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Report from a Delegate of the Christian Commission.

NORTH MILLS, June 20th, 1864.
Joseph Albree, Esq., Treasurer Christian Commission, Pittsburgh.
DEAR SIR:—I left Pittsburgh on the evening of the 27th of April, and arrived in Washington on the morning of the 30th. I spent the next day in visiting some of the hospitals in Alexandria, Va., and the Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, to distribute reading matter. In the evening I again filled my haversack with books and papers, and in connection with two other brethren, repaired to the Soldiers' Rest, a receptacle for soldiers passing through Washington, where they are fed and lodged. On entering the "Rest," one of the brethren began to call out, "Conize, boys, we are going to have a good time with you; come this way." Immediately he began to sing a familiar hymn. When the soldiers saw us, and heard the singing, they came flocking around, some to hear the word of eternal life, and others through curiosity, at the same time many were lounging around, others walking to and fro. Under these peculiar circumstances I preached a short sermon to them, from the text, "The Lord is my strength, therefore shall I not be moved." The boys and young men, we distributed the books and papers we had brought with us. It was here that I first heard the hearty thank you of the soldier.

Wayside Meditations.

XIII.—JESUS WEPT.
This brief sentence—the shortest in the Bible—is most rich in its springs of consolation. It is like a window suddenly opened in the vast blue heaven, permitting us to see the splendor and glory of the empire beyond. For through this brief utterance we obtain a glimpse of that mighty human heart, that is well-nigh shrouded in the awful mystery of godliness. As we gaze upon his tears, we feel that he is weeping our elder brother—and our breaking hearts weep upon his bosom.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

By the Spirit of God, made a new creature in Christ Jesus—born, not of blood; that is, new-born, not on account of eminent parentage—not of blood; nor of the will of the flesh—not by any power of the flesh; but by the will of God, and by the will of God's Word. This man was born there. And so great is such an event in the estimation of God, that he points to the very spot, and says, "This man was born there." It is very common and appropriate, on entering a new place for the first time, to dedicate it to the Lord. It is to dedicate it to God. But what is such a dedication, when compared with the dedication it receives when an immortal soul is within its doors, made a king and priest unto God! A good writer says: "There are doubtless spots in the world that would be barren forever, if we recollected what had happened there." Says he, "I was once in St. Paul's Cathedral, just under the dome, and a friend touched me gently, and said, 'do you see the little chisel mark?' and I said, 'Yes.' Said he, 'that is where a man threw himself down, and there he fell and died.' The writer continues, 'I have seen a little spot, where a fellow-creature's blood had been shed. It seemed an awful place, when we remembered that. And so, if we knew the spot where a sinner stands of sin when he makes the fatal decision to leave his own soul, how terrible would be that place!'

The Presbytery of New Lisbon.

Met in Glasgow, Pa., on the 21st of June. At the former meeting, Presbytery had placed calls in the hands of Rev. Mr. Gaston, from the churches of Glasgow and Clarkston, each one for one-half of his ministerial labors. On the first evening of the meeting, Mr. Gaston signified his acceptance of the call from the former, and later for future consideration. His request was granted, and arrangements were made for his installation over the congregation of Glasgow on the next day. At the time appointed, the installation services were conducted in the following manner: Dr. Dundas preached the sermon, from the text, "The Lord is my strength, therefore shall I not be moved." Mr. Straton delivered the charge to the pastor; and Father Reed, under whose ministry the church was organized, offered the concluding prayer.

Mr. Schaffir, I came in to see my other arm.

"Here it is, my brave fellow."
"Well, you have taken a good deal more pains to preserve it than I did!"
Among the flesh specimens on the other side are a large number of patches of witicism, each taken from the same man and each bearing the track of an alga, yet so nicely prepared and well preserved as to be in no wise offensive. The peculiarity we understand to be, that the extension of each ulcer is in the opposite direction from that which is usual in this disease. And here is a humor taken from the same man and each bearing the track of an alga, yet so nicely prepared and well preserved as to be in no wise offensive. The peculiarity we understand to be, that the extension of each ulcer is in the opposite direction from that which is usual in this disease.

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The Rev. Dr. Wood writes: "Aintab is indeed a wonder in mission history. Last Sabbath (April 10th) we saw 1,101 persons—old women and gray-haired men, and maidens and wives as well as children—in the Sabbath School on a rainy day. There must have been nearly 1,200 in the forenoon congregation, and nearly as many in the afternoon as good listeners to preaching as I ever saw." The Rev. Dr. Wood writes: "Aintab is indeed a wonder in mission history. Last Sabbath (April 10th) we saw 1,101 persons—old women and gray-haired men, and maidens and wives as well as children—in the Sabbath School on a rainy day. There must have been nearly 1,200 in the forenoon congregation, and nearly as many in the afternoon as good listeners to preaching as I ever saw."

Modern Infidelity.

No candid observer will deny that whatever of good there may be in our American civilization is the product of Christianity. Still less can he deny that the grand motives which are working for the elevation and purification of our society, are strictly Christian. The immense energies of the Christian Church, stimulated by a love that shrinks from no obstacle, are all bent towards this great aim of universal purification. These millions of workers and extra laborers, who are constantly at work, these countless prayers and songs of praise on which the heavy laden lift their hearts above the temptations and the sorrows of the world, are all the product of faith in Jesus Christ. That which gives us protection from the night of the drizzling we live in, the clouds of our world, these institutions of social order—all these are the direct offspring of Christianity. All that distinguishes us from the Pagan world—all that makes us what we are, and all that stimulates us in the task of making ourselves better than we are—Christianity! It is the product of Christianity, and it is the product of Christianity that has made us what we are, and it is the product of Christianity that has made us what we are.

Heaven is Ours.

Heaven is ours; ours in time; purchased for us, secured to us. And, not only so—we have sent our agent to take possession for us. We have entrusted to him our claim—we claim in him alone—he has recovered every legal obstruction—it can no longer be contested, it is now a matter of Court above—he has effected a lodgment in our name. He has entered heaven as one of us, a man like us. He has received of the good things of the land, and is from time to time sending us down gifts of the sweetness and richness of the oil—installments of that abundance which can never be exhausted; specimens of the sacred wealth, samples of the fruits of the trees on the banks of the river of life. We are slow to believe in our happiness; regarding what he sends as gifts simply, and not as earnest and assurances of that which is too exhaustless to be transported to us, over to which, therefore, we must pass to abide. We are slow to believe in the immortal favor of these clusters from heaven: "As the Israelites were slow to enter the Promised Land, so are we slow to enter upon the purchased one." Faith we lack, not heaven-faith to know that heaven is ours; faith rather than meanness for the inheritance; for without faith, holiness is impossible.

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