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Pittsburgh, Pa.

Presbyterian Banner.

VOL. XI., NO. 30 PITTSBURGH, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1863. WHOLE NO. 550.

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
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REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,
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For the Presbyterian Banner.

On Changing my Home.

And must I depart from the scenes that I love?
From my kind *Christian* counsellors must I remove?
Must by bosom the anguish of parting corrode,
And a home in the distance my future abode?

Be still, O my heart, let thy murmurings cease,
If *Jesus* be with thee, thy dwelling is peace;
If his presence attend thee, 'tis no matter where
On earth be thy dwelling, since thou art his care.

Perhaps, in the future, thy home may be blest
With more calm retirement when sadly oppress'd,
Perhaps, when bereft of some lov'd ones so true,
The Saviour may bring sweeter joys to thy view!

O, Saviour, thy presence within would impart
Unspeakable joys to my sorrowing heart!
O, grant but this boon, and my bliss is complete,
Wheresoe'r I may wander, my home shall be sweet!

Whatsoever befal, if thou ever art near,
My heart shall not sink in despondence or fear;
For I know that to those who thy favor possess,
"*All things work for good,*" through thy bounteous grace!

Then abide with me still, wheresoever I roam,
And may the reflection that *heaven is my home*,
Prepare me, e'en here, for that blissful abode,
Where the saints find a home in the presence of God!

Mary.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Leavenworth, Kansas,
March 20, 1863.

Another failure of the public conveyances to make their connexions, detains passengers in this city, who ought to be making progress on their journeys. These detensions may be a good thing for the Hotels, but they detract from public interests. But, as I am detained, I will try to turn the disappointment to a benefit.

Leavenworth was the site of an old fort, used for defence against the Indians. As a city it is quite new. In 1854, the ground on which it stands was covered with brushwood; now, there is a population of 15,000 industrious and enterprising citizens. Some of the buildings are very fine. The stores are numerous. There are some twelve churches; two of them being Old School Presbyterian, served by Rev. J. G. Reason, and Rev. Wm. A. Starritt, both of Pennsylvania.

The city is on the right bank of the Missouri river, some forty miles above the State line. A large steamer runs daily to Iatan, Mo., whence a railroad takes passengers to St. Joseph. The prospect is, that this city will soon rank next to St. Louis in importance on the Western waters. More would be said of it, in this connexion, and especially of its incipient literary institution, its projected railroads, and its importance in a religious aspect, only that Mr. Reason promises to furnish the *Banner* with two or three articles, embracing these matters.

Wednesday night (18th) I passed at Lawrence, and had the opportunity of uniting in worship with some of its pious people. The meeting was in the Methodist church. The Old School and the New School Presbyterians have each an organization in Lawrence; but neither is numerous, and neither has a church edifice. And the Old School people have no pastor. The organization embraces between thirty and forty members. There are three elders, who, with several of the private members, have sufficient love and zeal, to keep up a prayer meeting. This looks well. But why have they no pastor? Why, no church building? If they are but few in number, and but a small portion of them wealthy, still, there is wealth in the country: and wealth in the Presbyterian Church; and wealth too which might be drawn out. Why then is there no church for our people of Lawrence to worship in, and no pastor to minister to them? The town contains about 2,500 people, and is growing rapidly. It is situated on the right bank of the Kansas river, and is thirty-five miles by stage, over an excellent road, from Leavenworth. A railroad is to be constructed, shortly, connecting the two places; and the Pacific railroad, commencing at Kansas city, is to pass near Lawrence.

Lawrence is a place of much business. It is surrounded by a country of very high agricultural capabilities, which is being rapidly settled and improved. It is also the location of one of the best endowed Universities; an institution yet to be put in operation. Taste, intelligence, wealth, and, enterprise, are manifest.

I have been thus minute in speaking of Lawrence, because I wish to aid my Old School brethren there, in obtaining a pastor, and also to direct some unemployed minister, who may be adequate to the demands of the place, to go thither. If I were yet on the junior side of an ordinary life time, and disengaged, I should take another and a more minute and serious look at Lawrence. My opinion, in gathering the information I give above, is, that it is among the very important places in the West, which are now calling for ministers. Considering the character and number of the people already there, the rapid increase which is taking place, its being a centre of extensive influence, and especially its literary prospects, our whole church should feel an interest in having herself represented there, by one of her most pious, wise, and effective sons.

Our Presbyteries and our Domestic Board of Missions, are our great agencies for obtaining, locating, and supporting temporarily, ministers in new places. But, without disparaging these, the thought has occurred that our old and wealthy churches might do, individually, a great and good work, in this line. Suppose the First church, or the 2d, in Pittsburgh, should undertake to aid the new and as yet feeble enterprise at Lawrence, or an enterprise in some other one of the thousand towns in the great West, might it not, without depriving itself of a single comfort, and without diminishing its usual bounty to the great objects of associated benevolence, help that enterprise to a neat and attractive house of worship, and a sound and faithful pastor? And having succeeded in one case, might it not take up another? In some cases, one of the patron church's own sons might be the pastor; in others, reliance might be placed in information otherwise obtained, as to the worthiness of the appointee, and the importance of the situation.

If our Western jaunt, and these few letters shall result in supplying feeble churches and settling ministers in new and fruitful fields, it will protract a pleasure which is great already. D. McK.

AN IMPORTANT TRUST.

Henry Martyn prayed that he might "take each day as an important trust for the Lord." This is without doubt the true view to take of time. Each day and each hour is a trust committed to us by God.

A man receives a sum of money in trust. If he applies it to uses different from that for which it was given to him, he forfeits the respect of all who know him, even though he may not incur legal penalties. A true man will be faithful to the trusts committed to him.

A true Christian especially should be faithful; and he should employ each day according to the conditions of the trust. Every morning, the Christian should ask, What is the day given me for? What am I to do with it?

In the first place, it was given to be spent in accordance with God's will. The question then arises, How does God wish him to spend the day?

He does not wish to have him waste the day. No trust is given to one to be wasted. The day is not to be spent in mere idleness. Some seem to think that their time is their own, unless some secular occupation demands it. Not so. The man who has no secular employment, has no more right to spend a day in idleness, than has the man who has a score of factories to oversee. Every man should ask God in the morning, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do this day? The man who asks with a willing and obedient spirit, will get an answer. God may not require him to spend the day in hard labor. It may be his will that it should be.

When a man spends a day in rest according to God's will, he is serving God as truly as if he were engaged in intense labor.

We are faithful to our trust, when we spend the day as God would have us to spend it—whether in manual labor, in prayer, in rest, in visiting our friends, or in presenting Divine truth to the minds of others.

Happy is he who, in reviewing the day, at its close, can thank God that, through grace, it has been spent in accordance with his will.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Noble-hearted Soldier.

In the history of European war there is a most interesting record; illustrating what may be denominated the truly noble heart on the part of a soldier. In the depth of Winter, some members of a regiment had received a furlough to visit their friends some distance from the place of their encampment. As they proceeded on their journey, they were overtaken by a snow storm in the mountains. The shades of night had gathered around them. The storm of wind and snow increased in its fury; incessant snow-drifts blocked up their pathway. Two of these souldiers were members of the same family, and while the younger brother had dropped down overcome with fatigue and cold, the other brother, without a moment's hesitation, took him up and placed him upon his back. One after another of the company perished, being frozen to death. But this noble-hearted soldier went on, bearing his brother up apparently with superhuman strength, till he fell under his burden and immediately expired. His own life was lost; but at the same time he was instrumental in saving that of his younger brother, who had become reanimated by the elder brother's body, and was able to reach home in safety. What a demonstration of fraternal affection! What an exhibition of true nobleness of heart! And soldiers have often been proverbial for the noblest traits that adorn humanity. But in the full sense of such language, let us inquire who is the soldier of a truly noble heart?

1. The soldier of noble heart will be manly and honorable in his intercourse with all his companions in arms. "Show thyself a man," was the advice of King David to his son Solomon. As a true man, the soldier will rise above every thing mean among his immediate companions, as every thing inconsistent with the laws of war and the feelings of humanity, to those enemies placed immediately in his power. He will still be the gentleman, even in camp, and on the field of battle.

2. The soldier with noble heart, will be distinguished for all the elements of moral as well as military courage. To be a coward is to be almost universally despised. The coward, it may be presumed, often despises himself. He is liable to become panic-stricken on the field of battle; and the feeling is contagious, leading men sometimes to fly even when no enemies are in pursuit. Now some men may have more natural bravery than other; but natural bravery independent of prudential control or moral principle, may prove reckless and disastrous in the extreme. Hence moral courage is indispensable to constitute the true, noble-hearted soldier. "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion." David, the shepherd boy of Israel, had something more than natural courage when he encountered and conquered the giant that defied the armies of the living God. Jonathan and his armor-bearer were striking examples of real moral courage, when, in the name of the great Jehovah, they made a charge on the stronghold of the Philistines, and put their army to ignominious flight. Reflect on the whole history of Washington, the father of his country. Every part of his career exemplifies the courage now in question—a brave determination to avoid what is morally wrong, and to do what is morally right in the face of every temptation. The soldier in the service of his country in this hour of moral and political darkness, may find his footsteps constantly beset with temptations to profanity, intemperance, gaming, and Sabbath-breaking, as well as other sins of kindred enormity—sins destructive to both body and soul. And how many yield to these enemies for time and eternity, whose motto is "no surrender to the enemies of our Government!" In the exercise of moral courage, O soldier, you will resist the adversary; and in the exhibition of the truly noble heart, you will say, Get thee behind me, Satan, let me ever honor the Constitution and laws of my God, as one of the most important steps to sustain the Constitution and laws of my country.

3. The soldier of noble heart, in the highest sense of such language, will be a man of true piety. Important as good morals certainly are, in the current of temptation, and wicked passions and wicked example, it seems impossible to maintain real moral courage without the religion of Jesus. A pious father once said, My children must be converted or ruined. The soul must be united to Christ—it must be in fellowship with the omnipotent Saviour, to secure the necessary moral power. The grace of God in the heart purifies the fountain, and sends forth the streams of a godly life. And every honest inquirer in our army, after the way of salvation, will be led to the conclusion that the safest place for his moral character and his immortal nature, is in the fold of the great Shepherd; that *the religion of God is the life of man*—demanding special and absorbing attention as the best source of preparation to live, and preparation to die. If one soldier can sacrifice his life in a snow-storm to save another from death, and if our young men give up their lives for the salvation of their country, what is all this compared with the sacrifice of the Son of God, who laid down his life for the life of every believer in his name—our spiritual life here, our eternal life beyond the noise of battle, and the dark domains of death and the grave? This is our heavenly Captain in the great army of the Lord God of Hosts. And Col. Gardiner, and Hedley Vicars, and Havelock, and multitudes of others, show that soldiers of the cross have proved the bravest soldiers on the field of battle. Cromwell's praying, psalm-singing regiments, seemed like the Old Testament warriors risen from the dead—who, through faith, waxed valient in fight, and put to flight the armies of the aliens. It is no proper characteristic of a military man, or of martial bravery, to ignore the claims of King Emmanuel. It is not noble to be ashamed of Jesus, to be ashamed of prayer, to despise the Word of God and the plain terms of the Gospel; "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Let the soldier away from home, away from friends, yield up his heart to his Friend in the court of heaven—lifting up the prayer of the poor Publican: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" The voice of prayer will be heard. Then will the heart be made noble indeed—partaking of the Divine nature—a temple for the Holy Ghost. And God will be the soldier's Father, and heaven his everlasting home. Delta.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Marriage of the Prince of Wales—The Chapel at Windsor—National Rejoicings—Illuminations in London—The Crowd and the Victims—The Queen's Sympathy—Sabbath Visits to Scenes of Blessing—The Metropolitan Tabernacle—Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon Analyzed—St. James's Hall and Newman Hall—Young Men's Bible Class, and a Work of Grace—Anxious Ones Dealt With—The Surrey Theatre and the Artizan Preacher—Satan Counteracted and God Glorified.

LONDON, March 14, 1863.

The Marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, was celebrated in the Chapel Royal at Windsor, on the 10th instant, with great solemnity, in the presence of the Queen, the Knights of the Garter, and many other distinguished persons, English and foreign. This event has excited extraordinary interest and enthusiasm over the whole united kingdom, add on the night of the 10th, illuminations, fireworks, and other joyous celebrations came off in almost every large town. At Edinburgh, the demonstration—greatly aided by the magnificent Castle heights, Arthurs' Seat, and the rare and unwonted beauty of the City, both old and new—was peculiarly grand and impressive. In London, above all, the celebration on that evening was beyond all former parallel. The city proper, with the Royal Exchange, the Mansion House (the Lord Mayor's official residence,) the General Post Office, Goldsmith's and Fishmonger's Hall, and St. Paul's Cathedral, Dome and Ball, and Cross (the latter lighted, by the electric light, which, however, did not equal the blaze of gas) presented a rare attraction to an innumerable throng not only of Londoners, but of persons of all nations, and excursionists from rural towns and districts. London Bridge was decorated with extraordinary taste and beauty. Along its walls were a series of standards with the Danish flag flying; also a long historic line of the portraits of Danish Kings, one hundred tripods, from some of which ascended the fragrance of burning frankincense. The Triumphal Arch, under which, on the Saturday previous, the Prince and Princess had passed, had beautiful transparencies. In the West-End of the town, from Temple Bar (which was hung with cloth of gold) the illuminations were very fine. They included Somerset House, (offices of Inland Revenue) the National Gallery, the Alhambra in Leicester Square, the Club House in Pall Mall, St. James' Street and St. James' Square, Piccadilly, and the houses of many of the nobility, Regent Circus, &c.

The multitude, was so great that in places where two streams met (people going East and coming West,) and especially where the way was narrow, alarming pressure was experienced. I myself was caught in one of these maelstroms, at Temple Bar, and I assure you it was a very serious risk of life and limb. I lament to add that, at two other points of collision on the same night, not less than seven women were trodden down and lost their lives. A medical man, writing in the *Times*, says that one of these was laboring under disease of the heart, and that he had warned her not to go into the street. He believes that it was the fright experienced and faintness caused in the crowd, and not the falling down and being trodden on, that caused death in most of the cases. As it is, the matter throws a shadow over the rejoicings, and the Queen, true to herself, ("just like her,") has written to express her deep grief at the loss of life, and wishes to know the "circumstances" of the survivors of the dead, so that she may relieve them. It was thus, when staggering and almost borne down by the death of Prince Albert, when the Hartly Colliery catastrophe occurred, that she wept with the widows and orphans, and opened her hand wide to relieve them; and sent a special letter, which is still hung up in a frame in every bereaved widow's cottage at Hartly. Is it any wonder that we should love and honor this excellent woman, and that her son's marriage should be hailed with hope, blessing, and prayer!

A Sabbath Day spent in company with a Glasgow merchant, who wished to see something of the working of Religion in London, I shall now sketch. Walking over Blackfriar's bridge, and passing Southward, we approach the Metropolitan Tabernacle. It is about half an hour before the commencement of the service. Already many people are gathering in front, waiting for the opening of the doors at a quarter before eleven o'clock. Meanwhile the regular seatholders, and persons who are privileged with such a pass as we have, with the preacher's own MS. endorsement—"Admit two persons to the Tabernacle, C. H. Spurgeon"—we enter by a side gate, and, after traversing the North side of the building, we ascend a staircase and find ourselves in a pew overlooking the minister's platform, the gallery behind it, the semicircle of the two tiers of galleries which sweep round the building, and two-thirds of the vast area below. Quietly and in rapid succession come in the stated congregation, comprehending no doubt a large majority of the 2,500 members or nearly so, now among the recognised communicants and members under Mr. Spurgeon's care. These people came to be *fed* to-day; they wait on the Word, and without the excitement or curiosity of a stranger, or an occasional visitant, they see and hear the preacher and pastor, who to very many of them bears the tender relation of their spiritual father, and who, with all, is the man of their choice.

Suddenly, as the result of the opened doors, into galleries and area, press a large body of people, and, eddying and agitated for a time, they subside into the back seats or make up their minds to stand, inasmuch as every vacant place is filled. And now, quietly, the short, stout figure of Mr. Spurgeon is seen passing down the steps leading from his vestry. He walks across the platform, sits down, leans his arm on a table on which lies The Book and hymn, and offers private prayer. At the back of the platform are grouped his elders and deacons; for he has both orders of officers, and this is one proof of his Presbyterian convictions and sympathies.

He then rises and steps to the front of the platform, and amid deep silence, invokes with intense and simple earnestness the Divine presence and blessing. After this, he reads a hymn, and then, verse by verse, rehearses it, the great throngs rising to sing, itself full of impressiveness, and their commingling voices—led not by organ or band, but with a choir of singers, male and female, including the sweet treble of a number of fine boys—resembling the sound of many waters.

And now the reading of Scripture, and that suggestive, brief, pithy, running comment thereon peculiar to Mr. Spurgeon, begins. All of it bears on the subject of the coming sermon. He is now delivering a series of discourses, on Lord's day mornings, on the closing scenes of the Saviour's history. His subject to-day is "The Betrayal." The 41st and 55th Psalms, that bear on the treachery of Judas, are read, especially that which contains the words, "Yea, mine own familiar friend," &c. You would think from the exposition that little more could or need be said about Judas. But wait a little. After a prayer, comprehensive, and yet not "a *preaching* prayer," but full of unction and of pleadings with God, and after a second hymn, (an hour almost spent, and yet how soon over,) the text is announced—"And while he yet spake, behold a multitude, and he that was now called Judas, one of the twelve went before them, and drew near to Jesus to kiss him," &c. I have not space for analysis, and even if I had, how different was it to *hear* than to *read* a true sermon. It is the old and the true proverb, that such a sermon; "*heard*, is like a warm fire on a cold day; *read*, it is but like the painting of a fire." Take one or two specimens of graphic portraiture of the villainy of Judas:

"Judas was more than the servant in whom we have put unlimited trust; *he was a friend, a trusted friend.* That little bag into which generous women cast their small contributions had been put into his hands, and very wisely too, for he had the financial vein. His main virtue was economy, a very needful quality in a treasurer. As exercising a prudent foresight for the little company, and watching the expenses carefully, he was, as far as men could judge, the right man in the right place. He had been thoroughly trusted. I read not that there was any annual audit of his accounts; I do not discover that the Master took him to task as to the expenditure of his privy purse. Everything was given to him, and he gave, at the Master's direction, to the poor, but no account was asked. This is vile indeed, to be chosen to such a position—to be installed purse-bearer to the King of kings, Chancellor of God's exchequer, and then to turn aside and sell the Saviour; this is treason in its utter most degree. Remember that the world looked upon Judas *as colleague* and partner with our Lord. To a great extent the name of Judas was associated with that of Christ. When Peter, James or John had done anything amiss, reproachful tongues threw it all on their Master. The twelve were part and parcel of Jesus of Nazareth. One old commentator says of Judas—'He was Christ's *alter ego*'—to the people at large there was an identification of each apostle with the leader of the band. And oh! when such associations have been established, and then there is treachery, it is as though our arm should commit treason against our head, or as if our foot should desert the body. This was a stab indeed! Perhaps, dear brethren, our Lord saw in the person of Judas *a representative man*, the portraiture of the many thousands who in after ages imitated his crime. Did Jesus see in Iscariot all the Judases who betray truth, virtue, and the cross? Did he perceive the multitudes of whom we may say, that they were, spiritually, in the loins of Judas? Hymeneus, Alexander, Hermogenes, Philetus, Demas, and others of that tribe, were all before him as he saw the man, his equal, his acquaintance, bartering him away for thirty pieces of silver."

Very striking was what followed, as to the manner in which the Saviour met this affliction:

"Let us notice, dear friends, while we look at the breaking heart of our agonizing Saviour, *the manner in which he met this affliction.* He had been much in prayer; prayer had overcome his dreadful agitation; he was very *calm*; and we need to be very calm when we are forsaken by a friend. Observe his gentleness. The first word he spake to Judas, when the traitor had polluted his cheek with a kiss, was this—'Friend!' Friend!! Note that! Not 'Thou hateful miscreant,' but 'Friend, wherefore art thou come?' Not 'Wretch, wherefore dost thou dare to stain my cheek with thy foul and lying lips?' no, 'Friend, wherefore art thou come?' Ah! if there had been anything good left in Judas, this would have brought it out. If he had not been an unmitigated, incorrigible, thrice-dyed traitor, his avarice must have lost its power at that instant, and he would have cried—'My master! I came to betray thee, but that generous word has won my soul; here, if thou must be bound, I will be bound with thee; I make a full confession of my infamy!' Our Lord added these words!—there is reproof in them, but notice how kind they are still, how much too good for such a caitiff—'Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?' I can conceive that the tears gushed from his eyes, and that his voice faltered, when he thus addressed his own familiar friend and acquaintance—'Betrayest *thou*,' my Judas, my treasurer, 'betrayest thou *the Son of man*,' thy suffering, sorrowing friend, whom thou hast seen naked, and poor, and without a place whereon to lay his head. Betrayest thou *the Son of man*—and dost thou prostitute the fondest of all endearing signs—*a kiss*—that which should be a symbol of loyalty to the King, shall it be the badge of thy treachery—that which was reserved for affection as her best symbol—dost thou make it the instrument of my destruction?' 'Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?' Oh! if he had not been given up to hardness of heart, if the Holy Ghost had not utterly left him, surely this son of perdition would have fallen prostrate yet again, and weeping out his very soul, would have cried—'No, I cannot betray thee, thou suffering Son of man; forgive, forgive; spare thyself; escape from this bloodthirsty crew, and pardon thy traitor-assassination, while the silver is at stake!'"

Satire, and quaint yet severe humor, were employed by the preacher, with an evident practical purpose. But first came a discriminating paragraph, in which Judas was contrasted with other apostles, thus:

"The Lord knew that *Peter's unthinking impetuosity* would soon empty the bag, and leave the company in great straits; and *if he had entrusted it to John*, his loving spirit might have been cajoled into unwise benevolence toward beggars of unctious tongues; he might even have spent the little moneys he had in buying alabaster boxes, whose precious ointments should anoint the Master's head. He gave the bag to Judas, and, it was discreetly, prudently, and properly used; and there is no doubt he was the most judicious person to occupy the post."

Then came the solemn application of the abuse of the trust:

"But oh! dear friends, if the Master shall choose any of us who are ministers or church-officers, and give us a very distinguished position; if our place shall be that of commanding officers, so that even our brother ministers look up to us with esteem, and our fellow-elders or deacons regard us as being fathers in Israel—oh! if we turn, if we prove false, how damnable shall be our end at the last! What a blow shall we give to the heart of the Church, and what derision shall be made in hell!"

After showing how outwardly blameless Judas was, and how he "was no boaster like Peter;" how he "asked no place at the right hand," his ambition being "of another sort;" how "he asks not idle questions;" how "he receives truth as it was taught him, and when others are offended and walk no more with Jesus, he faithfully adheres to him, *having golden reasons for so doing*;" how "he indulged not in the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life;" how "*none of the disciples suspected him*; they said at table, 'Lord, is it I?' they never said, 'Lord, is it Judas?'"

He then went on to say, with telling, searching satire and severity, the vividness of the picture provoking a smile, which soon subsided, before the evident purpose and aim of the speaker, even in this:

"It was true that he had been filching for months, but then he did it by littles, and covered his defalcations so that he ran no risk of detection from the honest, unsuspecting fishermen, with whom he associated. Like some merchants or traders we have heard of—invaluable gentlemen as chairmen of speculating companies and general managers of swindling banks," (actual cases here presenting themselves to many hearers,)—"he could abstract a decent per-centage and yet make accounts exactly tally; the gentlemen who have learnt to cook the accounts for the shareholders so as to get a rich joint for their own tables, over which they, no doubt, *entreat the Divine blessing*." Here, too, a reference was made to a fact well known in connexion with a swindling banking concern, namely, that the Directors used to open its meetings with prayer. Then as to Judas's high standing in the Church, and his modern representatives, how telling is the following:

"Being very pious and richly gifted, his advent at churches and chapels would have created intense satisfaction. 'What a discreet and influential person,' say the deacons. 'Yes,' replies the minister, 'what an acquisition to our councils; if we could elect him to office, he would be of eminent service to the Church.' I believe that the Master chose him on purpose that we might not be at all surprised to find such a man a minister in the pulpit, or a colleague of the minister, and working as an officer in Christ's Church. *These are solemn things*, my brethren; *let us take them to heart*, and if any wear a good character among us, and stand high in office, let this question come close to us, 'Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?' Perhaps he who shall *last* ask the question is the man who ought to have asked it *first*."

I have thus been led to give you far more extracts from this sermon than I intended. But I think that they prove what real stuff there is in this man, and what power he has in detecting secret sins and flashing them in the face of the transgressor. And yet how habitually and always he tells the worst sinner the way of escape from eternal death. And so after dealing with the repentance of Judas, and alluding to two awful instances of despairing deathbeds—one of them that of Francis Spiror, who "once stood well among the Reformers," but apostatized—and after crying, "Oh! search yourselves," he winds up thus:

"And now, in conclusion, there is a Saviour, and that Saviour is willing to receive us now. If I am not a saint, yet I am a sinner. Would it not be best for all of us to go again to the fountain, and wash and be clean? Let each of us go anew, and say, 'Master, thou knowest what I am; I know not myself; but if I be wrong, make me right; if I be right, keep me so. My trust is in thee; keep me now, for thine own sake, Jesus. Amen.'"

In the afternoon we repaired to Saint James' Hall. Here we found an overflowing audience, and heard a very impressive sermon from the Rev. Newman Hall, the warm friend and eloquent advocate of the Northern and anti-slavery policy. His text was from Rev. vii: "Who are these who are arrayed in white robes?" &c. He makes an admirable use of the English language, and his manner, action, and accent, are alike perfect. He is tall and thin in person, with a handsome face, fair complexion, and full, calm, clear eye. His whole aspect is that of a Christian gentleman. He is the son of the author of "The Sinner's Friend." He is himself well known as one of the most successful tract writers of the age; especially, his "Come to Jesus," which has been translated into very many languages, and has done vast good. He lectures on week nights to working men, in his own (Surrey) chapel, and is an ardent friend of the Total Abstinence cause. It was very pleasing, especially in these Latitudinarian days, to announce, and affirm with great emphasis, the doctrine of a real Sin-offering, Sacrifice, and Substitution, *on account of which*, ("however mysterious it may seem,) God forgives the sinner who believes on the name of his Son. The foremost of the Evangelical Nonconformist ministers, preach at this "special" afternoon service in St. James' Hall—while on the day that any one of them officiates, he has, for the most part, [illegible] from amongst them, were the next object of visit and inquiry. My friend (with another from Belfast) accompanied me to the Rooms of the Young Men's Branch Association, Edgeware Road, where—as I have ere now indicated—a mighty work of grace has been realized ever since the close of 1859. Here we found a very large Bible Class, entirely composed of young men, being addressed by *two* of their senior members—who had also been the spiritual fathers of some of them, as assistants to Mr. Henry Hull, the President, in his special work. They were about—for business reasons—to remove from London, and their parting addresses and appeals were very solemn. In the assembly thus addressed were a number of young men, who were there for the *first* time, and who, coming out on the street for an afternoon excursion, and all unexpectant of such an issue, were persuaded by the loving importunity of young converts who devote themselves to this special evangelical work, (many of them saved in the same way,) to "*come in*" to the Stafford Rooms. After the address was over, anxious ones were dealt with, and among these was a young man brought up a Roman Catholic, who had been wandering in the neighborhood. I found from him that up to that time he had not only attended a Romish chapel, in the East of London, but was a collector for its funds, while, *for some time*, he had secretly given up and rejected the tenets of the Romish faith. I had a letter from him afterwards, but am not at present able to say more. He was to return to the same rooms the following Lord's day. He is encompassed with fears and perils, as, if he made a profession of Protestantism, he expected fierce persecution.

A Theatre was the last scene of our Sabbath visits—the Surrey Theatre—and a special service for the working classes held therein. This theatre has been for some years occupied (for six months) for these Sabbath evening addresses. Here Richard Weaver has spoken with great power, and other lay evangelists. The audience is of the right sort in the main—that is, the non-church-going class—who will enter an unwonted place like this, without hesitation. To-night the preacher is a young working man from Frome, in Somersetshire. There is a rough, yet real eloquence about him, which is impressive. His action, also, is almost dramatic, and yet he is so *real* and earnest that one feels that it is not "acting," even though he walks across the stage, and now and then kneels down and rises again. He has been a great sinner, and has found a great Saviour; and so he pleads like a man who has escaped from the fire, and desires to pluck others out of the kindling flames, also.

At the same hour that this service is being held, similar addresses by ministers or laymen are being delivered, to large audiences, at other theatres—including, Sadler's Wells, the Standard, and the Pavilion. Under the dome, also, of St. Paul's Cathedral, a great multitude is gathered. Satan has been very busy in this million-peopled city; and he is busy still on this Sabbath evening—many are serving him with all their hearts. But never has Satan's kingdom been so assailed as now in London—vice rebuked, its victims rescued, infidelity confronted, and Truth standing forth to utter its saving oracles; and those "ready to perish" no longer let alone to starve and die, but the Bread of Life dispensed to them with liberal hand. The praying, laboring, zealous band here, are the salt of the land, and young, old, poor and rich, furnish from their ranks God's "witnesses."

Maxims for Parents.

"When the ground is soft and gentle, it is time to sow the seed; when the branch is tender, we can train it easiest; when the stream is small, we can best turn its course."

1. Begin to train your children from the cradle. From their earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of obedience, *instant, unhesitating obedience.* Obedience is very soon understood even by an infant. Read Prov. xxii: 6; Col. iii: 20; Eph. vi: 1—3.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children understand that you mean exactly what you say. Gen. xviii: 19; 1. Sam. iii: 13; 1. Tim. iii: 4.

3. Never give them anything because they cry for it.

4. Seldom threaten; and be always careful to keep your word. Prov. xix: 13; xxiii: 13, 14; Lev. xix: 3.

5. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.

6. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in a passion. Be calm as a clock, yet decisive. Prov. xiv: 29; xvi: 32.

7. Do not be always correcting your children; and never use violent or terrifying punishments. Take the rod (so Solomon says,) let it tingle, and pray God to bless it. A little boy had been guilty of lying and stealing. His father talked with him on the greatness of his sin, told him he must punish him, represented to him the consequences of sin, as far worse than his present punishment; and then chastised him. These means were made a blessing to the child, and from that time he shunned both falsehood and dishonesty. A few angry words and violent blows would have produced no such effect. Prov. xiii: 24; xxii: 15; xxix: 15; Eph. vi: 4.

8. On no account allow them to do at one time what you would have forbidden under the same circumstances at another. Exod. xx: 12; Prov. vi: 20—22.

9. Teach them early to speak the truth on all occasions. If you allow them to shuffle and deceive in small matters, they will soon do it in greater, till all reverence for truth is lost. Prov. xii: 19—22.

10. Be very careful what company your children keep. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Prov. xiii: 20.

11. Make your children useful as soon as they are able, and find employment for them as far as possible. Prov. x: 4; xviii: 9; xix: 15; 2. Thess. iii: 10.

12. Teach your children not to waste anything; to be clean and tidy; to sit down quietly and in good order to their meals; to take care of and mend their clothes; to have "a place for everything, and everything in its place." 1. Cor. xiv: 30; John vi: 12.

13. Never suffer yourself to be amused by an immodest action; nor by a smile, encourage those seeds of evil which, unless destroyed, will bring forth the fruits of vice and misery. Eph. v: 11, 12.

14. Teach your children to be modest, and show them you are pleased when they do well. Prov. i: 8, 9.

15. Teach your children to pray, by praying with and for them yourself. Maintain the worship of God in your family, if you desire his blessing to descend on you and yours. Josh. xxiv; 15; Psalm ci: 2.

16. Impress upon their minds that eternity is before them, and that those only are truly wise who secure eternal blessings. Say, "My child, what concerns you most, what I am most anxious about, is not what you are to be, or to possess here, for a little while; but what you are to be and to have forever!" Deut. vi: 7; 2. Tim. iii: 15; Matt. xix: 14.

Early Conversion.

There could not be a worse or more baneful implication given to a child, than that he is to reject God and all holy principles till he has come to a mature age. What authority have you from the Scriptures to tell your child, or by any sign, to show him that you do not expect him truly to love and obey God, till after he has spent whole years in hatred and wrong? What authority to make him feel that he is the most unprivileged of all human beings, capable of sin, but incapable of repentance; old enough to resist all good, but too young to receive any good whatever? It is reasonable to suppose that you have some express authority for a lesson so manifestly cruel and hurtful, else you will shudder to give it. I ask you for the chapter and verse out of which it is derived. Meantime, wherein would it be less incongruous for you to teach your child that he is to lie and steal, and go the whole round of vices, and then, after he becomes of mature age, reform his conduct by the rules of virtue? Perhaps you do not give your child to expect that he is to grow up in sin; you only expect that he will yourself. That is scarcely better; for that which is your expectation, will assuredly be his; and what is more, any attempt to maintain discipline at war with your own secret expectations, will only make a hollow and worthless figment of that which should be an open, earnest reality. You will never practically aim at what you practically despair of, and if you do not practically aim to unite your child to God, you will aim at something less; that is, something unchristian, wrong, sinful.—*Bushnell.*

Comforting Thought.

Why should not a man, that would die at all, be as willing at thirty or forty, if God sees fit, as at seventy or eighty? Length of time doth not conquer corruption; it never withers nor decays through age. Except we receive an addition of grace, as well as time, we naturally grow worse. "O my soul depart in peace!" As thou wouldst not desire an unlimited state in wealth or honor, so desire it not in point of time. How many of the precious servants of God, of all ages and places, have gone before thee! Thou art not to enter an untrodden path, nor appointed first to break the ice. Except Enoch and Elijah, which of the saints have escaped death? And art thou better than they? There are many millions of saints dead, more than now remain on the earth. What a number of thine own bosom-friends and companions in duty are now gone, and why shouldst thou be so loth to follow? Nay, hath not Jesus Christ himself gone away? Hath he not sanctified the grave to us, and perfumed the dust with his own body, and art thou loth to follow him too? Rather say, as Thomas: "Let us also go, that we may die with him."—*Baxter.*