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[Original.]

"And I Will Give You Rest."

When doubts and fears, like restless seas,
Around my spirit roll;
When grief and care, like storm-charged clouds,
Hang, gloomy, o'er my soul;
Ah! whither, then, my sinking heart,
For refuge shalt thou flee?
Ah! whither, then, a heaven seek,
Blest Jesus, but in thee?

The soul may sooth a passing grief
With joys the world bestows;
And giddy pleasure bring relief
To momentary woes.
But Oh! when break the ruder waves
Of sorrow o'er my breast,
In thee, alone, my God, in thee,
I seek and find my rest.

Sweet rest, the rest that Jesus gives!
Sweet grace, that makes it free!
O sweetest grace, to know and feel!
This rest bestowed on *me!*
Who, who need faint, of hope like this,
And promise sure, possessed:
"Come weary, heavy laden soul,
AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST!"

Then why, my heart, so full of care,
If resting on the LORD?
My soul, ah! why so sorrowful,
If trusting JESUS' word?
Nay! cease thy plaint, and calm repose
Upon thy Saviour's heart!
The aching heart *there* finds a balm;
The weary spirit, rest.

Allegheny. H. C. M.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Letter

To a young Minister of the Gospel, on his assumption of the Editorial Chair.

DEAR SIR:—Many of your former friends and admirers, as an able minister of the New Testament, and the successful pastor of a church, may express some astonishment that you should become the editor of a newspaper. It is persumed, however, that their feelings will undergo an immediate change in your favor, when they reflect that it is a religious periodical, devoted to the great ends of the Gospel ministry, with which you are now connected; and that your editorial labors will not lead you to disregard your ordination vows, or to abandon your position in the Church of Christ, as a preacher of righteousness.

In a careful and unprejudiced review of the ascension gifts of our Divine Mediator, we conclude that all the functions of the ministerial office are not exclusively confined to the pastoral office. "When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors, and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." In this apostolic summary of the gifts conferred upon the Church by her risen and exalted Lord, we see nothing to exclude ministers of the Gospel from those positions of dignity and usefulness, that so many of them have occupied as the great conservators of education, and the very salt of literature in our land. Shut out ministers of the Gospel from our institutions of learning, and even men of the world will predict the unhappy consequences. Let them be debarred from the editorial chair, and every reasonable man will see in a moment, that the cause dearest to our hearts, must suffer in this age of newspapers swarming like the locusts of Egypt throughout the civilized world. How many of our educated lawyers and physicians, who have the piety necessary to edit a religious journal, would feel disposed to make the sacrifice involved; to give up lucrative professions for the limited and precarious emoluments of him who toils from week to week, to issue something from the press, not for popularity, not to pander to the wicked passions of the ungodly multitude, but to subdue these passions, to break down the strongholds of vice, and to bring man back to his Divine original, reöstamped with the image of his God.

Now, while we say not one word to disparage the office of a pastor in a congregation, and give the pastoral vocation all the preëminence that reason and revelation can possibly sanction, still, in subordination to this, the editor of a religious periodical is a preacher in the most emphatic sense of the term, preaching it may be to thousands every week, and disseminating the good seed of the Divine Word broadcast over regions of country which he has never seen, and in the midst of multitudes who have never heard his "living voice." And even if he has no pastoral charge, in addition to his editorial duties, he can exercise his ministerial gifts on the Sabbath day, in those places of moral destitution to be found in almost every community; or in assisting the pastors of our churches, as one of the "helps" involved in the blessings bestowed upon the church by her ascended Lord.

In your new position therefore, as an editor, instead of laying down your ministerial office, you have actually enlarged the sphere of your professional usefulness, and may accomplish an amount of good beyond all human calculation, for the spiritual and eternal welfare of man. The general spirit of the Gospel unfolded on the pages of inspiration, seems to concentrate on one great Christian principle. This is, "to do good unto all men;" to do good in every conceivable way indicated by the suggestions of expediency or the developments of God's most wise and most holy providence. Hence the successful missionary of the Cross, apart from the formality of an elaborate discourse, must condescend to teach even little children to read and understand the Bible; and having mastered the native language, he must, in order to achieve the highest success, multiply his communications a thousand fold and more, by that mighty engine which prints the Gospel, and sends it forth as on the wings of the wind to prophecy upon the monuments of spiritual death, in the vast valley of vision before him.

In the history of Luther, one of the great champions of the Reformation, when he was preparing his translation of the New Testament for the press, it is recorded as a fact, that he had a vision of the devil in his solitary chamber, just ready to spring upon him, and crush him, and the written truth of God that he held in his hands. Terrified for a moment by the apparition, but at the same time not having a very oppressive fear of Satan before his eyes, "he snatched up his ink-stand, and threw it at the head of his enemy." The malignant spectre disappeared; the adversary was overcome, and banished from his presence. He was conquered by an ink-stand. Now you may account for all this, by tracing the phenomenon to an excited imagination; you may call it fancy, impulse, or of Satan have employed the ink-stand, the accident; still the whole transaction is eminently suggestive. While the emissaries pen, paper, and the press, against the cause of Christ, they would doubtless, if they had the power, crush every religious editor, and every religious periodical on the earth. But the weapons of their warfare are hurled back upon themselves, with the sure prospect of victory, when in the exercise of faith, we recur to that sublime old promise, that the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent.

It is passing strange—it is distressingly painful indeed—to find so many of the professed followers of Jesus, in a state of comparative blindness with regard to the influence of the religious press, and its connexion with the spread of Reformation principles throughout our country, and throughout the world. With all their sworn allegiances to King Emanuel, and their determination, publicly expressed, to do everything in their power subordinate to the advancement of his kingdom on the earth, they overlook the fact, that silent messengers of heavenly truth, sent forth from a printing office, may reach the families and hearts of thousands who from the force of habit or prejudice, from necessity or choice, are debarred from the house of God.

As the editor of a religious journal, what a mighty influence for good you can exert even on the secular press, causing this to change its moral complexion, by an assimilating and regenerating process from the great fountain of moral power in question. Your motto is, let morality and holiness be inscribed on every editorial banner. And while you may ever deprecate the union of Church and State, still I trust you will agree with your humble correspondent in the opinion that civil government is not designed to be an uncivilized unchristian organization, above the influence of the religious press, destitute of heaven born benevolence, or independent of "the law that goes forth from Zion, the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

DELTA.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Letters

Of the Rev. John Smith, a Presbyterian Minister, to his brother, the Rev. Peter Smith, a Methodist Preacher.

LETTER XXIII.

REV. PETER SMITH:—*Dear Brother:*—If William B. Astor were to give public notice that on such a day he would put up in the city of New-York a ton of gold as a free gift on this condition, that of ten thousand applicants he should become the fortunate possessor who begged the longest and the hardest, would not that day be set down as one of the most memorable in the annals of that great metropolis? Neither the Japanese Embassy, nor the *Great Eastern*, not even Lord Renfrew, could draw such masses of human beings together. It would indeed be a scene for a painter; every avenue and street, every lane and alley, every nook and corner alive with the worshippers of Mammon, all pressing with eager steps to catch a glimpse of the wished-for treasure. Men and women who turn up their noses at the wealth and honors God offers to bestow, and who would not give a straw for all the possessions heaven itself contains, would now be found wide awake, closely calculating the chances of success, and resolved to try the utmost strength and capabilities of their lungs. But who could describe, or even imagine, the effect of ten thousand voices strained to accents long and loud, deep and shrill, begging, whining, screeching, vociferating for gold? While I am writing this, the fancy, by a natural association of ideas, brings up the form of the Rev. Dr. R. S. Foster, author of "Objections to Calvinism." "My good friends," I think I hear the Doctor cry, "only one of you can get the prize. Nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine are making yourselves hoarse to no purpose. Since only one can obtain the treasure, why do you not all go home and get about your business? Whoever is to have this mass of gold will get it without fail, and if the rest of you were to clamor for it a thousand years, it could do no good. If it is decreed that you are to be the favored one, it is all one whether you exert yourself or not. You are safe enough. You cannot possibly be set aside. The gold is yours because the Divine decree secures it to you. I say again, if God has decreed that you shall have this treasure, it will be yours whether you strive to obtain it or not; if, on the other hand, it is fore-ordained that you are not to have it, you may bawl away till your wind-pipe bursts, and you will have your labor for your pains. What folly, then, to give yourselves any trouble about the matter! Can you be simple enough to believe that you can change the purpose of God, or frustrate his designs?" "Doctor Foster," I think I hear these gentlemen say in reply, "we like your arguments extremely well when religion is the topic, but gold, not religion, is just now the thing to be obtained, and we might, should, be regarded, as not quite in our right minds, were we to act out your theory in the practical matter of fact before us. In the pulpit this method of reasoning, brother Foster, is capital. Employed against the doctrine of election, it is perfectly irresistible. We cannot sufficiently admire the skill with which you have so often demonstrated to us, that if a man is elected to eternal life he need not repent, he need not believe in Christ, he need not live a holy life; he may lie, may cheat, and rob, may commit adultery, may commit murder, his salvation remains secure; he cannot possibly be lost. We have also been delighted with the clearness and force of your logic, when you have shown that if a person has not been elected to everlasting life, he may repent, he may trust in the Saviour, he may pray, and weep, and beg, for the Divine favor, he may renounce all his sins, and live ever so holy a life, it is all in vain. There is no salvation for him, and do what he will, he must be damned. We do love to hear you argue in this way on religious subjects. But while in the pulpit this style of reasoning is extremely forcible and perfectly convincing; while it is most wonderfully calculated to overwhelm Calvinism, and to make Calvinists slink away abashed and confounded; such arguments, the moment they are brought to bear on the ordinary business affairs of life, for some cause, lose all their point, and to be plain, Doctor, are absolutely good for nothing. So please excuse us, Dr. Foster, if we say again that we should be little better than fools were we here to carry into practice your otherwise excellent theory." JOHN SMITH.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Just Shall Live by Faith.

Faith comes from the hands of the Creator like the sweet perfume exhaled from the rose, felt and rejoiced in, but unseen. As the perfume is the glory of the rose, so faith may be the glory of the just. Faith imparts a new life to the soul, gives a charm to existence, and extends itself, not only to the life that now is, but to that which is to come; giving a "title to that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." If faith is essential to true happiness, and the just must live by faith, how very important then, that all should possess it, that they may be blessed with the Rose of Sharon, and the dew of Hermon, and be permitted to dwell with God, where there is light and glory, and blessedness everlasting, in "that new heavens where the Son is the light thereof, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

M.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE KING OF NAPLES—FLY, AND WHITHER?—GARIBALDI'S ONWARD MARCH—SCENE AT REGGIO—HIS SELF-ASSIGNED MISSION—THE POPE AND CARDINALS—SARDINIA THREATENING LAMORICIERE—IMPERIAL PROGRESS IN SAVOY AND NICE—FULSOME ADDRESSES AND THE POPE'S DEFENDER—"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIEND!"—FINE WEATHER AND THE HARVEST—A DIVINE HAND—THANK-OFFERINGS AND THE SYRIAN RELIEF FUND—MINISTERS OUT OF TOWN—DOCTOR COOKE—AN EXCURSION IN NORTH WALES—THE MONARCH OF BRITISH MOUNTAINS—THE ASCENT—THE FRENCH, ENGLISH, AND IRISH LADY-TOURISTS—THE MERRY, THOUGH WET, PARTY AT THE TOP—THE ALPINE STAFF AND ITS ADVENTURES—LLANGOLLEN AND THE CASTLE AND THE ABBEY—OPEN-AIR PREACHING—NEW CLASSES CARED FOR.

LONDON, September 7, 1860.

THE KING OF NAPLES has been preparing, first, to fight, and then, anticipating defeat both from the defection of his troops and the superior strategy of Garibaldi, to fly. Probably at the moment that I write, the *last* contest is being waged, if indeed a stand will be made at all. There is a line of defence marked out, but from what the *Times'* correspondent says—both as to the nature and number of the troops appointed to defend—the surging tide will overleap it, and flowing on in irresistible might and majesty, will sweep the Bourbon throne away for ever.

But whither shall young Bomba fly? Austria has ships in the bay, and offers him the use of them. But Spain is now the favorite bidder for the honor of affording a refuge for Francis II., and in case of his flight on board one of her most Christian Majesty's vessels, the Austrian vessels have orders to return immediately to Trieste.

Garibaldi's progress has been a triumphal march. The scene of fraternization between his men and the Royal troops, after the capture of the fortress of Reggio, was most extraordinary. Garibaldi, treating the surrendering force, not as enemies, but as Italian brothers, went among them, and General and soldiers alike hugged him to their hearts. In fact, if this man lives, he will be King of Hearts—not Victor Emmanuel. But to the latter, the disinterested patriot ever points as Italy's star—and annexation to Piedmont once accomplished, he is willing to be forgotten—not, however, till his self-assigned mission be accomplished to rescue Venice and Venetia, from Austria, and to make Rome itself too hot for Pope and Cardinals. The last, however, is not likely to occur this year, if the Emperor of the French be sincere. For he has sent additional troops to garrison Rome, and avows his determination to defend the Pope, and to secure to him possession of the Eternal City and the adjoining territory. His policy as to the Pope, must be regulated according to his political necessities. While Sardinia threatens Lamoriciere if he dare to give up any insurgent town to sack and plunder (as was done before at Perugia,) that the Papal territories shall be invaded, the Emperor must do something to keep on terms with the priesthood.

An Imperial progress through Savoy and Nice, has been marked by fulsome addresses, and great demonstrations. In one town in France, on the road to Savoy, the address presented to the Empress, described her as the Virgin herself, descended to the earth. A Bishop also has been lauding the Emperor to the skies, because he is the defender of Christianity in the East, and because he is also the protector of the Holy Father against his enemies! With what scoffing eyes will Europe read such language, and what a cunning leer will be in the eye of that Imperial Polyphemus himself who only reserves the Pope for the last morsel! What would have been Garibaldi's power to liberate Sicily and Naples, and to shake the heart of Austria with terror, and to threaten the Papal throne itself, but for Napoleon III. letting slip the dogs of war, fifteen months ago? Hate, and fear, and gnashing of teeth!—that is the true condition of mind of Pope and Cardinals toward this mysterious man. Were he dead, by the might of Pontifical malediction or some Jesuit devotee's dagger, would not Antonelli grimly smile his satisfaction, and all the Cardinals have a jollification unparalleled! But yonder they sit, now self-indulgent and forgetful that a volcano is beneath their feet; but anon feeling the ground quivering, and with glaring eye and fluttering heart, anticipating the crisis of ruin.

THE WEATHER is now the most favorable possible for the ingathering of the harvest. It began to amend about ten days ago, and now the barometer is rising fast to "Set Fair." Irreparable mischief has been done to the late hay crops in lowlands, but the after grass growth will be very considerable. The potato crop, also, is inferior, and much of it injured by blight; and so, also, is that of barley. But the wheat is of the finest quality, with ears of unusual fullness. The corn market goes down rapidly, and the knowledge that from the United States, Canada, and Russia, we can have any amount of supplies of food, adds to the tranquility and gladness now prevailing. Trade and commerce, stocks and shares, all look up; and holiday-makers at last find weather suited for their excursion trips, by rail and river, near or far away, for which the metropolis furnishes such abundant facilities, but which for months past, in consequence of the almost ceaseless rain, existed almost in vain.

A special Providence, beneficent, and in its interposition, marked this year in reference to the crops. After the seed-time came rains, and then in parts of May and June, glorious glimpses of fine weather. Afterwards when rains had been pouring down, and just when the wheat was coming into flower, and dryness was needed, that was also vouchsaved, and but for this there would have been blight and ruin. Again, when in August there was scarcely a single day without rain, in some districts there was none, and there were hours each day of fresh and strong breezes, that both dried and lifted up the corn which had been prostrated. And last of all, when September was at hand, and anxiety was intense, then our Father bound up the clouds and shut the bottles of heaven, and now all England is alive with the cheerful bands of reapers, and soon will ring with the shout and song of the harvest Home. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness."

Thank-offerings in connexion with the harvest, are not uncommon and this year the stream of them is likely to be directed toward the miserable survivers of the Syrian massacres. The number of poor creatures (who have lost husbands, brothers, and sons,) at Beyrout, amounts to many thousands. The British Consul there is the Chairman of the Anglo-American Relief Committee, and the Turkish Government are also giving rations to those whom their own servants, and their own policy have beggared, widowed, and orphaned. A London relief Committee is obtaining large sums, and an extended subscription is being made throughout France—quickened, doubtless, by the sympathy for the Maronites—those wretched and semi-pagan, yet still suffering and pitiable people, who owe a nominal allegiance to the Latin Church.

Executions on an extended scale, have taken place at Damascus, through the vigorous resolves of Fuad Pacha, who has not spared those Moslem murderers who believed that they were safe, and who hacked in pieces men, women, and children, saying that it was prodigal waste to expend powder and ball on the Christian dogs. We have not heard of the execution of the Governor of Damascus, and some other great offenders. The Druses have been sternly dealt with, and so far the Turkish Government has acted as it ought to have done. But once let the danger of foreign intervention be past, and it will relapse into its old system, now of lethergy and anon of rapine—its Pachas extorting money from the people, and even when tranquility reigns, "making a solitude and calling it peace." It is a melancholy thing, that British support of the independence of Turkey should have unintentionally contributed to this end, and that French and Russian ambition to be masters on a soil of which both claim to be religious protectors, should cause the keeping up of a fever against that Mahommedanism which, whether at peace or war, is so disastrous in its influence.

The French troops that landed at Beyrout were hailed by the Christians of all sections with unbounded gratitude and enthusiasm. The people rushed into the sea and embraced them. The English on the spot rejoice in their presence, as fresh outbreaks are imminent, if only there were a force equal to the fanatical *will* of the Moslem populace. It remains to be seen whether massacres that seem to have spread to Baalbec and other places, and that threaten Jerusalem itself, may not necessitate the march of troops inland, in which case political complications are sure to follow.

Dr. Cumming has been lecturing in Paris, on the "End of the World" and "England's Future," and with a kind of methodical and semi-medical coolness of prophetic anatomy, calmly announces that "England is to carry back in her ships, the Jews, to their fatherland, in 1867?"

MINISTERS OUT OF TOWN are numerous, just now. Dr. James Hamilton's church, at Regent Square, remains shut until the beginning of October, as it is undergoing a complete restoration—rather let me say a reconstruction—such as will do greater justice to the preacher, and in the matter of acoustics, give greater satisfaction to hearers. Other places of worship are open again, after having been closed for minor reparation and decoration. Dr. Cooke, of Belfast, reöpened River Terrace church, last Lord's day. It will be pleasing to many in America to know of this "old man eloquent" (he is now seventy-two years of age,) that his eye is not dim nor his natural force abated. He still is strong and effective, either in the pulpit or on the platform, is a great pedestrian, and enjoys the society of old friends, or new friends when he believes and finds them true. When I visited Belfast, this year, I found a large congregation waiting on his ministry.

AN EXCURSION IN NORTH WALES, of a deputational character, was partially noticed in my last communication. After leaving Carnarvon—having duly inspected, for the second time in my life, the old castle, and the little chamber in which the first Prince of Wales was born—I mounted a roof-stage coach, (rare in these days,) which runs every day along the base of Snowdon, the monarch of Welsh mountains, through the glorious pass of Llbanberris, and onward by beautiful Capel-Currig, (where artists most do congregate for sketching,) and with three of whom I dined at the inn,) to Conway, with its fine castellated stronghold in ruins, concluding the second day's journey at "beautiful Llandidno." I have said the *second* day's journey, although that journey was capable of being performed in one day. But as I found a joyous band of tourists on the roof of the stage coach, who were full of gleesome resolve to scale the steep sides and crown the golden crest of Snowdon, I yielded without much reluctance to join them. And so leaving the hotel at Llbanberris, with seven or eight miles of road, glen, moor, and mountain, to pass over, or to climb, I too was a pilgrim. Onward and upward we went, within the sight of the darkly-grand pass, and two silver lakes embosomed in the hills, and on the opposite side of one the Penrhynn slate quarries—a perfect mine of wealth, picturesque to all, but something *more* to the proprietor and his multitudinous employees—we come at last to a river's bank, and within sound of a noble waterfall. Then presented itself a gate, opened by peasant mother and daughter, the latter having for sale the Snowdon staff—*Alpine* in their use to the traveler, as he grasps it near its lofty top, and bends low upon its trusty aid, as he "stoops to conquer" that weary, and yet ever-tempting ascent.

And so, an hour or more is gone. The day is dark, but ever and anon turning round we see the veil lifted up, and far to the North-west comes out hill, mountain, lake, river and bay, field and lot, and then the curtain falls over the lovely picture once more. But soon the heavens grow black, and the mist descends sluggishly from that peak to the West, which seems to be Snowdon, but is not. And next is heard the whistling wind, and the small rain begins to smite the warm cheek of the tourist, as he presses onward. Yet still the half of the journey is over, and hope is uppermost; and even when the rain fairly sets in, the cry is "Excelsior"—"We wont turn back now!"

Ladies there are, on that steep mountain side. How nobly they brave the rain and storm! One is a young Frenchwoman, arch and pretty, walking with her brother, or it may be with one "nearer and dearer." She turns her back on the storm, but has no idea of giving up. "*En avant*" is her motto, and when we look kindly at her, and say with respectful inquisitiveness, "*Vous etes Francaise?*" the quick, laughing reply is, "*Oui, Monsieur!*"

Here, too, is a young English bride, with her husband, and both evince almost preternatural calmness under the beating rain, with measured steps ascending still. And look at this little Irish lady, stout-hearted and stout, and of "a certain age," though probably not owning only to nine and twenty! There is no mistake in her accent, and she avows herself a "Munster woman." An offer is made of the use of a pony, by one of the party who is riding. "No, indeed," she cries; "I will not ride. I'm determined only to tell facts when I go back to Limerick. What would my married sisters at Foynes say, if I told them that I had walked on my own feet to the top of Snowdon, and did n't? And so she persevered, and I found her in due time at the top, in the little sheeling used by an honest Welshman as a kind of inn for tourists, and she was still as full of spirit and courage as ever, though thoroughly drenched.

Great was the fun among the wet and half-drowned tourists, once that they found shelter and refreshment in Roberts' shanty. In the corner was a little bed, in which a traveler—often disappointed—sometimes sleeps, hoping to see the sun rise next morning, and then, from the top of Snowdon, to see one of the most glorious panoramas in the world—including the Irish Channel, the Isle of Man, and the Wicklow mountains. This *bed* was the provoking cause of a volley of witticisms. "There's the bed," cried one tourist, "in which the Bishop of Oxford slept one night," (a fact, as "Roberts" assured us) "—"Yes," added another, "and the Bishop of Exeter slept beside him!" "A Tractarian conspiracy!" cried a third, amid loud laughter. "Why, that night, affirmed a fourth, there were *fifteen* slept in that bed, the *Bishops uppermost.*" The mirth was at its height, when a County Fermanaugh gentleman added, "Yes, and they put *the loight fellows at the top!*"

The ascent of Snowdon on a fine day, has been often described. I can only give you a sketch of it as performed on a wet day, which, though attended with many disagreeables, was not without its pleasant excitements and solation. I have brought home with me a long Snowdon staff, *in memoriam rei.* With this staff also, I crowned the summit of Castle Dinnis Brown, as it frowns over the lovely vale of Llangollen, pervaded the vale itself, and made a pilgrimage to the ruins of a fine old Abbey, on the banks of that fine stream which furnished the monks with such noble salmon and trout, and along these pastures, where fed the delicate Welsh sheep that smoked in the refectory when the Lent season was over and gone.

Religion in Wales is more thriving at this moment than it has probably ever been. True Revival has therein manifested its power, and the social and spiritual results are extensive. I must reserve notices of its bards, its manners, and customs, for a future communication. Enough it is for the present, that even with unfavorable weather, I saw much sublimity and beauty of mountain, wood, castle, stream, and lake, such as remain on the memory, "a thing of beauty and of joy forever."

OPEN-AIR PREACHING is now being extensively carried on in London. The whole of Monday last was devoted to it, in Paddington. I was not able to be present, but a friend writing me says, "the attendance was large, and it was uncharacterized by much power in prayer and speaking. The attention of the people, even to as late an hour as half past ten P.M., was very encouraging.

"The attempts of opponents (Papists and Infidels,) to interfere were fruitless, and it was evident that the blessing of God was largely resting on the effort. Certainly not less than ten thousand persons must have heard the Gospel during the day. Tracts were extensively circulated, and separate congregations addressed by ministers and laymen of various denominations. Very many souls have been converted recently by these efforts on the Green, and *especially by speaking privately to them at the time of services.*"

NEW CLASSES are now being spiritually cared for. The Cabmen's Lord's Day Rest Society had a meeting this week—its object being to lead to the securing for cabmen opportunities for Sabbath rest and worship. *Nearly fifteen hundred* cabs are now registered *as six day cabs* only. This is a great change. Great blame is placed on the "religious public" using their vehicles to go to church in, and also driving miles to hear "*popular preachers.*"

At Newgate, Deadmeat Market, there is a large body of assistant butchers now being cared for by Major Gibberne, a retired Indian officer. On Tuesday morning last I found myself unexpectedly called on by this good man to repair with an Episcopal clergyman to Warwick Square, in which a goodly number of these men were assembled, as well as women. The greatest attention was given to the words spoken to them, and religious publications distributed were eagerly accepted. J. W.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Felix Trembled.

Four propositions will express, I think, pretty clearly, the belief of intelligent Presbyterians touching the great question of salvation.

1st. The *offer* of salvation is to *all*, according to the great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," which Gospel is that *whosoever* believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved.

2d. *Sincerity* in this offer, according to God's own Word: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked;" which means, if it means anything, that God has *pity* even on the wicked when they perish, and would really rather they would turn and live.

3d. With the offer of salvation to all, there is a promise of help to enable them to comply; and not a promise only, but actual workings of his Holy Spirit adapted to lead to repentance and peace.

4th. *Election*, is of the mercy and according to the wisdom of God. His mercy was the *motive* in salvation. His wisdom determined the *plan.* He chose to save those who he knew would accept the salvation offered, though his mercy, not his wisdom, was the ground of the choice.

The case of Felix is a proof of the *third* proposition; a deep and powerful conviction of sin wrought by the Holy Spirit, through the Word, on the heart of a man who, there is not the slightest evidence from the Bible or history to believe, was of the number of the elect. Now, if these propositions be true, it will be seen in a moment, that the cause of any man's ruin is not a decree of God ordaining him to wrath, nor yet God's withholding grace from him, but his own free, persistent resisting the operations of the Spirit adapted to bring him to salvation. If these propositions be true, they do not exhibit to us God gathering a little company here, giving them grace to believe and obey, and setting all the rest apart yonder, without a thought of mercy, and denying them grace, so that they cannot either believe or obey. But they show us all standing together—Paul and Felix—alike undeserving. God's hand on us *all*; his Spirit working in us all; and some consenting to be led by the strong Hand, and others resisting and wresting their hand from the grasp of God's. The former are saved, and the latter perish. The former, God always meant to save; the latter, to punish "for their sin." Reprobation is *not* a doctrine of Presbyterians. We do *not* hold that God "created any man to damn him," or that he ordained any to wrath except "for their sin;" and that is only saying that God is just. But it is objected that it matters not whether we hold formally to reprobation or not, if we teach the doctrine of election, singling these out, and giving them grace to believe and obey, and denying the rest all grace, so that they *necessarily* perish. That, you say, is equivalent to ordaining them to wrath. But that *kind* of election is precisely the *thing* we *don't* believe. God spreads a table *for* all, sends invitations *to* all, works on the hearts of all, by the Spirit's common influence, to induce them to come—and when they "will not come," he leaves them to perish! Is that reprobation? When I spread a table in my house, and invite the poor and the lame to come in, urging them to come, and they "will not," am I to be accused of *making* them stay out—shutting them out? This is the doctrine we teach from all our pulpits, distinctly and emphatically; the sincere offer of salvation to all, with the promise of grace to all who will accept it. Men are without excuse. H.

Having found a rule, let us keep it inviolably, and not extend so much as a finger beyond it.—*Epictetus.*

Enthusiasm in Religion.

We need more of it, a hundred-fold more than we have. Enthusiasm in science, in trade, in politics, we have plenty of; and all that is done by enthusiastic men.

The word needs to be guarded, but the prudent reader knows that enthusiasm is not fanaticism. The grandest subject in all the universe of God taking full possession of the soul, ought to fill it with intense emotion. It shall profit a man nothing, to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; and if we praise him who pursues business with so much industry and tact as to gain a million before he dies, shall we not much more admire the enthusiasm of him who gains heaven!

The world is to be saved. We ought to be in earnest about saving it. Our friends, children, neighbors, the heathen, and the perishing—we can do something to save them. If they were on a ship wrecked off shore, or in a burning house, we would be enthusiastic to deliver them from death. May we not be enthusiastic in delivering them from hell?

The apostles were enthusiastic. The Saviour himself was filled with zeal. All the best men, who have been mighty in pulling down error, or building up truth, have been enthusiastic. God grant that the Church may rise, and shake herself from the dust. It is a time to be up and doing. Let us work while it is day.

The Bible Not Opposed to Learning.

It is said that the teachings of the Bible are behind the age—are becoming obsolete? I reply by asking: Whose moral progress, in this age or any age, has transcended the requirements of the two great commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets? In what part of the world is it, that people do better than the Decalogue prescribes—that men's lives outshine the example of Christ? Where on the face of the whole earth, is there an individual or a community the wiser, the purer, or the happier, for being ignorant or neglectful of those teachings? Look at the world's moral map, whether of the past or present—and see.

It is said that the Bible is in conflict with natural science, and beneath the soarings of the higher literature. Who has said this? Not the far-sighted expounder of the inductive method of philosophizing; not the prince of astronomers and mathematicians; not the profound and brilliant Davy; not the far-famed Cuvier; not the admired and truly wonderful Hugh Miller; not the most sagacious, luminous and accurate Beachman; not the celebrated authors of the Bridgewater Treatises. Did England's sublimest poet and most splendid prose writer say it? Did Young? Did Coleridge? or Wordsworth? It would have been with ill grace had even Byron said it—whilst in the habit of resorting to the Book of books to elevate and fertilize his imagination, and invigorate and beautify his style. As well might Prometheus depreciate heaven's fire whilst stealing from it. Even in the writings of Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott may be found abundant illustrations of the truth of Addison's remark, that "our language has received innumerable elegances and improvements from that infusion of Hebraisms which are derived to it out of the poetical passages of holy writ." The most soul-stirring things of Carlyle, and the finest essays of Macaulay, gleam with gems gathered from the inexhaustible mine of Biblical literature. Verily, if the Bible is behind any class of persons in this age, it must be as the sun shining in mid-heaven is behind those who have turned their backs toward it.—*Canfield.*

War.

Our age is one in which the peaceful principles of the Christian religion are, to a considerable extent, disregarded and violated. The great military nation of Europe, France, has found in Napoleon a competent and sympathizing head. Victory, supremacy, territorial extension, at the hazard and the actual cost of war, are the familiar ideas of that nation of soldiers, with its standing army of half-a-million of men, and its rapidly increasing navy and system of sea-board fortifications.

Hence, surrounding nations feel called upon in self-defence to make similar preparations. Volunteers are undergoing drill, millions are voted for defence, journalists and reviewers are discussing military problems, and the minds and energies of men are directed to warlike channels. True, there are phases in this military drama, as the expedition of Garibaldi, and the intervention in Syria, which we cannot contemplate without having our feelings as republicans, or even as Christians, warmly enlisted. There are evils so deeply seated in the body politic, that a war of liberation with all its horrors and abominations must be welcomed as a salutary relief. Humanity itself demands that the sword be drawn and held *in terrorem* over the heads of brutal and outrageous tribes, or even used upon their persons. But with all this, it must not be forgotten, that war in itself considered is utterly foreign to the spirit of the Gospel. The Christian cannot but deplore its existence, and pray earnestly for its utter cessation upon the earth. As one of the clearest and most melancholy results of the fall, he longs for its removal. He wishes our earth to be purged of its enmities, its inhumanities, its barbaric tendencies. He wishes man to be at peace with his fellow-man. For the culture of piety in the individual soul, for retirement and communion with God, the camp furnishes no suitable opportunity, and the warlike spirit is no congenial atmosphere. Such instances as Hedley Vicars, Henry Havelock, and Col. Gardiner, are wonderful exceptions. The business of Christianity among men is one of peace. Building churches, carrying the word of life from house to house, sanctifying the Sabbath, sending the missionary band abroad to remote parts of the earth, are operations which call for peace, and which are intercepted and damaged by war, quite as much as any of the commercial interests of the world, while to the Christian they are far more precious. They belong to the *civilization* of the race, which thus is put in jeopardy and retarded. They form its high, essential, life-giving element, which is hence, emphatically opposed to war.

There are, in fact, few expectations more delightful to the Christian, than that there shall be *peace on earth.* Yes, from the midst of a "battle-smoke, and confused noise of the warrior he looks forward with joy and confidence to the prophetic era when swords shall be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks, when nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. That time shall come to our convulsed and distracted world. The war trumpet's last note shall die away upon the air, the earth shall tremble for the last time beneath the rush of armed squadrons charging on the foe, the heavens shall be rent for the last time by the roar of cannon, and the sea for the last time impurpled with the blood of her slain. For the last time the cold moon shall unveil her face and look down upon the horrors of yesterday's field of battle.

Let us pray and labor for this happy consummation. Let us keep our souls pure from the taint of warlike tastes; let us reserve our military spirit for the service of the Prince of Peace; let us rally around the standard of his kingdom, the banner of the cross; let us wield those weapons of warfare which are not carnal but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. Let us clothe ourselves in the complete armor of the Christian, let us in the service of our King, endure hardness as good soldiers, not entangling ourselves with the affairs of this life; let our ambition rise above the hero names of earth, to his, who at the end could say: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."—*American Presbyterian.*

To be With Christ.

When the brilliant, amiable, and accomplished young Italian woman, Olympia Morratta, whose learning and loveliness graced the splendid epoch of Leo X., had become the persecuted victim of Romish tyranny for honoring Christ above a polluted priesthood, then poverty, sickness, desolation, exile, tried their worst upon her constancy After she who had been the delicate nursling of courts and letters, had fled across the stony fields of Bavaria, with literally bare and bleeding feet, the strength of the frail body failing, she bent under the roughness of fortune, and quietly lay down to die. To one of her noble friends in Italy she wrote, "Let the Word of God be the rule of thy life, the lamp upon thy path, and thou wilt not stumble." As the purple flood of life ebbed in her thin, white frame, she said, "I desire to die, because I know the *secret* of death. The cunning mechanism is near of its dissolution. I desire to die, that I may be with Jesus Christ, and find in him eternal life. Do not be disturbed at my death, for I shall conquer in the end; I desire to depart and be with Christ." *With Christ!* so, the world over, and through all ages, in the first century or the last, the true heart of faith answers, in its final and glorified hour, to the prayer of Jesus, "With me where I am."

Good Hope Through Grace.

It is recorded of Seldon, whom Grotius styled "The glory of England," that, in the near view of his death, he requested an interview with Archbishop Usher, with whom he freely conversed respecting his ground of hope. He said he had, in his library, books and manuscripts on almost all the subjects which engaged the attention of literary men; but that out of all the number, there was only one which could afford solid support to his mind, and that was the Word of God; and the particular portion of the inspired volume which had most interested him, was in Paul's epistle to Titus: "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and wordly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ who gave himself for us,