

American Presbyterian

Vol. VIII. No. 3.—Whole No. 367.

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1863.

GENESEE EVANGELIST.—Whole No. 904.

Poetry.

LINES
ON THE DEATH OF SAMUEL S. THOMAS, 124th REG., P. V., WHO DIED AT CHANCELLORVILLE ON THE 9TH OF MAY.

The writer, a surgeon in a New York Regiment, in a note to the relatives in this city, dated Warrenton, Va., July 30th, says:

I have written some verses in regard to Samuel's death, and I ask permission to burden you with them. It may seem strange to you that a "cold-hearted army-surgeon," as we are termed, should write verse. I disclaim the above title, for I am but a boysurgeon, and my sympathetic days and poetical years have not yet passed by.

All day the battle raged,
In words, and blood, and glen;
The live-long day a storm of lead
Fell thick among our men;
And bugle-note, and cannon's roar,
And muskets' peal of death,
Floated from early morn till eve
Upon the war-torn's breath.
The sunlight came but dimly through
The war-clouds of the day;
As if to hide the scene of blood
From spirits pure of air;
But where it fell the conflict raged,
And flashed on gleaming steel,
As to and fro the foemen pressed,
As drunk with blood they reel.

The live-long day the battle raged,
And still at set of sun
The tumult of the conflict seems
As though but just begun.
Gun answers gun, peal answers peal,
And shout, and yell, and groan,
Blend in one hurra of death—
In one discordant moan.
The forest, field and woodland,
The valley, hill and plain,
Are lighted by the torch of death—
Are plowed by iron rain.
From right to left, the flash and flame
From left to right, the flash and flame
And many a soul each moment seeks
"A home beyond the sky."

The moon arose, and brilliantly
A flood of light she shed
Upon the surging masses there,
And softly on the dead;
But still the blood and conflict raged,
And far into the night,
From rifle-pit and abatis
Arose the sullen cry,
But slower now and fainter
Its thunder rend the air,
Till silence once more throws her veil
O'er dead and living here,
And faint, and tired, and hungry,
The foemen lay them down,
To rest their faint and weary limbs,
Upon the bloody ground.

In thickest of the conflict,
Where the bulwark fastest fell,
Darkening the air in rapid light,
Where burst the deadly shell,
Where rebel columns bravely charged,
But to be backward driven,
By loyal steel that gathered round
Our glorious flag unfurled,
There, fighting bravely all the day,
Unmoved by thought or fear,
Stood, facing death on every side,
A youthful volunteer.

From early morn till set of sun,
And far into the night,
Unharméd he stood and kept his post—
The foremost in the fight.
At last the light was over,
And the weary laid them down,
But he sat up, and kept his post,
To staunch a bleeding wound.
All day he stood amid the hail
Of lead and iron there,
Unscathed by shot and shell,
Or sought that filled his air;
But now, as o'er his friend he bent,
And tried to soothe his pain,
A random shell came hurtling through,
And dashed him to the plain.

At length the sun again arose,
And calmly o'er the plain
Looked down on mangled bodies—
Looked down on hosts of slain.
Now, o'er the fields of carnage there,
With eager haste, we go
To render aid to all we see
To wounded, friend and foe;
To give to those who yesterday
Their life's blood freely gave
For holiest cause man ever died—
To give a soldier's grave.
And one among the many braves
Who thus had fallen here,
Was he of whom I just have told,
The youthful volunteer.

Calmly he lay beside his friend,
With not a single trace
Of struggle, or of death, or pain
Upon his youthful face.
He seemed to sleep so quietly,
As if he had been here yesterday,
A smile was on his face; his hands
Were clasped upon his breast.
A paper, neatly folded,
Lay by his side, and cold
He held: "We read—Please forward,
To my mother weak and old."
We gently took it from his hand,
And read with glancing eyes:
He had prepared for death, and bade
His friends a last good-bye.

Correspondence.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW.

It is the habit of the world to regard the period of youth as the time of greatest happiness and brightest sunshine. Those who have passed its bounds look back to it as a time of freedom from care and responsibility—of light hearts and buoyant spirits. They remember how mind and heart rebounded from the pressure of disappointment and anxiety, and how readily a new pleasure was found to fill the place of one taken away. Enjoyment, too, flowed from so much more trifling sources; and the whole being was so much more ready to receive and retain it than in after years. Yet the question may well arise, is all this better than what later years bring to the Christian? With these later years come real trials. Sorrows, changes, disappointments, responsibilities are sent, heavier and sadder by far than any of earlier life, and there is not the same buoyancy to rise above, or spirit to combat them. Ill health, perhaps, comes to drag down mind as well as body, and physical suffering may at times overtake the whole being. And now, on looking back at the period of youth, what says the heart which is united to its Saviour in living faith? That heart will surely say that the experience of mature life has brought far more peace and true happiness than ever youth could know. Exhilarating enjoyment, or great elevation of spirits may not be common. The blood flows more tranquilly and the step is less rapid—but better than eager step and quick blood, is the quiet, steady, onward movement that betokens a heart at peace with God, chastened by a Father's gentle discipline, and waiting: always on His blessed will.

THIS PEACE is better, far better than great and lively enjoyment. It is lasting, growing, never-fading. It "flows like a river," directly from the source and fountain of all joy—the throne of God and of the Lamb. It can only be obtained by the experience of a Christian life taken home to the heart from year to year, and viewed as sent by God for this blessed end. In weariness it leads to Jesus' feet, there to lay the burden down, and find rest for the soul—in disappointment it points to where there is "fullness of joy"—in sorrow and change it speaks of the land where death is not, and where the inhabitants "go no more out forever," and in the approach of death it says, "Fear not, I will be with thee; I have redeemed thee."

All this blessed experience you can seldom call it your own. It is better, even had we the choice, to leave youth behind, and go on to learn these precious lessons in our Master's school, than to linger still in the play-ground of thoughtless enjoyment.

OUR CORRESPONDENT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

A Trip Around the Lakes—Mackinaw—Detroit—Buffalo—Erie—Waterford—Christian Loyalty—The Duties of the Followers of Christ in Pennsylvania.

September 3d, 1863.

EDITOR OF PRESBYTERIAN:—
On the morning of July 28th, your correspondent found himself on the screw steamer Galena, bound on a trip around the lakes. Many Esau people do not understand what is involved in this. To those unacquainted with the series of wonderful lakes that stretch nearly half way across the continent, it would seem a trifle—a ride from Chicago to Buffalo. But when they are informed that it requires more than half the number of days that are expended in going to Europe, the gain some idea of its magnitude. And when they learn that there are places where the voyager is entirely out of sight of land, they will understand how vast are these internal oceans that bear the enormous commerce of the West upon their bosoms.

MACKINAW.

The first point of special interest to the traveler is Mackinaw. It is situated upon a small island that lifts itself up more than one hundred feet from the surface of the water. Here is a fort, which was built many years since as a defense against the Indians, but which has been recently used as a prison for rebels. Among others, Generals Buckner and Tilgham were confined here. The former is now Burnside's opponent in Eastern Tennessee, the latter was killed in one of the battles which resulted in the fall of Vicksburg.

On reaching Mackinaw, we found quite a fleet of steamers lying at the dock, and the streets of the little town were swarming with people. One of the large Lake Superior steamers was on her way down to Chicago, with nearly three hundred passengers. Other steamers, bound East and West, had arrived there about the same time, and the living freight was emptied on the shore. Mingling with these were a number of Indians who had come across from the peninsula to dispose of their wares and trinkets. It was curious to witness their stolid indifference to the prying curiosity of the white people. One group that I noticed upon the beach, consisting of two men and their wives and children, went forward with their preparations for the night with as much indifference as though they were in the depths of the forest, unseen by hundreds of eyes.

DETROIT—GENERAL CASS.

The captain of our steamer kindly stopped at Detroit long enough to give the passengers an opportunity to see something of the city. A few of us found our way up to the residence of General Cass. His home is an unpretending wooden edifice that looks not unlike a country farmhouse. Three years ago, your correspondent would not have cared to turn aside to see the residence of this venerable man. He is one of that class of party-leaders, who, by their base connivances with Southern politicians, have brought upon this country the evils that now afflict it. But he has, in a measure, purged himself from dishonor, by coming out so manfully for the Union. Unlike Buchanan and Pierce, he holds a place in the respect of his countrymen.

BUFFALO.

Buffalo looks somewhat as it did twenty years ago. The harbor was filled with vessels, and the wharves were crowded with people. The future of this city seemed to be cast under a cloud, a few years since. So many new avenues of communication with the West were opened, that Buffalo dwindled in importance. But its prospects are growing brighter again.

Your correspondent was glad to find the Presbyterian Church so well manned with able and faithful ministers, and giving signs of so much prosperity. Dr. Clark is a worthy successor of Dr. Thompson. Dr. Smith holds a rank second to no other among the clergy in Western New York. Dr. Heseock, whose people are just completing a large and beautiful house of worship, is one of the few prophets that have honor in their own country. Buffalo is his birth place, and there he has always lived; and it is not an exaggeration to say that no man stands higher in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. Dr. Lord still is found in the pulpit of the Central Church, and it will make glad the hearts of loyal men to know that he occupies no doubtful position on the question of putting down the rebellion. Dr. Chester, who has taken charge of a seminary in the city, supplies the pulpit of the Delaware Street Church. It was gratifying to learn that Buffalo had shared in the good work that the Lord has been doing in that region of country.

ERIE—NEW CHURCH.

At Erie, your correspondent found a new house of worship which the First Presbyterian Church had erected for their honored pastor, the Rev. Dr. Lyon. It is one of the most beautiful and complete edifices anywhere to be found. As an evidence of the prosperity of that congregation under the long and faithful pastorate of Dr. Lyon, it was an object of especial attractiveness

to your correspondent. It was owing partly to the influence of this model pastor and minister of Jesus Christ, that his mind was turned towards the ministry. The Presbyterian Church of Waterford, under the earnest preaching of Rev. T. T. Bradford, holds steadily on its way. Since the labors of this brother commenced, the church edifice has been greatly improved, and there have been added to the membership men and women of sterling worth and tried integrity. It was here that that godly man, the Rev. Pierce Chamberlain, spent many years of his ministry. And it is not an exaggeration to say that his name is spoken with the deepest reverence by the people in that community. After sitting several years under his ministry, the testimony of your correspondent is that he was the most powerful and saintly man he ever knew.

PIETY AND COPPERHEADISM, A RARE CONJUNCTION.

There is one impression that this trip and intercourse with Christian people have made upon my mind, which I desire to mention. It is the almost entire unanimity among the followers of Christ, in their sympathies for the government in this hour of trial. Christians are, almost to a man, loyal. It did not meet with more than two who did not heartily and earnestly sustain the administration in all its measures to put down the rebellion. I do not know a minister of the Gospel who is not heart and soul in sympathy with Mr. Lincoln. This fact is especially encouraging. And it is also encouraging that Christians of all denominations, except the Romanists, stand shoulder to shoulder for the country. Such a thing as a Christian copperhead is almost unknown. And it is this influence, under God, that will save the country. Wicked men, like Governor Seymour and Vallandigham, may plot treason, and hold out a helping hand to the rebels in arms, but their efforts will prove unavailing. The church of Christ, under the leadership of God himself, will prove too strong for them.

APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

It was peculiarly gratifying to your correspondent to find Christians in the old Keystone State so thoroughly imbued with patriotic sentiments. And he wishes to say to them that they have a special work to do now. While their brethren are fighting traitors abroad, they are bound to defeat the efforts of men, who, at home, sympathize with traitors, and who are endeavoring to get the control of the State government into their hands. Christian men and women of Pennsylvania! there is a great and solemn responsibility resting upon you. The election of a governor in your State that sympathizes with that bad man, Horatio Seymour, will peril the good cause. Hear a word of exhortation from the prairies of the West. Buckle on the harness and work! Never suffer the old commonwealth to be dishonored by a traitor or a sympathizer with traitors in the chair of the chief magistracy!

PRAIRIE MATTERS.

Chicago, September 8th, 1863.
THE FROST has excited the feelings of our farmers and citizens more than even the war. It fell in streaks, destroying garden vegetables, tobacco, and sorghum, and checking the progress of corn, but not very materially injuring the crop. It is to be regarded as a warning, rather than a stroke. God has been reading our newspapers with great displeasure at their spirit of boasting over the resources of the nation. He has been punishing us to bring the nation to humiliation and repentance, instead of which we proclaim that we don't feel the strokes he has inflicted. Our crops never were more abundant, our streets more crowded, our stores bristling with pearls and carriages and silks, like wheat, and our places of amusement cannot contain the crowds of merry pleasure-seekers. I have heard and heard, but no man repented of his wickedness. The desolated villages are far away—the victims of the war are buried in the swamps of the Chickohociny or of the Mississippi—the widows and orphans do not appear much in public. Why, we would never know that we are at war but for the tax gatherer, and we are well able to pay him. "The United States can stand it for years to come."

But now God shakes the sword over the root and marrow of our strength, and shows us that if we will not humble ourselves he can humble us. These August frosts, at this crisis, are no common meteorological phenomenon. They are prophets speaking in a still small voice, warnings of possible failures of crops—famine, bankruptcy, inability to feed and pay our armies, failure and disgrace. God lifts the rod and says, "Beware!"

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS open to-day after the long vacation. What an excitement among the little Americans who constitute the majority of the great people! What a preparation of hats and caps and shawls, collecting of readers and spellers and geographies, sharpening of slate pencils, or dunning for cents by them. Then the eagerness to be ready in time, the rush to the school, the gathering crowds around the doors, the expected bell, the steady line of boys and girls pouring in to the designated places, and the conspicuous forms of a score of parents, looming, like giants, above the sea of Lilliputians, remind us that the great world is contained within a little world blessedly ignorant of the price of gold or the fate of crops.

The teacher makes a brief address to the children, welcoming them back and greeting the new comers; and, directing their minds to the God who preserved them, invites them to give a song of praise. They read the beginning of the fifth chapter of Matthew in alternate verses by the teacher and the whole school, and all raise their voices together in offering the Lord's prayer. Brief and simple, but most impressive and powerful exercises. Let us never consent to the banishment of the Bible and prayer from our public schools. The daily habit of worshipping God and reading his word in our schools is of more power for the safety of the life of the nation than the army of the Potomac. Our common schools are the real foundations of our republic. Let every Christian parent defend and nurture them to the utmost; and then supplement in the family, the church, and the Mission

Sabbath School, that full religious training which they do not afford, but which must be given to Young America to fit him for God's service.

The letter of the secretary of the American Missionary Association, published in your paper of the 15th of August, has elicited several responses. The North-West Freedmen's Aid Committee, auxiliary to that society, is organized, and will send their circular next week. We hope to send several teachers to Vicksburg and Fort Hudson about the 1st of October.

THE NOON MEETING still keeps up its numbers and interest. Strangers find their way to it from all parts of the land and from Europe, and frequently cheer us with words of encouragement. The prayer-meetings in Camp Douglass were very prominently attended by some hundreds of persons, many of whom asked for Bibles. A judicious distribution of the Scriptures is now going on among them. They are very hungry for religious papers. The rash of sympathizers was so great as to necessitate a closing of the camp against visitors; but, doubtless, some regulation will be made, permitting the access of the delegates of the Christian Commission. A letter from Chaplain Thomas, lying sick at the rooms of the Christian Commission, at Stevenson, Alabama, requested prayer for the Noon Meeting there, carried on for a week with increasing interest. A missionary lady, Mrs. Newton, from Burnham, reports that the Karens there, supposing every white man a Christian, so importuned the English officers to teach them the way of life, that, unable to attend to the business of their departments, one of them offered to pay a missionary to accompany him, and preach Christ to them. Christ's kingdom is coming.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

LATE DECISION ADVANTAGE TO THE RIGHTS OF HINDOO CONVERTS.
My Dear Brother Mears:—
I send you a number of "The Indian Reformer" reporting a recent judicial judgment severely prejudicial to the interests and rights of young Hindoos, who become convinced of the truth and seek to profess their faith in Christ. We had fondly hoped the day for such "judgments" had long since gone by. It is more than twenty years since Sir Erskine Perry of the Bombay High Court, delivered a similar judgment, and since then opposite decisions have been given, in repeated instances, both in Bombay and Madras.

The case which came before Sir Erskine Perry was that of *Shripud Sheshadri*, a young convert under the teaching of the *Scottish Free Church Mission*. *Shripud* was not quite sixteen (16) the age of young man's majority by Hindoo law. *Sir Erskine* took advantage of this fact to disregard the entreaties of the Missionaries and *Shripud's* most sacred rights, and forced him back into the power of his bigoted father. *Shripud* was a Brahman, and had broken caste; but his father hoped to secure influence and favor with his fellow priests, and get him restored to caste. With this view he took him to *Denares*, and the principal shrines and sacred places of India, spending some two years at great expense in making *Shripud* do penance, but all in vain. The Brahmins would not restore him, and *Shripud* is still an outcast, broken in hopes and spirit, ruined there is reason to fear, both for time and eternity. Surely this disastrous issue should have its influence on all British officers in the decision of similar cases. Doubtless it has on some, for I do not recall such an unrighteous decision from that time to this. The name of *Sir Erskine Perry*, and now of *Sir Mordaunt Wells*, will long hold an unenviable notoriety among the British Judges of India.

This case of *Hem Nath Bose*, seems to be one of most ingenious and spontaneous conviction of the truth; and how any British Judge could be so *Hindooised* as to disallow the rights of conscience to such an intelligent young convert, and force him back into the power of his superstitious father, is extremely hard to understand. It was ably argued by the counsel for the convert, that 21 being the age of one's majority in Europe, and 16 in India, and 14 being the age of discretion in Europe when a young man is allowed to choose for himself in matters of conscience; 10 years and 8 months must be the corresponding period of discretion in India; and consequently that *Hem Nath Bose*, being 15 years and 3 months old, should be allowed to act according to his own enlightened conscience in the present case. *Sir Mordaunt Wells* forcibly set aside this reasoning, and constrained the young man's conscience by forcing him back into the power of his father. To one who at all understands the numerous and formidable obstacles to the progress of the Gospel in this dark land, such an unrighteous decision by a British Judge seems a strange exercise of interference on the part of a so-called Christian Government, which professes strict neutrality.

Can we account for such decisions on any other hypothesis than that the Judges in question have a strangely unkind feeling towards the Gospel, or the missionaries who preach it, which leads them to pervert justice for the sole purpose of opposing them? Does not this feeling become clearly manifest in the contempt *Sir Mordaunt Wells* shows for the missionaries in the present case? "What are the rights of missionaries? Nothing," his Lordship exclaims. Just here was his fatal error. It is not the rights of missionaries that are involved, but the rights of the convert. *Dr. Duff*, in the present case, urged no rights of himself or of his brethren, but the rights of the convert; and how can we avoid the plain inference that, with the unrighteous motive of thwarting the missionaries and opposing the Gospel, *Sir Mordaunt Wells* deliberately deprived *Hem Nath Bose* of his sacred rights of conscience, and thus perverted justice.

We must not be impatient. God can overrule even such a case for the interests of His own Kingdom of glory. Our India public is somewhat excited by a fresh report of the capture of that notorious rebel, "Nana Sahib." Our prints demand the report sufficiently reliable to issue the news

in extras, one of which I send you. You will receive it with some grains of allowance till better attested, though for the interests of humanity the world over, we would devoutly rejoice to see the "Nana Sahib" of both India and our own dear country brought to speedy and merited punishment.

In our mission work, the Lord is not leaving us wholly without tokens of His favor. True, we have our trials. Our hearts have recently been severely grieved by one of our inquirers going back to Hindooism. He was a *Gosavi*, who received the truth gladly for a time—even broke caste; and seemed near the Kingdom, but Satan decided to have him and prevailed.

Another inquirer however, has shown a better spirit, and after some nine months' probation, was baptized at our recent communion season and added to our little church. We are a feeble band, but the Lord is our refuge and strength, and it is a comfort to know that we share in the sympathy and prayers of those who love His cause. In the service and hopes of the Gospel,
Yours sincerely,
R. G. WILDER.

Kolapore, India, July 20th, 1863.

Selections.

STOP! STOP!!
"Stop what? Stop thief?"
"No, no! Stop my paper."
"Why stop your paper, my friend?"
"Just because they publish some things that I dislike, and exclude from their columns some things that I like."
"Come now, Mr. Correspondent, as I feel a little Mondayish this nice Monday morning, and want for heavier work, I want to have a little palaver with you."
"Suppose you take for a seat that deal box in the corner, covered with hypocritical chintz, to make people believe it is a very nice lounge, and I occupy the only chair my poor study affords; and suppose, further, that for your name and my name we substitute X and Y, as algebraists do for unknown quantities; we can hold our palaver incoy, and nobody be able to find out the 'great unknown' characters whose wisdom sheds such radiance on the public mind."
"Now, X, let us have it out. Why have you written to our editor to stop your paper?"
"For several very good reasons, one of which is that I am at liberty to do what I will with my own."
"A very good reason it would be, if you had any thing of your own. But I deny that any thing possessed by you is your own in such a sense as to make it a matter of indifference in what you may employ it, or whether you employ it to stop his paper, or to wish it to be inferred that the two dollars subscription which you pay for your paper are so far your own that you are not accountable to the Giver for the use of them, I deny your position in toto. Don't scratch the back of your head, man! You cannot null the answers to this question."
"Well now, Y, I think you are rather hard on a poor fellow; but the fact is, I don't like his doctrine at all. It don't suit me, no how."
"His doctrine, I suppose you mean."
"Well, I confess I don't always think it suits myself exactly, although, at times, it 'shoots' me in rather a tender place. If he were to labor in order to suit you or me, he must necessarily offend some one else; and I suppose you would consider that person very shabby if he were to stop his paper for an article, the publication of which gave you pleasure. At it again—pulling the hair out of your poll!"
"Yes, and I'll pull every hair out, if I like, for all you! Isn't my hair my own, and can't I do as I please with it?"
"Get your own hair, and don't get into a passion. Keep cool, for I have not done with you yet."
"Well I don't like his politics, and that's another reason."
"Very possibly, indeed. Perhaps he does not like yours. Has he ever tried to injure you on any ground?"
"Me? I don't know that he has. Neither have I tried to injure."
"Out with it, man! I rather I should say, don't let it out. You were very near telling a lie to your brother, for you have tried to injure him."
"Me? How? When?"
"By stopping your paper. You know that the publication of a paper involves a great expense. There are rent, wages, paper, type, presses, and many things of which you and I know nothing to be provided and paid for. You know that withdrawing your subscription would injure him to the exact amount of that subscription. Did you not secretly wish it was more, in order that the injury might be greater?"
"Now don't bite your nails, my good brother; or bite them to the quick, if it will do you any good. But stay, I have not done with you yet."
"To be plain with you, I don't like some of his doctrine, and he has inserted too much of too ill-calculated policy. I know also that you can get large papers with a large circulation, because they covertly pander to the corrupt passions and inclinations of youth, debauch their minds, deprave their morals, and ruin them for this world and the next. But tell me, honestly, can you get a paper for the same amount of money per annum, containing the same amount of general information, together with so much of a purely moral and religious nature, and which comes so near to your own sentiments in religious matters—one which you are not afraid to hand to your children?"
"Well, Elder, you tell me to answer honestly. To be honest, then, I—I—I—(Again scratches his poll and bites his poor innocent nails.)"
"Then why stop your paper?"
"Because I was a fool, Elder, and that is the truth!"
[Exit ambo.]

Wisdom is better than gold.

COULDN'T DO ENOUGH FOR CHRIST.

In the same village in Ohio where I was brought up, there lived, when I was a school-boy, a young man, a tomb-stone letter by trade, with whom, as his workshop was near my father's house, I easily formed an acquaintance, and to whom by daily intercourse I became strongly attached. He was of a kind, frank, genial disposition, and his manner and conversation was winning. He was a cheerful, jovial companion, and a warm, steadfast friend. For years we were thrown together constantly, and having a liking for each other, our love for one another grew with our intimacy. About the time I left him for college, he quit his trade; and while I was pursuing my studies, he was employed by a manufacturer as a traveling agent in the Southern States. We did not meet again for a long time, and I lost trace of him.

Years passed, and the passing years wrought changes. Near the end of my college course, old things passed away, and all things became new to me. I sought and found the Lord Jesus Christ. I devoted my life to the Saviour's service, and chose to be a preacher of the gospel. Shortly after leaving the college I entered a theological school, and in one of our classes, at the end of two years I was licensed to preach. Immediately I commenced ministering to a congregation in one of the towns of Pennsylvania, and in this work spent the five months of that summer vacation. In the autumn I returned to my studies in the city. On my way home long after my return, when walking on the street, I noticed before me some one whom I took to be my friend and companion. I called to him, speaking his name. I was not mistaken. He stopped, turned round, saw my face, and recognized me instantly. After mutual expressions of pleasure at our unexpected meeting, he accompanied me to my room. We reviewed in conversation the years that had intervened since we had separated, and recalled many of the joys of our more boyish days. While we chatted an hour or two, he called the cars and went to start on which he left the city, I discovered that he had changed for the worse. As he was about to go, our conversation turned upon the subject of religion, and he soon gave me to understand that he was an infidel. He talked me sorely when, as I was about to give him for a present a copy of the New Testament he told me that he did not prize that book as I did, and hardly ever read it. I talked with him kindly about his error and his sin. I reasoned with him, showed him his ignorance, his unreasonableness, and his folly. I tried to point out to him the better way. He began to feel the force of the truth, and his foundation was shaken. As I spoke to him of Christ, and of the change that had taken place in me, and urged him to consider as to how he should read the Bible, and ask God for light and salvation, the tears stood in his eyes, and he said to me, "If I let you go, I couldn't do enough for Christ."

What he said reprieved me. Does it reprieve you, Christian reader? Sabbath-school teacher, does it reprieve you? Is it true that Christ has saved you? Did the Saviour indeed pour out his blood on the Cross for you? And are you constrained by his love as you ought to be? Can you do enough for Christ? Are you holding anything back from God?—S. S. Times.

SEIZE THE ROPE.
Three years ago a party of five, two gentlemen and three ladies, crossed the Niagara river in a small boat, many miles above the falls. They were young and light-hearted. They had a merry passage, spent a happy hour on the Canada side, and then embarked for their return. All went well until they neared the centre of the river. Just as they were about to reach the falls a fierce gale of wind, rushing down the mighty river, struck the boat forward. It was in the mad current. The men plied their oars. They were strong and stalwart; but a power stronger than theirs held the water within that dark line of swiftly moving water. It was their fate. They left the landing they aimed for behind them. They looked with speechless lips to each other, and others white faces. They knew that they were going down with the current. The oarsmen strained every muscle. If they could only break the current for a while, relief might come. One of the fragile oars snapped. One more hold gone. Never a word was spoken. Death and eternity stared them in the face. Upon one solitary oar and one single oarsman hung five precious lives. Surely, very surely they were going down with the current.

Two of the five were Christians, and they gave me the joyful assurance that when the first great terror was over, they fell back upon hope and faith, and that to them the near prospect of death was sweetened up in the current. Suddenly, when the hands of the oarsmen were bleeding and torn, when the signal of distress had long fluttered in vain, and the agitation and alarm had sowed the seeds of death in one fragile frame, a little boat was seen coming cautiously to rescue them. It was the boat of the five. They were very near God and eternity.

Another and stouter craft put off, rapidly at first, then very slowly. It must not come within the power of the current. The oarsmen paused. No nearer. A rope was uncoiled. "Seize the rope," shouted the boat's crew. An eager hand caught it. The stout craft shot rapidly off, and the rescued boat was drawn from the hurrying current.

Stauncher you too are doing bravely and surely down a subtle current. A noble craft to you, your rescue. A rope is flung out to you. It is Jesus the mighty Redeemer. Seize that rope, and escape the destruction which awaits you.
H. A.

THE SAVAGE SOLDIER.
While the armies of the first Napoleon were marching through Germany, one of the regiments was quartered on the inhabitants of a village. Among the soldiers was one of a fierce aspect, his face covered by a flowing black beard, who seemed in his whole demeanor to personify the savage. The farmer upon whom he happened to be "billeted," was terrified at the sight of him, and proposed to the commanding officer, that he would take two men in the place of one of such ferocious appearance. The officer accepted, and the soldier taken to other houses; but the officer perceiving that everybody was afraid to take the frightful-looking man, told him to find a lodging for himself.

Having been refused admittance everywhere, he arrived at the house of one of the few members of the Moravian Society, who resided in the village. This occurred on the evening of their prayer meeting. The leader of this pious little band was standing in his door as the soldier passed more than once. At length he asked him on whom he was quartered. The soldier replied that no one would take him in. The brother, though somewhat alarmed by his fierce looks, showed him into his house. At the appointed time he arose, and sang a hymn, was sung a portion of Scripture read, and prayer offered. The poor man was so deeply affected that he exclaimed, "You are a happy people; would to God I were like you; but I hear none of these things. I am a poor, wretched man; may I not sit down in the next billet?" The brethren spoke kindly to him, and directed him to that Saviour who will cast none out, not even the worst.

By the kindness of his host, he was well cared for during the evening and night. In the morning early, he went to the farmer who first refused to receive him, and told how and where he had found comfortable quarters. The farmer laughed at him; and on hearing the soldier's account of the meeting, said he was "very welcome to join those wretched sinners," but as for himself, he would never enter that house.

"But you shall though," said the rough soldier, feeling hurt by hearing his hospitable friend abused; "you shall attend this very evening at their worship, and I will come and fetch you." He was as good as his word. At the proper time he appeared at the farmer's door, who, terrified by his determined manner, accompanied him, and to the surprise of all present, was found seated next to his conductor, who fairly mounted guard over him.

Now the Lord's time had come. The wrath and fright of the poor farmer vanished, and touched by Divine power, the gospel of a crucified Saviour entered his heart. On arriving again at his home, he sought and found forgiveness of sin through the precious blood of Christ; and by his testimony the wife was awakened to a sense of her lost state by nature, and with prayer sought and obtained mercy. The change in this man and his wife, created a great sensation in the village, and proved the means, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, of the conversion of many souls.—*Lady's Letters.*

GLORY OF THE WORLD.

In a magnificent oration of Chrysostom sound thoughts are suggested, in the contemplation of that transient glory which is the gift of wealth and fortune, and power, all which is destined to perish. "It is at this moment," says the illustrious patriarch of Constantinople, addressing the court of his day, as corrupt as it was splendid—"it is at this moment, more than ever we are justified in saying with the wise man, 'Vanities of vanities, all is vanity.' Where is now the splendor of the consulate? Where the brilliancy of lamps and torches? The feast of joyous assemblies? Where are the crowns and magnificent ornaments? Where the fastidious reports of the city—the acclamations of the circus—the adulations of thousands of spectators? All have passed away! The wind by one blast has swept the leaves, and you show to us a dead tree, torn from its roots—so violent has been the tempest. It lies a broken ruin. Where are the pretended friends—the swarm of parasites—the tables charged with luxury—the wine-circled during entire days—where the various refinements of eating—the supple language of slaves? What has become of them all? A dream of the night which vanishes with the day! A flower of Spring which fades in the summer!—a shade which passes!—a vapor which scatters! A bubble of water which bursts!—a spider's web which is torn! 'Vanities of vanities, all is vanity.'"

SEIZE THE ROPE.
Three years ago a party of five, two gentlemen and three ladies, crossed the Niagara river in a small boat, many miles above the falls. They were young and light-hearted. They had a merry passage, spent a happy hour on the Canada side, and then embarked for their return. All went well until they neared the centre of the river. Just as they were about to reach the falls a fierce gale of wind, rushing down the mighty river, struck the boat forward. It was in the mad current. The men plied their oars. They were strong and stalwart; but a power stronger than theirs held the water within that dark line of swiftly moving water. It was their fate. They left the landing they aimed for behind them. They looked with speechless lips to each other, and others white faces. They knew that they were going down with the current. The oarsmen strained every muscle. If they could only break the current for a while, relief might come. One of the fragile oars snapped. One more hold gone. Never a word was spoken. Death and eternity stared them in the face. Upon one solitary oar and one single oarsman hung five precious lives. Surely, very surely they were going down with the current.

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