

# THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

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THE OFFICE OF  
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FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

## Extortion.

### NO. I.

#### PRELIMINARY.

1. Extortion is a great crime, and a  
crime of a mean cast; to say, therefore,  
that it is universal, is to stultify one's views,  
and to stigmatize extortion itself. No great  
crime is universal, or even very general in  
a high Christian civilization; and to say that  
it is, is to give a refuge to the actual  
extortioner, who cares for nothing better  
than to take shelter with the mass of the  
community under a sweeping and indiscriminate  
denunciation. No great moral  
apostasy, such as great crime attends, is  
the work of a night, or even of that hot-  
bed process that men imagine this war oc-  
casions. Men grow mean slowly. And as  
the Bible mentions extortion as one of the  
atrocious depravities of man, we are to look  
for it among a few. "Our doctrine, there-  
fore, is that extortion, as it is now running  
riot in the land, is the work of a few very  
sordid characters, along with a still smaller  
number of respectable Christian people,  
who have been misled by false reasoning,  
under the new circumstances of their situa-  
tion."

2. That extortion does exist in bitter  
instances in our land is the sense of the vast  
mass of the people. And though the sense  
of the vast mass of the people is not infalli-  
ble, yet it is with very rare exceptions. The  
Bible teaches that we are to eat meat if it  
make our brother to offend. And if in the  
smallest matters we are to bow even to the  
prejudices of a single unfortunate brother,  
how serious ought it to make a man feel,  
though he stands high in the church, if  
the great mass of his whole solid com-  
munity is loud in their denunciations against  
him.

3. The report that we who speak so  
are pandering to the excitements of the people,  
can only be made effective by over-setting  
a superior probability. The probability is,  
that the people are right; and till a strong  
over-weighing probability can be attained,  
it is a serious thing for a believer to have  
coming up from the hill-sides and hamlets  
of his county, to an extent perhaps of which  
he does not dream, muttered curses upon  
the professor of religion for taking advan-  
tage of the absence of his own sex at the  
camp, to extort upon the helpless the gains  
of some enormous operation.

Good men ought to be scared from such  
business by the very stain on it, as respects  
the future. When the war ends men will  
come home to desolation and debt, and the  
intensity of other feelings being relaxed,  
the energies that have gone into this des-  
perate struggle, will flow back into their  
interests. They are not going to think  
lighter of what their families have suffered,  
than those families have done themselves.  
So that in addition to this serious idea, that  
God will not prosper that portion of our  
wealth which has been gotten from those  
who have defended us, comes this other;  
—that when we attempt to enjoy it, we shall  
find ourselves surrounded by neighbors  
who have a contempt for our success, and  
will follow us to the very grave with ill-  
disguised feelings of resentment and repro-  
bation.

4. This prima facie evidence that, is to be  
found in the feelings of the people, must be  
added to by almost all the forms of this  
same sort of proof.

It is, "prima facie," wrong to grow rich  
by this war. This is the simple way in  
which many plain men have settled their  
convictions.

It is prima facie wrong to take advantage  
of generous volunteering, or forced conscrip-  
tion, to levy upon families that are left be-  
hind exorbitant rates for the necessities of  
life.

It is prima facie wrong to follow old hab-  
its of business in the new and affecting re-  
lations in which we stand in this war.  
And if any one asks what these relations  
are, it will add much to this prima facie  
impression to detail them:—All males, with  
a hardship, scarcely ever known in the his-  
tory of raising armies, are forced to go out  
to defend this Southern country, unless it  
be two very peculiar classes of exception.—  
one, the infirm, who are unable to stand up  
for their families, and are obliged to throw  
upon others the task of their defence;—the  
other, the useful, or those who being of mid-  
dle age are supposed to have much commit-  
ment to their care, or being public men can-  
not be spared in their particular occupa-  
tions. In either case they are left at home out  
of necessity, and of course look to others  
for their help, in so high a service as the  
defence of all they hold dear. Now, to use  
this chance which they have from their very  
infirmities, or from their imagined usef-  
fulness, to do what, of course, can be done to  
make their labor which is spared at home  
command the price of almost all the labor  
that used to be engaged; to make the men  
who are hazarding their lives for them re-  
ceive, as their remuneration, poverty and  
debt, so as to make the soldier poor, and  
the man left at home to be useful, exorbitant  
and almost bewilderingly rich and  
prosperous; and thus to make the war, which  
to the vast mass of the people has been a  
horrible struggle, and to many an earnest  
and honorable citizen, one of sacrifice and  
self destruction of his living, a means of

immense wealth to a few sordid citizens; to  
make these the noble and the elevated  
hereafter, and to let the soldier come home  
to work out his debts to them, and perhaps,  
on these newly earned estates, is altogether  
so sharp a violence to every instinct, that  
we do not wonder that the men who write  
under it, as they speak of it in their camps.

It is an instance in which all that is noble  
is suffered and achieved by a large class  
in the history of a community; creating  
thereby an heroic age, the most so perhaps  
of any for many centuries, and in which  
the very heroes who achieved it for us are  
to be rewarded by actual distress, by the  
spectacle of the fact that it is the laggards  
that are to found families in this revolution;  
by seeing their own danger, the greatest  
perhaps that brave men ever have incurred,  
rewarded by sinking in their fortunes, and  
by raising, out of the poor pliancy of their  
wages, the revenues of men whom they have  
sheltered in the work of preying upon their  
wives and children.

If such things are right, plain men can't  
see it. And whatever philosophy may say,  
the people will thunder their anathemas, in  
the history of the South, upon the few that  
were thus engaged. They will not be nice  
about the particular plan, whether it was by  
so-called speculation, or by the market-price;  
if men were defended by others' risk, and  
enriched by little labor, if they built fort-  
unes during the war out of the suffering  
and grinding seige and famine of this  
Southern Confederacy, no matter how they  
escaped the camp, whether they were forty,  
or because they were crippled, or because  
they might help feed the country, if they  
did it at ten prices for their labor, and when  
the main body of their countrymen were  
marched into the field, managed it that the  
non-combatants should grow rich, and the  
blood stained remnant of our deliverers  
should come home poor to work upon their  
estates, the people will matter their curses,  
and will mark to the end of time these hor-  
rible instances of meanness and oppression.

4. It is therefore important that religious  
people should clear themselves from this  
imputation.

This is a heroic age. It is an age of  
great examples. It will be looked to in  
more ordinary periods of the church for  
the highest moral teachings. If a newspaper,  
for example, is silent about so serious a  
crime as the Bible represents this one to  
be; or if it receive into its pages, whether  
of its own doctrine or not, yet uncontradicted,  
anything which tends to exonerate the  
enormities of which we speak, then it is  
a serious misfortune to the church. Her  
sermons cannot go on record as her teach-  
ing, nor her private conversations, nor her  
real sentiments, in any way so completely  
perhaps, as through these public organs of  
the body. And, therefore, there can be no  
doubt that a wholesome Christian sentiment  
will in the end express itself, and through  
these very newspapers, and that on the part  
of their editors; for we are entirely per-  
suaded that the great mass of the Christian  
church is holding itself aloof from these  
sordid measures, and are ready, like an  
elder of whom we have recently heard, to  
fix a principle in respect to their estate, that  
it is not to be increased by any of these  
cruel opportunities during the war.

## ALABMY.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. Dr. Brown, —Permit me through your  
paper to return my sincere thanks to the  
ladies of Mossy Creek congregation for the  
large donation (in money) they have recent-  
ly made me. I omit the amount, because  
the private, unostentatious manner in which  
it was sent me, leads me to think that they  
do not wish that either the gift or its amount  
should be made public. Contrary to their  
wishes however, I make public the fact of  
the donation, and in regard to the amount  
of it, I will say, that I, and no doubt others,  
have preached a whole year for less than  
those ladies have presented to me. This  
too, has been in addition to an increase in  
my salary for the past year, —bringing it  
up to war prices. This increase was sug-  
gested by your inquiries in the *Central  
Presbyterian*, "How are Pastors to live?"  
More than ten years ago I came amongst  
the people of Mossy Creek an entire stran-  
ger,—with faults and imperfections,—too  
many of which still continue with me, yet  
from no member of that church or congre-  
gation have I received any thing bordering  
on unkindness. Unlooked for, undeserved  
acts of kindness have been constantly shown  
me—my wants and my circumstances have  
been anticipated and met by them. Favors  
have pressed upon me, which I did not think  
it was right to accept. Their kindness of  
heart and their hospitality are known to the  
members of Lexington Presbytery, known  
to you. My earnest prayer is that God may  
bless those ladies who have shown me this  
recent favor. May he reward them as they  
deserve—I cannot. And may he bestow  
all spiritual and temporal blessings on the  
whole congregation. JOHN PINKERTON.

## Almost Home.

This is one of the most joyous expres-  
sions in the English language. The heart  
of the long-absent husband, father, or son,  
not only homeward bound, but almost ar-  
rived, thrills with rapturous joy as he is on  
the point of receiving the embraces and  
greetings of the dear ones at home. So it  
is with the aged Christian, as in the far ad-  
vance of his pilgrimage, he feels that he  
approaches the boundary line, and will soon  
cross over to the land of promise. Many of  
his best friends had crossed over before  
him, and they have long been beckoning  
him upward and onward. They await his  
arrival with the joyful welcome of holy ones.  
And as tokens multiply on either hand that  
the land of Benah is near, he feels that he  
is almost home. The ripe fruit of a long  
Christian life is about to be gathered into  
the heavenly garner. Few sights on earth  
are more pleasing than aged, faithful Chris-  
tians, strong in the Lord, almost home. We  
have some such among us, revered and be-  
loved, whose faces we love to see in the  
sanctuary, and whose prayers bring down  
blessings upon our heads. They speak of  
many friends, most of whom have preceded  
them, but the reunion will soon come.—  
Blessings be upon the fathers and mothers  
in Zion; and may their mantles fall on us.  
Lord Bacon has said that, "love is good-  
ness put in motion."

## POETRY.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

### Tried but Comforted.

Five Summers bright our noble boy  
Was but us for our household joy;  
Then came the fatal, wintry hour  
Of death, and blighted our sweet flower.

They told me, "Weep not, for thy gem  
Is fixed in Christ's own diadem;  
It spoils not the race have run,  
The foe have 'eaped, the goal have won."

I chide the merriment of my breast  
With this dear thought; and then addressed  
My steps to wait upon the Lord,  
And with his saints to bear his word.

Then thus I heard their an'gem flow;  
'Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
'Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
'Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'

But how, I said, can this sad heart  
The joyful praise bear its part?  
It hath no joy; it naught can do,  
But mourn its loss, and tell its woe.

And thus I thought; What if thy lost  
Is now among that heavenly host,  
And with that angel choir dost sing,  
'Glorious to thee, Eternal King'!

But is not this a hope too sweet?  
Pain is too weak the joy to meet;  
Oh might my burning heart be so  
If true the blissful thought can be!

Oh that, for once, mine eye might hear  
That ray of voice, so high and clear,  
Singing Emmanuel's name among  
Those louder strains, that nightingale!

Oh that, but once, mine eye could see  
That smile, which heaven was wont to be  
The sunshine of my heart, made bright  
With Jesus' love, with heaven's light.

Then would my burdened heart, I know,  
With none but tears of joy o'erflow—  
But ah! when faith would strain her eyes  
For that best vision, vain arise

The shadows of my deary home;  
'Twixt heaven and my heart there come  
That dying bed, that corpse, that bier;  
And when I strive the surge to hear

Sad memory echoes but the wail  
My love to soothe could naught avail;  
I leary hear his anguished cry;  
I only see his glazing eye.

But yet, be still, tumultuous heart,  
And bravely bear thy destined part.  
Yet will I say; Stay there, my son;  
And to my Lord; Thy will be done.

'Tis not for sight and seems to know  
Those scenes of glory, here below;  
But he it ours to walk by faith,  
And credit what our Saviour saith.

Let patience work till we be meet  
To dwell, in bliss, at Jesus' feet;  
Then death, once dreaded, friendly come,  
And bear us to our lost one's home.

Then shall that glorious hour repay;  
The woes of all this dreary way,  
And I shall hear, forever more,  
My seraph boy's glad voice.

Yea, he shall teach this voice to raise;  
As Angels taught him, heaven's lays;  
And I, who once his steps did lead,  
Shall follow him in Christ our Head.

## CHILDRENS' COLUMN.

### Are You Sorry You Gave Your Penny?

BY MATTIE B.

After traversing all day long the burning  
sands of India, trying to collect the natives  
and teach them of the Saviour, Rev. Mr.  
A. was approaching his own home, weary,  
heart-sick, and discouraged; yet he was  
not reflecting so much about the amount of  
work he was accomplishing, for he felt that  
he strained every power, but from the small  
encouragement and apparent neglect which  
was manifested abroad in his own native  
land America, which was the spring from  
whence he most received his temporal sup-  
plies; he was thinking of the little he had  
received, and of the dark prospect of the  
future, for the cry from America was "hard  
times." Perhaps his thoughts travelled  
across the ocean to his native home, among  
his own green hills, beautiful streams, and  
peaceful valleys; he remembered the little  
white church, and the Sabbath school near  
it where he had gone so many happy years,  
and he thought perhaps they are doing what  
they can now to raise money to make up a  
box, as in the olden time, for some poor  
missionary; they may remember their Sab-  
bath school scholar now away in India, and  
if not me, then some one equally necessitous.  
His heart was large enough to consider  
others as well as himself. His meditations  
were broken in upon by his little daughter,  
who had perceived him coming, and had run  
to meet him.

"O papa, papa, come quick!" she ex-  
claimed out of breath, "hurry and see what  
is in the house."

"Well, well, what is it?" he asked, tak-  
ing her up in his arms.

"O I can't tell all; you must hurry and  
come in," and they entered the house to-  
gether. In the middle of the room was a  
good sized box, which had just come off a  
mission ship. Mr. A. only looked at his wife  
as she stood with tearful eyes, and soon  
proceeded to open the box.

"Well, what was in it, tell us?" I hear  
the children who read this exclaim.

Listen. Upon the top, after the lid was  
off, was a letter, as well as one accompany-  
ing the box. The letter stated that the  
contents were made up by pennies collected  
in Sabbath school, and the balance was in  
the letter to the amount of twenty dollars.  
O how much this was needed; there was in  
the box various articles of clothing for Mr.  
and Mrs. A. and for the children, with some  
books; and in the bottom a beautiful dress-

ing gown marked "for the Dominic." The  
mission ship had brought the box without  
charge, and it was forwarded to the good  
minister, so well known and so much loved,  
at but little expense. That was a very  
happy family then; they felt encouraged,  
for they had been remembered from Ameri-  
ca.

Now, children, are you sorry you gave  
your penny? See what glad hearts they  
make; but perhaps you will say my one  
penny can't do much; true, but many pen-  
nies can. You know 'it is drops which  
make the oceans,' and remember, that to  
give your pennies is a proof of early char-  
ity, and this pleases your Father in heav-  
en. He loves little children and wants them  
to do good, and this is one great way of  
doing good, to put pennies in the mission box.  
Now, when you have pennies given you to  
spend just stop and think a moment how  
soon the toy will break, and the candles be  
eaten, and your pennies gone. But in the  
mission box they will increase and multiply  
until they become dollars, and will bless  
poor missionaries away in strange countries  
you read of in geography, where they are  
trying to make men good and honest, that  
they may be like you are, educated, happy,  
well clothed, civilized, and have the Bible;  
and also you can make poor missionaries in  
the west happy; some of them are very  
poor, and their children much worse clothed  
than you. Don't forget to give your pen-  
nies, and don't be sorry you have given  
them, for your Father in heaven loves a  
cheerful giver. And let all Sabbath schools  
have mission boxes.

## SELECTIONS.

### Gleanings.

FROM ADAM'S EXPOSITION OF 2 PETER.

The service of God.—Let me consider in  
it three things; its liberty, dignity, and re-  
ward.

The liberty.—Constrained obedience is  
not worth a thank you. The wickedest re-  
probate, yea, the very devils must need  
serve God, but can expect no wages but  
hell. Either God's will shall be done by  
them or be done on them; but however, it  
shall be done in them. A good servant has  
these properties; a quick eye, a listening  
ear, a ready foot, a working hand, an honest  
heart.

A quick eye; attending the least beck of  
his commander. "As the eyes of servants  
look to the hands of their master, so our  
eyes wait upon the Lord our God." Paul  
speaks of "eye service;" this is a fault with  
men; but let us serve our God no longer,  
no farther than he sees us—it is enough;  
his eye is never off our hands—our hearts.  
"Whither shall I go from thy presence? or  
whither shall I flee from thy presence?"—  
Heaven has the presence of his glory, earth  
of his providence, the sea of his wonders,  
the darkness of his light, the hell of his power.

A listening ear.—Such a one as Eli taught  
Samuel to find, when God called—"Speak,  
Lord, for thy servant heareth."

A ready foot.—An obedient servant makes  
no delays. God's Spirit often uses the  
phrase of "rising early." Abimelech rose  
early to tell his dream. Abraham rose early  
to sacrifice his son. Elishah and Hannah  
rose early to worship God. Job rose early  
to sanctify his children. We say with the  
suggard, "By and by, Lord." The service  
shall find no thanks, that found no readiness.  
A good work, the longer it sticks in our  
fingers, the less acceptable.

A working hand.—The life of service is  
work, the work of a Christian is obedience. e.  
The centurion describing his good servant,  
said no more but this—"I bid him do this,  
and he doeth it." He that works not in  
God's labor, but his own labor, what our  
Masters required of us. It were an  
easy thing to be a servant, if service con-  
sisted only in kissing our hands, in making  
courtesies, in taking wages, and wearing  
liveries. Many wear Christ's livery, all  
live upon Christ's trencher, but most have  
gony fingers; they will do no work in  
God's service. It is an everlasting rule,  
"Ye are his servants to whom ye obey,"  
Rome. vi: 16. There is much service in  
the world, but it is to a wrong master; but  
such God can point out, and put off. If any  
think to pass in the crowd, and press among  
God's servants, without the wedding gar-  
ment, a question shall be asked them where-  
at they shall stand speechless; How came  
you in hither?

An honest heart.—He that gave thee a  
who's heart will not be served with a piece  
of it. Some are like the Philistine's tem-  
ple; there is the ark, but Dagon too. Or  
like the temple of Egypt, fair without, but  
within full of crocodiles; rotten kernels un-  
der fair shells.

### Letter from a Camp Missionary.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG,  
49th Ga. Reg., A. P. Hill's Division }  
The soldiers generally are in condition to  
receive the greatest benefits from the efforts  
the people of God are making for their  
spiritual well-being. I find them not only  
ready and anxious to listen attentively to  
the teachings of God's holy word, but are  
serious in regard to the salvation of their  
souls. I have been permitted to preach to  
several different regiments, and find in them  
all the same feeling about the importance  
of embracing religion. They sit down,  
even in the cold misty rain, for nearly half  
an hour, listening patiently to the words of  
God's ministers. I do not wish to be un-  
derstood that the whole army is in this se-  
rious condition, but a larger part than we  
are willing to credit are far more serious  
than they were twelve months since. I feel  
the great force of immediate action on the  
part of the churches, not only to furnish  
reading matter for them, and pray for their  
benefit, but also to use every proper means  
for the advancement of the Redeemer's  
kingdom in the army. Many regiments and  
even brigades are destitute of regular ap-  
pointed chaplains, and the men are anxious  
for chaplains to remain with them.

I am delighted with the manner the sol-  
diers receive religious tracts. They sur-  
round you when you first make your ap-  
pearance, and even ask you to give them  
something good to read.

Now is the time for God's people to work,  
and I know great blessings will certainly  
follow.

## Extract from the Report on the State of the Church.

A paper read before the Synod of Virginia,  
during its sessions in Staunton, October,  
1863, by the Rev. A. W. Miller, Peters-  
burg, Va.

The present may be considered a critical  
period in the history of the Church. Horrid  
war has rolled its tide of desolation into  
her midst, extinguished many bright lights,  
and greatly crippled her resources. Some  
have yielded to the temptations of an evil  
time, and brought reproach upon the Chris-  
tian name. An extraordinary providence  
addresses to her an extraordinary call to  
duty. Strained in her Divine Head she  
never can be. The resources of Jehovah  
are pledged to sustain her; the influences of  
the Spirit animate her; ministering angels  
wait upon her; whilst all the wisdom, all  
power, all the love of the Holy Trinity  
are engaged to uphold, preserve, and save  
her! The Lord in the midst of her is mighty.  
His kingdom can never be moved; no op-  
position can shake it; no internal decay  
ruin it. The spring of it is in Him who  
liveth for ever and ever, and hath the keys  
of hell and death; it survives amidst fall-  
ing thrones and dissolving dynasties. Other  
kingdoms decline and perish. But their  
fall, equally with their rise, only contributes  
to its advancement. It takes no step back-  
ward. Its course is ever onward. For it  
was founded by its omniscient King, not only  
in full view of all the multiform hostility it  
would encounter, but with the fixed purpose  
of overruling and converting all opposition  
into instrumentalities for its development,  
extension, and final triumph. The bruising  
of the serpent's head follows the bruising of  
the Saviour's heel. The kingdom of provi-  
dence, with its ceaseless changes, its in-  
flections, its revolutions, its wars, has been  
put in subjection to the Lord Jesus Christ,  
the Head of the Church, who has made it  
subservient to His great kingdom of grace,  
the design and end of all His works. Hence,  
the course of nature and the providence of  
God have, in every age, ministered to the  
Gospel, preserving, defending, opening be-  
fore it its appointed way, and propelling it  
in its onward career over all opposition of  
individuals, kingdoms, states, and the em-  
bedded hosts of the mighty powers of dark-  
ness.

These thoughts afford encouragement in  
this day of darkness and rebuke. Zion shall  
not always be left to mourn. God is still  
in the midst of her. He will help her, and  
that right early. Though He chasten, He  
will not cast off for ever. He has come to  
quicken His Church—come to rouse her  
from lethargy—come to rebuke her  
pride, wear her from self-confidence, re-  
prove her for her unbelief, her indolence,  
her supineness, her neglect of duty, and ex-  
cite her to call more earnestly upon the  
name of the Lord, that He may return to  
her, and show her His salvation.

Will she "hear the rod," and lay its les-  
sons to heart? Will she humble herself  
before the Lord, and repent of her sins?—  
Will she address herself to her work with  
redoubled diligence and ardor? Or will  
she, even under the chastening hand of God,  
sink down into torpor and indifference  
greater than before, and slumber over her  
tremendous responsibilities? responsibilities,  
too, that are greatly increased by the stir-  
ring events of our day. The successful termi-  
nation of the war we are now waging against  
infidelity and despotism, will place our  
Southern Church more prominently before  
the world than ever she has been before.  
She will stand alone. The eyes of the world  
will be upon her. Her course will be  
watched—every act scrutinized by the na-  
tions—their sympathies not yet with her,  
and given only when forced to acknowledge  
the evident tokens of favor bestowed by  
her Divine Head, and her signal devotion to  
the service of the Master.

But, above all, the eyes of  
God are upon her. She has a great work  
to do. And it becomes her to realize its  
magnitude, and prepare in the strength of  
the Lord, to do it. It is taken for granted  
that the discipline through which she is now  
passing will not be lost upon her; that she  
will come out of the furnace purified; the  
line that separates her from the world more  
distinct than ever; her standard higher, her  
sentinel loftier, her zeal more steady, her de-  
termination more fixed to consecrate to the  
service of the Master the great resources  
He has lavished upon her, and to signalize  
the power of His grace by a devotion more  
uniform, more intense, more universal, more  
constant, than has ever marked her history  
before. Her experience has taught her  
that sacrifices of one kind or another she  
must make; and that if she excuses herself  
from making easy sacrifices for Christ's  
cause, notwithstanding the priceless benefits  
He has conferred upon her, His righteous  
retributive providence will compel His peo-  
ple to make very painful sacrifices for the  
possession of jeopardized minor benefits,  
more valued, but infinitely less valuable,  
than those they had lightly esteemed. She  
has thus read her sin in her punishment.—  
Shall not this lesson, so painfully learned,  
abide with her evermore? and the practical  
teaching of providence produce most blessed  
results hereafter? As the disasters which,  
months ago, befell the Confederacy proved  
the means of arousing it from its inaction,  
and exciting it to suitable efforts, which  
Providence graciously owned and blessed,  
so shall it not be with the Church now?  
Will she not with renewed assiduity and  
zeal prosecute her high and holy mission,  
address herself with greater fidelity to the  
discharge of her duty, and, in the bold-  
ness and confidence of a true faith and love,  
and in humble dependence upon the pro-  
mised agency of the Spirit, take a firmer  
grasp of the appointed instrumentalities, for  
the ingathering of God's elect, the building  
up of the body of Christ, and the complete  
establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom  
throughout the earth?—S. P. Review.

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?—Look into the  
life and temper of Christ as described and  
illustrated in the Gospel and search whether  
you can find anything like it in your own  
life. Have you anything of his humility,  
meekness and benevolence to men? Any-  
thing of his purity and wisdom, his contempt  
of the world, his patience, his fortitude, his  
zeal?—Doddridge.

Hope.—If hope deferred maketh the  
heart sick, what will the death of hope be?

## The Two Services.

"I know, with Newton, what the world  
can do, and what it cannot do, said Hedley  
Vicars, a pious English officer, who perished  
in the war of the Crimea. "It cannot give  
or take away the peace of God in the soul.  
It cannot soothe the wounded conscience,  
or enable us to meet death with comfort. I  
have tried both services. For twenty-four  
years I lived under the yoke of sin. The re-  
spect of my past life is now miserable to  
me; yet, before I was taught by the Spirit  
of God, I thought and called it a life of  
pleasure." The very name, when applied to  
sin, now makes my heart sick. Even then  
I could never enjoy reviewing the occupa-  
tions of a single day; and think you my  
conscience was quiet? No, no. Bitter-ex-  
perience has taught me that there is 'no  
peace for the wicked.' Blessed be God,  
now I am pardoned and reconciled through  
the death of His Son. How happy is the  
Christian's life when he has this assurance!"

## Family Prayer.

It is admitted, I believe, to be the will of  
God that we should pray to him socially.  
The Lord's Prayer was constructed for so-  
cial use. The disciples were directed to  
use it when they should pray together; and  
it is accordingly in the plural number; not  
my Father, but our Father." Now, is God  
to be socially worshipped, and yet not wor-  
shipped in that first, most permanent, and  
most interesting form of society, the form  
of society instituted by God himself, the  
family? Is that to be believed? But the  
Lord's Prayer seems not only intended for  
social, but for daily use. "Give us *this day*  
our daily bread," is one of its petitions. It  
does not contemplate the morrow. It asks  
supplies but for one day. Now if, as ap-  
pears from this reasoning, social prayer  
should be daily, where but in the family, the  
society which is abiding and which a single  
roof covers, can it with propriety be daily?  
Should there be public religious services  
daily, or daily prayer-meetings for this pur-  
pose? Then how suitable is it that those  
who together share their daily bread should  
together daily ask it.

How reasonable and comely is household  
religion, family worship! Common bless-  
ings, such as families daily share, call for  
common thanksgivings. Common wants,  
such as families together feel, call for com-  
mon supplications. Is it not fit that fami-  
lies, in retiring to rest at night, should to-  
gether commit themselves to divine keep-  
ing, and in the morning unite in praising  
the Lord for having been their protector? It  
is a clear case, it seems to me. Besides,  
fathers are directed to bring up their chil-  
dren "in the nurture and admonition of the  
Lord." But can they do this while they  
pray not with them and for them? I do  
not know how we are to comply with the  
apostolic exhortation to pray "everywhere,"  
unless we pray in the family, as well as un-  
der other circumstances.

Is any one in doubt whether the practice  
or omission of family prayer will be the  
more pleasing subject of retrospect from  
the dying bed or the eternal world? Parents  
should not forget that presently will come  
the long-deferred and greatly dreaded sea-  
son of taking the last look and the last  
leave of those whom their decess is to  
make orphans. O then, what a sweet  
thought it will be to enter into the dying  
meditation, that they have been in the daily  
habit of bowing down with their children in  
prayer, and commending them to the care  
and grace of their heavenly Father, and  
that they may now indulge the confident  
hope that he will infinitely more than supply  
the paternal place which they are to leave  
vacant.—*Nerina.*

FROM THE RELIGIOUS HERALD.

## The Dying Christian Soldier.

Not long since it was my privilege to  
stand by the bed-side of one of the heroes  
who are daily offering themselves as sacri-  
fices upon the altar of their country. He  
was an officer of the gallant 56th Virginia,  
with which he had been at Dnelson, had  
borne his part in the hardships and gl