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RECRUITS WANTED.

Recruits are wanted for the army of the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Captain of our salvation. Not all who offer their services will be accepted. They must love the cause in which the army is engaged. Christ will have no mercenary soldiers in his army. It is true, he offers a large bounty and good wages to those who will enlist; still, he will reject all who do not love the cause more than they love the bounty and the wages.

They must be able and willing to endure hardness. The soldier who enlists in the army of his country that he may have a pleasant time of it, will surely be disappointed. An active campaign is not a pleasure excursion. Toil, self-denial, hardship, danger, perhaps death, must be expected by every one who becomes a soldier.

So with those who become soldiers of Christ. If they enter the army in order to have a life of enjoyment, they will be disappointed. It is to be feared that some seek a religious life for the sake of the happiness which attends it. They should seek to do Christ's will, and leave the matter of their happiness to him. Those who make happiness their end, will fail to secure it: those who make holiness their end, will secure happiness as a necessary result.

The soldiers of Christ must expect to be engaged in active warfare. The soldier who professes to be serving under Christ's banner, and who knows nothing of the warfare against sin, is no true soldier.

The soldier who joins the army of his country is not sure of victory. He may love the cause, he may be prepared to endure hardship, he may have a good leader; but he is not sure of victory. Not so with the soldier of Christ. He is sure of victory. He is sure to come off a conqueror in the warfare against indwelling sin. Every blow that he strikes, under the command of his Captain, is sure to be effective.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Rev. Thomas Cochrane Campbell.

In 1836 the mission of the Reformed Presbyterian Church was established at Saharunpur, India. Among its founders was the present venerable James R. Campbell, D.D., and his wife, Mrs. Mary Campbell. Dr. Campbell was a native of Scotland, but was educated in the United States. Mrs. Campbell was from Ireland. These parents were blessed with six children, of whom three daughters are in India—one in the missionary service. One son has recently graduated at Williams College, Mass. One is at school in Belfast, Ireland.

Their eldest child was THOMAS COCHRANE CAMPBELL. He was born in the American vessel in the Indian Ocean, on the 12th of March, 1836. He remained with his parents in India until he was twelve years of age, when he was brought to this country to be educated. Though deprived of the tender care of his parents, and cast among comparative strangers, a kind Providence watched over him. He went to school in Philadelphia. He subsequently entered Jefferson College, where he graduated with credit in 1856. The same year he entered the Western Theological Seminary where he completed the regular course of studies in April 1859. About this time he received flattering calls to several fields of labor. He finally accepted an invitation to Sandusky City, Ohio. On January 24th, 1860, he was married to Jennie M., daughter of James Gormly, Esq., of Allegheny City, Pa. He remained in Sandusky eighteen months. During the Spring and Summer of 1861, and on till February 1862, he filled the pulpit of the Westminster church, in Cleveland, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. F. T. Brown. Soon after leaving Cleveland he went to Marion, Ohio, filling the pulpit of the absent pastor, Rev. H. B. Fry, until death terminated his toils, and trials, and triumphs, on the morning of Sabbath, the 6th of last June. He had "greatly endeared himself to the people of his congregation by his earnest preaching and his amiable and genial manners." As much may be said of his residence at other places.

Mr. Campbell's natural talents were good, and they were well cultivated. He loved books, and kept, beyond many, what to do with them. He was very methodical, and exceedingly industrious. He has left two hundred manuscript sermons, prepared with great care. Whatever he did, he did well. He had laid out a good plan to guide his studies for years to come. Most of his literary remains are highly finished.

His natural disposition was remarkably free from envy, jealousy, and the malignant feelings. Religious culture and Divine grace had sweetened his temper yet more. He carefully eschewed harshness and severity. To his friends he was very confiding. He was candid and fearless. He hated all double-dealing. His love for his parents was intense. His disposition, though lively, was retiring. His life was spent in hard labor. His end was peace.

Dear sister, weep not, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee:
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is, that thou art free.

Triumph in thy closing eye,
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breath'd in thy expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Dr. Safford and the First Presbyterian Church. Dissolution of the Pastoral Relation.

Proceedings of the congregational meeting held in the First Presbyterian church of Piqua, Monday, Sept 1st, 1862.

The pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Piqua, Rev. J. P. Safford, D.D., having received a call to New Albany, Ind., a meeting of the congregation was convened at his request.

By a unanimous vote it was declared to be the desire of the congregation that he should be their pastor. Dr. S. having signified his willingness to be released, his request was instantly granted, whereupon the following resolutions were offered by him, introduced and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our pastor, the Rev. J. P. Safford, D.D., in view of being called to a more important field of labor, has asked the congregation to unite with him in a petition to Presbytery to dissolve our relations as pastor and people; and

Whereas, We, as a congregation, from unwillingness to embarrass him in his decided sense of duty, have this day with much reluctance consented to his urgent request; therefore,

Resolved, That in thus consenting to part, we desire to express our grateful sense of the affectionate, faithful and laborious fidelity with which he has sought the spiritual welfare of ourselves and families, and others beyond our congregation.

Resolved, That we remember with interest, and we trust with great profit, his earnest, able, searching and eloquent exposition of the Word of God from the pulpit, and at the prayer and inquiry meeting; his tenderness and concern for the sick, dying and bereaved, as well as his cheerful and genial intercourse in social life.

Resolved, That we record with gratitude to the Great Head of the Church, the constant and unvarying success granted during his ministry of the last five years with us, in the winning of souls, and adding to the church, more than doubling its fold, in the large and interesting congregations, and the rare degree of harmony prevailing among the members of this church toward each other, and toward their pastor.

Resolved, That it is our earnest hope and fervent prayer that like and added blessings of the Divine Master may attend our beloved pastor in the future scenes of his labors, and that it may often be granted us to meet on earth, and finally to join with him in the choral song of heaven.

Resolved, That an abstract of the proceedings and these resolutions be published in our city papers, and in the *Presbyter*, *Presbyterian Banner*, and *Presbyterian Guardian*.

E. CROSBY, Chairman.

J. G. Spencer, Secretary.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

"Sitting at the Feet of Jesus."—Luke viii: 35.

At the feet of Jesus is a becoming position for him whom almighty power and infinite love have subdued and renovated; and it is there the renewed soul earnestly desires to remain. He who has experienced the transforming power and transporting pleasure of a Saviour's presence, joyfully seeks a nearness to his person, and unhesitatingly yields himself to his control. Life, and possessions, and powers, are no longer his own, but they, too, are laid at the feet of his Master. He desires only to be with Jesus. For him to live is Christ, and to depart is to go to be with Christ.

But *why* abides the restored sinner at the feet of Jesus?

1. He abides there as *a place of nearness to the object of his gratitude and love.* What grateful emotions swell his breast as he contemplates the change which has been wrought in himself, as he realizes the fact of his deliverance from a grievous bondage, of his gracious acquittal of legal liabilities which he had no power to discharge, of his full and free salvation from a death which never dies; and how he loves Him whose infinite goodness and ineffable love have devised and wrought out all his blessedness, and the loveliness of whose character his heart has been taught in some measure to appreciate.

Love ever delights in a nearness to the object of its endearment. Eagerly and fondly do we seek a place of nearness to those with whom earthly ties unite us. With what earnest affection do we look upon their faces, and how sweetly the heart cherishes the sound of their voices. Who has not felt the intensity of anxious, longing expectation, while awaiting the return of absent friends, and the jealous love with which their presence is cherished? How unwelcome the hour of separation from those whom we love. In loving intercourse the vibrations of kindred souls are commingled, and without discord, swell their joyous melodies into one earnest, ardent, and harmonious strain.

If we so delight in a nearness to the objects of human affection, how should it be with regard to Him to whom the soul is bound in ties the most tender, joyous, and vital, of which life is capable; Him who is altogether lovely, who is possessed of infinite excellence and boundless worth. Is it wonderful that we linger near to Him who so loved us as to give his life to save us from death—Him who is the peace, the joy, the hope, the life of our souls?

2. Again: the renewed sinner abides at the feet of Jesus as *a place of safety.* He who has delivered can also preserve. A sense of security is felt in his presence. The soul once delivered from the power of sin and taught to hate evil, fears its influence and shuns its temptations, but only feels truly safe when in the presence of Jesus: when he "dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High," and "abideth under the shadow of the Almighty."

This same Jesus who is a "refuge from the storm and covert from the tempest" of Divine wrath, is also a "shield" from all the evils which earth and hell would execute against the soul.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus you have the assurance that "no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper;" there you may sing "the Lord is my strength and my shield: my heart trusted in him and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song will I praise him."

3. Again: at the feet of Jesus is *a place of instruction.* "At the feet." A reference is had in the language to the customary position of a learner, in the Eastern countries. The same figure is used elsewhere: "They sat down at his feet," says Moses, when God was on the top of Horeb and the people at the bottom. "Of Abraham, says Isaiah, "God called him to his feet." Mary, sister of Martha, sat at the feet of Jesus; Saul of Tarsus, at the feet of Gamaliel. It is obviously a position for receiving instruction; an expression of willingness and desire to be taught. It is also an act of reverence and submission due to the superior.

The Divine Teacher excels in power all other teachers, inasmuch as he gives to his learner an aptitude for and a delight in the instruction which he imparts. As the mysteries of the "hidden wisdom" of God are revealed by his Spirit, the soul is enraptured by the excellency of the knowledge; and hence, he who has once been taught of Jesus, longs to know more of this wondrous truth. Himself is the source and fountain, and he who has drank deepest of its life-giving and sustaining waters, is best convinced of its inexhaustableness and worth.

Christian brother, you who would honor Jesus and recommend his love to others, as well as feed your own soul upon the richness of his grace, must be ever found sitting at his feet. In the house of worship, sit humbly at the feet of Jesus and listen as for life to the messages which he, through his servants, sends to you; in your closet, with open Bible, on bended knees, bow yourself at his feet, and pour out to him your soul in earnest prayer; in his holy ordinances, at his feet, in obedient love, your communing shall be sweet and profitable. Nor indeed is it necessary when you are engaged in the busy activities of life, to forgot or forsake your gracious Saviour. If you are his disciple, he says to you, Lo! I am with you always. He is your wise counsellor, your safe guide, your unfailing strength, your portion, your great reward.

My impenitent friend, you are cordially invited, you are affectionately urged; you are solemnly warned to come and sit at the feet of Jesus. Ye that labor and are heavy laden, shall there find rest; ye that groan under the bondage of sin, shall there find liberty. Your longing, starving souls shall there find that full measure of love and sympathy which they so eagerly crave. All the wants of the rational, heaven-born soul, which sin has cursed and sense deluded and disappointed, are fully and freely supplied to him who sitteth humbly and inquiringly at the feet of Jesus. There you will experience pure joys, perennial pleasures, and perfect peace. His favor is life, and his loving kindness is better than life. His presence is safety, and let us count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. In his presence there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand there are pleasures forevermore. Yea, if in loving, trusting communion we sit at the feet of Jesus, the power of that Divine presence shall transport us beyond the limits of sense until things hoped for take shape, and the unseen becomes real.

R. D. S.

[Original.]

"We are His Workmanship."

What do we know of yon beautiful stars?
Are they angel watch-fires for heav'nly camps?
Or gleamings of glory through the golden bars
Of some temple's dome, from its silver lamps?

Are the Indian legends true, which make
The warrior point his dusky bride
To the stars, as isles on a silver lake,
Where his wigwam's built by the crystal tide?

Are they worlds like ours, or heavenly lands
Where the sainted dead their inheritance meet:
Those many mansions the Master demands
For the white-robed who kneel round the mercy seat?

Among yonder hosts is that lone star seen
That gilded the manger where Emmanuel lay?
Is it yet a bright wand'rer, or has it been
As stars that have silently faded away?

O, what do we know of yon starry light!
Yet list to the whisper from their silv'ring rays:
"We are His workmanship, he leads us aright
Whilst trav'ling our circles; to him be the praise."

NEO. F.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

English Holiday-making—The Effect of the Exhibition on Watering Places, and Why?—"Country Cousins," and "London Lions"—The Sabbath Aspect of the Exhibition—French Contrasts—The Sabbath Battle and Victories Won—Recent Popular Peace Demonstrations at the Crystal Palace—"The Odd Fellows—"The Foresters," their Dress, and Charitable Funds—Temperance Gathering—Rev. William Arnot in London—The Cardross Case—Dr. Candlish and the Judgment of the Court of Session—Testimonial to Dr. Candlish—A Bishop for the Sandwich Islands—American Missionaries there—Fruits of their Labors at the Exhibition—American Threshing and Washing Machines—Postscript.

LONDON, August 28, 1862.

HOLIDAY-MAKING is quite a Summer business with the English people, and especially with the Londoners. It is not to be wondered at that the inhabitants of "the million-peopled city" should eagerly seize the opportunities furnished by fine weather, and by river and rail, to get away from heat, and dust, and turmoil. The Summer School vacation thus allows parents with their young people to go down to Margate, Ramsgate, Dover, Folkstone, Hastings, and other watering places; while others repair to the Coast of East Anglea, and at Felix Stowe, Lewstoff, Great Yarmouth, Grimsby, and Scarborough, find health in the breezes, and in the laving waters of the German Ocean. *This* year, the Londoners proper are glad to get away from the multitudinous crowds that throng to the International Exhibition from every part, not only of the kingdom, but of the Continent, and of "far-off" lands. But it is a fact, that up till a recent period, fewer lodgings are let at Margate, and other watering places, than usual. The reason of this is, that people in business, especially West-End tradesmen, have been detained in town by reason of the prosperity of their business, and the pleasing necessity of waiting upon and supplying innumerable customers. To this I must not forget to add the fact that *many* middle and upper class families remain in London, in order to receive and entertain "country cousins"—that is to say, friends and relatives, many of whom, under the magnetic influence of the Exhibition, now visit the metropolis for the first time in their lives. They find of course a welcome, and Master John or Miss Fanny, or some other young person of the family, who is intimate with every nook of town and suburb, takes charge of these country cousins, and carries them, at great personal fatigue, but with uncommon good humor, through the whole round of London and suburban "Lions." The Tower, with the Crown Jewel Room, with the block and axe on and by which a Lady Jane Grey, and a Sir Walter perished; the Mint, with its coinage, stores of gold, silver, and copper; the Thames tunnel; Greenwich Hospital, with its grand picture gallery of sea fights, and exhibiting, too, the relics of Franklin and his lost companions, and the coat—bullet pierced at the shoulder—in which Nelson victoriously fought and fell at Trafalgar; all these, with the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, Hampton Court, its pictures, its Raphael cartoons, its beauteous turfy glades, its garden with that famous and fruitful vine, which annually produces a thousand pounds of grapes for the Royal table; as also Kew Garden and the Zoological Gardens—not forgetting Madame Tussaud's Wax-work Exhibition; the Polytechnic, with its chemical experiments; the Colosseum, with its pictorial representations of "London by Day" and "London by Night"—all these are duly visited. Then are there not evening entertainments, some questionable, others innocent and pure; and *first* and *last*, and above all, the International Exhibition—"its mighty maze," and yet *not* "without a plan?" Referring to this wondrous and eminently commodious and utilitarian, though not architecturally beautiful structure, I cannot but express the feelings which I realized last Lord's day, when I had occasion to be in its neighborhood. I refer to the fact, that like the Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851, it is *closed on the Sabbath.* To mark the wave of population that surges round that vast building on any week day, from morning till the afternoon—or to watch the crowds which, while the closing bell rings out its warnings, emerge from its various entrances—and then on the Lord's day to walk outside, as I did, round the whole building and also the enclosures of the Horticultural Gardens, and to find that Silence reigns unbroken within, save that you see some policemen (of the fine brigade of five hundred Metropolitan police which has been detached this year for special duty at the Exhibition,) going into or coming out of the building, in connexion with their appointed task of watching the priceless property within, and guarding against the cunning of the thief, or the outbreak of the devouring fire—all this, I can assure you, is very impressive. Go over to Paris, and you will see the difference as to all its public buildings. At Versailles, the water-works play on the Lord's day, in the presence of a great multitude, and crowds are passing through the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. At night, theatres and Hippodromes are thronged to excess, and both at the Tuilleries and in the streets, God and his day are forgotten. When Paris had its last Exhibition in 1855, the Sabbath was the best paying day, and so will it be next year, when another building, grander and more spacious still, and intended to be permanent, will be opened.

We are not to forget what a number of real Christians there are who ever increasingly leaven the London population, in connexion with revival progress. This is true both of the upper and lower ranks of Society. Nor should it be kept out of sight; but rather cause abundant thankfulness, that in spite of the wishes of many Latitudinarians in high places, the *battle of the Sabbath* has been fought and won as far as the keeping closed of Theatres, Museums, and other places of public amusement on the Lord's day is concerned. True, there are melancholy exceptions. The Directors of several Railways run excursion trains on the Sabbath (*the* exception most prominent, that of the North Western Railway, whose manager, Mr. McConnel, is a Christian man,) and Crystal palace shareholders, who want to break the Sabbath, are with their "friends" to the number of several thousand, smuggled down to Sydenham on a few Sundays every Summer—as it has been this year. In like manner, Sunday Bands play in the Parks on the afternoon, and public houses are open from five o'clock till within an hour of midnight. But the great evil is checked; the public Christian conscience is better educated as to the Divine authority and perpetual obligation of the Lord's day, than it ever was before, and foreigners—some of them to their disgust because they have not theatres open for them—are made to see the contrast, and it may be to learn something as to that quiet strength coupled with submission to law, and that Liberty without license, and defiant of despotic thrall, which Britain and its capital, with all their faults, present to the world.

Demonstrations of a popular and holiday character have been frequent of late, especially at the Crystal Palace. I have often referred to the beauty of the grounds, the freshness and verdure of the foliage, and turfy glades, the lovely parterres of plants and fragrant flowers, the spouting fountains, and the lucid lake on whose margin stand the resuscitated forms of the Megatherions of the Pre-Adamite periods—which at once strike the eye of the stranger, the moment he steps out into the grounds at Sydenham, and ere he enters the noble palace. Ask "a friend" of yours and mine, what *his* first impressions were of *that* sight, and then what he thought of the perspective view from the gallery beneath the Southern transept, as he looked away along the Nave, his eye taking the flowering hanging plants, the ponds with their flowering water-lilies, and the living, moving, mass, on which the light shone from above, through the glass roofing.

Three demonstrations have recently taken place. One was that of the Odd Fellows' Association, a second that of "The Ancient Order of Foresters," both of these in reality Mutual Benefit Societies of working men, with lodges and branches ramifying throughout England and the colonies. Probably the two bodies comprise a quarter of a million of members. They have flags, musical bands, and distinctive scarfs. The "Forestors" are so called, because their costume is that of "Robin Hood" and his "merry men," and that they wear the Lincoln Green. Tuesday last was the Foresters' grand anniversary. It was a lovely day, and the multitude that went down to the Crystal Palace, not only by rail, but by every possible means of conveyance—van, gig, and even costermonger's carts, as well as on foot—amounted to nearly eighty-four thousand men, women, and children. I went not to see the Palace, nor even Blondin on the high rope, as he went through his perilous feats (which recent accidents at Paris, Leeds, and London, by imitators, are soon likely to put down, by public opinion,) but to see the multitude. It was a truly enjoyable demonstration, and the people went into it with a will. There was no excess, although they did eat and drink as no other people in the world could do; and all over the grounds, the fragmentary remains of an *al fresco* lunch were multitudinous. It was pleasing to see working men with their wives and children, all enjoying themselves amid such lovely scenery, and in connexion with a Society, whose object is not political—which has nothing to do with Whig and Tory, Orange and Green—and whose sole object is to lay by in store, safe under Government and law protection, Charitable Funds, to sustain workmen and their families in sickness, to provide for their decent interment, as well as to succor widows and orphans. This coupled with the reminiscences of the olden time, waked up by the figures of many Foresters dressed in the real Robin Hood costume—green velvet hat and feather; coat of green, trimmed down the front with down, as also around the skirt; and on the feet and legs, boots of ample dimensions, picturesquely folded over mid-way; and little boys, too, in similar costume, walking by their father's side, was a pleasing sight—a PEACE SPECTACLE, which, as all such scenes this year have done, carried my thoughts across the Atlantic, and made me gloomy and sad under that brilliant sunshine, and amid those rainbowed, exulting fountains that sent up their spray toward heaven.

The third recent demonstration was that of the Temperance Reformers—an ever-increasing body in and around London, and whose ranks at the Crystal Palace last week were swollen by many sympathizers from country towns and districts. The weather for them was inauspicious as to out door amusements, but the Building, even in Winter has a fine treat and a warm atmosphere, and as the temperance men like to have a little oratory to encourage, and stimulate them, they had it in force and superior quality, from the lips of the Rev. Robert Maguire, Incumbent of Clerkenwell, London, and of the Rev. William Arnot of Glasgow. The last named gentleman is at present supplying the pulpit of Regent Square church, while Doctor James Hamilton is out of town for his annual holiday. Mr. Arnot's style is sententious and weighty, as all must know who have read his "Laws from Heaven, for Life upon Earth;" but it can scarcely be said, that if settled in London he would be a popular preacher, save with an eclectic class, and this mainly composed of Scottish people. Concluding my remarks on holiday-making, it illustrates what a crowd of strangers is here, when I state that on the same day when the Foresters mustered about 84,000 at Sydenham, there was a crowd of nearly 60,000 at the Exhibition at Kensington. And thus to the latter, kindred crowds repair daily. The Exhibition will be closed either in the middle or at the end of October, and financially as well as artistically, and in the sense of international progress, also, is likely to prove a grand success.

THE CARDROSS CASE, in connexion with apparent perils to the liberties of the Free Church of Scotland, has been virtually decided in her favor, although the grounds seemed somewhat technical, in the judgment of the Lords of Session in the Supreme Law Courts at Edinburgh. It is regarded as a virtual deliverance and triumph by Dr. Candlish, who, in a recent speech made before the Commission of the Free Church, analyzed the whole case, together with the action of the Courts, in his usual masterly manner. Mr. McMillan, the offending minister, who tried to save his temporalities, after degradation by the Assembly, has to begin *de novo*—if he has the courage to do so, which is not likely. The action was taken against the Free Church of Scotland, and "malice" was charged; but the law does not recognise malice on the part of public bodies; and besides, the Free Church Assembly *annually* dissolves itself, and as a party or Court is thus intangible. The law of toleration for voluntary Religious Associations has been really cleared up and vindicated by this strife, and I have no idea that McMillan and his lawyer, and Tory backers—haters of the Free Church, with a "malice" most causeless—will go any further. The following is the winding up of Doctor Candlish's speech:

Before concluding, let me say that I do not attach any weight to the fact that the concessions made are not concessions made to us in the character of a Church, but simply in the character of a voluntary association." The concessions made to us in that character are large. It is conceded, for example, that if we are acting in good faith in a case that comes before us, which we are bound by the laws of our association to decide, we may be mistaken on the merits of the case that comes before us—*humanum est errare*—we may be mistaken even in thinking that certain points are before us when they are not before us, and may pronounce a judgment on that, and yet our sentence cannot be touched. These are very important concessions. It is admitted that in a case like Mr. McMillan's, we must try the case, being the only parties to do so, according to the constitution of our Church. We may err, both in the manner of disposing of the case, and in thinking particular points of the case before us when they are not; but in all that we are privileged; we are held to be acting in a matter in which we could not help acting, and an action can only be brought against individuals of our number, or against the whole of us individually, where malice is alleged. I repeat that I do not attach great importance to the fact that these concessions are made to a voluntary association, and not to a Church. I think there is a mistake to be cleared up in regard to the manner in which we ask to be recognized as a Church. We never asked nor expected that the Civil Court, in any sentence of theirs, should recognise us in the character we claim. But what we asked was this—Does not the law of toleration allow us to claim to be a Church, and to act accordingly? That is the sole sort of recognition asked or expected—Does not the law of toleration allow us and protect us when we set up a claim to be a Church of Christ and to act accordingly? I believe the judgment we have now got covers all that is essential to our being recognized in this view as a Church, in any practical sense, within the land. We do not ask the State to recognize us as a Church. Our warrant is from on High. We do not ask the Civil Court to recognize us as a Church; they may believe us to be a synagogue of Antichrist, if they choose, but we ask them to administer the law of toleration, to the effect that we are entitled, if loyal subjects, and doing nothing contrary to our loyalty to the Queen, to set up for a Church, and to act as that claim requires. Now, I believe that judgment covers that claim, so far as we need it. It is most important to observe that up to this moment we have not deviated a hair's breadth from the resolution that we avowed—viz., that we would not place the merits of our sentence before the Civil Court. There is some talk in these speeches of the judges, of their having at last got to the merits. I do not understand that. They have got to the merits of the question whether there is room for an action of damages or not. We admit that they have got to the merits of that question. But they have got into the merits of another question. They have got into the merits, I repeat, simply of the question whether it lies here an action of damages, and they have not got us to plead before them on the merits of the merits of our sentence, in the thoroughly McMillan. Let that be clearly understood. But if every we have maintained, we are free to maintain merits of our sentence that we cannot plead. We are prepared to go before the Civil Courts, who shall, with any individually with malice, and ask damages, we are prepared to meet any one who agers allege a claim to temporalities, but we are not prepared beyond that, to plead the merits of our sentence before any court on earth but our own. (Cheers.)

The talents and services of Doctor Candlish are about to receive a practical homage and recognition, honorable alike to himself and his friends. When I was recently in Scotland, I was made aware of a quiet movement amongst the wealthy and leading laymen of the Free Church, whose object was to raise and present a large sum of money, as a testimonial, to their illustrious leader in so many conflicts. I am bound to say that Dr. Candlish, next to Chalmers, has been the foremost and ablest in all matters requiring logical power, administrative ability, and sound wisdom. He has just received from his brethren the highest token of their confidence, when the General Assembly in May promoted him to be Principal of the Free Church College, in room of the lamented Cunningham. That office, as long as Candlish holds his pastoral charge, (as he still does, assisted by an able young collegian, Mr. Dyke,) is without emolument. He has always had the richest congregation in the Free Church, and, while its annual contributions to the Sustentation Fund and other schemes of the Church, have been unparalleled for their munificence, Dr. Candlish, as a pastor, has shown a noble disinterestedness, and never received as large a salary as is given to prominent ministers in London and New-York. He has a family, (including a son, very able and learned, who is likely to shine by-and-by,) and after having borne the burden and heat of the day, nothing can be more graceful or becoming than for the people of the Free Church to give him a substantial evidence of their confidence, affection, and gratitude.

A BISHOP for the Sandwich Islands has just been consecrated—Dr. Staley—and left the shores of England a few days ago, with his assistant clergy, for Honolulu, the capital. Previous to the American Congregationalists going thither in 1820, idolatry had been abolished, not without bloodshed, and their way was thus prepared. They, and the French Roman Catholics who were introduced in 1839, have been hitherto the only professed Christian agencies at work in the islands. Some years ago the Government was changed into a constitutional Monarchy. There are two Chambers—a House of twelve nobles consisting of leading chiefs and residents, and a House of Representatives, with a responsible Cabinet of Ministers. The present Minister of Foreign Relations is R. C. Wylie, Esq., a Scotchman, who is said to have done much for the prosperity and advancement of the Hawaiian people. Order is enforced, and upwards of two hundred State schools have been established. There are many English, American, and German residents at Honolulu. The whaling fleet of the North Pacific, and provisioning of ships plying between the Western seaboard of America, and the East of Asia, China, &c., have for some years been the sources of trade to the Islands. But of late, their vegetable productions—rice, sugar, coffee, &c.—have been greatly stimulated by finding, as they do, a ready market in California and British Columbia.

Two years ago and upwards, the King applied for the sending out of a Bishop and the setting up of a branch of the English Church, and in this represented probably his own wishes, as well as those of resident Episcopalians from England and America. After some legal difficulties and delay, the Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed Dr. Staley, who was formerly a Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. Being a Cambridge, and not an Oxford man, and above all, being selected by the good and venerable Dr. Sumner, I believe that the new Bishop will prove a useful man at Honolulu, and that he will preach and teach the true old Gospel of the Grace of God.

It is interesting to find that Lady Franklin, widow of the illustrious and lamented Polar navigator, has lately visited Honolulu and the Sandwich group; and that she has just arrived in England, bringing with her a great many specimens of native manufacture, as well as of the products of the soil. Better still, she brings copies of the New Testament and school-books, translated by the American missionaries. Whoever may go to the Sandwich Islands on evangelistic errands, can never deprive the American brethren of their honors as devoted pioneers, and as men who, by their *press* labors, have done such great things for the people. A new case, with proper space allotted, has just been set up by the Royal Commissioners at the Exhibition, for the valuable articles brought from the Pacific by Lady Franklin.

AMERICAN REAPING AND WASHING MACHINES are in favor at the Exhibition. Those for washing have been warmly praised by the *Times*, whose accredited critic also gives the palm to an American invention for breach-loading rifles. McCormick's Reaping Machine, with improvements, was tried last week on a wet field of heavy wheat, with complete success—its new triumph being the gathering up into shape of each separate sheaf, ready for the binding.

J. W.

P. S.—Lord Palmerston has been received with enthusiasm at Dover, as Lord Warden of the Cinquel Ports, and on his presenting his portrait to the town.

A scientific balloon, under the direction of the Royal Society, is making frequent ascents for the purpose of scientific observation.

A large conference of Christians met last week at Barnet, near London. This is the third annual meeting of this kind, and was closed by the united receiving of the Lord's Supper.

[For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Presbytery of Susquehanna had a full and pleasant session in Orwell, Pa., on the 26th instant. We had the pleasure of having the Rev. J. A. Reed, from Winnebago Presbytery, as a Corresponding Member. Mr. Reed, and Mr. Clark Salmon, a licentiate of the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia, was also with us. We should be glad to have both these brethren remain in our bounds. We have great need of more laborers.

Mr. David Craft, one of our licentiates, having received the appointment of Chaplain to the newly formed regiment from Bradford County—141st Reg't P. V.—appeared and asked for ordination. He was examined according to our Book, and ordained as a Chaplain, the examination being satisfactory. In these services the Rev. Charles C. Corss presided, put the constitutional questions, and offered the ordaining prayer. Rev. Darwin Cook gave the charge to the chaplain.

Mr. Craft requested the members of the Presbytery and others to remember him and his regiment in their prayers, especially on Tuesday evening, at which time the regiment had agreed to hold a prayer-meeting, when practicable.

The Presbytery gave Rev. Jonas Denton, at his request, a letter to connect himself with the Presbytery of Rockaway, (N. S.)

STATED CLERK.

Divine Contentment in Poverty—London Examples.

BY THE REV. JOHN WEIR, D.D.

A pleasing illustration of "Divine contentment," in connexion with reverence and love for the Sabbath, ofttimes presents itself to me in the person of an aged water-cress seller in London. For long years a man well-aged, and who walks with difficulty and by the help of a staff, has travelled many miles each day in the Spring and Summer time over the Northern districts of the metropolis, with a small basket, scantily furnished with penny bunches of water-cresses. As the afternoon wears on, I hear his voice as I sit writing, and it always is cheery. This man is one of Christ's people, and when he comes to the door I ask him, "How do you get on?" "Very well-indeed, sir; I have great reason to be thankful." He always reminds me of another disciple, about whom a tract has been written—the man "who blessed the Lord at all times." Thus does my friend the water-cress seller; weary, worn, aged, begrimed with the sweat and dust, poorly clad, with a stock-in-trade in that small basket which is not worth half-a-crown—he is truly one of those "secret ones," in this great Babylon,

"Who ply their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat!"

Do I not here see that "Godliness with contentment is great gain?" How lightly this water-cress seller's burden of years presses on him; how "all heaven" is "before his eyes," as he plods along the streets and round the squares; how THE SUN of Righteousness always shines brightly and warmly upon him!

While engaged in preparing this paper, I heard the old man's voice. It is Saturday evening, and "the Sabbath draws on." To-morrow he will have *rest*: to-morrow will be to him both *worship* and *unbroken rest*. But it was not always so. And to-day he brings me glad tidings of results of words once addressed to him, but which were quite forgotten by the speaker. "The week is ending," I said, "and to-morrow you will rest." "Ah, sir," he replied, "you once said something to me about the Sabbath; you asked me, 'I hope you don't go about with your basket on the Lord's-day?' I said, '*Only* in the morning, sir.' But then *you* said, 'The *whole* Sabbath is *holy*, and belongs to God alone.' That word, sir, went to my heart, and never once since have I gone out on the Lord's day." "Well," I said, "you are not anything the poorer, are you, on that account?" "Oh no, no! and more than that, I am a great deal happier." And then to bring out his views and feelings further, it was added, "The Sabbath is Christ's day; he appointed it; it is his resurrection day; he died on the cross for us before he rose. He is the Rock, and you build only on him, and do not trust in yourself. "Oh no, sir, not in myself, but on HIM." And passing down the hall door steps with a bundle of tracts, and with the *Gospel Trumpet* and its fine large print in his basket (for "I loves reading," he says), his cheery continuous cry "Water-cresses—fine fresh water-cresses!" rings out afresh, and he goes on his way rejoicing.

Another individual case of happiness in poverty, from "hid treasure" discovered, is that of a young German Jew, Mr. S—g. One of two probationary missionaries stationed, by the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, in Lambeth and Stepney districts respectively, and who were themselves both brought to Jesus by the missionary at Manchester—was the instrument of this youth's conversion. And now how consciously rich is he, while yet very poor. He is one of many Germans in London who make a scanty living as travelling glaziers. Their whole stock-in-trade is a few shillings' worth of window glass, carried in a small crate on their shoulders. They have no shop nor place of business. Each goes forth in the morning, and wanders far and wide: now glancing down into areas, then up to the front windows. He sees a broken pane of glass: he knocks at the door and offers to put in the glass at a very low cost, and he does it. Thus it was and is with the young Jew whom the Lord has called. "Having food and raiment," he is indeed "content;" and he cannot conceal his happiness when, every Lord's day afternoon, he comes to the Bible-class of the venerable Superintendent and Secretary of the Jewish Missions at Crescent Place, Blackfriars, whose name I purposely omit, as he loves the shade, but who for long years has toiled, and wept, and prayed for the Jews—until now he sees the field white to the harvest.*—*Drumond's Bringer.*

*This young Jewish convert is employed in seven different languages by the British and Foreign Society, in distributing portions of the Scriptures in different languages, in connexion with the Exhibition at Kensington at Once."

"A woman, who is employed as a Bible reader," lately remarked, while telling her efforts to win souls, "I think we do not fetch souls to Christ night. We should bring them to Him *one at once*, and he will receive them. I find that when I pray and labor for one sinner at a time, that soul is almost sure to be convicted."

There are in Christ's service those who are faithfully striving to win souls to him, but who as pastors, Sabbath School superintendents or teachers, must of necessity deal with their fellow-creatures in the mass. Their hearts grow sadden because so few lay hold on eternal life. May not such catch a gleam of light from the experience of this poor, unlettered "Bible woman," and find sweet refreshment amid their thronging duties, by gently leading sinners to the Saviour "*one at once*."—*American Messenger.*

"It will be acknowledge, even by those that practice it, not that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make it the mental work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious."