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CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from France.

YORTOL, FRANCE, Sept. 18th, '81.

Messrs. Editors,—The sinuous course of the Seine, (the ancient Sequana), combined with the hilly, picturesque landscape of the left bank and the rich lowland scenery of the right, render a river trip from Honfleur to Rouen one of peculiar enjoyment. The river Loire, with its romantic banks bounded by heights, and covered with vineyards, castles, and villages—has been extolled by the poets above measure, yet hard by these productive banks large heaths and desert plains may be observed, discovering the fact that a region apparently so rich, which supplies France and other countries with different fruits, does not furnish sufficient grain for the consumption of its own inhabitants. The rich banks of the Loire resemble in this respect one of those magnificent frames which deceive the ignorant and enhance in their opinion the value of an otherwise worthless picture. Not so, however, the Seine, which flows for more than a hundred leagues through lands which grow the heaviest harvests, and nourish the fattest kine in France. Cotton and other manufactures are frequently to be seen, and altogether we would regard Normandy an ideal province in the commixture of its agriculture and trade, a condition of political economy so vital to the prosperity of any region.

Leaving the river Seine at Caudebec, formerly the capital of Caux, and a very flourishing town before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, we journey over land through a district in which agriculture has attained the highest degree of perfection we have ever witnessed, and where the chateaux, surrounded by trees of different sorts, adorn with indescribable beauty every elevated site in the region. We are bound for

Yortol, immortalized by the Poem of Beranger,

under the form of a bewitching song, entitled *Le Roi d'Yortol*. The petty court of this small seignory in the middle ages was distinguished for its gallantry, and troubadours, and poetry—many legends of which still linger in the minds of the inhabitants. Surely it were a fit scene for an Elishah court, in this quaint, retired region, hidden away from the constant alarms of those ancient wars, and embowered amid nature's softest and most entrancing beauties. Drawing near to the village, glistening in the evening sun, we were reluctant to end the journey, and rambled about in the early twilight. "Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again,
Not chaos-like, together crushed and bruised,
But as the world harmoniously confused;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequered scene display,
And part admit and part exclude the day;
There interspersed in lawns and open glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades,
Here in sunset light the russet plains extend,
There wrapped in clouds, the bluish hills ascend."

Leaving the country, we enter the picturesque town, bearing on every hand witness to its ancient and peculiar history. In brief, that history is that in 572, Clothair caused the seigneur of Yortol to be assassinated because he gave an asylum to Prince Chramme, the King's rebellious son. Pope John III no sooner learned that this crime had been committed on Good Friday, than he excommunicated Clothair, and the bull of excommunication was not suspended until Clothair consented to erect Yortol into a separate and sovereign kingdom. What was more singular, however, this petty royalty was respected and maintained down to the time of Louis XI. We have often wished to hear the tale of the suppression of this petty sovereignty and its incorporation with the French monarchy, and after being comfortably escorted for the night in one of those typical village inns of France—so like a stone barn on the ground floor, but so comfortable within—we invited our genial host to re-

late the

Legend of the King of Yortol.

over a bottle of the choice vintage of France.

"What led to the overthrow of your capital?" we asked.

"At the epoch of Louis XI," our host answered, "Yortol had become the Free City of Normandy, and the contrabandists there deposited all their merchandise, and afterwards sold their goods throughout the rest of France with impunity under letters of marque from the king of Yortol. The king derived a good revenue from the granting of this tolerance, and the chief artisans of Paris raised such loud complaints that Louis XI set himself seriously to destroy this abuse. According to his well-known character, he aimed at becoming master of Yortol by trickery rather than by force.

While passing through Rouen, and supping at the Hotel de Ville, the king was impressed by some verses set to music and sung remarkably well by a skilful troubadour named J'Aimery Cadnet. The provost of the merchants and the rich Burghers of Rouen all complained of the contrabandists of Yortol.

"Messieurs," said the king to them, "since a Pope has made an inviolable royalty of that petty burgh, why cannot I, myself, make a principality of Caudebec and give that village sovereign a rival worthy of measuring swords with him. It were a dishonor for me to provoke a conflict directly with such a wretched sovereign, but I can manage to bring them to blows, by which we shall profit."

The Roueneze merchants, without comprehending the king's project, nevertheless, loudly expressed approval. The feast finished, he dismissed them all; and Cadnet, who seemed to have come to no purpose, prepared to leave with the rest, when Louis XI made sign to him to remain; and regarding him sportively, requested him to answer his questions.

"Master Cadnet, what is your age?"

"Twenty-five years, sire."

"From what country are you?"

"From Province, I left my home fifteen years ago to follow a celebrated juggler named Calausore, who seduced my young imagination by his versification, his agility, and bravery."

"How! then you have a taste for war?"

"Sir, I have been a soldier; I have made a campaign against you, and fought at the battle of Montléri."

"Good! and so you have deserted glory for jugglery."

"The harness was too heavy, the bread too hard, the wine too sour; besides, sire, I have acquired too much renown in the gay science to smother all my reputation under a soldier's cuirass."

"Ah! it seems you think yourself an adept; but pray what can you do?"

"I can rhyme, compose ballads, put and solve riddles, play symphonies on the cithern, lute, monochord, the gigue, or the psaltery, I can mock the songs of birds, play tricks with knives, make dogs and monkey's leap through four hoops; I can—"

"I see," smiled the king, "you are a good companion, and the sort of person I am searching for; heretofore you have transformed yourself into a bird, I shall turn you into a fox. So valorous a subject merits high reward, and I announce to you that I have made you a prince."

"Prince!" replied Cadnet, bursting into laughter, "prince of fools to figure at the next festival!"

"No Messire, a sovereign prince, with the title of the Duke of Caudebec. Here on the spot I will write down the provisions. You will read them with attention and be careful to observe all the royal instructions they contain."

And the king laughed heartily. Our parvenue assumed his dignity, remained a month in Caudebec to make himself known and raise some troops, and then resuming his apparel as juggler, joined a band of contrabandists returning to Yortol. At the royal city the troubadour gained access to the heart of Arlette, the king's daughter. In the war which followed between the two sovereignties, the king of Yortol was conquered and conveyed a prisoner to Canlebec. Never was a prisoner treated more royally.—Mounted on a richly trapped palfrey, surrounded with a numerous escort, he was conducted in triumph to the city of his enemy. The aged king could not understand this pomp and honor paid to the vanquished. Arriving at the palace, music met his ear; garlands of flowers adorned the gate through which he passed. Suddenly two curtains were drawn aside, and he saw the Duke of Caudebec at the feet of his own daughter! His surprise redoubled when he recognized in him the troubadour Cadnet. They apprised him that his kingdom of Yortol was forever suppressed—that it was henceforth joined to the Duchy of Caudebec, of which the sovereignty was given to himself until death—thus doubling his power. After his death, both cities were to revert to the crown of the king of France and be forever reunited to his province of Normandy. The only

condition of this high fortune was the king's consent that his daughter should wed the troubadour Cadnet. The good king, Rupert, consented to everything, of course, and congratulated himself on being the first monarch to double his dominions after being dethroned.

"Merci bocou, Monsieur host, pour legend of Yortol!" Thus we learn another strange fact in the history of the monarch immortalized by Walter Scott, who made a cardinal of a tailor's son, afterwards a prime minister; a boon companion of Tristan the butcher; an intimate counsellor of Oliver le Dain, barber; and at Rouen, a Prince of Caudebec of a juggler. A democratic monarch, forsooth!
L. M. C.

"The Purity of the Church."

Messrs. Editors,—Under the above caption, the *Christian Observer* notices my previous communication on "The Importance of Presbyterian Examination;" and takes exception to the course I have pursued in calling public attention to the matter, because thereby a stigma is put on the Church. I certainly had no idea of damaging the Church in any way, but decidedly the reverse; and I am sure you, Messrs. Editors, would not have permitted my article to appear, if you had supposed such was its design, or that such would be its effect. Possibly, I adopted a wrong method of action, in my effort to reach a right end. If so, I greatly regret it.

But, first, let us see how far I am justly chargeable with making an evil report about the Church. Surely there is no impropriety in alluding to matters which are notorious, which are subjects of ecclesiastical action, and which have been blazoned in the newspapers. The reader will remember the manner in which I stated that I had learned the facts which were given. It was by brethren on three different occasions, asking my advice about the proper course to pursue, and from the published accounts of the transactions in the Memphis Presbytery. But I have not stated whether the erroneous views to which I referred were all held by one and the same man, or by four different men. At present I wish to affirm nothing on that subject, except what is already publicly known.

Now, when I wrote my communication, and mailed it to you, one of the cases before the Presbytery of Memphis was still pending. The brother who was involved had advanced erroneous views on three of the cardinal doctrines of Calvinism. I am glad to say that since my former article was mailed to you, his case has been adjudicated. He has withdrawn his erroneous statements, and has accepted the statements of our standards on these points.

Again: I have lying on my table a copy of the *Cumberland Presbyterian* newspaper of a recent date, which contains one of a long series of attacks on the doctrines of our Confession of Faith relating to the plan of salvation, but especially on the portions of it which relate to election, reprobation, human ability, the freedom of the will, etc., etc. These assaults on our standards are made by a venerable member of one of our Presbyteries; and when I wrote before, I was perfectly aware the first steps in judicial action had already been taken by the Presbytery of which he is a member.

Now, there are more points of divergence from the doctrines of our standards exhibited in these cases which are public and notorious than were named by me in the paragraphs objected to by the *Christian Observer*. Is it not evident, therefore, that if the Church is suffering any damage from these things, it is suffering from those who are known to be unfaithful to their vows, and not from my alluding to these things in a newspaper communication?

I have said three brethren asked my advice; and I may add that the advice I gave corresponds very nearly with the course the editors of the *Observer* think I should have pursued. But was I myself bound to do so?

I may say, in the first place, that circumstances must sometimes condition a minister's duty, in relation to such matters. If he is perfectly certain that there are reasons why he cannot proceed in the case, with any prospect of good results; if he absolutely knows he is not the man who can take such action, so as to accomplish the ends of all discipline, which is "edification," instead of undertaking the case, he is bound in conscience not to pursue a course which must be for "destruction."

Again: these were matters which came to my knowledge at second hand. In the cases where my advice was sought I gave it according to my best ability; and there, it seems to me, according to the book, my duty in that regard ended.

Still further: it was a physical impossibility for me to do as the *Observer* suggests. All the parties alluded to above, and all the ministers who consulted me, with a single exception, live hundreds of miles from me. Private conference was impossible. Correspondence on such subjects to produce any

valuable result would be worse than useless. To travel to see the parties, or to arraign them before their Presbyteries, would take money which I have not, to say nothing about the time which I have not to spare. Did an involved party belong to my own Presbytery or even my own Synod, the case would be somewhat different, but he does not.

Now under these circumstances I am not able to see I did wrong in venturing to advise other Presbyteries, not only to watch the points to which attention had already been called, but on one or two other points concerning which I had been consulted by brethren as to the course proper to pursue, in view of avowals made to them in private conversation. If I have acted unwisely I greatly regret it. The ministerial editor of the *Central Presbyterian* will, I think, bear me witness that I am not an alarmist, and that I am not one who would needlessly disturb the harmony of the Church. But in view of the fact that within five years I have been consulted three times, and that within a year three cases have arrested the attention of our church courts, I thought it safest to be on the alert; and hence I am unable to see the wrong or the harm of calling the attention of the Church to the subject.

The *Christian Observer* alludes to the fact of my signature being anonymous. I have my reasons for writing anonymously in this case, which I think are good ones;—but if any one has any laudable reason for wishing to know who I am, the editors of the *Central Presbyterian* may, at their discretion, give the information.
A PRESBYTER.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

Southern Presbyterian.

Rev. C. S. Lingamfelter has been called to the pastorate of the church at Poolesville, Md. For several months he has labored in the congregation as an assistant to Rev. C. N. Campbell who has lately resigned the charge of the church.

A Minister Wanted in Arkansas.—A correspondent, in a business letter from Hamburg, Ark., writes: "we want a preacher here and at Johnsonville 20 miles from here. The two churches can pay \$600 certain. If you know of any young man that can come, please put him in communication with us."

Rev. P. M. Custer has engaged to supply the church at Byhalia, Marshall county, Miss. His Post office address has been changed to that place from Mulberry, Tenn.

Rev. J. H. Thornwell has resigned his position as evangelist in Concord Presbytery, but will continue his work until his successor is ready to take his place.

Prof. F. P. Venable, of the N. C. University, has been ordained a ruling elder in the church at Chapel Hill. He is a son of Prof. C. S. Venable, of the University of Va.

Rev. A. D. McClure, of Bardstow, Ky., has been called to the Alabama Street church, Memphis, Tenn.

Rev. H. R. Raymond, Jr., of Tallahassee, Florida, has been invited to the charge of the Stanton and Dancyville churches in the Presbytery of Memphis. His Post office address will be Stanton, Tenn.

Dr. Hoge delivered his fine lecture entitled, "Tent Life in the East," in the Presbyterian church at Ashland, Va., last Thursday. The audience was large; and, among other pleasing results, the church is to be reorganized anew. B.

Rev. D. W. Shanks, D. D., is confined to his bed by illness at his home, Falling Spring, Manse, in Rockbridge county, Va.

The Presbytery of Maryland held an adjourned meeting in Franklin Square church, October 13th, at 7:30 P. M.

A call from Poolesville church for the pastoral services of Rev. C. S. Lingamfelter was presented, which he accepted, and the following committee was appointed to install him November 16th at 7:30 P. M., viz: Rev. Dr. Murkland to preside, preach and propound the constitutional questions, with Dr. Lefevre as alternate, Rev. P. P. Flournoy to charge the pastor, with Rev. C. N. Campbell alternate. Rev. Dr. Leyburn to charge the people, with Rev. R. L. McMurrain alternate.

In accordance with the recommendation of our General Assembly a committee consisting of Rev. Drs. Leyburn, Lefevre, and elder Isaac D. Jones, were appointed to procure materials for the Philadelphia Historical Society, and in all practicable ways to further its interests.

Presbytery adjourned to meet in Franklin Square church on Thursday after the 2d Sabbath of April, 1882, at 7:30 P. M.

R. L. McMURRAIN, Stated Clerk.

The Charlotte, N. C., Home and Democrat states that the Rev. E. H. Harding, D. D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of that city, has tendered his resignation to the board of elders and deacons.

Buffalo Church, Fayetteville Presbytery.—At a recent communion, the pastor, Rev. Wm. S. Lacy, announced an addition of ten members; one by certificate, and nine on profession, six of whom were baptized. As this church has recently lost severely by death, we are glad to note this increase. Rev. Dr. Hill, of Fayetteville, assisted in the sacramental meeting, preaching four sermons.—N. C. Presbyterian.

Concord Church, Concord Presbytery.—At the communion on the first Sabbath in October in the Concord church, of which Rev. L. McKinnon is pastor, there were eleven additions by profession of faith in the Savior. Rev. J. Y. Allison, of Louisiana, and Rev. J. H. Thornwell assisted the pastor on the occasion. Ib.

The Synod of Missouri met at the Central church, St. Louis, on the evening of Tuesday, the 11th inst. An excellent sermon by the Moderator, Rev. J. M. Travis, opened the exercises.

Rev. W. B. Y. Wilkie, of Columbia, Presbytery of Missouri, was chosen Moderator, and Rev. Geo. L. Leyburn, of Rensselaer, Presbytery of Palmyra, Temporary Clerk.

Rev. G. W. Davies, lately pastor of the Carolina church at Dobyville, Ark., in the Presbytery of Ouachita, has accepted an invitation to the Bonhomme church in St. Louis county, and has entered upon his labors.—St. Louis Presbyterian.

Rev. Dr. J. S. Grasty.—Our latest news from this gentleman, who was recently stricken with paralysis, is that he is rapidly recovering the use of his limbs, and the prospect is most flattering that he will soon be wholly restored. This is good news indeed.—Ib.

Rev. Wm. Flinn, D. D., of Clarksville, Tenn., who has been acceptably supplying the Second Presbyterian church, Cincinnati, during the absence of Dr. Skinner, in Europe, has returned to his duties in the Southwestern Presbyterian University, at Clarksville.—Ib.

Rev. J. A. Dickson, who has just been installed pastor of the church at Pine Bluff, Ark., writes us: "I am pleased with my new field. The people have won me by exceeding kindness. The ladies have with their own hand arranged the parsonage, and seem to feel they cannot do enough for the comfort of their new pastor and his family. Surely there is a blessing in store for this people. May they soon enjoy it."—Ib.

Rev. J. W. Graybill, lately ordained by Montgomery Presbytery, will, in a few weeks, join his brother, Rev. A. T. Graybill, in the work of the mission at Metamoras, Mexico.

Louisville Sunday School Mass Meeting.—Last Sabbath afternoon, October 6th, a mass meeting was held at Warren Memorial Presbyterian church. It was an assemblage of the members and friends of the Sabbath Schools in the city. Patrick Joyes, Esq., of the First Presbyterian Sunday School, presided. Addresses were delivered by Rev. E. T. Perkins, D. D., (Episcopal), Dr. William Bailey, (Disciples), and Judge Alexander P. Humphrey, (Northern Presbyterian). Other parts of the service were conducted by Rev. B. M. Messick, D. D., (Methodist), and Rev. Basil Manly, D. D., (Baptist). The meeting was a happy union of Sabbath School workers. Mr. Joyes referred to the fact that fifty years ago he had attended such a meeting. Then there were only five or six Sunday Schools with five or six hundred scholars in the city. Now we have reports from seventy-eight Sunday Schools, with 1,253 teachers and 12,561 scholars. Forty-seven of these schools report four hundred and fifty-nine of their members received into the Church during the past year. Reports from all the seventy-eight would probably show seven hundred converts, or more than the whole number of Sunday School scholars at that time.—*Christian Observer*.

Marion, Ky.—The Presbyterian church at Marion, in connection with the Northern Presbytery of Louisville, made application by petition to be received into Paducah Presbytery during the last meeting at Mayfield. This little church had been without a pastor and without preaching most of the time for the last five or six years, and had become greatly discouraged. * * *

Of course the Presbytery heard and granted their request, and this little church, with ninety members, six elders and a comfortable little house of worship, stars upon what is hoped will prove a new era of prosperity for them and for the cause of Presbyterianism in Crittenden county. The acquisition of this little church in the pleasant town of Marion will open a wider door for usefulness in the field for evangelistic labor in Paducah Presbytery and Western Kentucky.—Ib.

Princeton, Ky.—This struggling and energetic little church has been laboring hard for about two years to build a house of worship at Princeton, the county seat of Caldwell county. They have purchased a beautiful and eligible lot, and have placed the brick upon the ground ready for work. It was their intention to build this fall, but the time necessary for seasoning the timber for the roof will delay the enterprise possibly until spring, when they hope to push the work forward rapidly. They will need several hundred dollars more of money to complete the building according to the plans of the architect, and it is hoped that brethren in the stronger churches of the State will give a helping hand to this noble cause. Princeton is the key to Western Kentucky for our Church, and is one of the finest fields for aggressive missionary labor in Paducah Presbytery. Give us a good church building at Princeton, and Presbyterianism, by God's blessing, is established in this section.—Ib.

Northern Presbyterian.

A Presbyterian church has been organized in Wyandotte, Kansas. It starts with thirty-three members and three ruling elders, with Rev. Alexander Sterrett as its pastor.

(Continued on 5th page.)

Central Presbyterian.

WEDNESDAY, October 19, 1881.

For the Central Presbyterian.

The Way of the Waves.

Of all the prows that ploughed their course
Against old ocean's foam and force,
Since first the race of time began
And nature owned the reign of man,
No lightest trace now marks the wave
To show where passed their banners brave,
Or tell if cheerily fared or failed
The missions whereupon they sailed.

But though the waters keep no proof
Of trade's calm tread or war's red hoof,
Look where the fretted shores unfold
The errands of the ships of old!
Here rise fair cities, streeted high,
And there the lichened ruins lie,
Which tell where peaceful sails were spread,
Or where black havoc piled the dead!

And so, of daily toil each trace
The closing waves of time efface,
Till on the curtained cloud of years
But dimly sparkle smiles or tears.
We know not if our care has brought
The blessed missions that we sought,
And look along the past in vain
To catch the end and use of pain.

But if upon the rounding sky
We fail these tokens to descry,
Of prayers that we have sped before,
And cares and crosses that we bore,
See, where on heavenly shores afar,
With plume of palms and fire of star,
God's city lifts the glorious spoil
Of all our tears and all our toil!

EDWARD S. GREGORY.

For the Central Presbyterian.

Thoughts on Revivals.

No. 1.

While filled with sadness and dismay
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say:
"Dismiss thy fear, the ark is mine,
Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.
Take down thy long neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears, and heard thy prayers;
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

"Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy
people may rejoice in Thee? Show us thy
mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation."—
Psalm lxxxv: 6, 7.

There is no subject having higher
claims upon Christian workers in the
pulpit, Sabbath School, or home circle,
than that of promoting pure and unde-
filed religion.

There is a wonderful future in store
for our Church, should her members have
wisdom to discern the situation and take
the tide of affairs at the flood. In very
influential quarters it is maintained that
the speciality of this hour, is ecclesiology.
Now the full force of this might be realized
if heated discussions on the principles
of a true ecclesiology would supply
vacant churches, arouse to action in sup-
porting the ministry, and sending the
gospel to the destitute.

No one can study the Minutes of the
last Assembly and not be impressed with
the conviction that the great question of
the hour is, What are the best means of
promoting revivals of religion and se-
curing useful and permanent results?
The exigencies of our Church fully justify
such a conviction.

In some Presbyteries something has
been done in the way of visitation com-
mittees. The records of the whole series
of our Church courts seem with measures
to meet the emergency felt to be pressing.

There is a visitation that would re-
move every serious hindrance, and that
is the presence of Jesus. Could all feel
this and wait in prayer until imbued with
power from on high, the waste places
would be made glad, and in due time
there would be a vast SPIRITUAL COM-
MONWEALTH to govern. For the indica-
tions of God's willingness to revive His
people again, that they may rejoice in
Him, are very encouraging.

In other days, your correspondent gave
patient attention to the chapter in
Hodge's History, which treats of the
noted revivals occurring under the min-
istry of Whitefield, Edwards, Davis, the
Tennents, and others whose praise is in
all the churches.

In regard to some of these awakenings
of historic interest, the results did not
meet the expectations entertained re-
specting the character and permanency
of the good accomplished. In some more
recent revivals, that cheered so many
hearts waiting for a time of merciful vi-
sitation, it is reported that hopes have not
been realized as to the permanency of
revival influences. There are those who
say that it would be conferring one of
the greatest of benefits upon the Church,
if some means could be devised whereby
permanent results could be secured from
revivals.

Some experienced brethren are of the
opinion that professing Christians are
mainly responsible for such failures; for
the piety of converts rises no higher than
that of Christians associated with them
in church relations.

Many other things are spoken of in this
connection, all, however, having refer-
ence to what should be done AFTER a re-
vival.

From all that the writer has read and
observed on this subject of revivals, it is
his firm and decided conviction, that the
question is not so much as to what should

be done AFTER or DURING a revival, as
what should be done BEFORE a revival.
Moreover he is convinced that the piety
and usefulness of converts will be in pro-
portion to the attainments made in the
practical knowledge of the truth by which
the soul is sanctified through the indwell-
ing power of the Holy Spirit. To attain
such knowledge, a person should receive
a thorough scriptural education at the
fireside, in the Sabbath School, and by
the ministry of the Word. Great revival-
ists in the times of our fathers, especial-
ly Edwards, say that in the case of those
"who embraced an enduring hope, the
Holy Spirit made use of some passage of
Scripture, such as a promise or declara-
tion of the way of life through Christ."

Now it does seem that if efforts were
devoted to the work of preparation for
revival, the result will be assured through
the grace of God, when He gives the Holy
Spirit to those who ask Him.

In another article it is proposed to
dwell at some length upon the state of
heart needful for those who would work
earnestly and efficiently BEFORE a revival.

W. T. P.

For the Central Presbyterian.

What is the True Rendering of
2 Timothy iii: 16?

Messrs. Editors.—Your correspondent
"S." in the Central of October 5th, ex-
hibits a spirit so candid and excellent
that I do not think he will object to a
brief rejoinder. And, notwithstanding
your well-founded and often expressed
aversion to protracted debate, I hope the
importance of the question, and the ear-
nest wish of all who discuss it to reach a
sound conclusion, will induce you to in-
sert a few more remarks from me.

"S." does not call in question the cor-
rectness of the view of the original pas-
sage given by the able professor of Greek
from whose letter I have quoted. That
view is, that the passage is "capable of
being translated, with perfect gram-
matical correctness, both in the sense of
the new and of the old version." The
simple question, therefore, is: Which
version gives most accurately the in-
spired thought which was in the mind of
Paul? On this question, in my former
article, I invoked the aid of both usage
and history, and gave, with some care,
the elements and facts on which a just
conclusion may be founded. "S." admits
the accuracy of all the separate state-
ments as to the use of the word *graphê*
and its plural *graphai* in the Greek Tes-
tament, made by me; but insists that the
fair and logical conclusion to be drawn
from them is the exact contrary to the
conclusion drawn by me, and is favorable
to the old version of the text. This, of
course, eliminates from the problem all
doubt as to the elements and facts in-
volved and brings us down to a simple
question of sound reasoning to be deter-
mined by the fixed principles of logical
science.

Without intending to do injustice to
the subject, "S." seems to have fallen into
obvious error in stating the syllogism in-
volved. He states it as though the usage
I disclosed authorized the following:
Major premise. All the cases in the New
Testament in which the word *graphê* or
its plural is used, apply only to inspired
Scripture: *Minor premise.* 2 Timothy
iii: 16, is one of those cases: *Sequitur.*
Therefore 2 Timothy iii: 16, applies only
to inspired Scripture. But the fatal vice
of his reasoning is, that he, unintention-
ally but completely, misstates the form
of the syllogism required by the facts of
usage disclosed by my former article.
Those facts are as follows: The noun
graphê, in itself, means nothing more nor
less than a scripture—a writing of any
kind, and therefore *pasa graphê*—all
scripture, every scripture—every writing,
taken in its natural and universal mean-
ing, would include the writings of Ho-
mer, Herodotus, and Hesiod, as well as
those of Moses, Ezra, David, and Isaiah.
And in the inspired New Testament,
this noun is used forty-nine times; but in
forty-eight of these instances the writer
takes care by his context and his direct
citations from the Old Testament to limit
the meaning of the word to inspired
Scripture. In the forty-ninth instance,
he does not, either by context or citation,
so limit it, and therefore the inference is
legitimate that in that forty-ninth in-
stance, no such limitation was intended.
Thus, from these facts the syllogism
forms itself as follows:

Major. All cases in which *graphê* is
used in the New Testament, in the known
sense of inspired Scripture, fix that sense
by the context or by direct citation.

Minor. 2 Timothy iii: 16, is a case in
which *graphê* is used without fixing that
sense by the context or by direct citation.

Sequitur. Therefore 2 Timothy iii: 16,
is a case in which *graphê* is not used in
the known sense of inspired Scripture.
This conclusion from admitted premises
will stand the most rigid test that the
laws of the human mind can apply.

As to the legitimate argument from
usage I admit it as fully as "S." does. In
fact I rely on it, for it is entirely in favor
of the revised rendering. That argu-
ment is simply as follows: When a word
is used frequently by a writer or in any
connected work, and it is perfectly cer-
tain that in forty-eight cases out of forty-
nine, that word as thus used has a special
meaning, then we have a right to con-
clude that in the forty-ninth case also, it
has that special meaning. But let us
suppose that the word used (*graphê* for
example) has no special meaning, but
only a general meaning, and that in forty-
eight cases out of the forty-nine, that gen-

eral meaning is, with caution and care,
limited to a special meaning by the con-
text or by direct limitation, but in the
forty-ninth case no such limitation is
made. Then, assuredly the usage is de-
parted from—is broken; and the very
laws of usage require that in that forty-
ninth case, the limitation shall not be ap-
plied.

Therefore logic and usage unite in es-
tablishing the revised version of 2 Tim.
iii: 16.

The argument from history is even
more conclusive. "S." does not attempt
to answer it or offer to grapple with it.
He essays a timid approach to it in the
words: "There seems small danger that
our adherence to the old translation shall
ever result in the admission of the in-
spiration of Apocryphal Scripture by the
Protestant Church." This may be true,
but it does not touch the question at
issue. That question is, What was Paul's
inspired meaning in the words he actual-
ly wrote or dictated. The history of the
Septuagint throws a flood of light on that
meaning. "S." has certainly not an-
swered the argument on that subject
which I humbly submitted and which
strongly sustains the Revised rendering.

R. R. H.

The Funeral of Dr. Robinson.

Address of Rev. Dr. Palmer.

The funeral services of the Rev. Dr.
Stuart Robinson were held in the Second
Presbyterian church, in Louisville, on the
7th inst. The *Courier-Journal* says:

"Although it had been publicly an-
nounced that the funeral ceremonies
would be concluded at the church, that
no carriages would be provided, and that
the burial would be private, yet the im-
pulse of the people could not be sup-
pressed, and parties provided their own
vehicles, and the procession that followed
the remains to the grave was simply
remarkable. It extended very many
squares and was one of the largest ever
seen in Louisville."

More than forty ministers, represent-
ing the Southern Presbyterian, North-
ern Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist,
Baptist, and Cumberland Presbyterian
Churches, were present to testify to the
general sympathy which was felt by the
whole Christian community. The ser-
vices were opened by the Rev. Dr. Pratt,
who was followed in prayer by the Rev.
Dr. Humphrey. The funeral address
was then delivered by the Rev. Dr.
Palmer, of New Orleans, who spoke as
follows:

A mournful service is before us to-day,
for a great prince is fallen in Israel, and
in the presence of this revered and silent
form there is no room for anything but
sighs and tears. Even they who shall
speak—who must speak—find a great
grief surging up from the depth of their
hearts and meeting with no word on the
lips large enough to utter it. It were
simple mockery to pour our human ap-
plause into the "dull, cold ear of death";
especially when the immortal spirit has
passed the approval of the Judge and
stands with the glorified before the
throne. The scene is too solemn for the
impertinences of human speech, for we
bow before the sovereignty of Him who
giveth none account of His ways to the
children of men. When Louis XIV lay
embalmed in state with the glare of day
shut out from the grand cathedral and
the funeral lamps shedding their dim
light upon the scene, Massillon, the great
French preacher, rose before the audience
and uttered these pregnant words, "God
only is great!"

A similar feeling throws its hush over
this assembly to-day, and human insigni-
ficance veils itself beneath the majesty
of God; yet before these precious re-
mains are committed to the keeping of
the tomb, I must be permitted to speak
a moment of my dead friend. Forty-eight
years ago we were brought together in
our youth as members of the same class
in a distant college, and for two years sat
side by side in the same class-room. The
recklessness of youth caused me to for-
feit those privileges of instruction, while
he, with character more mature and mind
better balanced, continued to the end of
the course and bore away the honors of
high and acknowledged scholarship.

From this point our paths diverged,
and it was not until after the lapse of
twenty years that we again met as min-
isters of the same Church on the floor of
the General Assembly. Since then, like
two streams springing from the same
source, our lives have run side by side to
the present moment. Holding the same
views of divine truth, we have contended
together for the same great principles of
order and polity in the Church, and pass-
ing through similar domestic sorrows, we
have been in full accord upon all ques-
tions, whether of Church or State, which
have agitated our times. When the dis-
patch was received announcing his death
a shadow as of a great cloud fell upon
my heart, and I have come from far to
look for the last time upon his pale face
and to lay my hand upon his bier and
utter a friend's benediction over his grave.

But now that I have opened my lips
what shall I say of my dead friend? He
had a great heart, whose affections gush-
ed forth fertilizing life wherever they
touched, and making the earth to bloom
with richness and beauty. It was a heart
that throbbled in generous response to
every cry of distress from whatever quar-
ter it should come. Not wasting itself in
the common-places of speech, but with

profuse liberality supplying the needs by
which others were oppressed. His broad
sympathy took hold of human life at
every point and identified him with all
the great movements for the amelioration
of society at large. It overflowed into
thousand tender fellowships, which knit
him to the hearts of his fellow-men, but
especially in the sanctuary of his home the
deep affectionateness of his nature soft-
ened the asperities of life to those who
were the nearest to him and made that
home as much a paradise as can be found
in this sorrowful world. With instincts
so pure and so broad, he moved upon a
plane far too elevated to indulge a mean
thought, and spent a life of sacrifice and
toil for the benefit of mankind.

God also gave to him a massive intel-
lect. Beneath that ample brow lay a
capacious brain which did much and
mightily thinking through an active and
laborious life. His was a mind compre-
hensive in its grasp of ultimate princi-
ples which he could co-ordinate and ar-
range into a great system of science,
philosophy, and religion. It swept freely
through the whole gamut of human
knowledge, touching every note from the
highest to the lowest, and harmonizing
them all in one complete system of knowl-
edge and of faith. He was a man pre-
eminent for his loyalty to the truth, and
was one of those who had the courage of
his convictions. What he believed was
wrought into the very texture of his be-
ing, and became part of the blood and
bone and muscle and sinew of his entire
intellectual and moral nature. The most
sacred thing on earth, next to God him-
self, is the truth which springs from the
infinite mind, and bequeathed to man as
the furniture of the soul for time and
eternity, and the grandest spirit that
lives is the spirit that can feel the truth
through every fibre of its own being, and
stand to its defense against all adver-
saries, whether they be many or few. Hence
it was this man, with a heart as tender
and gentle and loving as a woman's, was
ever found in the thickest of the fight,
brave and sturdy as a lion, contending
for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Yet this mind, comprehensive and grand
in its sweep, was not absorbed in the ab-
stract and secluded speculations of the
student; it was as practical as it was pro-
found, and could descend into all the de-
tails of the economy of life. The intense
practicalness which enabled him to apply
abstract principles to the regulation of
human conduct rendered him a wise coun-
selor in all the business relations of men,
and constituted him the strong pillar
upon which the interests lean in every
community in which he lived. Added
to all this was an indomitable will. It is
easy to point to men in whom the power
of will stands even for intellect itself, but
when united with rare benevolence and
the highest grade of practical wisdom, it
makes a man a safe and mighty leader.
The men who make history are always
the men who do the things that can't be
done. By the power of a strong faith
they project themselves into the future
while it is yet distant; or rather draw
that future up to themselves until they
are fairly abreast of it, and plant their
fame with the generations that are to
come. Such a will was his, forcible and
persistent, which drove itself like a wedge
through all complications and achieved
the impossible. With this was united a
marvelous power of physical endurance
which rendered labors which would be
oppressive to other men lie like a feather's
weight upon his herculean arm. Often
through days full of distraction and care
which would have dissipated the energies
of feeble men, that poor crippled arm
would, through the weary hours of night,
trace those rich contributions which he
made to the press and literature of the
time. Labors, alas, which too severely
reacted upon his physical strength and
laid, perhaps, the foundation of what we
mournfully regard this day as a prema-
ture old age.

Passing around the circle of his intel-
lectual and moral powers, there was not
one in which he was not singly great,
but his glory lay chiefly in the wonder-
ful combination of them all; his peculiar
strength lay in the harmony and pro-
portion of his powers, which enabled
him to range over the breadth of a zone.

I have given you the elements which en-
tered into the composition of the man, and
you may add up the figures of the column
and estimate the greatness of our loss.
What station did he ever fill that he did
not adorn? In what path did he not
achieve success? And now that he is
gone we sink under our sense of loss.
What a loss to this church, which under
his leadership has been built up into its
present strength and influence. The
sound of his voice will no more be heard
from this pulpit in those simple but lucid
expositions of divine truth, which will
yet linger in the echoes as memory re-
produces them, and you seem to be listen-
ing to the song of an angel. What a loss
to this city, in which he ever stood forth
the champion of all its great interests.
What a loss to the Church throughout
this land, in whose council chambers he
will no more appear devising large
schemes for the advancement of the Re-
deemer's kingdom, and bringing the
might of his influence to their execution.

And what a loss to those who were
nearer to him than all the world beside!
Let me, with cautious and reverent
hands, lift the veil of that sanctuary.
What a loss to her who now feels the
supreme sorrow of human life; whose
youthful love lighted up with joy his
early home; whose domestic faithfulness

released the strong man from vexatious
cares and left him free to pursue his
great and holy calling; and whose heroic
devotion through some of the worst forms
of human disease waited upon him in its
ministrations of tenderness and love, and
who, now that the light of this world has
gone out from before her eyes, in the
loneliness of widowhood, remains the
sole bond of union in the smitten house-
hold. And what a loss to those children,
who, spared to adult years, have rejoiced
in the fellowship of such a father.

Ah, my friends, there is a two-fold
side to death; one dark and threatening
as it looks toward the earth, and the
other bright and joyous with the glory
which streams upon it from the upper
world. Like that pillar of cloud and of
fire which led Israel out of Egypt, and
which, on the eventful night of the pas-
sage of the Red Sea, shifted its place be-
tween them and the Egyptian host, turn-
ing its dark side upon the latter, while
the glorious light shone upon the path
through the wall of waters on either side
by which the former escaped; so it is
with death, the last enemy from whom
all the instincts of our nature recoil—
death, which reveals out life's web, which
the falling hand is no longer able to
weave into a new texture any more!
death, which ruptures all the ties and
breaks all the associations of earth,
which dashes out the fire upon the
hearth-stone and breaks up the home
forever. Yet we may by faith pass
around on the other side of death and
see its brightness. "I heard a voice
from heaven saying unto me, 'Write
blessed are the dead which die in the
Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the
Spirit, that they may rest from their
labors; and their works do follow them!'"

Do we know the wealth of benediction
that lies in that word blessed? In the
scene of the final judgment so graphi-
cally described in the twenty fifth chapter
of Matthew, when the "Son of man shall
sit upon the throne of His glory." He
shall say to those upon His right hand,
"Come, ye blessed by my Father, in-
herit the kingdom prepared for you from
the foundation of the world." And in
the last book of the sacred canon it is
written: "Blessed are they that are
called to the marriage supper of the
Lamb," and again "Blessed are the
dead which die in the Lord." But how
blessed is that blessedness which is pro-
nounced upon these? Paul, when he
would describe the gospel with the
greatest emphasis, terms it the "Gospel
of the Glory of the Blessed God." Je-
hovah, who is infinitely blessed in Him-
self, in the majesty and glory of His own
being, in the attributes which unite like
the colors of the spectrum to form the
white light of His glorious holiness—in-
finitely blessed in the communion of the
adorable Godhead and in His mighty
purposes of mercy and love to our lost
race—He lifts the believer into heaven
and pours his own blessedness into the
soul that is thus made blessed forever-
more. Let us break this massive thought
into some of its particular. There is the
blessedness of the glorified saint in fully
appreciating the splendor of that right-
eousness in which he stands accepted be-
fore God. This is not the time for doc-
trinal exposition, but who have been
trained in these Christian sanctuaries
recognize it as an elementary truth that
no being can be accepted of God without
a perfect righteousness, meeting all the
requisitions of law. Upon this footing
the sinner is by his own confession con-
demned, and would be hopelessly lost
but for the intervention of Christ, who
works out the righteousness which he
needs and reckons it to him for his com-
plete justification before God. In our
Christian experience there are moments
when the glory of this righteousness fills
us with indescribable joy, yet, at the best,
how imperfectly we realize its grandeur.
How feeble our conception of that divine
holiness before which even angels veil
themselves in adoring awe. How low
an estimate have we of that "law which
is holy, and the commandment holy and
just and good!" How inadequate our
view of the glory of Christ in His person
and work! How faintly we appreciate
that mediatorial righteousness of the Re-
deemer, surpassing that which has been
rendered in all the universe besides, in
the fact that it covers the precept while
at the same time it exhausts the penalty!
This righteousness our Lord bore with
Him in His ascension and hung it upon
the walls of heaven as the eternal com-
mentary upon the holiness of God and
the majesty of the law. And how
blessed the saint who in heaven finds
himself clothed in that righteousness and
reflecting its splendor upon the angels
themselves; how grand the joy of catch-
ing upon their own soul the radiance of
their Divine Head, and like crystal pil-
lars throwing it back upon Him the liv-
ing witness through eternity of the riches
of that grace by which they have been
redeemed forever.

Then there is the blessedness of their
own perfected holiness as they are
presented without spot or blemish before
the throne. Under the divine discipline,
in this life so often hard and severe, the
smoothing iron presses out the wrinkles
of our character. And what a transfig-
uration when at death we are rendered
perfect in the likeness of our Lord, with
a character like a hard crystal remain-
ing without change during the ages of
future. There is, too, the blessed con-
trast between the weariness of earth and
the rest of heaven, not the rest of inertia
as now, but a rest which consists in eter-

nal activity like the rest of God and the Redeemer Himself. The soul that has been vexed in the conflict with sin, worn to exhaustion by the labors of life, finds at length "the rest that remaineth to the people of God."

Twenty years ago I stood by the bedside of a young minister renowned for his pious zeal, and as the last breath was conveying the soul up to God, his young wife clasped her thin hands together and exclaimed: "Good-by, George, I wish you joy!" Sublime words! So full of the faith which looks through the open door into heaven. And shall we not with the same faith wish our brother joy in his immortal ascension to the rest in heaven?

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There sure is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire
Whose sparks fly upward to expire."

And in the passage through the dark valley of death we are smitten with the sadness of the parting, and exclaim in those other immortal lines:

"Hark to the solemn bell,
Mournfully pealing,
What do its wailings tell
On the ear stealing?
Ashes with ashes lay,
Loved ones have passed away,
List to its pealing.

When in their lonely beds
Loved ones are lying,
When, with wings outspread,
To heaven flying,
Would we to toil and pain
Call back their souls again,
Weave 'round their hearts the chain
Severed in dying?

No, dearest Saviour, no;
To Thee let their free spirits go,
Ransomed forever.
Their's is the victory—
Thine let the glory be
Now and forever."

I will fatigue your patience with only one other thought: "Their works do follow them." A young girl, of some eighteen summers, lay wasting away with fatal consumption. Only one cloud threw its chill upon her young spirit. It was the shrinking back from death into the life, joyous and bright, which was closing behind her. It was the struggle of her Christian faith to part in her youth with this beautiful world. In response to her father's wish I wrote a letter containing this thought: "Had it pleased God to spare you through a long life on earth it would have been filled with many duties and toils which you would have offered in sacrifice upon God's altar as acts of holy worship. What is the difference, if, instead of these fragmentary sacrifices, you carry up your whole young, fresh life in your hands and lay it before the throne as your completed devotion?" The suggestion recurs upon me at this moment in its application to this our common grief. All the toils, and labors, and watchings, and cares, and sorrows, and sacrifices of this dear servant of the Lord are now gathered in his hand to be presented as a finished offering to the Saviour whom he loved. It is a grand privilege to live a life of full consecration to the service of our Master, and it is crowned with great blessedness when at death it recovers its reward in the full benediction, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

In these sore bereavements nature must have her pangs, and we cannot but break our hearts over the graves which hide these precious forms from our sight, but think of his blessed communion which he now enjoys with the saints in glory. Have you never tried to imagine the first burst of surprise is over and we are led up through the hierarchy of the skies, through the ranks of angels and of seraphim, and join the mighty company of the redeemed as they gather in that inner circle around the throne of the Lamb? To-day our brother talks face to face with all the worthies of the old covenant and of the new—with those with whom he worshiped, and with whom, perhaps, he may have struggled here on earth—with Wesley, and Whitefield, and Luther, and Calvin, and Knox—with Peter and with Paul, with James and John, and with the blessed Master himself, who presents him without stain before the Eternal Father. A communion, too, not partial and imperfect as here on earth, where we are hindered by the shame of our own imperfections, by the conventionalisms of earth, and by that inability of speech to render human thought and human emotion to those who stands beyond the limits of our own personality, but a communion in which mind speaks directly to mind, and thought responds instantly to thought, and heart to heart. A blessed communion of worship in which myriads of voices swell the eternal anthem, but every note gives the record of the experience here below. Each saint sweeps his fingers across the chords of his own harp and utters in song what he himself learned on earth of the riches of divine grace, his own struggles with indwelling sin, his own conflicts with outward temptations, his own victory and triumph over evil, his own sense of the satisfying power of the Holy Ghost. As the separate notes combine in the general harmony of music, so these diversified histories are joined in har-

monious accord into the eternal anthems of praise to Him who has redeemed them with His own precious blood, and made them kings and priests unto God in His temple forever.

Thus we learn amidst all the sadness of this great public sorrow what a privilege it is to "die in the Lord." And thus he whom we have long revered as our teacher and guide, now that his lips are sealed in death, will teach us more by his impressive and awful silence than by all the words which ever fell from his eloquent lips.

The Minister's Wife.

We were about getting a new minister—a difficult matter, as all can testify who have tried it. He had preached for us a Sabbath or two. He was earnest—that was unquestioned; had a consistent life for his record, and that was a great point; he was a good thinker and a fearless advocate of what he believed, but his voice was poor; he was not quite so famous as some wished and his bearing was not sufficiently marked and dignified, some people said.

Yet as often as anything disparaging was remarked somebody immediately added, "But his wife is lovely." We thought it was not the wife we were to settle over us, but the man himself. Every possible objection was overruled, however, because the wife was so beyond comparison.

He came and brought with him one whom we were all eager to see and know; one of the sunniest, gentlest, yet strongest, most useful women it has ever been my blessing to know and love. She was not beautiful, but her face had such a kindling interest for one and all that you could not forget its expression. She entered heartily into his work. They were all her people, her friends. She showed no partiality. No one of us ever felt that she liked one above another. She kept our secrets locked in her own heart, and never betrayed a trust.

No one ever heard her speak ill of another. She was approachable to everybody, yet we paid her deference, both from her position and because we loved her. Men and women received alike equal favors at her hands. We looked to her as a leader while she was in reality a companion. We expected her home and husband would be her first care, and so they were.

She was interested in everything—cultured enough to talk with the learned and not above the poorest and most ignorant of her flock. She never showed irritability. If she had temper she controlled herself by prayer. She was her husband's best adviser.

Not everything went right with the minister. He was able, not always wise; sometimes hasty, sometimes domineering, it seemed; sometimes saying things best left unsaid, occasionally too frivolous, and now and then too austere. Some said he liked the rich better than the poor, the cultured better than the unlettered. Some said he was overambitious, that he was not always unconscious to himself; others, that he lacked magnanimity in pecuniary affairs and in the little things of every-day life. But they liked his preaching, and always added, "He has such a lovely wife."

She healed all differences, and really kept the church a unit by her kindness and Christian acts. A wife less sympathetic or less capable would have completely altered the aspect of affairs.

A little child came into the minister's home, and the young wife went out of it. I never saw a church so crushed. For weeks and months every face wore a wistful look, as though they hoped in some unexplained way to meet her, perchance, and feel again her cordial welcome. The pastor, too, began to realize, as never before, how she had brightened and sustained him. The people cared for the motherless child, because it was her baby. A blessed revival followed, and her death was the spiritual life of a great number. The failings of the minister were forgotten in the noble work he did to win souls, and yet they were not fully satisfied, and the pastorate was changed.

Our pulpit since then has been filled with able and eloquent men, who have had pleasant wives, and our church has prospered, but our hearts have hungered again and again for the lovely woman who came to be such a power in our midst. We have said to each other often in all these years, "Does not it, indeed, make a difference what kind of a wife the minister has?" Ah! vastly more than he thinks, when he chooses her as his companion, vastly more than the people imagine when he comes among them to be their leader and guide.—*Congregationalist.*

A Good Man's Wish.

I freely confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid down in the grave, some one in his manhood stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I say I would rather that such persons would stand at my grave than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble.

The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.

Our Family Names.

Just a moment. I will not detain you long; but you are the very person I have been trying to get a word with for a long time past.

"What!" you exclaim, "how do you know me?"

Oh, I know you very well indeed; better, perhaps, than you imagine. Your family is a large one, and for many years I lived among them, and am now a relation of yours, although adopted in another household.

YOUR NAME IS SINNER; your condition is a *lost one*; and I regret to say your future is a *dark one*. If you doubt my word, I refer you to the Family Register, which, I can assure you, is correct. It says, concerning you and your relations, "All have sinned." Then your name must be *Sinner*. It states concerning your condition, "The wrath of God abideth on him." Such a condition must be a *lost one*. And it records concerning your future, "The wages of sin is death." Surely I said right when I described it as a *dark one*.

But my object in holding you by the hand for a minute is not to taunt you with *what you are*, but to tell into your ears *what by God's grace, you may become*. Long as you live, your name will be *Sinner*; but it may receive an addition, and read—*Sinner Saved*. Your condition may then be described in one word,—"*Found*;" and your future, instead of remaining dark, can be transformed into one bright as an angel's countenance. Did I hear you say, "Oh, tell me how?" Listen, then. All these blessed changes will take place *the very moment you go, in your right name, and in your present condition, to Jesus, and as a lost sinner take Him for your only Saviour*. Go now, my beloved friend. Go at once, and do not tarry. I am fully persuaded He will receive and bless you; for He received me, and all who ever came simply trusting in Him.

"Art thou weary? art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest."

The Bible.

"There is nothing more admirable in the Bible than the exactness with which its various parts adapt themselves to men's various circumstances. Let me be only in the habit of applying to the Bible for counsel and encouragement, and I shall find a word in season—some text which has all the appearance of having been written on purpose for myself, the thought of one who knew all about me, and who foresaw exactly the message I should need. And certainly that book must commend itself to me as the work of the Omniscient which thus meets my own case just as though constructed with distinct reference to every care, and difficulty, and exigence in a long and varied career; and I gather from the nicety with which the Scripture fits into the conscience, and from that intimate converse which it holds with all motions of the heart, that He who made conscience His vicergerent, and gave the heart its thousand strings, must be the very Being who spoke to the world through prophets and apostles. We are sure, if you made it your business to search into the experience of the poorest Christians, you will find the lesson and promises of the Bible thus serving as a balance to the toils and trials of life. The hopes of another world wear a special brightness to the poor from contrast with the gloomy realities which here too often make up their portion."—*Rev. Henry Melville.*

Eugenie's Hand in two Wars.

That the Empress Eugenie was largely responsible for the decision taken by her husband when, in 1870, he ordered that march to Berlin which terminated at Sedan, is one of the undisputed facts of recent history. It is, however, much less generally known that this unhappy woman had also no small share in the declaration of another war. According to Count Kisselef, who acted as Russian Ambassador at Paris after the Crimean War, it was the Empress who decided the irresolute Napoleon to make war against Russia. The story, as told by Count Kisselef, is given on the authority of the Empress herself, who told him, on the 12th or 13th, of May, 1857, that it was she who was responsible for the declaration of war. When the Czar's letter arrived, the curtness of which notoriously embittered Napoleon, the latter handed it to his wife with the remark that it was cold. "No," said she, after reading it, "it is more than cold, 'elle est grossière.'" The Emperor read the letter again, and said, "C'est vrai, je m'en occuperai." From that moment, said the Empress, war was decided on. Count Kisselef replied, "Then it is your Majesty who has been the cause of the death of 200,000 men, and of the loss of seven or eight milliards of francs?" "Yes," she answered, "indirectly, and I do not repent of it. Such perturbations are sometimes necessary in the existence of peoples. It was necessary for France to take her rightful place in Europe. She has done this by means of the alliance with England, and by that alliance she will maintain her influence at home and abroad."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Louis Napoleon's Courage.

September, 1860—I asked Changarnier his opinion as to the courage of Louis Napoleon. Changarnier—It is great in theory, small in practice. At Strasbourg, when the regiment on which he depended refused its support, he ran and was found in a state of abject terror hiding under a carriage. In the Boulogne attempt, when he had got half-way across the Channel he became alarmed, and wished to turn back. The people about him called for champagne, and kept him to his purpose by making him half drunk. As he approached, and no friends appeared, his alarm returned. The first troops that met him were under the command of a sensible officer, who, when he saw the strange procession, accompanied by the tame eagle, and was told that Louis Napoleon was at its head, instead of joining him, summoned him to surrender. Vaudreuil had said that at Strasbourg Louis Napoleon had not dared even to fire a pistol in his own defense. He recollected this *mot*, kept a pistol in his hand, and fired at the officer, but his hand shook so that though the man was not five paces off he missed him and wounded a poor cook, who, in his white apron, was standing at a door to see what was going on. Louis Napoleon turned, ran into the sea, and got into a boat. A boat from the shore pulled after him. He gave himself up, begged them not to hurt him, and said that he had 200,000*fr.* in his pocket which he would give them. He was landed, and begged M. Adam, the maire, to take the 200,000*fr.* Adam said he would take care of them, but, with business-like habits, chose to count them first. It was lucky for him, for when it was counted in the presence of the crowd, there were found to be only 120,000*fr.* This sum when he was on his trial before his peers he claimed, and the cruel Government of Louis Philippe let him have them. Senior.—Did he show courage at Magenta? Changarnier.—He never crossed the Ticino. He was smoking in a house during the whole time. At Solferino, where he was two miles in the rear, he did not move or give an order, but he smoked 53 cigars. We know this, as he always carries with him little boxes, each of which contains 50 cigars. One was quite exhausted, and three had been taken out of the other. Once a spent ball came near him, but that is the only occasion on which he could be considered as under fire. I saw a letter from one of the Cent-Suisses to his mother: "You need be under no anxiety about me. I am with the Emperor, and, therefore, out of danger." In fact, none of them were hit.—*Senior's Conversation.*

Recent Publications.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

This is a handsome little volume of some 400 pages, with illustrations. It is, as the name suggests, intended for juvenile readers. It tells the story of a happy family, who, although pinched with poverty, are bound together in a common bond of love.

PHANTOM ROGERS, a Novel of Boy Life. By Rossiter Johnson. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1881. 12mo, pp. 344. For sale by West, Johnston & Co., Main street, Richmond.

A beautiful little volume for the boys.

YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL HANDBOOK. Historical and Topographical Guide to the Yorktown Peninsula, Richmond, James River, and Norfolk. By J. A. Stevens, editor of The Magazine of American History. Illustrated. New York: C. A. Coffin & Rogers, 85 John street. Pp. 125.

For sale by J. W. Randolph & English, Richmond. Price 25 cents.

THE SOUTHERN PULPIT for October contains Sermons from four well-known clergymen; Outlines of Sermons from three clergymen of different denominations; Suggestions on Texts; Homiletical Illustrations; and a Book Review. Rev. H. Melville Jackson and Rev. J. J. Lafferty, editors, Richmond, Va.

THE VIRGINIAS for September is received. A Mining, Industrial, and Scientific Journal. Published monthly by Major Jed. Hotchkiss, Staunton, Va., at 25 cents a number. Always welcome.

THE EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL OF VIRGINIA for October gives statistics of the Public Schools and school attendance of the State for the past year (and also for 1880). It appears that we have now 5,384 public schools as against 4,854 in 1880; and 239,109 pupils as against 220,736 in 1880. This is a good showing, and reflects great credit on the fidelity and energy of the Superintendent.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE for November. Contents: Some American Theological Seminaries; Sir Walter Scott and his Mother; Virginia Clergymen of Colonial Times; A Remarkable Marriage; The Marcellaise and its Author; Negro Eloquence; The Catacombs of Rome; Alfred in the Danish Camp; How Tischendorf Obtained the Codex Sinaiticus; Martha's Vineyard; Luther's Evening Hymn; The Town Hall, Bremen; John Bunyan's Wicket Gate; Napoleon in Moscow; The Ruins of Nineveh; The Direct Study of the Bible in Theological Seminaries; The Oldest Meeting-House in America, etc., etc. Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55, and 57 Park Place, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for the week ending October 15th.

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