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REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,
PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

On the Nativity.

Welcome welcome, happy morn,
Heaven's predicted hour,
When, to rescue man forlorn,
God displayed his power.
Jesus, universal King,
Whom celestial orders sing,
Visits earth, the spoils to win
From the conquerors, Death and Sin.

Lo, "He comes," as seen of old
By prophetic spirit,
Whom the ancient seers foretold.
And the saints inherit.
Jesus, God's eternal Son,
Puts the human nature on,
Bears our dreadful curse alone,
To exalt us to his throne.

Eastern sages from afar,
Undismayed by danger,
Gladly mark the orient star—
Seek the loving stranger;
View the God revealed in clay,
All his infant charms survey,
Prostrate adoration pay,
While they splendid gifts display.

Shepherds new their flocks surround—
Guard their fleecy numbers,
While the night diffuses round
Calm and peaceful slumbers.
Lo, the heavenly herald bright
Borne on pinions swift as light,
Bursts upon their ravished sight,
While they tremble with affright.

Soon the ethereal plains resound
God's eternal favor.
Shepherds, hear the applauding sound;
Haste to view the Saviour;
While cherubic armies vie,
Shouting in the distant sky,
"Glory be to God Most High."
In harmodious melody.

Rise, believers, catch the flame,
Feel the sacred fire;
Join to sing the Saviour's name,
Swell the chorus higher.
Jesus will your souls defend,
Be your own eternal Friend,
And a flaming convoy send,
When your mortal conflicts end.

Then your happy souls shall prove
All the great salvation,
Crowned with pure seraphic love,
Filled with consolation.
Prostrate on your faces fall.
God's eternal love extol,
Shout the Lamb who died for all
While eternal ages roll.

From a Missionary in China.

NINGPO, CHINA, May 28th, 1862.

EDITOR PRESBYTERIAN BANNER: *Dear Sir*—Perhaps your readers might be interested in a brief statement of affairs at this port. If you think so, you are at liberty to make such use as you may see fit of the following facts:

I can assure you, that since my arrival here we have been living pretty fast. The first half year or so the French and English did their work up at Pekin, during which time we had comparative quiet, subject, however, to incipient panics. That job done, we had comparative freedom from sudden frights for six months, when the cry "the Rebels are coming," sounded and reechoed throughout this whole Province, carrying with it the entire population. A panic in China is indescribably fearful. These continued at intervals until the fall Ningpo, Dec. 9th, 1861.

The Tai-pings are a bloody set. Still they have exhibited a good degree of honor in their dealings with foreigners. They have kept their promises better than could have reasonably been expected. They are, however, great tyrants—seem to have very little idea of any punishment, except death. As to destruction, they are well-nigh perfect in the art, but have not the least notion of building up.

To the keeping of their promises, however, there was one exception, and that exception proved fatal to their interests here. They promised the foreign Powers, previous to their coming to Ningpo, that they would not pass over to the side of the river on which the foreign settlement is located. This promise they kept until the city was in their possession, when they so interpreted the agreement as to mean that they were not to come over during the taking of the city; that as the city had fallen into their hands, together with the surrounding country, the North bank of the river was theirs as a matter of course. The Chiefs, however, consented to refer the matter to Naen-king. The answer came two or three weeks previous to the 10th inst. Previous to giving their answer, either intentionally or by chance, some shots were fired over the men-of-war lying in the river between the foreign settlement and the city. For this the Senior naval officer demanded and received an apology. The messenger who brought the reply from Naen-king to the foreign Powers, came into the city with great pomp, and in their display the Tai-pings again fired over the men-of-war, and killed some Chinamen on this side of the river.

Three or four days after this the English and French received a large reinforcement, so that they had, all told, six vessels, three of them gunboats. The "*Allies*" then demanded of the "Tai-ping Chiefs," that inasmuch as they either could not or would not restrain their men from firing across the river, they must take all the large guns off the wall which pointed toward the settlement, and also those from the new *forts* which they were constructing in the forks of the river, which bore on the shipping; that if the firing of small arms was repeated, they would put a shell as near as possible to the place from which the gun was fired, not as an act of hostility, but by way of punishing the individual offender. In answer, the "Chiefs" assured the "Allies" that the large guns and the forts were not intended for them, but for the Imperialists who were expected up the river—that they could not remove the *guns*—that they would not answer the first or second shot, but that in case of an attack they would defend themselves; that they had positive orders from Naen-king to take charge of, the North bank of the river; that they did not wish to quarrel with foreigners, but if they (the Allies) sought a quarrel, to come on, and it would be seen which was the *Cock*, and which was the *Hen*. The "Allies" sent a second dispatch, stating that if the guns were removed as requested, they would see to it that the Imperialists should not approach the city from this side without giving them (the rebels) due notice; but that the safety of the foreign community demanded their removal. The removal of the guns was given as an *ultimatum*. It was hautily rejected.

A few days after this, Chin-hai, the city at the mouth of the Ningpo river, was taken by the Imperialists. The next day the Senior naval officer of the English forces here sent word to the Chiefs that Chin-hai had fallen; that the Imperialists had re-taken the country on the North bank of the river, as high as opposite the city of Ningpo, and that they would sustain the Imperialists in holding the territory they had re-taken; that had they listened to their former propositions, they would not have permitted an attack from this side, but as they had rejected them, they (the Alies) would not interfere to prevent it; and that even in their own defence the Tai-pings must not fire across their ships; that if they did, they in turn would fire into the city. The Chiefs thanked the Allies for their information, but assured them that they would return the fire if attacked from the settlement side, at whatever risk, and thought they would be able to defend themselves.

The attack was arranged for Saturday, 10th of May, at 5 o'clock A. M., but the Imperial war junks did not seem to relish getting into close quarters, with a strong tide forcing them into immediate contact with their enemies for six hours. They preferred to wait until near high-water, when, if they got into a hot place, they could have a chance to slip away. The attack was made at a little before 10 A. M., by two Imperial gunboats, which only fired one round each and retired. The Taipings returned the fire, some of their shots passing over the bows of H. M. steam-ship *Encountre*, anchored opposite to our houses, between us and the city. She immediately opened a broadside on the batteries opposite, and at this signal the other five vessels soon came into action. A fierce cannonading was kept up until 2 P. M., when there was quite a lull, while preparations were being made to land a storming party The party landed under cover of a house near the wall, at about 3 P. M. Within the city were said to be twenty thousand fighting men. The scaling party consisted of about one hundred and fifty English and French, and about as many Chinese. By means of a brass piece, (12-pounder,) which accompanied the scaling party, and constant booming from the gunboats, the top of the wall opposite the house was knocked away. From a lookout on the top of the house the marines cleared the wall, and the ladders, only four in number, being planted, the party, headed by Capt. Dew, the senior officer, ascended and cleared the wall; and in less than two hours the firing ceased entirely. The route was complete, and the city in the hands of the English and French. On the part of the Allies there were three killed and about twenty wounded, three of whom have since died. We remained in our houses during the day. Several cannon balls whizzed past, and one gingal lit in our yard. None of the missionaries or foreign residents were injured. The native Christians are all safe. I am inclined to think the bombardment did not take place any too soon, as the Taipings more than once had meditated a night attack on the foreign settlement. Had they remained long enough to carry out their design, it must have proved disastrous to life and property on this side.

Such is the political atmosphere in which we have been living for the last six months, for one did not feel much less secure during the bombardment than during the last few months.

In the midst of uncertainty and contention we are not without encouragement in our work. In almost every communion some one or more sits down for the first time at the table of the Lord.

Besides, the hundreds who have been rescued from the Tai-pings, and kept in food and found in a place to stay for months, through the efforts of missionaries and the liberality of foreign merchants, places us in a position which foreigners have never had before. These things have given indubitable proofs to the Chinese that foreigners do not wish to injure, but to do them good. The effect we hope has been great for good. The leaven is at work. The power of a risen Saviour shall yet be magnified throughout China.

Yours truly, D. D. GREEN.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Not Yet Educated.

MR. EDITOR:—I was highly pleased with a *portion* of an article in the *New-York Observer* of July 10th, under the caption of "NOT YET HUMBLED," and yet I was not at all pleased with another portion of it. I am afraid that it is not only too true that we, as a nation, are "Not Yet Humbled," but that it is equally true that we are *Not yet educated*. I think it is now evident to every one, that, if this Government of ours which every true and intelligent man loves and desires to sustain, is to be preserved—is to overcome and overthrow the rebellion that is attempting to divide and destroy it, the loyal people everywhere throughout our land, *must stand together* as one man, in supporting the constituted authorities of our Government in all the measures—not inconsistent with the rules of civilized warfare—deemed necessary to accomplish this desirable end. We must pray to the God of battles for aid—we must acknowledge *all* our sins as a people, and in addition, we must use all the means placed within our reach if we expect to succeed. Not only so, but we must be very careful not to encourage nor comfort our enemy by word or deed—by making him believe that there are real divisions amongst ourselves—that the Administration has not the cordial support of the Northern people, and that therefore all the Rebellion has to do in order to succeed finally, is to persevere to protract the struggle.

The article referred to in the *Observer*, is well timed and true, until near the foot of the first column; and if the editor had stopped when he got through with the remarks that appropriately belonged to the heading of the article, he would have done his duty; but I think his long cherished love of the "peculiar institution," led him away from his subject and induced him, unwittingly, perhaps, to cripple and weaken the Government. The objectionable portion of that editorial is the following: "We have *prayed* that the war might be speedily closed, but we have had no faith to believe that it will be closed, so long as it is prosecuted with any other object than the defence *the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was.*"

"With any other design in view, the war is a horid crime against God and the human race. If our rulers or our people have lost sight of the first principles on which the nation sprang to arms and are now determining to make the war an instrument of their party purposes, to do with it what could not be done by the people under the Constitution without it, then let our rulers and our people repent of this their sin-and their folly if they desire the help of God Almighty in this war.

"In the solemn pause that now marks the history of this bloody year, it is well to lay these teachings to heart. By all the innocent blood that has been poured out on the battle field, by the dying groans of our children and brethren slain in defence (*as they thought*,) of the Government of their fathers."

New, Mr. Editor, I have several objections to urge against a widely circulated and influential religious newspaper giving utterance to so much unfounded and empty political clap-trap, and which, when used by partizan politicians, is intended to mislead and gull the unthinking so as to secure some political and partizan object.

What does the foregoing extract teach? Why, it asserts about as strongly as can be, that the war has been, and is now, prosecuted for some other purpose than the suppression of the Rebellion and the restoration of the Union. I would like to know from the *Observer*, or "*any other man*," when, where, or how the Government or any number of individuals have ever proposed to prosecute the war for the accomplishment of any other purpose than the suppression of the Rebellion. I am aware there is a difference of opinion as to the means to be used to accomplish the end in view. But the *Observer* makes the broad and almost unqualified assertion that such has been the character of means adopted to carry on the war, and says that although he has *prayed* for a speedy close of the war, *he has had no faith* to believe it will be closed so long *as it is prosecuted* with any other object than the defence of the "*Constitution as it is* and the *Union as it was*." If my memory serves me, the *Observer*, about eighteen months ago, favored the Crittenden Resolution, which proposed an *alteration* of the Constitution. If so, how does it come that he, as well as the leading members of a once great party, who also were favorable to an alteration of the Constitution, but whose motto now is, "*the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is*," are *now* so zealous that not a *letter* of the Constitution shall be touched even to save the spirit of it? "With any other design in view, the war is a horrid crime against God and the human race." Now, what does the *Observer* mean by the above? In the first place he assumes a false premise, and then draws, as a matter of course, a wrong conclusion. In other words, he assumes that the Government is prosecuting the war to abolish slavery, and then says *that* is a "crime against God and the human race." Now every sensible and honest man certainly knows that the Government thus far has been prosecuting the war so as to do as little harm to slavery as possible, in order to let the South see that there was no disposition to meddle unnecessarily with their "peculiar institution." In the very face of this remarkable care which the Government has taken of slavery in all its operations ever since the rebellion broke out, the *Observer* tells our own people and the Rebels, too—because they get to see all these things—that we have been waging a war against slavery, and hence it is wicked, and God will be against us until we repent of *this* sin. Thus, he assumes that we are trying to accomplish by the war, what we could not under the Constitution without it—that is the destruction of slavery.

Again he says, "by all the innocent blood that has been poured out on the battle field, by the dying groans of our children and brethren slain in defence (*as they thought*) of the Government," &c.

Now what is the plain inference which our soldiers would draw from the above? Does not the phrase included in brackets, teach that the Government has obtained their services under false pretences—that they are made the instruments of carrying out party purposes instead of defending the Government, and therefore they would be morally right in mutinying and refusing to submit to this perversion of their services. I scarcely think the *Observer* intends to teach such terrible things, and yet I know the extract I have quoted has had the tendency to strengthen and comfort those in our midst who have been asserting that this is an Abolition war, and that the Government shall not be sustained by either men or money, until it shall give such evidence as they demand, that the *status of Slavery* in the Government shall remain the same after the rebellion is suppressed, that it was before the war began. The tendency of all such sentiments is to create division among ourselves, and to strengthen and encourage our enemies. If we don't quit such a course the war will be protracted—our noble Government, which is now loaded down by obstacles and difficulties mountain high, will crumble and fall to rise no more. I believe it is beyond the power of mortal man to preserve the *status* of Slavery in the Government as it was before the rebels undertook to destroy the Union for the avowed purpose of extending and perpetuating it. The destruction of that institution must be credited to the rebels themselves—although they meant it not so. The very course they have taken to perpetuate it, will be seen, after this whole affair is wound up, to have been necessary to destroy it. Just as Joseph's brethren's course toward him to thwart the realization of his dreams, afterwards appeared to have been necessary to bring them about; so with the slaveholder's rebellion. God causes the wrath of man to praise him, and restrains the residue thereof.

We are not yet educated, or else we would see the impropriety, under the extraordinary circumstances that surround us as a nation, of uttering in any way sentiments that are not simply untrue, but which must do a vast amount of injury by prolonging the war, and consequently requiring an increased sacrifice of treasure and blood.

UNION.

How to Have a Poor Pastor.—Somebody in one of our exchanges, suggests the following "way to make a poor pastor:"

1. Be very careless and irregular in attending church. Never go, except when you can manufacture no good excuse to stay at home.

2. When at church be either asleep or staring about. Do not listen to the sermon.

3. When you go home, complain of the sermon as light and chaffy, or dry and uninteresting.

4. Treat your pastor with cold and uninviting civility, and then complain of him because he does not visit you. Neglect to pray for a blessing upon him and his labors, and then complain of him because the church does not prosper.

6. Be always finding fault with your pastor, and yet regret that he is not more popular with the people.

7. Be very lukewarm and worldly-minded, and yet complain of him for want of zeal.

8. Neglect to provide for his necessary wants, and then complain of him because he wants his salary. Do all these things and you will *never fail to have a poor pastor.*

For the Presbyterian Banner.

War Sermons.

"Is the work of peace our only business? No; in such a time, even the God of peace proclaims, by his providence, 'To arms!' Then the sword is, as it were, consecrated to God; and the art of war becomes a part of our religion. Blessed is the brave soldier; blessed is the defender of his country, and the destroyer of its enemies."

So preached the Rev. Samuel Davies, of Hanover Presbytery, Virginia, known as President of the College of New-Jersey, and admired, justly, by the Rev. Dr. Plumer, as one of the greatest and best men that the Presbyterian Church has ever had. He preached it at a recruiting station in 1758, to aid in the raising of a company of volunteers. And he appeals to men to enlist, in a style that shows him not to have been so sensitive, as some are now, about the mixing of patriotism with religion. "I seriously," he says, "make the proposal to you, not only as the subject of the best of Kings, (George II.,) and a friend to your country, but as *a servant of the most high God*; for I am fully persuaded, what I am recommending is his will; and disobedience to it may expose you to his curse." Again, "O for the all-prevailing force of Demosthenes' oratory—but I recall my wish, that I may correct it—O for the influence of the Lord of armies, the God of battles, the author of true courage and every heroic virtue, to fire you into patriots and soldiers this moment!"

Now, surely we have as good a Government as that of George the Second, to contend for; and as bad an enemy as the French and Indians to contend against; and ministers of the Gospel not only have the right, but are under obligation, to honor and aid their country by all means in their power. The trick of identifying party politics with patriotism was "played out" by the demagogues before it was taken up by the preachers of dubious loyalty. If a sheriff were resisted by a lawless mob in the execution of a process, the minister, like any other good citizen, would be expected to approve and aid, if need be, the action of the office. The contest going on in our country is an affair of this sort precisely. The magnitude of the affair does not alter its nature. Whatever ideas we have about the wars of nation with nation, no one can doubt the lawfulness and necessity of supporting government by the administration of laws. But combinations of wicked law-breakers, numbering tens and hundreds of thousands, have assaulted our Government with force and arms, and have declared in formal terms their determination to break it up. Already they have occasioned immense expenditures of money, and the loss of many thousands of lives. Force must be met with force, and arms with arms. The only alternative is the loss of free government, the sacrifice of rights, and the endangering, if not the destruction, of all our interests. And in view of the magnitude of this insurrection, and its relations to human freedom and the welfare of mankind, what patriot, what friend of humanity, what Christian, can hesitate to throw all his strength and influence on the side of his country? Who is willing to encourage, even by a criminal sympathy, the destroyers of such institutions as ours? If we should lose them by unforeseen and irresistible calamity, it were an affliction to be mourned over in anguish, even though tears might be unavailing. Should we lose them, after manful defence, after exhausting all our means of preservation, we should, at least, have our lamentations blended with the approving voice of a good conscience. But if they are wrested from us by the boastful impudence of a thrice inferior power, aided by the transparent hypocrisy of treacherous sympathizers, the loss will be aggravated by the conscious debasement of submission to ruin at the hands of atrocious traitors.

This is not a war of nation with nation. It is a sectional insurrection of a part for the overthrow of the whole. It is a mercenary and unscrupulous attempt to subjugate the many to the arbitrary will of the few. It is an ambitious and desperate effort of pampered aristocrats to usurp and subvert the free, popular government of the country. And our armies are employed on lawful call of Providence and of Government, as his institution, to prevent this stupendous iniquity and disaster. Our brave people are facing danger, to secure safety; are bearing hardships as the price of ease; are spending a part to save the whole. And every man, ministers as well as others, is bound to aid in the holy work. Law-breakers must be punished, that peaceable citizens may enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Rebellion must be crushed, to preserve free government. Usurpers and despots must be destroyed, to secure the rights of freemen. These benevolent ends, our noble army and navy are destined to accomplish. True devotion follows them with its prayers, and rejoices in their success, and weeps for their sufferings. And the minister of peace is in the direct line of his duty to God and to man, when, in the present crisis, he says, like MOSES, to the people around him, "Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye sit here?—Numb. xxxii: 6—or, roused by the imminent peril, he uses the energetic style of JEREMIAH, "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently, and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood."—xlviii: 10.

There are but few ministers in our loyal and free Strtes, whose voices have not been raised in behalf of our bleeding country, and few whose muddy notions of religion and politics have excluded her imperiled interests from their prayers.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Popish Demonstration in Dublin—The Catholic University—Archbishop Hughes and his Sermon—United Education versus Bigotry—Crime in Ireland—Who is the Abettor?—Mrs. Oliphant's Life of Irving—Faults and Merits—Death of the Archbishop of Armagh—Like and Unlike—Laud, Strafford, and Presbyterianism in Ireland—Who is to be the New Archbishop—Three eminent London Ministers Departed—Dr. Bethune—"Dead upon the Field!"—The "Sleep" of God's "Beloved"—Comfort for the Survivors—Postscript.

LONDON, July 28, 1862.

THE ROMISH BISHOPS IN IRELAND, after having in vain employed deputations to Lord Palmerston, to endeavor to wheedle and coax him to grant a charter to their new University at Dublin, have been making, on the first day of the present week, a *political* demonstration in the same direction. Assembling all the "Trades Union," "Fraternities," bringing into the capital a host of locust-priests, summoning Roman Catholic Mayors and Town Councillors *et hoc genus omne*, they first held a public service at Marlborough Street chapel, when Dr. Hughes, of New-York, preached a sermon in which he contrasted the hedge schools of his boyhood's days, fifty years ago, with the progress of education since. He forgot, however, to tell or recognize how the Protestant minority in Ireland had been the great stimulators of popular enlightenment, and how, moreover, that National System of Education which was inaugurated by English statesmen more than thirty years ago, and steadily maintained by them ever since, against fierce zealots in the Establishment on the one hand, and Dr. McHale and his co-prelates on the other, had been *the* special source of the spread of knowledge in the country. No! what Hughes and all his party wanted was to show that there ought to be a State-endowed University, which must be exclusive, into which the heretic may not come; where there is to be no commingling of generous and ungenerous youth, as at the Queen's College, and as in measure also, at Trinity College, Dublin. Monasticism must direct the University; its students, if they are to be learned or scientific, must at all events try their very best to realise Mediævalism, and to drink in the spirit of a past which never *can* be revived, as well as to imbibe that intolerant bigotry which has stained with the blood of earth's noblest and best, the hands of the Mother of Abominations, which

"Not all the waters of the sea incarnadine"

can ever wash out.

After mass and the sermon, a multitudinous procession was arranged, and went in lengthened and tortuous defile to a suburban field, where the new "Catholic University" is to raise its towers to heaven. As a political demonstration, this was a failure—as long at least as Palmerston is Premier, and Sir Robert Peel is Secretary for Ireland. It will be a deep disgrace if Lord Derby and D'Israeli coming into office—as they *may* do within twelve months—the Popish faction should be bribed and tied to the chariot wheels of Toryism, by the concession of a charter.

CRIME in Ireland is rampant in several districts, but *not* in Protestant counties. Ribbonism, the very venom and virus of which is hatred to and extermination of the heretic, has, as you know, lifted up its head once more in County Limerick, and in Longford also. In the latter county, Mr. Thiebault, a French landed proprietor, was murdered in open day. A man was tried for the crime and acquitted, and received by the peasantry as a hero; and what is only to be found paralleled among Thugs, the crowd lit a bonfire on the very spot where Thiebault had perished, and danced with savage joy around it! One conviction has been obtained—that of the murderer of a Mr. Fitzgerald; but as a writer from Dublin puts it, "although seven priests and fourteen Sisters of Mercy attended him in prison, and tried to prepare him for death, they could not soften his heart." He sprung on the scaffold with a kind of enthusiasm, and he died *not* owning or lamenting his crime, or expressing pity for the widowed wife and fatherless children of his victim, but boasting that he had not turned "stag" or informer on any other red-handed villain. *Such* crime is not possible where the Bible and the Gospel purify public opinion, and educate the public conscience; *the guilt and shame belong to Rome.* Where she has supreme sway, there the peasantry would *shield the murderer*, and have no tears for the mangled corpse of the murdered.

A "LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING," the assistant of Chalmers at St. John's, Glasgow, and afterwards minister of the National Scotch church, Regent Square, has been written by Mrs. Oliphant, and has awakened general interest and admiration. "No more enthralling or pathetic story is to be found than in these volumes—nothing more fitted, in its various interest, to stir, to soothe, to elevate, which we take, with the philosophic poet, to be the function of all noble and worthy literature, has of late been laid before the world." The Glasgow *Morning Journal*, which thus pronounces on the book, has the following in reference to the theory that Irving was latterly insane:

Irving in his last melancholy aberrations, believing in the miraculous "gifts," and reverently and awfully listening to balderdash as the authentic utterance of the Holy Ghost, is merely a natural development, under special concurring influences, of the boy whom we found at Annan, pacing of his own grave choice six miles to church of a Sunday, "amid a little band of patriarch elders," and afterwards, as a lad, at Haddington, "broaching" to reverend Divines "some of his singular opinions about the high destinies of the human race in heaven;" nor can it with any accuracy be alleged that he was insane at one period more than at another. Mrs. Oliphant for the most part, and perhaps wisely, has confined herself to an exhibition of the man as he appeared in the various stages of his career without attempting much in the way of exposition or elucidation of these in their relation to each other, and their bearing upon the unhappy consummation. Not anywhere embarrassing herself with theory, she supplies us with a succession of distinct and lively images; Irving is largely permitted to reveal himself in her pages, through the medium of a series of letters and journals, almost *unique* in the simplicity, intimacy, and transparency with which they reflect the very heart and inmost nature of the man; and nothing is more striking than the unity and self-consistency of the character throughout, and to the very end. What, looked at from without, we may allowably speak of as *aberration* in Irving, may be seen with considerable clearness in the light of these documents, which exhibit the process of his inner nature, to assume the form of logical development. The phenomena, strange as they appear, are in a certain sense explicable if we merely assume the concurrence of an ecstatic piety, and an ardent and irregular imagination, with an ambition, inordinate in its aims, but, always pure, holy, and unselfish—a general unsettled, unhealthy, and excited state of the religious world, and the wild personal stimulus of a sudden and astounding popularity. Unquestionably this last influence must be largely taken into account; but, as we already intimated, we utterly deny that its effect upon Irving was of the vulgar kind, which it is frequently assumed to have been. It is plain that the sort of *furor* he produced, and the idolatry with which he was regarded by a special circle of admirers, in no long time infected Irving with an exaggerated estimate of his own importance; but he took this unhappy infection, not as a meaner man might have done, but after his own grand manner. A certain self-consequence, rather let us term it, a particular stately form of self-respect, based upon what was, after all, a just consciousness of power, is from the first to be traced in Irving. The peculiar style of his writings, in its pomp and elaboration of structure, modelled specially after that of his early favorite, Hooker, whose system of balanced harmonies has not been quite equalled by any subsequent master of these more scientific forms of English prose, in another man might have seemed artificial and affected, but is felt, as adopted by Irving, to have quite a physiognomical significance.

Mrs. Oliphant, like a true woman, will admit no fault in her hero, and therefore deals severely with the London Presbytery for their putting Irving on his trial at their bar, in reference to his teaching of the doctrines and his recognition of the false and fanatical "gift of Tongues." But what else could a Presbytery do? They were firmly convinced that it was a mischievous delusion, and his teachings about the "peccability" of Christ's humanity, was a heresy most alarming. It is impossible, however, to think on Irving without reverence and affection. There was in him the *mens divinior* of true genius—his very appearance was at once commanding and strangely fascinating: his parted, flowing locks; his partial, Whitfield-like obliquity of vision; his majestic reading—say of the 100th or the 46th Psalm; his rolling periods; his solemn objurgation of a wicked and carnal generation; his prognostications of a retributive future, charged with judicial tempest—who that remembers seeing and hearing the man, (as I did *once*, and that when his intellect began to totter on its throne,) but must regard Irving as one of the most remarkable men of modern times?

DOCTOR BERESFORD, Archbishop of Armagh, has just passed away, full of years and honors. Never was there a more beloved and venerated prelate in Ireland, since the days of the illustrious Usher. He was either wholly, or half a Puritan, as was Usher, but if he had lived in the days of Laud, at Lambeth, and of Earl Strafford, who, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, cruelly expelled the early Presbyterian ministers from the Northern Parishes of Ireland, he would not have endorsed the savagery of these two vile oppressors, whose day of retribution from an indignant Parliament and Commonwealth, came on Tower Hill, London, in the inexorable forms of the headsman and the block. Doctor Beresford, I have seen ere now—he was a "Prince of the Church" in the nobility of his personal bearing, in the rare union of dignity and mildness, and in the simplicity and purity of unconscious rank and influence—never used to oppress his clergy, or to vex and denounce—as his predecessor Stewart, and the bigotted Dr. Maut, Bishop of Down and Connor had done—the Presbyterians of Ulster. His chosen and favorite Chaplain at Armagh, lived on the most friendly terms with the Presbyterian ministers, and there was no narrow coercion or exclusion of Presbyterian servants, because that on the Lord's day they preferred the forms of worship and service, adopted by the Church of their fathers. Dr. Beresford also was *not* a violent partizan of the enforced reading of the Bible by Roman Catholics, as required of all who attended the schools of the Church Education Society. In recent years, backed by Joseph Napier, the Ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, he advised his clergy, when they were unable to raise sufficient local funds to take advantage of the help of the National Board.

Lord Palmerston will find it a difficult task to fill the see of Armagh. Doctor Whately, Archbish of Dublin, is a Whig, and an Arnoldite. His family also are most earnest Evangelicals; but he is a man by himself; he dislikes the Evangelical Alliance, takes no part in Bible circulation, does not encourage as a rule the clergy who are the hope of Ireland, because they preach with fervor and fullness, the old Pauline Gospel. Doctor Singer, Bishop of Meath, is the man who, of the clergymen free from State-patronage, would have the suffrages of the best of them. After all, Lord Carlisle's sympathies will be with Evangelism and the policy inaugurated by Sir Robert Peel—Ultramontane and Protestant, and recently adopted—is the wisest thing possible, politically speaking. The Protestants of the Church of Ireland, to do them justice, deprecate and detest any coquetting by Derby and D'Israeli with the Pope's Parliamentary myrmedons, and their lack of sympathy with the cause of Liberal and free Italy. Dr. Beresfard was in his 89th year.

Three eminent London Dissenting ministers have lately died; one of them a dear and venerated friend of mine, Dr. John Liefchild, minister of the Congregational church at Craven Chapel—a man who for nearly half a century was a burning and shining light, and who both as a pastor and a preacher, was a model and exemplar. Doctor Liefchild had, for some years before his death, been living in retirement, and yet almost to the last he was actively engaged in compiling what may be called Memoirs of his own Times. They are—when edited and published—sure to be racy and full of interest; giving glimpses of the interior of London religious life for forty years, eminently suggestive. Doctor Campbell, editor of *The British Standard*, speaks of the MS. in terms of glowing admiration.

The second minister, ripe and ready, who has gone to his eternal rest, was the Rev. George Clayton, long minister of the Independent Chapel at Walworth, London. He was the son of a very eminent pastor—the predecessor of Rev. Thomas Binney, of the Weighhouse Chapel, City—of whose remarkable Bicentenary Commemoration Sermon, in connexion with his predecessors, back to the days of the "Ejected," I gave an analysis some months ago. Mr. Clayton was a cotemporary of such men as Rowland Hill, of Surry Chapel, Matthew Wilks, of the Moorfield Tabernacle, and Doctor Alexander Waugh, of Wells St. Like his brother John Clayton, who survives him, and who is eighty-three years old, he was the possessor of wealth; as a preacher he was (as his brother also) very edifying, instructive and impressive. It is delightful to think of the long line of faithful witnesses for Christ and his truth, both in and out of the Establishment, with which London has been blessed ever since the Reformation. Many, very many families, and individuals, coming up to the metropolis from cold, dead parishes in rural districts, and settling there for business purposes, have here discovered "treasure hid in the field," more precious than rubies, gold or silver, and this, through the faithful and powerfully preached Word of Life. Merchants and men of business, too, who are believers, and who need special succors under their multiplied and pressing engagements and cares, have always had the privilege of being fed on the finest of the wheat, and led into abundant pastures. Such men were Liefchild, Clayton, and very many more who rest from their labors and their works do follow them; such men are an unusually large number of ministers and pastors who still labor in this vast field.

The third minister lately deceased, was John Burnet, of Scottish blood and birth. His native town, as I ascertained when lately in that city, so beautiful in its river, its "Juches," and in its surrounding hills and mountains, including lovely Dunkeld, once seen never to be forgotten, and close at hand the hill and its trees, of which the weird women spoke to Macbeth when they said:

"Fear not, till Bernam wood
Do come to Dunsinane."

Mr. Burnet was originally a soldier in the British army, but by indomitable energy, and something more than self-respect, (self-esteem,) the possessor of superior mental powers, a mind clear and fond of ratiocination, and strong convictions as to controverted topics, he became first noted at Cork, in Ireland, and was afterwards translated to South London. Here, for thirty years, he was a Congregational pastor. He was very strong as a "voluntary" in opposition to Church Establishments. He has also distinguished himself as a Lecturer, and instructively didactic as a pastor. In public, and with persons not knowing him intimately, he was somewhat stern in aspect; but he was greatly beloved by his flock and intimate friends. It would not be consistent with the designs of the Infinitely and Only Wise, the Church's King and Head, that all his public servants should be, as it were, of the same type and mould. The best ages of the Church have been marked by striking varieties, if not startling contrasts. It was thus among the Apostles themselves—what a difference between the loving John and the bluff, outspoken Peter; and how different was Paul from both. So was it in regard to the Reformers, the Puritans of England as well as the Puritan Fathers of New-England; so is it in London at this hour; so is it among yourselves in the United States. Depend upon it, there is a deep-lying brotherhood between the good, which the irritations of a war-period and mutual misunderstandings (which will and must be cleared away ere long,) may seem to have buried deep, to be seen no more. But it is not so—the family of God is one—the ministers of Christ are in the one service. Surely, therefore, when any of them dies, the survivors ought to feel even as the survivors felt in that famous regiment in the Thirty Years' War, who *kept* on the muster-roll the *names* of the officers or men who had fallen, so that each day when the roll was called, at the mention of each slain man's name, the whole regiment surviving might hear the solemnizing, yet rousing, quickening response, "*Dead upon the field!*" 'Tis thus I myself have felt in hearing of the death, at Florence, of your own excellent Dr. Bethune—the grandson of "Mrs. Isabella Graham"—whose Memoirs have been read by multitudes of God's people, and whose name and labors in New-York were familiar to myself since childhood. Therefore let us not forget the dead; neither let us, the living, "fall out by the way," nor yet cease to toil on, till the signal comes for rest and "sleep." And thus I quote from Elizabeth Barret Browning, words which may not only comfort the survivors of faithful fellow-laborers, but some also—fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, who have lost their bravest and best in the battle strife, but who mourn with a mitigated woe, because they have reason to believe that the grave of the patriot soldier is that also of a soldier of Christ, who first of all had enlisted under the banner of the Cross, and had waged relentless war against Satan, the world, and *himself:*

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Born inward into souls afar—
Along the Psalmist's music deep;
Now tell me, if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,
'He giveth his beloved *sleep?*'

"What would *we* give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
'*He* giveth his beloved *sleep.*'

"For me, my heart that erst did go,
Most like a tired child, at a show,
That sees through tears the mummer's leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on *His* love repose,
Who 'giveth his beloved sleep.'

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be,
That this low breath is gone from me.
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, 'not a tear must o'er her fall;
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

J. W.

P. S.—The weather has improved, but it is not settled, and we are likely to have a late and insufficient harvest.

The Queen and her children have gone back, for one month's sojourn, to Balmoral in the Highlands. Her married daughter, with her worthy husband, have received an enthusiastic reception at Darmstadt, his native place.

The International Exhibition has a daily attendance (on shilling days) of about 65,000. Other places of resort are thronged; and the streets themselves are quite a spectacle, as to the motley and multitudinous visitors.

There have been more incendiary fires in Russia. Poland is to have a separate administration, and is to wear a yoke less heavy.

In Holland, the union of Church and State, so far, at least, as temporal control over the Church is concerned, is dissolved. After July 1, 1862, the Ministries of Protestant and Catholic worship were to be suppressed. There will be grants to a certain number of pastorates of each denomination, but the State will no longer take cognizance of their internal condition. This will secure to all the Churches entire religious liberty, and do honor to the country of William of Orange.