

TWELVE REASONS WHY I SUPPORT PRESBYTERIANISM.

1. Because I find it makes the Bible, and the Bible alone, its grand and ultimate standard.
2. Because it is the soundest in doctrine of all the Churches with which I am acquainted, holding not only the doctrines professed by the great body of Evangelical denominations, but those generally known by the name Calvinistic.
3. Because I believe it to be most in accordance with the Apostolic model; both Prelacy and Independency, being unknown in the Christian Church, for the first two hundred years.
4. Because all the faithful and witnessing Churches, during the dark ages, the Paulicians, the Waldenses, and the Albigenses, recognised Presbyterianism.
5. Because all the Churches of the Reformation, with one solitary exception, the Anglican, were essentially Presbyterian.
6. Because its office bearers, viz., Ministers, Elders, and Deacons, are Scriptural in their number, election and authority.
7. Because its representative government, by Kirk Sessions, Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assemblies, most extensively secures the rights and liberties of the Christian people.
8. Because in form of worship, it is more simple and Scriptural, rejecting prescribed Liturgies, Holy days, Godfathers and Godmothers, and the sign of the Cross in Baptism, the rite of Confirmation, kneeling at the Lord's Supper, administering the Lord's Supper in private, bowing at the name of Jesus, and reading the Apocryphal Books, as having no warrant in the Word of God.
9. Because I believe it to be peculiarly favorable to unity and peace.
10. Because I believe it to be most conducive to civil and religious liberty, as well as to the cultivation of knowledge and learning.
11. Because no other Church can show a more goodly number of Confessors and Martyrs.
12. Because of the testimony of the Fathers and Reformers in its behalf.—*Hal. Pres. Wit.*

A SHORT SERMON FOR THE HEARERS OF THE GOSPEL.

Gal. 6: 6, 7.

Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things. Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

From this passage it appears that the support of God's ministers is a more solemn thing than is commonly thought. It is a matter which God has under his special eye, and in regard to which he will not be mocked. Ministers do not often speak upon this point; a criminal delicacy shuts their mouths. So far as this duty is concerned they are apt to shun "to declare the whole counsel of God;" although of all others, a faithful minister is the last man that need be ashamed to insist upon his rights, since he, of all men, makes the most sacrifices for the sake of doing his duty.—But hear now the truth; you are "taught in the word;" it is your duty to share with "him that teacheth;" "all good things" that God gives you.

He earns them. "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

He needs them. He is flesh and blood like yourselves, and has the same present wants for himself, and the same occasion to lay up for the future, and prepare the means for the education of his children.—In short he needs property, just as much as you.

He has a right to them. Of course he has a right to what he earns, and moreover the Lord has so ordained, "that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." He is to give himself "continually to the ministry of the word and to prayer"—that is to be his main business—and it is neither reasonable nor right that he should

have to "leave the word of God, and serve tables" "The Scripture saith, thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox, that treadeth out the corn."

It is for your interest to take care of him. Such offerings are declared to be "an odour of sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God." They bring with them a promise, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Individually and socially you will be benefited more than you give. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and he can and will bless your labors as may be best for you; or he can withhold his blessing, and send his curse in the shape of blight, and mildew, and barrenness, and misfortune. (See Haggai, chap. 1. v. 5—11.) The restraints of the gospel bless the whole community. Its saving influences are utterly invaluable.

Therefore communicate unto him that teacheth in "all good things;"—whatever you value for yourselves, impart to him each according to his ability, and be faithful and punctual to all your engagements to him. "Now he that ministereth seed to the sower, both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness; being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness." 2 Cor. ix. 10, 11.—*Presbyterian of the West.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I saw no building in Britain that so impressed me as Westminster Abbey. It is in the west near the Thames, and nearly opposite Westminster Hall and the Parliament Houses. You enter it at the eastern end, by a small door, and find yourself in the Poet's Corner. There you may read, on tablets and monuments,—some very plain, others ornamented—most of the great names of English literature. You pay sixpence and when a company of at least six or eight is made up, you set out to view, under the guidance of an attendant, to whom the whole is, of course, familiar, the celebrated chapels that occupy the eastern portion of the edifice. In all, there are tombs—the tombs of kings and queens, dukes, duchesses, &c. &c. some of them many centuries old, each with an effigy as large as life—some of orange, some of marble, some of alabaster. Here are buried the entire line of England's kings and queens, with a few exceptions, since Edward the Confessor, by whom the Abbey was first erected. His tomb is in this chapel, and occupies a central position—the others being disposed in a semi-circle around it. It has almost crumbled to pieces.—The inscriptions are gone, and the whole presents the appearance of a rough erection of smooth, but undressed stones. Near this are the tombs of the Edwards, of Richard the I., of the elder Henrys, and their queens,—among them I regarded with interest that of Philippa, the wife of Edward III. In the same chapel is the tomb of Aymer de Valence, a distinguished Crusader. Here is also the coronation chair—a very plain armed chair, made of oak, straight backs and arms, not unlike the old-fashioned big arm-chairs to be seen in country kitchens. Under the seat is the "throne of state," brought from Scone, in Scotland, upon which the kings of Scotland were, in old times, crowned.—I think it is a block of sandstone—I did not examine it very closely—some two feet square, and a half foot thick. In what particular part or property its virtue resides, I could not see. In another chapel are the tombs of bloody Mary and Elizabeth, they are under the same canopy—and upon each a figure beautifully wrought, one of them of alabaster.

All of these things, and many more, you see—hastily, and if disposed, to reflect with wonder with eagerness, and with humility,—and then you emerge into the Abbey itself, and are filled, even after seeing St. Paul's, with admiration.—It is three hundred and seventy-five feet long, two hundred feet wide, (the nave and aisles seventy-five feet wide,) and one hundred and one feet high. Imagine such a nave—separated by

massive columns from the side-aisles, and terminated by a corridor, which nearly fills the space between the large towers at the western extremity of the building. Throughout the nave, at the foot of the columns, and along the walls, as well as in the transept—or in the arms of the cross—are sepulchral monuments of the great. Just at the cross itself is a reading desk, and some plain benches for probably five or six hundred people.—There are prayers read every Sabbath morning, and a sermon preached or read every Sabbath.

No part of the Abbey is set a with more interest than Henry VII.'s chapel. It is attached to the east of the Abbey, and is not quite on a line with the main building. You ascend some steps, and enter through some folding doors of brass, of great size, and most elaborate and skillful workmanship. Before you is the tomb of the founder,—above you the roof of marble, wrought with the utmost skill and taste, appearing like net work or embroidery; on the two sides of the nave are the stalls of the Knights of St. John, and before each their banners, some very old, bearing their insignia, and in the side-aisles memorials of the dead, on the south royal vaults; in the north the bones of the murdered princes. This chapel is regarded by architects and connoisseurs as a gem of art, occupying the first place, and rivalled only by Roslin and Melrose, in Scotland. It is a beautiful edifice, certainly; forming a fine contrast with the overpowering grandeur of the Abbey itself.—*Cocznanter.*

THE FOREST FUNERAL.

She was a fair child, with tresses of long, black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine, she started slightly, but, looking up smiled. I spoke to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweet strains of the Æolian. A half hour passed in silence; then she spoke in the same deep, rich melodious voice.

"Father, I am cold—lie down beside me," and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her thin arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father, dear father."

"My child," said the man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay father my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it father. The banks are green."

"Hearest thou the voice of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them father; the voices of angels, calling from afar in the still and solemn night time, and they call me. Her voice, too, father. O! I heard it then!"

"Doth she speak to thee, child?"

"Oh, yes, she speaks in tones most sweet."

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile! But I am cold—cold—cold! Father there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely—lonely!"

"Is this death, father?"

"It is, Mary."

"Thank God!" replied the child. Her eyes closed. She slept in the arms of Jesus.

Sabbath evening came, and a slow, sad procession wound through the forest to the school house. There, with simple rites, the clergyman performed his duty and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their hearts gave beauty to their countenances, as they stood in reverend silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot—and the stars were bright before I left; for I always had an idea that the graveyard was the nearest place to heaven on earth; and with old Sir Thomas Brown I love to see a church in a