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New Hymn for the Lord's Day.

The following beautiful hymn is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Canon of Westminster Abbey, and nephew of the late poet-laureate, one of England's greatest divines and scholars. —*Episcopal Recorder.*

Oh day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness;
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One.

On thee at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.

Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home.
A day of sweet reflection,
Thou art a day of love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

"Seek and Ye Shall Find."

The Lord must be diligently *sought*. We are commanded to *strive* to enter in at the strait gate. The promise of admittance is to those who *knock*; and assurance is given that those shall receive who *ask*. Yea, "if thou *seek* him, he will be found of thee: but if thou *forsake* him, he will cast thee off forever."

Let it be distinctly understood and constantly borne in mind, that no effort however great, which we may put forth in seeking the Lord, has, *in itself*, any proper efficiency in producing the result. There is no such relation as of cause and effect between the seeking of the Lord and the finding of his favor; but there are established means of grace, without the use of which we can have no expectation of his blessing, but in the use of which we have the most encouraging promises of Divine aid and ultimate success. God *must be sought* (and it is reason enough,) because *he requires it*. There surely is motive enough in that the blessing follows.

Besides the direct assertions of this truth, observe the language which is so frequently employed in the Scriptures in addressing sinners: as for instance, "seek;" "ask;" "knock;" "strive to enter in;" "come unto me;" "come ye to the waters." Do not these expressions, and such as these, plainly indicate that the Lord must be sought. There is precision in the language of the Bible, and the frequent recurrence of such words and forms of expression, in such connexions as they are found, cannot be misunderstood.

Moreover this truth is in accordance with what we know of God's method of operation. He ordinarily works by means; indeed so far as we can see, this seems to be a universal law in the active manifestations of his might. The few cases, as in the working of miracles, where God has for a special purpose wrought immediately, and without the employment of secondary causes, are sufficient to demonstrate his ability to accomplish his ends without the use of means; but it has, nevertheless, pleased him to make the relation of events as antecedent and consequent so fixed, as to become a law upon which we may with the greatest confidence rely; so that the use of the appropriate means, universally and uniformly secures the desired end.

To the present and assiduous use of the means of grace it is objected, that, salvation being secured by God's eternal election, if one is elected to be saved he will be saved, nothing which he can do, and or shall leave undone, can make any difference in the result.

Now, this, in the sense used, is a dangerous delusion. It is an attempt to avoid duties in which the natural heart has no pleasure, and to throw the responsibility of the consequences upon God. Election is indeed the *ultimate* ground of salvation. The certain futurity of the event is surely secured by God's eternal decree; but, mark this well, if you are elected to be *saved*, you are also elected "to be conformed to the image of the Son of God;" you are chosen from the beginning to salvation, "*through* sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth." The event may be certain in respect to God's decree, and yet contingent in relation to the means and agencies on which it depends. The decree does not determine the event independent of the means, but the event *and* the means. Now, you may be elected to salvation; I hope you are; but if you are, you will be saved by seeking the Lord in the use of his established means of grace; and the sooner you seek the truth of your condition, the sooner you bow yourself in prayer before God, the sooner you repent and believe on the name of Christ, by so much, you will the sooner be assured of your election; and let this truth be not forgotten, that, if you rely for salvation upon the chances of your election, *and do not seek God*, you will surely never be saved. If salvation is worth anything, *seek it;* and if faithfully sought in the strength of God, you will find it; and the evidence of your election is then unquestionable.

But it may be urged that the natural man is unable to exercise any saving grace, unable to repent of sin and to believe on Christ, and must therefore wait until he is effectually called of God to their exercise. I answer, that the only evidence you will ever have of your effectual calling, is to be found in the effectiveness of your seeking. Man is indeed impotent, and all the work of his salvation is of God; yet it is *in* and *through* the human faculties that it is accomplished. God worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. Faith is the gift of God, yet it is no less an exercise in the soul of man; an exercise of the very faculties which all men possess. All men are therefore appropriately called upon to *believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.

Moreover, if men were elected merely to salvation, and not also to justification and sanctification of the Spirit, they must be saved *in* sin and not *from* sin. They must be saved by an arbitrary act of God, without any change of character. The great object of salvation, which, as far as relates to man himself, is to bring him into holy communion with, and enjoyment of God, is ignored; the law of God is dishonored, and confusion introduced into his government. This does not become an Omnipotent, All-wise and holy God. Hence the evidence accumulates that, "If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever."

R.D.S.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Letter from a Chaplain.

Camp in the Woods, near Carthage Tenn., March 5th, 1863.

Editors Banner:—My last letter was written from Camp near Nashville, Tenn., when we were expecting hourly to go forward to Murfreesboro'. On the 21st of February we received orders to return to Nashville, and report on board Transport Fleet. As to our destination, there were many conjectures; some supposing it to be Vicksburg, others Fort Donelson, &c. On the 24th, conjecture became certainty when the fleet steamed away up the Cumberland.

Our mails are very uncertain, one having been captured, so that I must necessarily omit every thing having any reference to our numbers or future movements. After an exciting trip up the river, we arrived safely at Carthage, one hundred and fifty miles above Nashville, on the 27th, entirely unexpected to the inhabitants. I leave the reader to imagine the utter consternation of the people, as depicted in their every movement on the arrival of such a surprise party.

With few exceptions there is a hatred among the people against the Union army and the North, that is terrible. With all you have read about it, you can know but little. You must see, hear, feel it. It is said there are some Union men in this region, hiding in the mountains, to escape the conscription officers.

There are very few men to be seen. Carthage is almost deserted, except by a few old men, the poor, and children. There are no schools, no Sabbath School, no church services, no Sabbath. Sadness, sorrow, and gloom seem to characterise everything. Take away Sabbath Schools, close all your churches, and what a picture presents itself! Never, as now, have I loved the Sabbath and its blessed privileges. The army and the stern facts connected with it, will test a man's religion, and if the good seed is in the heart, it will take deeper root. Many men in conversing with me, declare that they never knew how to appreciate the prayer-meeting, and a preached Gospel, until cut off from them. They feel their utter dependence upon God, and the necessity of trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation. I have never seen the power of religion more fully developed than since my connexion with the army.

There is great wickedness among us. We are all sinners. There is a great Saviour. Our religious exercises do not decrease in interest. I preached last Sabbath from, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." After sermon, three persons requested permission to unite with the Church. I trust their names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. In the evening we had prayer, and conference meeting. As we sang,

"He dies, the Friend of sinners, dies,"

the beautiful moon and the stars, all seemed to join in the anthem, lifting our hearts up to Him, where he "ever liveth to intercede for us." In that meeting, soldier after soldier, the young and the old, stood up and spoke of their trust in the Redeemer, giving him all the praise for their hope of salvation. During that solemn meeting I returned, in spirit, to the dear church at home, then, as I believe, praying for me; and while cut off from all the dear, sanctified associations that bind me there, I prayed for grace to stand in my lot, and be made the instrument of turning many to righteousness. More and more am I impressed with the responsibility of my position, the great field of usefulness before me, and my utter dependence upon the Holy Spirit to "bless the sower and the seed."

I am greatly favored in having an unusual amount of musical talent in my regiment. It is grand to hear a great company of men singing the sweet old hymns and tunes sung by so many millions of God's people who are now chanting the new song before the throne on high.

Reader, be a Christian. Live to glorify God.

W. Morris Grimes,
Chaplain 92d Ohio Volunteers.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Providence.

1. Cor. xiii: 12:—For now we see through a glass darkly.

The future is mercifully hid. It could do us no good to know what is to come. It might do us much harm. It would doubtless occasion us much unhappiness.

Even of the present we know but little; and providence is dark because we are so imperfectly acquainted with its designs. We see through a glass darkly. One reason is because of the mysterious and complicated nature of Divine providence. It extends over the whole universe; and even as it regards this world, every event is but a part of that complicated system which embraces the whole world for all time. No wonder that we cannot see the relation of what occurs around us to a system so vast; for we are but finite, insignificant creatures. We can see and know but little. The permission of sin and its continuance in the world are dark problems to us; and no less so, often, are God's dealings with his Church, and with individuals too; and how often do great events flow from little causes! It is one of the mysteries of providence that it accomplishes its ends frequently by insignificant and unlikely means.

Scripture, history, reason and observation throw light on providence; but after all we here see through a glass darkly; hereafter we shall see face to face. In another world, what is dark here shall be made plain. This should give us confidence and hope in the darkest hour, for it is God who ruleth over all.

The darkness of providence should teach us *reverence*. It should also teach us *submission and resignation;* I say submission *and* resignation, for there may be a kind of submission without resignation. The conquered army submits, but it is not resigned; and we may submit because we can not help ourselves, or because we feel it useless to complain, and yet be very far from being resigned. We should possess both submission and resignation. We should cordially acquiesce in and approve the dispensations of God's providence, and feel that whatsoever he does is right.

The darkness of providence should teach us to *beware of presumption*. God reigns; let us confide in him, but never presume. What is dark to us, is light to God; and in a future day he will also make it light to us, for we shall see face to face.

Then what a prospect before the Christian! Here he is often embarrassed and distressed, surrounded by temptations, trials, and sorrow, seeing all things through a glass darkly; but soon his embarrassments shall be removed, his distresses vanish, his temptations, trials, and sorrows cease, his darkness become light, and he shall see all things clearly, face to face! Here he knows but in part, soon shall he know even as he also is known!

How different the prospect of the sinner! Not light, but darkness shall be his doom. He shall see face to face; but it will be the devil, the damned, and the pit. He shall know as he is known, but it will be the pains and agonies of the second death. Some say they do not know there is a heaven and a hell; they shall see and know hereafter. They shall see heaven and know its loss; they shall see hell and know its pains! How much better to *believe* before they *feel!* How much better to avoid hell than to plunge into it! How much better to gain heaven than to lose it! While they continue in sin, they are in the way to the blackness of darkness, where they shall see frightful visions face to face and know as they are known. O, turn and live!

The darkness of providence should lead us to take the Bible for our guide, and to follow its teachings in all things. This is the candle of the Lord, by whose light we may trace our way through the surrounding gloom. Let it be our guide in all the journey of life, and we shall not err. Directed by this unerring light, no darkness, and where we shall see face to face and know as we are known.—1. Cor. xiii: 12.

W. J. M.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington's Birthday Festival—Speech of the American Ambassador—Entertainment at Liverpool of the Commander of the "George Griswold"—Speeches and Sentiments—Anti-Southern Meeting at York—Doctor Guthrie Endorsing the Lincoln Proclamation—What the "Spectator" says—The Question of Separation—Emancipation Meeting in London—George Thompson, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Mason—Colonial Bishops and "the Pastoral Stick"—House of Commons and Polish Wrongs.

LONDON, February 28, 1863.

The Anniversary of Washington's birthday was celebrated by a banquet held in St. James's Hall on the evening of the 23d instant. General Vanderburg presided. Ladies were present as well as gentlemen. Two members of Parliament, with the Rev. Newman Hall, Mr. Washington Wilks, Professor Newman, and others, were among the guests. A letter from a very eminent political writer—one who, for profound forecast and firm grasp of great principles, deserves the name of a philosopher—J. Stuart Mills, Esq., sent a letter, expressing his regret at not being able to attend, and his entire sympathy with the Federal cause. The "Memory of the Immortal Washington," was drunk in solemn silence. The American Ambassador spoke to the toast of The Union. He claimed Washington as the exclusive property of the North and the Union. He said:

"I think, Mr. Chairman, in your preliminary observations, you remarked that the Union and the memory of Washington are linked together, and that the chain between the two ideas is indissoluble. (Cheers.) There never was a truer suggestion made in connexion with American affairs. (Cheers.) The Union was as much the work of Washington as it was of any single mortal man. He devoted the whole of his influence for years to bring about that result, and, when it came, he crowned it by accepting the duty of organizing the Government which gave completeness to the work. Then, again, one of the last acts of Washington's political life, as you doubtless remember, was that memorable address in which he enjoined on his countrymen to cherish that idea as the ark of their covenant sacred for evermore. (Cheers.) And yet I have heard it pretended in some quarters that, if Washington had been in life at this time, he would have been among the rebels. Now I must affirm that persons who take that view can have little conception of the character and principles of Washington. (Loud cheers.) What! Washington stimulating a rebellion against the authority which he had ever prized! For what? We all know the motive which stimulated the rebel movement. It was to extend and to perpetuate the system of slavery. (Cheers.) Could Washington have taken part in any such enterprise, when one of the last acts of his life—his testamentary disposition—shows, as a leading topic, a direction for the liberation of all his slaves? I think, then, we may dismiss with contempt for ever the pretensions of those who assert that, under any possible circumstances, the name of Washington can ever be associated with the degrading principles now proclaimed in the South. (Cheers.) So far from this, I must insist that, from this time forward, the name and memory of Washington will be kept in reverence, and must be protected exclusively by the loyal people of America, and that it can never again be regarded with sincere admiration upon the other side. (Loud cheers.) That side has voluntarily abandoned all the glorious associations of the Revolution. They have surrendered every memorial of the past on which the nation could pride itself, and they have opened to themselves a wholly new career—whether for glory or shame it is for posterity to determine. They can no longer look back with pride or satisfaction on the past. The past was a pledge to the extension of freedom; but their future is a pledge to the extension of slavery. Between these two pledges there is a wide and an impassable ocean. It is for us, then, and not for rebels, to cherish and cultivate with the memory of Washington, the glorious associations that cluster around the Union. (Loud cheers.)"

On Saturday evening last, Captain Inglefield, R. N., of her Majesty's ship *Majestic*, lying at Liverpool, entertained at dinner, on board that ship, Captain Lunt, the Commander, and the Rev. C. W. Wheeler Denison, the chaplain of the American relief ship, the *George Griswold*. These gentlemen received an enthusiastic welcome, which indicated, says the *Liverpool Journal*, "the right hearty appreciation of the generous gift of our American brethren to the distressed operatives of this country. To mark our sense, not so much of its intrinsic value, although that is great, as of the good will and kindly feeling which dictated its transmission, the commander and officers of the ship received the other day an ovation in St. George's Hall. Since then, they have experienced on every occasion a thoroughly English and hearty welcome; and, lastly, they have been entertained on board the *Majestic*. We believe that this is the first occasion on which a Captain of the American mercantile marine has ever been entertained by a British naval Captain, on board ship as his chief guest, and the event is a very pleasing one." The guests were received on board by a guard of honor; guns were also fired. The President of the Chamber of Commerce, J. A. Macfie, Esq., (a noble-hearted Christian man,) with other gentlemen, were present. Captain Inglefield proposed "the health of the President of the United States," not only as the chief of a great nation, but because of his undaunted perseverance in prosecuting the war with the object of establishing a Constitutional Government. Mr. Dudley, the American Consul, emphatically declared that the President was "an honest man!" and hoped that nothing would ever occur to embroil the two nations. He hoped the two great nations would ever go hand in hand, "for there is not a despot upon earth but would wish it to be otherwise."

The American chaplain, Rev. C. W. Denison, said:

"He could assure them that America loved England with all her heart, and she had given a proof of her love by donations to those in England who were in distress and want—donations that, he ventured to assert, would be all the more acceptable because unsolicited, and he believed unexpected by the recipients. He was connected with England was the land that gave him blood; countrymen's forefathers drew his and his cargo that had already been landed on these shores, and other cargoes that were yet to be landed, were sent as tributes of confidence and esteem. The donors had no political feeling, no party interest to serve, but they felt they were united with the people of this country by a tie which was inseparable, and that, therefore, they should do what they could in behalf of their suffering brethren. He should carry the remembrance of that scene back to his own country—it would be indelibly written on his memory—and when he had an interview with the American Chief Magistrate, he should tell him that he might rest assured that America had sincere and honest friends amongst the true men and true women of England. In conclusion, he begged to propose the health of Captain Inglefield, a gentleman who had proved, by his conduct, his confidence in the friendship existing between the two countries, and whose name would continue to be endeared, as it was already endeared, to American hearts."

Captain Inglefield said:

"It had given him the greatest satisfaction to receive at his table a gallant and generous American sailor—and the worthy chaplain of the *George Griswold*—gentlemen who had come to this country, as Mr. Denison had justly said, upon the wings of an angel of mercy and good will; and, as a brother sailor, to be able to extend to them the right hand of friendship and good-will. He was sure he was only expressing the real and true feeling of every English sailor, when he said that, though war was their trade, of all wars in which England could possibly be embroiled, a war with America would be the last they would wish to see her engage in. That was no mere idle sentiment expressed for the occasion; it was his true and honest conviction. Englishmen and Americans were both of Anglo-Saxon origin; they were both descended from common parents; they spoke the same tongue, and practically professed the same faith; and, of a truth, a war between the two nations would be unnatural and to be deplored. That was no time or place to allude to political feeling, and he at least should be the last to dwell on any subject on which a great difference of opinion existed; but he thought he should not be wrong in saying that if differences of opinion did exist in our country as regarded the great struggle on the American continent, such differences were not unknown in America, for there had been seen brothers fighting against brothers, and sons against fathers; and if such differences of opinion could exist among families, was it surprising that they should also exist in our own land, where the people, though of kindred blood with those of America, were not of the same family? He then expressed his sense of the value of the recent gift to half a million of our distressed operatives, and expressed a hope that the sad war now raging on the other side of the Atlantic, might result in an honorable and a lasting peace."

A Great Meeting was held, this week, in the City of York, repudiating sympathy with the South, expressing a belief that its object is to establish a slaveholding Confederacy, acknowledging the relief sent to the Lancashire operatives, and expressing a hope that the war might be soon ended, and that peace, freedom, and national advancement, might follow.

Dr. Guthrie has, at Edinburgh, thrown himself into the front ranks of the opponents of the South and slavery, ever since the President's Emancipation Proclamation was issued. Unable to attend a public meeting there, last week, he sent a letter which is well worthy of attention. He meets the scoff that the North only resorts to emancipation when distress comes upon it, by referring to the parable of the son, who, in his distress said, "I will arise and go to my Father," and to the political perils in this country, which led the Government and the nation no longer to stand in the way of West India slave emancipation, a Roman Catholic Relief Bill, and Reform in Parliament.

The London Spectator, adverting to the proposed mediation of France in American affairs, thinks that it would be shameful, after proclaiming emancipation to the Southern slaves as a military and union measure, for the North to desert them on the first shadow of doubt whether the policy proposed was feasible. Having taken up the slave's cause for the sake of the Union and empire, the Government cannot desert it without a hearty struggle for the cause of the instrument, as well as for the cause of the end. If the Emperor of the French should now succeed in obtaining even the form of a conference or an armistice, the inclination of the people at large might probably push the Administration into a compromise disgraceful to itself, and lamentable to the righteous cause with which, though reluctantly and tardily, the Republican Cabinet has at length identified itself. Mr. Seward's letter to the American Ambassador at Paris, puts an end to all these speculations.

There is no doubt whatever, that, if the negro had been sacrificed in order to restore the Union, the best friends of America in this country would hang down their heads in shame, while the *Times*, and all who have been prophesying evil and imputing bad motives, would clap their hands in derision and mockery, and cry, "We knew that it would be so; what silly dupes the English emancipationists are!" Certainly the pro-Northern tide of sympathy is rising fast here, among the great middle class, in spite of the *Times*; and anything to cause a revulsion, would lead not only to despondency, but to a stronger feeling.

The Glasgow *Morning Journal* has a leader on "the curious assumption that the existence of two separate and independent States on the American Continent is an impossibility, in presence of the notorious fact that one half of that great region is almost entirely unanimous in desiring, nay, in desperately fighting for, a distinct existence." It argues that while the language in the North and South is indeed the same, the pursuits, the habits of life, the moral qualities, the whole contour of society in the two sections, bear but little resemblance to one another—are, in fact, as dissimilar, if not more so, as life in France and life in Italy.

An Emancipation meeting was held last week, at St. James's Hall. The first two speakers were Professor Newman, of the London University, and Mr. Landels, an eminent Baptist minister. The latter several condemned the Lord Mayor for—That emissary of the South received a still more severe handling from Mr. George Thompson, who also gave the Lord Mayor his due.

Colonial Bishops have been brought up before the public view more prominently than usual, by the Colenso escapade. The *Times* has been pooh-poohing the "Colonial" prelate band, in order to run down Colenso. As I have ere now observed, when the Derby Government was in power, they put into Colonial Sees quite a number of High Churchmen. But now we hear of the Bishop of Calcutta showing some bigotry in reference to non-Episcopal missions in his so-called Diocese; we are also told that the Malagassy must have a Bishop after the High Church pattern, and this not in the *heathen* part of the island of Madagascar, but at the capital, side by side with the Popish Bishop, and frowning on the London Missionary Society's agents, whose predecessors first occupied the field, and whose Mr. Ellis is the King's trusty friend.

Against this last proposed outrage, the Evangelicals protest, and this after a visit from Dr. Ryan, Bishop of the Mauritius, whom I have ere now met at the Board of the Tract Society, and who, deprecating coming in upon other men's lines and labors, points out a desert waste of idolatry in the island still untouched. The Church Missionary Society has clean hands in this matter. But I have not yet done with Colonial Bishops. Of two who were "consecrated" lately, at Lambeth, one is Bishop Tozer, who was a country Rector. He dislikes missionary meetings, as such, and while very self-sacrificing, yet has lofty notions of his rank, and has received as a present and carries out with him, a very *un*-apostolic *baton*, as a professed Commander in the army of Christ the King. The *Guardian*, a High Church organ, tells us with evident delight of a "pastoral staff," which Bishop Tozer has had presented to him, of which the following is an authorized description:

"The staff is constructed of ebony, ivory, and silver, and its total height is 5 feet 9 inches. The crook is of ivory, an irregular octagon in section, about 10 inches long and 5½ inches wide, and, ending in a flowing leaf, in the eye of which is a six-foiled conventional flower, 3½ inches in diameter, formed in hammered silver. On three faces of the crook are likewise carbuncles, gradually diminishing in size toward the end, to the number of 27, set in silver mountings. The crook springs out of a silver cap, octagonal in form, and 8 inches high, enriched with stiff-leaved foliage where it joins the ebony staff. The diameter of the octagon at its largest part being nearly 3 inches; 11 carbuncles are set around, and the centre is formed by a diamond of great value, surrounded with 18 smaller ones. The ebony staff is 11 inches between the cap and boss, or knob, which is of silver, and about 3 feet between it and the spear point, likewise formed of silver. The whole of the silver is parcel gilt.

Like a bassoon, this staff can be unscrewed in three parts, and carried in a box to different districts of the diocese. It is hailed as "an illustration of advance in the right direction." The revival of church architecture, we are told, has necessarily drawn attention to the habiliments of the clergy, and consequently to the furniture, so to speak, belonging to them. In the eyes of the Mediævalists, *this* piece of furniture is necessary to the ideal of a Gothic church. It has been well said that these bits of ecclesiastical finery may meet the tastes of a few picture-loving dilletante at home, whose religion consists in millinery, and to whom splendid vestments, imposing rituals, and pinnacled edifices, are among the essentials of Christianity; but it is a pity that such trumpery symbolism should be presented by missionaries of Christ to a people who have never heard of the name of a Saviour.

It may be worthy of notice, that not only have the Bishops of South Africa, of Ceylon, and New Zealand assumed exclusive airs, but Bishop Colenso, the pet of the London Infidels, whose shop in Fleet Street is decorated with nearly a whole window full of his portraits, was equally bigotted. "Bishop Colenso," says the *Methodist Recorder*, "is notorious in Africa, as being the only missionary who has been known to take to his heels, and run away from the natives when there was no real danger. Yet this man, the only known coward of all the missionary Bishops, sent messengers many days journey to proclaim that *he* was the 'Great Teacher,' and all the others were only 'Shadow Teachers.'"

Poland's Wrongs met, last night, the indignant and unanimous condemnation of the British House of Commons. It was brought out, that Lord Palmerston, as Foreign Secretary, had remonstrated on the non-fulfillment of the provisions in favor of Poland, embodied in the Treaty of Vienna. Last night, Palmerston, amid universal applause, said: "I do not stand here to unsay any thing that I may have formerly said, nor to retract any thing I may have formerly written. The engagements of the Treaty of Vienna have been systematically and long violated." If the Czar expected any encouragement or palliatory words from the Opposition, he will be signally disappointed. "Would it not," exclaimed a Conservative, the Right Honorable Mr. Fitzgerald, "be a solemn interposition to call together the representatives of the three Powers, and in the face of them all to declare that Russia had been false to her engagements?" "Only this morning," he added, "I saw one of the most distinguished Poles—whose name is a passport to the admiration of Europe—and he told me, that for years he had cherished the certainty that Poland would be restored to the family of nations; that her cause was just, and being just, sooner or later Providence, in its own good time, would bring about its consummation; *and now the time had arrived.*" The *Times* thinks that the Romanoff dynasty itself is imperilled. "Alexander may amuse himself by commanding 'the suppression of the insurrection within ten days,' but his officers know that the chances of easy victory are forever gone, and that nothing but a great war, waged with the whole strength of the Empire and guided by the most skilful and resolute Generals, can reduce Poland to its former state of subjection. The number of the Russian army is much less than is generally supposed. The enormous and ruthless conscription of the Emperor Nicholas had been discontinued since the Crimean war, to allow the population to recover itself; and the well officered, even greater than officers has, no doubt, seen greater mishaps; and it is probable that the Poles are quite *as well* commanded as their antagonists. If to this be added the disaffection of the Russian Nobles, who think that the Emperor is studying how to break down their power, *and the sympathy which large districts even of Russia proper* feel with the Polish patriots, it is easy to conceive that this is no common rising; and that the very existence of the Russian dynasty and polity may be at stake."

Meanwhile, the Prussian King, and Count Bismarck, his tool, are frightened at the outburst of wrath from England and France; and by the cooperation with them of hated Austria, which now seeks to win political capital against her rival in Germany.

The horrors and miseries already perpetrated on innocent people—men and women—are beyond description. Prussia has been so cruel and base as to arrest young Poles, journeying homeward, and *hand them over to Russia*. Siberia, or military execution, await them!

The day is not far away when the Righteous Lord, who loveth righteousness, will vindicate himself, and rise up to avenge the oppression of the poor and the sighing of the needy.

J. W.

Dr. Chalmers' Power.

We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the high school. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighboring parish church, and off we set, a cartfull of irrepressible youngsters.

As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city. He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw *him* going in. The kirk was as full as it could hold. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, and having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. He looks vaguely round upon the audience, as if he saw in it *one great object—not many*. We shall never forget his smile, its general benignity: how he let the light of his countenance fall on us.

He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forget it, but its subject was, "Death reigns." He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned: then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it. He told us how death reigned—everywhere, at all times, in all places; how we all knew it; how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement: he seemed restless, but never took his eye from the speaker. The tide set in; everything added to its power—deep called unto deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme, the simple, terrible statement, was repeated in some lucid interval.

After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion, and after shrieking, as if in dispair, these words, "Death is a tremendous necessity," he suddenly looked beyond us as if into some distant region, and cried out, "Behold a Mightier!—who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, travelling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save." Then in a few plain sentence he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, freeness and simplicity, the security, the sufficiency of the great method of justification.

How astonished and impressed we all were. He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks—his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had been insensibly drawn out of our seats, and converging toward the wonderful speaker. And when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was and what it was that followed death on his pale horse, and how alone we could escape, we all sank back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look—exhausted, but sweet and pure. How he poured out his soul before God in giving thanks for rending the Abolisher of death. Then a short psalm, and all was ended.

We went home quieter than we came—the thought of other things. That voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts; those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice; that "tremendous necessity."—*Dr. John Brown.*

How Far is it to Heaven.

"This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," said the dying Saviour on the cross. It is not far to heaven; it is not a day's journey. The angel messenger came all the way from heaven, and touched Daniel about the time of the evening sacrifice. The Saviour ascended to heaven from Olivet and was soon out of sight. The dying saint closes his eyes in death—sleeps in Jesus—and opens them in heaven. Sometimes the departing Christian hears the songs and the music of heaven strike on his ear, even before his immortal spirit stretches its wings for the final flight. How far is it to heaven?

Reader, in all your inquiries in this anxious, inquiring world, have you made this one an inquiry of the heart and of the head? We often hear the weary traveller inquiring how far it is to the place of rest. We hear the lost wanderer inquire how far it is to his home. You profess, gentle reader, to desire an eternal home in heaven. Why not, then, utter the anxious inquiry: "How far is it to heaven?" It may be but a little distance from some of the readers of this paper. You may be already within the sound of happy voices, and but for the veil of humanity they would even now all upon the ear. But you shall soon hear them. Only a little, little further on, and heaven shall be attained.

"How far is it to heaven?" How few make the inquiry! How few desire to know; and could you be assured that one hour more would end the journey, how few would, even now, be afraid you would often made the inquiry. You are not ready to make it. You have a thousand plans to fulfil—a thousand adventures to make—a thousand hopes to realize before you are ready for heaven.

"How far is it to heaven?" Perhaps some reader does not wish it near. Heaven may be far from you, and may never be nearer than at this moment. Like the comet that is wandering from the sun, the great centre of attraction, and shoots off into interminable space, so you may be wandering from heaven, and destined always to wander.

How many of our readers are earnestly seeking to make heaven the end of their journey? How many feel that they are travellers along the narrow way that leads to heaven? We earnestly exhort you to take this matter home, and make it a subject of earnest inquiry. One great object of all our labor is to bring you on your way. The great and paramount desire of our hearts is, that you and we may meet in heaven.

A Good Man—A Harmless Man.

How often do we hear these expressions used indiscriminately, as if they meant the same thing! Yet nothing is more diverse except their contrasts. Goodness is an active principle. Like the leaven in the bag of meal, it affects the whole mass, and strives to assimilate it to its own character. It is not content to stand still, because to stand still is to *die*. The sap must flow, the bud expand, the flower bloom, and the fruit ripen, or the tree grows in vain. All this is life, action, progress, result. Silently, gracefully, beautifully, and richly it is accomplished. Not without opposition, not without trial, not without conflict—all these, and more, stand in the way of goodness. A man who meets them all in the spirit of hope, of faith, and of love; to do because it is right, and to refrain because it is wrong, without regard to his own personal ease, comfort, or advantage, is a good man. But the harmless man stands still. There is neither sap, bud, flower, nor fruit in his composition, or, if there is, it is so faint, sickly, and sere, that it adds nothing to the general fund of life, health, and activity. He is content to let things remain as they are. He never feels the joy that rewards the performance of a good action. He never knows the happiness that crowns the triumph over passion, prejudice, and sin. His eyes are never rendered lustrous at the sight of the good deed his thoughtful head, loving heart and willing hands have conceived, cherished, and wrought for neighbor, friend, and country. But like a dead tree, in the living forest of green and beauty, he has neither sap nor leaf, flower nor fruit. He lives unloved and dies unmourned. Such is the harmless man.—*The Mentor.*

Solemnity of Life.

"A near eternity rebukes and banishes frivolity. It is the eternal lifetime that makes the lifetime of earth such a solemn thing. Sever the living here from the living hereafter, and man's longest being on earth is little more importance than the flutter of a leaf, his death no more than the falling of a blossom."—*Bonar.*

Sincere Repentance is never too late; but late repentance is seldom sincere. The thief on the cross repented and was pardoned in the last hour of his life; but we do not know that he had ever before been favored with a Gospel call to repentance.