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My Surety.

"Look upon the face of thine anointed."—Ps. lxxxiv: 9.

Not on me, Lord, not on me—
I am all iniquity;
Look upon that Holy One,
Who, before thy glorious throne,
On his breast bears my poor name,
And my load of sin and shame—
Look on him—my Surety.

Look on thine anointed Son;
Only in his name I come;
Only for his sake I dare
Breathe to thee my suppliant prayer;
While I to his garment cling,
While I hide beneath his wings,
Look on him—my Surety.

I have often broke thy laws,
Oft proved traitor to thy cause;
He that broken law hath kept,
He o'er my transgressions wept;
He, upon the cross for me,
Bore the dread death-penalty.
Look on him—my Surety.

Now he pleadeth thee before,
And I kneel, Lord, to adore
For the pardon thou hast given,
For the death-chains he has riven;
Even when I sue for grace,
Look thou on his pitying face;
Look on him—my Surety.

—*Tract Journal.*

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Colportage in the United States.

There was a time when nations went for their knowledge to parchment, and the slow and limited productions of the pen; when learning lay hid in the cloister, or the schools of the philosophers were open but to the favored few. Then the great mass of mankind lay in a state of unreading, and unreflecting ignorance. Now, with our general systems of education, with our schools and colleges scattered all over the land, almost within hailing distance, and free to all, the man who cannot read is well nigh a marvel. The Press is not a bad substitute either, for the power of miracles and the gift of tongues. Though it may be made an engine of evil; though, perverted, it be but as the opened box of Pandora, yet as an instrument in the hands of a true civilization and Christianity, it is to-day sending its streams of light to the darkest portions of our land.

To the Church of the present day, with her Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies, and all the modern appliances for the spread of the Gospel, the conversion of the world seems to be as fully within the domain of reason, as it was once within the reach of faith. Surely ours is the age predicted, when "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge be increased." Into the dark places of our land goes the toiling colporteur, with messages of mercy to perishing thousands, who cannot or will not hear the voice of the living preacher; assiduously sowing beside all waters the precious seeds of truth. Into the secluded village, the isolated farmhouse, the remote log cabin of the far West, goes this humble herald of salvation, wherever he can find human beings, to whom he may proclaim his glad tidings. Amid the vast destitutions of our Pacific Coast, he labors on, over all difficulties, with all needful toil, to scatter his books and tracts, to give his earnest Gospel invitations, and lift the voice of prayer in unaccustomed homes. About one-fifth of our present population are destitute of the living ministry. These six millions of souls are in a measure committed to his charge. The Church, like the world, has too long looked upon the great work of Colportage as a purely commercial transaction—a sort of self-sustaining department, in which the colporteur is a mere hawker of religious books and tracts, laboring among those only who are able and willing to purchase. But it is far otherwise. Its grand feature is its gratuity. In many extensive districts he is the only permanent standard-bearer of the Cross, and the influences he there exerts, silent yet active, are assuming shape and form in the moulding of many a community. But it is not alone in the far West, where the pioneer is struggling with the privations of frontier life, that the colporteur sees a mournful destitution of the Word of God. Here and there he finds a member of his charge, within the sound of Sabbath bells, without the Bible, or a printed page. Not only around the hedges of civilization, but along its great highways, where Gospel light is streaming, does he find those who are sitting in the "shadow of death." He penetrates the busy metropolis, to where those forms of squallor and of sin flit like ghosts through its back alleys, leaving the Bible in the hovel of the poor, and flinging the tract into the haunts of vice.

Every State of our Union has been the field of these missionary operations; more particularly the Pacific Coast, comprising the vast territories of California, Oregon, and Washington. A great work, too, is in progress among the large French population of Northern Illinois, the Green Bay region of Wisconsin, and other settlements of foreigners in other States, who generally group themselves thus from a community of language and religion. But lately, too, the colporteur was at work in the thinly settled portions of Texas, Arkansas, and Florida. Now, the influences which radiate from our Northern Boards, stop short at an immense picket line, that stretches its tortuous length half-way across our Continent. Behind its array of bayonets, treason holds high carnival, and beyond that line goes only the federal spy. We are in the midst of a war, such as we could *never* have anticipated. From a contest which we fancied would not assume any other than the petty aspect of border skirmishes, it has expanded to its present terrible proportions, and looks darkly forward toward a war of races and of political creeds. It has gathered such armies as the world had never seen; and here, in the midst of our calamities, opens up a wide field of usefulness for the department of colportage. It must be regarded as a necessity though, rather than as an advantage, of the times. Large assemblages of men, removed from the kindly influences of home, and the advantages of well-regulated society, call loudly for religious restraint. Of all occupations, of all grades of character, of every religious persuasion, thrown into close and constant companionship, the precious with the vile. Mostly are they men of toil, with whom a want of occupation is not rest, and amid the idleness of the camp comes vice with its expedients, to while away a leisure which hangs with a pressure upon existence. It is a necessity that they be supplied with plenty of religious instruction, by the circulation of a healthy literature, that there be not thrown back upon us a dissolute soldiery—a catastrophe for which the most honorable peace could but ill atone. In the demoralization that would follow, the country would feel the saddest effects of the war, and sustain a loss, with which her hundreds of millions of treasure are not to be compared. It is, too, a most hopeful field of labor. The soldier stands in the midst of "pestilence that walketh in darkness and destruction that wasteth at noonday." He sees death making his open assault, as well as his insidious approach. And when his every surrounding is so suggestive of the uncertainty of life, it is at least natural to suppose that the friendly admonition or the silent tract, that would elsewhere be disregarded, would more likely be cherished, in a close companionship with danger and death. Our Board has eagerly availed itself of this golden opportunity. It has among its publications everything suitable for camp, hospital, and shipboard. It is estimated that since the war began, its agency alone has placed a printed offer of salvation in the hands of at least two hundred and fifty thousand of our soldiery. Besides this, nearly every State has its independent organizations, some to make special provision for their own soldiery, others indiscriminately for all—placing the Testament or tract in the pocket of the new uniform, or by their agents distributing them in the field.

Not least among these stands the "Christian Commission," whose agent goes charged with the double errand of binding up the broken limb and the broken heart—along with the little superfluities of home, carrying also the bread of life.

But the demand of the times has never been fully met. Many, and importunate calls have come to the Board, and found not a dollar in the treasury. Early in December an appeal was made for aid, through the religious newspapers and by circular. Many generous responses were made, but the treasury has since been drained. What need we say about the *necessity* of a work that seems so absolute and so palpable! What can we say about its *urgency*, when to-morrow's battle may place thousands beyond the reach of our benevolence! Liberality is diverted into other channels. Physical suffering makes its touching appeal, and we run to its relief. In the name of humanity, that is right. But in view of the necessities of the Board, and the importunate demands made upon it almost daily, how shall we measure our contributions? Shall it be a dime for the soldier and a dollar for self? Shall it be a cent for a tract and a dollar for the daily newspaper? Can it be that when the nation is pouring out its blood and treasure like water, for the support of its institutions, that the Church shall be forgetful of hers? Can it be, when individuals, banks, and every moneyed corporation, will hasten to replete a national treasury with loans, where the security is but doubtful, that we shall dole out but a mere pittance to the cause of benevolence, where the security is, that "he who giveth, lendeth to the Lord"?

What calamities the future may have in store for ourselves at home, and our fathers and brothers in the field, we know not. Great events are gathering, which hang like thunder-clouds upon our Southern horizon. We stand upon the tiptoe of eager expectancy, and read the telegrams with bated breath. The political heavens are otherwise fearfully overcast. Treason trailing its slimy track, and rearing its serpent head, in the legislative halls of every loyal State. Apologists, too, for this treason, in almost every neighborhood, hatching out a viper's brood, under the sunshine of a too mild administration of justice. It is but a short time since, with a true American pride, we were looking down the vista of years, which we fancied had an almost endless perspective—bright with promise, and only shadow enough to give a proper coloring, and make a nation watchful. Now, we are but peering into the darkness, and the most sagacious statesmen are but groping blindly for the way, amid the tumult of human passions. One who, from his position and ability, might be called the Delphic oracle of America, from his high watch-tower as Secretary of State looks out across the Atlantic, and gives but a doubtful response. Two powerful nations are there laughing at our calamity. With the keen instincts of the vulture which hastens to the decay of nobler natures, they fancy they can scent dismemberment and dissolution, and, with a vulture's appetite, stand ready for their repast. Already one of them mocks us with mediation, and with his sword drawn to carve up some of our Southern neighbors, advises *us* to be civil, and "refrain from a further shedding of blood."

But whatever be the political result of present calamities; whether from having proudly led the van, we go skulking to the rear of nations, rent and torn by civil dissentions, or a prey to the rapacity of foreign powers—though our future as a nation be but a guess and a fear—the Church has a promise, on which she may anchor her hopes, that "Zion shall be built, even in troublous times;" and amid the present uncertainties, this comforting assurance, that "all these things shall turn out rather to the furtherance of the Gospel."

T. B. Elder,
Chairman of Committee.

Eldersridge, March 2d, 1863.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Read Your Bible.

The conquest of Israel over Amalek was required to be recorded and "rehearsed" in the ears of Joshua. In the days of Samuel the Word of God was precious. David deemed the words of the Lord more delicious than the nectar of the bee. And the Bereans were commended for searching the Scriptures daily.

We should read the Word of God:

1st. Because it *is* the Word of God—being given by his inspiration, containing manifestations of his creative power, and fraught with pointed demonstrations of his dislike for, and punishment upon sin, together with most touching proofs of mercy toward his creatures.

2d. He has therein laid down the plan of salvation; "Come unto me," the "Son of Man seeking and saving the *lost*," "I am the way," and "the good Shepherd," gleam forth only from the hallowed pages of this chronicle of Divine love.

3d. The greatest reason why we should do any thing is, that *God has commanded so to do;* and he has expressly said, Search the Scriptures.

They contain all the *necessary* revelation from God to man. Ancient Greece may boast of her classic lore and profound philosophy; America of her descriptive genius. It may be said of one poem that it is a fit ballast for the mind amid the gayety and songs of Spring; of another, that it dispels the gloom of Autumn; but give *me* my Bible all the year: for the reasonings of St. Paul, the holy visions of the Evangelical Prophet, and the pathos of the Gospels, far surpass the combined and concentrated productions of the mental world. They constitute a sacred picture-gallery over whose centre you may see a portrait of Messiah crowned with a halo of continual love and mercy. Yes, reader, Jesus Christ and him crucified for you, for me, can be seen upon every page. There see man's primal happiness in contrast with his hiding the nakedness which sin had disclosed upon him. There we catch a glimpse of sinners rejecting offered mercy as they mocked a warning Noah. A faithful Abraham, a wrestling Jacob, and a virtuous Joseph, have left "foot-prints" which we do well to ponder. There learn that no one can withstand God, as you behold the hosts of proud Pharaoh prostrate along the sea shore; and the majesty wherewith God clothes his law, as you see Moses ascending amid the smoke of trembling Sinai. Elijah and Elisha, holy men of God, are held forth in living contrast with covetous Ahab and wicked Jezebel. A patient Job; the praises of David; the wisdom of Solomon; the firmness of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and praying Daniel, are so many heavenly miniatures at which we should lood daily: whilst the pride of Absalom, a revengeful Haman, and the feastings of Belshazzar, are but so many rocks of danger of which we are warned.

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John the holy Gospels wrote"; then you have portrayed the perseverance and ardor of the Apostles, followed by epistolary charts for the pilgrim; having the whole concluded by the Beloved Disciple's beatific view of New Jerusalem, the City of Our God.

Oh, thoughtless reader, call them not common-place or old-fashioned! Would you dare call yourself "old-fashioned"? yet you are the workmanship of the Author of these Scripture, with whom there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning. How many say, *What will I read to-night?* while your neglected Bible lies on the shelf, covered perhaps with dust.

In obeying the commands of God, there is great reward; then, since it is his command, read your Bible, and in it you will find something new every day, every time you read.

Children, read your Bible. Learn the story of the Cross, and how Jesus took even little children in his arms, blessed them, and said, Suffer them to come unto me.

Young man, read your Bible; and beware least you turn away "sorrowful" when you learn what the Lord requires.

Maiden, read your Bible; that it may be said of you, "Many, daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Father, read your Bible; that you may learn how to train your child in the way he should go.

Mother, read your Bible; that it may be said of thee, "She hath done what she could."

Soldier, read your Bible; and learn to be true to your country and your God: it will teach you to be a soldier of the cross, and how to "put on the whole armor of God."

Sinner, read the Bible; and therein "Behold the Lamb of God."

Christian, read your Bible; and so "grow in grace and in a knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Minister, read your Bible; that you may become wise as serpents and harmless as doves, in the holy mission of the Gospel.

J. M. H.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Justification and Sanctification.

AN EXTRACT.

"There is a vast difference between justification and sanctification. They must be distinguished, but not separated. Justification changes our state before God as a Judge; sanctification changes our heart and life before him as our Father. Justification precedes, and sanctification follows, as the fruit and evidence of it. The surety-righteousness of Christ imputed is our justifying righteousness; but the grace of God implanted is the matter of our sanctification. Justification is an act done at once; sanctification is a work which is gradual. Justification removes the guilt of sin; sanctification, the power of it. Justification delivers us from the avenging wrath of God; sanctification conforms us to his image. The one regards something done for us; the other, something done in us. The one is a relative; the other, a personal change. The one is a change in our state; the other, in our nature. The one is perfect at once; the other is gradual. The one is derived from the obedience unto death of the Saviour; the other, from his Spirit. The one gives us a title to heaven; the other, a meetness for it. The one frees us from condemnation; the other prepares us for immortal blessedness."

W. J. M.

The Thoughts of God.

In one sense we are everywhere surrounded with God's thoughts. Our nature is a majestic volume of these. His sublime thoughts are the everlasting mountains; his lofty thoughts, the distant stars; his terrible thoughts, the lightning and tempest, the earthquake and volcano; his minute thoughts of discriminating care, the tiny moss and lichen, the tender grass, the lily of the field, and pearly dew-drop; his loving thoughts, the blue sky, the quiet lake, the sunny glade, the budding blossoms and beauteous flowers; his joyful thoughts, the singing streams and sparkling waves; his unchanging thoughts, the rock in mid-ocean, on which the waves are in vain spending their fury. But it is not in these mute, undefined, often mysterious symbols, that sinners, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, can discover the true Divine "Cardiphonia"—the breathings and utterances of the very heart of a reconciled Father. * * * It is in Christ that each thought of God becomes "precious"—a ministering angel of comfort and hope, a deep pool of unfathomable grace and love, reflecting the image and the peace of heaven. He is the true ladder of Jacob, upon which thoughts upon thoughts of unutterable tenderness troop down from the upper sanctuary. * * *

And how precious are these thoughts of God! Well may he say regarding them, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts" infinite, immutable, everlasting—a glorious chime carrying their echoes from eternity to eternity. * * * Oh, how should we cherish and garner his ineffable thoughts toward us! take them to solve our doubts, calm our fears, soothe our sorrows, hush our misgivings; it may be to smooth our sick-pillows or our death-pillows. These, like tremulous music in some hallowed, time-honored sanctuary, floating on the entranced ear, have fallen with their heavenly vibrations on many a downcast, mourning troubled, pensive spirit, and woke it up to hope, and confidence and joy. This has been the experience of believers in every age.—*J. R. Macduff, D. D.*

Distractions in Prayer.

I cannot pray; yet, Lord! thou knowest
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from thee.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet.

Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found
But in the thoughts of thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty.

Yet thou art oft most present, Lord,
In weak, distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self,
Most often finds thee there.

And prayer that humbles, sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord, it hangs on thee.

The soul that on self-sacrifice
Is dutifully bent,
Will bless the chastening hand that makes
Its prayer its punishment.

Ah, Jesus! why should I complain?
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things;
Thy peace dwells far within!

These surface troubles come and go
Like ruffings of the seas;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but thee! [*Faber.*

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Prussia's Convention with the Czar—The Reasons Why—The Polish Insurrection and the English Press—Paris, the Emperor, and the "Mouthpiece"—Probable Remonstrance of France and England—Colenso's Second Volume—Its Object—Samuel, and not Moses—Nathan and Gad—Imagination" and Romance"—His "own and "May-be"—Animadversions on Dr. Clarke's Testimony—Political Parties in England—The "outs" and the "ins" Compared—Lecture at Belfast by an American ex-Chaplain—The "Times" and the "Emancipation" Agitation—Postscript.

LONDON, February 21, 1863.

An Agreement between Russia and Prussia, for mutual coöperation in putting down the Polish struggle for liberty, excites great indignation in this country, and through the whole of Liberal Europe. This feeling is greatly increased by the well-grounded suspicion, nay, conviction, that the King of Prussia has a double reason for this policy. First of all, Prussia was one of the Powers which, in the day of her dire extremity, when all the horrors of siege, sack, and slaughter had been consummated—viz., Russia, Austria, and Prussia—ravenous vultures as they were, rent into three the still quivering victim of despotism, and made that "partition of Poland," which will be infamous to all time. Prussia, impenitent, still retains *her* Polish Provinces, although she gives them the rights of a Constitutional status common to the kingdom, and admits Polish deputies to the Lower House of Parliament. These deputies, I am sorry to say, back up the obstinate and wrong-headed King's policy, and this from *Romish*, and therefore Anti-Liberal sympathies—afraid of the results of the working of a Constitution really free, and always jealous of aught that would make the people free. But Russia has given no Constitution whatever to the Poles. She has promised much, but given nothing. Like Hungary, if delusive offers had been made to her, Poland would have steadfastly refused them. But even this *mirage* has not risen up from the desert waste; and a series of confiscations, imprisonments, military executions, were bound up by a *conscription by night* all over Poland, which, as has been well said, was intended to "decapitate" the nation. For, the object was to sweep away from every city, town, and village, the well-educated, thinking, patriotic young men, and so to destroy nascent liberty in its very germ.

Not without a feeling of sympathy and respect, do I write this, as far as the present Czar of Russia is concerned. For it is he that was *opposed* to the Crimean war, and that has reaped the bitter fruits of what Nicholas sowed, who has bid the oppressed twelve millions of serfs to go free, and who permits the circulation of the Scriptures to an extent unknown since the days of the Emperor Alexander. Nevertheless he and his brothers have kept Poland in chains—deliberately and designedly so. If they intended to give her liberty ultimately, why make its pioneer a holocaust of victims to martial law, and the atrocious system—so long prevalent—of a simultaneous *midnight* seizure and conscription?

The King of Prussia has signed a Convention with Russia. He has 70,000 troops on the frontiers; he succours, receives, restores fugitive Russian soldiers; and so far as he has gone, true to the antecedents of one who shot down the people in the streets of Baden-Baden, in suppression of a revolution there in 1848, he endorses all that Russia has done in Poland.

But another reason, specially hateful and detestable, is to be found in the exigencies of the Court party in Prussia, as placed in opposition to a Chamber of Deputies, which is the *only* bulwark of liberty in the country. It is an old device of tyrants at home, to get up military expeditions, to sound the trumpet and to beat the drum, in order to distract popular attention from their malversation and their oppressions. The English Press is stern in denouncing the conduct of the Prussian monarch. The French Press *would* take the same course, if it dare, but Imperialism at the Tuilleries is at present quite conservative. It affects, or feels, as much disgust at what could disturb the "Czar my brother," as if *it* were not an upstart and a *parvenu*, and as if *he* were not an Emperor with an ancient lineage. Oh, yes; we are, at Paris, *very* conservative just now; Italy may keep maundering and moaning about Rome as her capital, but she can't have it; for the Pope says; and Antonelli too, "*Non-possumus*," we *cannot* conscientiously give up what God himself gave his Vicar! And then as to Poland, why, says M. Bellault, the Emperor's paid serving man, orator, and mouth-piece in the Senate, "France does not lose sympathy for Poland, but she has no faith in insurrection, and trusts rather in the generosity of the Czar." Thus cunning and cruelty go hand in hand, but "the Lord seeth that the end is coming." May it come speedily!

There is an impression in Paris that the Emperor, after having liberated some students who had made a demonstration, and previously sanctioned their arrest, may join England in a remonstrance addressed to the Czar in reference to Poland. Whether this is well founded, time will show. Our own Cabinet, no doubt would do its part, and Earl Russell is probably endeavoring to secure the sympathy of France.

Dr. Colenso has published a new work on the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. His object is to prove that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses, who is with him a myth, but mainly by Samuel. He supposes that the earliest portions of the Pentateuch, including the account of the Exodus itself, or "the first scanty sketch of it, were written four hundred years, at least, after the *supposed* time of the Exodus. He observes that later writers mention no historian of earlier date than Samuel, Nathan, and Gad; "so that whoever wrote the Book of Judges, wrote, most probably, from the mere legends or traditions of the people." And thus "it is not necessary to suppose that the narrative of Samuel is a pure fiction; in short, a pious fraud". It is very possible that there may have been, floating about in the memories of the Hebrew tribes, many legendary stories of their ancestors, and of great events—how they once fled in a large body out of Egypt, under an eminent leader such as Moses; how they had been led through the great and terrible wilderness, and had encamped under the dreadful mount, with its blackened peaks and precipices, as if they had been burnt with fire; how they had lost themselves in the dreary waste, and struggled on through great sufferings, and many died, but the rest fought their way into the land of Canaan, and made good their footing among the tribes which they found there, being called by the people 'Hebrews'—that is, people who had 'crossed' the Jordan."

To complete the supposition, Colenso says: "It is conceivable that such may have left influence traces on the minds of the people, and may have been exaggerated, as is the case with legends generally, which circulated in their talk, and passed on by word of mouth, from sire to son, in the intervening age. In this way, natural facts may have been magnified into prodigies, and a few thousands multiplied into two millions of people. It is quite possible that the passage of the Red Sea, the manna, the quails, and other miracles, may have a real historical foundation, as will be shown in our critical review of the different books of the Pentateuch. And Samuel may have desired to collect these legends, and make them the basis of a narrative by which he, being dead, might yet speak to them with a Prophet's voice, and, while rejected by them as their ruler, might yet be able patriotically to help forward their civil and religious welfare under kingly government, and more especially under the rule of his favorite David, whose deep religious feeling accorded with his own sentiments so much more fully than the impetuous arbitrary power of Saul. His annual journeys of assize when he went from year to year in circuit to Bethel, Gilgal, and Mizpeh, and judged Israel in all those places (1. Sam. vii: 16,) would have given him good opportunities for gathering such stories, as well as of knowing thoroughly the different parts and places of the country, to which those legends were attached. He may have spent a great part of his life, especially the later part of it, since Saul came to the throne, and he himself was relieved from the cares of government, in the elaboration of such a work as this, *filling up from his own mind*, we may conceive, the blanks left in such legendary accounts, and certainly imparting to them their high religious tone and character."

It is not my special business to analyse or expose the worse than shallowness of the endless *may-bes* of this most extraordinary writer, who seems to be capable of coolly "supposing" any thing and every thing which can be made to pass muster in his darling object of upsetting the veracity and authenticity of the Pentateuch. But one feels such disgust and indignation in writing down, as I have just done, all these attempted plausibilities, yet real blasphemies against the God of truth, by representing his chosen servant, Samuel, the "Asked of God," given in response to Hannah's prayers, as nothing better than the monks of the Middle Ages, or the discoverer of the Holy Coat of Trèves, the inventors of apparitions of the Virgin, or of winking pictures, bleeding statues, and the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius in modern times. For, if what Colenso supposes, is true, Samuel, as a professed historian, and moreover intending to improve and edify his own age at least, is guilty of lying over and over again in the name of the Lord of Hosts. Samuel writes the book of Genesis, tells of the Creation, the Temptation, the Deluge—all are myths; but then he imparts to these and other narratives, "their high religious tone and spiritual character." So of the other four books of the Pentateuch. There may have been "two thousand" came out of Egypt (who can tell us even of that possibility, or probability?) on Colenso's own showing; but then the writer, the professed historian, Samuel to wit, makes the number "two millions." And so with everything else, including the Sanaitic precipices "blackened as with fire." These last suggested the narrative of the 19th of Exodus, that "Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because Jehovah descended on it in fire," even the "mount that might be touched" according to the inspired Paul (a simpleton or a knowing and piously fraudulent endorser of "a pious fraud"—which was he, Dr. Colenso?)

Samuel's closing years must have been well "spent," truly, in getting up a "history" which puts words into the mouth of a Moses, as Leader and Lawgiver, who never existed, and yet makes the great God speak to him, answer him with an audible voice, and, nay, sends him away down from the Mount, with his face shining from immediate converse with the Divine Majesty? Samuel's "journeys" gave him a noble advantage in picking up old legends and "stories," and "elaborating them into a tissue of pious frauds and falsehoods, filling up without scruple, every hiatus in "such legendary accounts," out of his own imagination! "Arabian Nights Entertainments;" Walter Scott's Novels; Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry; Spencer's "Faery Queen"—what are these compared with the Romance-writing (with the "legends" and a slight historic basis,) of Samuel the Prophet!

And this Colenso himself admits, in his "concluding remarks," the first of which is, that "the Pentateuch most probably originated in a noble effort of an illustrious man, in an early age of the Hebrew history, to train his people in the faith and fear of the Living God," and that for this purpose "he appears to have adopted the form of a history, based upon the floating legends and traditions of the time, filling up his own narrative, we may believe, perhaps to a large extent, *out of his own imagination*, when these traditions failed him!" Nay, more, he insists that there is not the slightest reason to suppose that the first writer of the story of the Pentateuch ever professed to be recording "infallible truth, or even actual historical truth." In the same spirit he replies to "one of his own friends" who said, "I would rather believe that two and two make five, than affirm that such a man as Samuel could possibly have been guilty of so foul an offence against the laws of religious truth and common morality;" he first, justly enough, condemns any one who would under any circumstances, believe that "two and two make five," but he returns to his blasphemies by declaring that an implicit faith in all the details of the story of the Exodus, as recorded in the Pentateuch, involves again and again, assent to propositions as monstrous and absurd as the above statement would be in arithmetic. And then he goes on to treat with insult, contempt, and injustice, the believers in the plenary inspiration of the Bible, by declaring that "they cannot glorify God by setting up an idol of their own making"; and, "It is not I who require you to abandon the ordinary notion of the Mosaic authorship, and antiquity of the Pentateuch; it is the Truth which does so?" Could blind presumption go farther?

One argument to prove that Samuel was the main author of the Pentateuch is, that up to Samuel's time, "Jehovah" was little used, and that *he* was therefore the "Elohist" who lived long after Samuel, introduced into the Pentateuch, not freely, but occasionally, the name "Jehovah," in addition to "Elohim." From this supposition he argues back as it were, against "the free use by all classes, from the days of Eve downward to the age of Joseph," of the name "Jehovah," that "the Jehovistic story" (part of the Pentateuch, and written by a "later" writer than Samuel) cannot be historically true.

Thus "confusion" is "worse confounded." "All the portions," we are assured, "of the first four books and of the book of Joshua, which are not due to the Elohist, were composed by one or two writers who wrote in the latter days of David, and in the early part of Solomon's reign—with the exception of some interpolations, of which a few smaller ones occur in Genesis, but larger ones in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Joshua." Next, although the Bible states of the fifth book of the Pentateuch, "These be the words which Moses spake unto all Israel," and which, moreover, is a *rehearsal* of the wanderings in the wilderness, &c.; yet Dr. Colenso says that "the book of Deuteronomy was written about the time of Josiah, and, as some suppose, by the hand of the Prophet Jeremiah."

Let me conclude this somewhat laborious analysis of the second book of the Colenso heresy, by quoting the language of Dr. Adam Clarke: "Every believer in Divine Revelation finds himself amply justified in taking for granted that the Pentateuch is the work of Moses. For more than 3,000 years, this has been the invariable opinion of all who were best qualified to form a correct judgment on this subject. The Jewish Church, from its most remote antiquity, has ascribed the work to no other hand, and the Christian Church, from its foundation, has attributed it to the Jewish lawgiver alone. The most respectable heathen have concurred in this testimony. *Jesus Christ and his Apostles have completed the evidence, and have put the question beyond the possibility of being doubted by those who profess to believe the Divine authenticity of the New Testament.*" That is the *marrow* of the question. Christ and his Apostles have endorsed Moses as a real person, the events recorded as *facts*: Colenso denies both. No wonder, therefore, that in the Infidel Halls of London, and elsewhere, on Sunday evenings, "readings" from Colenso are preferred to any Lecturer.

Political Parties in England are worthy of notice, as bearing on the aspirations and hopes of the "outs," and the prospects, and it may be, the apprehensions of the "ins." Two or three elections have lately decided on the Conservative side—not necessarily or really from Tory sympathies, but from local causes, and mismanagement on the part of the Liberals. But in this way the minority of D'Israeli's followers in the House of Commons is decreased, and office, with its honors and emoluments, is nearer. One cannot but observe how the leaders are taking care *not* to commit themselves to a "recognition" policy as regards the Confederate States, and how the *Standard* and *Morning Herald* are trying hard to prove that after all, a Conservative Ministry would be as friendly to Italian independence as a Palmerston Cabinet. This last, however, the nation does not, and will not, believe. The want of true sympathy for Italy, the heartlessness of D'Israeli, the offensiveness of the humbling old Marquis of Normanby, the Advocate General of ex-Kings and Grand Dukes, and the mischievous endorsement of his slanders which Lord Derby has occasionally given him—are all well remembered, and treasured up in the people's hearts.

That parties are the better of an "airing" by exchanging places, is true enough; and that a party in power gets into a rut, is equally true. Dr. Campbell, of the *British Standard*, writes on this topic as follows:

"It behoves the Liberals to mind what they are about, or they will shortly have to change sides in the House of Commons. Both Devonport and Cambridge, two most important seats, are lost to them. The majority for the Conservative in Devonport was 30, in Cambridge 81. These are facts which speak for themselves. They still further go to show that the House, in its almost equally divided state, is a tolerably fair representative of the nation. Now, to be frank, we do not wonder at this: as matters stand, nearly all the great questions of the day having been settled, there is but little to choose between Whigs and Tories. Let it never be forgotten that the Tories, both in the matter of church-rates and of reform, showed far more sincerity and earnestness than their opponents. Mr. Walpole acted wisely and honorably in the matter of church rates, and proposed a measure which had great claims to consideration. Mr. D'Israeli, too, however levity might laugh at what was flippantly called his 'fancy franchises,' exhibited the best outline of a bill that has ever yet been proposed. It provided for the representation, not merely of property, but of intellect, and, with an honest, earnest House, it might have been framed into an excellent system of representation. Unless, then, our Liberals, so called, shall wake up, they may prepare for that which will inevitably one day come—a change of places. Both parties are the better, periodically, for an airing. A lengthened tenure of power tends to engender conceit, confidence, and insolence. Turn about is a good rule. Again, the Tories have been far less wasteful than the Whigs of the nation's substance. They would never have run up the present enormous list of expenditure."

The perils of Ministers are very much exaggerated, as there are many on the opposite benches who prefer Lord Palmerston to any other statesman, and who especially dislike to be led by D'Israeli. Besides this, the proposed onslaughts in connexion with financial economy, and the readiness of Lord Russell to cede the Ionian Islands to the Greeks, have been marred. Great reductions are being reduced—to the extent of more than one million sterling—in the Naval Estimates; and this without reducing the number of trained seamen. The revenue returns stamp approval also on Mr. Gladstone's Free Trade policy, which was denounced by the Tories, and its very elasticity will enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to make such reductions in taxation as will give fresh life to the Cabinet. True, there are possible perils—if the Irish Brigade, "who are bent on Galway jobs because they are Irishmen, and are hostile to Italian liberty because they are Papists;" even on a close division, ought to have joined to them "the thoughtful, generous, cultivated Radicals, represented by Mr. Forster, and Mr. Cobden, at present "without influence in public affairs."

As to ability and honesty, as well as real Liberalism, the actual holders of office—(not mentioning one or two suspicious subordinates)—the Liberals have the advantage. "With the exception of Lord Derby and his son, there is no commanding ability of any sort in the Conservative ranks; and eloquent, clear, and sensible as Lord Derby is, administrative skill is not his *forte*. There is no one among the opposition statesmen, who, for sound, cool, critical judgment, capacity for work, unimpressible and imperturbable sobriety of mind, can be named along with Sir G. C. Lewis; nor can any one look, without dismay, on the possible substitution of Mr. D'Israeli for Mr. Gladstone, at the head of the fortunes of the country."

American Affairs are still the subject of constant thought and daily discussion. The *Times* does not think that, if the Federals reinvested, Charleston very speedily, after the Confederate destruction of gunboats off Charleston, the alleged claim of raising the blockade will be regarded as valid. But it is felt that the Confederates are acquiring naval resources of unexampled strength, and no great confidence is felt as to the capture of Vicksburg.

The Belfast *Banner*, of the 17th inst., advertises a public meeting, at which Prof. Gibson is to preside, and at which a late Chaplain (Rev. W. D. Haley) in the United States Army is to lecture on the "Causes and Consequences of the War." To the advertisement is prefixed an extract of the speech of the Vice President of the Confederate States: "*African Slavery* was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution."

Last evening, but one, a meeting of the Emancipation Society, and its supporters, was held at St. James' Hall, at which animadversions were made on Mason's recent speech at the Lord Mayor's table—the said Lord Mayor being a rank Tory, and inviting *only* Tory sympathizers. The Rev. William Llandels, an eminent and eloquent minister, was one of the speakers. The *Times* is decrying this movement, which, in spite of it, is spreading rapidly.

J. W.

P. S.—The British Navy Estimates provide for 76,000 men and boys, including, 18,000 marines, 9,000 boys, 9,000 coast guards, and 8,000 coast volunteers. There are 90 sailing and 237 steamships—40 less than last year.

The Sight of a great procession, or crowd, stirs up feelings of love, at times, in every good mind. Each of this multitude is as precious to God as I. Each has a history, a present experience, a destiny; God knows each—his name, abode, calling, his character. Each had a parentage, an infancy, a home; there are those to whom he is dear. It is good to look on great companies of our fellow-men. It makes us humble, benevolent; it makes us feel our need of the particular love and care of God.—*N. Adams, D. D.*

Teach Your Children to Tell the Truth.—Dr. Johnson said: "Accustom your children to a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happen at one window, and they when relating it say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where deviation from truth will end. It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world. All truth is not of equal importance; but if little violations are allowed, every violation will, in time, be thought little."