

We say nothing of the orthodoxy of his teaching, nothing of some of the peculiarities of his intercourse with his flock, nothing of the peculiar style of some of his epistles; on these points it might be proper enough in other circumstances to dwell, and they afford, no doubt, ample grounds for difference of opinion, but they do not touch the question upon which the public is called to pronounce. What we are called upon by Mr. Beecher's adversaries to believe is, not that he is loose in his theological opinions, that he is too free and easy in his intercourse with his people, or that he is imprudent in some of his utterances either verbal or written, but that after having maintained a spotless reputation during a public life of more than thirty years, and occupied a foremost position among the advocates of everything which tends to elevate and ennoble man—the uncompromising enemy of all sorts of vice, and the intrepid champion of every kind of virtue—he has turned out at length to be *an adulterer, a perjurer, and a foul conspirator against the fair fame of others, willing to escape from the consequences of his crime by the murder of the reputation of men whom yesterday he had called his friends!* We must have stronger evidence than any that has yet been produced before we can come to such a conclusion.

CONSOLATION.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down;
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For Him no depths can crown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain;
 We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said,
 Our lips of childhood frame;
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
 Whate'er our name and sign,
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

—Whittier.