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Direct all letters to
REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

[Selected.]

The Well Thumbed Page:
How a reverend head, so lowly,
Weighed with the load of years,
Rises to me, ever holy
With the pelt of bliss and tears;
How, with memory's fond precept,
Flashing childhood back on age,
Comes a tender, thanked vision
Of a loved and trusted page!

At my father's knee with wonder,
Off with wonder and with awe,
Did I list 'tis Shua's thunder.
Pealed its sanction to the Law.
I seemed to see with trembling,
Deadly plagues or vengeful sword,
When the chosen race dissembling
Brought lip-homage to the Lord.

Off I heard of priest and leader,
And of royal hand and sage;
And—although the painful reader
Spelt his course along the page—
Rapt I heard—whilst tears out-welling
Down the quivering furrows ran—
Heaven has sought an earthly dwelling
God had pitched his tent within!

As my father read the story,
Grew all the wondrous world
Gleamed his face with prophetic glow
From the light that lit it out.

This in joy increased his gladness;
This in grief rebuked despair;
This from anguish rescued sadness;
God, the Christ of God, was near!

Forth he looked on plain and river,
They knew, were made for him—
Knew that he could live forever—
When the sun was old and dim.
In this faith, on that dark morrow
When to earth his wife he bore,
Not as hopeless did he sorrow—
She was only gone before.

She he followed—smiled in dying,
With his hand upon the page
Where my charter'd words were lying;
God the guard of orphans!—
Since that time, what's beside me,
This is still my stay divine;
L've my father's Book beside me,
And my father's God is mine!

For the Presbyterian Banner.

God's Thoughts and Man's Thoughts.

God thinks just as *I* think, in many things; and God feels just as *I* feel, in some things. And this is a lesson which we ought do well to learn. It may bring us nearer to God, help us to love him and trust him, and serve him; when we are thus familiarized with the more human conception of him. Infinite, and incomprehensible as God is, as to many of his attributes, in our habitual conceptions of him; we must not make him such a far-always as that his existence shall no longer be a reality to us. I am not sure but systematic theology has spoiled, in some measure, our simple conception of God. This "systematic theology" gives us grand and sublime conceptions of him; conceptions which overwhelm us and make us fear and tremble, but which sometimes, perhaps prevent us from loving and trusting God with a child's love and a child's trust.

This is, certainly, a magnificent definition of God, found in the Westminster Catechism: "God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth." That is one conception of God, and a true one, but not the only one. And just when the drat was once puzzled and the whole soul perplexed, groping in this subtle conception for something we can "realize," how delightfully comes in that beautiful prayer Christ taught us: "Our Father which art in heaven." How that dissipates our intellectual conceptions of God—cold and frigid abstractions as they appear to be—and gives a warm, humanizing image on which the heart can rest. God is my Father, and, though I may not know what he looks like, and though I may not be able to understand him in the mysterious aspects of his nature, yet I know he thinks of me and feels toward me as a father thinks and feels. God has feelings; and he has feelings such as man has. He can love, and pity, sympathize and feel compassion, as well as be angry and feel hatred, and indignation. He has a heart that does feel, and shall we not say, even experienced changes of feeling—glad when wretched, returns, grieved when rejoices, to return? I am not sure, but we say too much when we say, absolutely, "God is unchangeable." In his plans, and purposes, he changes not. These are eternal and immutable. But can we conceive of a living and intelligent being who has no emotions? In short, God is more like man than the masses of our people think. And this, instead of degrading God, only exalts Man. Are you startled at the words, God is more like man than the masses of our people think? Then turn to the history of Men, and you will find where God says: "Let us make Man in our image after our likeness!" This proves that God is like Man. He is akin to us and like us, as a father is akin to his son. God is our Father, and we are his offspring. He is like us, only better and greater. Take a perfectly holy man, with every good, moral quality, in perfection; add to that, infinite power, infinite wisdom, &c., and you have, perhaps, the truest, fairest, & best, & you have, perhaps, the truest, fairest, & best, & the most intelligent, emotional, holy, all-wise, and all-powerful, God. "How think ye?" says Christ, and then tells us God thinks just as we think in this matter of pity for the lost. Indeed, I am not sure, but we are in thinking all the time of God as the incomprehensible. As to the *whole* of his nature, he is incomprehensible. But his *particular* incomprehensibility in the character of each and every attribute of his nature. We can comprehend their *difference*, though not their extent. I can comprehend what love is, but I cannot comprehend the extent of infinite love. It is the *infinity* of God's attributes, not the *character* of them, that makes him the incomprehensible. And it is because we fail to make this distinction that, in thinking of his vastness and immensity, we fail to realize his actual existence. Any how, his immensity is not the aspect of his nature which we will find most comfort and benefit in viewing, but his paternal character, in which Christ revealed him. Let us remember that he is our Father, with all the thoughts and feelings of the best of fathers toward us. "Like a father pitied his children so the Lord pitied them that fear him." Notice, there, how God *pities* as much pities, as a father pities. The one whom his mother com-

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PITTSBURGH, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1863.

WHOLE NO. 573.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Another Student of Theology fallen.

On the 6th of July, William H. Barber, a student of the Western Theological Seminary, died at the residence of his father, in Washington County, Ohio. He had been in delicate health for a long time, but until shortly before his death, hopes were still entertained by himself and others, that he would recover sufficiently to justify his entering the ministry. But it was not the will of Providence that he should do so.

In the 29th year of his age, and when he was just ready for licensure, he was put down. His trial performances were all prepared, and nothing was lacking but the sanction of Presbytery to his taking a place in the pulpit—the position to which his earliest aspirations moved him, and which he sought with indefatigable diligence, for many years.

He had intended to apply for licensure at the April meeting of Presbytery, but when the time arrived he found himself too weak, physically to travel. From that time he continued to sink until death took him. Thus his expectations were disappointed. Thus interested friends have been sadly disappointed. Thus the Church has lost an ornament, and the ministry has been deprived of a promising co-worker. He had completed his theological training with the highest credit.

The piety, Messrs. Editors, inspires these patriots; this will not permit the Christian minister to look with cold indifference on those who, with parochial hands, seek to throttle our national life. The present rebellion aims at nothing less than this; it seeks to desolate the priestly heritage bequeathed us by our revolutionary sires after seven years of bloody strife; to rob us, by a process of disintegration of our national prestige and national glory; to turn back indefinitely the world's dial, the cause of constitutional liberty and of human rights; to defeat the last and most plausible effort ever made to demonstrate the capacity for self-government. All this, and the half not been told, must result from the success of this atrocious rebellion.

One of the greatest developments of the times, Messrs. Editors, is the fact that many are found among us professing to be friends of the Union, who seem to be horrified at what they deem "horror-stricken" at the thought of his taking a stand for the innocent and persecuted.

This is a great relief indeed; this from anguish rescued sadness; God, the Christ of God, was near!

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forts just as *I* comfort her.

Why should the servants of Christ, tortured by attempting impossibilities? Is it the impossibility of *cavorting* off the coast of Africa, or the impossibility of *carrying* off the colored slaves of the South? They pledged themselves to do this in asking for their freedom.

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