

Presbyterian Banner.

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I Am Dying.
Raise my pillow, husband dearest—
Faint and failing comes my breath,
And these shadows stealing slowly
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand;
You, that ever has sustained me
To the borders of this land.
For your God and mine—our Father—
Thence shall ever lead me on,
Where, upon a throne eternal,
Slits his loved and only Son.
I've had visions, and been dreaming
O'er the past, and joy and pain;
Years by year I wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.
Dreamed of girlhood, and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride—
How my heart thrilled with love's triumph
In that hour of woman's pride!
Dreamed of these—and all the earth-cords
Firmly twined about my heart—
Oh! the bitter, burning anguish,
When I knew that we must part.
When I passed—and God has promised
All thy footsteps to attend;
He, that's more than friend or brother,
He'll be with thee to the end.
There's no shadow o'er the portals
Leading to my heavenly home;
Christ has promised life eternal,
And 'tis he that bids me come.
When life's trials wait around thee,
And its chilling billows swell,
Thou'lt thank Heaven that I am spared them,
Thou'lt then feel that "all is well."
Bring our boys unto my bedside;
My last blessing let them keep—
But they're sleeping; do not wake them—
They'll learn soon enough to weep.
Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake,
Lead them gently in the pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This, the last night of my life;
For to-morrow I shall never
Answer when you call me "wife."
Fare thee well, my noble husband;
Faint not 'neath this chastening rod;
Throw your strong arm round our children;
Keep them close to thee—and God.

that they will not coincide; and so the current of sympathy that a real earnestness is calculated to pour forth on a congregation is chilled to icy coldness. If they have an ideal of earnestness, to which he does not conform, whether the discrepancy arise from his delinquency or their prejudice, or from both, the unhappy effects are the same. These results spring from error in judgment, concerning the indications of earnestness. How deplorable these results often are, may readily be imagined, from the frequent use of the expression, "I cannot feel the importance of religion, because the preacher does not seem to be in earnest." It is conceded that the preacher should be in earnest; but his real earnestness may not square with the hearer's erroneous bias and prejudices about it; and so they fail to profit by the precious truths of the Gospel, and aggravate their loss, moreover, and render it perpetual, by the very excess with which they justify it.
You should be aware, dear J., that profit or benefit, as connected with the ministry of the Word, is often, both by preachers and hearers, restricted to its *emotional* effects. There is scarcely a more delusive expression than that which is often uttered, "I want a minister that makes his hearers feel." Now, feeling is not so high an attainment as thought, to say nothing of its being more easy to simulate. Thought is what feeling springs from—especially religious feeling. He who presents to a congregation good thoughts, does a better service, than he who only excites in them his feelings; or even that he will thrill them with emotion, vibrating along the series of sympathy from his own heart. If I have emotion, only by sympathetic transmission, it is dependent, parasitical, and liable to all fluctuations and to the suspension of emotion in another's mind. But if I have the religious thoughts, the knowledge of God's truth, I have the inexhaustible sustenance of religious emotion garnered up in my own mind, and by the aid of God's Spirit draw them out in solitude and in the night-watches, fuel for a spiritual and cheerful flame in my own heart.
You should also be aware, dear J., that earnestness is a quality of *mind*, as well as of heart; and that it has become an exercise in instruction, as in exhortation. Paul's letters indicate earnestness, as much as his speeches. And finally, you should be aware that the *appearance* of earnestness, in its artificial and arbitrary form, often become habitual, and so, are more regular in their manifestations than emotions can be supposed to be. I once, in addressing a small assembly, observed an old gentleman opposite and near me, very much affected—weeping almost from the outset of my effort. I was delighted, and somewhat surprised, by the effects of my speech. When it was concluded I felt as in duty bound to enquire of the gentleman, who was an entire stranger to me. Indeed I was a stranger in the place I spoke to him, as the assembly was passing out of the house. One of his neighbors said, "there is no use in speaking to him, sir; he can't hear a word you say." I do not call in question the old gentleman's earnestness; I only say, it was not commented by the speaker. So I have known preachers who would affirm, though parenthetically, that Job was the man of Uz, with as much earnestness and solemnity, as that Jesus was the only Saviour of sinners.
A Christian of strong faith, and high aspirations, seated in the house of God, would rather hear a discourse on the way of life, than to witness any amount of dramatic action; and a sinner, anxious for pardon, would prefer the doctrine of Christ crucified, to the eloquence of Apollon on any other theme. A merely sympathetic emotion, caught from the preacher, will be transient; the emotion that the truth of God kindles will glow with perennial warmth. National airs affect us; but national songs, sung to them, affect us more. Garrick did not display his usual good sense and candor, in the remark, "we on the stage perform a fiction, as if it were reality; you on the pulpit present the most solemn truths, as if they were fiction." There are few preachers, I trust, who are not more in earnest than the best players. That their manner is different, is no more opposed to this idea, than it is to the truth of Christianity; that its evidences are not mathematical demonstrations.
Earnestness, you perceive then, is a high quality in the preacher. It belongs to his thoughts as well as his manner, and more to the former than to the latter. Eloquence is an auxiliary and a good one; but it is a miserable substitute. Preachers whose reputation stands upon their fervid eloquence, unshattered by thought, are, notoriously, a short-lived race. The earnest laborer plants and cultivates his field, with patient assiduity. The ambassador of Christ, like the skillful diplomatist, lays plans and labors and waits, for their season of accomplishment. The world depends on the sun for illumination, not on flashing meteors. Earnestness cannot be judged of by rules; it is an element of mind and manner. It cannot be learned by art; it is, in religion, a product of nature and grace.
If you, my young friend, prepare your sermons with due care, both as to their substance and their design; if you go to the pulpit with a firm faith of dependence on God; and with a desire to lead sinners to Christ; and if you, with these views, set yourself loose from the bondage of pride and fear, you will be an earnest preacher and a useful one. That you may be so, is I trust, your aim. Yours, J. F. M.

Fourth Sabbath in August, J. Williamson. Second Sabbath in September, S. McDonald.
Prospect—First Sabbath in May, T. Stevenson. First Sabbath in June, D. Sterrett; to administer the Sacrament. First Sabbath in July, S. McDonald. First Sabbath in August, M. O'Wilson. First Sabbath in September, J. A. Walker. First Sabbath in October, J. Williamson.
The Rev. D. Stewart Banks was appointed missionary to the Broad Top region for six months.
Presbytery adjourned to meet at the Logan's Valley church, on the Second Tuesday of June.
R. B. Moore, Temporary Clerk.

For the Presbyterian Banner.
Striking Passages Illustrative of Various Scriptures.
God set them (the sun, moon and stars) in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth.—Gen. i. 17. "We burn our Master's candles, but do not mind our Master's business."
Man dieth and wasteth away.—Job xv. 10. "Life is a wasting thing; it is a candle that will burn out, if it be not first blown out."
Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are ye not much better than they?—Matt. vi. 26. "If that feeds his birds, will not starve his babes."
We are not ignorant of his devices.—2 Cor. ii. 11. "The devil, though he has lost the sanctuary, retains the agency of an angel, and is wise to do evil."
Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.—Prov. i. 14. "These that would be kept from harm, must keep out of harm's way."
Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.—Matt. xxv. 41. "The devil's instruments must share in the devil's punishments."
Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased.—Luke xiv. 11. "God will humble those that will not humble themselves."
Mo.

For the Presbyterian Banner.
The Unattained Duty.
Reader, there is a work which your conscience suggests and approves, which would be an honorable one for yourself—of benefit to your fellow creatures and would tell in eternity. You could accomplish it with the blessing of God, but by some magic spell or usual prejudice you neglected to this day. This evaded duty in some is the conquest of besetting sin—such as avarice, pride, selfishness, undue levity, asperity, or some other of the black list of sins, which greatly hinder our usefulness and mar our enjoyment. Some persons, from timidity conceal their talents and thus waste the Master's goods. Many men might exert an influence for temperance even to the reform of the drammer and the rescue of his victims, (who is the heir apparent of an early and dishonored grave and eternal perdition,) but for a lack of godly courage and holy boldness. Such timorous souls behold the field white to the harvest, but forbear to thrust in the sickle, lest their activity should be commented upon.
There is many a woman freed from care excepting for her canaries and plants, who is well aware that it is her duty to bestow a mother's love and attention on some forsaken orphan or child of prodigal parents, less orphans or children of prodigal parents, to visit the poor, or sick, or prisoner—to speak a word for religion, or on the value of the soul to the impenitent, defer the duty and rob themselves at least of a rich reward. The Christian minister or watchman into the house of Israel, who is ambitious to preach eloquent sermons and prefer courtesy to earnestness, estimates more than all else a crowded house and popular applause, knows that he has a fearful account to render, and yet vanity holds him in a vice.
Oh! what you know to be your duty attempt to fulfill it in God's name—work cheerfully for the best of masters, until your sun declines and you enter the rest which remains for the people of God. L.

For the Presbyterian Banner.
Season of Refreshing.
CHURCH HILL, OHIO, April 15, 1862.
MR. EDITOR:—As you are set upon the tower of Zion, to watch her progress and welfare, undoubtedly you are rejoiced to publish the glad tidings of her prosperity.
The Lord has graciously granted a season of refreshing to the Presbyterian church of Niles, Ohio, by which he has done for us great things, which we now speak of with gladness. It is a season of refreshing, added, eleven by examination and two by certificate, at our last Communion, March 30, 1862; on which occasion Rev. A. S. MacMaster, D. D., of Poland, Ohio, rendered very valuable and acceptable assistance.
Death and emigration had reduced the membership to twenty or twenty-two, and the few faithful members were almost despairing of upholding the organization; but this shower has revived their drooping faith, and shed the oil of gladness in their hearts; and "taking courage away" they go on their way rejoicing in the hope of greater things to follow this first fruit of the Spirit. As words follow, as fruits of the spirit of grace in the heart, so in this instance; they remembered him who labored in word and doctrine among them, believing that he who "sows spiritual things into them" should reap their "eternal things." They assembled together in a social manner and after partaking of a bountiful supper and enjoying the sweet society of each other, they returned home, leaving free-will offerings behind, amounting to eighty dollars or more, as a token of their love of the Gospel ministry. Affliction prevented us to attend, but we feel truly our obligations both to God and to his dear flock, "to abound more and more in word and doctrine," &c.

JOHN BRYSE.

For the Presbyterian Banner.
An Inquiry.
MR. EDITOR:—What has Congress done with that part of the President's Message that recommends the recognition of the Nationality of Liberia? It is a subject of more than ordinary interest, and its recommendation is, I think, one of the noblest

parts of the message; but I confess that I am not posted as to what Congress has done with it, or in what Committee's hands it is safely stowed away.
It is believed—and I think on good and sufficient grounds—that if the nationality of Liberia was recognized by this country, and a treaty of reciprocity in trade established between the two countries, there would soon grow up a trade between them, and such a voluntary emigration of the colored race to the land of their forefathers, that we should be rid of them in half a century. Don't you think so? There are two points, I think, clear and indisputable. They are these, viz: that the two races need never be commingled together; nor can they live peaceably in the neighborhood of each other. The African race is destined to be a great and mighty people before the end of time. This must have territory on which to work that destiny out. That it cannot be on this Continent, I think, needs no argument to show. But God has sent them here to get their schooling; and now that they have got it, and are getting it, we must send them back. He will compel us to do it, just as certainly as he compelled Pharaoh to send the Israelites out of Egypt. The Lord make us a willing people, in the day of his power, to do his will. INQUIRY.

The Inner Calm.
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm
While these hot breezes blow,
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm,
Upon earth's fevered brow.
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast,
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elin's palm,
Beside her desert spring.
Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the cloister's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.
Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.
Calm in the suffering of wronged
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.
Calm when the great world's news with power,
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of this hour,
E'er find too fond an ear.
Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which shines serene in vain;
Moving untrifled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.
DR. BONAR.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.
Munich, 25th. Mr. Peabody's Speech—The Iron Question—The London Convention—A Biennial Meeting—Mr. Stoughton's Address—Mr. Binney's Commemorative—John Howe and the Bazaar—London—Gender and Love—Conservation of Money by Congregationalists—The Socinian Extended Succession from the Men of 182—English Presbyterians and the College—Fifty-Dollar Bazaar—The Yorkshire Association—Dr. Vaughan and the Beltingers.
LONDON, March 26, 1862.
"UNPROMISING" "MUNIFICENCE"—such is the heading in the Times of the 26th inst., of the correspondence between our illustrious American, Mr. Peabody, and Lord Stanley, Sir J. E. Tennent, and other gentlemen.—Mr. Peabody, as your readers know, has been an eminent banker and man of business here during the last twenty-five years, and has become a millionaire. Not content with founding a college in London, and a hospital in his native town of Dover, Massachusetts, and again in 1857 founding in the State of Maryland, an Institute on a much more extended scale, he now publishes his intention, with the view of "ameliorating the condition of the poor and needy" of this great metropolis, his determination to transfer to Trustees the sum of £150,000, himing its application to those who either by birth or residence, are a recognized portion of the population of London. He also requires that neither religious nor political differences of opinion shall be a bar to the bestowment of relief—the sole qualification being "moral character and good conduct." He suggests that a portion of the sum should be applied to "the construction of such approved dwellings for the poor, as may combine in the utmost possible degree, the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment, and economy." He also suggests that the trustees should be a member of the trust. "We are sure," says the Times, "that there is no one who bears this noble act who will not join us in offering to Mr. Peabody the tribute of English gratitude and good will." I have no doubt that this splendid gift will bear much fruit, especially in deepening and making broader that rising tide of beneficence, which now at last is seeking the true elevation of the masses.
THE IRON SHIP QUESTION is being eagerly studied and discussed, on another conclusively settled, and pronounced upon, since the news of the naval engagement between the Merrimac and the Monitor, and the destruction of the Cumberland. It is now agreed that a wooden vessel matched against an iron one, is as helpless, as a pre-dictor. It is also deduced from the engagement, that "the alleged efficiency of gunboats against heavier vessels, is disproved," and finally that we had not committed the error of reconstructing our Navy an hour too soon.
THE CONGREGATIONALISTS of London have been holding a St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, the first meeting in commemoration of the ejected ministers of 1662. I am glad to say that they have struck the key note in the spirit and with the hand of love, while yet firmly clinging to their conscientious nonconformity. One painful result of the state of religious parties when they write or speak against one another in a spirit of bitterness, is seen in the alienation which is beginning to show itself between the Evangelical clergy and the Dissenters. Yet, as wise as it is for the Evangelicals and yet false to their own spiritual interests and to their traditions as a party, to send hired clerical agents round the country, to lecture "in defence"

of the Church of England, in attacks in the form of endeavors to show that they are not the successors of the Ejected, and above all, justifying what was so wickedly done when the cruel Act of Uniformity was enacted. Mr. Mill, of the Nonconformist newspaper, who is about to receive a splendid testimonial in money from his admirers, and who is a man of great integrity and ability a journalist, is the real leader of Ultra-Dissenters, and also the father and founder of "The Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Control." He never descended to abuse or violence; but others are in danger of doing so. The old ministers—many of them of Nonconformity, hold aloof from the Liberation Society; while yet if it succeed in imposing the downfall of the Church State in England, they will rejoice. Numbers of the ministers are more Presbyterians in their attitude and moderation of feeling, than were of Anti-State Churches. That is true of Mr. Binney, of Dr. Vaughan, of Mr. Stoughton, of Kensington, and many others. These men had they lived two hundred years ago, would have been willing "I believe, to submit to something like a re-ordained Episcopacy," proposed by the first old presbyter, and Puritan in heart, Archbishop Usher.
At the meeting in St. James' Hall there was a vast audience, and as I have said, a key-note of loving tones was struck, especially by a rising and able minister of fine literary talents, great industry, historic research, and excellent taste, John Stoughton. He is the editor of the Evangelical Magazine, also. He used, last week, at the great meeting, the following admirable language:—"How much depends on this Bicentenary Celebration, in reference to the interests of truth and charity, the cause of religion, and the honor and glory of that blessed Name, which, with millions of our fellow-men together bear. We may do large good by this commemoration, or we may do little mischief. And we are told that brethren in the country are looking to this meeting to strike a key-note. God help us to be wise!
It is not as political Dissenters: we are here to-night, not to read history through colored spectacles. We are not here to exhibit the ejected as the only conscientious and devout Englishmen of that era, that all the waters of life were drained off when they came out, and that only fish was left behind. We are not here to revile our brethren of the Episcopal Church, who are not unprincipled of the great religious revival; within their pale, since some of us were boys. We are not here to say, we would rather the Church should become worse than better, because the deeper the corruption the sooner the downfall. God forbid! We are not here to make light of Christian union—to count as a trifling selfishness, as possible with our brethren—to throw to the winds the hopes of closer union—to show ourselves unmindful of the fact that spiritual and religious sympathies with those who are the devoted servants of the same Master, whatever be their denomination, are stronger than any other ties."
The Rev. Thomas Binney, not long since preached a sermon to his people, tracing back the ministry at the Weigh-House Chapel, to the day of 1662. A fine spirit of genuine simplicity of purpose and love of truth pervaded the discourse, and the narrative—to both of which I had the privilege of listening. His text was Heb. xiii. 7. He first analysed the text—as is his custom—then translating it as literally as possible, thus: "Remember your guides (egoumenoi) attentively considering; the end of their conversation (course of life); imitate them. Jesus Christ yesterday, and to-day, and forever."
The Rev. Binney was well liked, and loved, and are both striking and just: "I. The words suggest that the guidance of the members of Christian churches, very emphatically consists in teaching the Divine Word. Whatever there may be connected with such guidance in ecclesiastical, civil, and government, yet it is mainly found in the bringing of the truth of God to bear on the religious nature. Ministers are stewards of the mystery of God, but these mysteries are not in things to be done, but in things to be taught—not with an individual officially, but by word or touch; but by speaking the Word of God. And then it must be the Word of God, and very good. But if an ecclesiastical dictum is right, its power over my soul is not because of its ecclesiastical authority, but because of its agreement with the Divine Word. It is God who rules in his Church, not man or councils. I do not say that councils and councils are to be dispensed with; but everything is to be tested by the Word. There are a great many popular and traditional interpretations of Scripture texts, quite as erroneous as any dogmas of antiquity. These interpretations are not the true meaning; but that is the meaning which, after all possible painstaking, is found to be the original and true interpretation. And therefore I think that the grand work of the Church, and the special business of her ministers and guides is, the exposition and bringing out of the true Word of God."
"II. The text implies that the Christian ministry will have to be discharged in such circumstances, that its termination will be regarded as an escape, an exodus. If the Christian ministry be rightly discharged, it involves such a weight and burden, such anxiety, toil, and turmoil—sometimes, too, of perilous persecution—that its close or "passing away" must be regarded as an escape—a passing away to light and rest.
"III. It is meet and right that the Church of Christ should especially cherish the remembrance of departed teachers and guides.
"IV. The text teaches us to rise from the stars to the Sun—from all the servants to the Almighty Jesus Christ, &c. For Jesus is the Sun. The text also teaches us that there is hope for the Church in every opening generation."
Mr. Binney having added a few words closed the book and spoke nearly as follows:—"I have seen no report of this sermon or its sequel; I give you an outline from my own notes; as I once did before when the same preacher delivered 'The Merchant's Lecture,' in the Poultry Chapel." Well, that is a brief exposition of his text. "And now, if there be any strangers here, I shall be sorry for them if anything I am going to say should offend or irritate them. But perhaps even if strangers are here, they will have sympathy with what I say.—You see, (in a

colloquial tone), "we have to make collections (say for a Congregational Board Fund for aged ministers, and also for Nonconformist Colleges, and I want to say some things in this 1862 about the ejection of 1662, and its bearings on the history of this particular church in London, of which I am pastor."
He then presented a series of portraits—full of life and interest—of the successive pastors, beginning with "any young Cambridge man, who in the reign of King James came to London, and was appointed to St. Catherine's, in the Tower. This minister, Mr. Slater, continued his ministry with success for forty years—and what wonderful forty years they were! This minister, although Episcopally ordained, lived to be a Presbyterian in an Episcopal Establishment. But then came the Restoration, and the Act of Uniformity, and the—because he could not give his unfeigned assent and consent—to everything in the Book of Common Prayer—his farewell sermon.
"Thus," said Binney, tenderly, "the good old man opened his lips no more in Saint Catherine's pulpit." But he gathered a few friends and ministered to them privately. That was the beginning of this church; they seed the bulb, of which it originated." After mentioning briefly two other pastors, one of whom, John Knowles, went to New-England, remained there seven years, on his return was appointed Lecturer in Bristol Cathedral in 1682, and in 1685 ministered to the plague-stricken, when hirelings fled away, the speaker dwelt for some time on the character and career of another pastor, Thomas Reynolds, thus:—"His father was a member of the church of which John Howe was pastor. Young Reynolds heard a sermon at Cripplegate church, which was the means of his conversion." That shows," said the candid Binney, "that some men remained in the Establishment who were earnest and true." He then went on to tell how the young man went to Utrecht and Geneva as a student, and how, coming back, he was assistant to Silver Street, in the city, to John Howe. "And here was a burst of passionate admiration for the illustrious Puritan, made still more touching by a home allusion.
"I have got four sons—three on earth and one in heaven. He who is gone was a baby, (always, when you lose an infant child, you think of him in heaven as an infant still.) We are not here to revile our brethren of the Episcopal Church, who are not unprincipled of the great religious revival; within their pale, since some of us were boys. We are not here to say, we would rather the Church should become worse than better, because the deeper the corruption the sooner the downfall. God forbid! We are not here to make light of Christian union—to count as a trifling selfishness, as possible with our brethren—to throw to the winds the hopes of closer union—to show ourselves unmindful of the fact that spiritual and religious sympathies with those who are the devoted servants of the same Master, whatever be their denomination, are stronger than any other ties."
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son Downs, in Surrey, so the "St. Leger" is the great day at Doncaster. On one occasion, some years ago, 100,000 persons were said to be present. They come from many different counties, by railway or other conveyances. Thousands come on foot, and from 9 in the morning, for four hours, a continuous stream pours through the town; and again, when the contest is decided, the reluctant tide sets in.
"This race week is preceded by the transmission of horses to Doncaster, and the opening of a room for betting on the forthcoming competition trials of the horses which have been entered to run. The races commence on a Tuesday morning, about the middle of September, and last about four days. Immense multitudes, as I have said, are wont to come into and through the town to witness the races, especially on St. Leger's day. The demand for lodgings, especially for the noble and wealthy racing men, is very great. One nobleman—who has managed by his betting propensities to encumber his fine estates most heavily—is accustomed to pay £50 or £70 a month to partake of the London for himself, his wife, and followers. Every publican in the town reaps a harvest, and has a licensed drinking booth on the racecourse. The Corporation—mainly Tory and High-Church in its membership—let seats on the "grand stand" at a guinea each, and these clear £2,000 a year! This is the Corporation, which (in its Episcopal members) always stays on the first Sunday of each month to partake of the "Loyal Supper; on the old Tory principle that it is their duty, as loyal men, to support the Church." This gives one a glimpse of the hideous past. These gentry apply their gains of the race-week to public improvements, and to the relieving of borough and gas-rates.
Under the former Vicar, who sometimes preached a sermon against gambling 70 years ago, and before the bells of the parish church were rung every morning during the race-week! This profanation it was delicately said, was to welcome the "strangers!" But Dr. Vaughan, the present Vicar, (one of the most Evangelical of the Broad-Church party, late Head-Master at Harrow, and doing much good at Doncaster,) put a stop to the bell-ringing. He found that he had a legal right to do so, and he calmly endeavored. Whereupon the bell-ringers resorted to a recognized body of men, and resorted in a body. "How much were the feet paid for this bell-ringing in the race-week?" "Two pounds." "Very well, I shall pay you that sum, that you may not suffer any loss." "Sir, that won't do; for we used to get money, too, from strangers!"—Whereupon, the ringers persisted in their resignation, and next morning appeared in the local newspaper, an advertisement for a new band of bell-ringers. Such is the resolute character of the man, coupled with great tact and urbanity. He stood firm and true to a righteous cause, and as far as he can seeks to stem that torrent of evil which annually flows over his parish, and which undoes much of the efforts of both himself and his Nonconformist fellow-laborers. Dr. Vaughan refused a shroffite offer. It is likely that he will have a second offer at no distant day, and that he will accept it. J. W.

A Clinging Faith.
A Nestorian Christian lady wishing to commune with the American missionaries, appeared before them for examination concerning her knowledge of Christ. Her heart was overflowing with love and joy. To test her profession a missionary asked her:—"Would you still trust in the grace of God if your present joy were taken from you and you were left in darkness?" "Certainly," she replied.
"And what would you do if we were to refuse you admission to the table of our Lord?" asked the missionary.
"I should rejoice the more in the Lord Jesus," said the lady.
"Why, if all my friends cast me off, and you too, to whom could I go but to Him? I would cling more to Him than ever!"
That simple utterance in the language of strong faith! "We faith is questioned and capricious, letting go of Christ when clouds lower and storms burst upon it. But strong faith is a clinging faith. As a man falling overboard at sea, he grasps the spar thrown to him by his friends with a firmness proportioned to his consciousness of danger, so strong faith clings to Christ more than ever" when the blast howls loudest and the seas roughest. This is as it should be, for while a Christian is forsaken by friends, assaulted by foes, and overwhelmed with trials, to whom can he go but to Jesus? He must cling to Christ or perish.
Cling to Christ then, O troubled Christian!
Religious Depression.
It is the strange truth that some of the highest of God's servants are tried with darkness on the dying bed. Theory would say, when a religious man is laid up for his last struggle, now he is alone for deep communion with God. Fact very often says: "No; now he is alone, as his Master was before him, in the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." Look at John the Baptist in imagination, and you would say, "Now his rough pilgrimage is done. He is quiet, he is out of the world, with the rapt foretaste of heaven in his soul. Look at John in fact: He is agitated, sending to Christ, not to be rest, grim cold wrestling with his soul, misgiving for one last hour whether all his hope had not been delusion. There is one thing we remark here by the way: Doubt often comes from inactivity. We cannot give the philosophy of it, but this is the fact—Christians who have nothing to do but sit, thinking of themselves, meditating, sentimentalizing (or mysticizing), are almost sure to become the prey of dark, dark misgivings. John struggling in the desert; need he not have a dark night? John, who shut up, became morbid and doubtful; immediately, Brethren, all this is very marvelous. We are mysteries; but here is the history of it all: for sadness, for suffering, for misgiving, there is no remedy but stirring and doing.—Robertson.

"The eye of the Lord is in every place, beholding the evil and the good. The great Botanist Linnaeus had placed over the door of the hall in which he delivered his lectures these words: 'Deo videtur—God observes you.'"