

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM S. MARTIN & CO. NO. 606 CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA, AND NO. 530 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TWO EVENINGS WITH THE LATE PROFESSOR ALEXANDER.

BY T. L. C.

While the name of that gifted man, Dr. J. Addison Alexander, is on every lip, and the memory of the great benevolence that fresh in so many a heart, every reminiscence may be of interest. To the churches of America, Dr. Addison Alexander was chiefly known as the profound Hebraist, and the erudite Commentator. To thousands in the Middle States he was best known as one of the foremost preachers of the age.

To the privileged few who were wont to meet him at the hearthstone he was one of the most brilliant and suggestive of conversers, and one of the most warm-hearted friends. Two evenings in which we were permitted to listen to him as a converser and as a preacher, are so vivid in our memory that we cannot refrain from a brief sketch of them.

But we knew Professor Alexander at the fireside; far from early behold he was a recluse from promiscuous society. When a lad, he preferred to stretch himself on a carpet with his book, while his schoolfellows were busy with the top and the kite. This modest shyness rather grew than diminished. Looking himself up thus early in life from the outer world, he seldom entered the way to any but cherished friends, and to them on not every occasion. One of the first evenings we ever spent with him was during his residence in the "Brookline House," opposite the Lenox Library. We found him with the notes of his "Isaiah" before him; and as he was weary with writing in a standing posture, he was ready for a chair and a chat. At that time his face was cheeks beamed with exuberant health. His square intellectual head, (which we students, looking at him from the church-galleries,) would have arrested attention every where for its massiveness. The melodious voice, the occasional playful smile, and the singular movement of his eyes, all the later Seminary students will recall in a moment.

Two hours of that never-to-be-forgotten winter evening rapidly ran away under his brilliant and vivacious talk. His reminiscences of the German Universities, of an amusing journey with a Popish Bishop in Italy, and of continental scholars, were mingled with criticisms on new books, and even of the latest caricatures in Punch. "The charm to me in Punch," said he, "is that I always feel that its authors are all men who are equal to greater things." No man enjoyed true wit more than Dr. Alexander, for his own humour was inexhaustible. Sometimes it found vent through the pages of the *Register*, at the expense of the poor "Gladstone" and of the Oxford Tractarians. Sometimes it spent itself in a series of unique little newspapers, executed with his own pen for the diversion of Dr. H.'s children. One of these mirth-moving papers, filled with touches of sly humour worthy of Hood, lies beside us as we write these lines of reverent tribute. With such pleasant recollections did his great intellect refresh itself while producing his magnificent work on *Isaiah*.

Of that work he showed us some of the manuscripts. They were written in a round "back hand," with remarkable legibility. Professor Alexander (with the almost morbid dread he had of monotony and self-repetition) sometimes relieved the slavery of the pen by scribbling in the margin. Some of the rough drafts of his Commentary were even written in a circle, over huge sheets of paper! He once told us that to avoid the tedium of the recitation-room, he never taught two consecutive classes by the same methods entirely, nor did he call the roll two days exactly alike. This love of variety he carried into the preparation of his discourses, so that we can now recall any two that were constructed on the same model. A more fertile mind never was given to the American pulpit. No man ever saw the bottom of that profound, ever-producing, inexhaustible intellect. His memory was herculean. From a single reading he could commit a whole discourse, and in the recitation-room a whole class-roll in alphabetical order, as though the roll had been called out by one in his hearing. Within a few weeks the world has lost two great store-houses of knowledge. One was the memory of Lord Macaulay, the other was the memory of Dr. Addison Alexander. Each of these remarkable men spent those hours in acquiring new thoughts which other men waste in a fruitless search after old ones lost sight of or forgotten.

The second evening which now comes up before us was passed—not beside Dr. Alexander at the fireside, but before him in the pulpit. It was during that winter of 1847 when he supplied the place of Dr. Boardman, then travelling in Europe. All Philadelphia flocked to hear him. This was the first time that he had been called to stand in the aisles, or at a standing place in the crowded vestibule! It was during that season that he delivered nearly all his most celebrated and powerful discourses. Among them were his sermons on "The Faithful Saying," "Lot's Wife," "The Broken and Contrite Heart," and "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." The impressions produced by these matchless portraits of Divine truth can never be effaced. Higher and grander displays of eloquence, of soul-moving appeals, of rich, strong, arousing presentation of Calvary and the Cross, the Presbyterian pulpit of our day has not heard. His manner, at that period of his life, was exceedingly animated. His voice often swelled into a volume that rolled through the lobes of the church, and reached to the passers-by in the street. In pathetic passages that same voice had the plaintive melody of a lute. The rising inflection with which he was wont to close his sentences will occur at once to many of our readers. This latter peculiarity was sometimes occasionally imitated by the students, who betimes, whenever they went, their Princeton origin by this rising "Addisonian" inflection. Well would it be for our churches if all the splendid attributes of Professor Alexander's ministrations could be transferred to every pulpit in the land.

On the evening of which we write Dr. Alexander's theme was "The Broken Heart." That whole marvellous discourse, with its pictures of the scenes "behind the veil," where the sacrifices were being offered, with its wailing outcry of contrite spi-

rits, with its touching revelations of the soul's agony in its hours of conviction, with its moving exhibition of the love of Jesus, all more before us like one of the panoramas of the Apocalypse. When the sermons of a clergyman whispered to us, "No such preaching as that has been heard since the days of Dr. Mason."

And now that voice which so melted into the hearts of dying men, and which rose so lovingly into the ear of God, has been called for ever on earth. Every minister's study in the land might well be hung in mourning. We have all lost a precious, large-souled benefactor. He enriched our flocks by enriching us, even as his Master had wonderfully enriched him. The Church has not another such as he to lose. As we write these simple words of affectionate tribute we look towards our little library and see two fat gaps. And we ask ourselves, Who will finish your magnificent History, now that Macaulay's hand has "forgot its cunning"? Who will complete your affluent and suggestive Commentaries, now that ADDISON ALEXANDER has passed from the studies of earth into the clearer light and loftier kingdom of the heavenly world? T. L. C.

For the Presbyterian.

GO AND DO LIKEWISE.

Last December, a poor fever broke out in the family of a sister widow who belongs to my church. She made a support by keeping a little grocery. But the people were afraid to go to her store, and she was left in straits. About Christmas, a lady gave each of the children a quarter of a dollar. Soon after one of them died. It was young and tender, and much beloved. On Sabbath, January 29th, I preached the annual sermon on giving, asking the people to subscribe, as they felt able, to all our benevolent objects. After sermon, the mother and her children were gathered around their cheerful fire, when one of the children said, "Mother, may I give my quarter to the missionary fund?" The reply was, "Yes, if you wish to do so." The second and the third asked the same question, and received the same reply. Then said the mother, "I have my money, but I don't know what to do with it." This morning the dollar was sent to me. I feel a delightful confidence that God's blessing will be upon that family. If others would give to this family as done, the treasury of every benevolent institution would in one month overflow. O that men would remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." W. S. P.

For the Presbyterian.

THE OLD-SCHOOL AND NEW-SCHOOL THEOLOGY.

Messrs. Editors—In the last number of the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, a New-School publication, there is an article entitled "The Old-School and New-School Theology." I desire to call attention to one or two things contained in it. It is well known to be one of the most vaunted boasts of the advocates of that rather vague and indefinite thing called "New England Theology," that it possesses immense advantages over the old theology of the Church for effective preaching. In the article above alluded to, considerable space is assigned to illustrating and magnifying this alleged advantage of the New over the Old Theology. In fact it may almost be said to be the chief object for which the article was written.

It is not my intention to offer any arguments of a philosophical or theological kind in refutation of the supposed advantages of the New over the Old-School Theology for preaching, or other purposes. It would not be difficult to do so; but it has already been done so often that the repetition is becoming tiresome, and besides, reasoning upon such grounds is of small avail with those whose minds are made up beforehand as to what they intend to believe and to maintain at all hazards. It is proverbial, however, that facts are stubborn things, and that figures will not lie. It is in this uncompromising species of affairs that we propose to deal a little.

The two Theologies have had a trial now of about twenty years. They have had a fair opportunity to be tested as to their respective claims to efficiency in preaching, by actual experiment. And the result must be admitted to far outweigh any mere speculations on the subject. When the two bodies, now known as Old-School and New-School Presbyterians, were separated in 1838, they were nearly equal in number of ministers, churches, and communicants, and in all requisites for the elements of prosperity, there being a small preponderance in favour of the Old-School. In 1859 they stood thus upon the Minutes of their respective Assemblies:

	Old-School.	New-School.
Ministers,	1338	1189
Churches,	1233	1128
Communicants,	128,043	100,850

	Old-School.	New-School.
Ministers,	149	153
Churches,	163	158
Communicants,	27,193	17,889

Thus they began. Now for the results of twenty years. In 1859 we find the tables thus:

	Old-School.	New-School.
Ministers,	2778	1538
Churches,	2760	1378
Communicants,	270,600	137,889

EXCESS IN FAVOUR OF THE OLD-SCHOOL IN 1839.

	Old-School.	New-School.
Ministers,	149	153
Churches,	163	158
Communicants,	27,193	17,889

EXCESS IN FAVOUR OF THE OLD-SCHOOL IN 1859.

	Old-School.	New-School.
Ministers,	1020	914
Churches,	1020	914
Communicants,	114,418	114,418

CLEAR GAIN OF THE OLD-SCHOOL OVER THE NEW-SCHOOL IN TWENTY YEARS.

	Old-School.	New-School.
Ministers,	891	291
Churches,	891	291
Communicants,	114,418	114,418

Now, we would respectfully submit that, with such results to credit them on, the Old-School have no special reason to be discouraged with their "unpopular," and "unpreachable" theology, the writers of New-School reviews to the contrary notwithstanding. On the other hand, a theology, the faithful, honest, consistent, conscientious preaching of which gives them a gain over their New-School brethren of 891 ministers, 291 churches, and 114,418 communicants, not to mention other elements of prosperous efficiency, all in the space of twenty years, has established, we think, some claims to confidence, and a mighty adherence on the part of the Church. Nay, it is not demonstrated to be, after all, the most popular, i. e. the most efficient,

hand is dark and dreary. It is notorious that few of the students of Andrew last year rejected the doctrine of future punishment. It is equally well known that the faith of many is unsettled upon this great doctrine. The awful thunder of revelation is whispered down to this, "Excuse me for saying you are all sinners." The most popular preacher in the Congregational body said to a friend of mine, "If Christ were on the cross now he would not preach to sinners as he did—he preached to his times." So the bearing of all this is plain enough and solemn enough. There is a wide departure from the old faith of New England, and of the Scriptures, and of that faith was true this is false.

But we are pointed to the many true churches all over New England as evidence of the substantial soundness in the faith of the churches, and the sin of charging them with error. We admit most gladly the multitude of real people of God in New England, and we think that as a body the churches are sounder than the ministry. But the danger is here. These churches have not been trained of late years in doctrinal truth. They are not prepared to decide the great and grave questions which, by their Constitution, are thrown upon them—the soundness or unsoundness of their ministry. Hence such results, even in orthodox churches, as those mentioned above.

Now how long can such a process go on before the churches shall be settled over them—men holding and every form of error? What, in consistency, can be deemed a disqualification for the exercise of the ministry in a Congregational church? The point of danger is here. Let the present process go on for another generation, and the work is done. The present generation of Christians will enter into rest; their children will enter into the dark and fatal errors of Universalism, Rationalism, and blank Infidelity. We solemnly believe it.

For the Presbyterian.

REVIVAL ON A SHIP OF WAR.

No. 89 MADISON STREET, NEW YORK.

Messrs. Editors—Your deep interest in all that pertains to the spread of divine truth, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth, has induced me to copy for the *Presbyterian* the following letter, just received from the United States ship *St. Louis*, on the Gun Station, giving an account of a blessed revival on board, and an undeviled religion among her crew. It speaks no comment from me; the letter speaks for itself. It may be well, however, to state by way of introduction, that the writer is a common sailor, a Swede, and one of the leaders of the prayer-meeting on board the *St. Louis*. The vessel is now being worked out on board eighteen different men of war, in which are bands of praying men, who were born again there.

I think this letter will be of interest to your readers, from the fact that you published on the 28th ult. an extract of a letter from one of the officers which appeared in your monthly report of December. The writer of this takes up the account where that letter closed, and records the progress of the revival and its characteristics from that point. Hoping you may be sufficiently interested to publish the letter, I beg leave to subscribe myself very fraternally yours in Christian bonds,

CHARLES J. JONES.

UNITED STATES SHIP *St. Louis*,
San Francisco Bay, California.

Dear Beloved Pastor—It is my pleasant duty to communicate to you the glorious tidings that the Lord hath been graciously pleased to bless us with a revival. The Holy Spirit has been poured out upon us, and I think I can confidently say, that with the exception of some decided infidels and bigoted Romanists, there are but few individuals on board that have not been regenerated by the Holy Spirit. The call of the Spirit, however, has been differently received by different persons, for while some have yielded to his admonitions, repented and believed, many harden their hearts, and seek to drive away serious thoughts by the use of intoxicating liquors. In my last letter I did not look upon the work as entitled to a place among revivals, as that term is generally applied to the conversion of sinners, and the physical law of cause and effect goes, nothing has transpired that can be looked upon as having contributed to "bring about" this revival. It must therefore be looked upon as a revival of the Holy Spirit. 2d. Those once most wicked and depraved among the ship's company are now among the converted. 3d. An uncommon degree of sorrow and contrition for sin has been exhibited. 4th. Most of the good sailors at once an active part in our meetings, and some have already begun missionary labour among us.

A marine, on the day after his conversion, and after having read an article in some religious paper, in which my unworthy name was mentioned in connection with the work on board the North Carolina last year, referring to it, said—"I, since I read it a voice has been speaking to me, and I have felt impelled to obey, and I am now here to do my duty for my country." Thus far he has kept his promise. Another, two days after confessing Christ, conducted a noon prayer-meeting in the mizen-top of the ship, and the discipline of an enraged fury; now it is that of the gentle lamb. Once his mouth was full of bitterness and cursing, now prayers and praise; once all hatred, now all love. O that I could impart to you, my beloved pastor, a faint yet correct idea of the joy and thankfulness of our meetings of late! I will, by best, be able to gain this object by copying a few private notes made by me at the close of each day, to which I refer.

Sunday, Dec. 18th.—I opened my meeting with prayer and reading the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John. O, what a solemn meeting! I suppose one-fourth of the crew were present, several officers, I think five or six. P. and B. in touching language told their experiences. They expressed to all present their great joy, being

of a sense of the Saviour's pardoning love. They invited all to come and wash in that fountain in which they had been cleansed. They then engaged in prayer, in which both seem to have no small power. Groans and sobs were heard all around, and the tears of penitence were pouring down the cheeks of many a hardened sinner. It is to be believed that many silent prayers for mercy that night went up from the berth deck of the *St. Louis* to the throne of mercy, up to that God "who desires the death of a sinner, but would rather that he should turn and live." Before the closing prayer I requested those that desired an interest therein to let it be known by raising the hand; I think eight did so. One of the officers, Mr. G., said, "We all want you to pray for us."

The bell has struck eight, my watch on deck. I regret having no time to speak to the anxious. As I hurriedly left the place of prayer to assume my duty on deck, a young minister-top man clung to me with tears in his eyes, and said, "I want to have a long talk with you, and you must pray for me." O, merciful God! the thought is overrunning my mind, that the work of mercy is thus honoured in being permitted to pray for us and sinners, and in having manifest evidences that such prayers are heard. To the Lord, and him alone, be all the praise and glory.

Wednesday, 21st.—In the evening prayer-meeting well attended. I think half the ship's company were listening. Lieutenant I., who has begun to frequent our meetings, read the seventh chapter of some of his labours in this missionary field. The same chapter showed the nature of living faith. I addressed the young converts, exhorted them to diligence and prayer, in reading the Scriptures, in watching their hearts, and in faith, and in mercy. After dismissal, retired by the fore-mast to pray with B., having been three days under deep conviction. As usual, the little place became crowded. A general outpouring of tears, and a faithful work among us. After dismissal, retired by the fore-mast to pray with B., having been three days under deep conviction. As usual, the little place became crowded. A general outpouring of tears, and a faithful work among us.

It seems to me that a decided change for the better has taken place in the public sentiment on board our ship. It is true that infidels and a few Irish Roman Catholics rage, but we take no notice of them. All the officers are in our favour. Lieutenant I., who last week acted as first Lieutenant, showed by his conduct, and by an order that no sentry on the berth-deck should, on any pretence, interfere with us while worshipping, which was the case the other night, when an Irish marine on post duty interrupted our prayer-meeting, and then engaged in prayer, telling him not to make so much noise. Our officers are all kind to us. We have privileges extended to us that praying men on board of other ships do not enjoy.

Two brethren from the S.—were on board our ship yesterday, Christmas day, and took part in our afternoon meeting. It was a blessed day. In the forenoon I called upon the crew to pray on the quarter deck. In the afternoon and evening we had prayer-meetings. All the brethren send you their love, and ask to be remembered in your prayers. Adieu; any God bless you, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate brother in Christ, I. A. M.

EXCURSION TO PRESBYTERY.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN.]

Travelling on the Ice-Tide Land—Scarcity of Habitations—A Wild Region—Presbytery at Eau Claire—Installation—The Ride Home.

Messrs. Editors—The Presbytery of Chippewa was re-organized at the last meeting of the Synod of Wisconsin, by setting off Messrs. Lyon and Jackson, from the Presbytery of Winnebago, to unite with Messrs. Phillips and McNair in the Presbytery of Chippewa.

It was a cold, raw day that we started for the meeting of Presbytery. A ride of thirty miles on the ice up the Mississippi brought a portion of the delegates to Winona, where Mr. Lyon is engaged in building up a church of order in the midst of many difficulties and discouragements.

The next morning we were of bright and early for a trip of seventy-five miles across the country. Three ministers and two ruling elders divided around between a sleigh and a wagon, prepared for snow, bare ground, or other emergencies. After a few miles travel upon the Mississippi we commenced ascending the bluffs, reaching the table land above in time to dine at the humble log house of a good Scotch woman, who gladly entertained us for Christ's sake.

men who pioneered our Eastern and Middle States.

After a tedious ride the day passed, and with it we rode. As twilight crept over the scene, we returned up before Mr. McNair's hospitable abode. That same evening, (January 5th,) by appointment of Synod, the Rev. S. Jackson preached the opening sermon of Presbytery from 1 Cor. ii. 2.

The Rev. W. McNair was chosen Moderator; the Rev. S. Jackson Temporary Clerk. Winona, Minnesota, June 21st, 1850, was chosen as the place and time for the next meeting of Presbytery. Commissioners to General Assembly—Rev. Sheldon Jackson of La Crosse, principal; the Rev. B. Phillips of Chippewa Falls, alternate. Ruling elders—Joseph B. Thorp, principal, and Isaac F. Buck alternate. The churches of La Crosse and Houston were received under the care of the Presbytery.

Steps were taken for the formation of the Synod of Minnesota by the next General Assembly.

On Sabbath evening the new and commodious church was crowded to attend the installation of the Rev. W. McNair as pastor of the Eau Claire Church. The Rev. S. Jackson preached the sermon; the Rev. B. Phillips gave the charge to the pastor, which was rendered more solemn and affecting by the fact that eleven years ago they were comrades at Princeton. Twenty, and ten years ago they were ordained as evangelists in the same church and at the same time, and they landed within two hours of each other at Milwaukee, and have since been co-laborers in this missionary field. The Rev. D. C. Lyon gave the charge to the people. He also was one of that early band of pioneers. Systematic benevolence, and the better observance of Church discipline, were topics warmly advocated by Presbytery. A large proportion of the time was given to preaching and devotional exercises; and the free conversation on the state of religion was a season of deep interest not only to the members of Presbytery, but also to the audience of citizens.

Saturday, by invitation, the members of Presbytery visited Chippewa Falls, where Mr. Phillips is labouring with much encouragement. In the two years that he has laboured there he has succeeded in erecting a church building 35 by 55 feet, at a cost of about \$3500, and gathered a church of sixteen members. His great work is suitable men for the eldership. He has not only some in our Church, but is looking to the West that would be willing to go there and help to build up their Master's cause as well as their own? The climate is healthy and land good. If any of our brethren are desirous of going, they should look to the West that would be willing to go there and help to build up their Master's cause as well as their own? The climate is healthy and land good. If any of our brethren are desirous of going, they should look to the West that would be willing to go there and help to build up their Master's cause as well as their own?

POPERY IN FRANCE.

A British Bishop on Protestantism—Reply of a Protestant—A Dialogue between the Bishop and the Apostle Paul.

A Mr. Planter some years since was inducted into the Roman Catholic Episcopate of Nîmes, in the Department of Gard, of which the city of Nîmes is the capital. The Department of Gard is in the south of France, its east side being adjacent to the river Rhone. The Bishop, faithful to his Church, and to the spirit which animates it, and being apparently alarmed at the noble attitude maintained by Protestantism in the Department since the celebration of the Jubilee of the Reformation, published a letter addressed to the Protestants, in which he attacks the French Synod of 1550, and particularly the existing Protestantism, which, he says, has repudiated the faith and discipline of the Synod of Paris. After a number of frivolous evils, he invites all the Protestants of the Department to re-enter the pale of the Popish Church.

Several replies to the Bishop's letter have been published. One of the most effective of these is from the pen of the Rev. Pastor Paux, who enters at once the gist of the subject, and asks, at the outset, what would have to be done by us in order to become Roman Catholics? We would have to give up the reading of the Holy Scriptures, which, according to that Church, is an obscure and dangerous book; to believe that the Pope is the High Priest, the Head, and the foundation of the Church; that between God and man there are other mediators besides Christ; that the Virgin Mary was conceived without sin; that she is the queen of angels, the gate of Paradise, the refuge of sinners; that we must invoke angels and saints, have images and worship them; that the marriage of ecclesiastical persons is a pollution and a sacrilege; that we must abstain from meat on the days on which the Pope forbids it; that we must observe our sins in the ear of a priest, in order to obtain their pardon; that there is a purgatory, from which souls are brought out by means of masses and payment of money; that Jesus Christ is present, body, blood, soul, and divinity, in the eucharistical wafer; and that, in administering the Supper, the cup must be given to the communicants. The further Mr. Paux advances in the discussion, the more clearly he shows that Rome has all the marks of manifest heresy; and that there is really an abyss between her and the Church of the apostles.

To demonstrate this more impressively, he imagines the appearance of the Apostle Paul at Nîmes. This bold supposition, fully warranted by the subject, brings out prominently the frightful contrast between Christ and his pretended Vicar. An angel announces the arrival of the Apostle, raised from the grave by the power of God. At this news there is a lusty ringing of bells; Bishop, priests, monks, nuns, lay laics, all run to meet him with banners, portable Madonnas, images, and relics of every description. The further Mr. Paux advances in the discussion, the more clearly he shows that Rome has all the marks of manifest heresy; and that there is really an abyss between her and the Church of the apostles.

To demonstrate this more impressively, he imagines the appearance of the Apostle Paul at Nîmes. This bold supposition, fully warranted by the subject, brings out prominently the frightful contrast between Christ and his pretended Vicar. An angel announces the arrival of the Apostle, raised from the grave by the power of God. At this news there is a lusty ringing of bells; Bishop, priests, monks, nuns, lay laics, all run to meet him with banners, portable Madonnas, images, and relics of every description. The further Mr. Paux advances in the discussion, the more clearly he shows that Rome has all the marks of manifest heresy; and that there is really an abyss between her and the Church of the apostles.

mass in my cathedral, and from my pulpit instruct the people of my diocese, and lead back, by your powerful and forcible voice, the heretic Protestants, who have estranged themselves from our communion."

I know not, says the author, what reply the Apostle would make you; but the spectacle which your routine would offer him would surprise him a little; and on seeing your priests, monks, and nuns clothed in mysterious and hieroglyphical habits, he would certainly be visited with some reminiscences of the old pagan processions. But let us proceed. He enters your cathedral. The first thing that strikes him is a multitude of pictures and images, and hence arises the following dialogue between the Apostle and your Lordship:

Paul—I congratulate you for having stripped the pagans of Nîmes of this temple; but I am surprised that you have not got these pictures and images, which you deprecate, removed. Since I am here, hand me a hammer . . . we shall batter down all that trumpery . . . and in order to perpetuate the memory of it, we shall cause these words of the deacon to be engraved on the most conspicuous part of the interior.—Then shall not make into any given image.

The Bishop.—But, blessed Apostle, you are not aware that our Holy Council of Trent teaches that there should be pictures and images to which we ought to render the worship due to them.

Paul.—I am not acquainted with your Council of Trent, but I do know it to be of undoubted fact; that, since God positively teaches us that we are not to use given images, in our worship, it is our primary duty to obey. But, tell me, what do these images represent?

Bishop.—Saints.

Paul.—What Saints?

Bishop.—St. Castor, St. Capertin, St. Louis, St. Magloire, St. Francis-Begis. Our Church has thousands of them; it is her glory. They are our intercessors with God.

Paul.—Your intercessors with God! Have you read, sir, the epistles which I wrote to Christians in my own times?

Bishop.—Yes, Holy Apostle, come, I will show you them. They follow me over my high altar, they are there!

Paul.—Read my first Epistle to Timothy.

Can you have forgotten what I taught that pious and holy bishop, my son, in the faith—that there is but one Mediator between God and men?

Bishop.—True; but our Holy Mother Church has decided that there are other Mediators between God and men, besides Jesus Christ. Observe, then, wherefore?

Paul.—And this altar—why have you not demolished it?

Bishop.—Because, on that we celebrate the holy mass . . . and on it renew the sacrifice of Christ.

Paul.—I do not understand . . . You offer now the sacrifice of Jesus Christ? Are you acquainted with my Epistle to the Hebrews?

Bishop.—Yes . . .

Paul.—Have you read that passage in which I teach that Christ does not "offer himself often," but that he offered himself "once to pay away sin by the sacrifice of himself?"

Bishop.—Yes, Holy Apostle. . . . But our holy Council of Trent, with her infallible voice, has decided that the sacrifice of Christ should be renewed daily.

Paul.—You begin, my lord, to astonish me . . . but show me the cup.

Bishop.—Here it is for priests and kings.

Paul.—And the people?

Bishop.—They have no right to it.

Paul.—Is it because Christ said to his disciples, Drink ye all of it? But what are these chants that I hear?

Bishop.—It is an anthem, blessed Apostle, which they sing in honour of you.

Paul.—In what language?

Bishop.—In Latin.

Paul.—What is the language of the people of Nîmes, and of the rest of France?

Bishop.—The French.

Paul.—Do they understand Latin?

Bishop.—Not a word of it.

Paul.—And do you celebrate your worship in a language unknown by the people?

Bishop.—Certainly, blessed Apostle, since our Holy Mother Church has so ordained.

Paul.—How do you read my first Epistle to the Corinthians?

Bishop.—Yes.

Paul.—What stress, then, do you lay upon my words? Have I not taught that it is folly to use, in worship, an unknown tongue? But, am I really in a Christian Church?

Bishop.—Yes, holy Apostle, and the most Christian of Churches; in that to which God has given the power of binding and loosing.

Paul.—The living and true Church of God binds and looses only in agreement with the authority of the Scriptures, which, as I taught Timothy, are divinely inspired. That Church, which is built on the prophets and apostles, of which Jesus Christ is the corner-stone, has no other gospel than that which I taught, and can have no other. How is it that, like the Christians of Galatia, ye are removed unto another gospel? . . . Know you not that, with infallible voice, I announced to the entire Church that though I, Paul, or an angel from heaven should preach any other gospel than that which I had preached, he should be accursed, is it, accursed? Are your doctors and teachers purer than an angel—better instructed than I in the mysteries of God? How, then, could they change the apostolic instructions when an apostle canno-

THE TURTLE-DOVE PSALM.

Dr. Macduff, in his charming little work, "The following is a spirit in the composition of the forty-second Psalm:

"It was a quiet crushed and broken with other, but not less poignant sorrows, which dictated this Psalm of his exile. May we not imagine that, in addition to the tension, there was in the very scene of his banishment, where the plaintive decant was composed, much to inspire poetic sentiment? The alternate calm and disorder of outer nature found their response in his own chequered experience. The 'Zolian harp'—its invisible strings composed of rustling leaves and foaming brooks, or the harsh tones of tempest and thunder, flood and waterfall—awoke the latent harmonies of his soul. They furnished him with a key-note to discourse higher melodies, and embody struggling thoughts in inspired numbers. In reading this Psalm we are once again with the Minstrel Kings, not in the Tabernacle of Zion, but in some glorious vale of the mountains, hands—some othedral whose aisles are rocky cliffs and tangled branches, and its roof the canopy of heaven!

"Let us picture him seated in one of these deep caverns, attentive to the murmur of the rivulet and the wail of the forest. Suddenly the sky is overcast. Dark clouds roll their masses along the purple peaks. The lightning flashes; and the old oaks and towering cedars bow under the tempest of the storm. The higher rivulets are swelled the channel of Jordan—deep calls to deep—the waves chafe and roar along the narrow gorges. Suddenly a struggling ray of sunlight steals amid the straggling strays of smoke from some bird's nest, and strays to its gleam. It is, however, but a gleam. The sky again threatens, fresh bolts waken the mountain echoes. The river rolls on in augmented volume, and the wild wretches directly above with the denizens of the forest. At last the contest is at an end. The sky is calm—the air refreshed—the woods are vocal with song—ten thousand dripping boughs sparkle in the sunlight; the meadows wear a lovelier emerald, and rock, and branch, and flower, are reflected in the bosom of the stream.

"As the royal spectator with a poet's and painter's eye is gazing on this shifting diary of the elements, the eye catches and joyous again amid her own tear-drops, another simple incident arrests his attention. A hart or deer, hit by the archers, or pursued by some wild beast on these mountain slopes, is ever with the denizens of the forest. At last the contest is at an end. The sky is calm—the air refreshed—the woods are vocal with song—ten thousand dripping boughs sparkle in the sunlight; the meadows wear a lovelier emerald, and rock, and branch, and flower, are reflected in the bosom of the stream.

"The truth of the Bible!" I said, awestricken at his presumption. "Then you do not believe in redemption, judgment, heaven, and hell?"

"No, I do not," he replied with emphasis. "I believe, and think I am right—know I am, that the whole thing is false."

I saw it was useless to attempt reasoning with him, and to the next day he sent me tentatively one passage, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." He fixed his large eye upon me, and said:

"Do you pretend to say that in the Bible?"

I told him where it might be found, and begged him to bestow a thought upon it. He promised me he would, and with that promise a petition went up for God's blessing.

One week after I met him at a prayer-meeting held in the wood, (for it was at an Indian settlement that this scene occurred,) and he said to me at the close of the service, "I have read that passage, and thought of it, but am not convinced."

"Have you practised it?" I asked.

"What is His will?" he replied.

"That you should bless him with all your heart for what he has done for you."

"Then what?" he asked.

"Acknowledge yourself a sinner, for not doing it before."

The thought had not occurred to him. He had been upright, but to thank God for anything never came into his mind.

"You see, I said, 'I thank him for that. You have a soul immortal which shall live for ever. Are there no thanks due for that?' I said tenderly. He made no reply. I continued, 'When you have done, broadcast yourself at his feet as a sinner, and seek for pardon.'

He left me. Early the next morning he wrote on our mission station, trembling with emotion, and said, "Pray for me. I am an awful sinner."

"Are you ready to tell God that?" I asked.

"Yes," and he dropped upon his knees, and raising his trembling hands upward, cried out, "O Lord, I am a wretched sinner, have mercy upon me!" Soon after he said, "O, I know of the doctrine—the Bible is all truth. Thanks be to God, I see it; I know it!"

A few days after, at one of our meetings, he said, "O what a sinner! what a Saviour!" He lived to verify his experience in a godly life. Some months after, on a similar occasion, when alluding to his conversion, he said, "I'm a miracle of mercy! Brethren, the grace of God did that!"

Christian reader, there is no soul so hardened that the grace of God cannot reach and save it. Let us be faithful.—Watchman and Reflector.

Sir Matthew Hale says, "Converse not with a liar, or a swearer, or a man of obscene or wanton language; for either will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be of the like making; and if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that it will be troublesome to you in after time; and the return of the remembrance of the passages which you have long since heard of this nature, will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed."

THE GRACE OF GOD DID THAT.

I was conversing, not many years ago, with an aged man who, for more than forty years, had been an infidel, so firm in his belief that he said, "Not earth nor heaven could convince him of the truth of the Bible."

"The truth of the Bible!" I said, awestricken at his presumption. "Then you do not believe in redemption, judgment, heaven, and hell?"

