



Christian Observer.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1860.

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Prayer for Colleges.

Thousands in our city, we hope, will regard it as their privilege and duty, to offer their united prayers, to-day, in behalf of the young men and youth of the land, who are members of the theological seminaries, colleges, academies, and schools of our country.—Our best hopes for our country, for the church, and for the world, must rest, under God, upon the young.—May all who pray, offer their fervent supplications, humbly beseeching God to pour out upon these institutions showers of heavenly influences, and consecrate all connected with them to Christ, that His will may "be done on earth as it is in heaven."

DEATH OF THE REV. GEORGE CHANDLER.

Shortly after our last number was put to press, we received the sad intelligence that our friend and excellent brother, the Rev. GEORGE CHANDLER, had been called to his final rest. He died at his residence in Kensington, (in the northern part of Philadelphia,) on Wednesday morning, the 15th inst., aged 70 years, after an illness of several weeks.—Though he had reached the age usually allotted to man, his removal is deeply lamented, not only by an interesting family and personal friends, but by a large Church of nearly eight hundred members, a numerous congregation, and by thousands in that section of the city, who he had labored in the ministry about forty-six years, and by all who had been associated with him in Presbytery and Synod.

It is not enough to say of George Chandler that he was "highly esteemed in love for his works' sake."—He was greatly beloved as a good man—as a faithful servant and minister of Christ—as a wise, prudent and eminently successful pastor. Modest, humble, unassuming, unambitious of the things coveted by worldly minds, in imitation of the highest example, "he went about doing good," not only among the members of his own congregation, but also among thousands in that part of our city, who had no connection with the church. His life was the most impressive, the best sermon, that a minister can preach, for it illustrated the excellence and power of the gospel by a living example, commending it to the consciences of all who knew him.

His funeral was attended last Monday morning. The thousands who thronged the new and spacious church, erected by the people of his charge, a few months since, and the multitude numbering a thousand more, assembled around the edifice, for whom no place was left even to stand within its walls, were the most impressive expression of regard that could be offered to the moral worth and the distinguished usefulness of the Pastor, the Christian, the friend, whose death they deplored. In the services at the Church, the Rev. Messrs. Brown, Patton, Wallace, Chambers, Brainerd, Barnes, Cox, and Converse took part after an appropriate hymn, sung by the Choir, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Chambers. Dr. Brainerd made an impressive address, presenting a faithful sketch of the life, labors and character of our lamented brother. The Rev. Mr. Barnes added a few remarks which were peculiarly appropriate to the solemnities of the occasion. The Rev. Robert Adair officiated in the service at the grave.—His funeral was numerously attended by the ministry, embracing some thirty or forty members of the Third and Fourth Presbyteries of Philadelphia, and also a number of brethren from other branches of the Church, who, no doubt, will cherish the memory of the lamented Pastor, with sentiments of high esteem and veneration.

The Rev. George Chandler was born in Middletown, Ct., January 24th, 1790. In his youth, while an apprentice at a trade, he was called of God into his kingdom. After making a profession of his faith in Christ, he felt it to be his duty to prepare for his service in the work of the ministry. He was educated at Yale College, and licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Hudson.

The First Presbyterian Church of Kensington was organized on the 23d of March, 1814, and then consisted of seven members.—Mr. Chandler, then a young licentiate, was invited to preach to the infant Church on the first Wednesday evening of November of the same year. Such was the impression made by his first discourse, that he was invited to supply the pulpit which was about to be vacated by Rev. Mr. Stockton, during the month of December, as a candidate for settlement. On the 6th of February, 1815, he was unanimously elected pastor, and on account of some doubts whether he should accept the call, his installation was deferred till the 15th of the following November, when he was duly constituted pastor by the Presbytery of Philadelphia.

For some time after his settlement, many members of his congregation on account of the decline of business, removed to other cities—so many, that he entertained serious thoughts of looking for another field of labor. But a gentle shower of Divine influences, in 1822, revived the hopes of the pastor and people. During the first eight years of his ministry, 143 were added to the Church. During the next eight years, from 1822 to 1830, he had the joy of receiving 253 members to the Church. During the next five years, 156 members were added. Within the next eight years, his congregation was blessed with the most extensive and powerful revival it ever experienced, and 401 were added to the Church. From 1845 to 1855, 178 members were added; and in 1851, '55, '58 and 1859, 227 members were received—making an aggregate of thirteen hundred and fifty-eight members, added during the pastorate of our brother previous to the dedication of their new edifice, held on the 22d of May, 1859.

In this connection, we insert the following

notice of a heavenly scene in the chamber of the dying pastor, prepared by the hand of a Christian brother:

A BLESSED DEATH BED SCENE.

The following solemn and interesting scene occurred on Sunday, the 5th of February, in the dying chamber of the Rev. GEORGE CHANDLER, the venerable Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Kensington, Philadelphia.

In accordance with a previous arrangement, Messrs. Clouds, Worrall, Sedding, Lowery, Dougherty and Affolbaugh, members of the Church Session, met and proceeded in a body to the chamber of their dying Pastor, with a view to make him a farewell visit.—As they entered the room, one of the brethren said to him, "Mr. Chandler, the Session have come to pay you a farewell visit,"—he replied, "Oh brethren, I am glad to see you—yes, I am glad to see you; I want to tell you how the Lord has been dealing with me. For a portion of the time since I have been sick, Satan has sorely tried me, and at times almost made me think that I had been deceiving myself. He came upon me as a strong man armed, and it seemed as though the Lord had hidden his face from me—had forsaken me, while a heavy cloud overspread my mind, hiding from me the Sun of Righteousness."

One of the elders remarked, "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken." Another observed, "The poet has beautifully said,

"The soul that on a Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert his face; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never—no never—no forsake."

Mr. Chandler replied,—"Yes, that is a delightful promise,—thank God, those doubts have all disappeared, and the cloud has been removed. Jesus is now precious; O how precious to my soul! Brethren, I am happy; the Lord is praised for his goodness.—I know in whom I have believed." After a pause, Mr. C. continued: "Brethren, I have not been as faithful in the discharge of my duty as I should have been, and have not always so preached the gospel as to strengthen and comfort believers, and so to warn sinners of their danger. For my shortcomings I pray the Lord to forgive me."

In reply to which an elder remarked: "Mr. Chandler, in expressing my own sentiments, I believe I also speak the sentiments of my brethren here, and of our whole church, and of this community, when I say, we firmly believe that you have faithfully preached the gospel of Christ to us, and that you have been a faithful and useful pastor to our church for the period of forty-six years, in which you have been with us; and as an evidence of this, you now have the love and confidence of the whole Church, and not only of every member of our church, but you have also the love and confidence of this whole community. God himself has put his seal to your ministry, by the success he has given you. We believe there are hundreds whom you have been instrumental in bringing from nature's darkness to God's marvellous light."

Mr. C. said, "I thank God for what he has enabled me to do, and pray that he may forgive me for what I have left undone."—He continued,—"Brethren of the Session, be faithful to the flock over which Christ has long called us to watch; be united, be prayerful. You will have with you, to assist you, the great Shepherd of his flock, our Lord Jesus Christ, even though he shall take from you this poor, weak under-shepherd. Say to the members of our church, for me, be faithful to Jesus!—persevere in the narrow path, and meet me in heaven. Say to the whole congregation,—the old, the middle-aged, the young, the Sabbath Schools, that my heart's desire and prayer to God for them, is, that they may be saved. Tell them all, I die happy in Jesus." An elder remarked,—"Sir, we think it might well be said, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.'" He replied,—"Feebly, very feebly done.—I am, and have been, a weak creature, but through Christ I conquer, and to his name be all the glory." All the company present were in tears, and Mr. C. himself wept freely. The interview was deeply affecting, and at this point it was with difficulty that any one could speak. When the moment of separation came, one of the elders asked Mr. Chandler whether they should pray with him? "O yes, brethren," was his reply, "let us all once more join in prayer together." The members of the Session then knelt down around the bed of the afflicted pastor, while one of their number led in solemn prayer, Mr. C. himself joining in the petition, and at its close exclaiming distinctly, "Amen." He then said,—"Brethren of the Session, we have had many delightful and important meetings together, but we have come to the last one on earth; I feel assured that we shall meet again, but our next meeting will be in the new Jerusalem above."

The elders having requested his blessing, he took each one by the hand, desiring them to kiss him, and in bidding them farewell, he raised his hand, and said, "May the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be with and rest upon you all, now, henceforth and for evermore. Amen." The elders then left the room, and as they retired, each of them was deeply impressed with the truthfulness of the lines:—

"How blest the righteous when he dies, When sinks a weary soul to rest, How gently heaves the closing eyes, How mildly beams the expiring breath.

Life's duty done as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spirit flies, While heaven and earth combine to say, How blest the righteous when he dies."

Father Chintilya a Presbyterian.

It is stated that the Presbytery of Chicago, after an examination of the Rev. Charles Scholastic, as to Christian experience and Scholastic Theological attainments, received him as a minister of the Presbyterian church. At the same meeting, the congregations of St. Anna and Kankeo City were taken under the care of the Presbytery. It is the purpose of the Presbytery to establish a College at St. Anna, for the education of the poor Canadian French youth. A small portion of the Colony, it is stated, will join the Baptist denomination.

THE PROBABILITY OF MIRACLES.

Christianity in itself a Miracle.

The design of Miracles is to attest the truth of revelation. No system of philosophy, or of so-called religion, has ever received the attestations which have been given to the truth of Christianity. Its commencement is marked by miracles. Its early propagation is by means of miracles. Its continued existence is one of the greatest miracles the world has ever witnessed.

It is wonderful how any rational being can examine the history of Christianity and persuade himself that it is an imposition—that Christ was a mere man—that his Apostles were deliberate impostors—that the early Church were designing hypocrites, or deluded fools, and that Christianity now is a mere sham or pretence. To do this, he of course, denies the miracles which are ascribed to the inspired men of God—but to what purpose? Only to believe in a greater miracle than any involved in healing the sick by a word, in exacting obedience from the turbulent waves: greater, if possible than raising the dead to life.

The belief that Christianity is a myth, or delusion, necessarily denies the divinity of Christ. We have then the remarkable spectacle of a man, springing up from a poor, unimportant family, living in retirement nearly all of his brief life, and out in the prime of early manhood, perishing almost without a friend—having accomplished nothing or next to nothing towards establishing a religion of which he professed to be the author; and yet that religion—a delusion—a fabrication—onerous, burdensome to its followers—imposing on them great self-denial, for which they receive no benefit;—that religion, in the face of civil enactments, and persuasions, and bribes, and privations, and persecutions, and death, marches steadily through fire and blood, and grows until its sway has extended over all the most populous nations of the earth, and is still spreading and extending. Dying miracles, the sceptic must admit that all this has been accomplished without supernatural aid—a greater miracle certainly than any he undertakes to deny; or else, he must deny the great fact that stares him in the face, that Christianity exists. It is not enough that he regard Christianity as a delusion, he must deny the existence of this delusion which has spread, and has done so, if it be a delusion, in the face of every motive that should actuate rational creatures, or he must admit that special interposition of supernatural power in its behalf, which is involved in the miracles he seeks to deny.

There is not space to develop this subject in a brief article, but we may call attention to a few thoughts respecting it.

The Founder of the Christian System.

Witness the boldness of Him whose divinity is denied by many. Hundreds of fanatics have laid claim to being the prophets of God, divinely inspired, the Comforter, special messengers to convert the earth, but what impostor has ever dared to make for himself the impious claim of being the ETERNAL SON OF GOD! We may scarcely conceive of such blasphemous boldness in any man as would lead him to forge the impious pretence, pertinaciously adhere to it, and deliberately die for it, and enter, with the blasphemy still upon his lips, into the presence of Him whom he insulted! But granting that an impostor might advance such a claim, is it possible that he would be believed while he and his history were yet known, unless his pretensions were supported by a supernatural testimony? Even if believed by a few without such testimony, is it possible that such a fabrication could stand the ordeal to which it has been subjected? Passing by the events, almost numberless, in the life of Christ, which are at variance with his being an impostor, we are constrained to exclaim, is it conceivable that any man could firmly lay the foundations of a false religion in so short a time? He, who, as Atheists, Infidels, Unitarians, Universalists, and a host of unbelievers, contend, was only a man, died, almost before attaining the age of mature years. It would be a miracle for a youth to conceit, before reaching his thirtieth year, a system of religion that could command the respect and admiration of its most bitter enemies, and could commend it to many of the most discriminating men of the world has ever produced, who have devoted their lives to its defence, and been willing to die for its sake. Even admitting that such a system could be framed by a youth, would it not be a still greater miracle that in less than three years from the time that he emerged from obscurity, he should succeed in planting this stupendous scheme of fraud so firmly in the hearts of the human race, that it should spring up and extend as Christianity has extended? Is not the wonder of the miracle enhanced when the mode of his death is regarded? His preaching had been attended by thousands; they had been so pleased with him, that, at one time, multitudes were ready to make him king—but he gradually alienates their affections, until in a few days, they ceased to care for him. Their regard is turned into fondness and hate—they despise him more than a murderer and a robber—they persuade themselves that he is an impostor, and they punish him with death for blasphemy. Yet that system lives—the Gospel of Christ is extensively received, and the magnitude of the miracle of its preservation is enhanced by the consideration of the means used for its propagation.

The Denial of Miracles an Absurdity.

We have noticed briefly the youth and necessary inexperience, if he be a mere man, of the founder of Christianity,—the brief time he had to promulgate his new system,—the inadequacy of the means for obtaining disciples for it—its want of adaptation to the hearts of the people—the vigorous measures to exterminate it, commenced when it had but a mere handful of followers, and continued for centuries with an ardor and a pertinacity no where else equalled in the history of the world. Yet it still lives, surviving all and conferring on its recipients all that is valuable in life. As the unbeliever contemplates this fact staring him in the face, will he deny the following proposition:

"If Christianity be not authenticated by miracles, if it is a gigantic scheme of spiritual legerdemain, either its existence at the present day is a great miracle as any recorded in the Bible; or, the most intelligent, successful, prosperous, enlightened and happy people on the face of the earth, are the most superstitious and deluded in the world."

Miracles, we must admit. The denial of those recorded in Scripture to authenticate the truth of Christianity compels the belief of another involved in its history and results. If then we must believe in miracles, which horn of the dilemma contained in the above proposition shall we adopt? Shall we admit that Christianity is of God? Or shall we prefer to regard the fruits of Christianity—enlightenment, civilization, prosperity,—as evidences of superstitious delusion? CARR.

INSTALLATION SERVICE.

(Correspondence of the Christian Observer.) On the evening of Feb. 8th, the Rev. W. W. NEWELL, D. D., late of Syracuse, was installed Pastor of the Allon St. Presbyterian church in New York city.—The exercises were introduced with an anthem by the choir, well adapted to prepare the mind of the vast audience, for the solemnities of the occasion.

After the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, the Rev. Walter Clark, D. D., Pastor of the Mercer St. church, preached the sermon from James 1: 22.—"Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only."—If we would be profited by the hearing of the word, something must be done. It is not enough that the soul listen to the preached gospel—it must be clothed by the word—vitalized and quickened. The sacred teachings of the word must be carried into the world—acted out in the business and relations of life. The text, the sermon, and the whole Sabbath service, must pervade the inmost depths of the soul—and their hallowed influences permitted to act their part in relation to the perplexing cares and temptations of life. He who does this is a doer of the word. A striking and beautiful analogy was introduced between the duty of a pastor in preparing to preach, and the duty of his hearers in striving themselves to hear. If the one is important, the other is not less so—a profitable understanding of the Scriptures and growth in grace. Such were the leading thoughts illustrated and applied, with great force and beauty, to the crowded audience before him.

The pastoral relation being formed, the installation prayer was offered by the Rev. Chas.

Hoover, late of Jersey city,—charge to the pastor, by the Rev. Asa D. Smith, D. D., in which he took occasion, first, to give the newly installed pastor a most cordial and hearty welcome to our city, on behalf of 3rd Presbytery of N. Y., and the charge to the people was given by a former pastor, Rev. D. B. Cox, D. D.

The beautiful harmony of these exercises, with the spirit of the sermon, was interesting and striking. After another sweet anthem, and the benediction by the pastor, when the unusually large number of ministers present with the congregation came forward to greet the new pastor with words of kindness and assurances of love.

DAILY PRAYER MEETING.

The claims on our columns, to-day, do not leave us sufficient space to recount the interesting incidents, reported in the Noon Day Prayer Meeting, during the past week.—These hours of daily prayer have been seasons of sacred interest—some of them impressive and affecting.—God is carrying on his work in the neighborhood of a Mission Chapel and Sunday School, under the patronage of the Calvary (Dr. Jenkins') Church—and in other churches. At a late meeting—

Dr. Scudder, of India, rose and said, that there was one word in the English language, which has in the last few years gained force; at least it seems so to me. That word is UNTRY. The oneness of Christian experience,—the oneness of all Christians in Christ, is most delightful.

I know an Indian in Hindostan, of the Brahmin caste. I fell in with him, and after a time he forsook his false lights, and became a Christian. I had the pleasure of baptizing him. His wife tried to prevent his baptism by all the means in her power, but of course, was unsuccessful. Immediately after his baptism, his wife forsook him, taking with her his children, and such of his moveables as she could lay her hands upon. That man bore his afflictions nobly. He loved his wife and children dearly, yet he was willing to forsake all for Christ. He was an estimable Christian. He won the respect of all the surrounding heathen, by the uprightness and honesty of all his daily walk, so that when he died, as he did a few months since, one of the heathen said to me, "Oh sir, a true man passed away from the earth!" A few months before he died he said voluntarily, and without being asked, "Oh sir, I am a poor wretched sinner, but I have every thing in Christ."

They watched that man going down the vale of death—they could not call it the vale of the shadow of death, for with him it was all light; there was so much light breaking in from the other end. They watched the end of his course, as they would the setting of the summer sun—it was all glory.

His wife and children had returned to him a few months before his death. She was so much affected by his glorious departure, that she became convinced of the truth of Christianity. She is now a member of the Christian church at Delhi, and those children are being trained under the care and admonition of the church.

PROGRESS OF THE REVIVAL IN PORTSMOUTH, VA.

(Correspondence of the Christian Observer.) PORTSMOUTH, VA., Feb. 17th, 1860.

Dear Bro. Converse:—Having received information that my services were needed in the interesting meeting which has been in progress here, for nearly five weeks, I came down last Wednesday. Bro. Mitchell had returned the day before, leaving Dr. Read who returned to Richmond, yesterday.

On arriving, I found that there had been between seventy and eighty hopeful conversions, and some ten or fifteen now under deep and solemn conviction. The order of exercises has been maintained as before reported—enquiry and prayer meeting in the afternoon—at night preaching. After the benediction is pronounced, all who desire personal conversation remain, and while professing Christians sing the praise of God, we endeavor to lead sinners to put their trust in Jesus as a personal and present Redeemer.

The truth seems to be affecting rather a different class of hearers at this time. As you are aware, at first the gospel seemed to have power upon the hearts of the children of the church. Now strong men bow themselves, and hard hearts are breaking under the tremendous influence of God's Spirit sealing the truth upon their souls. Men of influence and power in the community, women of intelligence, firmness, and usefulness, all of them more or less hardened in sin, and resisters of religion, some skeptics and scoffers—these are such as now in agony of spirit are seeking the salvation of their souls. They are of a more serious and reflective temperament, and hence require time for the truth to work faith and repentance in their hearts. Our dear Bros. Mitchell and Read, seem to have knocked away the props of self-righteousness, anti-minimism, &c., with which the devil had been bolstering up pride, complacency, and self-satisfaction, and now with these refuges of lies swept away, they stand looking for the dawn of day, and the rock of ages, on which they may anchor their hopes for eternity. May the Lord lead them to the rock that is higher than they!

The members of the church seem still hopeful, and confidant in the promises with an humble trusting faith. They are much varied by such protracted services, but we hope that they will still have God's grace to strengthen and sustain them in their prayers, and in their labors of love.

As was anticipated some time since, this gracious work has now extended to other churches. At the Methodist church, Gosport, there is a large meeting every night, and many souls are rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Also at the Methodist chapel in Newtown, a revival is in progress.

Thus the work is extending from church to church, and we trust that hundreds of immortal souls are still to be brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ by the power of God's grace and mercy. On last Sunday evening, the United Presbyterian church of Richmond, held a meeting for special prayer in reference to the work now in progress. No doubt many a Christian heart is struggling before God at a more seat for the more abundant outpouring of his Spirit upon us. This little church has been brought through many and fierce afflictions. The very foundations of its human dependence seem sometimes to have been taken away, but with every affliction, God has drawn it closer to himself

and made it realize the vanity of earth, and the stability of divine promises and support. They are still clouded with many sources of trouble and anxiety, but their trust is in God. Will not all your readers remember us at a throne of grace and unto their hearts with ours in petitions for a more full and potent display of his almighty power in the quickening of Christians and the conversion of sinners! The Lord help us all to watch and to pray without ceasing, trusting in his word of promise, and believing that He is mighty to save.

Yours in Christ, T. W. H.

Noble Bible Collection.

On the first Sunday of February, a collection was taken up in St. Paul's Church, New York, which amounted to one thousand and fifty dollars.

The Rev. T. T. Cabanis, Agent of the French and Foreign Bible Society, states in a recent letter, in regard to the Bible work in France, that there is no slackening of activity in the labors of their Society, and that God continues to bless their labors.

For the Christian Observer.

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. COX. To the Editor: My Dear Sir,—If my MSS. were more neat and legible in their chirography, I could ensure the typos for their mistakes, with more conscience. On the whole, I think, my last communication was "pretty fair," when it came. A few errors I will correct. Toward the end, I quote a celebrated saying of the late John Mitchell Mason, D. D., of New York, the ecclesiastical Demosthenes of America; which is wrong in the word "guards," for "generals"; and as many may recollect that famous sentence, then so much a topic, when he was personally and terribly threatened, for his free utterances against the wisdom of the government, during the war with England, 1812-14, I would correct it: especially as, every way, a correct account, or none, should be read by the present generation. It was when his friends went to hear him, in Market St., many of them armed; as furious and angry patriots raved, menaced, misrepresented every thing he said; attacked him fiercely in the newspapers of the day; and strove to make his name a by-word of ignominy and malice and ridicule to the populace; publishing, that "the time for action was come, and that not even the horns of the altar should be spared, to protect a preaching rebel." Some of his deliverances at that period, were justly noted and admired, for their lofty and thrilling eloquence; for their heroism of faith in God; for their tall courage and stately demonstration; and especially for their original and elevated tone, illustrative of the majesty of truth; the grandeur of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." In a sermon on the POWER OF PRAYER, he finished a stately paragraph, in reference to the crisis of the country, pouring a tide of redundant and sacred fire into the ears and hearts of his hearers; and finishing with the sentence,—"I have more confidence in one praying pauper, than in forty fighting generals!" The tones of his voice were rhythmical, sonorous, stentorian; and his enemies came armed and went away again!

At the time, Dr. Wm. Clinton adorned and magnified the office of martyr of this city of New York; and Mason, though he knew what a first-rate protector and personal friend he had, in that very magnanimous and eminent magistrature, yet seldom adverted to any help, expected or desired, as God's ambassador, except from the court of martyr of the court of heaven! The city of New York, and on earth, tarrying only for a while, he enacted the living martyr of the kingdom of heaven; as it was in the beginning, but as it ceased to be after the canon of Scripture was closed; and when dead men were martyrs of men, and not of God; that, not because they lived, but because they died! and this often, whether true servants of Christ or not. He once said something like this; "as for myself, an atom in the sum of things, it is of little moment what becomes of me, in this world. God can do as well without me, as with me. But I love my country; I love the good of my city; I love the good of all men; I love our city; and our citizens; I love the souls of men; I love the church of God, which my own blessed Master purchased with his own blood. To these I preach, and pray, and live. These are my main regards, though not the only ones of my obligations, and yours, to lower agents of our common protection; which his good and sovereign providence, especially in this city of New York, so amply and so kindly supplies to us. I thank him for the protection of law,—and that, amid the maddened threats of assassinations and vicious simperons, we have a noble chief magistrate, our worthy mayor, a terror to evil-doers, a praise of them that do well, who himself knows so well what his duty is; knows how to perform it, as he ought; and is not afraid to do it, on any just emergency."

It was in the recollection, memory of times like those, commingling with the memory of the present, and culminating in a sense of the importance of PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY, that I wrote, and despatched to you my former paper,—and indeed, that this now follows it.

You speak, my dear friend, of my prescriptions as superficial, and not sufficiently drastic to suit; "they do not reach the fatal malady, and cannot remove it." Sometimes the best prescription is a failure, especially if the patient refuses to take it.

I prescribed—PRAYER TO GOD? cannot HE cure a bodily? reach it? remove it? I thought HE could! If not HE,—who? what? when? how? For myself, I feel yet that HE can do it! and that only HE can; and that other helpers are all incompetent, like leeches, leeches and music, "to cure the great hospital of the world," to cure the patients of the mortal malady of sin! Here—deci; and I say no more!

Since writing that paper, the wheels of government are in motion; and the whole magnificent machine proceeds, hopeful, in running order! I hope, still, myself, to keep praying for it; also to prescribe prayer, to all whom I can influence; as our grand resource; as the hope of the nation; as our grand incomparable good; as that, without which, I appeal from Congress, from the White House, and from all that "downy doctors preach"—I appeal from "forty fighting generals," to "one praying pauper"; or, more truly, to the millions in the Christian nation, who to honor the parable of Christ,—that men ought always to pray, and not to faint! Luke 18: 1. I rather think, that my honored brother and old friend, Dr. Converse, as two of us are not far from old, will not materially differ from me, in the end of my argument, as I am prescribing opiates and narcotics only; and not the very ancient, that has real efficacy, that we know "avaieth much!" James 5: 16; Jer. 29: 4-7; 2 Tim. 2: 1-8.

As I thank God for it, so I will record it here, that we all ought to praise HIM, that we have now our third officer of the nation, the Honorable SPEAKER of the House of Representatives, elected, inaugurated, and administering order, for the good of the country; with the general approbation of the country; and in happy conjunction with the prognosis of our best national Gales, that he will command the confidence of the country, by the steady intelligence, the practical wisdom, the impartiality, and the courteous benignity, as, in all by the dignity of his ad-

RELIGION IN NEW YORK CITY.

(Correspondence of the Christian Observer.) NEW YORK, Feb. 20th, 1860.

Messrs. Editors:—There are several items connected with the churches in our city and vicinity, and with the state of religion in our community, that may be of some interest to your readers. Of the Fulton street prayer meeting, I need not speak, as the reports concerning it, are so full from other sources. It is worth special mention, however, that a noon meeting for prayer has been in progress for several weeks in the upper part of the city. It has proved of delightful interest. It has recently been held in Dr. Adams' and Dr. Parker's churches,—a week in each,—and is now transferred to Dr. Hutton's church on Washington Square. The attendance has been very large.

Arrangements have been made for the due observance of the day of prayer for colleges. The interests of Christian education demand that a higher importance should be attached to this appointment than has hitherto been always the case. Besides the meetings of our Old School and Dutch brethren, morning prayer meetings have been appointed in several of our New School churches, while Union meetings are to be held on Thursday evening in the Mercer street and Madison Square churches.

Mr. Guinness has arrived from your city. He preached there yesterday; in the morning at Dr. McElroy's church in 14th street, in the afternoon at Dr. Gillette's in 23d street, and in the evening at Cooper Institute. The attendance is stated to have been very large, numbers being compelled to stand at the evening service. We wait, with interest and hope, to see the result of his labors. Our Allon street church has secured as its Pastor the Rev. Wm. W. Newell, D. D., late of the First Ward church, Syracuse. We remember with great pleasure the hospitalities of himself and his people during a visit to them some years since, so that on personal grounds we wish him success, while still more for the truth's sake, we ask for him a truly prosperous ministry. The installation services were impressive. The Spring street congregation have settled no pastor as yet, but their pulpit is well supplied by Dr. Davidson. With many reasons for encouragement in regard to the state of our churches, we are yet called to deplore the want of a widespread, special religious interest. I lately heard that there were pleasing and hopeful indications in the Eleventh church, Rev. Mr. Hovey's, and the Carmine street church, Rev. Mr. Hastings'. The West Hoboken church, has been greatly blessed in the conversion of souls.

Departure of Missionaries.

On Monday, of last week, the following persons embarked on board the bark Smyrniote, at Boston, as missionaries: Rev. Amherst L. Thompson and wife; Rev. William F. Arms and wife; Rev. A. B. Goodale, M. D., and wife; Rev. Zenas Goss, Miss Aura J. Bench, Miss Harriet W. Crawford, Miss Adelaide L. Mason. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, with Misses Beach and Crawford, go to the Nestorian Mission; Mr. and Mrs. Arms are expecting to join the North American Mission; Mr. and Mrs. Goodale, and Mr. Goss, are destined to the South Armonian Mission;

and made it realize the vanity of earth, and the stability of divine promises and support. They are still clouded with many sources of trouble and anxiety, but their trust is in God. Will not all your readers remember us at a throne of grace and unto their hearts with ours in petitions for a more full and potent display of his almighty power in the quickening of Christians and the conversion of sinners! The Lord help us all to watch and to pray without ceasing, trusting in his word of promise, and believing that He is mighty to save.

Noble Bible Collection.

On the first Sunday of February, a collection was taken up in St. Paul's Church, New York, which amounted to one thousand and fifty dollars.

The Rev. T. T. Cabanis, Agent of the French and Foreign Bible Society, states in a recent letter, in regard to the Bible work in France, that there is no slackening of activity in the labors of their Society, and that God continues to bless their labors.

For the Christian Observer.

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. COX. To the Editor: My Dear Sir,—If my MSS. were more neat and legible in their chirography, I could ensure the typos for their mistakes, with more conscience. On the whole, I think, my last communication was "pretty fair," when it came. A few errors I will correct. Toward the end, I quote a celebrated saying of the late John Mitchell Mason, D. D., of New York, the ecclesiastical Demosthenes of America; which is wrong in the word "guards," for "generals"; and as many may recollect that famous sentence, then so much a topic, when he was personally and terribly threatened, for his free utterances against the wisdom of the government, during the war with England, 1812-14, I would correct it: especially as, every way, a correct account, or none, should be read by the present generation. It was when his friends went to hear him, in Market St., many of them armed; as furious and angry patriots raved, menaced, misrepresented every thing he said; attacked him fiercely in the newspapers of the day; and strove to make his name a by-word of ignominy and malice and ridicule to the populace; publishing, that "the time for action was come, and that not even the horns of the altar should be spared, to protect a preaching rebel." Some of his deliverances at that period, were justly noted and admired, for their lofty and thrilling eloquence; for their heroism of faith in God; for their tall courage and stately demonstration; and especially for their original and elevated tone, illustrative of the majesty of truth; the grandeur of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." In a sermon on the POWER OF PRAYER, he finished a stately paragraph, in reference to the crisis of the country, pouring a tide of redundant and sacred fire into the ears and hearts of his hearers; and finishing with the sentence,—"I have more confidence in one praying pauper, than in forty fighting generals!" The tones of his voice were rhythmical, sonorous, stentorian; and his enemies came armed and went away again!

At the time, Dr. Wm. Clinton adorned and magnified the office of martyr of this city of New York; and Mason, though he knew what a first-rate protector and personal friend he had, in that very magnanimous and eminent magistrature, yet seldom adverted to any help, expected or desired, as God's ambassador, except from the court of martyr of the court of heaven! The city of New York, and on earth, tarrying only for a while, he enacted the living martyr of the kingdom of heaven; as it was in the beginning, but as it ceased to be after the canon of Scripture was closed; and when dead men were martyrs of men, and not of God; that, not because they lived, but because they died! and this often, whether true servants of Christ or not. He once said something like this; "as for myself, an atom in the sum of things, it is of little moment what becomes of me, in this world. God can do as well without me