

For the Weekly Messenger.  
R. G. H. CATECHISM.

at the Grand Council of Basel, which has mentioned, held in January 1538, the opinion of the real presence, as held by Luther, after a long and full debate, condemned and rejected in the pointed manner—Luther's naturally stated Luther and his vigorous and determined prosecution to a still more controversy. With successive years, the case was found to

these views and representations had so much weight with the elector, that he was obliged to hesitate greatly in relation to the business. Meetings were held at different places, to deliberate on the subject of a union; but they came to nothing. The elector of Saxony and Brandenburg, occupied with Luther's view, would have it that as the emperor was to be a religious one, it must rest on him to be a religious faith; & a number of articles accordingly were proposed as the basis of the union; among the rest, one framed directly in the Zuinglian doctrine, with regard to the Eucharist. The delegates from Strasburg declined to assent to it, and the emperor himself refused to act on this ground.

J. W. N.

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For the Weekly Messenger.

OECOLAMPADIUS

qualified to discharge the important duty that sacred function. Having obtained he changed his resolution, and steered course towards Tübingen, and from thence to Ulm, where Reuchlin lived, a man is for his excellent knowledge in the languages. Here he stayed for a short space, whence he received from Reuchlin a slight concerning the Greek; in which, slightly study and practice, he so profited, upon his return to Heideberg, he published a Greek grammar, where he also learned a Hebrew of a Spanish teacher. In 1515, ampadius received a call to the pastoral office; and after he had preached with great success for about twenty years, he died

(To be Continued.)

He was appointed preacher in the Cathedral by Bishop of Basil, on the recommendation of his friend Capito.

## Religious Selections.

From the New York Observer.

### GONE, BUT NOT LOST.

above the Highlands the Hudson is ed; into what is called Newburg Bay; beautiful expanse of water resting a the hills, as if it had gathered itself up length before it burst away through the main barriers unto the sea. On the east-ore as it slopes toward the bay, a and a churchyard, as delightfully plan-rospect as any on the banks of this-It was in this grave yard that I first met, mb-stone, the inscription that stands e of these lines, and the scene and sociations render the mention of the

This was a natural, if not a profitable train of thought. A believer writes this inscription on the ashes of a departed saint. Day by day disease wears away the tabernacle of clay; by and by death dashes in pieces the golden bowl!" and the wheel at the cistern stands still. But the freed spirit starts into existence before the eternal throne, and an angel of light leaps in gladness and mercy unutterable and inconceivable. And is it *saint lost?*—In a diamond mine is found dust of earth that contains a gem of great price. It is taken from him that found it, polished for him who owns the mine and sells his gems; and now it sparkles on the bosom of the queen, or shines radiantly in the al of a coronet. Is that jewel lost? And if the march of the Universe could find, in the darkness of this lower world, gems that infinite light can polish for his use, shall we count them lost when he makes up his jewels and sets them to himself? If he should send for the little ones that are his moment laugh in the innocence of their young hearts at the feet, and set them as stars in his crown, if I break my heart with grief as if my children were lost. So Payson reasoned. I met a friend whom I met after long separation. "How many children have you?" "Two," said he, and one in heaven." He did not reckon lost the one first found and the second. He was right. Of such is the king-

IRENÆUS.

**Law Without a penalty.**—This subject conscience, when once made to get the better of all those representations which are made of God, by the expounding of a poetic or sentimental theism. There is disposition to merge all the characteristics of divinity into one; and while with many of our most eminent writers, the exuberantness, the soft and yielding benignity, the sympathy that overlooks and makes liberal allowances for the infirmities of human weakness have been freely and most abundantly poured upon—there has been what the French call, if not a studied, at least an actually *refined reticence*, on the subject of His truth and His hatred of moral evil. There is no government without a law; and the question is little entertained—how are the notions of that law to be disposed of? Every man as his sanctions—the hopes of proffered reward on the one hand, the fears of threatened punishment upon the other. Is the vengeance threatened only, but never to be executed? Is it guilt only to be dealt with by propositions that go before, but never by punishments that follow? What becomes of the law, or the dignity of heaven's government—when it is to rebel, and God, stripped of every attribute but tenderness, can give no demonstration of His incensed and violated majesty? Is it positively no law, if there be not a reward and a certainty in its sanctions. Taken from jurisprudence its penalties, or were still worse, let the penalties only be denounced but never be exacted; and reduce the whole to an unsubstantial theory. The fabric of moral government is torn to pieces; and instead of a great preponderance of authority in the universe, we have a subordination and a degraded sovereign. If the giver in his treatment of sin is to betray mutual vacillation; if at one time sin is the object of high-sounding but empty threats, and at another be connived at or even to be indulgent God with complacency—there is only to be the parade of a hypocritical economy, without any of its power or its permanence; if the truth is only to be kept in promises of reward, but as constantly succeeded from in the threats of vengeance; if judgment is thus lost in the over-weening—then there is positively nothing of a

PERFECTION.

"God has given us no command, beyond *assisted* capacities of our nature. Perfectness may never be attained by sinful man; the flesh; but none the less it perfectly attainable, and to be eventually attained, by every one who strives after it. Those who after it, will eventually reach it. Every effort will make the labor less. Every reach-forward will bring them nearer to it. They will always be repaid in increasing holiness and comfort; and an hour, a day, a month's year, may end the strife, and present the pure and spotless.

We speak not now of the attained perfection which men in this life, but of the perfection which men now living may struggle bravely to attain. We look not upon this existence as a separate career, but upon this mortal life as a whole. This mortal life is but a part of that whole existence upon which we are entered. It is but a minute of endless duration in which we have commenced to live. A narrow stream separates from the land where perfection is. Your life is all the while along its banks. When your labor is complete; when your struggle for perfection calls for an answer, you find that you have attained it, in that you have reached your goal, and you will then exclaim, "Great God, and you will be the Father as your Father will be the Father." It cannot be long before your struggle is victorious; and a moment, a day, a week, a year, may give you an early and a glorious victory.—*Dr. Nott.*

hence we feel a want of secret prayer, reluctance to engage in it, we ought to ourselves at once, How should we like to become reluctant to hear our prayers, we interested in grow weary of presenting before the throne! And if this question does not bring to our senses at once, then send us willingly to our closet, we to follow it up by asking, What should think—feel—do—were the Father to shut ear on our prayers, the Son to exclude from the golden censor of his incense, the Spirit to withhold all his help in future! The bare idea is horrible!—And were a dread reality possible in our own case, should we pray to be allowed to continue the habit and spirit of secret prayer! How should we agonize in terror suspense, until we felt again the Holy Spirit upon our infirmities, and pouring out on grace of supplication.—*Christian Li.*

curious table is to be found among the proceedings of the British and Foreign School Society. It contains the result of the registration of marriages in different cities and chief counties of England and Wales. By law every marriage must be duly registered, and every register of marriage is to be signed by the man so married; and those who are unable, or unable to write imperfectly, making their marks. The general result is, that in fifteen English cities, and in North and South Wales, more than forty per centum of the men were unable to write their names; and in nineteen English counties, in the West Riding of Yorkshire and in Wales, more than half the women were similarly deficient; and that in the counties of England and Wales, out of 121 083 men so married, there were, 40,587 men and 19 women who could not write.

It is to be observed, that the education of men in this respect appears to be superior to that of the women, the proportions of those who were deficient being respectively 33 and 49 for the whole kingdom; and a superiority being maintained by the throughout every county.

It may be observed that this return indicates a decided superiority with regard to education in the metropolis as compared with the rest of England; and that that the principal deficiency is in Lancashire, Bedfordshire, Northshire, and Wales.

Heaven we shall form connections that never be broken, we shall meet with those who will never die. Among celestial there is firm and lasting constancy, all that is on earth changes and passes away.

(By Hon. T. FRELINGHUYSEN.)

The scruple is often heard, and sometimes from good men who have taken but short views on the subject, "What after all can I accomplish? Iniquity abounds, and the wicked seem to multiply and wax bolder!" Truly; sadly true; but they fail to inquire, what would the world become, without restraints; abandoned to its chosen course, and the reign of indulgence thrown on the neck of every passion? The Christian religion is calculated and purifying, and wherever it is introduced, it will be to substantial purpose. If adapted to the temporal, intellectual and moral wants of our race, it harmonizes with the constitution of our physical and moral nature, and if its influences ever become dissipated, it is because by perverting it we have degraded them such. There is nothing in all the created universe that can so elevate and refine the soul. Take the most degraded from the sloughs of vice, and let the Spirit of God seal the gospel in his heart in the assurance that God waits to be gracious, and notwithstanding all his villainies will be reconciled, and remit all, and forgive all his rebellion and iniquity; and his soul rises at the blessed thought; his bosom will begin to expand with holy impulses, as the love of God in the great scheme of redemption warms his soul. Now he hates his chains, abhors his villainies; his spirit breaks away from his bondage, and he sets to the liberty and purity of the sons of God. There is an energy and power in *crucified love*, that when it beams on the soul, subdues and humbles and exalts it. Such sympathies felt, and such sacrifices made for this dying mysterious faculty within me. Heaven and earth moved in concert for the immortal principle that beats and breathes here! Ah, I claim the conscious sinner, I will reverse the being! I will cherish my hopes! This mighty motive will yet bring a world of rebellion to submission and obedience in filial confidence and love.—*Chr. Int.*

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which are made of God, by the 'exposition of a poetic or sentimental theism.' 'There disposition to merge all the characteristics of divinity into one; and while with many of our most eminent writers, the exuberantness, the soft and yielding benignity, the sympathy that overlooks and makes liberal allowances for the infirmities of human weakness, have been fondly and most abundantly indulged upon—there has been what the French call, if not a studied, at least an actually *veiled reticence*, on the subject of His truth and purity and His hatred of moral evil. There has been no government without a law; and the question is little entertained—how are the notions of that law to be disposed of? Every man has his sanctions—the hopes of proffered reward on the one hand, the fears of threatened punishment upon the other. Is the vengeance threatened only, but never to be executed? Is guilt only to be dealt with by propositions that go before, but never by punishments that are to follow? What becomes of the law or the dignity of heaven's government—when to rebel, and God, stripped of every attribute but sternness, can give no demonstration of His incensed and violated majesty? Is it positively no law, if there be not a reward and a certain set of sanctions. Taken from jurisprudence its penalties, or its rewards still worse, let the penalties only be denounced but never be executed; and introduce the whole to an unsubstantial propriety. The fabric of moral government is a mass of pieces; and instead of a great power, a great authority in the universe, we have a sun throne and a degraded sovereign. If a giver in his treatment of sin is to betray continual vacillation; if at one time sin be the object of high-sounding but empty threats, and at another be connived at even to be indulged by God with complacency—there is only to be the parade of a judicium, without any of its power or its majesty; if the truth is only to be kept in promises of reward, but as constantly evaded from in the threats of vengeance; if judgment is thus lost in the over-weening self-righteousness—then there is positively nothing of

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Original Poetry.

For the Weekly Messenger.

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

St. Luke xviii. 13.

O! merciful, within Thy temple kneeling,  
Let me not bring my vain heart's treasures there;  
Nor as I bend, on taint of earthly feeling  
Enter to debase Thy house of prayer;  
But, as I hear Thy word Thy will revealing,  
Let me be bow'd, as where Thyself hast trod—  
I look to Thee, each word, each sorrow healing,  
—I pray to Thee: Be merciful, O God!

I know that many watch, their chains upon me,  
Shall and strong, ev'n in Thy courts to fling;  
I know how often from those courts have won me  
Some of Earth's vanities, some "curst thing";  
Hardly dare I look up—Thy baptism on me  
Vainly'd or stained in all its holy flood,  
And rises that ought to hallow, have undone me—  
—I pray to Thee: Be merciful, O God!

Therefore with trembling steps as time is stealing,  
Still would I hasten to Thy house of prayer,  
That as I bend myself, no sin concealing,  
Soul, body, spirit,—all be prostrate there;  
And as I hear Thy word Thy will revealing,  
Let me be bow'd, as where Thyself hast trod—  
I look to Thee, each word, each sorrow healing,  
—I pray to Thee: Be merciful, O God!

Teachers' Department.

For the Weekly Messenger.

PRIMARY EDUCATION—READING.

No. 1.

In preparing a few essays for the *Messenger*, on primary, and the elementary branches of an English education, I would state on the very threshold, that the sensitive faculty is considered as *fundamental*, and as the main instrument by which all the other faculties are gradually and consecutively developed; and, that it is the proper exercise and due culture of the various faculties which constitutes a *good education*; by which we intend to say no more nor less, than the proper formation of character—the preparation of a human being for usefulness and happiness, which, of course, involves the careful development, the judicious cultivation, and proper direction of all the human powers, *physical, intellectual and moral*. But successfully to accomplish this, there is one *leading*, among other principles, which must always occupy a prominent place in primary education, in a course of instruction, both in its incipient and progressive stage. Indeed, it should never be lost sight of by parents and teachers—both should adhere firmly to it. It is a principle, which, in its comprehensive nature, and the important consequences flowing from it to our country, where children must be prepared to reverence the majesty of the law, ought to be the *first lesson*, the first habit—it ought to constitute the vital spirit of every future relation in life. It should pervade the whole character, and form the very atmosphere of the nursery and school room—I mean *obedience*.

If children are not governed in the family, they will be restive under *wholesome* and necessary restraints in the school room; hence parents should fit their children, in this respect, for the school. If they have neglected this, the teacher must interpose; nay, enforce prompt obedience to all his demands. For the child that is *disobedient* at home; or is not habituated to obedience by the teacher, will not; indeed, cannot, from the very constitution of mind, profit as he ought, by the instructions that he receives from the teacher. Obedience with children is, for some time, as we all know, the *substitute for knowledge and experience*. Hence obedience should form the *first* and the *continued* lesson, in the primary education of children.

Next to, and connected with obedience, the teacher must engage the young learner, in such a series of exercises as to operate on *mind*. The sensitive faculty must be first exercised. Great care is necessary on the part of the instructor to make first impressions *distinct and accurate*. He should, in all his exercises, studiously aim at creating, in the inquisitive child, habits of attention, so as to produce *activity of mind*, and the habit of observation, which cannot be formed and fostered too early, if not pushed beyond the capacity of the tender mind.

Having made these preliminary observations, which I deem necessary for the present, I shall now present some remarks and directions on teaching to read.

Much skill and patience are requisite to teach a child to read well and soon. The mode usually pursued, is implicitly to follow the *spelling book*, in teaching the child the *alphabet*, as introductory to reading, to have him repeat the *whole* alphabet at once! What child, it is asked, can at once, retain any distinct idea of *twenty-five* different characters, with their *doubtful and various* sounds? This mode of procedure has done much to retard the progress of the child's reading, much more than many, who have little or no experience in teaching, are ready to admit.

From many years' teaching, I have found as the result of experience, that to teach a child well and soon, entire words, instead of the whole alphabet, should be presented.—These words, however, should be of a familiar kind; as: *ox, fox, box, in, pin, tin, cow, is, his, an, man*. As soon as the child can read these at sight, other words of one syllable, should be presented in connection with the preceding, in the form of a sentence, or part of a sentence. The lesson may be arranged according to the following specimen—

An ox eats grass  
The cow eats green grass  
The ox loves to eat green grass  
The fox is in the tin box  
The man has a fox in the red box  
The ox, the cow, the fox, and the man can run.

The lesson should be by all means, be so simple, that while the child, in being taught his letters and to read, may understand, without too much effort, what he reads. This is all-important. It will create in the learner, the habit of carrying the sense along with the sound, which will arm him with two forces, instead of one, according to the usual method, to grapple with the difficulties he has to encounter, in his first attempt—the *one*, the knowledge of words, the *other*, a knowledge of what he reads. These conspire to regulate and direct, and accelerate each other, that by their joint aid and impetus, he learns in less than one half the time, usually spent according to the method now generally pursued to teach reading.

The importance of the subject demands it, that great care be taken at the very beginning, that the *reading exercises* be performed *slowly*, and words very distinctly pronounced—plainly enunciated. Slow and distinct reading, gets as it were, the mouth-in tune; giving

ing the muscles of the throat and chest full play, impresses afresh upon the ears of all, the proper standard which they are to aim at, and gives the diffident sufficient confidence to speak louder, and to enunciate distinctly.

While the child is acquiring the art of vocal reading, I repeat it, the teacher should never lose sight of an important and paramount exercise, namely, to teach the child to *think*—this cannot be too early and strictly attended to, in the incipient and progressive stage of reading. Mind is the subject upon which the instructor has to operate in teaching.—We fear this is too much neglected by our school masters. Every child may be taught to *compare, discriminate, and reason*. For that purpose, every reading lesson should be accompanied by *oral* remarks; for the want of these and illustrations by the teacher, few children receive a love of knowledge while young, and as is too often the case, have very little taste in boy- or manhood, for reading.

In another number, the subject shall be resumed, in which I purpose to suggest several methods to teach reading, and at the same time make it both a profitable and interesting exercise.

I. D. R.

Children's Department.

MARY MILLER AND HELEN PARKER.

OR THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.

Many years ago I read a story which forcibly illustrated the folly of discontent. It was in poetry, but there is the substance of it, in a dress of plain prose.

A farmer's daughter, I will call her Mary Miller, was permitted to take a walk in the fields one Saturday afternoon. She had been to school all the week, and this privilege delighted her very much. She soon left the dusty road, and rambled from hillock to hillock, gathering the flowers which pleased her fancy. Sometimes she watched the glassy brook, and listened to the merry birds. Sometimes she bounded after a gay butterfly, and then ran to pick some flowers whose gaudy colors attracted her eye. In short, wherever her light heart prompted, her nimble feet carried her.

She was near the road side when she saw a glittering coach pass slowly by. There was no one in it but a little girl about Mary's age. A driver sat in front, guiding the sleek horses, which trotted in their rich harness. When the girl wished to stop, he instantly checked them; when she wished them to go forward, they started at his word. A footman was on his "stand" behind. If the little girl saw a flower in the field, or by the road side, she had only to speak, and the carriage stopped while the footman ran to fetch it. In short, she seemed to have no wish ungratified. As Mary looked at the coach and her driver, her feet lost their lightness, her spirits their gaiety, and her face its smile. She walked gloomily along, and with sour looks and pouting lips, she entered her mother's humble dwelling.

"Have you had a delightful walk, my child?" said she.

"O no," said Mary pettishly, "I should have enjoyed it pretty well, but Helen Parker came along in her carriage, and when I saw how happy she appeared, with her coachman and footman to wait upon her, and remembered that I was a poor girl, and must always go on foot, and wait upon myself, I could hardly help crying. If she wanted any thing she had only to speak, or point to it, and the footman instantly ran and brought it to her. But when I wanted something, if it was ever so far off, I must go and get it myself. I don't mean to walk out by that road any more."

Her fretful voice was scarcely hushed, when Mrs. Parker came in.

"How did your daughter enjoy her ride this afternoon?" said Mrs. Miller, when her wealthy guest had thrown herself languidly upon an unobscured chair.

"Here the reader should know that Helen was lame; so that she had not walked in several years."

"She would have enjoyed it very well," said the lady in a tone of condescension, "just as she came when she had the finest prospects, she saw a little girl skipping merrily in the fields. She watched her happy movements as she ran, wherever her fancy led her, and when she recollected that she could never restrain her tears, she said she could scarcely restrain her tears. 'You cannot think,' said she, 'how sad it was to feel that I must be lifted into the carriage whenever I wish to take the air; and when I see a pretty fellow, I can never pick it myself, but must wait till some one, who works for money, can go and fetch it to me. I watched the happy girl skip for a few minutes, as she danced so gaily among the birds and flowers, and then ordered the footman to bring me a few daisies which grew by the road side; but I soon threw them away, she added, for I could not bear to look at them. She directed the coachman to drive home, that her feelings might no longer be aggravated by the sight of the pleasure which she could not share. When the footman brought her in, and placed her carefully upon the sofa she laid her face upon my lap, and wept profusely. 'Mother,' said she, 'I will never ride out by those fields again.'"

Religious.

THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

AN ELOQUENT EULOGY.

Before our Saviour had seen five and thirty summers, he was put to death by such men as thought old things were new enough, and false things sufficiently true, and like owls and bats, shrieked fearfully when morning comes, because their day is in the night, and their power, like the spectres of fable, vanishes as the cock-crowing ushers the morning in. But his doctrine was ripe, though he was young. The truth he received at first hand from God, required no age to render it mature. So he perished. But, as the oak the woodman fells in Autumn on the mountain side scatters ripe acorns over many a rood, some falling perchance into the bosom of a stream, to be cast up on distant fertile shores, so his word sprung up a host of men—living men, quickened by his words, electrified by his love, and ennobled by his divine life. He who has never seen the Sun can learn nothing of it from all our words; but he who has once looked thereon, can never forget its burning brilliance. Thus these men, "who had been with Jesus," were lit up by him. His spirit passed into them, as the Sun into the air, with light and heat. They were possessed and over-mastered by the new spirit they had drunk in. They cared only for the truth, and the welfare of their brother men. Pleasure and ease, the endearments of quiet life and the dalliance of home, were but a bubble to them, as they sought the priceless pearls of divine life. Their heart's blood—what was it to these men? They poured it joyfully as festal wine was spent at the marriage in Cana of Galilee; for, as their teacher's life had taught them to live, so had his

death taught them to die to the body, that the soul might live greater and more. In their hearts burned a living consciousness of God; a living love of man. They became rare men such as the world seldom sees. Some of them had all of woman's tenderness, and more than man's willard strength of endurance which earth and hell could not force from the right course. Thus they were fitted for all work. So the Damascus steel, we are told, has a temper so exquisite, it can trim a feather and cleave iron bars.

Forth to the world are sent these willing seedsmen of God; bearing in their bosom the Christianity of Christ, desiring to scatter this precious seed in every land of the wide world. The Priest, the Philosopher, the Poet, and the King—all who had love for the past, or an interest in the present delusions,—join forces to cast down and tread into dust these Jewish fishermen and tanners.—They fetter the limbs; they murder their body; but the word of God is not bound, and the soul goes free. The seed, sown broadcast with faith and prayers, springs up and grows night and day, while men wake, and while they sleep. Well it might, beneath the hot sun of persecution, and moistened by the dew that martyrs shed. The mailed Roman, hard as iron from his hundred battles, saw the heroism of Christian flesh, and beginning to worship that, saw with changed heart, the heroism of the Christian soul; the spear dropped from his hand, and the man, new-born, prayed greater and stronger than before. Hard-hearted Roman men, and barbarians from the fabulous Hyades, stood round in the Forum, while some Christian was burned with many tortures for his faith. They saw his gentle meekness, far stronger than the insatiable steel or flame that never says enough. They whispered to one another—these heart-heated men—in the rage of common life, man has a dependant and feeble father, a wife and a little babe, newly born, but a day old. He leaves them all to uncertain trouble, worse perhaps than his own, yet neither the love of a young and blissful life, nor the care of a young wife and child, can make him swerve an inch from the truth. Is there not God in this? And so when the world scattered wide the eloquent ashes of the uncomplaining victim to regal or priestly pride, the symbolical dust, which Moses cast towards Heaven, was less prolific and less powerful than his.

So the world went on for two ages. But in less than three centuries the faith of that lowly man, and so ultimately slain, proclaimed by the fearless voice of those trusting apostles written in the blood of their hearts, and illuminated by the divine life they lived—this faith goes from its low beginning on the Galilean lake, through Jerusalem, Ephesus, Antioch, and Alexandria; ascends the throne of the Cæsars, and great men, and temples, and towers, and rich cities, and broad kingdoms, lie at its feet. What wrought this wondrous change so suddenly; in the midst of such deadly peril; against such fearful odds? Was it not because his doctrine was felt to be true, real, divine, satisfying to the soul; proclaimed by real men, true men, who felt what they said, and liked what they felt? Man was told there was a God still alive, and that God a Father; that man had lost none of that high nature which shone in Moses, Solomon, or Isaiah, or Theseus, or Solon, but was still capable of Virtue, Thought, Religion, to a degree, those sages not only never realized, but never dreamed of. He was told there were laws for his nature,—duties to be done; Rights for his nature,—rights to be enjoyed; hopes for his nature,—hopes to be realized, and more than realized, as man goes forward to his destiny, with perpetual increase of stature. It needs no miracle, but a man to stay Niagara with a straw; or hold in the swelling surges of an Atlantic storm, with the "spider's most attenuated thread," to prevent the progress of God's truth, with all the Kings, Poets, Priests, and Philosophers, the world has ever seen; and for this plain reason, that Truth and God are on the same side. Well said the Ancient, "Above all things Truth beareth away the victory."

Such was the nature, such the origin of the Christianity of Christ; the true ideal of a divine life; such its history for three hundred years. It is true that, soon as it was organized into a church, there were divisions therein, and fierce controversies, Paul withstanding fickle Peter to the face. It is true hirelings came from time to time to live upon the flock; indolent men wished to place their arm-chair in the church and sleep undisturbed; ambitious men sought whom they might devour. But in spite of all this, there was still a religious life. Christianity was something men felt, and felt at home, and in the market place, by fire-side and field-side, no less than in the temple. It was something they would make sacrifice for, leaving father and mother and child and wife, if needful; something they would die for, thanking God they were worthy of so great an end. Still more, it was something they lived for every day; their religion and their life were the same.—*The Dial*.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

FORCE OF TRUTH.

Peregrine in the Christian Intelligencer two extracts from the works of Dr. Chambers, and supposing, therefore, that they were acceptable, I have sent, for your columns, the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth sections of the chapter on the "Experimental Evidence of the Truth of Christianity"—the insertion of which will probably be as edifying to others as they have been interesting to

STUDENT.

ADAPTATION OF THE GOSPEL TO THE HUMAN CHARACTER.

There are many high and heavenly things announced to us in the New Testament. And there are earthly things, too, such as the hidden things of the heart, for the full disclosure of which the eye of conscience must be opened, that we may perceive how truly it is that the Bible tells us of our wayward and wilful alienation from God—and how righteously therefore He may hold us in the light of everlasting outcasts from the place where his honor dwelleth. It tells us of a great disruption that took place between earth and heaven, and points out the way in which a connection again may be established between them. We may look to those lofty announcements with the eye of scholarship—we may survey in all its parts and varieties that doctrine which has been brought forward to our view from heaven above; and even delight ourselves with the symmetry and the firm connection of all its articles—we may weigh the import of every verse by the lexicon; and looking on the face of the record, be the most skilled of all theologians, in the system of truth which it unfolds to us. But that our Christianity should be a mere matter of home and practical exercise, instead of distant speculation; or rather, that beside its doctrinal, we may obtain a view of

its experimental evidence also, we must look to one side of the disruption, as well as to the other—and if by the eye of conscience we are made to see ourselves, while by the eye of a simple persual we see the word of Him who hath spoken to us from heaven. Then, as if by the light of immediate revelation, may we be made to recognize, in the adaptation which obtains between unadorned nature below and that doctrine which is offered to our contemplation from above, that we indeed have broken loose from God; but that this is the way in which the old alliance between earth and heaven will again be cemented. The conviction is imparted by what we see of the celestial part unfolded in the Bible, so tallying with what we know of the terrestrial part that lies in the recesses of our own conscience. This is a conviction which does not wait on the tardy processes of human criticism—and while the laborious commentator has gazed for years upon the record, and never felt the force of its personal application, the simple peasant who knows himself a sinner, has found out the adjustments of Scripture, with all the moral and spiritual necessities under which he labors; and so, without one ray of guidance from the literature of the schools, does he rejoice in his Bible, and has embraced its promises, and most rationally believes in the truth.

Thus, where there is a sense of guilt, a bare statement may do immediately what without that sense, cannot be done by the most ingenious and well-studied demonstration. The Gospel thus finds credence and acceptance, when simply expounded among simple hearers, who practically are in earnest, which is vainly attempted by a laboring and ambitious orator among men whose fancies have been regaled, and whose feelings have been moved, and all whose reasoning faculties have been put on the play of their most congenial exercise, while their consciences are in profoundest dormancy. Such men require a stream of argument, or the flashes of imagery, to keep them awake. The insipidity of a naked statement has no charms for them.—Were it the statement of their deliverance from that which they actually dreaded, they would feel an interest, but they have no dread, and therefore they seek not for deliverance. We stand not in need of any literary attraction whatever, to secure a welcome admittance for the offer of a discharge from the debt which oppresses us, or of an unflinching cure for the disease under which we labor. But take away our personal interest from such a communication, and that our attention may be engaged, there must be the exhibition of proofs and principles and processes of reasoning. In the same way the doctrine of the atonement may either be argued in the terms of scholarship, or it may be stated in the terms of a simple affirmation. The argument may be listened to and liked by men who feel no personal concern, and therefore make no personal application. The statement may lodge, and with the power of its own inherent evidence, in the bosoms of men, who see the lineaments of truth in a doctrine, which bears upon it so many traces of correspondence with the needs and the fears and the aspirations of a nature which they know to be undone.—Thus faith standeth not in the wisdom of man. That power of demonstration which might make us converts to the philosophy that expounds will not make us converts to the Gospel which he preaches. Conversion to the truth as it is in Jesus, does not lie in the understanding, being reached by a train of deductions; but it lies in the conscience being reached by the assertion of the naked truth. To preach the Gospel is not to argue, but to proclaim it. The bare proclamation of it often has been followed by the immediate belief of it, and it may be so still. The mere utterance of what the Gospel is, frequently of itself has prompted the firm conviction that the Gospel is true. The moment that it was apprehended as to the meaning of it, by the authority of an evidence that was instantly and powerfully felt, it has hidden an acquiescence in the truth of it. There may be a something without, that so responds to the moral constitution within, and that responsiveness may be so close, and so complete in all its adaptations, as to impress most rationally the belief of its being a true doctrine.—*That is the grand evidence of Christian philosophy.* It is not by weighing the arguments of subtle controversy, or by playing the analogies of skillful and varied illustration, that any effectual conviction is carried. It is by simply promulgating the doctrine and confiding the acceptance of it to the way in which it meets, and is at one with the knowledge that a man has of his own heart, and the sense by which he is touched of his own necessities. He cannot but award his confidence to a statement, which, however, unaccompanied it may be with reasoning, reveals to him the intimacies of his own bosom—and thus Christianity commends itself to the acceptance of its disciples, not through the medium of lengthened argument or lofty erudition; but simply through the *Word brought nigh unto them, and the manifestation of its truth unto their conscience.*

"I WILL LOOK FOR HIM."—This is peculiar language. It is the language of none in heaven. There, all have found him, and are forever near with the Lord. It is the language of none in hell. There they are only concerned to escape from his hand, and to elude his eye. It is not the language of any in the world. There they are active and eager enough, but they rise up early and sit up late, eat the bread of sorrow, to gain some temporal advantage, honor or pleasure, but none saith, "Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night." It is not the language of all in the church. There are some happy souls who know the joyful sound, and walk in the light of God's countenance; in his name they rejoice all the day and in his righteousness they are exalted. But there are others, whose desire is to his name, and to the remembrance of him, whose wish is, "O that I were as in months past, when the candle of the Lord shined upon my soul and the Almighty was yet with me." These are the persons saying, and they cannot do better than say, "I will look for him!"—*Jay*.

THE CURIOSI.

There is one sect in the religious world, which, although not mentioned in any book of denominations, or in any theological dictionary; which, although it has neither distinct creed nor separate temples, still it is entitled to a specific notification; this sect I shall denominate *Curiosi*. Their identifying trait is a love of *novelty*. They may belong to any preacher, who, for a time, can interest them by something new, and they attach themselves to every congregation that has something going on out of the common way. Thus they are carried along the stream of profession, like ships and twigs that are floating near the edge of a river, they are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy.

[Rev. J. A. James.]

Advertisements.

MARSHALL COLLEGE.

THE Summer Session of this Institution closes on Wednesday, 29th of September, the day of annual commencement. The Winter Session will commence November 14th, and continue 22 weeks. It is desirable that applicants for admission into College, should present themselves sometime during the week before commencement, or at the beginning of the Winter Session, the Professors being for the most part absent in vacations.

The Students of Marshall College are carefully instructed in all the branches of a liberal education, and frequent public examinations are held during the course to ascertain their advancement. Candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts must go through the whole course of Studies; but persons are admitted into College as irregular Students who may attend any recitations they are prepared for. The following are the instructors in the several departments:

Dr. F. A. Rauch,  
President, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy and of the German Language.

Hon. Judge Thompson, L. L. D.,  
Professor of Law.

Samuel W. Budd, Jr., A. M.,  
Professor of Mathematics and Mechanical Philosophy.

William M. Nevins, A. M.,  
Professor of Ancient Languages and Belles Lettres.

Andrew Young, A. B.,  
Tutor in Languages.

It is expected that the Professors of Natural Science will very shortly be filled.

The greatest care is taken to guard the morals of the Students of this Institution. The College Edifice, unless satisfactory reasons are rendered for the indulgence of boarding in town, are assembled for prayer every morning and evening and are required to attend public worship in the Freyer Hall on Sabbath. Those whose parents desire it, may obtain permission to attend any of the other churches in town.

EXPENSES.

Summer Session. Winter Session

Tuition, \$15.00 \$15.00

Room rent, 2.50 2.50

Continental Expenses, 1.50 1.50

Board at \$1.75, 12 weeks, 21.00 21.00

Washing, (done in town), 3.00 3.00

Those who board in College eat in commons and at the above is the steward's charge. Some who board in town pay a little less per week. The Students furnish their food and lights and are required to furnish their own room.

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