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Presbyterian Banner.

VOL. VIII., NO. 46. PITTSBURGH, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860. WHOLE NO. 410.

THE PRESBYTERIAN BANNER.

Publication Office:
GAZETTE BUILDINGS, 84 FIFTH ST., PITTSBURGH, PA.
PHILADELPHIA, SOUTH-WEST COR. OF 7TH AND CHESTNUT.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
TERMS IN ADVANCE.

A Square, (8 lines or less,) one insertion, 60 cents; each subsequent insertion, 40 cents; each line beyond eight, 5 cts.
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[Original.]

Would You Live Forever?

If in this world oft dark and dreary,
You were doomed to stay,
Ever here with footsteps weary,
Lingering on the way;
You would never meet the Saviour,
Never see his face,
Never join the blest redeem'd ones,
With them sing his grace.
Christian, would you live forever,
'Neath the clouds to stay?
Here to linger in life's valley,
Far from your home alway?

Earth is often full of sadness,
Friends swift pass away;
And often hush'd are songs of gladness,
Night shrouds the brightest day;
Some fondly lov'd are gone before us,
To their homes on high,
They have joined the blissful chorus,
Safe, beyond the sky,
Christian, would you live forever,
'Neath the clouds to stay?
Here to linger in life's valley,
Far from your home away?

Here, like the waves of angry ocean,
Rises doubts and fears,
And in the tempest's wild commotion
Smiles are lost in tears.
Temptations strong, your soul assailing,
Drive you oft astray;
Then whilst you're weak, and strength all failing,
Would you live alway?
No, you would not live forever,
'Neath the clouds to stay,
Here to linger in life's valley,
Far from your home alway.

Since Jesus hath pass'd on before you,
Through the gloomy vale,
His presence brightly shining o'er you,
Should your courage fail?
Hark! the sound of thousands singing,
"We are safely home;
Hear where shouts of joy are ringing,
Come, poor pilgrim, come."
Christian, would you live forever,
'Neath the clouds to stay?
Here to linger in life's valley,
Far from your home alway.

Then do not always live in sadness,
Never be cast down,
For at last, at home in gladness,
Thou shalt wear a crown,
With the Saviour close beside thee,
Thou mayest surely go,
Through life's journey he will guide thee,
Safe, from every foe.
In the holy land of heaven,
Where the blest ones stay,
Christian, you shall live forever,
Safe, in your home alway.

S.L.C.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIAN AFFAIRS AND ANXIETY IN PARLIAMENT—DEBATES ON THE AMALGAMATION OF THE ARMIES—WHAT IT INVOLVES—PERILS AND FOREBODINGS—THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S MOTION—THE BIBLE WITHHELD FROM GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS IN INDIA—ATTEMPT TO PREVENT DISCUSSION—A MARLBOROUGH'S MORAL COURAGE—THE CHRISTIAN POLICY ONLY SAFE—WITHDRAWAL OF THE SUNDAY TRADING BILL—PROGRESS OF REVIVAL IN LONDON—YOUNG WOMEN AND YOUNG MEN—RICHARD WEAVER, WHO "SINGS" AS WELL AS "PREACHES"—THE OPEN-AIR PREACHING MOVEMENT—THE QUEEN, AND RIFLE COMPETITION—FRANCE A FIELD FOR EVANGELIZATION—PROTESTANTISM AND POPERY AS TO EXTENT AND NUMBERS—MR. BOST AND THE FIRST PRIZE OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE—THE ASYLUM AT LA FORCE.

LONDON, July 6, 1860.

INDIAN AFFAIRS are exciting considerable uneasiness at present, and are likely to do so for some time to come. The untoward opposition of Sir C. Trevellyan, the Governor of Madras, to the financial scheme of the Right Hon. James Wilson, and his most irregular proceeding of *publishing*—for the inspection of all the natives of India—his objections to and depreciatory estimate of the proposal, have wrought mischief such as may not be speedily repaired. This conduct has cost Sir Charles his place, and justly, for he seems to have been influenced by personal bitterness of feeling, and by a lawless spirit, such as no State could tolerate. The new taxes will undoubtedly be collected, but not without provoking a large amount of hostile feeling, at least, and especially in the Madras Presidency.

The amalgamation of the local European Indian Army with the Queen's Army, and in connexion with this, the new relations which will be assumed in the sense of *numbers* of European, as contrsted with native troops, have been the subject of long debates in Parliament. Last year many of the European force in Bengal mutinied, because they were not allowed *bounty*, on their retirement from the (deceased) Company's service, and then enlisting in the service of the Queen. Lord Palmerston said, in Parliament, that he thought that as the original term for which the men had enlisted had expired, they had a right to a bounty on reënlistment. The Indian Government, however, resisted their claim, and hence disaffection and virtual mutiny. The result was, that all the men that chose to come to England, were sent home. But there still remained, and remains, sixteen thousand English troops, the representation of that Anglo-Indian army which in past days has nurtured the Lawrences, Edwardes, Nicholson, and other heroes. These are now to cease to exist as a distinct force, and this by a very decided vote of the House of Commons. But it awakens anxiety to know that Sir John Lawrence, and other eminent old Indians, are strongly opposed to the change. The opposition manifested will at all events tend to prevent that vile Horse-Guards and home patronage which otherwise would be exercised, and also to secure to the officers both of the nation and of the (late) European local army, proper recompense, either in pensions or in those staff appointments for which they alone are properly qualified.

A young officer, writing me from the Bombay Presidency says that if the native army is broken up, he fears that there will be another outbreak. Uneasiness undoubtedly prevails in high quarters. This was specially brought out on Monday evening last, under the following circumstances:

The Duke of Marlborough, a pious young nobleman, undertook, in entire harmony with his own convictions, to give public expression before his peers, and before the nation, of that very strong feeling cherished by the great middle class, and by all evangelical Christians against the restriction put on the use of the Bible in Government Schools in India. It may be put in the library, or it may be studied, if the native pupils desire it, *after* school hours. But there is not even that qualified recognition of it which prevails in the National Schools in Ireland, when the *particular hour* for Scriptural instruction is fixed, so that any pupils whose parents or guardians object, may retire. *The Bible is not admitted into Government Schools at all*, and this while the Shasters are read there.

Colonel (now Sir Herbert) Edwards, gave eloquent utterance to the protest against this cowardly policy in his great speech at the Church Missionary Anniversary, in Exeter Hall, as indicated by me at the time. Since then, the feeling has been growing deeper and stronger, and very numerous petitions went up to Parliament. But on the night fixed for the Duke's motion, Lord Shaftsbury rose, and while he assured him of entire concurrence in the principle of the resolution, expressed his conviction that its discussion *then* was "inexpedient," and therefore requested his noble friend, "both in the interest of the question itself, in the interest of the diffusion of Christianity, and in the interest of good Government in India, to postpone the consideration of his motion." This was followed by loud cries of "Hear, hear," and by kindred requests from Lords Ellenborough and Harris, (the latter late Governor of Madras,) on the ground that "the state of India was most critical," that "it would not be prudent to discuss a measure which touched so closely on the feelings and prejudices of the natives." The Duke of Marlborough then rose and presented one hundred and ninety-nine petitions from places in England, two hundred and fifty-six from Scotland, and fourteen from Ireland, in support of the object of his resolution, and proceeded to say that it was not without a deep sense of his responsibility that he felt it his duty to *persevere* in his motion. Lord Granville, the Whig leader of the House, then expressed his hope that it would not be discussed. Lord Derby endorsed these views, and Lord Brougham said that if the motion was persevered in, he should, without discussing move "the previous question."

Rash, obstinate, *some*, most, may have regarded the Duke, but *all* here must honor him for a moral courage which in its nature was nobler than that which distinguished his great ancestor, and the founder of his family and title at Blenheim and Ramillies. "Persevere" he did, and proceeded to make statements that were very telling. He showed, in opposition to the assertions of the "neutrality" party, that the natives do *not* object to the Bible in schools, and gave the best of all proofs of this in the fact that in India and Ceylon the number of Missionary Schools in which the teaching of the Bible was the rule, were, for boys, 1,556, attended by 64,480 pupils, and for girls, 449 schools, attended by 14,290 pupils. He also contrasted the Government policy which introduced the Scriptures at Ceylon, and *restricted* its use in India. In Ceylon, there is a Bible Class held, in connexion with every Government School.

His resolution was as follows: 'That the British Government in India, as the representative of a Christian nation, is charged with the duty of promoting the moral as well as the social welfare of the people of that country; and that in order effectually to forward such objects, it is the opinion of this House that the authoritative exclusion of the Word of God from the course of education afforded in the Government schools and colleges, ought, under suitable arrangements, to be removed and humbly to address Her Majesty that she be graciously pleased to give instruction to carry the above object into effect."

Lord Brougham said that "with a deep conviction of the importance of the subject, but with a clear opinion that the discussion of it was inexpedient, and might be dangerous at the present time, he begged to move the previous question." Thus the discussion was put aside, and although the resolution was lost, in the Parliamentary sense of the term, yet the *moral* effect of the protest is *not* lost. For it is a protest against that cold-blooded government policy that does not ask, "Is it *right?*" but "Is it *safe?*"—policy which in time past left the heathen soldiers of India in their ignorance of what Christianity is, and so they believed that the mere *biting* of cartridges made with pig's fat *made them* Christians, and thus the fearful mutiny burst forth. The day *may* come when we shall again see our sin in our punishment in our Indian policy. But it would be unjust for me to say that Lord Shaftsbury was not sincere and honest in what he did and said about the Duke's motion. I heard the Earl of Roden express a similar opinion in private, although he could not help afterwards, in the Chair of a public meeting, giving vent to his admiration of the Duke's testimony for the free use of the Bible in India, in which the Rev. Henry Venn, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, most cordially joined.

THE SUNDAY TRADING BILL which was passed by the House of Lords, has been *withdrawn* in the Commons, in consequence of the determined and extended preparations made by the real friends of the Sabbath to oppose it. Under the pretence or intention of abridging the hours of traffic on the Lord's day, it proposed to *legalize* traffic (and that without the plea of either necessity or mercy,) up to a certain hour in the morning. The "Sabbatarians," as they are called by the semi-infidel "Sunday League" party, have sustained a defeat. One of their supporters, and their Chairman at a former public discussion, the Rev. Baden Powell, Savilian Professor at Oxford, died a few weeks ago, in London. He was far advanced indeed on the way to infidelity, and was the author of a volume of Essays lately published by Oxford men, which go far to ignore the claims of the Mosaic record, and exhibit a theology if possible more "negative" than that of Mr. Maurice himself.

REVIVAL IN LONDON continues to manifest its power in frequent individual conversions; and in that unusual earnestness and prayerfulness of God's people which, is not only the result of the Spirit's special grace, but the precursor of more enlarged blessings to the world. At the West End of the Town, in Paddington District, and also in connexion with Bible Classes and other meetings of the Young Men's Association at Tichbourne Street, and of the Young Women's Society, near Bryanstone Square, the work of grace goes on with unabated power. It commenced in the Autumn of last year, after the return of the Secretary from a visit to Ulster. In the beginning of the present year it was still more fully developed and it continued throughout the whole Spring. Some of the results I have indicated in former letters. As to the present, I have a letter this week from the Secretary at Tichbourne Street, in which he intimates that a meeting was to be held last evening, by the lady who conducts the young Women's Bible Class, "*for young converts*, and the workers (i. e. those who are laboring for the salvation of others,) "alone." "We expect," he says, "nearly a hundred of such, the great majority being of the former class."

Mr. Hall goes on to detail cases of a decidedly gracious character both of young men and women, that have been dealt with by him. Lord Shaftsbury recently presided at a Thursday evening meeting, when all the rooms of the Female Association were crowded. These meetings are convened by tickets only, are always overflowing, and are attended with quiet, yet glorious results.

A NEW PREACHER, by name, Richard Weaver, formerly a prize-fighter and a collier in the North, has appeared in London, and is producing very deep and wide-spread impressions by open air addresses, on large masses of the population. He was announced first of all by a handbill on the afternoons, to "preach and "sing," in the Cumberland Market. And "sing," as well as "preach," he can do to the melting down of hundreds.

One night, addressing a number of poor men and women on the words, "They shall return to Zion with songs," he said: "I was always fond of singing; I believe I was born singing. But the songs I used to sing are not the songs I love now. * * Oh my dear men you sing "Britons never, never shall be slaves; but what slaves you are to your own lusts, to the devil, to the landlord!

"I used to sing, 'We went go home till morning;' the landlord loves to hear that. I've sung that five nights together, and spent £14 on one spree, and got turned out at the end. But I've learned better songs; I'll tell you some of the songs I love now. Here's one:

"Oh happy day that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour and my God.

"And here's another:

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

The *Revival*, which furnishes these particulars, goes on with its narrative thus:

The speaker quoted with wonderful rapidity, but without the semblance of irreverence, at least a dozen hymns, or portions of hymns, some of which he sung, the meeting taking up the chorus. Then he related the following anecdote, with a pathos and tenderness of voice and manner which told how affectionate a heart and how delicate a mind may be developed by the grace of God, in a man employed in the hardest work and once addicted to the grossest vice:

"I knew a collier in Staffordshire who had one dear little girl, the last of four or five. This child was the light of his eyes; and as he came from the pit at night she used to meet him at the door of his cot to welcome him home. One day when he came in to dinner, he missed his little darling, and going into the house with his heavy coalpit clogs, his wife called him up stairs. The stillness of the place and her quiet voice made his heart sick, and a foreboding of evil came upon him. His wife told him they were going to loose their little lamb—she had had an apoplectic fit, and the doctor said she couldnt live. As the tears made furrows down his black face, and as he leaned over his dying darling, she said, 'Daddy, sing

'Here is no rest—is no rest!'

'No, my child, I can't sing, I'm choking; I can't sing.' 'Oh do, daddy, sing 'Here's no rest.'' The poor fellow tried to sing (*preacher sings,*)

'Here on the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest—is no rest!'

But his voice couldn't make way against his trouble. Then he tried again, for he wanted to please his sweet little girl (*preacher sings,*)

'Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest—is no rest!
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest—I am blest!'

Again his voice was choked with weeping; but the little one whispered, 'Come, daddy, sing, "Sweet is the promise." And the poor father goes on again—

"Sweet is the promise I read in thy Word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They have been called to receive their reward,
There, is rest—there is rest!

"'That's it, daddy,' cried the child, 'that's it;' and with her arms round the collier's neck she died happy in the Lord.'

We cannot describe the thrilling effect of Mr. Weaver's singing in the midst of preaching—it is so natural—so free from everything like premeditation or aiming at effect—it is like living water flowing from a man filled with the Holy Ghost.

He is clearly neither an Arminian nor an Antinomian. "If you come to Christ, grace will begin and glory will finish it. Spurgeon believes in final perseverance; but if you don't begin, you can't finish. May God help you to make a start with Christ to-night. I went to see a poor believing woman who was in trouble; she was in the seventh of the Romans; and what I said to her, I say to your troubled souls, make a good Lancashire spring, out of the seventh into the eighth; out of "O wretched man that I am," into "no condemnation;" out of "this body of death," into "Christ Jesus." Speaking of the woman whom Christ healed, he said: "Look at that poor thing, drawing her tattered shawl around her, and wriggling her way through the crowd. 'Where are you pushing to?' says one; 'you've no business here.' 'I see a man,' says she, 'the like of whose face I never saw before. Let me but touch his garment, and I shall be as whole as any of you.' And so she touched and was made whole. And if there was virtue in his garment, is n't there efficacy in his blood?"

It is said that from forty to fifty persons were hopefully converted by one appeal, and that nothing that has taken place in London has so much approximated in *manifested power from on high*, to the work in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales—sudden and overwhelming sense of sin, followed by the clearest witness of the Spirit to all their sin being put away, and consequent joy and peace. One of these cases was that of a careless young sailor, brought to the meeting by his mother, and on this Weaver founded the appeal, "Oh, mothers, go on praying for ever; never mind what they are, or where they are; if any prayers reach heaven, a mother's do. Eight years ago, the news sounded from heaven to the poor old woman in Shropshire, 'Richard Weaver is born again!"

OPEN AIR PREACHING is now general. There is a Society for its promotion, and all the agents are carefully selected, and also all volunteers accepting no remuneration. The discourses are given in or near great thoroughfares, chiefly on the Sabbath, and on that day I am glad to say, in reversal of the order formerly issued and enforced, the Parks are open for the publication of the good tidings. It is true that secularists have an equal privilege, but truth has nothing to fear, although the leader of the London Secularists, Holyoake, has been stirring up his followers to be more aggressive than they ever were.

The Secretary of the Open Air Preaching movement is John MacGregor, Esq., a Barrister, and son of Sir Duncan MacGregor, Superintendent of the police force in Ireland, formerly Colonel of the 93d Highlanders. This Society sends its agents to country fares, and last year either sold or distributed, three hundred thousand four hundred and twelve religious tracts.

THE QUEEN has this week inaugurated a competitive struggle for successful rifle shooting, at Wimbledon Common in the presence of a great multitude, and herself firing the first shot from a "rest." The competition is open to all nations. Swiss Riflemen came without their rifles, for, poor fellows! they had them detained at the French Custom Houses, probably from national jealousy. Other guns are supplied them here. Englishmen *were* once famous marksmen; our American kindred *are* so now, and it is pretty certain that the Volunteers will continue to practice rifle-shooting until they are as a body fully qualified.

FRANCE, the object of interest and apprehension to nearly every kingdom in Europe, ought to be also the special object of missionary zeal and fervent prayer to all Christian people. Its evangelization would render war impossible. It would exercise ambition, it would calm restlessness, it would direct energy into the right channel, it would bring the peoples together in the common brotherhood which is formed under the shadow of the Cross. Tokens of revival in France are not wanting; and, as I believe, the Lodiana missionaries (whose annual report I lately received direct from India,) read the *Banner*, I beg your insertion of the following proofs that fruits have appeared in France, from the New Year's Concert of Prayer. The information is from an authentic source:

A brother at B. speaks of the Lodiana week as having been blessed to the conversion of at least ten persons. The Revival at B. is at present limited, especially to young women. There is a development of the spirit of prayer. We number ten prayer-meetings during the week, exclusive of a good number in the country. Our six-o'clock morning prayer-meeting has been successful, and is an encouragement to many.

We expect greater things; at M. and in its environs awakenings are going on. We have a prayer-meeting, frequented chiefly by young women, where those of the national Church and Dissenters freely unite. Seven persons, heretofore opposed to religion, have been converted.

During many long years we have gone on without any fruit from preaching and other labors, probably because every one followed his own individual interest, spiritual or natural. The spirit of sect and straitness tended to render Christian labor nearly barren. But now, although much is to be desired, the spirit of party is subsiding.

From A. our correspondent writes (May 2); I am not able to tell you the number who have been brought to feel their sin and spiritual disease. The disease is inward, and it is God alone who can give the remedy; but we can recognize the grief which disturbs the countenance, and which obliges tears to flow. Those who feel the wound which sin has made in their souls appear to be very many, but on seven or eight of these the Lord has caused the oil of his grace to be poured. The distaste they feel for the world, the joy they find in the prayer-meetings, the love they manifest to God and to his people, show that the Spirit of God is working in them. But as all these precious souls are as yet very young in faith, they have great need of your help in prayer. I therefore recommend them to you in the name of the Lord Jesus.

At M. our brother D. (May 8) informs us that fifty persons, newly converted, took the Lord's supper at Easter for the first time. We look upon this blessing as the fruit of earnest prayer to God. We entreated of him to give the Spirit of adoption to those who were turned toward him.

There have been many deaths of late, many of them very striking. Nearly all those who have left us have departed in the faith of Jesus. I am led to believe that many souls are burdened.—*La Vie Chretienne.*

France has only four hundred Protestant pastors; it has forty thousand parishes and sixty thousand Romish priests! Of the former, while undoubtedly a revived band—Rationalism waning fast—we may well say, "What are these among so many?"

Protestantism and Immorality have been studiously linked together in the popular mind in France, through the assertions and teachings of the Jesuits. Now a remarkable refutation of their lying charge, that Protestantism ignores "good works," is furnished. A Protestant pastor, the Rev. John Bost, of La Force, a man of extraordinary benevolence and piety, has been adjudged *the first* prize for "Virtue," i. e. *doing good, and as having done more good than any other Frenchman*, by the Institute of France. This is a famous body of learned men; Mr. Guizot is one of its members. Dr. Chalmers was a corresponding member. It has at its disposal, the interest of a large legacy left by a gentleman seventy years ago, for prizes for "Virtue!" A Protestant minister now receives the first prize. The *Romish* prefect of the Department, petitions that Mr. Bost may have it, and M. Remusat, a famous Advocate, a Romanist, is to present the prize before all the fashion of Paris! Why is this? Because Mr. Bost is the Head and I may say, instrumentally, the Creator of an Institution which has no parallel. First, it was simply for the protection and Christian education of Protestant orphans whom otherwise the Jesuits would have seized on. But now it is developed into an Asylum for orphans, for the blind, and also for incurables and idiots. Mr. Bost has been marvellously blessed. He is here now. The Duchess of Sutherland opened her splendid house for a public meeting for him, and Lord Shaftsbury and Baptist Noel enforced his claims. One noble lady gave him £100. At Islington we have had a great meeting for him, Lord Roden in the Chair. The ladies of my congregation have for ten years supported an orphan. I wish that the ladies of American churchs would help this noble-hearted man. £10 per annum supports an orphan, or an incurable or a blind person, or an idiotic child. Marvelous are the results of the system. The *blind* read the Bible (by the touch,) to the incurables; the incurables with their intelligence, take charge of the idiots (the latter in other institutions are placed together,) and several of the latter are now dawning into reason, and are simply and beautifully offering prayers to a heaven before unknown.

THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTS—3,000 singers from all parts of the Empire—are gone home. They were feasted at the Crystal Palace; but, better still, just ere they left, a Christian clergyman, assisted by Mr. Bost, distributed among them thousands of copies of the Bible, which they eagerly and joyfully received. Who can tell the results on themselves or on generations yet unborn!

J. W.

P. S.—The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, has been in session this week. Full particulars in my next.

There was a monster united prayer-meeting on July 1st—thirty thousand present. Dr. Murray and Mr. G. H. Stuart took part.

The Rev. S. M. Dill is the new Moderator of the Irish Assembly.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Love of God.

When a benevolent being is almighty, what ground there is for expectation. Those two things, the goodness and omnipotence of God, like two broad ocean tides, sweep away all hindrance to man's salvation, leaving the shore absolutely clear. Able to save, and willing. We miss, sometimes, the true character of God. We read, "for our God is a consuming fire;" and the awful vision burns itself into our brain till we can think of nothing else, just as when we gaze full-eyed upon the sun in his noon-day glory, his image burns itself into our vision until we can see nothing else, look where we will. We forget that this "consuming fire" is only for the wicked who trample on his law and and despise his mercy. Some persons seem to think of God as their enemy, and Christ as their friend, giving all the praise and gratitude for their redemption to the Son, forgetting that Christ himself is the gift and highest expression of the Father's love. How many glowing passages speak to us of this love of the Father. Behold what manner of love the *Father* hath bestowed upon us. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten and well-beloved Son. Herein is love, not that we loved him, but that he loved us, and gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. God is not our enemy, although Christ is our friend. It was not to remove the "enmity of God to us," that Christ came, but to reveal and express the love of God for us, and render satisfaction to his law, that he might be just in saving us. It is a mistake to speak at all of "the enmity of God to us which must be taken out of the way." While we were yet sinners he loved us, and gave his Son to die for us. Christ's mission is the measure, not of the "enmity" of God, but of the love of God. No sinner can plead that the vengeance of God stands in the way of his return to God. He cannot plead that he would have come and begged for mercy, had it not been for the fierce anger which burned about the throne. What means that wooing voice, sinner, which has been following you all your life, in kind providences, gifts of health, gifts of friends, gifts, precious and beautiful, of every kind:

"Sinner, turn, why will you die,
God, your Maker, asks you why?"

Do you think He who showers the rain and the dew and the sweet sunshine on this beautiful earth, and over your unthankful head—blessings on you, blessings in you, blessings over you, and blessings all around you—is a tyrant who wishes to kill you, and would delight in your death? "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." That you are alive is proof of God's pity and compassion.

But if he is able to save and willing, why do any perish? The simple, sad, and only answer is, they *will* perish. It is man's fearful prerogative to resist the will of God. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often *would I* have, gathered you, but *ye would not.*" This "*I would*" but "*ye would not,*" is the only explanation of the seeming contradiction—God's goodness and man's ruin. "God is love." But we may resist even almighty love.

H.

"A Severe, if not Acrid Temper."

One of the editors of the *Congregational Herald*, of this city (a paper we used to see weekly, but for some cause unknown, do not see at all) noticing the recent visit of Dr. Cook, editor of the *Boston Recorder*, to Chicago, and his letters from this city says:

"He is known to all our readers, by reputation, as the leader of the 'extreme right' of the orthodox host in New England. His name has become extensively the synonym of theological controversy and is consequently associated, in sundry minds, with a severe, if not acrid temper."

We notice this remark, not for the purpose of defending Dr. Cook, who needs no defence from our pen, but for the purpose of calling attention to one of the most prevalent, mischievous and unreasonable notions of the present day. That notion is, that to be engaged, to any extent, in controversial discussions of a religious or theological character, is at least *prima facie* evidence of an unamiable disposition, of narrow views, of a low standard of piety, of "a severe, if not acrid temper." This notion prevails, not merely amongst latitudinarians, who, regard with equal respect or contempt all religious opinions, but amongst evangelical Christians; and whilst it suits the aims of propagators of error to give currency to it, too many orthodox ministers either seriously entertain, or at least favor it.

We have been, for some years past, an almost constant reader of Dr Cook's paper; and whilst we have observed, that he has had the firmness, the courage, and fidelity to maintain what he regards as sound doctrine, and to oppose what he regards as dangerous error; no editor, with whom we are acquainted, has exhibited less severity or bitterness, or has manifested more candor, fairness and Christian temper in controversial discussions. And yet we do not doubt, that the editor of the *Congregational Herald* is right in saying, that his name "is associated, in sundry minds, with a severe, if not acrid, temper." The same opinion is entertained of other men, providentially so placed as to be obliged to "contend for the faith once delivered to the saints."

This notion, too, is especially *one-sided.* A man of latitudinarian views may hurl wholesale denunciations against all who regard any particular truth as valuable; and he enjoys the reputation of a *large-souled* man, whose giant mind and genial nature have lifted him above narrow prejudices and hide-bound creeds. But if one of those assailed by this liberal mind should undertake to defend the fundamental truths of Christianity, his name is associated with "a severe, if not acrid temper." Theodore Parker was one of the former kind. Dr. Adams and Dr. Cook, of Boston, belong to the latter.

It is undoubtedly true, that some unamiable men spend their lives in controversy, in which they show some of the most unlovely features of our fallen humanity. It is true, that not a few men, whose merits would never raise them from obscurity, seek notoriety by turning controversalists, and by coming into colision with men of standing. Such men have done much to throw discredit on all controversial discussions. It is true, moreover, that in no department of public service do even good men manifest more strikingly the imperfection of their sanctification, than in conducting religious controversy. In the conflicts of argument, and in the heat of feeling, not only Christian charity, but even fairness and candor often suffer severely; and the sad effects in lowering the standard of piety in churches, and in hardening the hearts of unconverted men are painfully manifest. Beyond a question it is true, that any one whose duty requires him to engage in religious controversy, needs, and should earnestly seek, a large supply of grace.

But after all, is not the notion we are examining both unreasonable and mischievous? It is.

For, in the first place, truth is far more valuable than gold. It is so in every department. Erroneous opinions in regard to civil government have filled the world with tyranny and oppression. True views have knocked fetters from oppressed nations. Erroneous views of the science of medicine prevent the success of physicians, and result in the death of their patients. True views restore health. Truth is valuable everywhere. Then why not in religion? "Ye shall know the truth," said our Saviour, "and the truth shall make you free." Faith saves the soul; and faith is the belief of the truth. Some truths are more important than others; but no religious truth is of small value, and no religious error is innoxious.

In the second place, God's precious truth is constantly assailed; incessant efforts are made to prevent men from receiving it, and to induce those who have received it to abandon it. Here Satan appears as "an angel of light." When he would undermine the very foundations of morals, he appears as a great reformer. When he would overturn the foundations of Christian faith, he contends only for a more philosophical or reasonable exposition of them. His plausibilities mislead and ruin many unwary souls.

In the third place, the only way in which error can be counteracted is by placing the truth, with its evidences, by the side of it. Investigation and discussion bring out truth with its conclusive proof, and exhibit error in its weakness and deformity. In the conflict between truth and error there may be too much human passion; and this may blind some and harden others. Nevertheless it is by this conflict that truth has made its way, and gained its triumphs; and thus it must continue to progress.

Is it so, then, that he who loves the truth, too well to see it misrepresented, must be regarded as of unlovely character, because he vindicates it? Is it so, that he who loves his fellow-men too well to sit quietly by, and see them embrace injurious or fatal error, must be considered as of an acrid temper, because he ventures to undeceive them? Is it so, that he who loves the Saviour too well to see his Gospel caricatured and his name dishonored, must be thought to possess less grace than others? Is it so that the watchman who, in view of his fearful responsibilities, dares not refuse to sound the alarm, and draw the sword of the Spirit, when the enemy approaches, must be regarded less devoted to the cause of truth, and of man, and of God, than others, who allow errorists to take peaceable possession of God's heritage?

There are indeed different ways in which truth may array itself against error. At one time one method may be most effectual. In different circumstances another method must be adopted. But the conflict between truth and error must continue, till truth shall be triumphant. The notion we are combatting has two evil effects, viz.: It keeps many a minister silent, when the interests of truth and the Church of God require them to speak out; and it excites against those who are faithful, a kind and degree of prejudice which cripples their usefulness, and gives to error great advantages.—*Pres. Expositor.*

The Quarter-Dollar Sin.

Rev. Daniel Lindly, after an absence of forty years—more than half of the time passed as a missionary in Africa—returned to this country, and recently re-visited Athens, Ohio—the home of his childhood the theatre of his youthful days. He trod again upon the old Campus, walked through the old college halls, stood upon the *cliff*—the rocky rostrum of college boys. He examined the old paths, and inquired for the companions of his youth. Changes had passed upon every scene, and few, indeed, were the associates of early life he could recognize there. But his name and presence were known, and he was asked to preach at night, and to give some account of his life in Africa. At the close of the services, a very respectable and aged gentleman approached, and desired him to take a walk.

They passed on, and when they had reached a somewhat retired place, the gentleman turned and said: "Brother Lindly! if a man has ever done a wrong, has committed a sin, do n't you think he should confess it?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Lindly, "if thereby he may glorify God; if it will make amends to the party wronged, or do good to the party who sinned."

"Well, that is just what I think. I am just in that predicament. I have long desired and prayed for an opportunity to make a confession and amendment to *you.* * * * When we were boys together, fifty years ago, we were playing together. You dropped a quarter of a dollar, and I snatched it up and put it in my pocket: I *claimed* it as my own, and *kept* it. It was, perhaps, a little mean, dirty trick; and it has worried and troubled me ever since."

"O, it was a small matter, and I have no recollection of it," said Mr. Lindly.

"Ah, you may call it a small matter, but it has been a mighty burden for me to bear. I have carried it now for fifty years; I would not carry it for fifty more for all the gold of California. And, suppose I had to carry it for fifty thousand years, or for all eternity! No, sir, it is no small matter; it has been growing bigger, and heavier and heavier, and I want to get rid of it. I have no doubt you have forgotten it, but I could never forget it. I have not, for the last fifty years, heard your name mentioned, or the name of your father, or any of the family but that *quarter* has come in connexion. Why, the very buttons on your coat—everything that is *round*, represents a quarter. Sun, moon and stars are magnified and illuminated quarters. You need not call it a little sin; if it was it has grown mightily to plague me; and deservedly, too."

With this, the gentleman took from his pocket book a five-franc piece, worn bright and smooth, and said: "I wish you to take this; it belongs to you, it is rightfully yours, and will be no burden to you. And if this is not enough, I will give more."

Mr. Lindly accepted it, and the gentleman raised himself erect and drew a long breath, as a man would who has thrown off a heavy load. He was at last relieved.

The sense of guilt is enduring and tormenting, and can only die or be relieved by repentance, confession, amendment or atonement. It needs not that it be the theft, fraud or wrong, amounting to a thousand, ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred thousand dollars, in order that the soul be oppressed by its burden; a twenty-five cents—*a quarter of a dollar sin*, may become larger than the globe, weightier than many worlds, with a punishment like the sin of Cain—*unendurable.*—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Thought.

When there is a thought in my heart, and I wish it to be in thine also, I seek a sound, as it were, for a vehicle by which it may pass to thee. I take a sound, and, as it were, put the thought into it. Thus I utter, and produce, and teach that thought, yet lose it not. If my thought can go forth to thee and still remain with me, cannot the Word of God do the same thing by means of the flesh which he took on him? Behold the Word of God, God with God, the Wisdom of God, remaining unceasingly with the Father, that he might proceed to us, sought the flesh, as it were a sound, and introduced himself into it. By this expedient he both proceeded to us, and did not recede from the Father.—*Augustine.*

Students Preaching.

The General Association of Connecticut, in its recent session, among other important topics, discussed "the irregular assumption of the work of the ministry." This subject came up in various overtures, and elicited much debate. The *Independent*, referring to the matter, says:

"If theological students, College students, and others, without any regular approbation or license from an association of pastors, or some equally competent body, are to assume the work of the ministry on their own responsibility, and are to be employed as preachers by parish committees in vacant congregations, the door is wide open for unlimited mischief. There have been too many instances, within the last two or three years, of this irregularity on the part of young men who were simply ignorant or heedless of the importance of the rules which they were violating. Sometimes, we fear, they have been directly or indirectly encouraged by those who ought to have advised them better. We remember a case in which the Faculty of a New-England College, including some gentlemen at least who would like to be called conservatives rather than disorganizers, gave a paper to a smart young pupil* of the Senior Class, actually recommending him to the churches as a preacher. If they had been a recognized association of pastors, and had subjected him to a regular examination in theology, they could hardly have done more. That young man is now a preacher of no little celebrity, and we are not informed that at this day he is in any other 'orders' than what that paper from a College Faculty of Arts conferred upon him. We are glad to know that such irregularities have begun to be considered in Connecticut. It is only necessary that the attention of pastors and churches should be turned to the importance of the principle which has been disregarded in so many recent instances."

*We suppose this "smart young pupil" to be H. D. Northrop, now in London, licensed by the Faculty of Yale College.

Why the Mill was Stopped.

In one of the older States once resided an infidel the owner of a saw-mill, situated by the side of the highway, over which a large portion of a Christian congregation passed every Sabbath to and from church. This infidel, having no regard for the Sabbath, was as busy, and his mill was as noisy on that holy day, as on any other. Before long it was observed, however, that at a certain time before service, the mill would stop, remain silent, and appear to be deserted for a few minutes, when its noise and clatter would re-commence and continue till about the close of service, when for a short time it again ceased. It was soon noticed that one of the deacons of the church passed the mill to the place of worship during the silent interval; and so punctual was he to the hour, that the infidel knew just when to stop his mill, so that it should be silent while the deacon was passing, although he paid no regard to the passing of others On being asked why he paid this mark of respect to the deacon, he replied, "The deacon professes just what the rest of you do; but he *lives* also such a life, that it makes me feel bad *here*" (putting his hand upon his heart,) "to run my mill while he is passing."

This incident illustrates the power of a holy consistent life, and shows us very clearly the kind of influence we should exert upon those around us. This good man, it appears, "walked in wisdom" toward those without the Church of Christ, as the Apostle exhorts all Christians to do. He exhibited in his daily intercourse a temper and conduct corresponding with the principles which he professed; and while such deportment will not always induce a scoffer to embrace those principles, it will go so far to disarm his prejudices, that his esteem for one professing them may in the end lead him to a hearty embrace of the truth.

On Sending Children to Dancing School.

The *Presbyterian Sentinel*, of Memphis, speaks as follows:

My great objection to sending children to dancing-school is that I am persuaded it puts in serious jeopardy their immortal interests. As an amusement, it soon becomes exceedingly attractive, and even absorbing. Children will neglect their lessons in every thing else, but the lesson in dancing nothing must interfere with. The young lady will dance all night, though she sleeps the whole of the next day before as a preparation, and the whole of the day after as a consequence. And then, too, she is brought into a scene of unrestrained levity, not to say of boisterous mirth. And if a word were to be spoken that had the remotest bearing upon a serious subject, it would be felt to be sadly