

The Protestant

AN EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 THESS. v. 21.

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THE BREAD.

Worried and worn with earthly cares I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose;
I thought, while standing on my couch in midnight calm
I heard an angel's silver voice, and radiant filled my room
A gentle voice embraced me,—a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me!" and thro' the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed.
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.
Still as we went,—my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet
mine eyes.

I knew not how we journeyed thro' the pathless field of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.
We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We passed thro' gates of glittering pearl, o'er streets of purest gold.
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself his light.
Bright angels paced the shining streets, himself made flesh and bone,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every clime were there:
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang "the glory his alone."
So fair for them all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed, he called on me with whispering voice,
"Lo! I have loved thy throne, O Saviour, and I have loved thee;
Had given the object of my hope, that earth and length was past.
And thou in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow adorned with many a gem?
I know thee best beloved on me, and life through me is thine;
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
Then came new younger glories than the stars on every height,
For every bright star that he saw, they were a jewel new!
And each thy light would lead him if each had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.
I did not mean that thou should'st tread the path of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light, which reached thy footsteps
Should guide some other weary feet to thy bright home of rest,
And thus in blessing those around thee should thy love be blest.
The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spoke.
A spell seemed breathing o'er my soul which long I feared to break:
And when at last I awoke in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit felt, embosomed beneath that vision's awful sight,
I rose, and went with chastened joy, that yet I dwell on now;
That yet another hour was mine my faith by words to show;
That yet some dearer I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.
And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be:
"To live no longer to myself, but him who died for me!"
And given on my lips the words of truth divine,
"They that turn away from the Lord, he will cast them off."
—E. S. Tinsley.

The Irish in America.

The Irish in America is an extensive subject: I take a small part of it; chiefly what has come under my own eye. Some of the Catholic Irish of whom above 800,000 emigrated to America after the famine, have returned to their own land, where wages have greatly risen, and prosperity greatly increased. Others have succeeded far beyond their expectations; but unhappily too many, proud and intemperate, have died of drunkenness in the land where the master of the rumble would make his customer, if he did not give him the doctor to help himself; and great multitudes still continue to do, as I heard an American clerical orator say, all the dirty work of America. It would have farred ill with America if poor Paddy had not dug her canals, and been, in all her huge works, her harrow of wood and drawer of water; and though he lives in a shanty, and is deemed "very much of a man with the nigger, yet he has shown in the days of his hard bondage, a spirit noble and great; for between 1851 and 1857, the Irish in America sent home to their friends in Ireland, seven millions five hundred thousand pounds.

Paddy breathes freely in American air, and though I was sorry to find the power of the priest able to prevent, as with us, the Romanist maid-servant from attending family worship in Christian households, and though tens of thousands of Romanist emigrants from Ireland cling to the religion of their fathers, I met not a few illustrations of the statement made by the British bishop of England, after a visitation of his diocese,—and that he did not find an individual descendant from original settlers, now in the Church of Rome. I am one of six, said a gentleman to me, whose parents came here baptized Romanists; my father was drowned, and my mother came long to Rome, though, in maintaining the claim of all heretics, she could not but make an exception of her own children, all Protestants. She has long since followed their example. Notwithstanding the pernicious power of Romanism, in American politics, its down is fast, its prediction failed. Archbishop Hughes may build a good cathedral, but so long as he can't answer Kirtland's letters, his religion can't thrive. American air is too bracing for Popery, the American spirit is too independent, Yankees are too early up, and too wide awake to be caught snapping by Jesuits; and besides, they see

free from the pernicious influences of those pretentious, many institutions, which by their learned ignorance, and countless forms and ceremonies, and high church intolerance, and domineering authority, and scholastic ceremony, and veneration for the saints, are teaching in England, perdition by the score.

There is too much of this, I acknowledge,—quite too much, even in America; but it must be put down, and a great barrier to the overthrow of Popery will go down with it.

There is good hope for America in the future, and no very distant future: our national, mission, and Sunday schools, are doing a great work of preparation for American citizenship. America is getting wiser,—and she will be much more abundantly getting—very superior material from Ireland, of which to manufacture American citizens. We are preparing, we are preparing for her potentialities, nor even marvellous for her actualities, but the trained, elevated fruits of an enlarged education, if not of missionary enterprise, to be a blessing to the land of their adoption, and an honor to the land of their birth. Of such I shall speak afterwards, but in the mean time, let me furnish some illustrations of the success which in America crown the efforts of industrious sober Protestants. I don't speak of Irishmen who have raised themselves to great eminence and power in the spheres of politics and legislation; nor of Irishmen of by-gone times; but of substantial hard-working men in different spheres, with whom I am personally acquainted. At first view, I might have said that all Protestant Irish, in America, are prosperous, for of all the multitudes who crowded so joyfully round me in many towns, all had the same answer to the question, How do you thrive? The dress, the countenance, the whole appearance of them all, answered the question, without the help of a word. But sometimes, unfortunately, I got an ugly peep behind the scene.

One worthy woman called the morning after a public meeting, and to the question, How do you get along? she answered me: "We would get along just so, if we did not get along just so and so." This was rather ignominial, but the explanation was, that she had tried to get her husband to the meeting, but he got drunk; and, after waiting in vain, in the morning, till he would be sober, she came off to me, with a sad heart, alone. On another occasion, I found that a man with a long rest in his trousers was an Irishman. This said I, is not one of your prosperous Irish. No, said he, and you see the reason on the sign-board over my head?—that is a rumble.

Very different is the history of my companion, an old Hallymeham man, like myself. He had half a century ago, he had a new liver, primarily on his fortune he has made. His good old mother sent for me, to give me a handsome donation to our mission. A neighbor of his came,—a poor orphan of thirteen years of age, with six cents in his pocket,—to the city of which he is now a rich merchant and a bright ornament. Another of his neighbors had lost his all by a fire in the ship, before getting on shore, but some one lent him a pound. He applied for work as a day laborer, and was set to dig out a cellar. His employer, seeing him working so differently from the usual slow-going style, said to him: I suppose you have seen better days. This turned the neighbor's heart of an ill-laborer to scenes and friends he had left at home, and he burst into tears. I'll give you something lighter, said the good man. He took him into the office, and his property began. He is now a rich merchant, and a venerable patriarch, among a large connection; for he has brought over from Ireland fifty of his relations, who have all prospered; and such is his own high standing, that he is treasurer to a great public charity.

Rev. P. Constantines.

Demirsh, Feb. 27th, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. STEWART:
I am happy to be able to inform you again, that the Lord is encouraging us mightily in the great work in which we have engaged ourselves. The converts are very few at yet, but at the same time they are becoming a very important and influential community here. When I came first to this place, I found Demirsh greatly agitated by the angry strife of two conflicting parties of very unequal numbers and influence,—the rich and the poor,—as they called them. The rich and the poor of those had the reins of government in their hands while the latter groaned beneath the intolerable burden of three irresponsible, the Pacha, the Bishop, and their insolent janizaries. These two communities have been diametrically opposed to everything, and their "rights" dissented by the constant hatred of each other. Providence brought things about so as to reduce to "the praise" and "glory" of God. During the last two months I had the pleasure of being present in many of the assemblies of the poor, and I had many precious opportunities of witnessing their meetings with prayer and reading of the Word of God and exhortations. It so happens that the few Protestants are the best educated men here, and the most influential with the Turkish court. To these, therefore, the poor look for help and advice,—for as it has been the case ever since the days of Christ, the poor are favorable to the cause of the gospel, and are the opponents of the degraded Bishop. Severe justice, and great influence on the side of the poor with the Evangelicals, on the one hand, and rich gifts and bribes from the wealthy janizaries on the other, has put the avaricious Pacha with his suite in a dilemma, and he could not settle the alleged affairs of a village during nine months. He has been obliged at last to govern, or rather to disband, some other province, and a new Pacha, who has taken his place, about one month ago was prevailed upon by the Protestants to appoint a committee to consider the case and put in order the troubled village of Demirsh. The influence of the janizaries has been checked as it might be expected, the government has come into the hands of our friends the poor, both the Bishop and the Pacha, who were the bitter enemies of the Evangelicals, were deposed—through the influence of the few Protestants as it is believed by all—and every thing is most favorable to the cause of the gospel. I regret deeply that under these happy circumstances, my own means were not more men and money to carry out this momentous work, whose door is so wide open before us. It seems as if the Lord were preparing the way for a great revolution in the history of the Greek Church. Who would not live to see the glorious day! It requires our help, all our zeal and energy, above all—all our common prayers. The school is flourishing. Both boys and girls have made great progress every day. It is only six months since we began to teach here, and of about sixty children—few of whom could hardly read when they came to us—more than fifty can read fluently and

write liberally well now. We have the Word of God in the hands of all who can read, and it is very pleasing and encouraging to see the progress they have made in Scripture History, and in the Shorter Catechism, several copies of which, translated into Greek, Mr. Thomson has procured for us from Corfu. Among the little girls, there is a widow of about the age of 50 who has learned to read the Bible. I was filled with glad surprise when I found her in her cottage a few days since learning a hymn. It is very encouraging. Yesterday as I was passing by a house the inmates of which knew would be opposed to the gospel, I was delighted to hear a voice singing, instead of the obscene songs of the Greeks, which are very common in every female mouth here, one of our hymns.

Could we open a school at Brasa soon we might accomplish a great work there. Some people are determined to leave the Greek Church, but there is none to help or advise them. It is high time for dear Mr. Stewart, to be up and doing, your constant silence will not do, I shall be obliged soon to give up our colporteur. These two months I have been supporting him by my scanty means. Furthermore, we must build a school and a house for the excellent brethren who have settled in Scythia in summer. I would like to be present in your Synod. Do write me soon. With my love to your family, believe me

Very yours most faithfully,
PETROS CONSTANTINES.

Rev. J. Stewart.

From the Presbyterian Witness

Letter from Erromanga.

We have received a letter from the Rev. G. N. Gordon, by last English Mail. It is dated Erromanga, December 12th, 1859. Mr. Gordon says:—

As you have no doubt received accounts from some of the brethren of this Mission of the late visit of the "Southern Cross" and "John Williams," I may not trouble you with a repetition of the interesting circumstances connected with those visits. The most notable circumstances at present under here are these: continued prosperity of the Missions in Mare and Ansonian prospects of a rich harvest gathering for Christ by the excellent brethren who have settled in Left—new strength vouchsafed to Mr. Paton, in the midst of danger and accumulating hardships—good and evil in collision on Erromanga.

Mr. and Mrs. Matheson have removed to this island for a season; they arrived here yesterday in a crown which he had to spend some time with us in our highland home, where we have much reason to believe their strength will be renewed, as Mrs. Gordon has been. I returned two days ago from a visit to Portina Bay and Traters head, where Capt. Cook landed on Erromanga. I had interesting and profitable intercourse with the natives at several places where we landed. The natives showed me where Capt. Cook's balls struck a rock. He killed three natives, and wounded a considerable number in his unhappy collision with them. The cars which they stole from his boat they cut up and buried. There are two old men now living who saw him, one of whom related to me the circumstances of his landing. Captain Cook judged rightly in concluding that they intended evil towards some of his men, at least, and can hardly be chargeable with crime in killing several of them. They had received him with great joy and admiration as a god, but when he was about to leave them their carnal propensities became so strong that they wished to see what kind of flesh these strange beings were possessed of, and would have killed and eaten one or more, if not all of the boat's crew, had not Captain Cook fired on them. By this statement I received of his landing, and their admiration of him, I thought this improbable. On this spot I preached unto them Jesus, and salvation by him, through the tender mercy of the only true God, and had the pleasure of knowing that some of them, if not all, have abandoned cannibalism at this settlement during the last few months. Our school is not far from fifteen hundred. We have two young men teaching school here who have been at Samoa, and several young men and boys have made some progress in learning to read, and we hope soon to have another school opened at Cook's Bay, by the native agency of Erromanga. I intend to prepare a small frame of a house, and send it round by the first vessel.

Sickness and death on Tana have operated much against us on this island, by exciting the prejudice of the natives against Christianity, to which we have added recently a destructive war near Dillon's Bay. Two or three young men have refused this year to join in some heathen practices, and this has excited enmity and opposition to the gospel.

The carved idols of Erromanga are images of the moon in its different phases, and I am sorry to state that this species of idolatry has a very powerful hold on their affections. I saw some of these carried in triumph with great joy by some of the natives, who round the island, but they would not allow me to examine any of them. When any head of a family embraces the gospel I will endeavor to procure you some of these, with some other curiosities.

We are very, very much in want of clothing for the natives of this island, who are now in several settlements more willing to pay for and take care of clothes.

Yours in the best Lord,
GEORGE N. GORDON.

The Irish Revival.

The Ulster awakening has not spent its force, and its fruits largely remain. The Rev. H. Hanna, in a recent letter, says that the spirit of prayer is unabated, and united and congregational meetings are always crowded. Numerous requests continue to be sent in for intercession in behalf of unconverted relatives, and remarkable answers are manifest, as shown by the following is the concluding portion of Mr. Hanna's letter:—

Hundreds are deeply anxious for their own account, and are seeking their way to God. The Lord is giving proof of his presence and power in our midst in a very remarkable way. A Protestant girl was singing a hymn in the hearing of a Romanist; the spirit was so strong as to draw her into the Romanist's house. She repudiated all attempts on the part of surrounding Romanists to bring the "priest." She had much persecution to endure; her father declared that he would "rather see the devil in the house" than his own daughter. He devoted her to ten times in a single day. On the morning of

the next day he drove her from the house. The mother came in tears, anxious to have her back, but anxious also that she should return to the Roman faith. It was felt to be a hazardous experiment, yet it was considered best to counsel return. For the last few days no intelligence of the girl has been attainable. It is known that a boy of priests had been in frequent attendance on the house, no doubt to reclaim to Romanism a soul having a chance of obtaining a knowledge of truth and the enjoyment of salvation. The danger and fear is that the girl has been spirited away to a sanctuary.

It is believed that many persons are imprisoned in the numbers, whom the present glorious movement had brought to a knowledge of the truth. We are all strongly assured of the fact, although not able to say exactly who are, and where. There is a growing indignation against a system of incarceration for the suppression of conscience and liberty, and a strong voice from Ulster must shortly be heard demanding an end of such iniquity. It is intolerable that such should anywhere exist, but especially in a free and Protestant country. We shall not have obtained the right until "detective" officers be empowered by act of Parliament to visit at any time any Roman establishment suspected of this or any other abomination.

Treasury.

When do you intend to become a Christian?

You do not intend to die without first becoming a follower of Christ, and you have appointed some time when the great change is to take place. This has resulted from the conviction of conscience on the subject of your sinfulness and need of a saviour. You know you are impatient and unconverted, and cannot appear in the presence of God, and hope to enter heaven, without a great change passes upon you. You are resolved shall be at some time, hereafter. But you have postponed it until a convenient season in the future, in which you have promised yourself that the concerns of eternity shall occupy a proper share in your consideration. In this, you assign a period yet to come for doing all this, thus taking time for granted, neither of which are within your control. These are, that you will live to carry out these views, and that God's Spirit will continue his gracious influence upon your heart, until you are ready to close in with the offer of salvation. You need scarcely be reminded that the matter of your life is not within your power. Death may surprise you at any moment, and hurry you into the eternal world. Perhaps you have marked its near approach as your time for preparation.—But then, even supposing a possibility of your carrying out your views when life is drawing to a close, you have still the risk to run that your mind may be clouded by delirium, or your intellect be rendered so weak by disease, as to render you incapable of attending to the necessities of religion. You acknowledge that if at this moment you were brought face to face with death, you would prepare; and this acknowledgment, whilst it shows you appreciate the need of preparation, is but telling the Almighty you will give him the fruits of a life devoted to folly and pleasure.

But even supposing you are sincere in your determination to turn to the Lord at some future time, how do you know that God will then be willing to receive you? Salvation is his free gift. Having offered it once, he is not bound to continue looking at the same man, and asking you to receive him. Besides, the very course you have determined to pursue in the meantime is the one which will effectually quench the Spirit and rob your soul of his holy influence. For you purpose in the meantime giving yourself up to the world, to accumulate its riches to enjoy in its hours, to revel in its fascinations. Each participation in its unholiness is a further departure from spiritual influences. The world and Christ can never enter into an alliance together. The friendship of this world is enmity against God, and whilst you are endeavoring to taste folly of its delights, you are only deadening your soul and putting yourself out of the pale of salvation. You can scarcely wonder, as you thus turn your back upon God, if he forsakes you, and leaves you in your folly, to reap its sad results.

You flatter yourself that you will not give yourself up so wholly to worldliness as to destroy all serious impressions. You propose, then, remaining indifferent. You will neither be one thing or the other. Neither a Christian nor a man of the world. If you are capable of maintaining this position, your peril is no less greater than the ungodly and profane. For your heart will at last be callous and hardened to enjoy its hours, and satisfied that you are not as gay and thoughtless as others, you will never make advance towards that you now promise yourself, any at last you will die, careless, unconcerned, impatient.

What time, then, have you appointed, in your own mind for becoming a Christian? When it arrives, will you feel any better prepared than at present—any greater desires than you now have—any framer resolutions than you now possess? O be persuaded that the best time is now! It is so, because God calls you. He knows the proper time and the proper mode to show you his. Because he calls you now, you should obey the gracious invitation, and not defer to a future moment what he knows can as well be performed at present. Resolve to be his to-day, for you know not where you may be in the mor.—
Episcopal Recorder.

The Root of Sin Acknowledged.

Look at David in this psalm! "What deep and real work is here! He does not stop at the actual fact of his sin, but, like every divinely taught soul, he traces that sin to a certain root, and that root, was in himself—in his own ruined and corrupt nature. "Behold," he says, "I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." He felt himself to be fundamentally and inherently sinful and defiled. How then could he not about cleansing himself? Impossible. Like the leper in Lev. xiii., every thing he touched he defiled. If he plunged himself in the pure water, so far from purifying himself he only defiled it; and so it was with every thing he touched. Hence his cleansing himself, was totally out of the question. He had to be pronounced clean through the application of the blood, and then in the power of that cleanness he immediately commenced to "wash himself." (Lev. xiv.)

Thus it was with David. He looked at his own condition and character, at his nature and practice,

and he saw that all was hopelessly corrupt. He then looked at God's holy requirements.—"Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom." I was conscious in my heart, I said, "Thou desirest truth." When "I" and "Thou" are thus brought together, there is no mistaking the matter. When a sinner is brought to see himself under the immediate gaze of God's eye, all is reality—deep earnest reality. No intellectual apprehensions of truth, however clear and accurate, no educational attainments, no formal dogma or creed, however valuable; nothing of this kind will avail aught. God's remedy must be known, and known too, in the power of the Holy Ghost, apprehended by a divinely wrought faith, else there cannot possibly be settled peace of conscience, or full liberty of heart. "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Don't Forget.

Not always most necessary, when most earnestly urged, this short, pithy injunction; and often very necessary when not even spoken! For we do forget many things we were well to remember, however we may cultivate a good memory.

Don't forget, in your dealings with those tending, tenuous, little ones around you, that you were once—not a hundred years ago either—a child yourself. The same restless and uncurbed temper, and impetuosity will tried sorely the patience of others, who bore with you, and, under God's blessing, helped to make you what you are. And remember that Jesus laid his hand in blessing upon some fair, young heads, and said, "Suffer the children to come unto me."

Don't forget, when inclined to judge hastily and harshly the erring ones whom you have seen fall, that yours is the same frail nature as theirs. An equal temptation, equally suited to your weakness, might—any, would—have been to you, if you had strength to resist, but for that was strong hand which has upheld you. Oh, judge leniently your fellow! Remember how tenderly the Saviour—having sin far more than you can do—said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

The Precious Blood of Christ.

The gospel, and the gospel alone, can save the soul; it is, therefore, a momentous question, *What is the gospel?*

The gospel of the grace of God is not surely this, "Give your heart to Christ," although that is often unwisely pressed upon inquirers after salvation; but this: "Having liberty to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having an High Priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."

"Give your heart to Christ" is, essentially, *law* not *gospel*. It is most proper that it should be done, but not in a legal way; for why should a perishing sinner be enjoined "to make himself without sin?" The true gospel plan is *Accept the free gift of the heart of Jesus by receiving himself, and all the benefits He purchased with "his own blood,"* and your heart will be his in a moment—given him, not as a matter of law but of love of his heart poured out for his blessed Spirit; you will feel yourself under the constraining influence of a spiritual impulse to give him your heart, and all you have in return. It is right to give him your heart, but unless your first receive his, you will never give him yours.

The plan of all we write in these columns is to exhibit "the true grace of God," "without the works of the law," and "by the blood of Jesus only." Our great aim is the glory of Christ in the conversion of souls; and the means employed to accomplish that end are simple statements concerning the great Scripture truth, that we are saved at once, entirely, "having mercy by the grace of God," "who is rich in mercy," and that we have no part at all in the matter of our salvation save the beggar's part of accepting it as a "free gift," procured for us by "the precious blood of Christ."

And, as many are struggling to get up something of their own as a price to bring to God to buy salvation of him, we take pains to show the entire uselessness of all such efforts; and point out, we think, with some degree of clearness, and by a variety of ways that all true religion has a *distinct beginning* and dates from the time when a sinner stands at Calvary conscious of his utterly ruined condition, and realising the truth that Jesus so completely satisfied God for sin, that He could say before He gave up the ghost, "It is finished," and that "we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace." "He has our own self here our sin in his own body on the tree," and thereby, "having made peace by the blood of the Cross," we may at once be "made right by the blood of Christ" without any thing of our own. That God who hath sent his Son, "a propitiation through faith in his blood to declare his righteousness" in pardoning sin, will pardon all sin through faith in him; for his own testimony is, that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin."

"The blood of Jesus" is the ground of peace with God, to every believing sinner below, and it will be the subject of the everlasting song of the redeemed above. It is our *ALL* for acceptance with God, for pardon of sin, for "justification of life," for adoption into God's family, for holiness and glory. As the altar with its streaming blood stood at the very entrance of the ancient tabernacle, so the Lord Jesus Christ and "the blood of his Cross" meet us at the very entrance to the Church of the redeemed. The blood-shedding of Jesus is "a propitiation for our sins," lies at the very threshold of the Christian life. It is the alphabet of Christian experience to know the value of "the blood of sprinkling." The first step in the Christian course is into the "fountain opened."

"The blood of Jesus" is our great and all-encompassing theme. May the Divine Spirit make his own truth regarding it "the power of God unto salvation" to every reader!

Earnest Thoughts of an Earnest Man.

From the volume of the "Sacramental Discourses" of Dr. James W. Alexander, published since his death by Roulphs, we take a few passages characteristic of the preaching, as well as the writings of this soul-loving, Christ-exalting minister.