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Poetry.

(For the American Presbyterian.)

After Communion.

Mercy's feast again I've tasted,
With my Saviour at the board;
And the blissful moments hasted,
While my spirit heavenward soared.

Earth from heaven further fleeing,
Dimly all its pleasures seen;
Ah! how much absorbed my being,
In these vain delights hath been.

Pride and sense my thoughts engaging,
Oft have swayed my changing heart;
Yet, while thus the conflict's raging,
Strength and peace these hours impart.

Simple emblems! faith inspiring—
Sweet instructors of the soul—
Speak the wondrous grace untiring,
Guarding me from sin's control.

Jesus, Master! let thy blessing
Seal these tokens of thy love;
Humble, contrite faith possessing,
Let me feast with thee above!

J. G. B.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

Kolapoor, India, Aug., 23d, 1862.

As we wait with intense interest for each Telegram from our native land, how can we presume that you, amidst those thrilling events, can give thought to this side of the world? And yet India is embraced in the "*Great Commission*," and weighty and imperative is her claim to the prayers, sympathies and efforts of all God's people.

POLITICAL DISQUIET.

Waiving her moral condition for a moment, the political status of India is not satisfactory. British power and prestige have been formally reinstated, but avail not to keep quiet all the elements of evil. How can you subjugate 200,000,000 millions of people so that no restive spirits among them shall plot mischief? An extensive conspiracy, having its head quarters among the ten million restless subjects of the Nizam (a little to the N. East of us) has recently come to light, and one of its principals—Rao Saheb—a relative and co-rebel of *Nana Saheb*, has been seized and is likely to suffer the just penalty of his crime.

The Bheels are still troublesome. These are a bold hardy race—a remnant of the aborigines, and gave much trouble in this part of India during the mutiny. At *Burmance* they are in open rebellion now and committing serious depredations. They hide during the day, and plunder and burn villages at night. European troops have been sent to reduce them, but their predatory warfare is exceedingly difficult to meet with regular troops, and the fever of their jungles is almost as much to be feared as their bullets.

The tribes on the North Eastern frontier have been engaged in plundering forays for months. A large British force has been trying to bring them to terms, but as yet the evil is only "scotched," not killed.

Some of the Khonds, too, are in arms, and with political disquiet the *enormities of Hinduism* are cropping out in fresh cases of atrocity. Several cases of *Sutee* have recently occurred, and others have been prevented by a vigilant police. In one instance near *Seetlee* the relatives of the dead husband bound the struggling wife and threw her upon the pile against her entreaties for life.

Several instances of *Meriah sacrifices* have recently occurred among the Khonds, and it is quite evident that those sacrifices have been kept up in some form during all the years Government has thought them suppressed. It now appears that, in accordance with immemorial usage, every native vessel leaving their coast carries a wretched victim to be sacrificed at sea.

Is it not sad that two hundred and sixty years of British influence and rule in India have availed so little to suppress these enormities and improve the character of the people?—And sadder still that the *Christian* elements of the Government are so strangely unknown or misunderstood by the great mass of these ignorant idolaters. It is certain that multitudes of them believe the British have succeeded, by larger gifts, in diverting the favor of the idol-gods from the Hindus to themselves; and it is no uncommon event for the people to be thrown into a panic under an apprehension that the British Government is about to seize their children and offer them in sacrifice to the gods. Only a few weeks ago and a short distance from Bombay, two agents of the Rail-Road going to a neighboring village on business, were assailed and murdered by the people under this apprehension, that the said agents had come to look for children to sacrifice on the Rail Road works.

A short time since a European collector's daughter was about to be married. Wedding preparations were in process, and on sending for something to a native village near by, it was found deserted. The people had heard twelve fat children were to be sacrificed to the gods to solemnize the nuptials, and hence they hastily fled. The utmost endeavors availed only to persuade the *adults* to return—not a child would they bring back until after the wedding.

Do you remember the *chuppatties* (*cakes*) which were sent in every direction over India just before the meeting of 1857? The same kind of of cakes are said to be circulating in regions to the North of us at the present time.

THE KOLAPOOR MISSIONS.

Was it not Job who said: "*There is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout again?*" And may not we rejoice in a like experience? The Lord has smiled on our endeavors, and our dear mission is re-established. These Hindu hearts are terribly blinded with ignorance, superstition and sin, and we are very little and weak, but in the midst of this dense darkness, extending from seventy to hundreds of miles on every hand, it is a joy to see even a feeble ray of God's truth shining forth in its divine brightness.

We have now three native communicants as the nucleus of a church, some two hundred youth in our schools, and precious opportunities to make known the message of fe.

The first and most pressing question with us is, will God come, seal his own truth, and convince and convert these precious souls? Each year of labor in India only deadens our conviction that we may plant and water, but God only can give the increase. It is a comfort to feel assured that many praying hearts in our native land are remembering us and our work in earnest entreaties for God's presence with us.

The next question is, will our dear mission be sustained? God bless the large-hearted friends who have been forward to help us in this matter. Two thirds of the subscriptions pledged for 1862 have been paid in, and we feel assured the balance will not be lacking. He who has inclined so many hearts to help us begin a good work will not fail us in the midst of it.

Our hearts are oppressed with sorrow for our dear country, and a special affliction comes just now in the death of our beloved old Pastor, Rev. Ashbel Parmelee, D.D., of Malone, New York. Dear, venerable man—we hardly knew before how much we loved him. Nobly did he bear his part 54 years in the Gospel ministry, blending John's love with Peter's zeal, and, with God's blessing, gathering large harvests of precious souls. He has fought the good fight—has finished his course—henceforth the crown.—Yours in the Gospel. R. G. Wilder.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

London, Oct. 18th, 1862.

The Evangelical Alliance met for its sixteenth annual conference on Tuesday. It appears not to have been so unanimous and hopeful as that at Geneva. The topics of discussion were the "Persecutions in Spain"—"The Lord's day"—Egypt—Syria—and the War in America. The latter will be the subject most interesting to your readers. The discussion was called up by Pastor Fisch of Paris, whom doubtless many in our churches remember with pleasure as having visited us a year or two ago. The letter was as follows:

"You will be pleased to hear, dear Sir Culling that we have decided that an address of the French Christians will be sent to our American brethren. We are not yet come to a conclusion on the following point—Will the address be sent in the name of the French branch of the Alliance, or will it be originated merely by the Alliance but submitted to the individual signature of the French speaking Christians. But we are one on this point that it will be the expression of our deepest sympathy to our brethren in the North; that we will utter the conviction that the only cause of this awful struggle is the question of slavery, and that we cannot encourage too much our friends across the Atlantic in the steps which are now taken to do away that abominable institution of slavery. We shall tell them that we hope it will be the result of the present war, and that in our opinion the terrible sacrifice of lives and treasure will not have been too great a prize for such a blessing. This is the general feeling of Evangelical Christians in France. We have not a single religious paper which is not a warm supporter of the cause of liberty, freedom, and Christian civilization which is represented by the North against the slave oligarchy of the South. Nobody of us would think to put the two causes on the same level to give encouragement to both; for as the Southern Christians consider as a dreadful evil the emancipation of the slaves, which is our greatest wish, it would be almost a mockery to address them on this circumstance. Moreover, they are shut up in their blockaded country, and our address would not reach them. Our address directed to both would miss its aim for one party and grieve the other exceedingly. Silence would be then much better than any such expression, which would do harm instead of good."

This you may readily imagine was bombshell in such an assembly, where political creeds vary as much as religious. Sir Culling Eardley "deprecated saying any thing on the spur of the moment which would commit the Aliance to anything whatever, except to that which every British Christian feels—grief and heartfelt compassion for a branch of the English race involved in a fratricidal war, and the hope that the war will issue in the abolition of slavery." He said that this question of slavery had nearly prevented the formation of the Alliance in 1846, from the refusal of some American brethern to join with the Alliance in condemning slavery. He would say nothing on the "philanthrophy or policy" of President Lincoln's proclamation. "It would be impertinent in a foreigner" to do so. He expressed and truly the burning horror and detestation of slavery by every Englishman, and then came the remarkable part of his speech which I give you in full, and which provoked much discussion. He distinctly averred that this was merely a private utterance and was to commit no soul living but himself.

"Gentlemen, we have many brethren there, as well as in the North—brethren, if you please, deluded as to the evils and sin of slavery, but brethren still. Now I have a word to say to these Southern brethren. Southern brethren, you are free traders, and therefore you know what the word competition means. Now I should like to whisper in your ears, or rather (if you would not think it unkind or unchristian) to thunder in your ears the word competition. Compete with the President Lincoln! Take the wind out of his sails! He is emancipating (some say) your slaves badly. Do you do it well. He is doing it as an act of war. Do you do it as a measure of peace. He is doing it instantly. Do you do it safely and gradually. He declares every negro shall be free at the New Year. Do you declare that every child born after the New Year shall be free. Do you give every negro the right of buying his freedom at a price fixed by law. You want troops; do you declare that every negro who will serve in your army shall instantly be a free man. Take measures of this sort; and not only will you turn away from yourselves the possibility of a terrible catastrophe—not only will you, such of you as are real Christians, satisfy the exigencies of your own consciences, but you will probably lay a foundation in the respect and sympathy of Europe, on which it is not impossible that the superstructure of peace may hereafter be constructed."

Whatever might be the opinion of those present to the judiciousness of these words, in the abstract, they were generally objected to as improper under the circumstances. The Rev. W. Arthur said he had come back from America an intense anti-slavery man—and that England had been disgraced by the tone of a lying press on this question. He expressed his opinion that it would be a delusion to suppose that the slaveholders could be induced to undo all they had done. After a long discussion, the letter of Pastor Fisch was referred to a Committee, who reported the following resolutions which were agreed to.

"*Resolved*—That the fraternal communication received from the Paris Branch be affectionately acknowledged; that the best thanks of the conference be conveyed to our French brethren, for their expressions of warm interest in the operations and success of our branch of the Alliance, with the assurance that we participate in their deep sympathy with our common brethren in America in the fearful calamities which have sprung from the civil war now raging.

"*Resolved*—That this Conference desire to express their deep sorrow for the continuance of the civil war in America, and the fearful amount of bloodshed and suffering to which it has led. Believing that sin is the cause of God's sore judgments, and that the evils connected with the maintenance of slavery in the South and complicity with those evils in the North are one great cause of this solemn visitation, they renew the expression of their earnest prayer that peace may be restored, that these evils, and all others which have led to these calamities, may be removed, and the immense resources and energies of the American churches be set free to promote the cause of the Gospel of peace and love. They desire further to record their conviction, as British Christians, that the duty of our country is to read in this war, not a warrant for self-righeous pride, but a loud call to humiliation and prayer and repentance, lest our own many national sins should draw down upon us, in turn, the judgments of God. That considering further the distress thus occasioned to large classes in our country, they recommend that Sabbath, November 9th, be made an occasion for public and private confession of sin and special prayer on these grave subjects, so far as practicable, in the churches of Christ and Christian families throughout the land."

Adelphos.

LESSONS OF WAR.

NUMBER XX.

THE COMPLEX CHARACTER OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

We read in the third chapter of Second Kings, that on one occasion the forces of Israel, Judah, and Edom, engaged in war with Mesha, King of Moab, were distressed for want of water: when, consulting Elisha, who it seems accompanied their march, they received this reply: "Thus saith the Lord, Make this valley full of ditches. For thus saith the Lord, Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, that ye may drink, both ye, and your cattle, and your beasts. And this is but a light thing in the sight of the Lord: He will deliver the Moabites also into your hand." They did as he commanded. "And it came to pass in the morning, when the meat offering was offered, that behold, there came water by the way of Edom, and the country was filled with water." At the same time, the sun, now rising, shone upon the water, and caused it to present to the eyes of Moab the appearance of newly-flowing blood. "And they said, This is blood: the kings are surely slain, and they have smitten one another: now therefore Moab to the spoil. And when they came to the camp of Israel, the Israelites rose up and smote the Moabites, so that they fled before them."

This story is calculated to impress the mind with the august majesty and wisdom of Deity, who not only possesses an exuberance of means for the accomplishment of any object upon which He determines, but is able to give numerous and diverse aspects to the same means, and make it a medium for the accomplishment of an infinite variety of ends. The three allied kings pray for water, lest for the want of that supply, they might not be able to cope with the power of Moab. But it is comparatively a small thing to the Lord to remove this incidental evil, for, in the act of bringing water for the refreshment of their armies, he readily finds means to the greater achievement of seducing the enemy to their destruction, and thus winning for Israel and Judah the object of the campaign. In the meantime, the sun rising to pursue his accustomed course, and give light to the world, is made, without anticipating his hour by a single moment, or altering the direction of a single ray, to lend his help in affecting this great deliverance. This unaffected narrative intimates to us, how vast are the resources of the divine mind; how supreme, independent, and complete, is his control over all agents and events; and how incomprehensively great was his skill and power, to combine his instruments in ways innumerable and complex, for the accomplishment of his designs. "There is no searching of his understanding." Every act of omnipotence is perfectly simple in its aim and application, yet it is at the same time, in an infinite degree, multiplied and compound in all its aspects. A single dispensation of heaven may be directed to a thousand marks, yet overtakes each with as direct and accurate an aim, as if it had no other mission to fulfil. The events that occur in the life of an individual, may have their appointed places in the lives of a hundred persons besides himself, presenting different features and occupying a different position in the history of each. A single occurrence in society,—such as a failure in business, an unexpected rise to fortune, an advantageous marriage, the disappointment of a lover, the result of an application for a desirable position,—though apparently affecting but few individuals, may sometimes be seen, by the thoughtful observer, to have a place and influence in the career of many families, and to bear with direct effect upon the plans and expectations of scores of men and women. As the same thread is woven into the variegated web, changing its color according to the figures to be wrought upon it, so God is seen weaving a single event, or a series of events, into the lives of a number of persons, varying its grain according to the position they respectively occupy in the sight of his laws, and the degree of maturity which his designs regarding each may have already attained. What is a rough blow, directed, in punishment, to the pride, the selfishness, the treachery, of one, may be the soft touch of the Divine hand, duly rewarding the sincerity, the piety, the lowly merit of another. The same event is to one the visitation of evil actions that years have covered with oblivion, whilst it places another for the first time on the stage of his special probation. It is the last shock in the deserved downfall of one, and the first obstacle encouragingly taken out of the way of another, who, loved of the Lord, goes forth to run his career of virtue and prosperity. The flow of Providence that descends upon a man when he sins, was aimed ages before he existed, with exact reference to his errors and his faults, yet it was aimed as well at ten thousand other directions, and fulfils ten thousand other commissions, in its single yet divided fall. The victories and defeats, the good or evil fortunes of every one of us, have connections wholly independent of us, and runs with marvellous intricacy through the plan of God's exquisite dealings with the hearts of others, upon whom he is showing his judgments, or whom he is preparing for himself.

These considerations should teach mankind humility; and lead the highest and the wisest to acknowledge their own great and palpable weakness, ignorance, and dependence, and, in silence and awe, to bow down before the Creator, and seek their wisdom and safety from above. They teach us how little account the Deity makes of the schemes and transactions of human beings; how he groups and reorganizes the plans of all together into his own superior system at his pleasure; and while the story of the humblest of his creatures, with all the incidents of his journey through the world, remains for ever distinct in his regard, yet the merits and fortunes of all are perfectly and inseparably combined in his own great, universal, and eternal design. S. P. H.

THE CRY AGAINST NINEVEH.

[*Extract from a course of lectures on the Book of Jonah.*]

BY REV. S. H. ADAMS.

"Cry against it." This is God's way of checking sin. He has ordained the ministry not only for preaching doctrine, but to rebuke wickedness. Bold, earnest condemnation is the duty of the preacher. Often does he speak of sin timidly, tenderly, in a tone that emboldens the sinner. Not so God. "Cry against it!" "Lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins." Here is the power of the pulpit. Let it be clothed with love. Let mercy stand in it with entreaty and with tears—with outstretched hand for the penitent; but let not sin escape. No matter *whose* sin, no matter *what* sin. Be it individual or national. Be it of the world, or of the church,—let it feel the scathing fire! Let it writhe beneath the mill-stone of God's wrath. *Cry against* it!—though we cry *for* it. Cry against it, though friends turn away—though supplies fail, and the pews are deserted. That is God's rule for us. That is what our times demand. And why not cry against it? Sin cries against God and heaven, against man and the universe.

This command to Jonah expresses the moral condition of Nineveh. The fumes of its sin rose to heaven. The whole city was a vast altar on which *six hundred thousand* people paid their offerings to lust. All their temples, and statues and paintings: all their wealth, art, and splendor; their walls of defense; their pomp, and power and genius, were only the decorations of a stupendous sepulchre whose horrid odors no regalement could dissipate, no artistic beauty hide. The softness of an oriental clime, the deep, clear glorious skies, the majestic silvery Tigris that flowed beneath the battlements, only enhanced by the contrast of their loveliness, the orgies and crimes that festered within the walls. Its wickedness was unutterably offensive to the holy God.

Is it not the same with the cities of our time? What can London, Paris, Constantinople, Liverpool, New York, Boston, Philadelphia boast by way of exemption from desert of the doom of Nineveh, and Babylon? What saves these cities but mercy, beholding perhaps in each *five*, ten, fifty righteous? Or at most a tithe of the population who cry *against* sin.

Selections.

MY PROPERTY.

I know few men as rich as I am. I scarcely know where I amassed all my treasures. I have but a few things at home, and they are very precious, animate and inanimate. But, dear me, if you suppose that *that* is all I own, you never were more mistaken in your life!

I have every ship that comes into New York harbor, but without any of the gross trouble which those deluded men have who think they own them. I never concern myself about the crews or officers, about freight or voyage, about expenses or losses. All this would be wearisome. I have certain men who look after those things, while I am left to the pure enjoyment of their beauty, their coming and going, the singing of the anchor-hoisting crew.

I go about the wharves, watch the packages going in or coming out of ships. The outlandish inscriptions, the ceroons of indigo piled up, the stacks of tea-chests, the bales and boxes, the wine and spices, all pass under my inspection. I say inwardly to the men: "Let these things be taken care of without troubling me," and I am obeyed. I have also many ship-yards, where they are building all kinds of craft. Other men pay the money; I take the pleasure, and they the anxious care!

The Yacht Club have been very obliging to me. At great expense they have equipped unequalled boats, that suit me to a nicety. I ask nothing better. They are graceful as swans, beautiful as butterflies. If I had them all to care for, my pleasure would cost me rather dear. But, with extreme delicacy, the gentlemen of the Club relieve me of all that gross and material part of it, and leave me the boats, the pleasure, the poetry of the thing; and once or twice in a season I go down the bay, on a breezy morning, and see these fine fellows sail their craft, and I do believe that if they were doing it for their own selves, instead of for my enjoyment, they would not exert themselves more.

Then, how much have I to thank the enterprising shopkeepers, who dress out their windows with such beautiful things, changing them every few days lest I should tire. It is a question of duty and delicacy with me whether I ought not to go in often as thus: "Good morning, Mr. Stewart, Good morning, Mr. Lord, or Mr. Taylor. I am greatly obliged to you for those fine goods in the window. I have enjoyed them amazingly, as I did the other patterns of last week. Pray, sirs, do not put yourselves to all this trouble on my account. Yet, if your kindness insists upon it, I shall be but too happy to come and look every day at such rare productions of the loom."

And then how many men build handsome houses for me to look at, and fill their yards with flowers for me to nod to, and place the most beautiful faces of the family in the window to cheer me as I pass! Surely this is a kind-hearted world! And then how many fine country-seats are built, and grounds laid out, for my enjoyment. The fee simple may be in some other man, but I own them. For he owns a thing who understands it best, and gets the most enjoyment from it!

This world was made for poor men, and therefore the greatest part of it was left out of doors, where everybody could enjoy it. And though men have been building and fencing for six thousand years, they have succeeded in getting very little of the universal treasure sequestered and out of sight. Suppose you cannot plough that fertile field, or own the crops, or reap the harvests, is there no pleasure to you in a fine field, a growing crop, a good harvest? In fact, I sometimes fancy that I enjoy ploughing and mowing more when other people are engaged in them than if I were working myself. Sweat away, my hearties, I say; I am in the shade of this tree watching you, and enjoying the scene amazingly. I love to go into the pasture and look over those sleek Devonshires. The owner is very kind. He has paid thousands of dollars for them; he has spent I know not how much for the barns and premises; he keeps several careful men to tend them, and all for my enjoyment and yours! We walk throught the fields, handle their silky vests, discuss their points, and enjoy the whole herd, full as much as the so-called owner!

Sometimes I go out to look after my farms, for I own all the best ones hereabouts. And the orchards, the gardens, the greenhouses, the stately forests and exquisite meadows that I possess, divested too of all vexation of taxes, care, or work, are enough to make one's heart swell with gratitude.

Besides all this, there is a royal artist that rises earlier than I do every day, and works gloriously every hour, painting pictures in the heavens, and over all the earth, giving inimitable colors, unexampled *chiaroscuro*, filling the day and the world with scenes that the canvas never equaled. And this stately gallery, with a dome like heaven, stands open without fee or impudent janitor, to every poor man that has eyes. And the best of all is, that, glorious as is this manifestation, it is but a hint and outlying suggestion of a world transcendently better, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!—*H. W. Beecher.*

NEGRO-HATING.

We have long felt that there is a crime against the colored race far worse in the eyes of God than slavery. It is that of *despising* and *hating* them. It may not in words deny that the negro is a man, but conceding this, it denies him humanity. It refuses him the rights due everywhere to human beings as such. It ridicules his features, his speech, his feelings. It excludes him from all but the most menial occupations. He may not worship in the sanctuary of God without taking a dishonored seat; he may not be buried in the common graveyard, unless in some corner where it would be a disgrace for others to lie. He is proscribed, hated, and hunted with obloquy from his birth to his grave.

Never, perhaps, have we felt so humiliated under the disclosures of this all-prevalent hatred of the African race, as on reading of the recent interview of the honored and beloved President of the United States with certain colored men, relative to colonization in Central America. The statement which he felt called to make of the feelings with which they are regarded in this country is undoubtedly for the most part correct; although we rejoice to believe that his own head and heart cherish sentiments far more worthy of a Christian statesman. But the fact itself, with shame be it confessed, is too true, that the mass of the American people do so much despise and hate the colored race, that the latter cannot dwell among us in the enjoyment of their just rights as men, as equals in the sight of Him who made us all of one blood. What a statement is this to proclaim to the nations of the world in this nineteenth century, in this home of freedom and religion! What a comment upon our Christianity! What a fact to hold up before high heaven in an hour when impartial justice is weighing the nation in its balance, and is about to pronounce, for its deliverance or destruction, our national doom!—*Tract Journal.*

THE PROCLAMATION GOES JUST FAR ENOUGH.

Some have complained that the proclamation does not go far enough. In my judgment it is to be commended not only for going so far, but equally for not going farther. 1. Emancipation is offered not to slaves in loyal States, but only to slaves in regions occupied by the enemy. This is correct. Where there is a State government under the constitution of the United States, there is no military necessity of emancipation, and therefore no right to emancipate by the military power. 2. Instead of proclaiming the universal and perpetual abolition of slavery in the United States, the President only offers freedom to certain slaves. This is correct. Abolition is an act of political sovereignty. Emancipation may be, and in this case is, a military necessity. 3. A hundred days from the date of the proclamation are to pass before it takes effect. This results from the idea of the proclamation as a war measure. It calls on the people in each rebel state to establish a constitutional government for themselves before the first of January next, and threatens them with the emancipation of all their slaves if they fail to comply. It gives time for the knowledge of the proclamation to pervade the rebel states, to reach every white man and every black man, and to have an effect on the war in advance of the day when every slave under the rebel power shall be (so far as our government is concerned) irrevocably free. Meanwhile, just as fast as our armies advance and just as fast as slaves of rebel masters come within our lines, the process of actual emancipation is going on under the acts of Congress, and it could not be accelerated by any proclamation.

Nor is there any force in the complaint that the proclamation makes no profession of hostility to slavery, but emancipates slaves only because emancipation is a necessary measure of hostility against the rebels. The President had no right to emancipate any slave on the ground that slavery is wrong, but he has a right, as Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, to proclaim the emancipation of slaves on the ground that their emancipation is necessary as a means of crushing the rebellion. Perhaps there might have been a little more glow in the composition without any offence against good taste. Perhaps no rule of propriety would have been broken, if some keen and memorable word, or some felicitous phrase, had betrayed rather than announced the personal satisfaction with which the name of Abraham Lincoln was subscribed to a document which might become a charter of freedom to millions of his fellow men. But I am not sure that the proclamation as it stands, is not really more dignified than it would have been if Governor Andrew or Senator Sumner had written it, or even if the rhetorical pen of Secretary Seward had been employed upon it. Beyond all possibility of surmise, the entire proclamation is Abraham Lincoln's own handiwork, and this is as it should be. If it seems more like a law-paper than like a state-paper, please to remember that it *is* a law-paper, and that it ought to have not only the exactness but the unrhetorical dryness of a law-paper. I am inclined to think it fortunate, rather than otherwise, that the hand which penned this great historic document happened to be more familiar with the style of the pleadings and records of the common-law courts than with the style of such proclamations as are indited by the leaders of French and other European revolutions.

Dr. Cheever, I observe, is out against the proclamation in a characteristic series of discourses which he is giving every Sabbath evening. As a friend of the President, I am thankful for this. The dissatisfaction loudly uttered, of the class whom Dr. Cheever naturally represents, will go far to conciliate thousands who might otherwise have been drawn into opposition by the persistent misrepresentations of those whose sympathies are with the rebellion.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

Not with the hope of instructing Dr. Cheever—still less with any design of refuting anybody of that class—but only for the sake of illustrating my own view, I conclude with the statement of a supposed case, analogous to that with which the President had to do in issuing his proclamation. Let it be remembered that the President of the United States is not an autocrat like the Emperor of Russia, he is a public servant, whose powers are strictly limited. Many things are right in themselves which the President has no right to do. As the mayor of New York has certain official powers and duties defined by the city charter and the acts of the legislature; so the official powers and duties of the President are defined by the Constitution of the United States, and the acts of Congress. The President is as destitute of all power beyond what is granted to him by his commission, as is the mayor. In a certain contingency the mayor may order a building to be blown up with gunpowder, just as in a certain contingency the President may emanciplate slaves by proclamation. The great fire in New York nearly thirty years ago, was arrested by the exercise of that contingent power on the part of the municipal authorities. Suppose now that a fire is raging in New York. It has baffled the strength and resources of the fire department; the winds are fanning it to a more devouring fury; and the necessity of extreme measures has become manifest. A certain building must be blown up to stop the progress of the conflagration. That building, as it happens, is a "gin palace," or a "gambling hell," or it is in some other way a source of infinite mischief. Mayor Opdyke gives the order to blow it up. But in writing the order he carefully abstains from alluding to the character of the building, or to the mischief it has caused. Therefore a loud outcry of censure against the mayor arises from certain zealous reformers. "The mayor," it is said, "ought to have acted from higher principles. His order ought to have glowed with honest indignation against the crimes and the demoralizing influence of which that building has been so long the prolific cause. And besides, he has done the work of the Lord deceitfully; he, instead of making thorough work, has spared another building of just the same character in the next street. The fire had given him the right to blow up buildings, and he ought to have exercised the power by blowing up every building of that character in every part of the city. Therefore let us denounce mayor Opdyke as a magistrate who bears the sword in vain; let us do what we can to throw the government of the city again into the hands of Fernando Wood and his accomplices."—*Views from a Watch-Tower, in the Congregationalist.*

RELIGION.

Religion is not the doing of certain acts or the avoiding of certain sins, or the exhibition of certain feelings, or the offering of certain prayers;—it goes far beyond these. All these may exist, and yet there be no religion. As the marble statue is not the living man, so the most perfect routine of duty is nothing without life from the indwelling Spirit. Without the latter, there may be a religious *machine*, but not a religious *man*.

Sanctified sickness, crosses and losses are better than unsanctified health and gain.

Changes of condition are but exchanges of mercy to a gracious soul.

"WILL YE ALSO GO AWAY?"

Will ye also go away?" said the Saviour to His disciples. "Lord, to whom shall we go?" asked Peter; "thou hast the words of eternal life." To what teacher should they repair, that would be better qualified to instruct them? To what Jewish party should they apply, that they might better learn the way to heaven? To what sect of philosophers should they go, that they might find more consolation in the ills of life, be better supported in its trials, and find a more satisfactory answer to those questions which their very nature prompted them to ask? Difficulties there might be in the Christian religion, but where would they find fewer? Mysteries there might be, but were could they go where there were none?

And where will a man go now to find a system that is better fitted to meet the evils of the present world? This is a fair question, and one which it becomes every man to answer for himself. Can sinful, suffering and dying man *find* a system that will better meet his condition? Will he go to heathenism? to the ancient philosophers? to the modern infidel? Do they propose a better way by which a guilty conscience may become calm, by which life's sorrows may be borne, and by which the pangs of death may be more patiently or triumphantly endured.

Oh, what *is* this world when we have turned away from the cross of Christ, and from the instruction which God has given us in His word? Man is seen upon the earth a strange being, playing a strange part, and encircled by mysteries. He has been created he knows not by whom, or when, or for what purpose. He begins to sin as soon as he begins to act, but he knows not why. He finds himself prone to evil by some mysterious law for which there is no explanation. He suffers, he knows not why. He lives, he knows not for what end; and, when he dies he goes into another world, he knows not whither or why. He can do nothing to stay the progress of the plague which sweeps away the race, and he can only stand and weep over the grave which he digs for his pale brother, and which he himself must soon enter. A revealed religion comes and tells him who he is, and why; explains the way in which the race sank into this melancholy condition, how it may be recovered; proposes principles adapted to him as an immortal being; points to a brighter world, and explains to him how it may be his own. It originates no new form of disease, dips the arrow of death in no new poison, creates no new darkness around the grave, robs the sufferer of no consolation, and creates no new danger. Then why, oh! why should he go away?—*Barnes's "Way of Salvation."*

QUESTIONS TO THOSE WHO NEGLECT PRAYER-MEETINGS.

1. Are you always better employed? If not, can it be right in you to absent yourself?

2. Do you get more good to your own soul and do more good to others, by staying away? If not, can you be acting wisely?

3. Does your own conscience justify you, or have you not sometimes a difficulty in keeping it quiet on the subject?

4. Will a death-bed commend your present course, or will you then look upon your neglect of prayer-meetings with pleasure? think you?

5. Does not your pastor suffer by your neglect? Does it not hurt his feelings, damp his zeal, and hinder his usefulness?

6. Are not your fellow-members in the Church discouraged by you, and may you not thus offend Christ's little ones?

7. Is not your own family injured by your neglect? What will your children think of prayer-meetings, seeing you habitually neglect them? Is it surprising if they do so?

8. Is there no reason to fear that unconverted sinners may be both hindered and led to think lightly of prayer, by your example?

9. Can you have a proper concern for the prosperity of the Church, the spread of the cause, and the conversion of sinners, and never meet to pray for them?

10. Are you sure that you fulfill your duty as a church-member, while you neglect prayer-meetings? If you think so, can you prove it?

12. Is there no selfishness, or prevailing worldly mindedness, at the root of your neglect? If so, ought such things to be encouraged?

13. Would it be right to give up prayer-meetings? Do you think this would please God, or improve the cause? But if all other members did as you do, must they not be given up? Could not the rest find excuses for staying away, think you, as well as you? Do you not think they would, if they thought you were as worldly, or as cold, or as indifferent about the prosperity of the cause as you appear to be?—*United Methodist Magazine.*

PRINCIPLE COMMANDS RESPECT.

Dr. Goodell states that during his missionary journey to Aleppo, he and his companions were obliged to spend a night in a Turkish *cafe*, where they were surrounded by a noisy set of natives. In the morning, before the question arose whether it was best to pray together, Dr. Goodell said, "No Mussulman never hesitates to say his prayers in public, and why should they?" Accordingly opened his Bible, read a chapter and knelt to pray. He had hardly begun when he noticed that the Turks had ceased their talking, and were intently watching their proceedings. He at once passed from the English to the Turkish language, and he continued his prayer, till, when he ended his "Amen", was echoed from the Mussulmans on all sides of the *cafe*. When they rose from their knees, the Turks clustered around him, inquiring who and what they were. "Are you Protestants?" said they. Yes, replied Dr. Goodell asked, "What are Protestants?" "Those who do not telle lies," said one. "Those who do not cheat," said another. "Those who believe on the Bible and try to live as it tells them," said another. "Yes," said Dr. Goodell, "we are Protestants."

Many are pleased with the company of them who are good, that are not pleased with the good of the company.