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For the Presbyterian Banner.

Kindness.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In these times of hatred, war, and carnage, it does the heart good experimentally to know that kindness and affection still exist. While heads, and hearts, and hands are busily engaged in providing for the wants and comfort of our soldiery, at the same time the humble pastor and his family are not forgotten. For them and the success of their cause, earnest prayers from full hearts ascend daily to the throne of grace, and repeated acts of kindness show that their temporal interests occupy a prominent place in the hearts and affections of their people. The writer can say that such is his experience among the people of his charge. Ever since my settlement in the congregation of Claysville, they have manifested their kindness by repeated and increasing donations of many articles suited to the wants of the family. In these manifestations, young and old have abounded. But on last Thanksgiving day the stream, like the Jordan, overflowed all its banks. Everything was kept a profound secret from ourselves and family, until after service, when loaded wagons were seen approaching the manse, accompanied only by a few young men, and not until they stopped at the door were their designs known. They brought the gifts of affectionate donors. Grain, flour, groceries, fruits of the choicest kind, indeed every department in the family was largely remembered—not even forgetting a little portmonnie, filled with silver and gold. Not a useless article was given—each as valuable in its place as the money could have been; and to crown all, they were the free will offerings of kind and generous hearts. May the Lord reward each donor a thousand fold in this life; and in that to come, place on each head a crown of unfading glory. ALEX. MCCARRELL.

Claysville, Nov. 30, 1861.

Circular.

BOOKS AND TRACTS NEEDED FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLICATION, 1821 Chestnut St., Phila., December, 1861.

To the Ministers and Members of the Presbyterian Church:

DEAR BRETHREN:—A vast and most important work has, in the providence of God, been placed before his Church, and by almost every conceivable motive, she is called to undertake its speedy and earnest performance. I refer to the work of bringing the truth of God to bear upon the minds of those who have gone to fight the battles of our beloved country. Half a million of soldiers, and many thousands of sailors and marines, have placed their lives in jeopardy in her defence; and no Christian will fail to desire that they may each and all be supplied with such religious books and tracts as may be best adapted, by God's blessing, to convert and save their souls.

THE BOOKS ARE READY.

The Presbyterian Board of Publication has provided just such books and tracts. Upon the Catalogue of the Board's Publications may be found at least thirty or forty works admirably adapted to form a library for the camp or the ship. Besides these, the Board has recently issued, for the express use of the soldiers, several excellent works. "*The Soldier's Pocket-Book*" (price five cents,) has, within a few weeks, been circulated by tens of thousands in various portions of our great armies. So has the "*Soldiers' Series*" of tracts, (price ten cents;) "*The Sinner's Resolve*," an admirable card, especially useful in hospitals; sheet hymns; sheet music, &c. These have been received, wherever circulated, not only gratefully, but most eagerly.

THEY ARE EARNESTLY ASKED FOR.

Letters are now coming every day from chaplains, officers, and others, most urgently requesting us to forward packages of these works for distribution among the soldiers in the camps and on shipboard. From the multitude of these letters, I beg the privilege of submitting to the reader extracts of a very few, which he may regard as samples of them all.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

The following is from a chaplain at Fortress Monroe, Virginia:—"I have constant applications for religious books and tracts. A great many here feel tenderly on the subject of religion, and on the part of all there is a willingness to hear read on the subject. Indeed, reading matter is so scarce here, that religious books and tracts would be read as a pastime in leisure hours. Many feel that in view of the dangers to which they are exposed, it becomes them to give earnest heed to the things pertaining to their everlasting state. Can you not furnish me with some of your small books and tracts?"

FROM A NEW-YORK MINISTER.

The next is from a clergyman in the State of New-York:—"Please send me a package of small books and tracts, to be distributed among soldiers. I can put them to immediate use. At Elmira are several regiments, and we have in my town the nucleus of a regiment which is rapidly forming. Mr. Q———, (for some time a colporteur of your Board,) is connected with the force here, and will, *con amore*, attend to the work of distribution. I have already given him all the tracts I have. Please send a good proportion of *The Soldier's Pocket-Book*. I have examined a copy of it, and prefer it to anything of the kind I have seen."

FROM THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

The chaplain of the United States Naval Academy, which is now located at Newport, Rhode Island, thus prefers his request for a supply:—"Would there be any possibility of getting a contribution of your books, suitable for a youth's library, on board the frigate *Constitution*? I have a little nucleus of a library of religious books for the midshipmen, and wish to get more. In no place would the books be more likely to do good. We have now one hundred and forty lads on board, and, in a month, will have two hundred and twenty. *They are hungry for something to read.* On Sabbath, time hangs heavy on their hands, and they would read religious books, especially biographies, with avidity. I know the Board is greatly in need of funds, and if you cannot favor us, I will not murmur; but if you can, I will be very grateful for a donation, and so will the officers. A larger proportion of the midshipmen than ever before are now from Presbyterian families."

FROM A CHAPLAIN NEAR WASHINGTON.

The chaplain of a regiment now stationed in the vicinity of Washington, to whom a box of books and tracts had been sent, thus writes: "The box of books and tracts, so liberally donated by the Board to this regiment, is most gratefully acknowledged. It is a material aid: increasing my sphere of usefulness incalculably. The distribution of these precious little messages of good-will and grace, procures for me readily an intimate access to nearly a thousand men, and affords suggestive occasions for pastoral effort, far beyond my anticipation. '*The Soldier's Pocket-Book*' is *just the thing*. My supply of it has already run out, and I have constant applications for it. In Col. P——'s regiment of New-York volunteers, (encamped close to us,) a large number could be happily distributed, if I could furnish them. '*The Soldier's Series*' of Tracts, admirably selected and published by the Board, I find *are actually worn out, as they pass from one reader to another.* Hundreds of men, *I know*, are reading and re-reading, and pondering a far larger portion of religious truth, by reason of these instrumentalities, in camp, than they did in all their lives before. Can all this precious seed be lost, think you? Indications of immediate good, in manners and morals, I have already witnessed, and my heart has been filled with joy, by having seven men from different companies come to me, after reading the apt suggestions of the '*Soldier's Pocket-Book*,' asking direction as to a place for private devotion. For my own and the neighboring regiments, a large supply of your German tracts and little books are needed. The supply I had, ran out directly. Constant applications are being made to me for German books. There are many Germans in each of the regiments here, affording a most favorable opportunity for the circulation of evangelical truth among them.

"The happiest instrument for good that you bestowed upon me, was the large package of the *Sabbath School Visitor*. The beautiful type, the pictures, the printed tunes, the short agreeable stories, and especially its newspaper form, render it most acceptable. The men who were on guard when I distributed the papers, called on me directly after they were relieved, for 'That paper with the tune, sir.' Do send me a large supply of them, from month to month, if the means of the Board will allow.

"The Church has a wide field in the army, and a rare opportunity for attempting a liberal sowing of good seed. She ought to keep our Board abundantly supplied with means, *just now*, or the opportunity may be lost, and worse, the tares may be most thickly sown. Camp vices, after the war is over, would then, like the scattered seed of the pestiferous thistle, be inevitably carried to a million of homes to propagate soul-destroying sin. May there be no lack of *good* seed for this sowing. Every contribution, however small, will enable you to furnish some soldier with that which may save his soul. The chaplains will trudge along the ridges of the field, scattering this 'good seed,' if you will only fill therewith their sacks on the field."

NEED IN KENTUCKY.

Perhaps the most urgently important of all our army fields just now, is Kentucky. A clergyman, in that State, who is at work for our Board, writes as follows:—"I have made appeals, to a considerable extent, to brethren and churches in our State, for the soldiers. Still, the great armies of the whole country seem to be fast collecting in this State. *The soldiers really clamor and beg for religious reading*, and ought, without delay and fully, to be supplied. Ought not our Board, as a matter of duty, as a matter of privilege, to do its share? Embarrassed by civil war throughout our borders, with these immense armies dividing and covering the State, our own citizens cannot possibly do as much here in this work as ought to be done. Then, again, the great body of the soldiers here are from other parts of the country, and Christian sympathies can be there most naturally awakened for them. I could do almost any amount of work among these men, with but little cost. What shall I do? How much? How can the Presbyterians and others in the regions whence these soldiers come, be reached, and induced to do their share in this great and neediest of all the Christian works now set before us in the whole world?"

"*We are in daily expectation of great battles here. What we do, we must do quickly.*"

OUR FUNDS EXHAUSTED.

These are only specimens of the appeals, of which, as has been said, dozens are now coming to us from every part of the land. But what is the Board to do? It is now, and has for months past, been making donations of books and tracts in amounts greatly exceeding its receipts. *Nearly two millions of pages of tracts, and many thousands of volumes, have been given away. One hundred and fifty thousand soldiers and sailors, at least, have received gratuitous religious reading from the Board.* Its resources are nearly exhausted. Must it cease from this good work? We now send forth this earnest entreaty to our churches, large and small, and to the patriotic and Christian men and women in those churches, and beg them to come to our help. Oh! compel us not to say to these soldiers and sailors, to these officers and chaplains, "Our means are entirely exhausted; we can give you no more books and tracts." Send us your contributions, large or small, for this blessed work.

Let all contributions be sent to JAMES DUNLAP, Esq., Treasurer, No. 821 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

WILLIAM E. SCHENCK,
Corresponding Secretary.

Pulpit Esthetics.

There are two ways of regarding a sermon; either as a human composition or a Divine message. If we look upon it entirely as the first, and require our clergymen to finish it with their utmost care and learning, for our better delight, whether of ear or intellect, we shall necessarily be led to expect much formality and stateliness in its delivery, and to think that all is not well if the pulpit has not a golden fringe round it, and a goodly cushion in front of it, and if the sermon be not fairly written in a black book, to be smoothed upon a cushion in a majestic manner before beginning; all this we shall duly come to expect; but we shall at the same time consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is our duty to listen without restlessness for half an hour or three quarters, but which, when that duty has been decorously performed, we may dismiss from our minds in happy confidence of having another whenever it shall be necessary.

But if once we begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us which is a matter of life and death whether we hear or refuse; if we look upon him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; if we make some endeavor to conceive how precious these hours ought to be to him, a small vantage on the side of God after his flock have been exposed for six days together to the full weight of the world's temptations, and he has been forced to watch the thorn and the thistle springing in their hearts, and to see what wheat had been scattered there snatched from the wayside by this wild bird and the other, and at last, when breathless and weary with the week's labor they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men, to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them from all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastening of those doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked and yet none has opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hands and no man regarded—thirty minutes to raise the dead in; let us but once understand and feel all this, and we shall look with changed eyes upon that frippery of gay furniture about the place from which the message of judgment must be delivered, which either breathes upon the bones that they may live, or, if ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation perhaps against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them. We shall not so easily bear with the silk and gold upon the seat of judgment, nor with ornament of oratory in the mouth of the messenger; we shall wish that his words may be simple, even when they are sweetest, and the place where he speaks like a marble rock in the desert, about which the people have gathered in their thirst.—*Ruskin.*

[Selected.]

Prayer for the Nation.

Humbly, O God! before thy throne
Our contrite hearts and spirits bow;
Teach us to feel that love alone
Prompts thy chastising rod, e'en now.

In days gone by, which tried men's souls
By blood, by fire, and dark despair,
The cross which then our fathers bore,
O God! now help their sons to bear.

In this dark hour fill thou each heart
With holy faith, and courage true;
With love of country fire each breast;
In freedom's cause our strength renew.

Preserve to us our nation, Lord!
Cast us not off, nor hope destroy;
Behold the waiting millions, now,
Who look to us for freedom's joy.

In coming years may we again,
As in years past we oft have done,
Come to thy temple, Lord, with thanks
For thy great help in triumphs won.

And as we reverence those who gained
Our glorious heritage of fame,
So may the nation, ages hence,
Our mem'ries bless, and praise thy name.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY—THE PREPARATIONS—THE PROCESSION—THE VOLUNTEERS AND "CADETS"—THE FEAST AT GUILDHALL—THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AND PEACE—STREET SCENES AND STREET SALES—DR. CULLEN AND THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES—SIR R. PEEL AND CONNAUGHT FAMINE—A REVIVALIST PREACHER AT FREEMASON'S HALL—THE BISHOP OF OXFORD—IS HE "IMPROVED"—HIS SERMON ON CHRIST, THE HEALER—DEATH OF A WORTHY—OUR FATHERS, WHERE ARE THEY?—THE WEATHER—COMING DISTRESS—THE COTTON CRISIS.

LONDON, Nov. 15, 1861.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY, the 9th of November, is emphatically an institution of the city proper, stamped with the seal of centuries, and in spite of its intrinsic gew-gaw character and the loss of a whole day to business men occasioned by its annual recurrence, is alike historic and suggestive, in connexion with the growth of popular liberty, and the curbing of the power of kings. This year the day had two special and novel characteristics; the first being the presence in the procession of a guard of honor to the Chief Magistrate—not, as in past times, of a troop of the Horse Guards from Whitehall, but two powerful bodies of city volunteers. One of these is composed of young men of business; the other, of working men; both in an admirable state of discipline. Along with them were mustered those embryo soldiers, the "cadets"—fine boys, or little men, from fourteen to sixteen years of age, who are dressed precisely as are the volunteers themselves, and who elect their own officers as well! As the lamb in due time becomes the sheep, so in contrast to this *meek* development, the volunteer cadet becomes the volunteer soldier, and thus a fresh supply is secured to that band which stands ready to repel any rude invader. Lord Palmerston, in his speech at Guildhall, could not help saying a word in this sense with regard to the volunteers; but the rest of his words, like those of the American Ambassador, were singularly free from warlike allusions, and full of eulogiums on the blessings of peace and good will. Nevertheless there was an underlying consciousness, as it were, in the breasts of those who spake and those who listened. The American Ambassador ignored, as far as silence could do, the existence of civil war at home, and spoke admiringly of our Queen, Miss Nightingale—our poets and philanthropists, as being regarded by Americans as their property as well as ours. And right well did he discourse on the honesty and truthfulness which ought to characterize diplomatists. But after all, neither he nor the crowd at the splendid Guildhall banquet, could forget that blood was flowing, that a black cloud lay upon the future, that Lyons had been writing Seward, and Seward had been smartly replying to Lyons, that diplomatists were not usually candid, and that as for Europe, Louis Napoleon was still the arbiter on whose fiat—perhaps ominously muttered forth on New Year's day—depended the fate of Italian liberty, and the great question of a general European conflagration.

The second peculiar feature of this year's Lord Mayor's day, was found in the fact that the Chief Magistrate who rode so grandly in that richly gilded coach, with all his glittering train, and who went first to Westminster Hall to be sworn in by the Chief Baron, (after a flattering genealogical and biographical portrait, drawn by the learned Recorder of the City,) and then came back in the afternoon to preside at the feast—the rare peculiarity, I say, of the day was, that Alderman Cabitt was Lord Mayor a second time. The fact was, that his wealth enabled him to meet the expenses better than most Aldermen, (and these are at the least, in ordinary years, £10,000 each year,) which must inevitably be incurred next year—the *annus mirabilis* of the Great Exhibition—when strangers of high degree will be in our midst, and the Mansion House, with its noble Egyptian Hall, will become a banqueting house for the *elite* of all nations.

But let us mingle with the crowds that line the streets on Lord Mayor's day. The grand procession—with the men in armor, banners and bands, volunteers and city companies, the Lord Mayor and Sheriff's carriages, with all the Aldermen in succession—passes about noon down Cheapside, which to-day is sanded and gravelled, the usual business traffic being of course forbidden and suspended. Each side is lined with vast numbers of all ages, and the windows of shops and warehouses are filled with ladies and their children—the latter in great delight with the "Show." As soon as the Lord Mayor's carriage and its following train have passed by, a London mob of "roughs"—thin, wiry young fellows—flock into the middle of the streets, and amuse themselves by "bonneting" one another, not sparing the hat of the honest rustic, or peach-cheeked farmer from Essex or Kent.

Let us keep clear of these "roughs," and after the Lord Mayor has got as far as Ludgate Hill, step aside into what is called St. Paul's church-yard—in reality a street outside the paling and gates of the Cathedral. The people are here in force, for this is a holiday, and they will wait till the Lord Mayor comes back again. There are plenty of attractions and tempting "bargains" for them.

Here, for example, the first of several claims to popular regard. Who is he? Why, the man who last year sold, and always sells "gold (?) chains" on Lord Mayor's Day. Listen to him. "Look here," he cries, "this is not a country village, where gaping rustics can be easily gulled; no, my friends, it is the great City of London, where a jewellery shop may be seen every second house. I'm here on account of a wager between two gentlemen, as to the possibility of selling one hundred gold rings in St. Paul's Church yard in the nineteenth century." The rings (of *gilt* brass or copper) are then displayed and quickly sold for a penny a piece.

But who comes next? A man who mounts a blacking box (which he carries with him) in order to make himself conspicuous, and who holds forth after this fashion, speaking with the usual volubility of the street salesmen: "Gentlemen, you are surrounded by impostors, by fellows" (a hit at the previous salesman,) "who pretend to sell ever so many things for a wager. *I* have come here to-day, for the purpose of rewarding the public, by *giving away* some *spare money*. Now, then, gentlemen-speculators! who'll give me two and four pence for half a crown." Immediately several offers are made, and he duly pays the half crowns. He then descends to small sums, with each offering a premium—such as a shilling for tenpence, down to "a penny for a *halfpenny*," (what a rush here of the small boy!) "for a halfpenny." He does not however lose more than a shilling in this way, and then comes his harvest. For at once he produces a number of glittering *gold* chains, and next broaches, with "precious stones set all round with gold, and then having quickly disposed of them at a shilling a piece, he disappears. He is followed up by other candidates for favor, not forgetting the "palterers" who incessantly call out "a beautiful colored picture," (displaying it in folds like ribbons,) "of the Lord Mayor's Show—only one penny!"

Thus the afternoon passes away, and the people gather on the side paths of the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, and Wood Street, to see the Lord Mayor return from Westminster Hall. Next follow for an hour and a half, the carriages of Cabinet ministers, Foreign Ambassadors, West End Magnates, and other invited guests who drive up to the Guildhall, and then enter to take their places, and some of them to make their speeches in that multitudinous company.

DOCTOR CULLEN is seriously alarmed by the small support which the Romish gentry and middle class in Ireland, gave to the "Catholic University," and by their sending their sons to the Queen's College. He certainly gets the most of it in the battle between Constitutional liberty coupled with an education fitting young men to compete (and competitive examination impartially carried out is now the rule,) for appointments in the civil service of the State.

Such bitterness and bigotry are quite in keeping with the mission of this Papal Legate, namely, to arrest the progress of liberal ideas, and to dissever Roman Catholics from all association with Protestants. Thus also we account for the coarse attack made on Lord Brougham on account of certain statements by no means sectarian, made by him at the Social Science Congress in Dublin, some months ago.

The Chief Secretary is at present in Connaught, closely investigating the social condition of the people, and especially ascertaining how far there is ground for the cry of approaching "famine," which sometimes is raised by Popish priests, without good reason, and who as a class disgraced themselves by their abuse of public money in the famine of 1846-47. There is no doubt that the crops of the poor people in nineteen regions have been well nigh destroyed by the rains, and from the same cause the peat or "turf," is not found in the Irish cabin. I am sure if public assistance is needed, it will be accorded—rather that voluntary subscriptions will be forthcoming from England, if the alleged distress is proven to be a reality.

THE REV. DENHAM SMITH, of Dublin, well known in connexion with Revival meetings there, is announced to deliver an address in Freemason's Hall, on "The Present Religious Awakening." As (I think,) I mentioned in a former letter, Mr. Smith delivered addresses at Geneva, during the period that the Evangelical Conference held its sittings; and Professor La Harpe acted as his interpreter. His manner is peculiar, and in many respects popular and pleasing. But I fear that there is too much of attempted excitement, and that the distinction between the work of Christ in reference to his justifying righteousness, and that of the sanctifying Spirit, are not always sufficiently preserved. Nevertheless, in what Mr. Smith has published, I see nothing of this, nor the smallest approach to Rationalist error.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD is exceedingly active in preaching and speaking on behalf of the Society for the propagation of the Gospel. He shows no favor to the Church Missionary Society, and certainly its thoroughly evangelical committee have no confidence in him. His eloquence is employed on behalf of another Society, whose *chief* agents in the Colonies and among the heathen are High Churchmen. There are exceptions to this, but only in measure. The Bishop, however, when he goes to speak or preach in a town where the Evangelicals are strong, has a sermon or speech calculated to please and win them; and *vice versa* where the "High and Dry," or your semi-Tractarian Anglicans, are dominant. Some say "he is much improved." And undoubtedly, in his opposition to the Broad-Church, Negative, and "Essay" Schools, he has been compelled to fall back on those grand objective truths, which, whenever they are made prominent, *necessarily* throw the Apostolical Succession of a priesthood, and Sacramentarianism into the shade. But while thus the Bishop smites Rationalism, he and his *party* were the *occasion* of its development by reason of the Oxford Tractarianism which they originated, endorsed and pampered. He falls back in argument now, on Christ's miracles—but it is not to be forgotten that his Tractarian friends put the false miracles of the "the Church" in the olden time on a level with the mighty works of Christ; and more than this, made little of external evidence in their zeal for tradition and implicit faith. However, let us hope that Dr. Wilberforce is improving. He works hard, preaches a great deal, and gives good practical advice to his clergy. Last week he preached a sermon on behalf of a Hospital at Derby, which brings out some of his characteristics. His text was, "Go your way, and tell John the things which you have seen and heard." The Lord Jesus referred John's disciples to his works of healing as a special proof of his Messiahship. Why was this? Not only because they were acts of supernatural power, but because there was something in them which separated his works from those of Prophets and Patriarchs under the old dispensation. We shall therefore consider, 1. The special feature which connected the act of power with his Messiahship. 2. Whether, in the act itself or in the way of doing it, there was any speciality that marked it out as differing from the acts of those who came before him, or who followed him as his witnesses. The following is a portion of his remarks on the second of these topics:

Take Moses, or the prophets, or the apostles, and you will find that there was nothing about their works that connected the work essentially with the worker. On the contrary there was a studied endeavor to separate the two. In the case of Moses there was a special danger (as we may suppose,) for the children of Israel, if they should think the power of working miracles was in *him*; therefore, all was done by a rod. He was merely the worker, and the instrument, not the source of power. And there was a constant witness that the Old Testament messengers from God did not work the wonders by their own power; the eyes of men were continually turned to another. The preface "Thus saith the Lord," usually declared who the worker was. Besides, they were often wrought after earnest, sincere prayer that God would grant them the power of working signs and wonders. And this runs through the whole. When the fire fell from heaven on the sacrifice at Mount Carmel it was in answer to prayer—when Naaman, the Syrian, was to be healed of his leprosy, he was disappointed that there was no personal worker, and that he was only told by the prophet how he might be healed. So, when Peter and John healed the lame man at the gate of the temple, they were careful to show it was by the power of another. "Why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our power or holiness we had made this man to walk?" And when about to heal, they directed him to another as the source of power, "In the name of Jesus Christ, of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Then, another remarkable thing is, that, taken as a whole, there was no exclusive character of mercy about their works. Moses began with simple acts of power, as a rod becoming a serpent, and budding. Then, works of severity and judgment followed, as signs of God's presence and power—as the plague of hail, locusts, &c., famine, blindness, leprosy—all works of judgment, startling like the thunder pealing in the heavens, and overawing like the lightning's flash from the skies; but unlike the gentle rain descending as mercy and love. In our Lord's works, however, you will always observe this character of loving mercy. The taking of the man to be healed, aside out of the crowd, asking him, "Dost thou believe," moistening the clay, and personally anointing him; also the putting of his hand upon the leper (though this was forbidden by the law of Moses.) These things were clearly works of mercy, and were to teach that from him, from his body, in some way, through the personal acting of his own will, the work of healing was wrought. There was no prayer for the help of another; but it is said, "I will, be thou clean." All was done by the simple exercise of inherent power. "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, he saith to the sick of the palsy, I say unto thee, arise, take up thy bed and go thy way unto thine house." And so also, he cast out the spirits by his word, not by prayer; and healed all that were sick. And, in that great instance, when he triumphed over the last great enemy of man, he said, with simple kingly power, "Lazarus, come forth!" there was no stretching himself upon the child—no earnest supplications to his father—but, as holding himself the keys of death and hell, he says "Lazarus, come forth!" and it is done; Tophet and Hades knew his voice, and the enemy of man delivered up, at his simple bidding, the prey that he had taken. In all these points therefore—in the way our blessed Lord exerted the power, there was a great difference to those who either went before him, or who came after him, as his witnesses.

The following, as to the improvement we should make, both with regard to sickness in our own persons, and as respects its visitation upon others, is very excellent. As to personal improvement of affliction, he says:

As to the first point, we ought in disease, to see God's witness against sin—God's testimony to the corruption that is in every one of us, by nature, which is working inwardly in the central springs of our being, and manifesting itself outwardly in the tabernacle of the body. We ought to bear sickness, when it comes, as a penal infliction, that comes from the hand of our Heavenly Father, and to pray for submission under it. We ought to see in it a mark of his great love, that he turns every part of the penalty, as to the redeemed, into an instrument of their salvation. Disease is intended to lead us to Christ, for the restoration, in our own person, both of our body and our soul. And is not this the great lesson of our religion? to understand that our whole life here is a time of restoration, to be received from the hand of Christ the Lord—a time of service for us, and not of full enjoyment; that he now gives us sustenation of our weakness, and that our full enjoyment shall come when we are perfect. We are in the presence of the Great Physician, and we are to seek continual healing from his own hand; and, just as we say to a rich friend, who is too anxious, and likely to injure his health, by going back to his business too soon, "Remember that your present work is to get well," so this is God's voice in affliction. We ought to seek his healing power, that he may renew us inwardly, stamp his likeness upon us, that he would teach us to open our hearts to him; to take our secret unknown individual burden unto him; to go to him amidst the press and throng that are around about him in the professing world, and say, "If I can but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be made whole." And so, beloved brethren, seek this close, personal work. Depend upon it there is nothing that the natural heart of man will not rather do. An entire sacrifice of the heart is required when we turn to Christ. But the heart wishes to keep some indulgence, to cherish some darling sin, to practice some bowing down in the house of Rimmon, but it shrinks above all else from this close contact with the Lord. Yet, without this, outward devotions, outward ordinances, outward efforts, zeal for certain objects, and in doing certain acts, are all in vain. Whatever stands between the soul, and that soul reaching Christ, is to be removed. If we learn this, we shall learn the very secret of life; for our great object should be "that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection." And see here the blessedness of sickness, and weakness of body, as instruments of good. The strong man rejoicing in his strength, is smitten down with fever, and in his weakness he reaches forth to take hold upon the strength of the Strong One. So the man who has friends he loves, and a family he dotes upon, sees sickness enter into the family, seize upon his dearest earthly one, or, with its partial operation, harass his own life. Why is it? Because the love of God would not suffer his redeemed ones to have their portion here; and these trials are angels in disguise, who while we linger and delay in the cities of the plain, lay hold upon us, as they did upon the tarrying patriarch, saying "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee; neither tarry thou in all the plain, lest thou be destroyed."

It will be observed that in no sentence of these passages, is there a reference to aught of priesthood or Rationalism, but to Christ alone.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY has lately lost its excellent Treasurer, Mr. Thornton of Clapham Common, son of the ever to be venerated John Thornton, who was one of the earliest promoters, by generous gifts and zealous efforts, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and of every kindred institution. The fathers and founders of the great Societies are fast passing away. We sigh as we read in the newspapers a notice of their departure, just as it makes us sad to read of the death of one after another of those that fought with Wellington at Waterloo. But for the cause and Church of Christ there is provided by the Great King a constant *succession* of able and devoted men to catch up the banner from the dead hand of those who have fallen on the field. Enemies to the truth have started up from unexpected quarters, but never in Europe, in Asia, or in Africa, among Jews or Gentiles, was the written Word so mighty a Quickener as now—vindicating its authority by the most glorious of all miracles, the breaking of the stony heart in pieces, and forming man anew after the Divine image.

THE WEATHER, which for a longer period than usual has been the finest and fairest known in England for years, is murky and gloomy. The Winter will try very severely the Lancashire and Yorkshire populations, in consequence of cessation of work, or "short time," by those whose trade is dependent on the supply of cotton.* The population *earn* a great deal in good times, but they are, as a rule, self-indulgent and improvident—thus laying up little or nothing for the "rainy day." Earnest counsel has been tendered to the mill-workers in various places by the masters and proprietors; but it is almost inevitable—if unexpected relief does not come from a sudden change across the Atlantic in connexion with the great naval expedition of the North—that great misery and distress will be experienced. Nevertheless, our Government stands firm against the idea, I shall not say the proposal, of breaking the blockade. I am not so sure, if the Tory party were in power, that they would be so quiet in this matter. I am firmly convinced that sympathy for the South is mainly found among the Tory party, who have a natural sympathy with the descendants of the Cavaliers. Still, if the war be long continued, the multitudes, both in England and France, will *feel* and express impatience; and as hunger is claimant, no American need wonder at, or blame such impatience.

No doubt the "Southern Commissioners," now in this country, will do their best to fan the flame of discontent. May the Infinitely Wise, Just, and Merciful One solve the difficulty in his own way, for his glory, and the downfall of every system which degrades humanity and binds fetters on any section of our race. J.W.

* It is not merely the want of Cotton, *but of market for the production* of the mills, which causes the working on "short time." The market is glutted with cotton yarns and fabrics, and less production is, to some extent, a necessity.—EDS.

The Constraining Influence of Example.

Ten years ago, when an unconverted man, I boarded in the family of a pious woman, whose husband was not a Christian. There was a daughter of nineteen, another of fourteen, and a son of ten. Every morning after breakfast, I heard that humble woman gather her family in the kitchen, and read with them a chapter—"verse about"—in the Bible. Then, as I could not help listening, there was a peculiarity of service which mystified me. At last I asked, one day, if I might remain. She hesitated, her daughter blushed, but said I could do so if I really desired it. So I sat down with the rest. They gave me a Testament, and we all read. Then kneeling on the floor, that mother began her prayer audibly for her dear ones there, her husband, and herself; and then pausing a moment, as if to gather her energies or wing her faith, uttered a tender affectionate supplication for me. She closed, and her daughter began to pray. Poor girl, she was afraid of me; I was from college; I was her teacher; but she tremulously asked for a blessing as usual. Then came the other daughter, and at last the son—the youngest of that circle—who only repeated the Lord's Prayer, with one petition of his own. His amen was said, but no one rose. I knew in the instant they were waiting for me. And I—poor prayerless I—had no word to say. It almost broke my heart. I hurried from the room desolate and guilty. I few weeks only passed, when I asked them permission to come in once more; and then I prayed too, and thanked my ever-patient Saviour for the new hope in my heart, and the new song on my lip. It is a great thing to remember, that there is in the Gospel as in the law, provision made not only for "thy son and thy daughter, thy man servant and thy maid servant," but also even "for the stranger that is within thy gates."

Hoarding in Hard Times.

In the judgment of many Christian men, times like the present seem to justify hoarding, far beyond what would be considered right in periods of prosperity. "We must put by for a rainy day," is the exclamation, "we know not what may happen." We propose now to give one or two reasons why this kind of covetousness is unlawful.

In the first place, observe that God has specifically warned us against accumulation. There is an awful admonition given to us in one of the most dread scenes that Scripture unfolds. "I will pull down my barns," said a rich man, "and build greater; and there I will bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?" And St. Paul tells us that they "that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." And then comes that fearful judgment: "No covetous man, who is an idolator, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and God."

The covetousness which is here forbidden, we cannot but think, is that which, when a competency is obtained, seeks to *accumulate*, to turn income into principal—as if in insurance against the risk of God governing the world according to his own will. Two sins are involved in this. In the first place, we turn from God's treasure—from the work of omissions, of love, of mercy, among our fellow men—that which should be consecrated to its use. Hoarding is a cancer, which, the moment it is permitted to touch that which we hold in trust, stretches out its clutches until it grasps and then corodes *all*. Whenever we hold back a little, we rob everything. And in the second place, we thus withdraw our care from God, and put it upon ourselves. We, the weak, the blind, the miserable, tottering under the load of our responsibilities, turn our sullen countenance from him, the all-loving, when he seeks to take our burden on himself, and hug it to ourselves the closer, and totter on till we are crushed.

There is a double wrong in this. It is a sin—a wild and wretched impiety toward God. And then it is killing our own souls. No man is even temporarily the better for this distrust of God. Rich, as well as poor, hang equally upon his bounty. What the Lord wills, is to be the portion of each; and that arm will fail which seeks either to keep or to heap against God. And then, for the *next* world! The heart that in its hoardings has nourished a distrust of God until that distrust becomes a dark and suspicious *hate* which has kept on in disobedience until it is irrevocable rebellion—how can that heart be fit for else than the abodes of the lost?

And God has not left us without warnings, written in the saddest and deepest lines, to enforce these commands. The voices of the rich, mourning for their children—the spectacle of the father, who had toiled so hardly, sinking under the burden of ingratitude—are these not within the experience of us all? That vicarious suffering, which is the common lot of our race, is no where more painfully shown than in the transmitted penalty on accumulation. As the sin is for the future—the building up of the family—so the judgment is in the future—the blasting of the family. Follow these accumulations, wherever you can find them, and see whether they are not impregnated with a curse which spreads itself as they descend. God has bound us over, in the recognizance of the love of children, to keep this, his law.

Then the human heart itself becomes so *in*human, under the influence of this passion! There grows up a subtle membrane about it which closes first this and then that channel through which joy and love might flow in and out. Soon the charities of *social*, then those of *domestic* life, cease; and then comes that choking misery—that morbid suspiciousness and malevolence—which grows upon a heart walled in upon itself. And next comes that ossification under which the covetous man will be incapable of one gush of love to man, or trust in God. His, forever, is now that awful burden which God once so lovingly offered to take on his *own* Divine breast. It is a judicial state—that of the covetous man—in which God has permitted his judgments to be executed in the life-time, so that men might see and take heed.

From this we see the wrong of hoarding, on the plea, that we cannot go *abroad* with our charity, because charity begins at HOME. Observe the hard ingratitude of this toward God. No *human* benefactor would be thus treated. Here, for instance, is a son whom a father has covered with bounties, with the assurance that whatever else is wanted, will be supplied. A constant flow of kindness shows how secure this promise is. When the father sends a suppliant with the message—"Give him of your stores—I will repay you"—would that messenger be repulsed? Yet God, who has heaped such blessings on us, also sends to us messengers with the same entreaty. Every poor sufferer in our midst—every missionary on our outposts—every movement of love for which the Church appeals—is such a messenger. Unless we so harden ourselves that we are past feeling, we must listen. The messengers come from him who has cared for us so gently and lovingly, and whose promises are so sure. Yet do we not often throw contempt on this tenderness and constancy, by saying that we still fear for ourselves, and that charity begins at home? Is not this to say that we will not pay these messengers of our Lord, because we cannot rely on the heavenly assurance that if we cast our care on *him*, he will care for *us*? It may be that these very messengers are sent to try whether we really have faith in God. If faithless, how can we enter heaven?

It is not only to him who resolutely refuses to give, on the ground that he must *first* provide for his household, that this warning comes. He who reluctantly doles out a few drops of charity, while he is accumulating streams, or he who, instead of hoarding, scatters in profuse living, in like man