REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,
Editor and Proprietor.
REV. I. N. M'KINNEY, Associate Editor.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.
By Mail.....$1.50
Delivered in Kicher of the Cities..... 2.00
For Two Dollars, we will send by mail seventy numbers, and for One Dollar, thirty-three numbers.
Pastors sending us twenty subscribers and upwards, will thereby entitled to a paper without charge.
Renewals should be prompt, a little before the year expires
Send payments by safe hands, or by mail.
Direct all letters to
REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Presbyterian Banner.

VOL. XI., NO. 29 PITTSBURGH, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1863. WHOLE NO. 549.

THE PRESBYTERIAN BANNER
Publication Office:
Gazette Buildings, 84 Fifth St., Pittsburgh, Pa
Philadelphia, South-West Cor. of 7th and Chestnut

ADVERTISEMENTS.
TERMS IN ADVANCE.
A Square, (8 lines or less,) one insertion, 60 cents; each subsequent insertion, 40 cents; each line beyond eight, 5 cts
A Square per quarter, $4.00; each line additional, 33 cents
A Reduction made to advertisers by the year.
BUSINESS NOTICES of Ten lines or less, $1.00 each additional line, 10 cents.
REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,
Proprietor and Publisher.

Bochim. (*)

"And it came to pass, when the angel of the Lord spake these words unto all the children of Israel, that the people lifted up their voice and wept. And they called the name of that place Bochim."—Judges ii : 4, 5.

Through Bochim's valley all must tread—
Some bitter, burning tears,
Must ev'ry heav'n-bound pilgrim shed,
Before his home appears:

Before he sees his Father's face,
In realms of endless day;
Before in Jesus' fond embrace,
All tears are wiped away.

Dark deeds of sin, wrought long ago,
In wild and thoughtless youth,
Whilst yet we wandered to and fro,
Strangers to God and truth—

These oft, like ghosts, will leave the tomb,
In stillness of the night,
Oppress the heart with deepest gloom,
The trembling soul affright:

Many the dreary, sleepless nights,
Many the tears and prayers,
Before these dim and ghastly sprites
Are driven from their lairs!

Beside some little grassy mound,
With clinging wild flow'rs drest,
Oft will some kneeling form be found,
By 'whelming grief oppress:

Some must, like kingly David, weep
Above a sickly child: (†)
Some must, like faithful Rizpah, keep
Death-watch on mountain wild: (‡)

Some o'er their own deep-seated woes,
The flowing tears must shed;
Whilst others, Christ-like, weep o'er those
Whose day of grace is fled.

The easily besetting sin—
The secret, gnawing woe—
These wring the grieving soul within,
And make the sad drops flow:

These drive us to the "sinner's Friend,"
These lift our thoughts above;
In him our dark forebodings end,
There grief is lost in love.

(*) "Weepers;" "place of weeping."
(†) II. Sam. xii : 22.
(‡) II. Sam. xxi : 10.

—*From Songs by the Way.*

For the Presbyterian Banner.

To-Morrow.

"To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant."—Isa. lvi : 12.

Men calculate on to-morrow. They think it will be as this day as it regards life, health, reason, the prospect of repentance, the means of grace, the influences of the Spirit, and all their possessions and enjoyments. Nay, more; they think that to-morrow will be more abundant than this day, in regard to wealth and the means of acquisition; in regard to pleasure, the facilities for becoming pious, and all their hopes and enjoyments. But to-morrow is really more abundant than this day, often in disappointments, in care and trouble, in everything distressing, and much more abundant in sin, in guilt and misery. Besides, to-morrow is really more abundant than to-day in difficulties and hindrances in the way of becoming pious. Men have heaped up riches, and these distract the mind. Their families require attention and call it off from religion. They have so long resisted the truth, that their hearts are hardened. They cannot feel. A mountain is in their way; but it is a mountain of their own forming, and well for them if it shut them not out of heaven—well, if there remain nought but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation—well, if there be not already so many difficulties in the way of their becoming pious, that they will never break the chains in which they have bound themselves, and escape the snares and enchantments of the fowler let the reader remember that how great soever the obstructions in his path to-day, to-morrow they will be much more abundant. Nay, more; if yet impenitent, to-morrow will really be more abundant in probabilities that you shall be lost! Once your salvation may have been probable. You were not far from the kingdom of God. But now there are so many difficulties in your way that it may be improbable! Yea, there may be many probabilities on the side of your eternal damnation! The longer you live in sin, the stronger do these probabilities become! Soon it may be said, Thy damnation is sure!

O reader, beware of to-morrow! To-day is the time to awake—the time to flee from the wrath to come—the time to lay hold of eternal life! Flee to Christ to-day; and never put off until to-morrow what should be done to-day—never count on the future—improve the present hour—be wise to-day! To-morrow may never come. To-day repent, believe, and you shall live.

W. J. M.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

New Brighton, Pa., March 19, 1663.

Messrs. Editors:—On visiting the twin cities of Allegheny and Pittsburgh, after an absence of some six years in the Far West, upon the broad prairies of Nebraska and among the beautiful scenes and lofty heights of the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, the mind is presented with many interesting sights, and made more interesting by former associations. To one from the new country of the Far West, where everything is new and fresh, these iron, smoky cities present quite an old appearance. Made black by the dense smoke and thick dirt, everything looks old. And yet those flourishing cities, separated by the pure, limpid waters of the beautiful Allegheny, contain many very fine residences and large business houses. Money is plenty, times good, and business lively. Many of the streets are quite throng with people. While many a bereaved parent is mourning the severe loss of brave sons who have fallen upon the gory field in the fierce conflict still going on between Union and Disunion, still the war has not checked business. We heard a Pittsburgher say, "The war is a good thing for Pittsburgh." Though very unusual, the beautiful Ohio has been open all Winter, and the little puffing steamers have made their regular trips without cessation. The railroads centering here are all doing an immense amount of business. The new Allegheny bridge is a very fine specimen of wire-suspension.

WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

This flourishing school of the prophets was founded in 1825, and went into operation in 1827, with four students and two instructors. The Seminary building is a neat three-story brick, beautifully situated on the West Common in Allegheny, and handsomely overlooks a large portion of that growing city. Well devised and finely finished, with all the modern improvements, it is an ornament to Western Pennsylvania and to the nation, and an honor to the Church. Founded in prayer and consecrated to God, it has been a rich blessing to the Church. It is a light to the world; and blessed with the smiles of Him who "is Light," it has long been a fountain "whose streams make glad the city of God." The number of students this year is one hundred and thirty-two, and the whole number of alumni is six hundred and ninety-four; making in all eight hundred and twenty-six, many of whom have gone as foreign missionaries to tell the story of the cross to the dying millions of heathen lands, from whose dark borders still comes up the earnest cry, "*Come over and help us.*"

With an able Faculty, and a well-selected library of ten thousand volumes, many of which are very rare and valuable, the opportunities for instruction are of the first order. Four Professorships are completely endowed with a fund of $100,000. And ample means are provided for the accommodation of some one hundred and twenty students with comfortable rooms in Beatty Hall and the Seminary building, free of charge. Besides, liberal provisions are made for needy students who are unable to pay their own expenses while prosecuting the theological course. Having always enjoyed the confidence of the Church and the blessing of God, with slight variations this popular Institution has been increasing not only in the number of its students, but in strength and usefulness. It well deserves the prayers and patronage of the Church.

Colorado.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Union Literary Society of Washington College, Pa., held Friday evening, March 20th, 1863, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Inasmuch as it hath seemed good to Him who "doeth his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of earth," that our late friend and fellow-member, A. M. McIntosh, should, while bravely doing service in the gallant 126th Ohio Regiment, be summoned home; and whereas, it is proper that we express our high estimation of his character; therefore, be it

Resolved, That during our acquaintance with this departed brother, he ever displayed those noble qualities which mark the faithful student, the true patriot, and the devoted Christian.

Resolved, That in that high-toned manliness which distinguished his life, and in that faithful attachment to country which characterized his death, we recognize the conduct of one who was a deservedly honored member of this Society.

Resolved, That we truly and deeply sympathize with the numerous other friends who mourn his loss.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of deceased; and also forwarded for publication to the *loyal paper* of this town, and the *Presbyterian Banner*.

H. A. Rose,
T. R. Ewing,
H. M. Aikin, } *Com.*

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Bishops' Entreaty—Colenso's Refusal—The "Times" Criticising Advising—Protest of Oxford Graduates for Jowett vs. Prosecution and Pusey—The "Liberation Society"—Professor Stanley and the Pentateuch—Ho! for Palestine—The New Jerusalem—Religion and Morals in France—The Priesthood and the French Cotton Famine—Paid Religious Advertisements—Quack Doctors and a Scottish Elder's Newspaper—Epigram on Colenso—London a-flame with Excitement—Reception of Princess Alexandra—Route of Procession—Enthusiam—Illuminations—The Mother Honored in her Son—The Coming Wedding and the Balmoral Servants.

LONDON, March 7, 1863.

Forty-one Bishops have addressed a remonstrance and entreaty to Bishop Colenso, asking him to "consider once more"—seeing that in his recent works he says he could no longer use the Ordination and Baptismal services, in which the authenticity of the Pentateuch is recognized—seriously, "whether you can, without harm to your own conscience, retain your position, when you can no longer discharge its duties, or use the formularies to which you have subscribed." To this appeal, Colenso has responded, refusing to resign, and, with marvellous blindness, holds himself "set" for the rectification of popular mistakes as to the Pentateuch. 36?

The *Times*, with its usual Mephistopheles sneer, exposes the weakness and helplessness of the Bishops, as virtually confessed in such a document. "This, then, is the proposal of a parley, and no besieged rebels, in the last stage of despair, ever showed the white flag to a ruthless foe in an humbler tone and guise. It is difficult to believe that the persons appealing to the conscience of the man they address, are all the prelates of this powerful Church, while he is a solitary Colonial. They ask him to be so good as to settle the question, whether he can conscientiously retain his position. It is like inviting a man to appear at the bar of a criminal court, and then requesting him to decide, for the convenience of the public, what charge he would like to be tried upon, whether he is guilty or not guilty, and what punishment he would think most appropriate to the offence. This evidently is the very question which puzzled Dr. Colenso himself. He finds himself a Bishop in charge of a Diocese, but, owing to some newly adopted convictions, no longer able to use some of the formularies of the Church.

"According to all Church law, he would be still a Bishop, even though he professed utter unbelief; and nothing short of an Act of Parliament, if that, could make him no longer a Bishop in the eyes of English Churchmen. Only last session, Parliament refused to release a clergyman from his spiritual character, on any pretence whatever. But if a bishop, priest, or deacon, cannot possibly get rid of his qualifications, it follows that his qualifications are equally inalienable."

There is inexorable logic in all this, as well as ridicule. The absurd *priestly* theory of "indelible orders" is now bringing its consequences with it. But let us hear the *Times* still further:

"As Dr. Colenzo very recently proposed to resign the Bishopric of Natal, and start on a missionary expedition into the interior, it is possible that some such chain of ideas has been passing through his mind, and that he contemplates retaining the naked Bishopric without the Prayer Book, without English jurisdiction, and, so far as regards the text, without the Bible. This may seem strange, but Churches have been founded by equally simple means. If the subscribing prelates do not allude to some such contingency, what do they mean by asking Dr. Colenso to consider whether he can retain his position? Do they simply want him to be passive or consenting in any measure that may be necessary for superseding him in the See of Natal? If that is all—if they are asking him to be so good as to walk out of Natal, that is a very feeble, and, as it seems to us, a very incomplete result. We have several retired Bishops, who take confirmations, preach, and make themselves generally useful. Retired from Natal, Bishop Colenso would be one of these supernumeraries, though for the present unemployed."

The *Times*, having argued thus far, asks the Bishops to carry out the question to another issue: "He is either fit or unfit; as we thoroughly believe, the latter; but as the Bishops are quite as fit to decide as he or we, it is for them to start the inquiry, and to bring it to a practical conclusion. The Address gives him an opportunity of starting, free and unimpeached, in an independent career, not without its dangers to the Church. Unless he is even more imprudent than we take him to be, he will not pronounce a condemnation on himself, when he can release himself from his See without it. He will not pronounce on his own head, 'Anathema Maranatha,' utterly unqualified for any ministerial function. Nobody would put himself in such a position without thinking a good deal about it. The Bishops have no right to constitute themselves a Court of Honor, to decide cases of conscience or professional feeling. If they can't manage to convict Dr. Colenso of heresy, for denying the truth of a quarter of the Bible, they will hardly succeed in unfrocking him by a gratuitous appeal to his sense of decency."

While the Bishops might retort on the *Times*, that it has discouraged prosecutions for heresy, and while the "sense of decency" is a fair ground of appeal to any honorable body of men, addressing one who is not supposed to be lost to all feeling, yet their *helplessness* is here laid naked and bare before the nation and the world, to the increasing damage of Episcopacy, and a fettered and Erastianized Establishment, which, in order to retain its connexion with the State, must remain a slave, and now finds that even Ecclesiastical Courts, so called, provide no rescue even from a heretical and blaspheming Bishop! Verily the scandal is great, and would not be relieved if Convocation—the *shadow* of a true Church Synod—were to pronounce Colenso "guilty" to-morrow.

Professor Jowett's prosecution is being protested against, in the advertising columns of the *Times*, by a large body of Oxford men. It is doubtless dictated in part by the extreme, narrow, monastic character and career of Dr. Pusey, just as the fact that Archdeacon Dennison leads the way in Convocation (the same who holds that the wicked communicant actually eats and drinks of the body and blood in the Sacrament, and who teaches a Real Presence almost if not quite as gross as Rome does,) as the denouncer of the author of "Essays and Reviews," tends to give sympathy to the assailed. But besides dislike of Dr. Pusey, it is unfortunate for his cause and suit that the University Court before which he proposed to bring Jowett, was originally a *small debts court*, intended to make the members of the University liable to pay their dues to all and sundries, and that its *present* phase and power to deal with heretical probity was affixed to it in the days and under the influence of that virulent "Pope at Lambeth," Archbishop Laud, who righteously finished his career by laying his head on the block on Tower Hill, as the enemy of the liberties of England. The two concluding reasons assigned in the protest, are as follows:

"Because the constitution and procedure of this particular tribunal are at once obsolete and oppressive. It may be put in motion by any person, against any resident member of the University, on account of any works published, or any opinions expressed, in any place, or at any distance of time."

This is the *Laud* aspect of the business. But the next is very different:

"Because the institution of any Court of Heresy must create feuds and suspicions fatal both to social peace and intellectual progress."

There is some justice in this statement; but by "intellectual progress," may not all mean the license of skepticism and daring speculators, unchecked by any kind of Ecclesiastical tribunal, even after "orders" in the Church have been taken. This is the tendency of the times; to this the young men of the higher class are drifting: a Church embracing *all* parties—Tractarian, Neologian, Arminian, Calvinist, with all the intermediate shades.

Talking with an Evangelical clergyman a few days ago, one of the most excellent and spiritual of men, I referred to the present aspect of affairs and pointed out how the Church system "tied together the living and the dead;" what was his reply? There are unconverted men and ministers in your own Church; "although," he added, "were I unfrocked, and obliged to leave the Church of England, it is to the Presbyterian Church I should repair as nearest my views, and especially as exactly expressing them in its Shorter Catechism, which I have, ere now, taught to young people in my schools." I dwelt upon the fact that as to "unconverted" men there were comparatively few of such in the ministry of the Nonconformist Church, whereas there was fearful proof in many dioceses—as I myself had seen and heard—a majority of such in the National Church. But he would not, or could not, view the matter thus, and returned to the assertion that many Presbyterian ministers (of whom his knowledge is small and limited,) were unconverted men also, and also that a number of them do not fully hold, believe, and teach the doctrines of their own Confession and Catechisms. Thus, practically, evangelical clergymen soothe themselves, cling to their positions, seek the good of their own flocks and parishes, and are a rope of sand as far as ecclesiastical reform is concerned. Certainly, contact with the State, always has corrupted the Church, since the days of Constantine; and the entering of the priest's office to obtain a piece of bread, is frightfully encouraged by success at the University in Science and Classics ensuring fat College Livings as its ultimate reward, as well as securing to the sons of rich men, once that the Bishop has ordained them, the "presentations" and patronage by which whole parishes are handed over for a generation, to men who are spiritually blind, and whose earnestness, if they have any, is that of sect or priestly fanaticism, and propagandism.

Meanwhile truth has nothing to fear. Controversy is the token of life. A dead Church is motionless, waveless, stagnant. Troublous times for the Church of England have come, and the issue cannot but be favorable ultimately both to spiritual freedom, and to the progress of the Gospel in England. And so will it be elsewhere. It is in this spirit that the "Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control," have issued a Circular to the Dissenters of the United Kingdom.

Professor Stanley, who, with the Rev. Charles Kinsley, has been lately nominated as an Honorary Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, (thus, as somewhere it is said, seeming to indicate that the Prince adopts the "Broad Church School" views) has recently published Part I. of Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. He is Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. He evidently refers—although not naming it—to Colenso's work in a paragraph appended to his Preface: "There may be errors in chronology—exaggerations in numbers—contradictions between the different narratives. They may compel us to relinquish one or other of the numerous hypotheses which have been formed respecting the composition or the inspiration of the Old Testament. But as they would not destroy the value of other history, so they need not destroy the value of this history, because it relates to sacred subjects." Of another note at the end of the volume, the following is an extract. Referring to arithmetical errors in the narrative of the Old Testament," he says: "They are unquestionably inconsistent with undeviating accuracy. The parallel instance of a like tendency to the amplification of numbers in Josephus's 'Wars of the Jews,' is a decided proof of their compatibility with a substantially historical narrative. If we extend to the narrative of the different parts of the Old Testament, the same laws of criticism which we apply to other histories, especially to oriental histories, its very errors and defects may be reckoned as its safeguards, and at any rate are guides to the true apprehension of its meaning and intention. From an honest inquiry, and from a calm discussion of the points which have been raised, the cause of religion has everything to gain and nothing to lose."

Dr. Benisch, of the *Hebrew Observer*, Rev. Mr. Birks, and other able opponents of Colenso, would not make the admissions thus conceded as to "arithmetical errors." But it is plain that Stanley stands aloof both from those who disbelieve the Pentateuch altogether, and those who consider it a late and unauthentic document. "He has too much," it has been well said, "of the historical sense not to feel how historical the first five books of the Bible are; he has too accurate a knowledge of Egypt, Sinai, and Palestine, not to feel that only an eye witness could have described the scenery of those lands, and put in those life-like touches, which bring the Nile and the desert before us, as in a picture. It may suit the fancy of some German Professor who has never passed the bounds of the Rhine and the Rhone, to see a myth here, and a legend there, and so piece and patch the Bible narrative according to some preconceived theory of his own. But Canon Stanley can use these German critics without giving up that roundabout common sense which is the distinguishing mark of the English intellect and which, like the ounce of mother-wit, is worth a *pound of clergy*? A journey to the East would be an infallible cure to the disease of over-ingenuity under which all German critics labor. The land is the best interpreter of the book. In the East, where customs alter not, and where the Bedouin of the nineteenth century *after* Christ is so little different from the Bedouin who roamed the same deserts nineteen centuries before Christ, the evidences for the authenticity of the Bible, multiply upon us at every step." There are not a few readers of the *Banner* who can confirm emphatically, the foregoing statement. Allow me sir, to ask, when, and by whose generous help, shall you or I, or rather you and I, be able to stand on Mount Zion and to traverse the "whole land," from Bethlehem on the South, to Lebanon's base? You see, sir, that "correspondence" direct from Palestine would be something fresh in these "sensation" days! Dr. William Hanna, of Edinburgh (Chalmers' son-in-law,) accompanied by a Scottish gentleman, has just left on a lengthened tour in Egypt and Syria. Shall we indeed see the earthly Jerusalem? Well, perhaps not, and if so, all the more let us cherish and nourish the "good hope" and "strong desire" which found utterance in David Dickson's hymn, when his heart yearned after "that Jerusalem which is above:"

"Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my journey-have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

"When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

"There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you."

Religion and Morals in France are at a low ebb. As is always the case, Despotism encourages gaiety, extravagance, "*spectacle*," luxury and licentiousness. The Court balls, which immediately preceded Lent, were on a scale of expense and voluptuousness, almost unparalleled—the Empress leading the van. The same Imperial Lady, as soon as Lent brought "Ash Wednesday," became quite an anchorite for the nonce, and not only had dust and ashes rubbed on her fair forehead, to remind her that she must become (porcelain though she may seem, and not common crockery,) dust and ashes by and by: but she also constrained all the Court ladies to pass through the same blackening, yet purifying and humbling process. The Pope, of course, on New Year's day, blessed her Majesty, and the Prince Imperial, whose "god-father" he is. He had also a blessing for all Roman Catholics of the world, except Peidmont; and "why," exclaimed Pius IX, "why can I not bless my enemies?" To which the Parisian *Temps* slily answers: "We are *not* aware that the Gospel forbids the Pope to bless his enemies!"

The conduct of the clergy, and under their influence of France as a nation, toward their own suffering *Lancashire*—in other words to a numerous population of work-people who *are* reduced to the greatest distress by the *cotton famine*—has been disgraceful. In Alsace, and in Normandy, there are about an equal number of operatives suffering. But—*mark it well*—in Alsace the majority of the large manufacturers are *Protestants*, and they have willingly borne the burden, and continued to find *some* employment for their workmen; whereas in Normandy a majority of manufacturers are Romanists, have almost all closed their factories, leaving 130,000 fathers of families and young people in distress. "Protestantism forms characters more decided and self-reliant than Romanism."

Well, but what of the clergy? The Archbishop of Rouen has published a pastoral letter, asking for subscriptions for the hungry people. But the other bishops, with the priests, "have sent heaps of silver to Rome; but they have scarcely got together a few centimes for the poor of the Lower Seine. The Pope himself, after having received millions of francs from France, has given only 10,000 francs, or the thousandth part of what he has obtained! He prefers to subsidize the brigands who desolate the Neopolitan provinces."

As to subscriptions opened at Paris and elsewhere, the results have been very small; and the Legislative Body has been asked by the Government for several millions of francs for the sufferers. Are the French, then, wanting in generosity? No; but the *double despotism* of Church and State prevents their taking the initiative. They have not the right, like the English, of convening free meetings. Here again, Romanism "bears its evil fruits."

Charge for Advertisements of religious matters, meetings, &c., *is the rule*, not only with the secular but the religious press, all over the United Kingdom. The latter often *helps* the advertisement by a friendly paragraph calling attention to it, and to the Society, or "Cause," which is about to make its appeal. But why should proprietors and printers *work for nothing* in a matter like this? God's cause needs not, and rejects any thing like injustice. Let proprietors, &c., subscribe, "donate," as their means permit, but do n't let us expect them to eat and drink from, and on the air!

The Festal Day has come. This afternoon, the Prince of Wales, with his beauteous bride—amiable, gentle, and good—is being received all through London, from Southwark, onward over London Bridge through the city proper—the Lord Mayor and Corporation leading the way in their carriages, and with more than their *hereditary* splendor and lavish decorations. Onward, by Fleet Street and Temple Bar, by the Strand, Pallmall, Piccadilly past Apsley House, and then, amid serried and saluting lines of the Volunteer troops, they pass, amid demonstrations of affectionate loyalty unparalleled in English history. The crowds of spectators are beyond calculation; the flags of England and Denmark wave side by side; their national music combines in harmony; acclamations rend the air, and the enthusiasm is intense. Fabulous prices are being paid for advantageous seats. To-night the dome and west front St. Paul's Cathedral will be splendidly illuminated. London Bridge, on either side, is decorated with wondrous taste and beauty, and beneath a Triumphal Arch of surpassing splendor the young people have passed into the city. The nation's heart is full of hope as well as joy: for the Prince is a fine youth, and his young bride-elect has been brought up with the greatest care, and also in simplicity of life and manners. It was, however, more on this national demonstration: The Queen, the Moher, the Model Wife—still mourning, yet smiling 'mid her tears—She is Honored. "God bless and comfort her!" That is the prayer which will find universal response from Americans, and "Peace, Union, and Universal Freedom to America," is another prayer and cry, which from many of our best and noblest will arise to heaven. J.W.

P. S.—On Tuesday next, the 10th inst., the Royal marriage will be celebrated at Windsor, in the Chapel Royal. The Queen has sent for *all*—the humblest included—of the servants at Balmoral, and shut out nobles from the Royal Chapel, to allow *them*, the living retainers of the Prince Consort, to see the wedding of her son. Is not *that* queenly, womanly, and admirable?

The Way to Heaven.

A CONVERSATION IN A COTTAGE.

A clergyman was visiting an old couple in a distant part of his parish. The wife was poorly, and the old man had no work to do that day; so they were sitting together by the fire. The minister, after some conversation, opened the Bible at the 7th chapter of Revelation, and read from the 9th verse, beginning, "And after this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude," down to the end of the chapter. The old couple listened with great attention. When he had done, the minister turned to the old man and said:

"That is a beautiful passage, Master Hill."

"Ay, sir, it is indeed."

"I hope *you* are looking that way with all your heart, and your wife too."

"I hope we are, sir, I'm sure, both of us. It's time we should."

"Tell me, what is it you look to, to bring you to that happy place?"

The old man seemed a little confused by the question; but in a few moments he answered:

"Well, sir, I must do as well as I can."

"And do you think *that* will save you?"

"I hope so, sir. I do n't know as I can do any more."

"I'll tell you what, Master Hill," said the clergyman, very solemnly, you 'll never get to heaven so. That was not the way those happy people got there of whom I have been reading. You 'll never get there so."

The old man looked as if he saw he had said something wrong, but he knew not how to mend his answer; so the clergyman said, "Let me read part of it again," and once more he read as follows: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"There is nothing there," continued he, "about having done as well as they could; they did not get there so."

"No, sir, no. I see it better now. They got there by the blood of the Lamb. It says they did."

"Yes, by the blood of the Lamb, the Lamb of God, Jesus Christ. They had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; *therefore* they were before the throne of God, safe and happy forever. They had lived on earth once as we do, and had been sinners like us. But they had repented of their sins, and gone to Christ for pardon. They had not looked to be saved by doing as well as they could, or by being no worse than others. They had felt themselves to be sinners, with no help and no hope in themselves, and had fled to Jesus to save them. They looked to be saved because Jesus had died for them, and on that ground alone. Thus they were saved. Thus they got to heaven. They never could have got there in any other way. Try and remember this; try, both of you, never to forget, from this time, that the way to heaven, is to wash your robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb—that is, go to Christ with all your hearts, seeking pardon through his blood. Treasure this up in your hearts. It is the happiest thing you can think of, that the way to heaven is by the blood of Christ—that his blood has been shed for sinners, and that you have but to wash and be clean. It is freely offered to you, without money and without price. In all your thoughts, in all your prayers, remember this. Cast away all thought of being saved by your own doings, and take Christ for your all in all. Now let us kneel down together."

And they knelt down, and the minister prayed that God would teach their hearts by his Spirit, and cause them to see and know Christ, and bring them, through his precious blood, to be happy with him forever. And so he took his leave.

It was plain that no Gospel light had ever before shone into the old man's heart. He had never, up to that moment, seen the way of salvation. Yet he was constant at church as far as age and distance would allow. And seldom in that church was a sermon preached, in which salvation through Christ was not plainly set forth. He was dark in the midst of light.

It is to be feared that there are many such—many who hear the Gospel for years, and yet no light as to the way of salvation—still dark, though living in the midst of light.

Reader, perhaps you are dark, too. If so, look well at these blessed words, these words of God; and may they bring light to your soul: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God."

The Future of Palestine.

Is there no other destiny for Palestine but to remain a desert, or to become the appendage of an ambitious foreign power? Syria will ere long be the *entrepot* between East and West. On the Euphrates and along the coast, old cities will revive, and new ones will be built; the old times will come back on a scale of greater vastness and grandeur, and, bridging the level districts, the steam-car will run in the track of the caravan. Syria, then, will be a place of trade—preëminently. And who are preëminently the traders of the world? Will there, when the coming change has taken place, be any more congenial field for the energies of the Jew? The country wants capital and population. The Jew can give it both. And has not England a special interest in promoting such a restoration? Russia covets Syria, and desires to have a Greek patriarch supreme at Jerusalem. France, whether under Bonaparte or Bourbon, aspires to the suzerainty of Palestine, with a Latin bishop, or the Pope himself—or rather, a Pope—installed on Mount Zion. It would be a blow to England if either of her great rivals got hold of Syria. Her empire, reaching from Canada in the West to Calcutta and Australia in the southern East, would be cut in two. England does not covet any new territories, but she must see that they do not get into the hands of rival powers. She must preserve Syria to herself through the Syrians. Does not policy, then—if that were all—exhort England to foster the nationality of the Jews, and aid them, as opportunity may offer, to return as a leavening power to their old country? Rome persecutes the Jews. Nowhere does oppression and contempt attend the Jews so much as in Rome itself, in the despised Ghetto quarter of the Eternal City. Russia, too, in her Greek orthodoxy, contemns the Jew. But in England he is unfrowned on by the Church, and endowed with the fullest rights of the citizen. England, also, is the great trading and maratime power of the world. To England, then, naturally belongs the role of favoring the settlement of the Jews in Syria. And do not the dictates of policy exhort her to the same course? The nationality of the Jews exists; the spirit is there, and has been for three thousand years; but the external form, the crowning bond of union, is still wanting. A nation must have a country. And is not Syria opening to them? They seized it of yore, as a wave of armed and enthusiastic warriors; will they not ere long return to it as pioneers of civilization, to reclothe the land with fertility, and as the busy agents of a commerce which will bring together both East and West on the neck of land between the Euphrates and the Levant? The old land, the old people, and commerce flowing again in its old channels. We see strange things now-a-days; may not this also be one of the notable sights of this epoch of resurrection?—*North British Review.*

Slander.

Slander is a devouring fire, which tarnishes whatever it touches; which exercises its fury on the good grain equally as on the chaff; on the sacred as on the profane; which, wherever it passes, leaves only desolation and ruin; turns into vile ashes what only a moment before had appeared to us precious and brilliant; acts with more violence and danger than ever, in the time when it was apparently smothered up and almost extinct; which blackens what it cannot consume, and sometimes sparkles and delights before it destroys. It is a world of an iniquity; a secret pride, which discovers to us the mote in our brother's eye, but hides the beam which is in our own; a mean envy, which, hurt at the talents or prosperity of others, makes them the subject of its censures, and studies to dim the splendor of whatever outshines itself; a disguised hatred, which sheds in its speeches the hidden venom of the heart; an unworthy duplicity, which praises to the face, and tears in pieces behind the back; a shameful levity, which has no command over itself or words, and often sacrifices both fortune and comfort to the imprudence of an amusing conversation; a deliberate barbarity, which goes to pierce an absent brother; a scandal, where we become a subject of shame and sin to those who listen to us; an injustice, where we ravish from our brother what is dearest to him. It is a restless evil, which disturbs society; spreads dissension through cities and countries; disunites the strictest friendships; is the source of hatred and revenge; and fills every place it enters with disturbances and confusion.

Dreadful is this evil when it is found amongst those who are the professed disciples of Jesus Christ. The Church formerly held in horror the exhibitions of gladiators, and denied that believers could innocently feast their eyes with the blood and death of the unfortunate slaves: but these renew more detestable shows; for they bring upon the stage, not infamous wretches devoted to death, but the friends of the Saviour; and there they entertain the spectators with wounds which they inflict on persons who have devoted themselves to God!—*Massilon.*

Moral Discipline of Giving.

Giving is one of the means of grace; one of the best means of spiritual growth. If no good externally is done by the gifts, the charities, still a vital and immeasurable good is done to the giving soul; enough, and vastly more than enough, to justify the deed. The sordid taunt so often thrown; "Why this waste?" comes of the sordidness that is equal to the sale of the Lord himself; the thirty pieces in the pocket better than he.

I repeat, if no outer good is done, there is no waste; no matter what the amount given, be it only enough; if done with the Christian motive, then the character is set forward, and the Church is brought up higher and nearer to the millennial state. The Church must pass through the work and the sacrifice of establishing the millennium abroad, in order to make one in her own pale. These final words of her Lord, then, which lay upon her this amazing responsibility, "Go preach the Gospel"—evangelize all nations—are to her an untold heritage of blessings and of blessedness. They embody the corrective and expulsion of her deadliest foes; they are to her the necessary means of the victory, and the kingdom and the crown; I mean on this ground of attainment; personal, separate fitness, reached by the culture and through the conflict of beneficent giving and doing. The question before us is, will we meet these conditions, and have the millennium at home, the kingdom within us? not forgetting the one condition our Lord so significantly marks, the giving alms of such things as we have.

To very many this—as a means of grace, of spiritual advance—stands in the first place, and is indispensable; stands in a sense even before prayer; they being ahead in prayer, behind in giving. To all those, then, who have given leanly and grudgingly, we say: Arise and give; give bountifully; give heartily; give willfully; just because something within resists and says, I won't. Give the more and still more, from the very teeth and grip of the old retaining passion. Give with measure and intent to crucify it; that hundred, the nail, that thousand, the spike, that ten thousand, the spear, and so proceed and persist till the base and slimy thing is wholly dead.—*Dr. George Shepard.*

The Desire.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—Matt. vi: 10.

God's will must be wise and holy, therefore God's will should rule. God willeth nothing for us but what is consistent with his love for us and concern for us. Nor are we at a loss to know the turn that God's will takes toward us; "for this is the will of God, even your sanctification." God wills, first his own glory, and, in subordination to that, our present and everlasting welfare. It is therefore our wisdom to pray that God's will may always, everywhere, and in everything, be done. And it is our happiness to acquiesce always, and in everything, in God's will. Indeed, we can never be happy if our wills run contrary to God's will, or if they run beside it. We must be *little children*. We must endeavor to ascertain what is our Father's will, and be pleased with that. If God wills me poverty or plenty, health or sickness, pleasure or pain, publicity or obscurity, life or death, I should be satisfied with it; I should approve of it; more, I should be pleased with it—so pleased with it, that, if the turning of a straw would make the difference in it, I should refuse to turn that straw. This would be to treat God as God, and to act just as a simple, ignorant, inexperienced child should act. Lord Jesus, send the blessed Comforter, to direct my will into the channel of God's will, and to keep it there. I can never be happy while my will crosses thy will: teach me, therefore, to give up my will; and bring me into that state, that I may not have a wish, but just to be, to do, to enjoy, or to suffer, as God willeth. Oh, for that depth of holiness, that I may ever cry with thee, "Not my will, but thine, be done!"

"Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."—Matt. xxvi: 39.

The Resurrection of the Body.

"Thou sowest not that body that shall be." Strange that one who has seen an ear of corn with its wrappings, its silk, its rows of kernals on the large, hard cob, all from one grain, which "cannot bear fruit except it die," can be an unbeliever in the resurrection. Moreover, such things in nature should make us exult in the thought of future bodies immeasurably in advance of the present. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." But "we shall be like him."—*N. Adams, D.D.*

A Beautiful Thought.—Leigh Hunt says: "Those who have lost an infant are, never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who in one sense retain it always, and they furnish other parents with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This alone is rendered an immortal child."