

REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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Six months, .75  
Three months, .50  
Single copies, 10 cents.

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REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

# Presbyterian Banner.

VOL. XI. NO. 5.

PITTSBURGH, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

WHOLE NO. 525.

THE PRESBYTERIAN BANNER  
Publication Office:  
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REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,  
Proprietor and Publisher.

The Unseen Battle Field.  
There is an unseen battle field  
In every human breast,  
Where two opposing forces meet,  
But where they seldom rest.

The faith is veiled from mortal sight;  
'Tis only seen by One,  
Who knows alone where victory lies,  
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,  
Their chief of demon form;  
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,  
His voice the bursting storm.

His captives, Pride and Lust and Hate,  
Whose troops watch night and day,  
Swift to detect the weakest point,  
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force,  
Is but a little band;  
Yet these, with an unyielding front,  
Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is a God-like form,  
Of countenance serene;  
And glowing on his naked breast,  
A simple Cross is seen.

His captives, Faith and Hope and Love,  
Point to the wondrous sign,  
And gazing at it, all receive  
Strength from a source Divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,  
A truth as great as sure,  
That to be victors they must learn  
To love, to confide, to endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,  
Imparts a holy calm;  
In every deadly blow a shield,  
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,  
Past toil it is quite forgot;  
The plain where conflict once had raged,  
Becomes a hallowed spot.

A spot where flowers of joy and peace  
Spring from the fertile sod,  
And breathe the perfume of their praise  
On every breeze—to God.

again under fire, and was among the last to  
give Price a parting salute, when he de-  
cided upon stealing away upon an indefinite  
sojourn.

Much more "remains unsung" of the  
Peoria Regiment—of its officers, casualties  
in battle, individual deeds of prowess, &c.,  
but more of a kindred type was a bore to  
your staid columns; so, "lights out!"

FOR THE PRESBYTERIAN BANNER.  
Synod of Southern Iowa.

FAIRFIELD, IOWA, Oct. 3, 1862.

REV. DR. M'KINNEY—Dear Brother—  
It is made my duty, as Stated Clerk of the  
Synod of Southern Iowa, to furnish the  
Banner, for publication, some extracts from  
the Records of our recent meeting.

In doing so, permit me to state, that we  
met at Albia, Monroe County, Iowa, one  
hundred miles West of the Mississippi river,  
with the design of accommodating our  
brethren of the Presbytery of the Missouri  
River. We had not the pleasure, however,  
of seeing any of their faces in the flesh,  
and have resolved to meet next year at Des  
Moines, fifty miles farther West.

The attendance was small, only eighteen  
ministers out of forty, and eight elders out  
of seventy churches. The meeting was har-  
monious. The business, with an exception  
or two, was conducted with dispatch—un-  
interrupted daily with devotional and public  
services, which were precious and refresh-  
ing.

The Narrative, made up from the "free  
conversation," discovered much to depress  
and humiliate before God, and yet many  
things to stimulate us in our work of faith  
and labor of love.

The following paper, after some discus-  
sion, was adopted:

"WHEREAS, The Synod, at its last meet-  
ing, adopted a paper setting forth fully its  
views on the state of the country, and the  
duty of Christians and citizens to sustain  
and pray for our Government and army in  
their efforts to suppress rebellion and es-  
tablish peace on just and honorable terms,  
it is deemed necessary to put forth any  
new deliverance on the subject, as the case  
then stood. But in view of more recent  
developments in public affairs, we feel  
called upon to put upon record our solemn  
conviction, that the suppression of the re-  
bellion is a matter so vitally important to  
the cause of good government and human-  
ity, as not only to justify, but render im-  
perative, whatever measures are necessary  
to that end. And in carrying out such  
measures, an incidental result should be  
the dismemberment of the African race,  
who have been so long and so unjustly held  
in bondage, we would rejoice in it, as the  
working of that all-wise and omnipotent  
Providence of God, which can bring good  
out of evil and light out of darkness; and  
therefore,

"Resolved, That we approve of the re-  
cent Proclamation of the President of the  
United States, on the subject of emancipa-  
tion."

Perhaps it may not be amiss to observe,  
that in Synod there was some difference of  
sentiment, touching the expediency and  
propriety of endorsing at all, in our Synod-  
ical capacity—and especially of endorsing  
so hastily—a policy so recently proclaimed,  
and with the practical effects of which none  
of us could do better than hope or fear.

"Resolved, That being hedged round by  
the providence of God to an acquiescence  
in his request, we desire, in yielding our  
assent, to bear testimony that he, to us, has  
been a faithful and efficient minister, hon-  
orable and sympathizing pastor. And our  
prayer is, that he may yet be restored to  
health and made a further instrument in  
furthering the Redeemer's kingdom.

"Resolved, That in the event of his resto-  
ration to health, and desire again to  
see his Master in the ministerial work,  
we recommend him as an excellent and  
able minister—as a man, at home or  
abroad, easy of access, amiable in disposi-  
tion, and in a high degree companionable,  
his deportment being that of a gentleman  
and a humble Christian.

"Resolved, That Mr. Washington Cum-  
mings be our Commissioner; and that a  
copy of these resolutions be laid before  
the Synod, as our deliverance in the case.

"Resolved, That these resolutions be en-  
dorsed in the record of the church, and the  
order be requested to publish them in the  
Banner."

A. M. SLAOK, Pres't.  
Joseph Garvin, Sec'y.

9. Can you have a proper concern for  
the prosperity of the Church, the spread  
of Christ's grace, and the conversion of  
sinners, if you never meet to pray for  
them?

10. Are you sure that you fulfill your  
duty as a church-member, while you neglect  
prayer-meetings? Is neglect of duty  
no sin, and is there no probability of your  
being called to account for it?

11. Did any one ever see you gain any-  
thing, either in temporal or spiritual things,  
by neglecting prayer-meetings? If you  
think so, can you prove it?

12. Is there no selfishness, or pride, or  
worldly-mindedness, at the root of your  
neglect? If so, ought such things to be  
encouraged?

13. Would it be right to give up the  
prayer-meetings? Do you think this would  
please God, or improve the cause? But if  
all the members did as you do, must they  
not be wretches? Could not the rest find  
excuses for staying away, think you, as well  
as you? Do you not think they would, if  
their hearts were as worldly, or as cold, or  
as indifferent about the prosperity of the  
cause as you appear to be?—United Meth-  
odist Magazine.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.  
"Out of Town"—Wolverhampton—The "Black  
Banner"—Trade and Natural Products—The  
Congregation by Night—Evangelical Mission-  
aries at Wellington—Visit There—The Young Span-  
iards—Maturas and Spanish Sufferers for  
Christ—Visit to Madeley—Fletcher and his Min-  
istry—His Tomb and Epitaph—His Wife—  
Sense at her Burial—The Vicarage and the Vicar—  
The Study of Fletcher—A MS. Sermon—  
The Pulpit and Communion Table—The Church  
—Singing and Reading—The Harvest Moon and  
the Crystal Palace.

Sept. 18, 1862.

OUT OF TOWN once more, after nearly  
two months' home-residence. I wended my  
way last Saturday to Wolverhampton, a  
large town fifteen miles North-West of  
Birmingham. This place is in the very  
heart of what is called the "Black Coun-  
try," i. e., the region of England which,  
above all others, produces iron. Here also  
are the coal and the limestone; so that,  
with this three-fold combination, every-  
thing is furnished for mining, smelting,  
and casting. The result, as the effect of  
this combination of elements, is a vast  
quantity of iron, and a great deal of  
calculation, and go far to make her the  
workshop of the world. Nothing can be  
more striking than passing by night along  
these railway lines in Warwickshire,  
Shropshire, and Staffordshire, where the  
furnaces send aloft their lambent flames,  
as if they would reach the skies  
to that end. And in carrying out such  
measures, an incidental result should be  
the dismemberment of the African race,  
who have been so long and so unjustly held  
in bondage, we would rejoice in it, as the  
working of that all-wise and omnipotent  
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inferences, all are distinct and clear to the  
eye. The sight of "arrows" from the  
bow of the Mighty Archer, is highly sug-  
gestive. The good Vicar shows and reads  
to me the application of a sermon on the  
Agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane.  
The "inferences" are short  
but pithy, and run thus: "Remember, how, by  
the sweat of Christ, the earth, the grave, and  
sanctified, 2. Ye stubborn unbelievers!  
beware of the cry of that blood! The  
earth hath opened to receive it. It now  
cries, 'TURN!' it will one day cry, 'TURN.'  
It cries now BETTER things, and by and by  
it will cry BITTERER things than the blood  
of Abel."

After passing out of the Vicar's study,  
he took me to see the pulpit in which  
Fletcher had preached, and also the com-  
munion table used in his days—both of  
old English oak. Then he went with me  
through the church-yard, unlocked a door  
and ushered me into the interior of the  
parish church itself. The entire building  
is new, and much larger than in Fletcher's  
days. The only relic that remains is the  
step-oaken staircase leading up to the  
pulpit.

It is worthy of notice that all the Vicars  
of Madeley, ever since Fletcher's days,  
have been gaily men and earnest Evange-  
lists. So is it with the present Incumbent,  
whose catholicity of spirit, courtesy and  
amiability may well endear him to all  
stranger-pilgrims to the parish of the sainted  
and heroic Fletcher. The parish still  
has within it the savor of piety and the evi-  
dences of the Divine life. There are many  
that fear God and love the Saviour, and  
who are good and great of remarkable piety  
from their labors, their works do as-  
suredly follow them. The Bible and the  
tract are widely circulated; education does  
its work faithfully to the rising race, and  
the church is rebuked. May the Head of  
the Church long spare and greatly bless  
the worthy Vicar of Madeley, that he shall  
at last fill his bosom with the sheaves of a  
golden and glorious harvest.

THE HARVEST MOON is now waning,  
but her bright heavens have done some-  
thing, it may be much good, (the Scripture  
speaks of "the precious things brought  
forth by the moon") in ripening the cereal  
crops. A glorious advantage (in the com-  
mercial sense) was recently taken of her  
lunar majesty. Last week the Crystal  
Palace Company advertised that the park-  
grounds and palace would be kept open  
much later than usual, in order that the  
public might have the opportunity of seeing  
the fountains play under the light of the  
harvest moon. Well: it was an attraction,  
certainly; many practically owned its  
power, and being not far away, I walked  
over the country miles so, and then entered  
the palace-grounds, as the shadows of eve-  
ning began to gather. A hard gray light  
rested on the nave and transepts of the  
mighty structure, as it stood out against  
the Western sky. Entering the palace, its  
aspect was novel and interesting. Only  
the great orchestra, and a refreshment  
stand near at hand, were lighted up. The  
rest of the interior was a *chiaroscuro*,  
which greatly helped the imagiative fac-  
ulty, by enabling one to peep into the vast  
solitude (usually crowded with moderns  
in crowds) with Romans and Greeks, As-  
syrians and Egyptians, with Medialval  
Knights and "barons bold"—with especial  
reference to the respective Courts which  
bring up the mighty past in connexion  
with these names and nations. I felt, for  
example, in entering the (exact copy) Ro-  
man Villa, at Pompeii, as if I were carried  
back seventeen centuries and more, and  
that I was about to enter to partake of the  
"sacred banquet" of the Roman gods.  
Here is "salve" ("welcome")  
written over the threshold, and when I go  
in, I see the marble table and the Tri-  
clitium—the couch for three persons reclin-  
ing at the feast—at either side of the table.  
At will, in the shadowy darkness, I could  
people that room with guests, cover that  
table with viands, and conjure up a sym-  
posium worthy almost of Olympian ideal-  
ity. By the faint of the harvest-moon, the  
fountains—now that night is really come—  
are about to begin to play. I climb to the  
"Queen's balcony," which looks out over  
the grounds in front of the Palace. But  
where is the moon? Last night,

to earth. Adopted into the service of the  
sanctuary, how beneficial and blissful is its  
tenacity! Who has not experienced its  
power to raise us high above the foggy at-  
mosphere of daily life; to transport us so  
wonderously, even into the precincts of  
heaven; to expand and melt the heart; to  
banish sorrow, and burst the bonds of  
And it can effect greater things than these,  
when the Spirit from above mingles his  
breath with it. A thousand times has it  
restored peace in the midst of strife, ban-  
ished Satan, and annihilated his projects.  
Like a genial gale of Spring, it has blown  
across the stiff and frozen plain, and has  
caused stony hearts to melt like wax, and  
rendered them arable, and capable of re-  
ceiving the seed of eternity.—Krumpholtz.

Watching for the Morning.  
BY ANNIE S. HOWE.

Watching, waiting for the morning,  
For the blessed light to dawn,  
When the horrors and the darkness  
Of this fearful war is gone;  
When sweet Peace, on snowy pinions,  
Joyfully shall hover o'er,  
And the glorious songs of Freedom  
Echo back from shore to shore.

Watching, waiting for the morning,  
When, with sound of fife and drum,  
Husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers,  
Back to their loved homes shall come;  
Worn and weary, sick and wounded,  
Scared and crippled though they be,  
Yet rejoicing they had died  
In the cause of Liberty.

Watching, waiting for the morning,  
Poor black slaves, with eager eyes,  
For the blessed sun of Freedom,  
Rising in these Northern skies;  
When the chains that long have bound them,  
Powerless in the dust shall fall,  
And the free glad light of heaven  
Beam and brighten over all.

Watching, waiting for the morning,  
When, within its radiant light,  
This foul stain of dark oppression  
Shall be veiled from human sight;  
When upon proud scepterous  
Every eye shall then behold,  
"Peace our watchword is, and Freedom!"  
Graven there in lines of gold.

Watching, waiting for the morning—  
Blessed Master, bid it dawn—  
When the horrors and the darkness  
Of this fearful war has gone;  
When sweet Peace, on snowy pinions,  
Joyfully shall hover o'er,  
And our bright, "Star-spangled Banner"  
Flings its folds from shore to shore!  
—Christian Advocate and Journal.

once more on the steps of the grand portal  
of eternity.

While lying thus his commission arrived.  
He had won the prize. The paper was  
placed in his feeble hands. He perceived  
its import, shuddered, fell into a stupor,  
and died!

Yes, died—died without one sign of peni-  
tence, one prayer of faith, or one ray of  
Gospel hope to cheer him on his journey to  
the bar of God. He died in the office he  
had so eagerly sought; died the possessor  
of the distinction for which he had sacri-  
ficed everything else; died at the goal he  
had sought; died crowned with the laurels  
he had coveted on his pale brow; died to  
find that he had lost his soul! O terrible  
success! What did that honor profit him  
when he entered eternity? Was it not the  
millstone, think you, which sunk him to  
the deep depths of damnation? Was he  
profited by gaining political distinction  
while losing heaven? Would he not have  
been a thousand times wiser if he had  
"sought first the kingdom of God and his  
righteousness?" If you think so, and I  
know you do, set up to your convictions, and  
seek that "kingdom" yourself! Make  
sure of salvation, whether you gain human  
distinctions or not. Make sure of heaven,  
and then, whether you be a politician or a  
beggar, you will die possessed of life's  
true, highest, only real prize.—Good News.

Extemporaneous Speaking.

It is not pleasant to fail in public speak-  
ing, and many persons, after a single at-  
tempt, in which the success is not encour-  
aging, lose all courage to repeat the  
experiment. Ministers often feel the im-  
portance of cultivating habits of extem-  
poraneous address; but the effort costs so  
much hard labor, and is attended with such  
indifferent results, that they relinquish it  
in despair, and confine themselves to the  
manuscript. A dogged energy, however,  
and a resolute perseverance can overcome  
all obstacles, and transform an embar-  
rassed and hesitating speaker into a fluent  
and persuasive orator. The iron will of  
Demosthenes changed the timid and stut-  
tering pleader into the most eloquent orator  
of Greece, if not of the world. His  
experience is not a peculiar one, for many  
have attained power over themselves and  
their hearers only by similar struggles.

Daniel Webster records in his autobio-  
graphy, that when a boy in Mr. Abbott's  
famous Academy at Exeter, he was a  
timid, nervous, and unconfident speaker.  
He says of himself, "Many a piece did I  
commit to memory, and recite and rehearse  
in my own room, over and over again; and  
yet, when the day came, when the school  
collected to hear declamations, when my  
name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to  
my seat, I could not raise myself from  
my seat. Sometimes the instructors frowned,  
sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster al-  
ways pressed, and entreated most winningly,  
that I would venture, but I could not com-  
mand sufficient recollection. When the  
occasion was over, I went home and wept  
tears of bitter mortification."

That was an unpromising beginning for  
the great orator and statesman of New-  
England, whose forensic power has had no  
superior in our national history. Sheridan,  
it is well known, made an utter failure in  
his first Parliamentary speech, and was  
hounded down by his impatient and weary  
hearers. Henry Clay made his debut in a  
debating club by losing all self-possession,  
and commenced his speech with, "Gentle-  
men of the Jury," instead of "Mr. Presi-  
dent." And Robert Hall, confessedly  
without a peer in the English pulpit, broke  
down irretrievably in his first two attempts  
at preaching, and was so mortified at the  
failure that he scarcely dared make a third  
experiment.

With such signal examples of early fail-  
ure and ultimate success, no minister need  
be disheartened, if his first efforts in ex-  
temporaneous preaching occasion only  
chagrin and mortification. The cross must  
come before the crown, and struggle pre-  
cedes success. No young preacher of ex-  
traordinary talent need despair of acquiring  
a mastery over himself and his audience, if  
he have an inflexible purpose to animate  
him. No minister of mature years, who  
has acquired discipline by the use of pen,  
thought and composition, can fail to speak  
well, if he is willing to endure a little  
shame and mortification in the outset. The  
power attained is worth all the cost, and  
New-England preachers would do well to  
seek to possess it.—Watchman, and Re-  
flector.

Affability.

Be good natured, if you can; for there  
is no charm so great, no attractions so ad-  
mirable. A face that is always full of the  
expression of amiability, is always beau-  
tiful. It needs no paint and no powder.  
Cosmetics are superfluous for it. Rouge  
cannot improve its cheeks norilly-white  
meed its complexion. Its loveliness lies  
beyond all this. It is the face of a noble  
man or woman, it is not the shape of the  
features that you really see, nor yet the  
tint of the cheek, the hue of the lip, the  
brilliance of the eyes; you see, the nameless  
something which animates all these, and  
leaves for your instinct a sense of grateful  
fascination; you see an indissoluble embodi-  
ment of heartfelt goodness within, which  
your regard in spite of external appearance,  
and defies all the critical rules of the  
aesthetics.

The English Rest.

There are no weary heads or weary hearts  
on the other side of Jordan. The rest of  
heaven will be the sweeter for the toils of  
earth. "The value of eternal rest will be  
enhanced by the troubles of time." Jesse  
now allows us to rest in his bosom. He  
will now bring us to rest in his Father's  
house. His rest will be glorious. "A rest  
from sin; a rest from suffering; a rest  
from conflict; a rest from the rest from  
sorrow." The rest not only rest with  
him, we shall rest like him. How many  
of the earth's weary ones are resting in his  
glorious presence now? It will be undisturbed  
rest. Here the rest of the body is  
undisturbed by dreams, and sometimes by  
alarms; but there are no troublesome  
dreams or alarming occurrences there.  
Thanks be unto God for his rest, we  
enjoy it. Ten thousand thanks to God for  
the rest we now enjoy, with Christ.  
We are now, look away from the cause of  
your present suffering, and remember there  
is a rest remaining for thee. "A little  
while, and thou shalt enter into rest."

For the Presbyterian Banner.  
Pitahg Church, Pa.

The congregation being called together,  
August 26th, to take into consideration the  
request of the pastor for a dissolution  
of the pastoral relation with said  
church, Andrew M. Slack was called to  
preside, and Joseph Garvin, Esq., appoint-  
ed Secretary; when, after a very full ex-  
pression of opinion relative thereto, the  
following preamble and resolutions were  
unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, By the continued illness for  
the past ten months, of our pastor, the Rev.  
D. P. Cummings, with but a distant hope,  
of an ultimate recovery, he has be-  
come convinced that it is his duty to cease  
active labors in the ministry at present;  
and therefore requests this congregation to  
assist him in seeking a dissolution of the  
pastoral relation which for the last fifteen  
and a half years has existed so happily be-  
tween minister and people; and therefore,  
Resolved, That being hedged round by  
the providence of God to an acquiescence  
in his request, we desire, in yielding our  
assent, to bear testimony that he, to us, has  
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A. M. SLAOK, Pres't.  
Joseph Garvin, Sec'y.

At a meeting of the Junior Class of  
Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pa., Octo-  
ber 24, 1862, the following resolutions in  
reference to the death of our esteemed  
friend and classmate, William L. Nevin,  
of Sewickleyville, a member of Hampton's  
Battery, who died of typhoid fever in  
Washington City, September 29th, 1862,  
were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in his  
all-wise and merciful providence, to re-  
move by death, in the prime and vigor of  
youth, our beloved friend and classmate,  
William L. Nevin; and

Whereas, It is becoming that we, as a  
class, declare our views and feelings under  
the circumstances; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby express our  
deep and heartfelt sorrow under this sad  
afflicting bereavement, by which the class  
has been deprived of the cheering presence  
of a beloved and classmate, and the college of  
a member, whose gentlemanly conduct and  
attention to his duties made him respected  
by all with whom he was associated.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to his  
afflicted relatives our sympathy, and mourn  
with them the loss of one whose warmth of  
heart in life will preserve his memory green  
in death; and that we regard his death as  
another sacrifice to the accused Molech of  
a Rebellion, which he so nobly ventured his  
life to suppress.

Resolved, That we will wear the usual  
badge of mourning for ten days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolu-  
tions be forwarded to his family, and also  
to the Presbyterian Banner, and Pitts-  
burgh Daily Gazette and Evening Chroni-  
cle, for publication.

E. S. MONTGOMERY, } Committee.  
J. C. WILSON, }  
S. D. JENNINGS, }

RELIGION has been doing her beneficent  
work in these regions by many instru-  
mentality. There is a large body of Episco-  
pal clergymen who preach a full Gospel,  
and who visit from house to house also.  
The Congregationalists are strong in the  
country, and many of their churches send  
out lay preachers on the Lord's day, to the  
villages and hamlets around. The Wes-  
leyans, and especially the primitive Wes-  
leyans, are peculiarly qualified for working  
on the material—hardened, unmolested,  
and oftentimes impenetrable—which, in  
teeming abundance, presents itself. These  
people need to be dealt with by those who  
can move alike their terrors and their tears.  
Men also like Richard Weaver, the an-  
cashire collier, as evangelists, rouse them  
from the death-sleep and point them to the  
bleeding Lamb. No doubt there is often  
more excitement, transient, sure to be fol-  
lowed by reaction and induration. But in  
many cases the Word of God proves  
"sharper than a two-edged sword," and to  
the tremblers at Sinai's base there is a  
Way made plain to Calvary's cross. Sun-  
day Schools also accomplish a mighty work  
for good—civilizing, refining, elevating,  
and conscience-educating. Everywhere  
conversion does not follow. Yet such trans-  
formation "emulit mors"—softens and subdues  
—while in many a case it sanctifies.

Revival, in its genuine sense, has man-  
ifested its power in the town of Wellington,  
in Shropshire. It is not a large or popu-  
lous place—probably there are about 6,000  
inhabitants. Here has resided for some  
time, Dr. Cranage, (an LL.D., or Doctor  
of Philosophy), who is at the head of a  
boarding school for boys—among whom is  
the son of Denham Smith, of Dublin, the  
well known Revival Evangelist. Dr. C.  
early indicated sympathy with the man-  
ifestations of the Religious Awakening  
which has now been more or less realized  
throughout the kingdom, and which began  
in the North of Ireland in 1859. He is an  
excellent open-air preacher himself. He has  
brought down from London the chief evan-  
gelists, among whom God has blessed there,  
together with Mr. Denham Smith, Richard  
Weaver, and others. Night after night  
for months past, meetings numerous as to  
attendance have been held at Wellington,  
and the people—mostly all poor—have  
contributed sufficient to erect a noble  
"Hall," (not unlike that in which the  
Conference at Barret was held last month),  
capable of accommodating eight hundred  
persons.

When I arrived at Wellington, I was  
taken to the house of Dr. Cranage. Here  
I found two of those Spanish converts—  
the first fruits of the harvest that is com-  
ing—who have been brought to Christ  
by the circulation in Spain of the Word of  
God. One of them is a very remarkable  
man—was preacher and pastor of a flock  
of Spanish converts at Gibraltar, and was

FLETCHER, OF MADELEY, is a name  
familiar to tens of thousands in connexion  
with the days of Wesley and Whitfield,  
and the awakening of the 18th century.  
From Wellington, Shropshire—finding to  
my great satisfaction that the place was  
not far away—I made a pilgrimage two  
days ago to the Parish of Madeley. The  
railway passes about a mile from the  
place, and I had already described.  
Close to Madeley are the coal pits and iron  
works for smelting, &c. So likewise is it  
far as the eye can sweep around the hori-  
zon. But Madeley village, its church, its  
vicarage, its fields, its old oaks and elms,  
its Elizabethan fronted little cottages, with  
"The Court," a fine view near at hand,  
the seat of Lord Brooke, and whither  
Elizabeth came in state on one of her Roy-  
al Progresses—these things concentrate my  
thoughts, and I forget the region around.  
I repair to the old church-yard, where  
sleeps the dust of Fletcher, or rather  
"Fleicher," his name as a native of Nyon  
in Switzerland. And here is a copy of his  
Epitaph:

"Here lies the body of the Rev. Wm.  
John De La Flechere, Vicar of Madeley,  
Sept. 12th, 1726. He finished his course  
in this village August 1785, where he  
had his principal labors will long be re-  
membered. He exercised his ministry for  
the space of 25 years in this parish, with  
uncommon zeal and ability. Many believed  
his report, and became his joy and crown  
of rejoicing—while others constrained him  
to take up the declaration of the Prophet,  
"All day long have I stretched forth my  
hands to a disobedient and gainsaying  
people. Yet surely my judgment is with-  
the Lord, and in which he will say,  
"His wife long survived him, as will be  
perceived from the following inscription,  
which is written on the above tomb, also:

"Here lies, likewise, the body of Mary,  
De La Flechere his wife, daughter of Sam-  
uel Bosanquet, of Forrest House, Essex  
Square. She was born Sept. 1st, 1739, and  
died September 9th, 1815, aged 76. Dur-  
ing the long period in which she survived  
her husband, she continued to treat the  
poor with ardent zeal and self-denying ben-  
eficence to the spiritual and temporal wants  
of his flock. By the influence of her ex-  
ample and instruction—diseases were  
healed, and achism in the Church of Christ  
prevented; and it was her constant en-  
deavor to dwell in unity and godly love."

As I copied this inscription, an elderly  
man, a native of Madeley, whose father  
had been a pious coadjutor with Fletcher,  
told me that he well remembered (when a  
little boy) a remarkable scene. It was the  
funeral of Mrs. Fletcher; and in order  
that her ashes might mingle with those of  
her husband, the tomb was taken down,  
and the grave was opened. Thus forty  
years after his death, his coffin was revealed  
to the light. At the sight of it, a number  
of venerable gray haired men, who had  
been Fletcher's spiritual children, burst  
into tears, and fell on their knees around  
the open graves, and lifted up their eyes,  
streaming with tears, to heaven!

After leaving the tomb, I repaired to  
the house of the Vicar, who had sent me a  
message that he should be happy to receive  
me. I entered. The Rev. Mr. Yate had  
me welcome, and at once ushered me into  
Fletcher's study, a small room. There is  
the desk at which he wrote his sermons.  
Here is the corner, where he used to agonize  
with God in prayer for his parishioners.  
That wall, or the paper that covered it, was  
said to have long borne the dark stains of  
the breath and sweat of that wrestler with  
the "Angel of the Covenant." Next, the  
Vicar takes out of his study-table drawer,  
MS. sermons of Fletcher, beautifully writ-  
ten on long, narrow, parchment-like slips  
of paper.—The divisions, subdivisions, and

but to-night a black cloud continuously pass-  
ing Eastward, right over past Luna's face,  
has been making the people who have  
waited for the display, doubtful and de-  
appointed. Half-past seven o'clock the ap-  
pointed hour is come—true to time, if not  
to promised moonlight, up spring the foun-  
tains in what would be silvery showers of  
spray if only that evening cloud would re-  
cede. By the faint of the harvest-moon, the  
fountains—now that night is really come—  
are about to begin to play. I climb to the  
"Queen's balcony," which looks out over  
the grounds in front of the Palace. But  
where is the moon? Last night,

"on the mountain's brow  
The cold, round moon looked deeply down,  
Blue rolled the waters, blue the sky  
Spread like an ocean, on high,  
Bespangled with these isles of light,  
So widely, so brightly bright."

The Voice of History as to the Sabbath.

The history of the Sabbath amply jus-  
tifies the following conclusions:

1. In every age, the connexion has been  
most intimate between sound faith and  
elevated piety, and the strict observance of  
the Sabbath; and the connexion has been  
also between public morals and public  
respect for that holy day. It would be im-  
possible, I believe, to point to a single  
period of any considerable length, that can  
be justly regarded as forming an exception  
to the general statement. And if this be  
true, then it is a truth which ought to be  
deeply impressed on the mind of every  
Christian and patriot; for it demonstrates  
the importance of the Sabbath to all the  
dearest interests of the human race.

2. Whenever and wherever the Sabbath,  
instead of being kept holy, has become a  
holiday, it has become a source of dissipa-  
tion and corruption. It is a universal rule,  
that the more important and invaluable  
any institution is, the greater the evil of  
its perversion. We have only to go to  
Spain, Mexico, or South America, to see  
the effects of such a perversion of the Sab-  
bath upon public morals. After the morn-  
ing service, the masses of the people resort  
to the ball-room, the cock-pit, the theatre,  
and the like; and no day is so fruitful of  
vice. If, then, we would not have the Sab-  
bath to become a curse, let us insist upon the  
strict observance of the entire day. Bet-  
ter that it should be a day of secular labor,  
than of frolic and dissipation.

3. The two classes of men who have op-  
posed the protection of it by civil legisla-  
tion, have been errorists who, rejecting  
the fundamental doctrine of Christianity,  
have thus undermined its morals, and ir-  
religious men. Some, indeed, there have  
been, whose published creeds were not fun-  
damentally unsound, who have trampled  
upon the Sabbath, but they have been men  
whose lives demonstrated how little regard  
they had for the doctrines they had not  
publicly renounced. As a general rule, it  
is true that the worst men have ever been  
the bitterest enemies of the Sabbath; the  
best men its most zealous defenders.

4. Neither the Church of Christ, nor  
any nation can spare the Sabbath. The  
language of Calvin is not too strong, when  
he says that without it "the Church would  
be in imminent danger of immediate con-  
vulsion and ruin." And if the Church can-  
not live without the Sabbath, neither could  
any free nation survive its overthrow. We  
must have the Sabbath, or we must have  
despotism or anarchy.—Dr. Rice.

One Prize Won, and Another Lost.

The son of pious parents graduated with  
honor at his university. He had been nursed  
in the lap of prayer, and consecrated in his  
parent's purposes to the ministry of Jesus.  
But he abhorred piety, and set his heart on  
winning political distinction.

Reluctantly his parents consented to let  
him study law. In time he was admitted  
to the bar. He married an excellent lady,  
and began to practice with prospects of emi-  
nent success. Still abhorring religion and  
resisting the influence of two powerful re-  
vivals, he sought political distinction as the  
grand object of life.

Then the hand of God was laid upon him.  
His wife died. His only child was buried.  
He was assailed by "diseases" which bore  
him to the brink of the grave, and left him  
a mere wreck of his former self. Still he  
repelled the persuasions of the Holy Spirit,  
and craved above all things "the honors of  
political life."

Restored to partial health, he resumed  
his legal pursuits, and fed his desire for  
political distinction by unceasing efforts to  
win it. At length a government office was  
vacated. He sent in his application, strong-  
ly supported with influential names. While  
the question of his success was pending, he  
was seized with typhoid fever; and was laid

For the Presbyterian Banner.  
From the Army of the South-West.

KENZI, MISS, Sept. 27, 1862.

EDITOR:—The Banner, ever wel-  
come in many a prairie home-circle, at-  
tractions, and the college of a member, whose gentlemanly conduct and  
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Questions to Those who Neglect Prayer-  
Meetings.

1. Are you always better employed? If  
not, can it be right in you to absent your-  
self?</