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For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Children's Church at St. Anne.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Many of your readers will be glad to hear that the corner-stone of the "Children's Church" at St. Anne, Illinois, was laid on the 5th of September, 1860. The exercises were: Invocation and Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Beaubien, of Chicago.

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Angier. Singing. Address connected with depositing a Bible in the corner-stone, by Rev. H. I Coe, of St. Louis.

Address connected with depositing a Confession of Faith in the corner-stone, by Rev. Mr. Staples, of Kankakee City. Address and prayer, by Rev. Mr. Monod, of Paris. Singing and Benediction.

All the exercises were in French, or translated into that language, and appeared to be deeply interesting to the twelve or fifteen hundred persons present. Numbers of the audience came ten or twelve miles to attend the exercises, and all manifested unusual interest in the services of the occasion. It would have cheered the children who are building this church, to see the eager attention with which many scores of bright-eyed boys and girls listened to the counsels addressed to them, and the heartiness with which they joined in the songs of praise that arose from the multitude.

It was thought best to deposit only a Bible and a Confession of Faith in the corner-stone of the church, that the truth might be more vividly impressed on the people, that the "Bible alone is the religion of Protestants," and that the Confession of Faith is the only authoritative exposition of what Presbyterian Protestants believe the Bible teaches.

The history of the Bible deposited in the corner-stone is interesting. In July last a little girl almost nine years old, living in Virginia, sent a gold dollar given her for a keepsake, with the request that it might be deposited in the corner-stone for safe keeping, or used in laying that or some other stone in the building. Her letter was shown to a book seller in St. Louis, and he was asked to furnish the best Bible that dollar would buy, to be deposited in the corner-stone of the "Children's church." He at once selected a very beautiful Bible, usually sold for a much larger sum, and on receiving the dollar, handed it back as a contribution from one of his children. Just before the Bible was laid in its place, the letter of the little girl was read, and interpreted to the delighted people, and the gold dollar handed to the mason who prepared the corner-stone. He is one of the colonists, and says he will not part with it.

We must defer for the present, a number of items of interest connected with the laying of the corner-stone and our recent visit to St. Anne, in order to answer the many inquiries respecting the progress of the building, and the amount contributed for the "Children's church at St. Anne." The final contract for the building was closed the sixth of September. The house is to be ready for occupancy by the first of January next, or sooner if possible. Besides a large amount of stone hauled on the ground, and some other items of expense already met, the contract requires $9,600 to be paid for the completion of the church. About $2,500 of this sum we have already paid the contractor, chiefly to purchase materials that were rapidly rising in price; and have agreed to pay $1,000 every two weeks as the work advances. Up to the first of this month (September,) we have received about $2,200. This $2,200 comes from a number of family circles and individuals, and from about one hundred and eighty Sabbath Schools. Our young friends, in reliance on whose efforts we have contracted for the building, will therefore see the necessity for *prompt* and *liberal* contributions to enable us to push forward the work without embarrassment. We trust *all who desire to help* in building the "Children's church at St. Anne," will speedily send their gifts to Archibald Gamble, Treasurer, St. Louis, Mo., or to some one of the Receiving Agents of the Board of Church Extension, named in the *Home and Foreign Record*.

Yours, truly, H. I. COE.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Old Paths Preferred.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—From my heart I thank you for the defence you make of the true and safe doctrine regarding "Civil Government," in the *Banner* of the 8th inst., just come to my hand.

I am sick of quackery in medicine, demagogery in politics, and kiting in commerce; and I am sorry to say I am getting to be almost as much so with recklessness in Theology. While it was confined to the Theodore Parker or even the Cheever and Beecher schools of Divinity, I felt not so much concern, as there was little responsibility attaching to Bible Christianity for them. Those men claim to act under the guidance of a "Higher Law"—how high, I do not profess to understand. But latterly this adventurous spirit seems, like a terrible epidemic, to be seizing some members of our own family, leading them on, not only to their own ruin, but to promote that of others also. The *State* doubtless *is* as really an ordinance of God as is the *Church*, or we have a great deal of contradiction and nonsense in the Bible. This blessed Book, which we love and our fathers loved, and their fathers for many generations taught them to love, tells us plainly that "the Powers that be are ordained of God" and that we must, for this reason, be subject to them. If a Christian people must be subject to the powers that rule them, then there is a corresponding obligation resting upon the rulers and lawgivers to regard the well-being of that people, and not allow their Christian consciences to be unnecessarily offended, or their Christian privileges to be unreasonably interfered with. If they accept of the power from a Christian people—as in the case of a free republic like ours—then they are bound to administer a government and laws in harmony with the highest and most sacred system and authority known to and adopted by that people; and that is the Bible. But if this be so with regard to the mere officials of such a government as ours, how much greater is the responsibility upon the people—the source of power! God enjoins duties upon men in every relation of life; *civil* as well as *ecclesiastical; political* as well as *religious;* and his glory and the good of men, should be sought in all we do. No, no; these men, who attempt this reckless severance of God, the Bible, the holy Sabbath, Christian teachings, solemn warnings from the Bench, and every semblance of religion from Government in all its parts and appliances, have made *two* mistakes, instead of *one*. They have monstrously mistaken their road, theologically, when they allow their wild and uncurbed hobby to run past all the plain old paths and guide boards of the blessed Bible on the subject they affect to treat; and they eggregiously mistake this American, and especially our Presbyterian people, if they suppose such Quixotism is going to be admired or even tolerated by any whose good opinion is an honor. I shall try to "stand in the old paths." OLD SOLDIER.

New-Orleans, September 2, 1860.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

GARIBALDI ON NEAPOLITAN SOIL—A REPRIEVE FOR THE POPE—HIS TACTICS AND THEIR SUCCESS—REGGIO TAKEN—FLIGHT OF FOUL BIRDS FROM NAPLES—AUSTRIA AND HER DEFENSIVE ATTITUDE—HER GUILT AND PERILS—THE HUNGARIAN PATRIOTS AND GARIBALDI—THE FRENCH EMPEROR AT LYONS—REBUKED BY PALMERSTON—EUROPE DISTRUSTFUL—DEPUTATION TOUR IN IRELAND—REVIVAL AT KINGSTOWN, AND RESULTS—WALES AND ITS LANGUAGE—RELATIVE STRENGTH OF CHURCHES—ROMANISM AT A DISCOUNT—THE CARDINAL DIPPED IN THE HOLY WELL—POSTSCRIPT.

August 27, 1860.

GARIBALDI has begun his conquests on the Neapolitan territory. It had been previously resolved and arranged that at the same moment in which he would cross the straits of Messina, a column of six thousand men, under an able General, should invade the Papal territory. For days and weeks open preparations for embarking from Messina were carried on in sight of the vigilant Neapolitans, on the other side. Steamers with their fires banked up, and transports of every description, were visible to the foe, and all was expectation, on both sides, that right opposite Messina should the invading force be transported. Had this been done, there must have been great loss of life, in the face of a hostile fire, and the expedition would have been crippled in its very outset. And so with one of those sudden resolves peculiar to the great General, and that seem like inspiration, Garibaldi sent his main ships and troops away to another quarter, and the troops were marched behind mountains sufficient to conceal them until they debouched on the coast at the right time and place. The deception, however, at Messina, in troops along the shore and ships with steam up, was preserved. The result has been that a powerful force landed almost without opposition; that Reggio, a stronghold, the possession of which gives Garibaldi the command of the straits has been taken; that two brigades of the enemy have surrendered, and that the standards of the invaders fly on Neapolitan ground, with the prestige of victory.

As for the expeditionary force intended to invade the Romagna, a two-fold difficulty presented itself; first, that Garibaldi found it, on close inspection, not so thoroughly disciplined and equipped as was desirable; and secondly, and above all, that as they must pass into the Pope's dominions from *Sardinian* soil, the Piedmontese Government would be compromised. The latter has advised Garabaldi not to think of attacking the Pope's domains until he has mastered Neapolitan soil and its capital, Naples itself. And so, Garibaldi carried off this force intended for Papal subjugation, to effect virtually the same object by landing them on the mainland, and there strengthening the army by which, we trust, under Providence, he is destined to sweep away the abominable Bourbon dynasty forever.

At Naples, the Court Carmorilleo has been broken up and compelled to flee. The leaders of this vile party were Count Aquila and the Dowager Queen. The former, who, it is said, hired an assassin (afterwards seized,) to assassinate Garibaldi, was sent off to Marseilles. Thence he proceeded to Paris, but we were duly informed that not Paris, but London, was to be the place of his future residence. Well, we do give shelter to fugitive tyrants, and even to statesmen who employ assassins to work out their nefarious ends. Nevertheless, it would not be very pleasing to have to rub clothes with them, even though Cardinal Wiseman (just returned with restored health to England, glad to get away from Rome, and covered with contempt for the failure of his pet scheme of an Irish Papal brigade,) may endorse and bless these "Divine right" scoundrels.

Palmerston has publicly contradicted the statement so confidently made last week, that Austria meant to resist and attack Garibaldi, if he dared to land on Neapolitan territory. Austria's *wishes* are not equalled by her *power*—thanks to the French victories of last year. She will *not* interfere in this Bourbon quarrel, but she avows her determination to fight for Venice and Venetia; and from her quadrilateral fortresses she can doubtless pour forth to the field a mighty host, and if beaten, retire thither as to strongholds apparently impregnable. But as there is a Divine Hand against her, what prosperity can she—the oppressor and persecutor of Hungary and her old Protestant Church; she on whose hands is the blood of Batthyani and other patriots of 1849; she who deported the Bibles brought to Pesth by the Scottish missionaries, as "contraband" and detestable things; and she also who, even in her present concessions to Hungary, is an impenitent tyrant still—what blessing can she hope for on her arms?

Rage and fear fill the breasts of Francis Joseph and of his Jesuit advisers behind the throne. The Concordat galls his neck, and now and then he indicates restiveness, and it is permitted him occasionally to relax its tightness, "*pro majoreus bonum ecclesiae*"—i. e., that Rome may preserve *something* of her despotism over the Austrian State, rather than lose it altogether. It is stated that papers compromising the Hungarian patriots, have lately been seized by the police, and that from these it appears that Garibaldi has promised that after the conquest of Naples, he will furnish ten thousand men to aid an insurrection in Hungary. Meanwhile the Hungarians are extorting from the Emperor a modicum of liberty, and it is distinctly understood that unless their ancient rights and a separate kingdom as of old be recognized, the Hungarian deputies in the Emperor's new Council, (representative in its theory, at least,) will indignantly and unanimously retire. The Sclavonic races are also being conciliated by Francis Joseph, by being permitted to have the proceedings of the Courts of Law conducted, not, as hitherto, in the German, but in the native tongue. These things are good as far as they go; and the Regent of Prussia, also, at a meeting with Francis Joseph has pointed out that there can only be close German unity on the condition of the latter carrying out extended reforms.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR is now on his way through the French Provinces, to Algeria, accompanied by the Empress. Previously he had visited the camp at Chalons, and reviewed the soldiers there, causing the little Prince Imperial to ride his pony in front of the troops, who cheered him enthusiastically.

At Lyons the Emperor delivered a speech of a peaceful tendency. He assured the bowing and sycophantic authorities, that in spite of alarms abroad, (referring, of course, to England,) he meant to persevere in his peaceful course; and in the next place—with much more probable sincerity—he rebuked the French Protectionists, and declared his determination to carry out the principles of that free trade polity which has lately been inaugurated.

The drawback to European tranquility is found in the immense naval preparations made, and the enormous army maintained by the Emperor. But in addition to this, there is something still more unsatisfactory—namely, that very ugly transaction, the annexation of Nice and Savoy. On this point, Lord Palmerston has just spoken with a plainness and fidelity to English opinion and to truth, which is as honorable to himself as it must be galling to the Emperor. Napoleon—in the letter which appeared some weeks ago, deprecating English alarms as to invasion—used language to this effect: "Lord Palmerston knows me, and therefore can testify that I will not break my word." Lord Palmerston, however, refuses to furnish the certificate thus asked from him. He declares in a very solemn manner the stern disapprobation of the British Cabinet of the annexation of Savoy and Nice, and says that Savoy and Nice do *not* belong to France in the eye of "European law," even though the Emperor may have asserted the right to ask, and Sardinia the right to concede them. He goes further than this; he denounces in calm, yet decided language, the lying language of the Thouvenel dispatches—one time making promises not to proceed, and another recalling them—and then with duplicity consummating a transaction by which Napoleon has damaged irreparably his historic fame, and taken the fresh step to make himself at last an ostracised man, and a public enemy, even as his uncle was at last declared to be before, and as the precursor of, his final fall and ruin.

Napoleon III. has received several checks of late to his ambitious designs, and at all events he will be obliged to postpone the attempt of their execution. If, as is confidently affirmed, Prussia means to help Austria to defend Venetia, if attacked, (a very foolish and unworthy thing on the part of the former,) I venture to predict that Napoleon will not hesitate—if there are fair appearances of success—of becoming once more a General, leading on a host for the "liberation of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic," and in that case, successfully. He would be glad to wipe out the stain left on his reputation by the Savoy annexation. Meanwhile, the little Swiss Republic confronts and suspects him, and England is determined to resist all aggressions by France upon her borders.

A DEPUTATION TOUR IN IRELAND, for the British Society for the propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, terminated at Dublin and Kingstown. In the capital of Ireland—as indicated in my last—there is a good work of aggression on Romish darkness and error being carried on. Kingstown is virtually the *port* of Dublin, at least for their steam vessels which carry the mails, and all around which, clustering beneath the beautiful Hill of Killeny, as well as up its sides, are to be seen beautiful villas, occupied by the families of gentry and merchants. This place is, I rejoice to say, the scene and centre of a true Revival, which has told and is telling powerfully, on Dublin itself. Here is a Congregational minister—English by birth, but Irish in his fervid temperament and his consequent adaptation to the people—the Rev. T. Denham Smith. He has been honored of God to inaugurate a new era of religious life. In his place of worship about the end of last year, and the beginning of the present, there was the manifest power of the right hand of the Most High. This was specially the case among young men and maidens, and also the children of the Sunday Schools. But the movement was not confined to them. It has led to safety, joy, peace, and self-consecration of persons—some among visitors for health's sake, from a distance—of all ages, and it has also caused a large number of sailors in the harbors, and specially of the crews of the Express boats to Holyhead, to begin the voyage that ends in the haven of eternal rest. Among those awakened and converted not long since, was the son of the President of one of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. The young man was about to go to the English bar, but such was the mental revolution wrought by what he experienced in connexion with a sudden arrest of mind and heart, and change of motive and aim, at Kingstown, that now he has set his face toward the noblest of all employments, that of an ambassador for Christ. I had this fact from the lips of the young man's own father—the President, as I have said, of one of the Queen's Colleges.

The meeting specially blessed for months past, is that held on each Monday evening. It was at one of these I attended, and was invited to speak to a large audience, on the claims of the Jews (toward the funds of the Society, for whom a liberal impromptu collection was made,) and also with regard to the progress of Religious Awakening in London. Immediately after the address, commenced the prayer-meeting peculiar to this evening of the week. Previously, Mr. Smith read a large number of letters, some entreating intercession for ungodly relatives; others indicating intense anxiety and agitation under the sharp arrows of the Spirit; and others abounding in thanksgiving. One letter was from a lady unknown, who was about to leave, for her wonted home, the place where she had found mercy, and entreating supplication on her behalf, that she might be upheld and strengthened.

Next morning I proceeded across the Irish Channel to Holyhead. I found that all the men who manned the vessel, save two, were decided Christians—nearly all the fruit of the awakening. One man was pointed out to me, who had been wicked exceedingly, now a thoroughly new creature. These men were wont to welcome to the after-Cabin, ministers passing over the Channel, for exposition of the Scriptures, and for prayer. Mr. Spurgeon and others, have thus joined in their hymns and supplications. But now, it is suspected through Popish influence, commands have come down from the head office of the Steam Packet Company in London, that neither on Sundays, nor week days, shall there be religious services held on board the vessels. The men expressed to me their deep regret, and their ardent desire that the obnoxious prohibition (a disgraceful and unchristian ukase,) might be speedily repealed. They still meet with one another, morning and evening, for prayer and praise, and I had several indications of personal kindness cherished toward me as a minister, and also as a Deputy for a good cause—one of them being a diminution in the fare, of nearly one-third the ordinary amount.

WALES presents itself to a visitor in an impressive aspect, on his first landing from Ireland. As he approaches, he sees the outworks and defences now being thrown up in the form of a mighty breakwater, needed to form a noble harbor of Refuge. He then enters the old harbor, and from thence he is carried by rail a short distance into the town of Holyhead. Here he finds a new and strange tongue spoken by all around, and the little children in their play, shouting out their sportive gladness in purest accents of the tongue of Lewellyun and Prince Madoc of the days of old. The inn-keepers and shop-keepers, speak English sufficient to carry on business with strangers, but their native tongue, that in which they think, is Welsh, as it is with all others around them. I once spoke in the streets of Bangor, North Wales, to an old man who did not know a word of English, and who was thus unable to hold the least intercourse with me. So at their public meetings which I have attended and spoken at, in Holyhead, Carnarvon, and Llandudus, I have found that the Welsh population has a two-fold character in reference to the English tongue. 1st. A part—by far the largest—stay away from the meetings because they not only are unable to speak English, but do not understand a discourse or speech in that language. But then there is the 2d class, including the young people of the middle class, who do both speak themselves and understand from the lips of another, an English discourse. And, 3dly, there is a class who do not speak English—some very imperfectly—but who can follow a speaker tolerably well.

The Revival of Religion in Wales during the last twelve or eighteen months, has been very remarkable. It came suddenly and with power. Even the wicked were awed by its presence, and "fear fell upon every soul." While, however, many of these have returned to their besetting sins, and are serving Satan as before, there is a large number who have been gathered out of the world and into the Church of the living God. Thus at Carnarvon I was told that the accessions to the communion of the different congregations was about four hundred souls. This is but a specimen of what is general—the rule and not the exception over both North and South Wales. The singing of the Welsh people in their public worship, is solemn, plaintive, tender. Their attitude and manner in prayer, is truly devout. Their ministers in large proportion, are gifted men—some of them have extraordinary power over the people's hearts in their public addresses, and recall the names and memory of those glorious Welsh apostles of the 18th century—Rowlands, Harris, and Charles of Bala.

The relative proportions of the religious denominations in Wales, may be thus classified: I. Calvinistic Methodists, or the Welsh Presbyterian Church, as in many places, it is now being called. The adherents of this body are more numerous than of any other. II. Wesleyan Methodists. III. Independents. The communicants in this body are larger in number than any other. IV. Welsh Baptists. V. The Church of England. The Established Church, through a long period, by reason of the evils of patronage and Erastianism, had become also effete, and even now—though there are great improvements, and two of the Bishops (English born,) have learnt to preach in Welsh, and have an increasing number of godly clergymen under their jurisdiction—the mass of the Welsh people is irrevocably lost to the Church of England.

As to Romanism, its power is almost *nil* in Wales. Only two chapels have been erected in the whole of North Wales, one at Holyhead, which has proved an entire failure, and the other at Holywell, Bangor. This last has very few adherents. Its priest is an apostate Wesleyan minister, expelled by the Conference for immorality. This is the only Welshman Cardinal Wiseman could find to occupy a place at the idol altar which had been set up on the margin of the once sacred well of Holywell, in whose waters by-and-the-by, the said Cardinal once dipped his own ponderous *corpus* that he might get healing from it. I am sorry that I had not time and opportunity to speculate—from personal examination—on the facility or difficulty of that "too solid flesh" getting into the well. I am almost affrighted at thinking to myself what a catastrophe it would have been, once *in*, he could not be brought *out*, save by the miraculous interposition of Saint Pudicentio (his patron intercessor,) or by the more vulgar and undignified appliance of pulling. The *lever* power thus applied, would have been sufficient, I doubt not, in such a crisis and extremity. But though he got safe out of the well (his plunge, I doubt not, intended to consecrate itself afresh, for the benefit of Mother Church) he has not succeeded in winning over the Welsh to Rome. The chief support of this chapel at Bangor, is the wife of Sir Richard Bulkley—not a Welshman, but Irish—and it is now the popular rumor that she, through the influence of a lady of rank, has been recently converted to Protestantism.

It is certainly refreshing, after coming from dark and degraded Roscrea and other seats and centres of Popery in Ireland, to pass through the glorious region of Ancient Britain, against whose mountain barriers the waves of Papal heresy have beat for centuries, but to be thrown back again.

I have yet to communicate other facts with regard to Wales, and propose to take your readers next week with me in an ascent to the top of Snowdon, the crowned monarch of Welsh mountains.

J. W.

P. S.—With the exception of the glorious sermon of Dr. Guthrie at the opening, and the valuable papers read by Professors Lorimer, Killen, and others, the Tricentenary Commemoration of the Scottish Reformation has not been marked with special and general interest.

The weather is somewhat better, but there is still great anxiety. The United States and Canadas will be able to supply all our wants as to food, and English gold will do your farmers no evil.

Mr. Lindsay, M. P., is going out to confer with the Government at Washington, on the question of Protective Duties, and other matters affecting mutual trade and commerce.

Patient Continuance.

God, in the rich volume of his works, exhibits to us countless examples of slow and steady process by which his great purposes are accomplished. By his fiat he could, in a moment, summon a perfect world from nought: yet all his works, so far as we can learn, proceed on the law of progression. We look out upon the golden harvests so abundant in blessing, all provided by this simple, imperceptible force of progress. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. So in the growth of the forest. There it waves in majesty, the work of years and years, perhaps centuries, from the little seed, the germ, the twig, up through all its gradations of ceaseless expansion. So through all the various departments of nature.

The same law obtains in mind and in morals. Jesus increased in wisdom as well as in stature. All finite mind has a beginning, but there is before it the field of endless progression. And its growth is by as strict a law as that which pertains to matter. It is the same both in its intellectual and moral developments. No one will deny that peculiar circumstances and conditions will have their influence in modifying results. No one will question the power of God in any case. Still the question is not so much what he *can* do, as what he *will* do.

Many err by attributing too much to the operation of arbitrary forces, to mere physical omnipotence: overlooking the laws which the Creator has established. Some have erroneous views of answers to prayer in this respect. It is a Scriptural doctrine of great value, that God answers prayer. But this doctrine does not conflict with the regularity, harmony, and strictness of his laws. Right prayer conforms to these laws, rather than the laws to it.

That could not be acceptable, effectual prayer in the husbandman, which would ask for a plentiful harvest, without employing the appropriate culture. Nor in the student, who should request mental discipline and power, without proper application. Here the old maxim holds eminently, that God helps those who help themselves. When we ascertain, so far as we can, the established law, and conform our action to it in the best manner, we may then confidently seek the Divine approval and blessing. But to expect God, in answer to any petition, to supply the lack of our voluntary delinquency, is the highest of presumption.

Nor is this view one in any measure ignoring God, but acknowledging him. He established and upholds these laws. No one ever labored more earnestly, perseveringly, than Paul, yet with entire dependence on the Divine arm. "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So, then, neither is he that planteth *anything*, neither he that watereth: but God that giveth the increase." Here is a bright example of human faithfulness in entire dependence on the grace of God.

So the Apostle in another place makes the condition of obtaining eternal life to be "patient continuance in well-doing."—Rev. ii: 7: And there is much contained in the expression. Salvation is not to be obtained at a stroke, but we must work it out. There is no patent device or spiritual insurance office, where the object may be secured once for all. The only promise any can obtain on this point, is that he who endureth to the end shall be saved.

In seeking for the advancement of the cause and the salvation of sinners, we need the same patient continuance in well-doing. We may have to toil long with little visible effect. But let not this discourage. No faithful labor is lost. Toil on, toil ever, with an earnest, confiding heart, and infinite wisdom will secure the result.—*Morning Star.*

The Christ of Beecher.

WHO is he? Who is the Christ preached by Mr. Beecher, of Plymouth Church fame? We have been led to ask this question very often during a reading, for some months, of Mr. Beecher's sermons, as they have appeared in the *Independent*. We confess that we have been unable to answer the question for ourself, on the basis of those now notorious sermons. That there is *a Christ* in many of these sermons, is very plain. That the preacher has a Christ in his mind—that he talks about Christ, and about his being a Saviour, and about coming to Christ, is all very true; but *who* this Christ is, what there is about him that recommends him to sinners, *how it is he saves*, what relation he sustains to the lost world, are points so obscurely presented, that after all the reader is at a loss to determine where the ground of a lost man's hope is. Certainly, the idea of atonement, the sin-cleansing through blood, if it runs through these sermons, is woven in so finely in the beauty of the fabric (and the fabric of thought the preacher weaves is beautiful), that it is nowhere distinctly discernible. The altar is behind a veil, in the temple of Mr. Beecher, teaching where nobody can see it. His sermons are, to us, something like the history of Jesus Christ with the narration and meaning of his death left out. With texts which call for, at least, allusion to that *death* in its full significance, one is disappointed in sermons which contain scarce an allusion to that significance.

We make this reference without any sympathy with those men who seem to bear, for some hidden reason, a hostility to this preacher, and are always as ready and delighted to hurl their weapons at him on every favorable occasion, as a Camanche Indian would against one of a hostile tribe. Is is with nothing of the censorious we speak. Nobody can deny the intellectual power of the preacher. None can help wondering at the abundance, aptness, and almost matchless variety of his illustrations. None can help feeling impressed with his earnestness and uncompromising fidelity to certain truths touching duty to God and man. And yet, so far as those sermons pretend to be GOSPELS for sinners—representations of Jesus as a Saviour—they are, so far as we have read them, failures; for a man cannot get a true idea of Jesus, or his Saviour's character, out of them. So far as they go, they may be most truthful and stirring—swaying and sweeping mind and heart; but they leave out the knowledge of Christ Jesus so definitely and distinctly set forth that men may recognize him, *know who he is*, and *how* he is a Saviour. We have often heard men speak in admiration of these sermons, and in their admiration we have always acquiesced most heartily, but at the same time have pointed out this grand, and, to our view, so far as they are means of doing the good, they might do if this was remedied, a killing defect, and in every case it has been acknowledged.

We make this reference to these sermons in the above question, not because we suppose there is reason for regarding the author as a source of especial authority in interpreting the Gospel, but because there are so many who allow Mr. Beecher to think for them, with whom he is authority; because his words would reach to such masses, hundreds and thousands every week, far and near, reading the issues of his pulpit; and because, too, he assumes so much authority for himself, says what he says with such emphasis, as coming from its peculiar source. If he preaches Christ incompletely, then thousands hear only of an incomplete Christ from him, and are satisfied without knowing more of him. So far as they learn from such source, and are influenced by it, we wonder what they would answer if the question was put to them, "What think ye of Christ?" We judge now, on the basis of what has come under our eye in the *Independent*, though we may add the fact that an intelligent lady heard Mr. Beecher preach, not long since, on "We preach *Christ crucified*," and expressed herself as ashamed that he said nothing whatever of the blood of Christ as atoning for sin. There was the temple; where was the altar? What are we to hope for, if so little of the real life of the Christian religion is set forth before men? Does it build up a church? If it does, what is a church worth that knows but little, and recognizes but little of *Christ*? Who is this Christ of Beecher?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Doubting Christian.

We cut the following graphic piece of word-painting from a sermon of the late Rev. J. Addison Alexander, D.D., on "Abraham as the Friend of God and Father of the Faithful." It is true to the life:

He journeys toward the heavenly city, but he sees it not; Jerusalem is in his heart, but not before his eyes. He even dreams that he has taken the wrong path. Imagination magnifies the dangers of the journey. Every step appears to lead him into some hidden snare, and every stone to be the mark of some deep pitfall. Every thicket is an ambush, every dark spot an expected place of conflict. The hardy plants that bloom along the rugged path seem poisonous; the springs provided by the Master for his pilgrims are passed by in timid and suspicious thirst. And when at length the body sinks exhausted and in need of slumber, all seems lost, and the man of little faith sleeps in the belief that he shall never awake. And when he does awake, it is only to a repetition of the same illusion. He is still afraid that he shall never reach the city. He is still unable to discover it in the distance; he will not look for it, but keeps his eye fixed upon the ground, or if he look he will not look to the right point, or if he looks to the right point he finds the mist too dense, or the light too bright for his diseased vision. Or if he sees the object he refuses to believe his senses, and suspects delusion on the only point where he is free from it. Thus goes the doubter on, often ready to lie down and die, and sometimes tempted to go back, or turn aside, but still moving onward, because Christ is in his heart, and the secret hope that notwithstanding all his fears, he shall yet appear in Zion before God. But see, the prospect changes. Real dangers now arise. The storm which deluges the valley, sweeps across the mountains also. The doubting Christian gives up all for lost. But the very dangers which alarm his fears quicken his footsteps, and although he may believe that he is going wrong, the tempest and the earthquake drive him on and up, until the last ascent is gained, until the last cloud breaks away, and he who thought himself approaching to the verge of an abyss, finds himself standing on an everlasting rock and at the threshold of an everlasting door. If shame can be felt there, he blushes as he looks back for a moment at the scene of his imaginary terrors which now seem so sweet, the sun breaks out upon the path which he had trodden, and gladdens every dark spot where he wept or trembled; the noises which once terrified him, and still pursue him, now begin to blend with shouts and songs of triumph within; the everlasting doors lift up their heads, and with one farewell look at earth's baseless fabrics, the emancipated soul enters, never to return, the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

[Selected.]

The Grave-yard at West Point.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

On this sweet Sabbath morning, let us wander
From the loud music and the gay parade,
Where sleeps the grave-yard in its silence yonder,
Deep in the mountain shade.

There, side by side, the dark green cedars cluster;
Like sentries watching by that camp of Death;
There, like an army's tent, with snow white lustre,
The grave-stones gleam beneath.

But as we go, no other posted guard or picket
Stays our approach across the level grass,
Nor hostile challenge at the simple wicket
Through which our footsteps pass.

Sweet spot, by Nature's primal consecration,
Sacred to peace, and thought, and calm repose;
Well in thy breast that elder generation
Their place of burial chose.

Few are the graves, for here no populous city
Feeds, with its myriad lives, the hungry fates;
While hourly funerals, led by grief of pity,
Crowd through the open gates.

Here death is rarer, yet full many a token
Tells of his presence on these grassy slopes;
The slab, the stone, the shaft, half-reared and broken,
Symbols of shattered hopes.

Here sleep brave men who, in the deadly quarrel
Fought for their country and their life-blood poured,
Above whose dust she carves the deathless laurel,
Wreathing the victor's sword.

And here the young cadet, in manly beauty,
Borne from the tents which skirt those rocky banks,
Called from life's daily drill and perilous duty
to these unbroken ranks.

Here too, the aged man, the wife the maiden—
Together hushed as on His faithful breast,
Who cried: "Come hither, all ye heavy-laden,
And I will give you rest!"

And little grave-stones through the grass are gleaming,
Sown like the lilies, over forms as fair,
Of whom to-day what broken hearts are dreaming
Through Sabbath song and prayer.

Peace to the sleepers! may the bud and blossom,
Spring's early bloom and Summer's sweet increase,
Fail not, while nature, on her tender bosom,
Folds them and whispers—peace!

And here, at last, who could not rest contented?
Beneath, the river, with its tranquil flood;
Around the breezes of the morning, scented
With odors from the wood.

Above, the eternal hills, their shadows blending,
With morn, and noon, and twilight's deepening pall;
And overhead, the infinite heavens, attending
Until the end of all!

A Compliment.

Many years ago there was a preaching station some distance from Princeton, to which it was usual to send the licentiates of the Seminary to preach, and they, very properly, performed the duty assigned them with a due regard to the great importance of preaching well prepared sermons. One of their habitual hearers was an old New-Jersey slave, known as Uncle Sam, a sincere, humble, Christian man, but, of course, wholly uneducated. Always when he came home from the preaching, he would try to tell his mistress what he could remember of the sermon, and he always came with the same complaint. He was a poor, ignorant old man, he would say, and he could not understand these learned men at all. The little he did comprehend was mingled with so much that was deep that he could not remember it. One day, however, Uncle Sam came home in a great good humor. There was a poor, ignorant old man, just like himself, he said, who had come to preach that day. It was plain that he did not know much, indeed he was hardly fit to preach to the white people, but Sam was glad he had come for his own sake, for he could remember everything he had said. On inquiry it was found that Sam's ignorant old preacher was Dr. Archibald Alexander; and when the Dr. heard the criticism, he said that it was the highest compliment ever paid to his preaching.—*Banner of the Covenant.*

"Zaccheus."

Zaccheus was chief among the Publicans, and he was rich. Riches were an object then as now. But, notwithstanding his worldly standing and possessions, he desired to see Jesus, a distinguished personage, then passing to and from their midst. But as crowds followed him, and he mingled everywhere amongst them, it was not easy for one small in stature to distinguish him, who was the centre of attraction, from those that surrounded him. In order to ascertain to a certainty, and satisfy the desire of his heart "to see Jesus, who he was," he ran before and climbed a sycamore tree, whence casting his eye over the throng he might recognize the leader from the rest. As the good Spirit had awakened this desire, he, who was filled with love, raised his eyes upward and saw him, and said unto him: "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." Now was his heart filled with joy, that he not only saw him, and spoke to him, but he was to have the pleasure of entertaining him as his guest, and that too at his own house. How different was the state of those of his companions, that murmuring said, He had gone to be guest with one that was a sinner. They did not perceive his mission was, to bring the lost sheep home to the fold. By this simple statement we are assured every good desire is met and strengthened, and also approved, by him who sees the heart.

Then Zaccheus gave a statement of the manner of his life. The half of his goods he gave to the poor, and if he had at any time taken anything from any man, by false accusation, he made restoration of four fold? How comforting must the returning reply have been to this chief among the Publicans, whom some would shun as an outcast: "This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham." And as his aim had been to do right, he stood approved by the Highest, when classed with those the Pharisees esteemed despicable. O! we have need, even in these days, to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, and the leaven of Herod. For the one would destroy the innocent life and cut it off from amongst men, while the other would plume itself with the Lord's jewels. Neither bear the image of him who was holy, harmless and undefiled.—*Friend's Intelligencer.*

The Splendor of Damascus.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sand of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in a desert, "a predestined capital"—with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was "near Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light from heaven above the brightness of the sun;" the street which is called Strait, in which it is said "he prayeth," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean, still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their wares." The City which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter because it is given to have but one Paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world, is to this day, what Julian called the eye of the East, as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the Damson or blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called Damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smoothe, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia; and the beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic—engraving and sculpture united—called Damaskeening, with which boxes and bureaus, and swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright water; the streams of Lebanon, the "rivers of Damascus," the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian gardens."

German Rationalism

German Rationalism has not only corrupted our divinity, but our language. It has introduced a jargon, a gibberish, a jumble which fills the ear, while it famishes the mind. The diciples of this New School, of the very humblest intellectual pretentions, may be found ringing changes without end on the "objective," the "subjective," the "inner life," and a multitude of mystical nothings, equally strange and foreign to the idiom of pure English. To the ignorant, this may appear very profound, but to men of sense it is