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For the Presbyterian Banner.

Six Weeks in the Potomac Army;

OR,

HOW THE SICK MAN GOT WELL.

No. VII.

Disappointment.

"Try, try again!"

What, in Alexandria yet!
Not yet, but *again*.

I supposed you were off "for the field." And so we were: but "there's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." In the "rough" we intended to go on, but the *shaping* has brought us back to our starting point.

Come, quit your philosophizing, and let us have the facts.

Well, at nine o'clock in the evening on which we bade you good-by in Washington, we reached this place, and by midnight had packed the balance of our stores in the wagon, and were ready for sleep. We were up early next morning, and by eight o'clock were under way, our company numbering nine in all. Our hope was, that after getting out of town we could find an escort in some passing regiment. By the time we had traveled an hour or so, and reached a point just beyond Fairfax Seminary, we were so well warned as to guerrillas infesting the next woods, that we did not dare to proceed farther alone. So we halted on a pretty grass plot by the road side. Here we ate the first dinner of our own preparing. And here—as nearly as we can recollect—we had our first introduction to the poor little load of wood, ranked upon a poor little wagon, drawn by a poor horse, driven by a very poor looking man—the whole affair looking rather primitive, making the impression of "hard to do," and being, we take it, one of the Southern "institutions." We waited here, while our Agent went out on short excursions in search of an escort—to no purpose, however.

After a time, according to orders, we drove up to the Seminary, "under difficulties," for this "sacred soil" is deceitful; it may look dry and firm on top, only, when tried, to let you sink into mire beneath. Our orders were to camp at the Seminary, but these we found countermanded by others directing us to select, by a neighboring fort, some spot that would command a good view of the road, and so enable us to keep watch the better for a passing regiment. But just as we were about to pitch tent, our Agent rode up and hurried us off, at double-quick, to Bailey's X Roads, in hope of falling in with an escort, expected to pass that way during the afternoon. But six o'clock in the evening brought us no escort, and being still warned of guerrillas ahead, we turned within the guarded lines, and pitched our tent for the night. Here, in the rain, and with considerable of general discomfort, we prepared our first supper "in the field." Wood was so scarce, that some of us, by dint of sundry oscilations and heavy lifts, *extracted* from the earth ends of fence-posts—all that the desolations of war had left of former enclosures. In the darkness, we heard approaching the tramp of horses and the rattling of sabres, and feared some, lest a detachment of *Moseby's* might be at hand; nor did it relieve our minds to see a dozen cavalry rein up in order before our tent, until we learned that they were *Union*. We were evidently not expected just then and there; and besides these, drew upon us two small squads of patrol pickets, on missions of inquiry. At length all was quiet, and after "family" worship, we set our guard and "turned in." This was our first experience in sleeping on the ground. We succeeded only tolerably well that night—had been a little too much overtaxed for days and nights preceding, to sleep soundly, in so unaccustomed a manner, at least. No doubt we will learn by-and-by. Next morning afforded us no better prospect of an escort, and hearing that a colored regiment was to go down by rail that day, in hope of getting transportation with them, we drove back to Alexandria. And so it is not *still*, but *again*, that we are here. But we failed to get on with the colored regiment. We watched its movements by the hour at the depot, only to find that we could not go along. We are now to ship, early this morning, with Buckley's Rhode Island Battery, for Warrenton Junction, where the Ninth Corps is in camp. But while we are to get aboard—men, horses, wagon and stores—it is "*at a venture*." So stringent is red tape just now, that though our Agent has a telegraph order from Gen. Burnside for transportation to his corps by railroad, he says that he deems it altogether uncertain whether we will be allowed to pass out of the city or not. We are about to try, however, and we shall see what we shall see. The next time we meet, we will be able to tell you the result. But hold! we had an *episode* this morning. A colored girl, once in "our" employ at home, on suitable occasion said, "*There's no 'pendence on niggers!*" She was herself an illustration; and this morning we had another. Getting up at two o'clock, to be ready for our early start, we found "*William*," the cook at our Rooms here, *missing*, and so had to prepare breakfast ourselves. He evidently understood last evening what would be expected of him—probably did not fancy being disturbed at so unseasonable an hour, and so chose lodgings for the night at other quarters. May he go without his breakfast!

Rather annoying, to be sure; but it will be well if "*no 'pendence on niggers*" shall have no more serious illustration before this war ends.

True!—but good-by!—*if we get off*.

C.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Happiness.

Happiness is desired by all. Many the roads taken and the plans tried, and searches made for its acquisition. Varro enumerates two hundred and eighty-eight opinions of happiness. Not one of them is correct. There is nothing in this world which can give peace to the soul. If man could possess all the honors, pleasures and riches of the world, he would wish for something more. The pursuit of happiness is vain while traveling in the ways of the world. Its path is that which "no fowl knoweth, and the vulture's eye hath not seen. The depth saith it is not in me, and the sea saith it is not with me. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it." They who grasp wealth, grasp a shadow, or perhaps a serpent, which glides smoothly through the hand and leaves a sting behind.

They who attain to places of worldly honor, have nothing but the adulations of the world. When they are laid in the balance, they are vanity. Some live only for worldly pleasure, yet they never find anything to satisfy the soul. A certain man, after having tried every source of pleasure of which he had ever heard, offered a reward to any one who would invent another mode of enjoyment.

Solomon was possessed of honor, riches, and sources of pleasure, yet they did not give him happiness. The Queen of Sheba was wrong when she pronounced his men and servants happy. Solomon did not think the possession of these things afforded happiness. His own words are: "Then I looked over all the works my hands had wrought, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." The soul is spiritual, and it would seem reasonable that the things of the world should fail to give it satisfaction. The soul is from a higher source than the earth, and all the world cannot satisfy it. The beast is satisfied when full, but the soul of man never says, I have enough. After all his conquests, Alexander was not satisfied; he wept that there was not another world to conquer. The miser cannot sleep for his riches. His name signifies a miserable man. See the devotee of pleasure indulging in gay amusement; follow him to the place of solitude and hear the agony of his soul, and then judge of *his* happiness. Follow the man of worldly fame to his place of exaltation, then come down with him to the grave, and tell us if he has ever possessed enjoyment. "There is no peace to the wicked." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." God is the source of happiness, and only they possess it who contain God in the heart. Sin brings punishment, but holiness brings joy. "In thy presence is fullness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore." Sinner! when thou shalt stand before the judgment seat of Christ, would you prefer the things of the world, or Jesus? H.A.B.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Prayer.

The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, and will prove so to every one that prays in earnest, with faith in Christ, believing him to be willing and able to grant our requests, if it is for our good and his glory. But what a lack of fervent prayer there is in these days of national distress and trouble! True, there are some who are trying to live lives of prayer, and sincere devotion to God; for a Christian can no more live without prayer, than the natural body can subsist without food; the soul requires spiritual food at all times. And if we are Christ's, we will take up our cross and follow him; we will go to him for that counsel and direction which we so much need. To know his will, will be our great object and aim, and his service will be the sweetest employment that we can wish to engage in. Our Father in heaven requires the service of our hearts; but instead of serving him, we are serving mammon, thus disobeying him and losing the sweets of heavenly joy that would be ours if we were faithful to his commandments. And more than this, we grieve him on account of our unfaithfulness. Our Father in heaven has laid down his laws, and bids us seek his face, to love him with all our hearts, and to watch and pray without ceasing. But, alas! how many among professed Christians at the present time, instead of praying without ceasing, have ceased to pray entirely. They go to the house of God on the Sabbath, hear the sermon, go home and by their actions say that is all they have got to do. The great truths that they should take home to the heart to practice upon, they forget; and the duties that are resting upon them to perform, they think not of. Has not God endowed each and every one of us with reasoning faculties [illegible] where we can be of some use, and not live and die like the brutes.

Christian friends, we must unite together in prayer for the support of each other, and the spiritual advancement of the Church. What a lack of interest is manifested on our part toward maintaining our weekly prayer meetings! Ah, yes, we could lighten the toils of our pastor, and gladden his heart, if we would come up boldly to the help of the Lord against the mighty. He would not go so often to his study with a troubled mind and brain, confused with a thousand thoughts, for the want of some Aarons and Hurs to help him bear the heat and burden of the day; and from thence he would come forth with a light heart and buoyant step, to present to us the great truths of the Bible.

But the majority assert a lack of gifts to pray; they can serve mammon easy enough, but not their God. To such, let me speak a word. What gift of speech suppose you the poor publican thought he wanted when he felt his need of Christ? He could cry from the depths of his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Let us, following the same example, cry aloud to God to be merciful to us, to save us or we perish, and that he would give to each one of us a spirit of prayer. For prayer is the Christian's vital breath; when we begin to live for God, we will learn to pray, by the teachings of his Holy Spirit.

Let us, then, who have named the name of Christ, see to it that we neglect not any longer this all-important duty; but taking up our cross, may we follow on to know Christ, whom to know is life from the dead. Then shall we have peace within that the world knows not of, flowing gently as the murmuring streams on to the ocean of eternal bliss, where our fettered souls will be free, and we can feast on Jesus' charms.

M. J. P.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, July 22, 1864.

LONDON and the country at large have been convulsed by a terrible murder, perpetrated in a railway carriage. An elderly gentleman, an official in the Bank of England, seems to have been watched as he left the establishment—carrying a banker's leather bag—and being followed to the station, and observed to enter a railway carriage alone, a German tailor went in after him. In passing round the northern circle of the metropolis, and between two stations, not five minutes apart, he was attacked, wounded to death, and then thrown out on the railway! The murderer got out at the next station. For days no clue could be found; at last it is discovered that he sailed for America from the Thames a few days ago, and instantly the officers of justice repair to Liverpool, in a steam ship; they will arrive long before the slow-sailing ship which bears him across the Atlantic.

This incident has led to a great outcry for communications to be established between every carriage and the guard. Unhappily, as a rule, the English railways have close, separate carriages, and are not like those of America and the Continent. The expense of alteration would be very great, but something must be done for the better security of human life, and also for the protection of helpless women and others from outrage. Some time ago the writer, with two others, was shut up for two and a half hours in an express train, with a violent and drunken soldier; and the greatest watchfulness was necessary to prevent him, in his madness, from inflicting injuries on those who travelled with him.

A VISIT—first to Belfast, and afterwards to Glasgow, has put me among that multitudinous class of Londoners, who at this season are "out of town." Of Belfast, I need only say, that it is at once the Liverpool and Manchester of Ireland. While I was there, the General Assembly held its annual meeting—a very happy one. Tokens of spiritual prosperity were not wanting. Financially, all the missions prosper, and the standard of ministerial support is rising. A fresh start is being made in the completion of manses, and of paying off building debts on churches.

The Irish Presbyterians are very fully represented in Belfast and the suburbs. The new College at Derry is not yet opened, time being allowed for the accumulation of funds, in order to enable its promoters to appoint a full professional staff. Its great rival will be the Queen's College at Belfast, as also the Assembly's Theological College in that town.

The letter to the Irish Assembly, from the Old School Assembly, was admirable in itself, and elicited a most affectionate and sympathetic response. Dr. Samuel Dill, who was some years ago one of an Irish Deputation to America, moved a resolution very earnestly expressing heartfelt sorrow at the trials and sacrifices involved in the war, and strongly declared himself for "freedom and the North."

GLASGOW has a growing population, which will soon reach half a million of souls. It has suffered less from the cotton crisis than almost any other great manufacturing town, and is at present very busy and prosperous. It is famous for its products, and the ship-builders on the Clyde are celebrated all over the world.

I arrived in the city at the annual period of the "Glasgow Fair." This is an institution as old as Popish times, in connection with *Saints' Days*, &c., and like most "Holidays," has ever been too much like the *Saturnalia* of ancient Rome.

For a whole week the people are comparatively, and as a matter of choice, idle and free from work. A very large body of them use the lesson wisely and well; and it is a beautiful sight to see, under a lovely sky, a great steamship laden from stem to stern, with hundreds of both sexes passing away to Rothsay, Arran, Danoon; some toward Oban, Staffa and Iona, and others on excursions to Dublin, Belfast, the Giant's Causeway, or the Isle of Man. Very pleasing is it also, to see in the railway trains, happy fathers, mothers, and children, all "out" for an innocent holiday.

At this season, Edinburgh and Glasgow are almost emptied of their better class of citizens. The merchants and their families—also the professors in colleges and the clergy, "go down to the *coast*," in one or other of the beautiful watering places on the shores of the Clyde. The churches on the Sabbath are consequently half empty, but in the "coast" towns you will find large and devout congregations.

As to Glasgow, its public buildings are very fine, and the *dignity* of fine cut stone sets both it and Edinburgh far above the brick-disfigured metropolis. As to Glasgow College, I regret to say it is about to be taken down to make room for a railway passing that way. When Dr. Candlish, of Edinburg, heard of this, he—an alumnus of the venerable *Alma Mater*—rushed to Glasgow, to a meeting of parties interested, in order to prevent, if possible, what he regarded as a desecration. But the fiat had gone forth; his proposal that the buildings should be retained for an Educational Institute for the sake of the city, was declared to be [illegible] ask. I reply that a magnificent Park, to the west of Glasgow, has been purchased, and that there (*Phœnix redivivus!*) the College is to rise from its ashes more glorious than ever. But for a time it will want the prestige of the glorious memories which, from the Reformation downward, clustered around the venerable walls of the old Glasgow College.

THE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D., of London, editor of the *British Standard*, is about to be presented with a money testimonial by numerous friends throughout the United Kingdom. He is one of Scotia's sons, and his history is a remarkable one. He was once a journeyman blacksmith. Almost self-taught, in the face of pecuniary difficulties, and the support of a widowed mother, he fought his way first to the University, and then to the Tabernacle, Moorfields, London. He emblamed the memory of Williams, the celebrated missionary, in his "Martyr of Erromanga." While retaining his pastorate, he edited "The Christian Witness," "The Christian Penny Magazine," and a weekly newspaper, with great ability. The two first of these publications were conducted with the benevolent object of securing aid for aged ministers and others in distress, and large sums were thus obtained. Dr. Campbell rendered important service in rebuking and opposing the rising Rationalism which began to show itself in certain Nonconformist quarters some seven or eight years ago. He writes (or rather dictates to an amanuensis,) stirring editorials to this day. He is on the verge of threescore and ten, and is still vigorous both in body and mind. £2,000 has already been raised toward the testimonial, and Scotland is being moved to add to that sum.

THE FREE CHURCH has lately lost two illustrious supporters—William Campbell, Esq., and William Tennant, Esq. A Disruption minister, the Rev. W. Wallace Duncan, of Peebles, son of the late Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Mid-Calder, the founder of Savings Banks, and whose first wife was the sweet poetess for children—Mary Lundie Duncan—has been also taken away. I am sorry to add that the well known John Henderson, Esq., of Park, near Glasgow, the munificent patron and friend of evangelistic enterprises—gentle, loving, quiet, and meek—is now very ill, and it is feared that he will appear no more in the assemblies of the faithful on earth. Thus "star by star declines;" thus heaven is growing richer with the spoils of earth's best and noblest; thus the living are reminded that they too must die, and the cry comes distinct and clear, "Work while it is day."

WE HAVE had heat followed by bountiful showers, and ere long harvest will be ripe. The political world is quiet, and an armistice between the Danes and the Germans is likely to be followed by peace. But not long, I fear, will the sky be cloudless; even as it is, we have our "little war" in New Zealand, and ominous signs of a rising among the Caffres of the Cape Colony. May the good Lord send deliverance speedily to the United States!

LORD PALMERSTON'S Government has been saved from threatened destruction, and the Tories have damaged themselves immensely by D'Israeli's forces having been partly made up of Popish members, who desired to ruin the Premier, the foe of spiritual despotism. The Irish Protestants are scandalized at this "Ultramontane Alliance," and say that it means "a Papal policy for Italy, and a Papal policy for Ireland." The twenty men thus secured by D'Israeli would—if he were in office—compel him to grant many concessions, or else vote against him.

THERE have been great Rifle competition matches at Wimbledon, near London. The Lords contended against the Commons, by nominated champions, and the Peers won this year, as they did the last. In the general competition, a private in the volunteer force won a prize of £250. At the West of Scotland meeting, a volunteer named Bruce, in ten shots, made eight bull's eyes and two centres. But the Enfield Rifle is to be superseded by breech loaders, or to be altered so as to receive this improvement. This is one of the lessons enforced by the effects of the Prussian musketry in the Danish war.

TENNYSON, the Poet Laureate, is coming out soon, with a new volume of poems. One piece is called "The Northern Farmer," written in the Lincolnshire dialect, the poet's own county. Not long since, I was in South Lincolnshire, and looked with great interest on the old grammar school where Tennyson received his early education, and upon the play ground where he had disported himself.

"MANHATTAN," the late correspondent of the London *Standard*, was a great favorite with some; but he wrote so as to please the Tories. His death at New-York in his fiftieth year, after receiving a "warning" from General Dix, is apparently attributed by the *Standard* to the worry he suffered from that quotation. A book of his was lately published here, very immoral in its tendencies; and yet the *Standard* speaks of him as a person of "lofty virtue." "This," says the *London Review*, "is not the general opinion." The *Standard*, coarse and virulent, will suffer much in circulation by "Manhattan's" death.

M. GUIZOT is about to publish a new work—"The Essence of the Christian Religion." Dariom's "Origin of Species," has appeared in French. J.W.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

What is Prayer?

'T is not the flowery form of speech
Which we so often hear;
'T is not those lofty tones that reach
Our God's all-gracious ear.

'T is not the self-complacent word,
The "God I thank thee" strain,
Claiming a well-deserved reward,
Jehovah's ear will gain.

It is the penitential cry,
"Be merciful to me!
The vilest of the vile am I,
But Jesus' love is free."

It is the helpless wail of want,
Of thirst, and hunger too,
To Him who rich supplies can grant,
And daily strength renew.

It is the exercise of faith,
"O Lord, I would believe!
Resting on what my Jesus saith,
His word of truth receive."

It is the glance of hope and love
To worlds of bliss on high;
The lifting of the thoughts above,
Beyond the starry sky.

Spirit of supplication! breathe
Within this heart of mine:
That I may daily grace implore,
And feel that I am thine.

MARY.

Emlenton, July, 1864.

The Vanity of Literature.

We take the following from the *Record:*

A distinguished contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* inserted in that publication some years since, an article on "The Vanity and Glory of Literature," in which he clearly showed that the great mass of literature, even that which is marked by genius and ability of no mean order, is merely the creature of a day; so few are there among the great multitude of accomplished writers, the productions of whose pens will, twenty years after their death, make any figure in the world. On the other side, there were reasons given—though we need not here enter into them—for maintaining that there is a glory connected with this fading and ephemeral literature, in many ways probably superior to the fame resulting from authorship of a more enduring character. The title of the article seems, however, to suggest other thoughts respecting literature in its relation to its authors—thoughts in which the glory appears to come first, and the vanity afterwards. Nor do we see how it can possibly be otherwise, if men are willing to look at the subject in the light of reason and revelation—if, turning aside the prejudices engendered by long deference to the baseless opinions of a God-forgetting world, they are content to listen to the decisions of that truth which is sure to make its way and vindicate its claims, whatever opposition it may happen to meet with.

It is easy to enumerate a host of literary men who either are now, or have very recently been, passing through their career of "glory." If glory consists in a wide celebrity, a name admired or envied by myriads of their fellow-men, a popularity that has traveled over every part of the intellectual world, then this portion of their worldly goods has been a large one. It is not the part of a true Christian philosophy to deny that such glory should ever be prized by its possessors. A fair appreciation of the grand results achieved by genius, learning and high mental endowments of every character, is fully consistent with that noble sobriety which teaches every man "not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think," and, while reasonably enjoying the gifts of heaven, to do so in the spirit of humble gratitude to the Almighty Giver. But it would be a strange and unwarrantable exercise of charity to ignore the fact, that this way of dealing with worldly reputation is not, and never has been, much in fashion with what are called literary celebrities. And when we hear of one after another passing away to the spiritland, giving up on a sudden their pursuit of fame, their gaily-intellectual banquets, their all and everything which they had apparently regarded as the charm and beauty of their being, we cannot but see how nearly this glory is allied to vanity—vanity passing even the power of language to express.

We are yet more forcibly reminded of this by the manner in which literary men are for the most part accustomed to speak of those of their fraternity who are now no longer among the living. It may be granted that were nothing more pretended than to speak of them in their mere professional character, their silence upon all those grand questions relating to the future and the eternal would be natural enough. They do not, however, confine themselves within such limits. Character, not mere genius, is the theme on which they love to expatiate. Every trait and lineament of the moral features on which memory loves to dwell is recalled with a power and fidelity such as nothing but warm friendship can command. And when the full-length sketch is finished, what is the conclusion to which the reader is expected to arrive? Evidently this—that one who has passed through life so amiably, so generously, so full of all that could endear him to a large and warmly-attached circle of friends, has certainly answered the great end of existence, and that any doubts or fears respecting his future condition must be idle and impertinent.

Let us on such a question as this be fully understood. The ungracious work of passing judgment on the destiny of any man not plainly shut out from the pale of Christian charity, is what we utterly repudiate. All we maintain is this, that when the biographer's evident design is to leave us under the impression that the object of his eulogy was a person well fitted for either world, such conclusions can only be admitted when supported by the firm and intelligible basis of eternal truth. For men who profess to believe the volume in which that truth is contained, and who would indignantly spurn the imputation of denying its sacred decisions—for such men to dismiss their heroes safely and honorably from the stage of life, without the slightest recognition of what the Scriptures lay down as the grounds of a good hope in death, is worse than frivolous and childish. It is virtually assuming that the most solemn and tremendous question that can engage the thoughts of men, may be practically settled by the etiquette of society, the code of politeness, or the amenities of friendship. It throws into obscurity and insignificance every grand and fundamental doctrine relating to man's acceptance with his Maker, and causes the whole of his future condition to hang upon a few accomplishments of a social character, which, though perfectly good and excellent in their own place, have not, necessarily, the slightest connection with those spiritual graces that are essential to salvation. With such moralists the question is, not whether a man has exercised repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus, whether he has lived and walked by faith, whether he has made it the great business of his life to serve God and his generation; no, but whether he has been a kind friend, a generous companion, and a sworn foe to all cant and hypocrisy.

Individual Appropriation of the Cross.

Paul says, "Christ loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*." The words present a glorious truth, too feebly realized by most Christians for their own peace and joy. The truth that Christ loves believers individually—that he loves each of his people with an eternal, infinite, unchangeable personal affection, and that he gave himself as a substitute for his people *individually*—that is, instead of each one of them. This statement is not in opposition to other statements, but their complement. He loved sinners; he died for the ungodly; "He loved the Church, and gave himself for it"—all are equally true; but the broad and more general aspects of his love, and of the sacrifice to which it led, are too often allowed to exclude the more special and personal one. The full sweetness of being loved by Jesus, and the full comfort and peace of knowing him as a substitute, are lost in consequence.

Scripture elsewhere asserts that Christ loves individuals. "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus;" "He calleth his own sheep by name;" "The disciple whom Jesus loved," and other passages, prove it. And yet we find it hard to think that he loves us as individuals with such an affection as to give himself to death for our sakes. Whence this difficulty? Trace it to its true source, dear reader, and you will find it springs from *unbelief*. "Christ love *me* in particular, and die for me as an individual? Impossible! I am not worthy!" That is want of faith in the free and perfect grace of the Lord Jesus Christ; he died for the ungodly, he loved the lost. If we were worthy, we indeed would be a [illegible] unworthiness never can be!

Again, "How can I know he loved *me*, and died for *me*? Paul and John, and Martha and Mary, had seen and heard him, and received proofs of his love: he knew them, and they knew him. It would be a very different case if he were here; but it is long since he dwelt among men—he is infinitely distant now." Ah, beloved reader, if you feel so much of a stranger to Christ as this, it must be owing to want of habitual and intimate communion with him; and that, again, must be owing to want of faith in his continual presence with you—in his own promise, "I will love him, and manifest myself unto him. My Father will love him, we will come to him, and make our abode with him." Does he intend his friendship to be unfelt, his indwelling to be unknown? No, no! "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." Surely we should be as intimate with an indwelling Saviour as were Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus, with an occasional guest? Unbelief feels as if he were absent, far off, intangible; but to faith he is ever present, ever near, a most real and precious friend and companion, whose personal love makes itself felt too plainly to be doubted.

Again, "I am but *one* in a multitude no man can number; one drop in an ocean; one star in a galaxy. How can I flatter myself to have been distinguished by a special love, or made the special object of a ransom which avails for many?" This is unbelief in the infinite ability of God, or in the divinity of Christ, one or other; it is making our capacity the standard of his! Is anything too hard for the Lord? Are not the very hairs of each of his people numbered? Dear Christian reader, silence all such objections; quench such fiery darts of the wicked one; take to you the shield of faith, and say, "Unworthy as I am, difficult as it is to prove it to others, unlikely, impossible as it *seems*, yet I know CHRIST LOVES ME." Then, remembering that love leads to communication of good, according to the greatness of the love, the resources of the lover, and the need of the object; and knowing Christ's love to be infinite, his resources infinite, and your need beyond description vast and endless, you will feel no incredulity concerning the immense gift bestowed on you, but be able to add with joy and confidence, "*He gave himself for me!*" Oh, wondrous ransom! how thoroughly *I must be* redeemed! Oh, righteous substitute! how completely *I must be justified*! Oh, peerless, priceless, unmeasurable gift! how truly Christ must love me!—*British Herald.*

The Kingdom that Cannot be Moved.

Amid the shock of arms, while the land is full of agitation, and the hearts of many are failing them for fear of those things which are coming on the earth, the devout and humble believer finds relief and comfort in looking upward, and thinking of that kingdom which is above all the tumult and jar of this world, unshaken by war's alarms—a kingdom which cannot be moved, but which abideth forever. We, poor creatures of a day, are apt to think our petty interests of supreme concern, and what upsets our calculations is as if it rent the globe asunder. A passing cloud shuts out the sun, moon, and stars; and there seems to be nothing but a rolling mass of vapors. Yet how little does all this change the fixed order of things. Through these clouds the planet still holds on its course, sweeping through the heavens at the rate of 70,000 miles an hour, nor can the shock of armies, of mighty hosts rushing together to battle, cause it even to tremble in its place, or stay its course.

So, we may be assured, is it with the great plans of the Almighty—plans which embrace not only this country, but all nations; not only this world, but the whole boundless universe. Those plans, so vast and majestic, cannot be thwarted or even hindered by the evil passions of men. Men may die, but God lives; from everlasting to everlasting he is God, and his purposes are rolling on to their consummation even as the planets keep their swift and flaming pathway round the sun. Let this thought be our stay and confidence. In times of trouble let us fly to that refuge; let us hide under that pavilion, and repose in that blessed security.—*Evangelist.*

Bless God for the Blessed Rain.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"Bless God for rain!" the good man said,
And brushed away a grateful tear,
That we may have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here.
Our Father! high enthroned in heaven,
We thank thee for the pearly shower,
The blessed rain-gift thou hast given
To man, and beast, and bird and flower.

The dusty earth, with lips apart,
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame,
As though a prayer came from its heart
For water clouds and rain that came.
The Indian corn with silken plume,
And flowers with tiny pitchers filled,
Send up their praise of sweet perfume
For precious drops the clouds distilled.

The modest grass is fresh and green,
The brooklet swells its song again,
An angel's welcome wing is seen
In every cloud that brings us rain;
There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod;
God wrote it with his hand on high—
It is the autograph of God.

Up where the heavy thunders rolled,
And clouds of flame were swept along,
The sun rides in a car of gold,
And soaring larks are lost in song;
The rills that pulse from mountains rude,
Flow, throbbing, to the verdant base;
While flow the tears of gratitude
In streams down many a joylit face.

Great King of Peace, deign now to bless!
The windows of the sky unbar!
Shower down the rain of righteousness,
And wash from us the stain of war;
And let the radiant bow of love
In beauty mark the moral sky,
Like that fair sign unrolled above—
A promise writ in light on high.

—*N. Y. Post.*

Sowing Beside All Waters.

Lady Huntington used to put her Summer recreation to good account, by taking with her in excursions some of the most eloquent preachers of London, and having them preach on their journey in chapels or the open air, as they could find accommodations or hearers. These excursions were greatly blessed in bringing hundreds and thousands to a personal knowledge of Christ. Some of the incidents connected with these tours were very cheering. We give a single specimen:

One of the gentlemen of Lady Huntington's party rambled one day among the grand and beautiful scenes of the famous Derbyshire peaks. Weary with his wanderings, he sought rest and refreshment in a humble cottage among the heights. Beginning a talk with the woman, he was surprised to find her an intelligent and warm-hearted Christian. He asked if there were many like-minded, and if the Gospel were often preached in her neighborhood.

"Alas, no," she replied, "I have not a creature of the same mind to converse with with know nothing of the grace of God in Christ."

"And, pray, how came you to know it?" asked the gentleman.

"Why, sir," she answered, "some time ago there was a famous man down in the country, called Mr. Romaine. He preached some miles off, and many of the neighbors went to hear him. So I thought I would go too. Accordingly away I trudged, and he had no sooner begun his discourse than it all seemed directed to me; he opened the depravity of my heart, convinced my conscience of my sins, showed me the wages of death which were due to me, and the truth of it I felt in my own soul. He then opened the fulness and glory of Christ, described his sufferings and death, displayed the riches of his grace to the miserable, and invited them to embrace it and be blessed. Sir, you can not think the instantaneous and wonderful effect it had on me. I was convinced of sin, sanctified by faith, and came home rejoicing. From that day to this I have never lost the sweet savor of those truths. How I long to see that gentleman again! Do you know him? I think they said he came from London."

The gentleman and the poor cottager were no longer strangers. They were of the same spiritual household, and beheld in each other the likeness of their Lord.

BREVITIES.

TRUTH always fits. It is alway congruous, and agrees with itself. Every truth in the universe also agrees with all others.

IN the school of Christ the first lesson of all is self-denial and humility; yes, it is written above the door, as the rule of entry or admission, "Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart." And out of all questions, that is truly the humblest heart that has the most of Christ in it.—*Leighton.*

SOME professors pass for very meek, good-natured people till you displease them. They resemble a pool or pond: while you let it alone, it looks clear and limpid; but if you stir toward the bottom, the rising sediments soon discover the impurities that lurk beneath.—*Toplady.*

MERIT AND CENSURE.—It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—*Addison.*

EFFECT OF PERSECUTION.—When the doctrines of the Reformation first gathered head in Europe, the Belgian provinces were among the foremost to give them a welcome reception, and Brussels promised to become another Geneva. But the bloody massacres of Alva and the Regent Archduchess did their work, and completely exterminated Protestantism in that unfortunate country; a fact that should never be forgotten when we are tempted to believe in the once fashionable doctrine, that persecution never injured the cause of truth. Since that event, Belgium has been the most Romish country in Europe, next to Ireland, and so it remains to this day.

USE OF GOOD MEN IN BAD TIMES.—It is very necessary that good men should live in very bad times, not only to reprieve a wicked world, that God may not utterly destroy it, as he once did in the days of Noah, when all flesh had corrupted its ways; but also to season human conversation, to give check to wickedness, and to revive the practice of virtue by some great and bright examples, and to redress those violences and injuries which are done under the sun; at least to struggle and contend with a corrupt age, which will put some stop to the growing evil, and scatter such seeds of virtue as will spring up in time. It is an argument of God's care of the world, that antidotes grow in the neighborhood of poisons; that the most degenerate ages have some excellent men, who seem to be made on purpose for such a time, to stem the torrent, and to give some ease to the miseries of mankind.—*Dean Sherlock.*

WORK ON.—Men who have half a dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet, nine men out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something only if they feel like it, the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest and live to the most purpose.

HUMILITY.—There is many a one who has been saved from unchristian pride by some feebleness of body, infelicity of temperament, infirmity of character, which has bowed him down to the earth, and which he has thought his sorest trial and greatest enemy, while it has been his best friend, and has done him a service which he shall know how to estimate rightly only in eternity. It perhaps not only saves him from pride, but inspires a subdued, a chastened, gentle spirit, which makes his character more lovely, more truly Christian, and so more beneficent. How much, perhaps, Paul owed, and so how much the world owes, to that "thorn in the flesh" which kept him humble, spiritual, heavenly-minded.

MEMORY OF WRONG.—A rich landlord once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a little boy of eight years, saw it. He afterwards became a painter, and painted a life-likeness of the dark scene. Years after he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered any sum to purchase it that he might put it out of sight. Thus there is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life-likeness reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must make our earth life live again.

GOD'S CHOSEN ONES.—If, in any case, God *does* set aside for a spiritual work, one from the ranks of earthly greatness and endowed with extraordinary gifts, he prepares him for it by a correspondingly deep sense of the weakness which is by the side of those endowments; appointing him a long struggle with some obstinate infirmity, or with some harassing doubt, or with some indescribable suffering and darkness of soul. Ever he holds back his favorite children from presumption, by some trial, pressing upon them a sense of their weakness. But oftenest God takes those that are feeble in *all* respects—so feeble that they are constrained to see that their *only* strength is in him, and with these, working quietly, working obscurely, working humbly, he blesses the world.

BEAR WITH THE LITTLE ONES.—Children, out doubt, be taught not to interrupt conversation in company. But, this reservation made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. By giving due attention to those troublesome questions, a child's truest education may be carried on. Have a little patience, then, and sometimes think how welcome to you would be a translator, if you were dropped into some foreign country, where the language for the most part was unintelligible to you, and you were bursting with curiosity about every strange object that met your eye.

RELIGION A POLICE FORCE.—Probably all will concede that a sense of right and wrong is essential to the well-being of any community. The protection of character, property and life is dependent not so much on police regulations, as on the sentiment of right and wrong. Physical force is with the multitude, and if they were released from all sense of moral responsibility, the property and life of every individual would be at their mercy; and there would be no internal motive to restrain them from fraud, theft, robbery, arson and murder. Laws, penalties courts and prisons may keep in check individual felons, provided the mass, the core of society, is sound; but, as the mass make the laws and tribunals, no police can protect rights against universal moral abandonment. He, then, that asks for personal safety, for the protection of his family, has an interest in keeping up in the community a sense of religious accountability.—*Rev. Dr. Brainerd.*

"GIVE US THIS DAY."—Give us. Then we are needy. As children, we are helpless. Wants and necessities goad us, but we are helpless. The deliverances of life are from above. Our comforts in sorrow, our strength in failings, and all we have comes down from the Father of mercies. How pleasant that confidence which looks up into the face of God and confidingly asks, Give. It is a blessed thing to feel one's weakness, but it is a joyous privilege to raise the hands toward the tree of life for that fruit whose flavor is sweet and healing. "Give us" belongs to men in all the spheres of life, but to give is the pleasure of the Lord.

"This day." This day new temptations arise. This day new hunger returns. This day new sorrows fall upon us. This day we are more than ever sensible of that weakness which must be strengthened by Divine power. "This day," "this day," should be the rule of prayer all the way of life—this is the day we need the bread of heaven.

BIRTH-DAYS.—Keep the birth-days religiously; they belong exclusively to, and are treasured among, the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be