

American Herald

Poetry.

LIFE'S BATTLE FIELD.
Each has his own path in life,
A circle small within his ken—
And a small circle too of chance—
We cannot all be famous men!
And duties are not dubious
And duties are not dubious
By panning vainly after fame,
Or fasting for the want of chance
To quickly make a brilliant name.
A brilliant name! To oft is this
The phantom that leads many on,
Until, too late, they wake and find
The time for real endeavor gone.
And labor there with soul and heart,
That dream ambitiously of wealth
Till time and youthful strength depart.

Do I speak sadly? Truth it is
That in the lowest place of life
A man can act as hero's part.
Amid the daily toil and strife!
Amid hourly din and care,
Even though the world be full of strife,
Can shine in virtue great and grand
As ever glided ancient Rome!

Life's heroism does not need
A spacious or a lofty stage;
Life's greatest deeds are not all writ
Upon the flowing pages of a page;
Believe me, glorious work is done,
As the world's wheels still onward go,
Which tongue-tongued never yet
Has blazoned, or will ever know.

Self-conquest, self-devotion—these
Are the high gifts which give to all,
Who own them, that well-tempered mind,
Prepared alike to win or fall—
Prepared, with fighting mood, to meet
The happy good or bitter ill;
Unshaken, whether fate the cup
With nectar or with gall may fill!

Each of these words, in loftier truth,
Is a rare talisman in life,
To guard and strengthen heart and brain,
In time of hourly din and strife;
All stations they alike befit—
The peasant's oat or monarch's throne—
To every man a precious gift
They bring, in self-reliance alone.
—Sharp's Magazine.

Correspondence.

FROM OUR CHICAGO CORRESPONDENT.

Dear Sir, State of Wisconsin, Aug. 21, 1861.

CATARACT!—It may surprise you that I date from the village of Cataract; but I can assure you, it is as good a place to date from as any in these parts, and, in some respects, better than the catarrhic streets of Chicago, through which so many are visited now by winds that come trooping over the plains, from I know not what super-heated Terra del Fuego. Perhaps you do not know where Cataract is. I can help you. Yet I did not know where it was till I came and found it; I did not know more of it than Horn's ox-saw of the fly that alighted on his nose—not even of its existence. Yet I have it, and such it is. Physically it is not a large village, consisting of only five or six houses, two taverns, and a mill. It is in the sand, ten miles north of Sparta; and Sparta is on the La Crosse Railroad, 27 miles east of the Mississippi River. It—that is, Sparta, is a small place, full of Yankee and wood houses, comprehending all the equipments of a village—three churches included. But this Cataract has no church, and I judge does not care to have any, and this leads me to speak of it spiritually. In that regard I judge it to be wholly beyond zero. It has no Sabbath day, and but a portion of the ten commandments. I believe each man to swear, to drink whisky, which is done from a brown jug alternating with a black bottle. These are not evident at the tavern where I stop, inasmuch as I at first thought myself in the purview of temperance. How many, and which of the other tenets of the Decalogue are ignored, I cannot say. But certain it is, in no place, and at no time did it ever come over me so strongly, that the condition of men which Heaven would remedy, is so common; the utter disregard of all that concerns God, and the living without him as truly as if he did not exist.

Intellectually and socially, the place is such as you might suppose. Yet I confess myself to have been a little while amused and astonished to find myself beyond the region where the people talk of the war. It seemed as good as being out of North America. What do they talk about? The crops? Not a bit of it. The only matter I have heard talked of for these three days, excepting the case of one man in the stage, who did talk of the war, and two other men who talked of a murder, and two more who talked of a coat, and some ventures of fishing—the only topic other than that of the table—and that, where fifty people were eating—in the stage, in the streets, and about the public houses—*in the circus!* You would believe men to be divided into two classes—one for circus-acting, and one for circus-seeing. No phase of the subject has, I think, been omitted. The capacity of managers, the proficiency of riders, and the merits of clowns, have been, and are being, thoroughly canvassed. This at Sparta and at Cataract! Seeing it attract so much attention, I had begun to be penetrated with the idea that the circus had been making great strides these twenty years back, while I had been attending to other matters, and of course oblivious to the march of improvement in this direction. I have, therefore, questioned the parties as to this; and instead, I find that it is the same institution it was when I was a lad and gaped and ginned at its wonders. The riders make the same jumps; the horses run in the same even and lazy way; and the clowns utter the same old seedy jokes, in the same tones, and at the same times; and these people are all pleased after the same fashion as I was, when I believed it all.

I have looked over these two hotels, to find some book bearing upon something; but not a page do I discover; not even the "Pirate's Own Book"; not Jack the Giant Killer. The walls of this Cataract House—I mean the walls in the bar room, which is reading room, sitting room, and parlor, are plastered over with show bills, showing clowns in three dresses and attitudes; Heenan and Sayers at their feats; and extolling the victims of Davis' Pain Killer. The bar is an extemporaneous structure of spruce pine unpainted, and chairs there are three, once pine unpainted. There are here two, one long and one short. They share here once a week; and we eat each other, each day, for dinner.

Now I come, and what for, are suggestions that may occur to you, possibly. Well; I may as well confess it. I came on three accounts: one that

it is vacation—and where is the minister who has been making out his sermon a week and standing before his people twice on a Sabbath, with but three exceptions in nine months, to say nothing of lectures, visits, and pastoral work, who can stay at home during his vacation? Then a man in vacation wants to go North, does he not? For, besides that Southward is recession and the war, who wishes to go where it is any hotter, after enduring the mercury at 90° to 100°, for some ten days? Northward, then, is the way, and it is nearer the pole you can get, the better. If ever a man wished to hug a white bear, or to ride a Greenland whale, this is surely the time. Another thing—one wants to go to a new place. I cannot admire the stupidity of going year after year to Saratoga. Let us see some new phase of nature or life, and if rough, all the better. Besides, here are brooks which must have been made early—so pure are they, so cool, and so gushing; and in these brooks are the speckled trout, the strawberry of the waters; surely the most beautiful fish the Creator has made. Well, I confess I have a love for catching the little beauties; nay, I would rather catch one trout than three shrews, or a whole bag of porpoise. Not that I am skillful at the business, for till three summers past I have not put a hook in the water for a score of years; and, since that, but one day in a year—I am not a fisherman. But to angle for these little fellows, carries one back to the boyish days, when, with hook or bent pin, as it happened, I pulled them from the cool waters of Massachusetts and Vermont, where they lurked under the banks and beneath the stones. One loves to go back there, and feel over again the good feelings of those times—as well as he can—though but in shadow. I carry home twelve pounds of the rogues, caught not all with my hook, but fairly gained, nevertheless.

My route hither is by the Galena Railroad to Dubuque; thence up the Mississippi river to La-crosse, and so here. I can return by railroad to Milwaukee, two hundred and ninety miles, or as I came, or by Prairie du Chien. In fact, this road out of Cataract will, as Carlyle says, carry me to the end of the world—I had the money to pay and the call to go.

I stopped at Galena as I came—an old town for the West, rich, altitudinous, controlling the lead trade, and the abode of Father Kent, called father there so much for years absolute, as for years spent here. He came in 1820—something—six, I believe, and has dwelt here since, and is good for service yet. He has a kind heart, and is valiant for his Redeemer as ever. The two Presbyterian churches have united, and make one tolerably strong church. There are good people and a good field of labor for somebody, the church being now without a pastor—brother Swazy having left the First Church for the Third in this city, and brother Christopher having bolted into Congregationalism, in order to have room for his antics, his desire being apparently to Beecherize, or perhaps, to Christoperize.

At Dubuque I found brother Towbridge, perched on a hill of a hundred feet or so; overlooking Dubuque and the regions beyond. Were the monarch of all he surveys, he would be a great king. I learned that his church is getting along well, but that the other churches in the town are all embarrassed, and that some of them will very likely go out of doors soon, and that, after twenty years of history. These times are trying weak churches, in a way of which you, perhaps, have little conception.

At La-crosse I was landed at a hotel, where I stayed only four hours, and I cannot say that I was sorry to get away. Its card-tables and dog-bution whisky are vivid remembrances of that journey. Eastward from La Crosse, we wind first through barrens, and then emerge into a land whose goodness is not excelled elsewhere. Such thousands of acres all covered over with shocks of oat grain I have never seen but once before. That was in the year 1860; a year whose fruitfulness will scarcely be repeated in fifty years—fruitfulness, given to precede this year of war—why not?

At Sparta there is published a tri-weekly newspaper of small dimensions. In looking over its columns, I found a letter from a soldier belonging to the second Wisconsin regiment, and who was in the heat of the Bull Run battle. His letter was quite graphic; but I call it to mind for one observation of the soldier. He says he went into the battle with the feeling, shared by his companions, that our army was to be beaten. And the reason, which was talked over by the soldiers as they marched, was "that it was Sunday." This soldier was evidently not a pious man, but his convictions were such as he describes. I had supposed such a feeling to exist in the army, but did not expect to find it avowed, in a letter paper, up here. How much had such a conviction to do with the repulse? Who knows? Men who command armies ought to know a little of human nature, and to be able to command all rightful springs of feeling in their own favor—ought they not?

POOR JACK.

Here he comes, rolling along, half seas over, while beside him walks one of the smooth locks from "Rum Barrel" No. 20, under the hill, called a "Sailors' Boarding House," pouring into Jack's ear all about what nice clothes they are going to get him, and such a fine ship, and big advance, &c. Alas! in a few days he is told,—his money is gone, and he must ship.

Thanks that there are some Binnings who keep the house of the "Blue Flag," a real house for sailors, without rum, and the real house on stairs. Thanks that Binnings often hobbles up on his wooden leg and weathers the smooth lock of No. 20, and the sailor is saved—saved, not only from "rum and rain," but, as Theodor Gould was, to go forth on the sea as a preacher of righteousness. If any one will read a little work recently issued by the American Tract Society, called "The Blue Flag," my allusions above will be understood. A capital book for the sailor and sailor, showing clearly the great good of "Sailors' Homes," and how he may be rescued and become a noble son of God to go forth and do good. Invest 30 cents in "The Blue Flag" and see; 300 pages, postage 8 cents.

Who would like to furnish me with this book to supply the extraordinary number of sailors just now going to sea? Who would save a soul from death?

If any desire to donate for this object, the funds will be gratefully received by me at 132 Congress St., or by H. N. Thissell, Tract House, 929 Chestnut St., Phila.

J. B. RIPLEY, Seaman's Chaplain.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD ABROAD.

SCOTLAND.
The Carron case.—The decision of the court of sessions has been rendered, and is adverse to the position of the church.

The Judges concurred in opinion, that a Dissenting Church cannot be recognized by the law of the land as having any powers beyond what are acquired by contract with its members, or any jurisdiction at all in the proper sense of the word. Two of them, at least, endeavored to remove the apprehension of the Free and other non-establishment Churches, by affirming that, so long as they acted in accordance with their own constitution, their discipline would not be interfered with. But they claim for the civil courts the function of determining what that constitution really is, and whether their own rules of procedure have been determined in accordance with it, or not.

The Free Church maintains to be inconsistent with the independent action of their Church Courts, inasmuch as if they are not allowed to interpret their own constitution and the power of appeal to the civil court, nothing but the power of appeal to the civil court, and nothing but the power to allege informality and excess of jurisdiction.

A final appeal will now be taken to the House of Lords.

Open-air revival meetings.—During the month of July, large open-air revival meetings have been held in many parts of Scotland. The best gatherings were at Huntly and at Edinburgh. These meetings have now become as much an institution in Scotland as the annual fairs. The assembly in the Castle Park, Huntly, this year, was estimated to number upwards of ten thousand souls, who came by rail, on foot, or by every description of vehicle, from all parts of the county, and from every beyond the county.

In Edinburgh the attendance was greatly beyond that of last year, partly owing to the more favorable weather. There were sometimes as many as 20,000 persons present. The services continued for three days, and were well attended, that it was found very difficult to bring them to a close even at night-fall. There was generally a large attendance of inquirers, and a good deal of emotion in the churches opened for personal attendance. At Edinburgh, there were several addresses of all evangelized denominations.

A public meeting has been held in Edinburgh to express sympathy with the American missionaries in India and elsewhere, suffering from the present crisis in the United States. The Lord Provost, Mr. Monson, of the Scotch Church, and Mr. Mission, gave an account of the state of the American troubles on the missions in India. As a practical issue of the proceedings of the meeting, a subscription was set on foot, to be divided between the stations at Ludiana and Ahmednagar.

IRELAND.
The Census Returns show that the Roman Catholic population is 31 to 1 of the Protestant. Ten years ago, it was 8 to 1. The Catholics have a million two millions; the Protestants, a quarter of a million. Cork has lost 6,800; Dublin 5,600; Protestant Belfast has gained 18,900.

The report on the state of religion in the Irish Presbyterian Assembly, stated that all the reports which had been received bore testimony to the fact, that although the influence of the late revival had passed away, its blessed influence remained, and that the year 1859 had not proved to be a year of delusion, but a year of grace. It was, indeed, gratifying and encouraging to find that, throughout a movement so novel and unexpected, and amidst so much evil surrounding it, the truth and results, there had been so little regret, and so much with which they had reason to magnify and bless the God of our salvation. The increase in contributions to missionary objects in this church, was only twenty-six hundred dollars.

ITALY.
Rev. A. W. McDougall, of Florence, made deeply interesting statements on the condition of Italy, before the last Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian church, from which, as reported in the News of the Churches, we gather the following:

"The Sardeian law of freedom has been carried over wide Italy, with the exception of the city of Rome and the territory of Venice, both of which are long in the way of its adoption. The Italian church, from which, as reported in the News of the Churches, we gather the following:—The Sardeian law of freedom has been carried over wide Italy, with the exception of the city of Rome and the territory of Venice, both of which are long in the way of its adoption. The Italian church, from which, as reported in the News of the Churches, we gather the following:—

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in Italy. They have furnished to us nearly a third part of the sum already.

The Waldensians in the theatre at Leghorn.—The Waldensian church in Leghorn was opened for public service on the 19th of June, and since then has been crowded with attentive and most respectable audiences, and no disturbance has been offered on the part of the population. The virulent declamations of the priests from the pulpit, and the opposition of the Governor, have effected what the poor Vaudois themselves never could have achieved. Public attention has been called to their existence, and there is not an individual in that city who does not know of their vital condition. Finding how much the Waldensians were exciting attention in Leghorn, a company performing at one of the theatres in that city, resolved as a popular hit to give a representation of a piece, entitled *I Vaidesi*, written by Signor Felice Corradini, and acted by the *Compagnia del Popolo*, at Leghorn, altogether favorable to the Waldensians. On Thursday night the theatre was crowded to overflowing, and the piece was triumphantly applauded. It was announced again for Saturday night; but the priests applied to the Governor to forbid it, which, of course, he did.

FRANCE.
The Wesleyan Conference.—Which held its annual meeting in Paris, recently, reports for the year twenty-one chaplains, and four new schools. There have been revivals in several churches in the south. Four ministers received ordination during the sitting of the Conference. Authorization from the Government has been received to open public worship in three new places, one of which is Corvonne, a town where for some years past an interesting work has been carried on among a most benighted population.

Paris. Under date of July 18th, the correspondent of the News of the Churches says:—The work of God is progressing in Paris; we have some meetings for prayer weekly. Two general meetings have been held, one at the Evangelical Reformed Church in the Rue de Chabrol, and the other at the Wesleyan Chapel, both of which gave rejoicing proofs that the work commenced by means of the English evangelists has taken solid root among us.

GERMANY.
The attempt on the life of the King of Prussia by a student, which came so near being fatal, created a profound sensation in Germany. It is felt that this deed, as the King himself said, is the sign of a deep-rooted universal demoralization and impiety towards all divine and human order. When the news of what happened reached Berlin, the church authorities, in a solemn assembly, held on the following day in several of the churches to offer up thanksgiving for the merciful preservation of the King.

A committee has been formed in Berlin, for the purpose of collecting contributions towards the erection of a chapel on the spot where the deed was performed.

TURKEY.
The Bulgarian question; the bubble burst.—Our readers will remember that when dissatisfaction arose among the Bulgarian Greeks, in regard to their relations with the authorities at Constantinople, the Pope, through his emissaries, expected to make a wholesale conversion of the tribe to Romanism. One of the Bulgarian priests was persuaded to come to Rome by a certain M. Boré, agent of the Pope, and everything seemed in fair way for the accomplishment of the plot. Our late advices by the News of the Churches, are as follows:—The renegade priest, M. Boré, was taken to Rome by Mons. Boré, and there with so much parade venerated by the Pope as Bishop and Apostolic Vicar and future Patriarch of the (to be) Bulgarian Church, who quarrelled with his patrons, and returned to their own Church and people, and departed to parts unknown. The Bulgarian newspaper which so zealously advocated union with Rome, and published such shameful attacks upon Protestantism, has expired for want of support; and the few Bulgarians here who had been caught in the Roman net, have already broken its meshes and returned to their own Church and people. Thus ends Mons. Boré's second noble scheme for the wholesale conversion of the Bulgarian nation to Papacy.

The very scene of one of this gentleman's experiments, the vicinity of Salonica, has since been visited by a Protestant colonel, who was eagerly welcomed by the people, and who sold more than a thousand dollars' worth of books, besides preaching the gospel.

An address has also been issued by leading movers in the late measures for a union with the Latin church, from which we extract the following:—

"From all these things we have become perfectly persuaded that the Papists desire, to subject us to a slavery more galling than that under which the Fanariotes (Turks) had held us. * * * We do not desecrate Bulgarian brethren. We know this whole thing, and we returned to the bosom of the Orthodox Church, because we desire to aid our people, and not destroy it. * * * Divine Providence has been pleased to deliver us from a new bondage. * * * It permitted some honest Bulgarians to accept the Union long enough to know it, so that, in the better part of our people on their guard against the trap the Union had set for them. We are sincerely thankful, though unworthy, that Providence has given us a place among the number of those honest Bulgarians."

American missions in Turkey.—The mission of the A. B. C. F. M. in western Turkey, held its annual meeting recently in Constantinople. In view of the failure of supplies from America, the attention of the Mission was directed with great interest and earnestness to plans for the increase of the amount and efficiency of native agencies, and at the same time to measures for developing in the native churches the ability and the disposition to support these agencies.

Marash.—Dr. Dwight gives the following view of the most interesting state of Marash, which he has recently visited:—

"This place is indeed a missionary wonder! Twelve years ago there was not a Protestant here; and the people were proverbially ignorant, barbarous, and fanatical. Six years ago the evangelical Armenian church was organized, with twelve members. The congregation at that time consisted of 120."

On the last Sabbath, I preached to a congregation of over a hundred; and in the afternoon, at the communion, I addressed nearly or quite fifteen hundred people, when forty new members were admitted to the church, making the whole present number 227! Nearly one hundred of these have been added since Mr. White came two years ago. Previous to the late communion, one hundred and sixteen persons were examined, but only forty were admitted to the church.

COPTIC WORSHIP.

The interesting account given below of religious worship among the Coptic Christians of Egypt, is extracted from an account of a trip up the Nile, by one of the missionaries of our brethren of the United Presbyterian Church. The Copts, who number about 150,000, are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians and profess a corrupted and rather erroneous Christianity. They hold to the doctrine of the Monophysites, or "a belief that the Divine and human natures of Christ, so coalesce as to become one," and also resemble in some of their doctrines and practices the Greek and Latin churches. The head of their church is a patriarch who resides in Alexandria, and has under his control different bishoprics in Egypt, Syria, Nubia, and other countries. The Copts practice both circumcision and baptism, observe confession, and are much given to austere observances. They are, however, but formal Christians, having a name to live while dead. Missionary operations among them so far, have not met with much success. It will be seen by the succeeding extract, that their worship is the very opposite of the simplicity which the Gospel requires.

2d. (Sabbath.) The Bishop having invited us to attend services in his church, and I having informed him that we would allow me to preach, I set out on Saturday evening, to inquire what would be the scripture lessons for the morning. That in the gospel was Mark x. 17—31. I could not have asked a better text, and spent till one in the morning in preparing to preach from that text. The service was held in the presence of preaching in a Coptic church awoke me by a light, but withal I was not early enough, for I was but just fairly seated at my coffee and eggs, and the sun, not yet up, was beginning to gild the western hills, when two messengers came from the Bishop, to tell me to come, as the services had already commenced. I hastened up to the church with my Testament under my arm, and was pointed to a chair beside his reverence. They were reading and chanting their prayers, partly in Arabic, but mostly in Coptic. When the time came for reading the "Lesson" from the gospel, the Bishop first read it in Coptic, with a solemn standing on each side of him, with a lighted candle. He then asked me to read the translation in Arabic, and I took my place behind the stand on which the books were placed. (There was no pulpit.) One of the messengers came with a lighted candle, but looking up to the windows in the roof, I remarked that there was light enough, and I could see to read, which provoked a smile from those around, and he took his seat. I read the passage, above mentioned, when the Bishop asked me to expound, and I commenced my sermon. Then men and boys, large and small, were sitting around on mats, and the women in the raised place on the back ground, where the school is kept. There were, I should think, from 150 to 200 present, and were all very attentive. I spoke about three-quarters of an hour, when I could see that the Bishop was getting uneasy, and I stopped. He had good reason for uneasiness; for he had not yet had his breakfast, and I found that he had yet the long services of the mass before him. When all was over, I found that it was nearly 9 o'clock, which, considering that the service commenced at 7 o'clock, was a long time, and I stopped for the church, like most churches of the East, was unfurnished with seats, the people stood most of the time. The Copts, as noted in the East, are the Covenanters, in the West, for the length of their services, and when we consider that they are not to be interrupted, and that they are to be in the church, I could not help exclaiming, Poor, poor people, who have no food but this for their souls!

But to return to the mass, or Kuddas as they call it. The Bishop asked me to go into the only Holy of Holies, which, as I have never witnessed the service in, and I stepped. The inner room, which I have called the Holy of Holies, as it corresponds to that department in the Jewish temple, is a small room about 10 feet square, arched overhead, with a narrow door on each side, leading into small dark vestry rooms. It is separated from the body of the church by a curtain, and into which an opening is cut, large enough for the entrance of a man: (this veil occupied the place of the paneled and carved partition or image-stand in finished churches,) and back of the veil is the altar, a stone one, and not a wooden table with the high-churchmen would doubtless prefer to look on, with a cloth much crossed by the droppings of the candles. The officiating priest, a fine-looking young man, whose acquaintance I had made the day before, was dressed in a dirty white linen robe, with a shawl of the same over his head, and around his face, on which were embroidered fancy designs and crosses. He stood in front of the opening, just within the veil, and before the altar, and of course with my back to the people. Besides him and myself there were in the inner room a deacon, (who swung the censer which was occasionally replenished by the priest from a little bell of frankincense beside him, from which he each time took a pinch, at first with his naked fingers, but after he had washed his hands for the manipulations of the mass, with an intervening cloth,) and four boys, one of whom was also robed. The service was altogether Coptic, and was ancient; the deacon, service, and also time the people without joining in the responses. The bread was a round cake, about three inches in diameter and one in thickness, with a square figure like a Jerusalem cross in the centre, which they say represents the Saviour, and around this figure the five wounds of the Saviour, and around this figure the passage, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men," in Coptic. The silver plate containing the bread, as well as the cup which was placed on a raised stand in the centre, were clothed with several small silk embroidered cloths of different colors, which were slowly removed, two by two, by the priest, and then held up in succession beside him on a level with his shoulders, while he was repeating the service. After removing all the cloths, he performed various manipulations around the bread, such as crosses, passing his finger around the edge of the cake, placing it over the cup, and holding it in one hand and placing the other over it while he was constantly repeating the service. He then broke the bread into five or six pieces, one of which he dipped into the cup, and then pressed it upon the other pieces successively. He then ate a part himself, and the rest he administered to the boy in robes, the latter walking around the altar after each mouthful, holding a cloth closely to his mouth, to prevent the possibility of a crumb being lost. The wine was then taken with a spoon used by the officiating priest and the boy. Throughout the whole ceremony, the greatest care was taken to prevent the waste of a crumb of the bread, or a drop of the wine. Every time the priest lifted or touched the bread, he very carefully rubbed his fingers around the platter, and after the bread was eaten he first carefully picked up the crumbs, and then rubbed the platter over and over again, with his finger, which he each time licked off with an apertizing smack, which must have made the teeth of the poor people who were present outside water. The bread was elevated several times to a level with his head, when the people bowed, most of them half way, but many of them with their faces to the ground. [At particular parts of

the service, too, the people repeated prayers, apparently very devoutly and earnestly, with their hands and eyes lifted to heaven. When all was over, the Bishop came within, and standing before the opening in the veil, he blessed the people by putting his hand upon the face of each, as he passed, and repeating the words of the benediction. He then broke and handed to the people without one exception of the cakes, over which they had a good-natured scramble, each trying to get at least a crumb. This of course was not considered as part of the sacrament, as the bread had not been blessed. It is, I think, the love-feast of which we read in early church history. In the Greek church I have seen a large dish of bread thus distributed. He then gave Monsar and me, each a loaf, and one for Mrs. L. when we left. A Coptic priest can seldom be met on Sabbath after mass, but he will take from his bosom, and offer one of these cakes; and it is done with an air, which shows that it is regarded as an act of Christian recognition and brotherly good feeling.

WHY DID PENNSYLVANIA ABOLISH SLAVERY?

When every intelligent reader pores with a fresh interest, the history of the American Revolution; when we are now engaged in the Declaration of Independence, it may not be out of place to answer the question at the head of this article. This is all the more important from the fact that ignorant or designing demagogues have been in the habit of misrepresenting the facts in the case. No greater slander can be uttered against the good people of Pennsylvania, than to say that they abolished slavery, because it was not profitable. The act of emancipation was one of principle, not prompted by a mercenary motive. The conscience of the commonwealth, not the pocket, originated and carried through the measure. Of this the following statements furnish ample evidence:

The first suggestion of legislative abolition was made to the legislature in the session of 1777, in the heads of a bill furnished by the Executive Council. Hon. George Bryan, the Vice President of the Council, in a message to the Assembly, Nov. 9th, 1777, thus refers to the matter: "I have heretofore with which God's ministry is pledged to contend. It hinders all evangelical efforts at home and abroad. It cripples the exertions of pastors in every attempt to do good. It renders the growth of personal piety impossible in its vicinity. A single church member will let his heart go after its covetousness, while listening to the more animating discourse, and his light feet will choke his conscience, even while it is gasping for a breath of vital air. He may admire his minister, and feel an attachment for the church in which he is wont to worship; and yet the moment he is required to show his love for Christ by proper works of benevolence or charity, he straightway takes counsel of his stinginess, and is seized with a spasm of economy, which shuts up his heart as closely as a vault, from which the light of day is excluded.

"Many professors are, perhaps, unconscious of their weakness in relation to money; they do not doubt they would repent, and do so when called to repentance. But until they are shown, and made, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, to feel how great their sin in this regard truly is, there can be little hope of reformation. Let us, therefore, propose a course of study, in which professors may ponder, with a view of correctness, and chargeable with inexcusable stinginess.

1. Do you believe that you and all you possess belong to Christ? Were you saved by the precious blood of redemption, only that you might the more indulge your own appetites for the sake of the world, or that you might no longer live for yourself, but for Him who died in your stead? A careful and honest answer to this inquiry will go far toward determining your duty with respect to religious efforts for the salvation of others.

2. Are you giving to church purposes a single tithe of the amount of your own expenditures for luxuries in your own home? If you have sufficient means to comply with the demands of fashion, and with the claims of an increasing business, can you give these reasons for diminishing or withholding your contributions for religious purposes? It is an indispensable condition, that you should expend so much upon dress, and furniture, and other luxuries, that they have little to bestow in charity. But are they blameless? Is this course consistent with the claims of an enlightened Christian conscience?

3. Do you place yourself in debt in order to grow richer than you now are, and are you glad that because you are in debt you have nothing to give? This is a subterfuge very commonly resorted to among farmers. They add farm to farm, and while the gains are all the while increasing, still they grow more and more reticent to aid religious efforts, when even beyond the means of the church, they are unable to help in removing it; if the parsonage needs repairing, it must remain untouched until individual greed has done its perfect work; if missions want assistance, or charitable interests in need for which, they must see empty away from them, who offers in excuse the existence of debt, which, in fact, but a real advance toward increasing wealth. Every pastor knows very well how the subtle devil of covetousness entrenches himself in the human heart under the above named pretexts.

4. Have you made it a principle to live for others, as well as for yourself? If you have, then you will find little difficulty in so managing your affairs as to save a portion of your weekly gains for the service of God. If you have not, then beware lest you fall into the error and condemnation of Baalam, the son of Beor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness. —Chris. Intel.

Very naturally such a measure met with some opposition. Yet no man arrayed himself against it on the ground that slavery was a blessing to master or slave, or that the slave is unfit for freedom. Those who voted against the act of emancipation, placed on the Assembly's records their reasons for so doing. They do not utter a syllable by way of apology for the institution, or by way of claiming that such an act would do injustice to any citizen of the state. They offered but two objections: first, that it was unimportant, the nation being engaged at the time in a war which was about to be transferred to the South; secondly, that the law conferred excessive privileges upon the blacks. In regard to the latter point, the dissentients say, "We think they (the legislature) would have sufficiently answered their humane purpose, had these unhappy people been enabled to enjoy the fruits of their labor, and been protected in their lives and property in the manner white persons are, without giving them the right of voting for, and being voted into offices, &c. It, therefore, seems that the voice of Pennsylvania was unanimously in favor of emancipation at that early day. [The objection was not against abolishing slavery as a sin and a stain upon the character of the state, but against some details of the law. All that the negro's right to freedom.]

The public conscience, enlightened by the discussions of the times, quickened by adversity, and made tender by a sense of divine goodness, broke the yoke and proclaimed liberty throughout the commonwealth. The consideration of profit and duty did not enter into the question. Yet no doubt did enter into the question. Justice is always exaltable to a community. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." —Christian Instructor.

COVETOUSNESS IN THE CHURCH.

It is beyond question that the crying sin of Israel to-day is covetousness; stinginess, in the church, is the prevailing epidemic. We can hardly think of another evil so huge and monstrous as this, which exists in well nigh every congregation. It paralyzes faith, impairs charity, and nullifies hope. It is the real, hard, obstinate heresy with which God's ministry is pledged to contend. It hinders all evangelical efforts at home and abroad. It cripples the exertions of pastors in every attempt to do good. It renders the growth of personal piety impossible in its vicinity. A single church member will let his heart go after its covetousness, while listening to the more animating discourse, and his light feet will choke his conscience, even while it is gasping for a breath of vital air. He may admire his minister, and feel an attachment for the church in which he is wont to worship; and yet the moment he is required to show his love for Christ by proper works of benevolence or charity, he straightway takes counsel of his stinginess, and is seized with a spasm of economy, which shuts up his heart as closely as a vault, from which the light of day is excluded.

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