is so far come back that Christians begin to believe in that two-edged sword, the Word of God, and to say also, "We believe in the Holy Ghost—the Lord and giver of life."

The late Scottish Free Church Assembly was justly styled in the beautiful closing address of Dr. Buchanan, the Moderator, *the Revival Assembly*. What a blessed thing to be able to give it such a name, as indicative of great realities. What a change in Scotland in the last *two* years—especially in the last *year*. What stirring, tear-starting, joy-inspiring, faith-quickening, prayer-moving tidings were brought from almost every part of the land. The revivals in Scotland of 1839 were very partial; those now in progress are increasingly general and diffusive.

So likewise in Ireland, God continues to work. Last Assembly (July, 1859,) the Ulster Awakening was so mighty in its rising tide, that the members were "as men that dreamed," because the thing was done suddenly and was increasing in depth and volume every day. Since then, what a harvest has been gathered in, and what *spolia opinia* will be presented on the altar of God, when the Assembly of 1860 assembles. Last week Dr. Murray and Geo. H. Stuart (after being entertained at a public breakfast, intended as an expression of gratitude for recent American sympathy with Irish Home Mission work,) laid the foundation stone of one of the four or five new Presbyterian churches which are the direct fruit of the Revival in Belfast. Professor Gibson, the present Moderator of the Assembly, has recently published "The Year of Grace," intended as a History of the Awakening of 1859, and in it he gives returns (from a portion only of the Assembly's congregations,) from which it appears that upwards of ten thousand communicants were last year added to the churches, and from three hundred to four hundred Romanists truly converted. I repeat that these returns are but partial, including probably about *two thirds* of all the congregations.

The Rev. John Stuart, minister of Ballycarry, County Antrim, has given remarkable testimony as to revival results in his district. "It is impossible to witness the worship of our crowded assemblies, to look down on the sea of upturned, animated faces, and to come constantly in contact with the spiritual life of individual Christians, without exclaiming 'What hath God wrought?'"

"All, from the child of ten and twelve to the old man or woman, have been under the gracious influence. At the night prayer-meetings, which are still on the increase, more than a thousand persons attend.

"I do not know, as yet, of a single backslider."

Mr. Stuart further states that forty souls have been brought from under the influence of Unitarianism, and that "among these converts there is a love of Jesus, and a spirit and power of prayer, which nothing but the Holy Spirit of God could have planted in their hearts." The following is a striking case under this head:

One young man, W. N———, brought up under this system of frozen Deism, and somewhat addicted to irregular and dissipated habits, having been sent for on a certain evening to come to my church to assist in conveying home his sister, who was *stricken down* under terrible conviction of sin, expressed in a very sinful way his opposition to the Revival. Next day, while engaged in field labor, he began to feel the burden of sin insupportable, and again and again repaired to a secret place to pray. In the evening, still overwhelmed with anxiety about his soul, he retired to rest, but could find no repose; he wrestled with God in prayer, he cried to his Redeemer for mercy, and in his excitement he imagined he saw a stream of blood flowing, and a brilliant and beautiful star above him, whose light flashed upon his face. He arose and importunately pleaded for pardon through the shed blood of the Divine Redeemer, when he felt his burden removed, and was able to realize a Saviour precious to his soul. Next evening he said to his father, "You must commence family worship to-night." "I cannot," said the father, "I am not qualified to pray." The young man then took his Bible, read the precious word, and in a prayer at once beautiful and fervent, led the devotions of the family, and pleaded, with all the ardor of a new-born soul, for the conversion of his parents, his brothers, and sisters. He is now one of my most efficient assistants in every good work, growing every day in grace and in knowledge. His father thus expressed himself to a friend, not long since—"Before the Revival, in which I had no faith, my house was like a *wee* hell; now, it is like a *wee* heaven."

In London, as partially indicated in my last letter, the work of grace is making decided progress in various quarters. Yesterday evening I attended a Christian Young Women's Association meeting, in the West-End of the town. This is the direct fruit of the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit, during the last six months. A week previously, at a similar meeting in the same place, simple addresses were delivered, interspersed by prayer and singing, and at the close, the place was filled with the sound of weeping and supplication. All was calm, quiet, real and God-like. At the second meeting, the results, though more limited, were similar. Two young girls sat at my left hand during the meeting. One was an orphan, the other motherless. Both were in the same house of business; both lodged together. Tickets for the meeting had been given them; they came careless, or at least unchanged. I have every reason to believe that there was there and then wrought in their souls a mighty revolution. It was very striking to see two Christian ladies—one of them the sister of a Countess—taking these girls apart after I had conversed with them for some time, and kneeling down, offer up with them fervent prayers for mercy and salvation.

Other groups like this were visible after the breaking up of the general meeting. Two large rooms and the staircase were filled; and there was quite a crowd around the doors. The whole district is aroused. So is it in other places.

THE BIBLE WOMEN MOVEMENT is the grand feature of the present spiritual work in London. I believe I have not referred to this before. It has been in existence for about two years. It originated with a gifted Christian lady, the author of "The Book and its Missions," who had tried the system elsewhere. With this lady, Mr. Geo. H. Stuart had an interview, and I was at her house this week for an hour, and was filled with glad astonishment at what she told. Her book, "The Missing Link," now in its twentieth edition, indicates the principle of her system and the object of her exertion. She, with others, has long mourned at the separation of classes, the upper and the lower, and the apparent impossibility by clergymen, or other male agency, to elevate from vice and degradation, the family life of the masses in London. Her plan is—Divinely suggested, I believe—to select a woman of piety, a widow or other chastened, Christian, poor woman of piety, who has good sense, and has a heart to do good, and then she is sent out with a satchel full of Bibles and Testaments to *sell* to the poor of her own class. Except in extreme cases, Testaments are *not* given, but *sold* at 1d. per week, and with the *book* as *God's* message to the wife of the laborer, the "Bible-woman" goes statedly at every visit, speaking forth the good news, and then praying tenderly. Sympathy is thus felt to be a reality—light is poured on the darkness—the husband begins to be interested and to pause in his vicious indulgences—the house becomes cleanly—and thus in very many cases "The Missing Link" has been established not only between the rich and poor, but also between Christ and the sinner. Thousands of copies of the Scriptures are thus distributed and eagerly received. One hundred Bible-women are employed, and over these, lady superintendents are placed in the respective districts which now extend all over the metropolis. The results are already glorious. The work is *underground*, and kept as quiet as possible, and is buoyant under the breath of believing prayer.

The funds necessary for this glorious movement, are supplied almost without asking. At the present moment they are flowing in at the rate of more than £7,000 per annum.

THE REFORM QUESTION is again discussed in the House of Commons, and every possible obstruction is being thrown in Lord John's path, by the opposition. They insist that no English Reform Bill shall pass, until the Irish and Scotch Bills are also brought forward; and defeated on this point, other motions are or will be made in order to wear out the Cabinet, and at all events to give the Lords a good excuse for not passing any bill this session. There is a possibility that there may be changes in the Cabinet, or even a dissolution of Parliament. D'Israeli and his friends are eager for power. Their foreign policy is bad. The removal of Palmerston at present would be a calamity to the Liberal cause all over Europe.

TWO EVANGELICAL BISHOPS have recently been appointed—one to the See of Rochester, and the other to that of Carlisle. The new Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Waldegrave, was a very eminent scholar at Oxford. He preached one of the annual sermons for the Tract Society, in 1859, and his theology is by far the most systematic and Calvinistic of any man on the Bench.

OPEN AIR PREACHING, *by a reformed Prize Fighter*, is a sign of the times, and seasonable at this time. My eye was arrested, last week, by the following bill in a shop window:

To Prize Fighters, Dog Fanciers, and Sporting men of every sort. Come and hear Richard Weaver, known as "Undaunted Dick," a converted Prize Fighter, from the coal mines of Lancashire. He will sing and preach in Cumberland Market, Regent's Park, on Sunday morning June 3d, at eleven o'clock, and in the evening at six o'clock he will narrate his wonderful conversion, and other striking circumstances of his life. He will also sing and preach in the same place every evening, that week—viz.: June 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, at seven o'clock; and on the following Sunday, June 10th—morning at eleven o'clock, and evening at six o'clock.

Richard Weaver is from the manufacturing districts, is, I believe, a Wesleyan, and preaches and prays with great power. J.W.

Immortality.

Ask any physiologist or anatomist, and he will tell you that he can discover no reason why man should not be immortal, except this, that we do not find that he is so; and if it should so happen that man became immortal, we could not discover any sensible difference in the economy of our bodies from what we observe to exist at present.

Let us suppose that a clock were invented that not only told the hours, but also regularly wound itself up. Let us suppose that it had a little bottle of oil with which it lubricated its pinions, and produce a constant supply of that oil from some chemical change which it produced upon the air. Such a clock would be an everlasting clock, were it not that its wheels would wear out by friction, constant, however small. But, if in addition to all else, it were capable of renovating all its parts, so that, as each wheel began to wear, it would be replaced by another perfectly new, we should have an exact representation of the powers of our body. We are able to wind up our energies by daily supplies of food and nightly rest—we are also able to lubricate the entire system, by the hallowed resting of the Sabbath day—and, to complete the perfection of our physical constitution, the circulating blood is continually depositing new matter in our bones and flesh, and removing the exhausted matter when it is no longer capable of carrying on the animal economy. What more do we need for immortality? Not only is this economy of our system sufficient to maintain our bodies, in the earlier periods of our life, but it is able even to increase their quantities and repair their injuries. The wonder is, not that we should ever have been immortal—the wonder is that we should be mortal now; for it may be safely affirmed that there is not a single action of the system which would be necessary to secure immortality, but what has been found by naturalists to be not only possible, but already in existence in some portion or another of nature's economy.—*The Stars and The Angels.*

Gems from Charnock—Born 1628, Died 1680.

Many times we serve God as languidly as if we were afraid he would accept us, and pray as coldly as if we were unwilling he should hear us.

We would amplify his mercy and contract his justice; we would have his power enlarged to supply our wants, and straitened when it goes about to revenge our crimes. We would have him wise to defeat our crimes, but not to disappoint our unworthy projects; we would have him all eye to regard our indigence, and blind not to discern our guilt.

Man would make anything his end and happiness rather than God.

Were it possible to see the picture of God according to the fancies of men, it would be the most monstrous of beings; such a God as never was nor can be.

What is the reason the heart of man is more unwilling to embrace the Gospel than to acknowledge the equity of the law? Because there is more of God's nature and perfection evident in the Gospel than in the law; because there is more reliance on God, and distance from self, commanded in the Gospel.

Without eternity, what were all God's perfections, but as glorious yet withering flowers, a great but decaying beauty.

Custom dips men in as durable a dye as nature.

Convictions are the first rude draught of the Divine image upon our spirits.

Our spiritual extraction from him is pretended, unless we do things worthy of so illustrious a birth, and becoming the honor of so great a Father.

The last time is not called a time of destitution, but of restitution; and that of all things. The disorder and unruliness of the creature, arising from the venom of man's transgression; all the fierceness of the creatures, one against another, shall vanish. The world shall be nothing but one universal smile; nature shall put on triumphant vestments.

The Church grows by tears, and withers by smiles. God's vine thrives the better for pruning.

Unsanctified wisdom is the devil's greatest tool.

The earlier the new birth, the weightier will be the glory in the kingdom of God. Young ones regenerated, and enabled to bear head against the temptations of their violent natures, shall have crowns set with more jewels; they shall have an abundant entrance.

There is such a thing as the new birth; believest thou this? It is necessary to be had; believest thou this? God only can work it; believes thou this?

Precious Fragments.

"WHAT GOD HATH PREPARED."—Oh, blessed condition! to have rest on every side, fullness of grace, perfection of peace, to be free from all fears, to be lodged in the bosom and locked in the embrace of God to eternity, to be in the haven, in our Father's house! O my soul, it is a heaven to hope it! what then is it to have it?

THE MORNING OF JOY.—Blessed are those tears which so merciful a hand wipes off. There's no wilderness but shall end in Canaan, no water but shall be turned into wine, no lion's carcass but shall be a hive of honey. O fainting soul, trust in this mercy. Oh, beg that since there is an infinite fullness in the gift, and a freeness in the Giver, there be a joyful trust in the receiver.

EVEN SO, COME.—The soul of the believer is never gotten near enough till it be in the arms, in the bosom of Jesus. It saith not (at Peter of his tabernacles,) "Lord, let there be one for me and another for thee," but, "Let us both be together in one." It is ever night with one who loves Christ, till the sun of his presence be arising.

"THE MUNITIONS OF ROCKS."—Be thou, O Lord, within me, to strengthen me; without me, to watch me; over me, to cover me; under me, to hold me up; before me, to lead me; behind me, to bring me back; round about me, to keep off mine enemies on every side.

OUR SABBATHS.—Through the week we go down into the valleys of care and shadow. Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence; and so, as time rolls by, we shall go from mountain-top to mountain-top, till at last we catch the glory of the gate, and enter in to go no more out forever.

A Mission of the Angel Sorrow.

From Professor Phelps's late work on Prayer, "The Still Hour," we cull the following:

Often, to deepen our knowledge of Christ in Prayer, is the mission of the Angel Sorrow. The truth is, that we never feel him to be a necessity. Therefore, God makes us feel that necessity. He tries us here, and he tries us there. He chastises us on this side, and he chastises us on that side. He probes one sin, and another, and a third, which have lain rankling in our deceived hearts. He removes one, after another, the objects in which we have been seeking the repose of idolatrous affections. He afflicts us in ways we have not anticipated. He sends upon us the chastisements which he knows we shall feel most keenly. He pursues us when we would fain flee from his hand, and, if need be, he shakes to pieces the whole framework of our plans of life by which we have been struggling to build together the service of God and the service of self, till at last he makes us feel that Christ is all that is left to us. * * * On the basis of that single experience of Christ as a reality because a necessity, there arises an experience of blessedness in communion with God, which prayer expresses like a revelation. Such devotion is a jubilant Psalm.

[Selected.]

Submission.

BY JOHN J. MORRIS.

Thou child of God! though dark thy path may be
There's one petition thou must not despise:
"Lord! if thou wilt, let this cup pass from me;"
Let visions beautiful my steps surprise;
Angels of light, though clad in forms of clay,
Attend my journey and delight my day.

Yet, precious Saviour, while I plead my love,
And on thy covenant with safety rest,
This truth I own: I humbly look above,
And say, not as I will—thou knowest best:
Thou wilt ordain each providence, to bear
Some good concealed in every earthly care.

"Not as I will." This be my daily prayer.
Submission, love—not less than these I give.
Thou art a balm for every earthly care;
In thee alone I sweetly, truly live,
And when I die, 'twill be thy will to prove,
My great salvation to my joy above.

"Not as I will." In darkness oft I grope,
Blinded by earthly honor, pleasure, fame,
Forget my Saviour, and my heavenly hope,
My covenant slight, and bring his cause to shame,
Yet my return thou dost with smiles receive;
'Tis but repent—accept my grace, believe.

From the Christian Press.

Scotland and the Bible.

MR. PRINTER:—Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and other blind leaders of the blind, wrote volumes to prove that the Bible is a curse to society. The history of the world, and in particular that of Scotland, is proof positive that exactly the reverse is the fact.

In 1320, when all Europe lay groveling in the dust by kissing the Pope's toe, Scotland alone stood up for her independence. The Pope laid some burdens on Scotland too grievous to be borne. The barons, earls, freemen, and the Scottish community sent him a remonstrance, declaring that neither the Pope, the Devil, nor the King of England, should reign in Scotland.

In 1505, John Knox was born. In 1555 he raised the standard of the Reformation in Scotland. Here, with no other weapon than the Bible, he contended with popes, priests, and cardinals, till he established religious freedom and independence. From that day Scotland became emphatically the land of Bibles. It is the Bible that makes Scotchmen differ from all men under the sun. To be sure, the Bible is found in most houses between Montauk Point and the Rocky Mountains; but it is not read, even among the families of the sons of the Pilgrims, and daughters of the Puritans, as it is read in Scotland. Here it is seldom read except in schools, and in some families on the Sabbath. In Scotland, rich and poor, bond and free, at morn and eve, assemble round the family hearth; the verses are sung, the chapter read, and prayers sent up to heaven. Hence the children, like Timothy of old, know the Scriptures from their youth. Hence every man and woman and child read the Bible, and write their own name. Hence, comparatively speaking, you don't find Scotchmen in the almshouse, penitentiary, or State prison. Among the tens of thousands of Catholic peasantry, who are landed yearly on our shores, not one in a hundred ever saw a Bible, or learned a letter of their own language. Never, since the days of Pope Joan the First, did Popish peasant print a tale, or compose a song to cheer the hearts of his fellows.

The third chapter of Habakkuk and the thirty-ninth chapter of the Book of Job contain more sublime language than you will find in all the orations of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Shakspeare put together.

I have seen the rise and fall of all the republics for the last seventy years. They were all strangled in the birth by an ignorant populace, led on by aspiring politicians. When the Bible shall be driven from our schools, colleges, and family firesides, the American Republic will be numbered with them that were.

GRANT THORBURN, Senior,
Aged 86 years and 41 days.

New Haven, March 28, 1859.

Riches and Charity.

In the eyes of all who cannot comprehend the pleasure of hoarding, there is nothing so strange, weak, and foolish, as the laying up of riches beyond the reasonable wants of those who are to come after us. We all know that the prince and the beggar must alike go hence; and that when the hour of departure comes, the beggar takes as much with him as does the prince—the man who was buried yesterday in the Potter's Field as much as did the late Stephen Whitney, or as will an Astor or a Vanderbilt, or the hundreds of equally respectable and honored citizens, who count their possessions by hundreds of thousands, if not millions. And when we reflect that life is but a stewardship of which we are to render an account, it does indeed seem marvelous that men should hoard their wealth, to be squandered by those who come after them, instead of using it in relieving the distressed, advancing the cause of education, morals, and religion, and in truth, laying up treasure where they may enjoy it hereafter.

A friend said to us recently, "Have you heard of Mr. W.'s great loss?" "No. What is it?" "Why, he has just lost ten million of dollars; he died yesterday, and of course lost all his wealth." And so it was. Mr. W. was dead, and had lost all. But there was no necessity for the loss. All must indeed die, and all must in like manner lose what they leave behind them; but if, like the subject of this brief memoir before us, they will be mindful of the duty to give liberally—if they will recognize the fact that riches come from the Lord, and that they are but God's stewards—they will so administer their stewardship as to transfer their treasure from earth to heaven, and when they go hence, find that they have gone to reap a hundred-fold, in another world, the fruits of the treasure which they sowed in benevolence and charity here. If a rich man were going to a foreign land never to return, one of his first precautions would be to send forward his wealth in advance. This is an every-day occurrence. And so should it be with those who possess the wealth of this world. They must all pass from time to eternity; and as they cannot take their treasure with them, let them send it in advance—let them, in the language of the exchange, purchase sight bills on heaven, by taking care of God's poor on earth, and building up the cause of morality and religion throughout the land. We are taught that what we give to the poor is loaned to the Lord; and if the rich will but bear this in mind, instead of being told, when they have departed, that they have lost all, we shall be greeted with the cheering intelligence that they were wise in their day and generation—that they gave freely to the poor, and in the promotion of all good works, and thereby "laid up treasure in heaven," which they have gone to enjoy.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

The Seen and the Unseen.

Consider how, with all their glare and show, things seen are paltry, passing, the least of things; and that grandeur and endurance belong to the unseen. The soul is unseen; precious jewel of immortality, it lies concealed within its fragile fleshy casket. Hell and heaven are unseen; the first sinks beneath our sight; the second rises high above it. The eternal world is unseen; a veil impenetrable hangs before its mysteries, hiding them from the keenest eye: Death is unseen; he strikes his blow in the dark. The devil is unseen—stealing on us often unsuspected, and always invisible. And as is our deadliest foe, so is our best and trustiest, our heavenly friend. Jesus is an invisible Saviour; Jehovah is an invisible God.

"No man hath seen God at any time;" yet why should that be turned into a temptation to sin? I think it should rather minister to constant watchfulness and holy care. How solemn the thought, that an invisible being is ever at our side, watching us, recording with rapid pen each deed and word, every desire that arises, though it be but to burst like an air bell, every thought that passes, though on an eagle's wings. We cannot shake off the presence of God; and when doors are shut, and curtains drawn, and all is still, and darkest night fills our chamber, as we are left alone to the companionship of our thoughts, it might keep them pure and holy to say, as if we saw two shining eyes looking on us out of the darkness, "Thou, God, seest me." The world called him mad who imagined that he saw God's eye looking on him out of every star in the sky, and every