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## Poetry.

For the American Presbyterian.  
TO MY MOTHER.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."  
Ah, yes! I know the way  
It oftentimes very near—no ray  
Of God's own blessed sunlight seems to shine  
Upon this path! This steepest path of mine.

Then all the world is drear!  
Doubt and temptation—dark distressing fear—  
Rude, rugged roughness for thy bleeding feet;  
Sad sorrow's stormy tempests—'neath the beat.  
In thy great grief alone,  
Lest'ning the wild wind's wailing, mournful moan!  
That fearful sound of sighing for the past,  
Its precious dreams, oh God! too bright to last.

I know, for I have dwelt  
Where came that dreary darkness that is fell!  
I know it all—the suffering, pleading pain!  
That cry of anguish, 'neath the broken chain.

I know the wailing light—  
The eager soul—sick longing for the light!  
That shining word—the crown of thorns, all! all!  
Alone! Oh Christ, the worn-wood and the gall!  
Oh! broken-hearted one!  
Listen, 'tis the echo of His tone—  
"Elo! Elo! lama sabachani!"  
Forsaken! oh, my Father! Why, oh why!

Thou holy Son of God,  
Teach for the painful pathway! Thou hast trod!  
Near to these! Oh sinless, suffering one!  
Here can we say—"Father! thy will be done."  
Not now a weary way—  
His voice, His hand, His counsel day by day!  
With Thee, oh Christ, our willing steps we bend—  
Bright heaven of joy, our home is at the end!

1854.

For the American Presbyterian.  
NO MORE.

Sweet friend, the paths which we have loved,  
By forest, glade, and shore,  
Where oft we sat we have roved,  
Shall greet our steps no more.

The roadway by whose grassy brim  
The tall gray willows bend—  
While from beyond the Pequest's lymn  
Made music as we went.

The leaves that danced all tremulously,  
In summer's merry mood;  
Pale flowers that lifted sunny eyes,  
Beneath the grave old wood.

The level whence some cheerful tone  
Shouted across the wave;  
And rocks, from lofty vine-wreathed throes,  
Their mystic accents gave.

The foam that dashed the ledge,  
Falling where wild flowers grew;  
Decking each snowy petal's edge  
With drops of silver dew.

Moss-pinks beside the river-swale,  
While high as eye could reach,  
Were crags of crumpled crimson bells,  
And fringed with plumy fern.

The mount whose green and graceful dome  
Such hidden meaning wore;  
Beating aloft, through sun and gloom,  
Its changeful word "No more."

No more, where night-swing branches nod,  
Shall hear communion with heart—  
Life's checkered paths must still be trod,  
But thou and I apart.

For the American Presbyterian.  
LETTER FROM CHINA.

CONFUCIUS.  
In the petty kingdom of Lu in the modern province of Shantung, China, there appeared about 2408 years ago, a personage whom the Chinese delight to honor more than any other man. Confucius was born, according to the commonly received chronology, 549 or 550 years before Christ, or about the time that Cyrus the Great became King of Persia. He was contemporary with Ezra and Pythagoras. During his life the Jews returned from the Babylonian captivity to the land of Palestine, Greece was invaded by the hosts of Xerxes, and Egypt was conquered by the forces of Persia; all memorable events in history, and marking the era of the Chinese sage.

The father of Confucius was a district magistrate. Dying when his son was three years old, he committed the superintendence of his education to his mother. She seemed to have taken great care to instill into his youthful mind a love of study and a profound regard for morality. During his childhood and youth, Confucius was remarkable for his peculiarly grave behavior, and for his ardent attachment to the precepts and customs of more ancient times. He was not accustomed to engage in the sports and plays common among boys of his age, but preferred to spend his time in the study of moral and political science. He was greatly respected by his fellow townsmen on account of the extent of his learning and the extraordinary features of his character. At the age of seventeen he received an appointment as a subordinate office in the revenue department of his native state.

He began first to attract the attention of the able as a Reformer. He had become eminent for the maxims contained in the ancient writings and traditions of his country, and, ashamed of the degeneracy of his own time, he earnestly endeavored to revive the usages of former ages both by precept and by example. On the occasion of his mother's death when he was twenty-four years old, he showed the sincerity of his professed attachment to the customs of a more remote antiquity by conforming to them in all that related to mourning for the death of parents. He immediately resigned all his employments under government for the purpose of mourning for his mother three years, according to ancient customs. This custom had gradually been discontinued. But owing to the influence of the example and precepts of the sage, it has since his time become the established and universal practice among office-servants in the Junee Land. This office of mourning he spent in close application to study.

Soon after its completion, he visited, by invitation, one of the princes of a neighboring kingdom, but unwilling to remain long with him, he returned to Lu, his native State, where he set himself up as a teacher, at the age of thirty. Shortly afterwards he received a second invitation to visit the Court of another prince; but on arriving there he found that curiosity, and not a desire for his maxims, had procured the invitation. He therefore bade adieu to the prince, and returned several years in other provinces or kingdoms, until he was invited to return to his own country, and there, under the patronage of his own

prince, became first a judge, and then chief officer of his native kingdom. He administered the duties of his station with much zeal, strictness, and impartiality, prompted, it would seem, by a sincere desire to do good to his countrymen. His sense of order and justice was, indeed, the occasion of his ruin and degradation from office. For it is related that he urgently advised his prince to take up arms against a certain usurper. Hearing of this, the usurper sent to the prince of Lu a conciliatory present, consisting of thirty most beautiful horses, magnificently caparisoned; a collection of valuable curiosities, and twenty most accomplished courtesans. This present had its desired effect on the mind of the youthful prince, and the stern Confucius was dismissed from his office.

He retired with his disciples to a neighboring State. From this time, he was not uniformly popular and welcome, nor was he at all times free from personal danger at the hands of his enemies. Sometimes he was the object of applause; at other times, the subject of persecution on account of his principles. His conduct and his sayings during this period of his life often remind one of the Greek philosopher who obtained the sobriquet of "dog," from the caustic and cheerful nature of his remarks, and who used to say, in relation to this circumstance, "Other dogs bite their enemies, but I my friends, that I may save them." Confucius, indeed, sometimes compared himself to a dog driven from his kennel. "I have," said he, "the fidelity of that animal, and I am treated like it. But what matters the ingratitude of men? They cannot hinder me from doing all the good that has been appointed me. If my precepts are disregarded, I have the consolation of knowing in my own breast that I have faithfully performed my duty."

But it is impossible to notice, in this brief sketch, even the principal events in the life of this singular and remarkable man. Let it suffice to add a few more particulars. He returned from his travels and sojournings abroad to his native province at the age of sixty-eight. He spent the balance of his life in completing the literary works which he wished to hand down to posterity, and in teaching a large and devoted company of public and private scholars. It is said that his disciples or pupils amounted to three thousand men, of whom seventy-two were particularly distinguished for their affectionate devotion to him, and for their practical conformity to his teachings. When his books were finished, he called his followers about him, and dedicated them to Heaven, as the last important act of his life, imploring that they might be of great benefit to his countrymen. A few days before his death, it is related that he walked slowly about the house, leaning upon the top of his staff, and crying out, as if aware of his approaching end, and of the greatness of his character, and the value of his instructions:—

"The mountain is crumbling,  
The strong beam is yielding,  
The sage is withering like a plant."

Confucius died at the age of seventy-three. It is said that the authentic history of the "Flowery Land" extends little, if any further back into antiquity than the times of Confucius. He collected and recorded all the traditional stories which he deemed credible, relating to periods antecedent to his age. An effort was made by the notorious prince who built the great wall on the northern boundary of China, to destroy all the writings of this sage. In a vain attempt to evade the order and save the books they possessed, history mentions that more than four hundred literati were buried alive, and the books they designed to preserve were consigned to the flames. But most, if not all of the compositions of Confucius escaped destruction through the zeal of the learned. These and their commentaries have most largely contributed to make the Chinese mind, and the Chinese literature, and the Chinese government what they are at the present day.

Probably no uninspired man has ever exerted so large a mass of mankind, a greater and more marked influence than Confucius. The laws and the usages of the middle kingdom for near a score of centuries, have been professedly modelled according to the maxims he inculcated and enforced in his books. The great fundamental principle illustrated and enjoined throughout his practical writings is simply subordination to superiors. It is the obedience to this principle rendered by the Chinese in the various relations of society which has kept the Chinese Empire together, and has moulded the character of its immense population from the days of Confucius to the present time. A child should obey his parents, a wife her husband, a subject his prince. This principle of subordination to superior authority he elucidated and applied to all the most important departments and relations of society. He has, indeed, left to posterity no such productions as the Iliad, or the Aeneid, or the orations of Demosthenes or Cicero. If he had, men of modern times, and living in occidental lands, would doubtless accord him greater honor as a genius, and his writings would be more acceptable, and often read by foreigners. But had he written such works he would have had little or no influence over his countrymen; and in nothing is his knowledge of human nature more evident than in his selection of means to attain the object he sought. The subjects of his discourses to his followers, as well as the themes which he discussed in his books, are those which have a most important and practical bearing in a political as well as social point of view, and which the experience of two centuries showed to be singularly adapted to meet the approval of the Chinese mind, and to satisfy Chinese wants.

Confucius is universally regarded among the Chinese people, as a being worthy of divine honors, and accordingly divine honors are actually paid him by the officers of government all over the Empire in the spring and autumn of each year. He is styled "The Most Holy Ancient Teacher," and "The Holy Duke." His name is mentioned only with the profoundest veneration by all classes among the hundreds of millions of the Middle Kingdom. His memory is cherished as the original author of polite and classical literature, and as "the perfect man." His maxims and instructions are esteemed as beyond comparison; more important, reliable, and complete, than the maxims and instructions of men in foreign lands. A missionary relates that in the year 1835 he and his companions met, on their entrance into a village in the native province of Confucius, two elderly men who declined to receive their tracts, saying:— "We have seen your books, and neither desire nor approve them. In the instructions of our Sage

we have sufficient, and they are far superior to any foreign doctrines you can bring." Perhaps an adequate idea of the regard and veneration with which the Chinese remember Confucius may be gathered from the following poem, found in the sacrificial ritual:—

"Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius! Before Confucius there never was a Confucius! Since Confucius there never has been a Confucius! Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!"

Pope, in his "Temple of Fame," makes mention of the Chinese sage in the following honorable and eulogistic terms:—

"Superior and alone Confucius stood,  
Who taught that noble science, to be good."

With respect to the religious opinions of the Most Holy Ancient Teacher, little favorable or praiseworthy can be said. On the subject of spiritual worship of invisible beings he does not profess to be able to give any instruction. He candidly confesses his ignorance about the gods. He openly admitted that he did not know much about them, nor did he recommend their worship. They were above his comprehension. He preferred to confine his instructions to subjects connected with this life and this world. The obligations of man, according to him, consisted solely in obeying his sovereign, and in doing good to his country, friends, and family. He enforced his precepts by no pretended divine sanctions. They were merely the teachings of reason, experience, and expediency, and depended for their authority on no superior being. "Not knowing even life," said he, "how can we know death?" Sometimes, however, he seemed to think and talk as though he had been sent by Heaven to revive the maxims and customs of more ancient ages. For instance, on one occasion, when in special peril of his life, he remarked: "If Heaven means not to obliterate this doctrine from the earth, the men of Kwang can do nothing to me."

One feature of the writings of Confucius deserves particular and honorable mention. He never applauded nor deified vice. Unlike Greek and Roman classical writings, his pages are not marred with obscene descriptions and licentious allusions. While they contain much that is good and unobjectionable, still, it must be admitted, there is much in them to be reprobated. Such, for example, is his precept to a son: "not to live under the same heaven" with the slayer of his father, meaning, "exercise the law of revenge," and pursue him unto death." He made altogether too much of the virtue of filial obedience.

The sage seems to have been nothing better than a moralist. Some think they have abundant reason from his writings to pronounce him an *Atheist* or a *Fatalist*. Whatever may have been his real religious character, he most undoubtedly had a very high standard of moral conduct. On a certain occasion he was questioned whether there was any one word which taught the behavior proper to observe at all times and at all places?—"Will not the word 'shu' answer the purpose?" was his reply. He explained it in this manner:—"Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you." It is remarkable that he expressed in the form of a negative proposition, what is a great approximation to the sentiment which our Saviour expressed in the form of an affirmative one, when he uttered the *Golden Rule*:—"Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

But it is time to bring this sketch to a conclusion. Let it suffice to warn the reader against supposing that the Chinese, to any great extent, conform in their practice to the high moral standard of their classics. While multitudes of the literati in every province are able to repeat, memorize, a large portion of the writings of Confucius without hesitation and without mistake, probably few, if any, strive seriously and heartily to reduce them to practice. They are studied principally as the standard of style, and as furnishing sentiments and language which they are to incorporate in their literary compositions at the established examinations; not as the standard of morals and of religion by which, to the exclusion of other systems, they are to regulate their conduct. The writings of Confucius are a grand and stupendous failure so far as the practice of their best moral sentiments is concerned. The present condition of this empire, considered with regard to the influence, or rather the want of influence, of the maxims and examples of this sage over the lives and the hearts of his professed disciples, exhibits a most conspicuous instance as well as most convincing proof of the incompetency of moral precepts and of human wisdom to make men happy, sincere, and virtuous.

SINIK.  
Fubeian, Dec., 1859.

For the American Presbyterian.  
GOVERNOR AND LEGISLATURE OF IOWA.

Our new Republican Governor, SAMUEL J. KRAKOWSKY, of Iowa City, and our Lieutenant-Governor, Nicholas J. Rusch, of Davenport, were duly inaugurated at the opening of the Session of the Legislature, last month; and both branches of the Legislature are now well at work.

Mr. Krakowsky is not a member of any Church, though his father died at Iowa city in communion with the Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Krakowsky's connections attend the Methodist Church, where the Governor, when he attends anywhere, it is believed, usually accompanies her. Mr. Rusch is a native of Germany, and educated as a Lutheran, which connexion he continues. They are both men of high moral worth, and fill their stations with dignity, commanding the respect of all parties. Mr. Rusch has especially disappointed many of his opponents in his ready command of English, and tact in the chair, as President of the Senate, by virtue of his office.

Mr. Krakowsky, in his inaugural, has touched upon the case of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, condemning his acts, but commending his "disinterested" motives, and placing him in the same category with Orotendee, of Cuba, and Andre, of Great Britain, with this difference—that Brown was aiming at the liberty of the colored race. Mr. Krakowsky also recommends Colonization in Central or South America, of the free blacks.—Mr. Blair's scheme, of St. Louis, Mo. He commends African Colonization by the way, but deems it inadequate to the necessity of the free colored people, driven out of the free and slave States alike, and without a resting place in our country. These moral topics, together with the Lignor Laws, have engaged considerable attention, and will claim the action of our Legislature—Rep-

lican in both Houses—more or less till the close of the session.

Governor Lowe, on retiring from the Executive Chair, by the election of the people, has been exalted to the station of Chief Justice of our Supreme Court. Lieutenant-Governor Paville retires to private life. Both have retired from the chair of State with much honor and approbation of the people at large.

Thus, one political wave after another rolls over our young State, with over six hundred thousand souls to be agitated and tossed without rest, since the National and State elections follow so much quick succession. When will the world be at rest? When will men get time to prepare for the world to come? Are political men to be only stayings to the great edifice of human society to be taken down at death, as no longer useful? When shall our Senators be as at the first, and our counsellors as at the beginning? We have more action than our fathers, but less reflection, more running to and fro, but no great increase of knowledge or wisdom from above. S. S. H.

INDIA.  
SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

Messrs. Editors:—By those who are waiting and praying for the evangelization of India, I am often asked if there are any indications of progress—particularly if there are any changes in the policy of British rule which show a more friendly disposition towards Christianity and native converts.

All such changes are very slight, and hesitatingly made, and yet to the observant eye of the missionary, some are transpiring, which present themselves to the hopeful mind as bright fore-shadows of better things to come. The British Government is doubtless feeling its rule more firmly established in India than ever before, and is showing less deference to the wicked superstitions and rites of the people.

Though bands of rebel ruffians in the limits of Nepal and some other border territories, yet their strength and courage is broken, and throughout British territory the straggling parties of freebooters are being ferreted out and destroyed. For a year-past the strongest rebel band in Western India have been the *Bhils*, and the last mail brings reports of their complete destruction. The brief despatch of the officer in pursuit of them says: "I have the pleasure to report that I came up with the rebel *Bhils* this day, at noon, and succeeded in shooting and cutting up the gang to a man."

Sadly shaken as British prestige was two years ago, throughout India, it is doubtless stronger and more effective now than ever before. Conscious of this, and somewhat incensed perhaps in view of the fact that past efforts to conciliate the people by yielding to their foolish and wicked superstitions have proved a failure, the British rulers are evidently relaxing their former "conciliatory" or "patronizing" policy, and adopting a more impartial and just.

In illustration of this view, I may mention:—

1. They are relaxing their rigid proscription of the Christian Scriptures in their government schools.

Heretofore, teachers and professors in their schools and colleges have been required to be silent at all times on the subject of Christianity, and not to explain anything in the Bible even if their Hindu pupils desired it. This requisition for silence is now limited to school hours.

I grieve to say there is scarcely any Christian truth in the text books allowed in their schools; and still more to note the fact that "The present" Director of public instruction would have no objection to introduce a set of books from which every Christian *altruism* had been effectually weeded. Still there is cause for joy that the former rigid interdiction of the Bible and Christianity has been slightly relaxed, and we may thankfully accept it as an omen of better things in the near future.

2. Another point in the acquisition of *low-caste* pupils into some of these schools. This is a step more decided and aggressive than the other, because it conflicts more severely with the caste notions of the Hindus.

Only a short time ago one of my own pupils, a nominal Christian of the Mahar caste, sought admission to one of these schools, but was refused. An English officer feeling the injustice of this refusal, appealed in behalf of the Christian lad to the highest officers of the British Government. His appeal was in vain. The Government gratified the Brahmins, and excluded the Christian youth from the school.

Now, in the English Government school at *Almohungur*, a regulation has been adopted, admitting pupils of any and all castes without distinction. A *Mahar* boy was recently admitted, and although most of the high caste pupils took offence and left, the Government has strictly adhered to its rule, and the Brahmins must waive their "prejudices or forego their own privileges." 3. The Government is more vigorously enforcing its laws against some of the enormities of Hinduism. It is generally known that *sati*, *infanticide*, *meriah sacrifices*, *hook-swinging*, and the like, have been interdicted by the British Government, but it is not so widely known that these enormities have become only *partially* suppressed. For instance, the bloody *Meriah* sacrifices were interdicted years ago, and some efforts have been made to suppress them. But they still exist, and the Governor General has just sent a new commission into the *Khoud* country, with a strong party to enforce the interdiction.

4. A large number of Hindoos and Mahomedans recently petitioned the British Government to abolish its system of educational grants *in aid*. These grants are available for all schools, missionary or otherwise, provided they impart a certain amount of secular education. This petition of the natives for their abolition, originated in their apprehension that these grants operate in favor of mission schools.

The Government meets this petition with sound arguments showing its impropriety, and firmly refusing to grant it.

This petition of the natives, praying for the abolition of grants *in aid*, contrasts strongly with the fears of some friends of missions, who even objected to receiving these generous grants from Government, from an apprehension of some injurious influence to their missions. How effectually this apprehension is shown to be groundless by this petition of the natives! The idolaters of India have ever shown that they regard our schools as very effective agencies for exposing the errors

of their false religions, and supplanting them with Christianity. In the early history of our Bombay mission the natives became so thoroughly convinced that our schools were undermining Hinduism, that they earnestly petitioned the Government to interdict them.

5. The Home Government of Great Britain is giving utterance to sentiments which show less regard to Hinduism. Lord Stanley, the late Secretary of State for India, openly avowed his determination to maintain the old policy of the East India Company. A missionary deputation waiting upon him were very coolly received, and obtained no concessions. He even sent out an order to India, warning all British officers to be on their guard, lest they should compromise their official character by giving aid and countenance to missionary efforts.

But the present Secretary, Sir Charles Wood, gives expression to views more worthy of himself and of the nation. In reply to a similar deputation, he says: "No persons can be more anxious for the spread of Christianity in India than we are. Independently of Christian considerations, I believe every additional Christian in India is an additional bond of union with this country, and an additional source of strength to the empire. There are political reasons in favor of spreading Christianity."

Lord Palmerston, too, endorses the same sentiment: "It is not only our duty," he says, "but it is our interest to promote the diffusion of Christianity, as far as possible, throughout the whole length and breadth of India."

Now we do not overlook the fact that there are many, very many, acts of individual officers, and acts, too, of the whole British India Government, which conflict directly with these sentiments. Still they are right sentiments, and we need not suppose them to be uttered insincerely. They ought to be adopted in practice as the legitimate result of the bitter experience of the British during the last three years. Even their utterance shows a gratifying advance, and taken in connexion with the items already mentioned, they furnish evidence that past experience and Christian influence are telling upon the character of British rule in India.

We would not magnify the import of these items and events, but like straw they show at least the direction of the current, and strengthen our confidence that the British will not much longer maintain in India that peculiar kind of "neutrality" which proscribes their own faith and patronizes all others.

R. G. WILDER.  
For the American Presbyterian.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

In every age the brightest intellects have frequently been the companions of misfortune. The minds we now honor, and whose words dwell on every lip, were, perchance, shrouded in sorrow in the day of their existence. Hence we are accustomed to associate greatness with misfortune. It is a fact, that of all the poets the world has ever produced, very few have led happy lives. Either domestic relations, and that grim skeleton, poverty, or the world's oddness, and the malady of a broken heart, have one or all combined to cast shadows over their earthly pilgrimage. But the stars of fortune shone brightly on the poet Campbell, and stood over him on the day of his first introduction to the public. Instead of a cold reception, or a stinging criticism from the men that gazed the literary clubs of Scott and Jeffrey, he received the universal praise of the nation.

His first efforts gave him the sacred name of poet. The poet laureate with but few friends arose from comparative obscurity to a high point in the literary world. Ushered into the company of Scott, Brougham, Heyden, Graham, Jeffrey, Smith, Homer, and the prominent minds of the day, he saw before him a splendid opening for future distinction. The greatest orators, and some of the finest poets of any age, the most perfect statement, the ablest critics, and the first novelists of the world were his contemporaries.

At an early age Campbell gave proof of uncommon talent for literary and poetic composition. While a student at the University his commanding presence gave him pre-eminence in this respect. So brave was his love of literature and works of the imagination, that every attempt to turn his mind to any professional pursuit proved fruitless. He passed many hours of each day in the study of poetry, and the romantic fictions of the great authors. From such sources he drew his mental food, and cultivated his powers of imagination to extreme limits. A mind thus directed, and without proper discipline from an association with practical duties, and a familiar acquaintance with the severer studies of a complete education, soon loses that balance which is essential to success in life. With the poet, energy is needed, as it is with military genius. The relations of the poet to the world, his companionship with misfortune, his struggles with pride and poverty, and his peculiar temperament, combine to make his life an anomaly. Hence decision of character is an element of success with the poet as well as the historian or diplomatist. This characteristic did not belong to Campbell. Had he possessed the energy of Shakespeare, his life of sixty-seven years would have furnished to the world something more than one small volume of poems. This failure in his mental constitution, added to his extreme sensitiveness, made him the toy of fortune, and ill-fitted him to encounter the realities of life. Had not the applause of a nation, it is probable that he would have sunk to rise no more, and his subsequent brilliant productions been lost to the world.

Fortunate for the literature of his country was it, that she early extended to him a cordial welcome to share in her greatness, and contribute his genius for the glory of her name. Those incomparable war-words which never fail to kindle the soul and warm the pulse, might never have seen the light of day; those poems of beautiful expression, consummate finish, and fascinating imagery, might never have emanated from the chambers of his mind, were it not for this. But if Campbell had this fault, he had traits which endear one to his fellow-men. He was distinguished throughout his life for generosity, seldom found among men. Many a poor way-farer in this vale of tears remembered him after his death, for his acts of charity. But his devotion to the cause of liberty, and the interest he manifested in the brave Poles, then contending for their rights, was the noblest act of his life.

In Campbell existed a peculiar union of thought and impulse. His thoughts at times soared on the wings of genius, but his flight was turned to earth by an aching heart, or a melancholy prelude. In viewing the life of a poet, we observe traits of character and idiosyncrasies which exist with genius. We think of the "divine art," as something beyond the pale of thought, the development of mind, the cultivation of the schools, and the poet rises before us, superior to the man and his surroundings in the full splendor and majesty of a power springing from within. It is thus that we comprehend Campbell. He was not like other men. We cannot altogether understand him, because he was a man of genius. Logic is good, and the critic's pen is a useful instrument; but genius is "itself alone," and often beyond the grasp of comprehension, so curious are her ways.

W. C. WINSLOW.

LITERARY MORTALITY.

BOOKS THAT DIE—A BOOK THAT LIVES.  
The tables of literary mortality show the following appalling facts in regard to the chances of an author to secure literary fame: out of 1,000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, &c.; 200 just pay expenses; 100 return a slight profit; and only 100 show a substantial gain. Of these 1,000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only 200 survive seven years' publicity. Of the 200 publications published in the seventeenth century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation, and are reprinted. Of the 60,000 works published in the eighteenth century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century. Men have been writing books for 2,000 years, and there are hardly more than 500 writers whose names are hardly more than 500 years old. The globe who have survived the ravages of time and the forgetfulness of man.

The vanity of young authors—though there are exceptions—is proverbial. Colton, in his *Laocoon*, says that it is the most striking of his errors. Every year a thousand writers imagine that they have something to say which the world ought to hear. They hurry in to print, and ask men to listen to the new oracle. But the great world goes on its way, and pays no more heed to their modest request, than it does to the tale of the first impostor. Of all books published, the great majority are dead to begin with, and it is a work of supererogation for critics to attempt to kill them. They fall from the press like autumn leaves from the tree, to perish and be forgotten. Of the few which can be said to have a permanent life, many perform in a year, or even a month. It is only once in a century that a really great genius rises up to write a book, which he is confident without presumption—like Milton—that "the world will not willingly let die." A really live book is a rare production. It is one that will live—kill—ones that will be read when the author's grave-stone crumbles—one that kindles into action minds that come in contact with it—one that has in it the seed of coming centuries. Such a book cannot be made to order. Literature has no patterns by which plodding imitation can shape it. The attempt will always prove a failure. Time is sure to detect the cheat.

Even works of real merit in their day, how few survive their own age! It has been said, with no little point, that all the honey of antiquity might be squeezed into a single beehive. Take the great writers of the classic age of the Greek and Roman periods—Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Seneca, and others,—and how little of real vitality there is in them! They are curiosities for the scholar; but, after all, for the most part, intellectual nummies. Take the great English writers, Bacon, Addison, and Bolingbroke, and Johnson, &c., and how the coils their genius kindled are already half-buried in their ashes. How little read, even at this early period, are the writings of Burke, the most philosophical of English—or Fisher Ames, almost his equal in the history of the States—yet in referring to the speeches and writings of Webster, how readily one recalls what is almost sure to be his inevitable fate in the parallel surmise of Macaulay, that the time might yet be when some curious traveller from New Zealand might be seen sitting on a broken arch of London, Bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's cathedral.

Once in a while there comes along a book like Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, or Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, that has more vitality in it than a whole pyramid of metaphysicians and novelists of the modern stamp. But when does this "living word" come? It is one that will live—kill—ones that will be read when the author's grave-stone crumbles—one that kindles into action minds that come in contact with it—one that has in it the seed of coming centuries. Such a book cannot be made to order. Literature has no patterns by which plodding imitation can shape it. The attempt will always prove a failure. Time is sure to detect the cheat.

seems in fact to live in a world of mirrors, where if it gives light enough to be seen by, it will find its image reflected from every wall. But who has ever returned to imitate, or rather parody, the Man of Nazareth who has ever produced a rival of the Sermon on the Mount, or attempted to speak like him in parables? Even if the seraglio of the act did forbid, no man has ever deemed it possible. One might as well attempt to rival in dioramas of the tempest, the thunders of the heavens or simulate the splendor of the sun with a Diamond light.

Meanwhile, the most powerful minds have not been ashamed to confess their own indebtedness to those words which are "spirit and life." The best have studied them to become more wise. The holiest have read them to become more holy. Pascal was a great mathematician, as well as a powerful thinker, but he listened with adoring reverence and child-like humility while the Great Teacher expounded to him "the mathematics of heaven." John Locke followed, as few have done, the depths of the human understanding; but in the ripeness of his years, and the fulness of his attainments, he was ever more anxious to come, through the study of the Scriptures, to a fuller understanding of the providence and grace of God. Milton, with a genius that could at once peep into the case of civil and religious freedom—or if it fell to the loftiest heights of a hallowed imagination, would never have counted all his own works as a feather's weight in the scale against the words of Him that spake as never man spake; and Lord Bacon, who could reason where others speculate, and could throw off his terse thoughts in striking aphorisms, was fain to make fast the truth of his arguments with golden clasps from the words of Christ.

The very position of the Scriptures in contrast with the transient vitality and power of all other books, vindicates their unrivalled pre-eminence. They can never be superseded, they can never become obsolete. There is that in the nature and condition of man which finds in them alone the answer to its cravings.

"IT IS ONLY A PRAYER MEETING."

"Yes, it is only a prayer meeting, and therefore, if it be a little cold, or wet or snowy—or if it be a little disagreeable travelling—or if it feel a little *revere to travelling out*, that is sufficient excuse. If it were a sermon, I should not think of remaining at home, but it is but a prayer meeting. Few will be present, and it is so dry and uninteresting, I shall not attend." Is this the language of a Christian? Can it be that the prayer meeting is an uninteresting place to the follower of Jesus? Yet it is not evident that the conduct of many professors of religion, if put into words, would speak plainly the above sentiments? Why is this? Can that church be in a prosperous condition, where a large majority of its members feel and act thus in these matters? We leave the reader to judge. We would name one little country church, where a weekly meeting for prayer is attempted, and though the church stands in a thickly settled neighborhood, where almost all the heads of families are members, yet we have been present when not more than five or six of these have been there, and not more than a dozen persons in all. Now we would seriously ask, as in the presence of God,—do such neglecters feel their own wants, or the wants of Zion? Do they feel that interest in the prosperity of the church with which they stand connected, that the cause demands?

Why is the prayer meeting "dry and uninteresting"? Does not the church need united petition? Is the Divine blessing on us as a particular congregation, of small importance? When you hear of other parts of the church being visited with "times of refreshing," does your heart never burn with the desire that *we* too might be visited in the same manner? Look narrowly into your hearts, and see if in this indifference to the prayer meeting, there is not a difference with regard to the interests and prosperity of the church? And remember, too, you are not left to your own choice in this matter. You are under obligations, by your own voluntarily assuming the profession of Christianity, "to not forsake the assembling of yourselves together," and also to "pray for the peace of Jerusalem!" Oh! few professors, how can you feel indifferent to these things? If you ever consult your own enjoyment, is there no pleasure in appearing before God? Instead of thinking it a task, should we not esteem it a privilege to meet together and present our united petitions at a mercy seat? How sweet to plead his promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." Do you believe this promise? Remember that Thomas by absenting himself once from the place of prayer, missed a meeting with *Jesus*. Do you go with a desire of meeting with Jesus? How then can it be uninteresting?

One word, in conclusion, to those who conduct the meetings for prayer. Try to make them interesting! Lead the heart by presenting our particular wants, as a church before the throne of grace. Are not the petitions too general? The heart must be affected by stating our particular necessities. Be punctual in attendance, and show by your conduct that you yourselves are deeply interested. Plead like Abraham, "that Ishmael might live before Thee!"

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was put to death by the sword at the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired, and St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped there. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.