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Poetry.

For the American Presbyterian.
GOING UP TO CALVARY.
What is that sad company,
Going up to Calvary?
Going in sadness and sorrow and tears,
Going with trembling and tolling, and fears,
Going away to Calvary?
Who is it that heavy cross,
Going up to Calvary?
Bruised and weary, and fainting, and weak,
And halting, and patient, and meek,
Going away to Calvary?
What hath happened in the way,
Going up to Calvary?
Though willing the spirit, the dead, 'neath the load
Hath sunk at last on the blood-sprinkled road,
Going away to Calvary?
What meaneth all this mourning,
Going up to Calvary?
Jerusalem's children to sorrow bow'd down,
And that evening's mourning,
Going away to Calvary?
Why, oh! why, this anguish,
Going up to Calvary?
Yea, our Saviour, and our way,
To bear in his body, our sin away,
Upon Mount Calvary.

Correspondence.

For the American Presbyterian.
SUPERIORITY OF CHARACTER TO GENIUS.

Man kind universally pay tribute to genius. The flower of life, the tangled dale, the ancient forest, the pulsing stream, the gentle vale, all receive a higher life—all bear a deeper impress of beauty, when presented to man by the hands of genius. It traces out and delineates before him those mysteries of his inner nature which otherwise would be unknown. It detects phases of humanity, exhibits motives for actions, which lie too deep for the common mind to fathom. It enters into and investigates the results of mind, the great works that prove its immortality. It grasps and synthesizes with ideas that issue forth from master minds, and sheds a new halo about which was before sublime, grand, almost divine. Genius has its mission; it is of influence, of power. It gives for itself a hearing; it attracts the trifling, the giddy crowd, who are living for folly. It points the trifter to a higher destiny; tells him that he has powers too vast to spend on mere animalism; that he is an intellectual and a moral nature; that he is allied to angelic intelligences; and that he has entered upon a life immortal. But while we are delighted, awed, entranced, by genius, we give to character a still higher position; we yield to it, not only admiration, but something more lofty, homage. Real character, not the mere pretence, but that which is honest, sincere, receives from us in addition the warmest flow of our affections. Genius portrays before us virtues, noble principles, useful acts. Character carries these out in the daily life. Genius inspires us with the desire to become better men. Character makes us resolve, and by its bright example, moves us to become such. Genius is the friend who is always waiting for an opportunity to do some splendid deed; some act that will astonish us, and make an impress on mankind. Character is the friend that serves us in the most unobtrusive manner, on the most insignificant occasion, willing to do us the smallest service, only anxious to find out the way to benefit us. The superiority of character is manifest when we look at the man of genius devoid of character. Immediately we perceive a spot upon our sun, a blot upon our sheet of pearly whiteness, a defect that no other qualities, no attractions of genius can atone for. Character enters with us into nature's scenes, and there sees purity and God. It explores the almost unknown regions of the mind of man, and there meditates upon the moral bearings of his powers. It studies the works of the world's great minds, and extracts therefrom moral allment to sustain it in the journey of life. Genius has its rise, its meridian splendor, and, sometimes, its inglorious setting. Character has its germ, its thrifty youth, its full-bearing vigorous age; but never its decay, its desolation, death. Genius has its earthly toil, its triumph, and frequently its glorious reward; but has no recognition beyond this dull, cold earth. Character has its earthly mission, its life work; but also its influence, its moral power, its "well done good and faithful servant" in a brighter world. Then let us not despair because the bountiful Giver of all good has not bestowed upon him genius; when the far higher quality of character is offered to him as freely as the water that gushes out from the mountain spring or the breeze that fans the fevered brow.

land on Examination Day, than were rehearsed by the young men of Tenness School. Several of them translated with ease, precision, and elegance from Virgil, Cicero, Homer, &c., and gave the grammatical construction as well as the sense of the passages, to which they were asked to turn. The members of "Log College" were long since taken down, and scarcely a relic of it now remains. Two or three walking-canes, one of which is in Nassau Hall, Princeton, constitute almost everything that is left of the material structure, wherein some of the best and most learned men of our church a century ago received a considerable share of their education. But the love of sound learning, which characterized them, abides in the place, where they once lived, and the attainments they made are no doubt in some respects equalled, if not surpassed, by their successors. The old building of logs is replaced on a different site by a substantial stone edifice, and Tenness School of today with the advantages of modern progress in science is perhaps not only externally, but in many points intellectually, superior to what "Log College" once was.

THE HUNGARIAN PROTESTANTS.
Opinion is divided as to the propriety of the course taken by a part of the Protestants of Hungary in refusing to acquiesce in the Imperial Patent of September last, which was designed to reorganize their church system. The system presently existing, which was established in 1791, is represented as having been very defective. It was promulgated by *Metternich* in 1851, so that for about eight years the Protestants of that country, to their great detriment, have been without any legally recognized form of church order. When in September last, the Emperor issued orders for a temporary re-organization, a wide division of sentiment arose. The German element of the Protestant population very generally acquiesced in the proposed arrangements; we see it stated in one journal that as many as 300,000 of these Protestants are now living under the provisions of the Patent. But the true Hungarian or Magyar race, which has always been most sensitive, as under a foreign yoke, became greatly agitated, and under their political leaders, like Count Zay, who are represented, on good authority, to be making a mere tool of the church in carrying out their own selfish and ambitious designs, repeatedly remonstrated with the government, and insisted on the calling of a general Synod which should be allowed to form a church constitution to a considerable degree independent of the government. The German Protestants who have acquiesced in the arrangement, and those who speak for them, contentedly say that the new arrangement is far better than the condition of anarchy which previously prevailed; that the right of interference which the government proposes to exercise, according to the programme of September, is not by any means excessive or intolerable, and that this whole arrangement is provisional, designed to prepare the way for general action on the part of the church itself. These Germans earnestly hope that the imperial will may be maintained, and would consider it a misfortune to the cause of Christ for the party of the Magyar nobility, with the secularized bishops who think with them, to have their own way in the church. Accordingly, they rejoiced when on the 10th of January, an imperial ordinance was issued confirming the Patent of September, and removing some of the most serious grounds of objection urged against that document. We give the substance of the ordinance of January:

"By the edict of September, it is made possible for the evangelical churches of Hungary and contiguous provinces to see speedily fulfilled their long cherished and oft-expressed wish for the holding of regular synods, a matter necessary for giving definite form to their church polity. That this may be brought to pass in the shortest possible time, it is incumbent on the evangelical population to organize themselves in the form prescribed in the Patent, without delay. Such communities as have not already re-organized, are exhorted to do so as a matter of interest, and to follow the example of the numerous congregations already organized. This must be done, at the latest, by the end of March, or they cannot afterwards be recognized as regularly organized, and will lose all the rights and privileges dependent on such recognition. In like manner the church sessions are enjoined to constitute themselves in a regular manner, by the 15th of April, otherwise their acts will be declared void. The same, also, is required of the Assembly or Convocation of Superintendents, (who are a kind of superior clergy, answering to the deans of the Church of England.) The re-organized sessions are at liberty to proceed to the various steps necessary before calling a general Synod, and the evangelical population, generally are urged, 'as by the advice of a friend,' to facilitate the holding of the Synod at the earliest practicable moment, and to fix definitely by their acts such a church constitution, as being approved by his majesty, shall take the place of the edict of September 2nd, 1859. By this course alone can they succeed in averting a confusion in their church and school affairs, destined to grow worse and worse under the influence of the opposition shown to the benevolent designs of his majesty."

It is claimed that this is a sufficient proof that government is sincere in this matter of the Synod, and that it really designs substituting the decisions of this Synod for its own Patent, and that all causes for misunderstanding are forthwith removed. Yet it is any thing but satisfactory to some as regard the struggle as a matter of principle. They demand the Synod first, without a recognition of the Patent of September, and afterwards the church system by which it is reached. A deputation of thirty of these dissatisfied ones went to Vienna to ask an immediate convocation of the Synod, but without success. Meanwhile, at last accounts, the Lutheran churches were rapidly re-organizing. So that it was expected the entire church in Hungary would have conformed to the Imperial edict within the time specified. Such confident expectations, however, were soon shattered in regard to the Reformed Churches, which hitherto have been the most obstinate. In view of the whole, the correspondent of the *N. Evng. Kirchenzeitung* says:

"It is our firm conviction that a rich blessing will grow out of these new ecclesiastical arrangements to the Protestant cause in Hungary, if the expected Synod will but give them a suitable revision."

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.
By Rev. H. DURRANCE.

Alas! We need not go far in any church to find those who bring forth "nothing but leaves." Should strict investigation be made through the vineyard of God in which you are plants, I fear it might reveal many such; often has the power of this Olivet come seeking fruit and finding none. He finds a standing among the fruit-bearing trees, but beside this, nothing but the leaves of empty profession, and mere fruitless, formal service. He finds, "Please have me excused," when something is to be done, and "So many calls," when something is to be given, and a few formal prayers and expressed good wishes for the kingdom of Christ. These, and only these, which are "nothing but leaves," characterize too many of those who are planted in the church of God.

There is one among you whom you see not. He is searching among your branches. He seeks fruit, fruit. He sees "nothing but leaves!" Beware, lest He say of thee, "No fruit grew on thee evermore," and presently thou wilt away like the cured fig-tree.

Oh! sad record of your Christian profession. Year by year the Master has come seeking fruit, and year by year he has returned to enter upon the great year book of God, the history of your fruitfulness, "nothing but leaves."

And this has been thy record, lo! how many years!

Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves
Over a wasteful life
Sins committed with conscience asleep,
Promises made but never kept,
Hated, battle, and strife
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves—no garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, like words for lament dead;
We saw our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;
We reap with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves—no ministry weaves
No will to cross the night;
As we retrace our weary way,
Counting each lost and mispent day,
We find only at last,
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master not?
Beating our wings with leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,
We stand by Him, humbly mute,
Waiting the word he utters,
"Nothing but leaves."

Oh! sad record of past mercies abused,
Of time and talents wasted, of life and grace
And joy received in vain! Oh! let me hasten
And wash out that record with my penitential tears,
Ay, with my life blood, yea, rather with the blood
of the Lamb Divine, if so I may stand for past unfaithfulness, and past unfruitfulness. Why have I thought so much of myself, of my family, of my honor, or peace, or comfort, or ease, and so little of my Saviour and his cause? where is my service? where my sacrifices? where my labor? where my fruit unto God? Oh surely the harvest approaches, and where is my fruit? I fear to look, I shrink from the examination, I know I shall find

"Nothing but leaves," "nothing but leaves."

And must I meet my Saviour so? must I look upon the vacant record? O! soon hasten, hasten ere it be too late! Retrieve the past! arise, watch, pray, toil, redeem the time! Thy Judge appears! hasten! lest the word go forth, "No man gather fruit of the vineyard," and thou bear fruit never, O never more.

PREACHING IN THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

We clip the following beautiful extract from the editorial correspondence of the *Church Journal*:

"A pleasing contrast to the dark scene last described, is the service which takes place at the Coliseum on Fridays, when, in the rich daylight of an Italian sun, and under no imperial awning, but beneath God's own heavenly canopy, monks and preachers of a fraternity of devout Romans, of the sufferings of Christ. You must picture to yourself—to get any idea of this scene—the interior of the Coliseum, with its beautiful, soft-tinted stone-work, and its half-ruined arches rising above the arena, through the open spaces of which the blue sky shows itself in all its placid, beautiful repose. Up the sides, along the edges, hanging to high, picturesque walls, the dark, luxuriant ivy and the golden wall-flower add their contrasts of color and beauty. Perched here and there upon grass-grown mounds, a few adventurous monks, with their sciors, have seated themselves on the ruins of the patrician or lower tier of balconies. Below, on the beautiful grass-covered floor of the amphitheatre, scattered in groups or seated on fallen columns, some two hundred Romans and strangers have assembled to hear the preaching. One cannot but rejoice and admire in the feeling of triumph—even in the midst of things which offend our Northern taste and our simpler theology—that the Name of Christ crucified is here proclaimed, and His cross erected, as it is in Jersey's monks, Christians to the lions!" Here many martyrs fought the wild beasts; and as has been beautifully said, closed their eyes on looks of brutality and hatred, to open them upon the smile of the Lord. Here Ignatius himself, the disciple of St. John, the fervent Bishop of Antioch, gladly laid down his life for Christ. It does not seem strange, as an indication of a double change which has taken place—a change not only in the relation of Christianity to the powers of the earth, but also in the form of its preaching, that the scene should be written on the cross, erected perhaps on the very spot, where the Bishop-martyr shed his blood, a sentence so thoroughly alien from the spirit of his epistles, as this:—"Two hundred days' indulgence to every one who kisses the Holy Cross."

A ROLL OF CALVINISTS.

Who for ages, suffered the confiscation of property, exile, imprisonment, and death, rather than renounce it. The Waldenses and Huguenots, those noble Calvinists of France.

Who besides Luther were the great leaders of the Reformation of the 16th century? Melancthon and Zuingli, Calvin, Farel and those reviled Calvinists.

Who alone kindled the precious spark of liberty in England, and gave "the English the whole form of their Constitution?" According to Home, they were the Puritans, those reviled Calvinists.

Who elevated Scotland to her high eminence among the nations? Her sturdy Calvinists.

Who bore the most important part in our Revolutionary struggle? Our distinguished historians according to our distinguished historian Bancroft, himself a Unitarian.

He says: We are proud of the free States that fringe the Atlantic.

The Pilgrims of Plymouth were Calvinists of France; William Penn was a disciple of the Huguenots, the ships from Holland, that first brought Calvinists to Manhattan, were filled with Calvinists. He that will not honor the memory, and respect

the influence of Calvin knows but little of the origin of American liberty. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

IS THERE AN INTERMEDIATE STATE?

The positions already stated necessitate still another, not less shocking to Christian sentiment than the last, which, if we can dispense, several of the main positions of the Annihilationists are overthrown. With the exception of Enoch and Elijah, none of the righteous that have lived on the earth, from the creation to the present time, are now to be found in heaven. Their bodies evidently are not there; their souls—they have none—they are extinct.

We fully and deeply regret that our little ones who are dead were in heaven. It is some relief to a sorrowing mother, whose children are sleeping in a cold and distant grave, over which the darkness of midnight broods, and the rain falls, and wintry winds sweep, to believe that tender lambs are safely folded in the arms of the Great Shepherd. Nevertheless, we do not feel that we are to be left in a state of comfort. We have been taught to believe that pious parents and Christian friends, when they die, go immediately to be with Christ; and that those who have long stood witnesses for Him, after being persecuted and hunted for their lives, had first to be in heaven. This doctrine, if it be true, proves it to be but the rest of temporary annihilation. We are told that inasmuch as there is no consciousness, the time from the death of Abel to the judgment will seem as nothing; that when the righteous rise, however long there may have been in the same Presbytery were at a moment, and therefore, can make no perceptible difference with them. But it makes the greatest possible difference with us. We do not believe, indeed, that the righteous will be made perfect, and enter upon the full enjoyment of their powers and prerogatives in the resurrection; nevertheless, that they will be far happier after death and before the resurrection than they are here. How cheerless and dreadful, then, must be for the Christian when about to die, to think that he is not going to heaven immediately, but that there will be a long period of unconsciousness, many ages, before he is resurrected to the resurrection of the body! Are the bodies of the saints that we have seen die in triumph to be blasted? Are they to suffer this great disappointment? They seemed to see Jesus through the opening crevices of the earthly tabernacle falling to ruin; they had vision, and saw him kneeling and were about to step into glory; and the latest signals they gave us, on the utmost limits of time, after speech had failed, the kindling eye and the radiant smile, even in death, seemed to give assurance to us, that he should be as they hoped. They had vision, and saw him kneeling and were about to step into glory; and the latest signals they gave us, on the utmost limits of time, after speech had failed, the kindling eye and the radiant smile, even in death, seemed to give assurance to us, that he should be as they hoped. They had vision, and saw him kneeling and were about to step into glory; and the latest signals they gave us, on the utmost limits of time, after speech had failed, the kindling eye and the radiant smile, even in death, seemed to give assurance to us, that he should be as they hoped.

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE A. H. M. S.

Indeed, there seems to be a pretty general oblivion, on the part of many, of the origin, constitution, and policy, of the American Home Missionary Society. At the time of its organization, the Presbyterian Church had its own Missionary Board, and churches in the same Presbytery were aided at the same time, by it and by the Society. The most conclusive evidence is at hand to show that in the early period, when the nature of the organization was clearly understood, it was regarded as a voluntary association of individuals or churches, and exercised a power at which its evangelization of any destitute portions of the land, without reference to denominational preferences or denominational contributions. It is the deliberate and persevering departure of the Society from its original policy, which has led to its present state of affairs. It is not that its founders would have stood against—cutting off churches in a body, because their Presbyterial connection, although individually these churches might conform to the straighter rules which the Society has laid down.

And yet, it is necessary to know whether the Society is drifting, what is the spirit and the inevitable tendency of its new policy, it is furnished by the cool demand of the *Congregationalist*, of Chicago, that the Society shall carry out its principles to their logical result, and cut off the whole Presbyterian Church in a body—an act which is not performed quite as legitimately as that which has been done in the case of Presbyteries; and on precisely the same grounds. The *Harold* says, in a tone which seems to regard the managers of the Society only as menials appointed by the holding of a local dependency: "We see but one course for the Society to pursue, in which, if it hesitates longer than after the action of the next General Assembly, the Congregationalists of the East will be forced to withhold contributions." Consequently, "the various State Societies of New England will be necessitated to sever their relations with the Society, and to send their funds to the West under the direction of their own Executive Committees." The *Harold* declares that it "knows not how the Committee of the American Home Missionary Society" can find a consistent support and sympathy in the position which they already occupy. Neither do we. The logical process is arrested midway, and simply because to carry it out would result in a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Society's policy. Yet it must be carried out. If there is any thing more necessary to the Society to how to maintain its position, it is to have the aid of the Congregationalists, and to send their funds to the West under the direction of their own Executive Committees. The *Harold* declares that it "knows not how the Committee of the American Home Missionary Society" can find a consistent support and sympathy in the position which they already occupy. Neither do we. The logical process is arrested midway, and simply because to carry it out would result in a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Society's policy. Yet it must be carried out. If there is any thing more necessary to the Society to how to maintain its position, it is to have the aid of the Congregationalists, and to send their funds to the West under the direction of their own Executive Committees.

HASTY INFERENCES.

Scientific men often make themselves ridiculous by their credulity. From a few supposed facts hastily and carelessly gathered, they build up a magnificent theory, and are indignant at the inability of slower minds. They have a peculiar facility in making theories at variance with the narratives of the Bible. A few months ago, a Mr. Horner made some discoveries in the valley of the Nile, demonstrating, as he said, the existence of man in Egypt before the Mosiac era, and so eminent a man as Chevalier Bunsen adopted his theory without hesitation. But the *London Literary Gazette* ventilates these speculations in an able and judicious manner.

"That man has existed on the earth for twenty thousand years is an inference drawn by learned men from Mr. Leonard Horner's excavations in Egypt, (Preface, xxiii.-xxvii.) which were made at the base of the statue of Ramesses II., at Memphis, on the site of ancient Memphis. He found an accumulation of nine feet four inches of Nile mud upon it, and assuming (it is 1860 B. C.,) and adding to this 1854, (the date of Mr. Horner's excavation,) we have 3215 years for the accumulation of the feet four inches of sediment; the mean rate of increase being three and a half inches per century, or thereabouts. From thence Mr. Horner proceeded downward with a borer, and as a depth of thirty-nine feet from the surface of the ground the borer brought up a fragment of pottery." The inference made by one of these chronologists is thus stated:

"This bit of pot must be held to be a record of the existence of man 13,871 years before 1854, if there be no fallacy in my reckoning."

"Unfortunately for Mr. Horner, (replies the *London Literary Gazette*) there is a fallacy in his reckoning, and a very obvious one. The stoneware Melanby was originally one of four caratites supporting the entrance front to the temple of Philae, which, like all other Egyptian temples, was built on a mound sufficiently elevated to prevent its ever becoming overflowed by the annual rise of the Nile. This mound must have subsided in the earthquake which overthrew the statue. When this took place we have no certain record; earth-quake ages ago by no means uncommon in Egypt. We know, however, for certain, that this statue was upright and uninjured only six centuries ago for it is expressly and unmistakably described among the wonders of Memphis by the Arab historian, Abdallatif, who visited its ruins at that time, and has left us an account of them. Mr. Horner's nine feet four inches of sediment has therefore, unquestionably accumulated in less than six centuries, instead of more than thirty. This egregious blunder is the zig-zag upon which Mr. Horner makes his subsequent calculations; and these accounts the main prop and pillar of the assertion that man has been upon the earth for twenty thousand years."

NEVER JEST WITH SACRED THINGS.

Not long since I heard a Christian gentleman, while urging the impropriety of young men's entering even the vestibule of a church with lighted cigars, make use of this language: "These are a sort of 'burning and shining lights' that I never wish to see in the courts of God's house."

Shortly afterwards I heard a minister, in a sermon on the Power of Christian Influence, announce as his text the words of our blessed Saviour concerning John the Baptist, "He was a burning and a shining light;" and though the sermon was sensibly solemn and impressive, moving me frequently during its delivery, yet as from time to time the minister would repeat the words of the text, the ludicrous application I had so recently heard made of it would often utterily come upon my mind, making it difficult to follow down the solemn sense in which the words were used by Him who "spoke as never man spake," and by the effort required to do so, much of the beauty and harmony of the discourse was lost.

Such is doubtless often the effect of coupling sacred things just with words of Scripture, and a result can be only evil. This practice is a criminal trifling with things sacred, and by implication at least, a daring impiety towards the Divine Being itself. Let every approach to it be avoided, and whenever we take upon our lips the words of Scripture let it be with reverence to their Author, and fervent gratitude for the priceless boon granted us in this fountain of infinite wisdom and truth. Such emotions will nip in the bud any insinuation to jest with God's word, and it will be alike to enjoy and profit by its sacred teachings.

THE CHURCH PSALMIST.

Messrs. Editors:—A Subscription in your last issue asks why the churches of the Third and Fourth Presbyteries of Philadelphia, do not introduce the Church Psalmist? He very truly states that the Publication Committee have made a large investment in its purchase, and would be benefited by its use.

In reply I would say that a number of the churches of these Presbyteries have adopted the Church Psalmist. This is the case in the Second Church of Darby, Olivet Church, Germantown Church, Beverly Church, Kenderon Church, First Church Northern Liberties, Bethlehem Church, Catasaugus Church, Norrisstown Church, Whittemarsh Church, and North Broad Street Church.

Our new churches as they organize, and older churches when they rebuild or improve their edifices, feel ready to take hold of a new Book of Psalms and Hymns. In old churches, moving quietly on, the change is more slowly made, but from inquiries made by church members and pastors, it is evident that there is a readiness for the introduction of the Church Psalmist in the old churches of the city, whenever a movement is proposed by the proper authorities. —A Christian Observer.

DISPENSE WITH IT ENTIRELY UNTIL HE LEAVES THE SACRED PLACE. Dr. Bethune, in your account of such a case, after those precautions have been observed; and no house will long be a place of worship, which is not carefully swept and dusted at least once a week. This must be done by some one; and where a sexton is not hired to do it, it must be done by volunteers.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

There are few departments of authorship in which there is greater room for the display of talent than in that which relates to the preparation of books for the juvenile mind. In history, scientific works, novels, and polite literature, the supply has been somewhat withered. The shelves of our private and public libraries are over-burdened with books in all these departments, though, if we except a single branch of reading, there are none too many. But it requires little argument to show that the most important department, to say nothing of the thousands annually sent out by private publishers. But while we make no complaint of the quantity, we cannot say as much of the quality. Of all the scores of volumes written annually for the children, few are worthy of a place in Charles's or Lucy's library. They are not handsomely bound, and are elegantly illustrated; but they do not contain the standard of true juvenile literature. The fault is not in any want of childish talk, but rather in the excess of it. It is not that the bright-eyed reader cannot understand the story, but that the story being understood, does not do him any valuable impression upon his mind. Most writers of this class of books are incapable of doing so, factually, so great a work. Not that they cannot descend to a standard humble enough, but they cannot rise to the level of the child's mind. The impression has extensively prevailed, that any person who can prattle in a small way the extent of three hundred 18mo. pages, is capable of preparing books for "Young America." This impression has, doubtless, been nourished and stimulated by the excessive demands and liberal offers of authors, made by many of the publishing societies of Sabbath-schools. It is a pity that there is a vast amount of the veriest trash on the shelves of Sabbath School libraries. It serves no better purpose than to dissipate and retard the proper development of youthful intellect and heart.

We have often thought that one Daniel Defoe in the laps of a century, to write the history of one Robinson Crusoe, would be worth more to the children of the world than all the writers in that department who have flourished since his day.

How strange it is that parents and guardians should have a greater care for the dress of their children, than for the intellectual pabulum which is ministered by a thousand book-makers to their minds—more for the outside appearance than for the internal growth!

For the last little attention given to the kind of books our children read, let those who desire rightly to shape the mind of the next active generation see to it that the trashy volumes written to gratify the rage for authorship and fill the purse, be consigned to an early grave; and let them, by an imperative demand, call into life a high class of writers for the preparation of books for the children, as will be sure to come at such a call. Let those who have in charge the selection of books for the shelves of our religious and popular libraries, exercise a more and well-timed vigilance in this department of literature, and insist upon the best of the first class of juvenile books or none at all.

Journal and Statesman.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

It was on a dark, rainy afternoon of last October, while the winds were stripping the trees of their last withered leaves, that a Christian man received a letter from one of the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia, whether his wife had resorted for medical treatment, conveying the assurance that she was dying, and that she would prove fatal, had fastened itself on his beloved companion. This opinion had for some time been anticipated by him, but only as a possibility, and now a dark cloud settled suddenly on him. He strove to realize the Saviour's presence and love, and to find a consolation in the thought that she would be reunited to him in heaven, but he could not do so. He was alone in a dark, dark valley before him, through which a loved one was soon to pass. The shadows of twilight were gathering. His two little children had fast asleep in their beds, and were seated with him at the tea-table, cheerfully talking of an absent mother whose return was daily expected, but only as their father now knew, soon again to leave them on that last journey from which there is no return. They knew not his thoughts and feelings, as he lay them their heads, rounded by the vacant chair that soon the man who had occupied it would leave it forever. The man was over, and he sat in silence and in darkness of soul, wondering at what God had brought before him, and gazing at the messenger who, in a definite form, was sending down near his beloved partner.

Soon, his little daughter, who is not yet four years old, climbed upon his knees, and nestling her head on his bosom, told, as was her custom, of her little doings through the day. Her father heard her words, but did not give them the usual heed, for he was thinking of the mother who had just departed. He was striving to see light beyond the grave, and his silent prayer was—"O God, my Saviour, send forth thy light from thy presence, where light ever dwells, and where sin and sorrow never dwell, and where the art never-fading tears of the departed, who art acquainted with grief, give thy servant light, and break forth his heavy heart, when his little daughter, breaking from her previous prattle, said,—"Papa, must we go through death's dark vale to get to Heaven? Now he heard her and answered—"Yes, my dear,"—when she asked,—"But we will not fear any evil, will we?"

"The fountain of her father's heart was now opened, and the cloud of darkness was dispersed. The light which he had been seeking broke upon his mind, and made over the dark to radiant with the brightness of Heaven. He caught up the words of David, in the 8th Psalm—"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent in all the earth, is thy name!" "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, hast thou declared strength that thou mightest still the mouths of the dumb, and open the eyes of the blind." The shadows of evening were closing over earth. Father and child were silent for a time. She saw not his face, and knew not to what he was applying her words; but she felt the heavings of his bosom, as he had rested upon it and caught the falling tears on his cheek, and he felt with a quick sympathy taught by a heavenly teacher, she again spoke—"But, papa, Heavenly Father knows what is best for us in everything—doesn't he, papa?"

Sympathizing friend—experienced Christian—learned divine. What could have been said more fitting—more instructing—more sympathizing—more cheering?

All narrated is strictly true. How precious is our Saviour's love! How constant, and tender, and compassionate, his care!

How wonderful his ways! Speaking to his servants! How precious is his truth, and his love, in this instance, his ministering child!

Barber of the Covenant.

DR. BETHUNE ON SABBATH SCHOOLS.

In 1849, eleven years since, Rev. Dr. Bethune, then of Philadelphia, delivered a sermon in New York on Sabbath Schools. It contained, as it was thought, some radical, if not false views, and its doctrines received some severe criticisms. At the request of the Sabbath School Teachers' Association of the Dutch Reformed Church on Fifth Avenue, Dr. B. repeated this sermon last Sabbath evening. He apologized for bringing out from the "dust of years," only because invited to do so, and with the gratifying reflection that those who formerly opposed his doctrines were now practically carrying them into operation.

The sermon of Dr. Bethune, as delivered eleven years since, and as repeated on Sabbath evening, advocated the original and radical schools, as legitimately for poor children. He urged that parents in comfortable circumstances, and of piety, were the proper sources from whence children should receive their moral and religious training. The reasons for it were obvious, such as natural affection and fitness, home being the peculiar place for such educational culture. Parents ordinarily had no right to delegate such labor to strangers, and they would always receive their appropriate reward in the superior character and right training of their offspring.

It was the poor who needed for their children the care of the Sabbath School. A perversion of the original design of Robert Raikes, consisted in permitting the children of families not in indigent circumstances to usurp the places of the poor, and thus engendering the sympathy and time of teachers, who were not able to deliver of this discourse, there were but two Mission Schools in New York and Brooklyn. Now there are thousands of them scattered in every part of the country. At that time, eleven years since, what were called the "Cold Victims Children's Schools" were first established in the old Cedar Street Church, New York. But such was the prejudice, with even Christians, against teaching the indigent poor, that all classes literally shrunk from the work as if from contamination.

Dr. Bethune said he had a right to speak freely and frankly on Sabbath Schools, for it was on his mother's knees in New York, (he was one of the first teachers,) when they were first established in this country, that he early learned about them. He congratulated the teachers of Sabbath Schools on the wonderful progress they had made, and on the noble Mission Schools for the poor were now both so numerous, so well attended, and so admirably sustained by all classes of Christian people. Dr. B. was in his best mood, and delivered the discourse with some closing additional remarks, with rare impetuosity, if not with some of the church was crowded, and all were highly gratified.

New York Observer.

PERSECUTION IN BELGIUM.

Below we give an interesting incident, the truth of which is vouched for by the Brussels correspondent of the News of the Churches, under date of March 19th, and which exhibits the method taken by zealous Romanists to hinder the revival now going on in Belgium.

It has reference to a poor widow, a worker in lace. The first time that she attended at our worship she received such an impression, that from that time she began to attend regularly at all the services, and she addressed to the pastor the Roman Church in which she was born. She was afraid of losing her soul by separating herself from it. But by the progressive knowledge of the gospel and love of Christ, she was soon convinced of the numerous errors which Rome teaches. It was then that many of the children of the world than all the writers in that department who have flourished since his day.

How strange it is that parents and guardians should have a greater care for the dress of their children, than for the intellectual pabulum which is ministered by a thousand book-makers to their minds—more for the outside appearance than for the internal growth!

For the last little attention given to the kind of books our children read, let those who desire rightly to shape the mind of the next active generation see to it that the trashy volumes written to gratify the rage for authorship and fill the purse, be consigned to an early grave; and let them, by an imperative demand, call into life a high class of writers for the preparation of books for the children, as will be sure to come at such a call. Let those who have in charge the selection of books for the shelves of our religious and popular libraries, exercise a more and well-timed vigilance in this department of literature, and insist upon the best of the first class of juvenile books or none at all.

Journal and Statesman.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

It was on a dark, rainy afternoon of last October, while the winds were stripping the trees of their last withered leaves, that a Christian man received a letter from one of the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia, whether his wife had resorted for medical treatment, conveying the assurance that she was dying, and that she would prove fatal, had fastened itself on his beloved companion. This opinion had for some time been anticipated by him, but only as a possibility, and now a dark cloud settled suddenly on him. He strove to realize the Saviour's presence and love, and to find a consolation in the thought that she would be reunited to him in heaven, but he could not do so. He was alone in a dark, dark valley before him, through which a loved one was soon to pass. The shadows of twilight were gathering. His two little children had fast asleep in their beds, and were seated with him at the tea-table, cheerfully talking of an absent mother whose return was daily expected, but only as their father now knew, soon again to leave them on that last journey from which there is no return. They knew not his thoughts and feelings, as he lay them their heads, rounded by the vacant chair that soon the man who had occupied it would leave it forever. The man was over, and he sat in silence and in darkness of soul, wondering at what God had brought before him, and gazing at the messenger who, in a definite form, was sending down near his beloved partner.

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