Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY. BY REV. DANIAL MARCH, D. D.

It is often said that the most enthusiastic praises of life in the country have the poet or the fine periods of the essaynot know who has a better right to a higher susceptibility to its charms, than the hard-worked denizens of the listen to the bubble of running brooks streets and a corner house, and a Southern exposure, and a railway on both sides from September to August, are quite enough to make a quiet rural retreat seem more charming than poets ever sung, while the dog-star rages. In such a calm nook embayed, with the the distance, I write. From the open window I look forth upon "a most living landscape," with no other human habitation in view. A white cottage with green blinds and wide projecting roof looks down a grassy slope, at the foot of which a busy brook "sings all and day in a wooden box, and the proafford a trifling pleasure to others.

The brook pursues a natural channel, and yet it turns in at the upper corner of the house-yard lawn, as if on purpose to bid us good morning and sing us a merry song at our front door out of mere good nature and the love of singing, and then returns to the longer stream, from which it separated only to leave a bless ing at our feet. The stone wall between us and the high road is grey with the moss of years and more than half concealed with shrubbery and the two together form an outline which rivals the course of the brook in the graceful irregularity of nature. Rock maples of a century's growth, with shaggy trunks shooting out immense roots on the surface of the ground, supply natural setfoliage of the locust and mountain ash mingled with the tulip and sycamore, cast no shadow. The red rayscan only New Jersey dust. struggle through the smoky air and

light.
Crickets and katy-dids, locusts and grass-hoppers and the whole tribe of grating and sawing insects take their turn in keeping up their monotonous music day and night. I have not yet they quivered in the rippled stream? learned to distinguish the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the leaves swayed by the night wind, from the dropping rain, and many times in these hot and sultry nights have I waked with thanksgiving for the refreshing shower, when the early morning showed that the thirsty grass had not even received the baptism of the dew. And this surely is a good place for the shattered nerves and the jaded mind to recover natural tone and elasticity for a winter campaign of work in the great city. In such a calm retreat as this might the Divine Teacher himself have retired to "rest a while" with his disciples, from his great and urgent mission. Neither mind nor body can work without learning. The secret of doing most in a life time, and bearing great responsibilities without sinking, is to know how to rest. Nothing is more fatal to all freshness and versatility in the writer or preacher, than a continual hammering upon the House," now thronged with guests more familiar themes and the perform- from New York and Philadelphia; and ance of the same unvarying service through all the year. Nine months of a bright national flag which a jolly comminister's vigorous and cheerful work | pany of ladies and gentlemen have, with in the pulpit and parish are worth more | much toilsome climbing and patriotic to any congregation than twelve months of weary and faithful effort to sustain the breeze. This is an annual ceremony burdens too great for body or mind to and forms an occasion around which bear. And no manismore in need of entire release for a time from all public re- | say nothing of the splendid look-out. sponsibilities than the overworked city the mountain appetite, the renewed pastor who for ten months has been striv- vigor and improved digestion. We con-

enough for him to fulfill.

Do not think, however, my dear Presand outrage" to our own cottage door. been written by men who have spent | Six times a day the rail road train the most of their days in the crowded thunders by within fifty rods of my and noisy city. And many quote the window. Choosing my position and and now looking down from the brink saying to insinuate that the attractions looking a little more careful from be- of a commanding bluff; these are our of the country are due to the fancy of neath the maples, I can see farm houses | ideal, and just now our pleasant reality strewn at brief intervals up and down ist, rather than to nature. But I do the valley. Just above us on the mountain, the Coast Survey has a station, praise the country, or who should have | and one of the party has been up there every day all summer making signals to another seventy miles north on the city who gazo upon green fields and top of Mount Tom. Across the meadows in another direction is a cave which only one month in the year. Paved served as a hiding place two hundred years ago for two of the judges who passed sentence of death upon Charles I, of England. A mile or two beyond in the same direction, is the house in which Bellamy, the great theologian and preacher was born,—the house itself now degenerated to the "base use" of a ciderrush and the roar of the great world in mill and distillery. Northward three miles and still in sight, is the house of the lamented and good Admiral Foote. And as paradise itself must have its serpent, so this quiet valley must have its copperhead. Our hay-maker found a live one in the grass the other day, and night a quiet tune." A little father beast after his copper crown was re- around an uninjured target. In all this down a hydraulic ram hammers night moved. Our whole family of seven- of course, there is added to the pleasure duct of his ceaseless pounding is seen peculiar brown and whity stripes on the trees still live, and that the crow's in the silvery spray of a fountain shoot- the back of the reptile, that all might health probably, continues good, and ing its deliberate stream high in air in recognize and avoid such dangerous that his cheerful "caw" will long echo that he has succeeded. front of our piazza. In the silence of company in our rural walks. I am still among these grand old hills. the night the blows sound as if struck more sorry to admit that in this fearful by a human hand, and many times at valley have been found specimens of lesser summit beyond the Hotel, brings the moment of waking I have felt some- that new and more dangerous species of back some bygone memories of mingled the last number of the Presbyterian and Thething like pity for the poor slave doomed copperheads by whose envenomous pleasure and sadness. Years ago we to work day and night without rest to fangs the heart of our national Union is rode from Belvidere on horse-back upon sorely wounded. How strange that disloyalty should find a hiding place Rev. Mr. Howell, in canvassing the where the very air breathes freedom, every day's experience of domestic life inspires the love of country and shows the preciousness of the interests that

Brooks' Vale, Con., Aug. 10, 1864.

are staked upon the national cause.

FROM THE DELAWARE WATER GAP

August, 1864. Think of Manunkachunk as a railroad junction! At the base of the mountain rides ten years ago, we used to hear

only the silvery notes of birds ringing out merrily along the wooded slopes. we are now summoned to "change cars tees for adozen afternoon congregations for the Gap;" and while standing on a beneath their branches. The delicate little platform almost bewildered by the strangeness of the once familiar spot, a roar is heard from the black depths of a make a miniature forest of the whole | yawning tunnel, and out thunders "the enclosure admitting just enough of sun- train from New York," from Hades we shine to keep the grass green and dry should be more inclined to say, did we up the dews of the morning. To-day at not soon discover that the passengers, noon with a cloudless sky I look up instead of being wet and dripping from from my window through an opening in the Styx, are sweltering from the ferthe thick foliage directly in the face of vors of our own August sun, and thickthe sun, without blinking, and the trees ly powdered with the unmistakable

We cross the Delaware on a close the whole landscape assumes a lurid and railroad bridge, and we say shame on ominous aspect in the dim sepulchral human progress for such a dungeon of a crossing! Where is the romantic little flat-boat that was wont to receive us in other days, carriage, horses and all, and bear us over with setting poles, while we watched the mirrored mountains as But yonder appears the Gap. Fortunately human enterprise has not changed

that, and the ages have not changed it. As we sweep along the windings of the river through the narrow passage, and look up at the confronting summits, the old question always returns, How was the Gap produced? Did the river as it wandered hither some pleasant day of a distant epoch, find the opening made beforehand for its purpose, or did it gather the proportions of a lake in the vallies above, and by sudden or Rev. B. Emerso gradual assailment demand and achieve this wonderful outlet? The question is always left unanswerd, at least passed over for some gifted Pickwick to solve, while we fall to admiring the scenery, as by whatever theory, it evidently is

Hanging on the dark green front of the mountain, like the white brooch of an Indian girl, is the "Kittatinny far up upon the very summit waves a persistence, succeeded in unfurling to clusters very much of fun and frolic, to

neither day nor night are ever long | rich in variety, as the radiating centre | of many romantic rides and walks and climbings and boatings and swimmings byterian, that this quiet valley is in all Its rides are far more to our mind than respects such a "lodge" as the gentle the dusty drives along the monotonous Cowper sighed to find. Every day the beach of some sea-side bathing place. mail bag brings the "rumor of wrong Narrow, winding roads embowered with trees-and presenting constantly new views-now crossing a rich valley with clear streams and rustic bridges,

> these preferences, for we know how many good people there are who love amazingly to stand in uncouth garb, clinging by scores and hundreds to a rope, and bobbing up and down in the ocean surf, but bathing in true Paradisaical style in some secluded cove of the Delaware, beautiful as Calypso's grotto, or floating with one's cheek upon the limpid current whose temperature is ust now so delightful, is, we think, vast-

Our trio, which includes the gifted and versatile Rev. Henry Osbourn, of Belvidere, and his genial young friend Coursen, is furnished with one rifle and two fish hooks. The only trophies in our field sports thus far are a crow which the subscriber shot at, (with what damaging results is not known since he flew immediately away,) and I myself saw the body of the venomous several trees pierced here and there teen were called out to examine the of shooting, the happy reflection that

A neat little church that stands on a a cold winter day, and assisted the late neighborhood and organizing the score or more of scattered sheep into a church. Months after, we had the further pleasure of helping to dedicate the beautiful church edifice which had been reared Philadelphia lady, and others whom her enthusiasm had enkindled; built literally upon the "rock," and destined survivor of those who cherished its beginnings shall have gone to his rest. where, in our early morning horseback Mon die, but institutions live. The lamented Howell is not here to greet us with cordial hand, a smiling face and

There have been changes in the land days. War clouds have gathered since gloom. Earnest hearts have everywhere been roused to unexpected duties and sacrifices.

ed chaplains. "Shot," not by the Eastern sea" nor yet "by the sea in the West" like Laura Savio's sons, of whom Mrs. Browning sang; but shot at Gettysburg at the door of a hospital, the place of duty, the place of faithful ministrations. So sudden and so violent a death seems doubly shocking when we remember his gentle spirit. But it was the noble exit of a noble life—a part of the great sacrifice demanded for a nation's

The little "church of the mountain" now enjoys the acceptable ministrations F. E. of Rev. E. J. Pierce.

HOME MISSIONS.

On applications received from the churches they serve, the following ministers were commissioned by the Presbyterian Committee of Home Missions at their last regular meeting, eighteen of whom were under commission last

Springville,
Philadelphia,
son, Monroe & Rea
Chattfield,
Cottage Grove,
Camp Point,
Stephentown J. W. Assyllot,
F. Hendricks,
A. Parker, Nith Madie
E. D. Holt,
J. G. Kanouse,
W. E. Catlin,
J. B. Shaw,
Jacob Best,
E. Benedict,
W. Smith.
Chas. R. French,
J. Chavman, Irving,
Joseph Wilson,
Jao. F. Read,
H. Osborn,
Chas Wisner,
Joseph Lowry,
W. S. Taylor,
J. Walker,
Chas H. Theberath,
H. J. Crave,
J. H. Johnston,
J. L. Jones,
A. Nesbitt.
A. G. Ruleffson,
W. H. Megie, Wysex,
White Lake,
Crawfordsville,
New Berlin,
Trement,
nodical Missionary

REV. HUBBARD WINSLOW, D. D., of New York, died at Williston, Vt., Aug. 13. He was thirty years ago, the very successful pastor of Bowdoin, St. Church, Boston; afterwards pastor of the Presbyterian church, Geneva, New York, and author of works on mental and ing to answer demands which his heart fess to a great fancy for the Gap and all moral philosophy and practical theoand conscience accept as duty, but which its surroundings and belongings. It is logy.

Keligious Antelligence.

Presbyterian.

Shorter Catechism .- Rev. H. S. M' Kee, D. D., of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, has translated the Shorter Catechism into the Hebrew and also the Syriac languages, and thus opened up this excellent form of sound words to the Jew, in those tongues which he considers the most sacred of all others

Death of a Divine of the United Presbyterian Church: Rev. Isaiah Niblock, D. D. s well.

having served his own generation, by the will of God, "fell on sleep," in his residence, in the borough of Butler, Pa., on the 29th of June, 1864, at 2 o'clock, 45 minutes, P. M. Three score and ten years a pilgrim and stranger on earth, he has now entered as we trust, "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." His birth-place was County Monaghan, Ireland, 1764. He studied Divinity under the care of Rev. John Dick, D. D., Professor of Theology in the United Secession Church, in Glasgow, Scotland, and was licensed to preach the gospel in 1817. He sailed for America and landed in New York, in 1818, and during the months of October and November of that year, preached in Philadelphia. During a ministry of over 45 years in Butler county he baptized about two thousand children and adults, and joined over two hundred couples in marriage. The United Presbyterian.

> The Board of Missiods of the United Presbyterian Church makes an earnest appeal in behalf of their pressing wants. The stations are in Syria, India, Egypt, China, and Italy.

Missionary Coming Home.—Rev. Henry M. Scudder, D. D., of India, has been advised by the Mission to return to this country, instead of going to the Cape of Good Hope, and he has embarked for the United States via England, with his family.

Moderator for two Years.—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland met in Belfast, July 5. Rev. John Rogers was re-elected Moderator, it being the first time in the history of the Irish Church that a man has been elected to the chair for two successive years. Mr. Rogers

Congregational.

Dismissed.—Rev. K. B. Thurston of Wal tham Mass., who has an excellent essay in ological Review, on the relation of the pulpit to the state, has just been dismissed from his charge in W-

Anniversary at Andover Theological Seminary. These services began on Sabbath afternoon, July 31st, with the sermon before the graduating class, by Rev. J. P. Thompson, D. D. His text was from Rom. xvi: 25—27. His subject, the Divine origin of Christianity proved by its adaptation to the wants of man The sermon was one of great interest and solid instruction, reviewing other theories through the instrumentality of a noble and so-called philosophies with his sharp analysis, and showing their insufficiency for

the wants which God has created.
In the evening Rev. E. N. Kirk, D. D. addressed the Society of Inquiry, at the Seminary Chapel. His text was from Jer. long to abide, we hope, when the last survivor of those who cherished its best was "The efficiency and subduing power of the Gospel when applied to the hearts of men." The argument was that the preacher must use it in the confidence that it has such power in itself. After the usual services the parting hymn was sung by the class; prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Parker (Baptist) of Philadelphia, and the exercises were closed with the benediction, after which the invited guests repaired to the Mansion House for the anof which we dreamt not in those former | niversary dinner, as the last and not least agreeable, of the exercises, to experienced

theologians. creation. No man can recreate more successfully, for himself or others, than Prof The faithful pastor of this mountain Park, and no one, perhaps, enjoys more fully the childlike unreserve and sportivechurch is numbered among the martyr- ness of German social life-few can so fully appreciate all its charms. Skill in recrea tion is not the least of the student's neces sities, yet it is possessed by few. Prof. Thayer will return at the same time

to enter upon his duties in the chair of New Testament Greek and Exegesis. He has seen associated with Prof. Park in some part of their travels.

The prospects of the Seminary are very flattering, internally and externally. The endowments recently received will enable the trustees to erect two new buildings at once, one for a chapel, the other for the library, both of which are very much needed It is hoped that funds may be obtained for the support of a pastor when the chapel is completed. Prof. Barrows has tendered his resignation to take effect one year hence. Prof Phelps has received leave of absence for one year, to regain and establish his health.—Congregationalist

Death of a Young Author.-At Key West, Wm. Waldo Abbott, author of "Our Sunday school and how we conduct it," died of the yellow fever recently. He was a lawyer of promise, and son of Rev. J. S. C. Abbott.

ing items in the Observer's account of the late commencement, we find the following: Rev. Dr. James, of Albany, preached a discourse in Williamstown, Sabbath morning, July 31st, on the Sinfulness of Unbelief. It was so logical, convincing and scriptural as to elicit the highest commendations of all the intelligent orthodox Christians who hear it. The correspondent of the Spring-field Republican being present heard it with intense disgust. The text was, "He that believeth not shall be damned," and he thought the sermon was too much like the

Missionaries Honored.—The Trustees conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon two of this class; the Rev. Simeon Howard Calhoun, of Abeih, Syriah, and the Rev. Lowell Smith, of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. In announcing these degrees, President Hopkins, designated the men as 'viros apostolicos, Christi et ecclesiæ inter gentes externas servos."

Methodist.

The African Episcopal Church.—This is body of colored Methodists who, some fifty years since, separated from the white churches, forming their own Conference. In it there are twenty-eight circuits. Of this number ten or eleven circuits belong exclusively to New Jersey, numbering some forty-five or forty-six churches. Three of these churches number one hundred or more members; four over seventy-five and nine or ten fifty or more members. Only five churches have twelve or less; and one in the Conference has twelve hundred members. Besides these there are colored churches

their numbers I have no means of knowing. It would be doubtless within the truth to say there are near or quite one hundred African churches within the State, belonging to the different denominations .- Boston Cong

Ministérial Exchanges with Unevangelical

Clergymen.—It was announced in the even-Clergymen.—It was announced in the evening papers of Boston, of Saturday, July 30, that Rev. Dr. Cook (Msthodist) and Rev. W. H. Oudworth (Unitarian), of East Beston, would exchange pulpit services on the forenoon of next day. If we are not misinformed, Rev. W. H. Studley, at present pastor of the Tremont St. Methodist Episcopal Church has within a formatike training. Church, has, within a few months, twice exchanged pulpits with well known Unitarian clergymen of this city. While "Father Taylor," who ranks as a Methodist, is in the habit—if we understand the facts—of exchanging freely with ministers of all de-

nominations who will exchange with him. We should be glad to be informed whether the great Methodist denomination is becoming so far "liberalized" as to enjoy and endorse such exchanges on the part of its preachers. Certainly their "Articles of Reigion" are sufficiently decided on the points at issue.—Ibid.

Rev. John Latheran, of Nova Scotia, was recently waited on by a deputation from a Wesleyan congregation, of which he was the pastor, and presented with a purse containing \$420, to enable him to visit England for the benefit of his health. Such an act will not go without its reward.

Rev. Laban Clark.—This venerable father in Israel, one of the founders of the Wesleyan University, and one of the originators of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has lately entered upon his eighty-seventh year. Though his strength is impaired by old age, he still epjoys heartily the pleasures of social intercourse, and graces with his genial spirit the circle in which he moves. He entered the ministry in 1801, and retired a few years since with the superannuated relation, after a continu ed service of fifty years-Methodist.

Rev. Orrin Gillmore, a local elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church—an uncle to Major-General Q. A. Gillmore—died at Brooklyn Centre, Ohio, February 18th, 1864 aged seventy years. He was for nearly forty years a minister of Christ in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

We take a few items from the North Western Christian Advocate.

Rev. Wm. H. Snively, lately pastor of Union Chapel, has become a successor of the Apostles by uniting with the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Rev. O. B. Thayer, formerly of the Rock River Conference, having given adhesion to the Protestant Episcopal Church, a day of humiliation and prayer was appointed in which he was to receive descon's orders. Morris-Murray.-Methodists have a right

to be hated by traitors. A church which has given over a hundred thousand men to the army, and which is true to the principles at stake in this war, has a right to her martyrs. The Central says: "An aged local preacher, named Morris

was cruelly put to death by guerrillas in Platt county. They first put out his eyes and then shot him."

To the same paper G. M. Lane writes: "On July 3d, forty-first year of his age, about five miles from his farm in Bollinger county, Mo., Bennett Murray was shot by a gang of thieves and murderers. He was found by some of his friends shortly after he was shot, cold in death with a beautiful smile on his countenance. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and was converted in his seventeenth year, and lived a consistent Christian until the hour of his death. His death is a great loss to the community in which he lived, but a greater loss to the small society of which he was classleader. He leaves an aged mother and a large family, the eldest son in the army, to mourn the loss of a loving son, a kind husband and an affectionate father.'

Professor F. H. Newhall, of the Wesleyan University, has been drafted in Boston, where he had been enrolled previous to his removal It is very gratifying to know that Prof. to Middletown, Conn. Having been also en-Park is to return early in September, with rolled in Connecticut, it is a question his health fully restored by his year of re- whether the draft in Massachusetts can hold

Baptist.

Brown University.—At the approaching Commencement, the One Hundredth Anniversary of the founding of Brown University will be celebrated. It will be an occasion of great interest, not only to the alumni, but to the whole body of the Baptist denomination in America.—Examiner.

Death of a Divine .- Rev. Duncan Dunbar, rell known and highly esteemed Baptist minister, who was for many years pastor of the MacDougal Street Church, New York, died in that city, on Saturday morning the 30th ult., in the 73d year of his age.

Episcopal. Resignation.—The Right Rev. Dr. Anderson.

Bishop of Rupert's Land—a diocease which

extends over 300,000 sqare miles—is on his

way to England to resign his Episcopal office.

— Color in Philadelphia.—Something must be done to save the consistency of the "City of Brotherly Love." Either the names or the customs ought to be changed. The Episcopal Recorder of this city contained, last week, a letter "To the Christian public of Philadelphia," signed by "William John son Alston, Rector of St. Thomas's Episco Williams College.—Among the interest-pal Church," giving an account of the writer's exclusion from the Lombard and South street cars, to which he applied for admission one hot day, with a sick and faint ing child in his arms. The writer says he was born and raised in the South, and having travelled over most of the United States, must confess that he never before "met with a barbarity so satanical and heathenish in its character." After an appeal to the Christian feeling of the public, the sufferer more pertinently reminds his readers that black people own \$100,000 worth of property on the line of this very road, over which they cannot ride, though they pay like others. Some other things he says about the negroes fighting for the common cause in the army, and that he "whose dying child was thrust out of a street car" has in his congregation "an active auxiliary to the Women's Sanitary Commission." We cannot read this with self-righteous complacency; but we rejoice that New York, though only yesterday, as it were, has shaken off the absurdity that made the white man's five cents so much better than the black man's. It is a wonder how the silly thing vanished at the first application of common sense, when our people, by God's providence, had the scales dropped from their eyes. The same touch-stone will accomplish the work in Philadelphia; and yet it is but one and a very little thing, among the many that we must do in the way of justice to the black people, before we can hope for the blessing of God, and the restoration of peace and union. While the free negroes of Louisiana, rich, educated and loyal, are yet ostracised—and while the atrocities of Fort Pillow and a score of other murderous fields are yet unrecognized and unpunished—we shall need more than fast-

wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"—N. Y. Examiner.

Miscellaneous.

Religion in New Orleans.-Northern ministers dispense the gospel wherever it is dis-pensed. Eight of the ten Presbyterian churches are closed. Rev. Mr. Chubbuck, formerly of Pittsfield, Mass., supplies the only Episcopal church which is open regularly. Rev. Dr. Newman, formerly of New York supplies the Methodists, and has the largest congregation in the city. Rev. Mr. Horton, of Boston, supplies the Baptists. All these churches are largely dependent upon Northern liberality, and very few of the native population sympathizes with vital religion. The theaters, which ware open regularly on Sunday, draw larger audiences even of N. E. men; and stars and shoulderstraps, worn by men high in authority, crowd the seats of the playhouse, while churches and prayer meetings are left un-

churches and prayer meetings are left diffilled.—Correspondent of Congregationalist.

Plagiarism.—Says the Congregationalist:

Dr. Richard Newton of Philadelphia, can write too easily and too well himself to find it necessary to steal from others, and we are surprised to find that "Hot Coals," the beautiful story published two weeks since on our fourth page, and copied from the Doctor's last book called "The Safe Compass," never originated with his fertile brain. It was written above three years since, by our former contributor. "Lynde Palmer, (Mrs. M. A. Peebles of Lansingburg, N. Y.) and first published in the Tract Journal, and it may also be found in her delightful little volume for boys, called "Helps over Hard Places." Dr. Newton's books, "Best Places." Things," "King's Highway," etc., furnish some of the finest stories and illustrafor children that we have ever We wonder how many of them were taken verbatim from other authors without credit.

[We do not think the excellent rector of the Epiphany ever intended it to be understood that he claimed the authorship of any the illustrations he has used. Such in not our opinion. The Congregationalist is in an over-critical fit.—Ed. Am. Presb.]

What the Quakers say.—The Friends' Review takes up the subject of the draft, and we are forced to say that there are some things in the article that do not tend to increase our respect for the portion of the Quakers who refuse to bear a part in the burdens of our common country. There are, indeed, many of this persuasion who are helping the Government, both with military service and money; for them there can be nothing but praise. But we learn, from the Review, that there are others who refuse not only to be drafted, or to pay commutation, or war takes, but who will not even enter a hospital or tend a wounded soldier:

"It is understood," says the Review, "that the Secretary of War, recognizing the scruples of Friends against acting as surgeons or nurses in military hospitals, and knowing how earnestly they are engaged in promoting the welfare of the freed people, will take care to assign them to positions which shall not interfere with their religious principles."-Examiner.

Prof. Newman's Apology.—Prof. Newman, once an eminent English Churchman, a man of excellent parts, eloquent and sincere, but now a Roman Catholic, has made a great sensation lately, by an autobigraphical sketch, entitled, Apologia pro vita sera. It was occasioned by some remarks of Charles Kingsley, reflecting upon the veracity of Dr. Newman, and of Romanists generally; and, taken by itself, is a brilliant illustration of the truth that "there is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end therof are the ways of death." All the insincerity and superficiality that inheres to the English Church, neither makes Romanism better or improves in the least Professor Newman's position. "Out of the frying pan into the fire," is the plainest idiomatic account that one can give of his effort to better himself. But Mr. Kingsley was very unfortunate in attempting to fix upon Prof. Newman the charge of dishnesty. He exposed not only himself, but the whole Church that he assumed to represent, and in whose interest he attacked the able and fanatical apostate. The English Church is too vulnerable, and Dr. Newman understands the weak places too well.—Ibid.

Revivals.

Camp Distribution, Va.—A correspondent of the Zion's Herald says:

The Revival.—A most interesting one is in progress here. Meetings are heldin the chapel three times each day, and from fifteen to twenty-five come to the anxious seat whenever invited; here they often break forth in audible prayer for themselves, and with a power and pathos which show how mightily the Spirit is working in their hearts. On some of these occasions the power of God is signally manifested in awakenings and conversions. A large number of brethren in the army are full of the revival spirit, praying and exhorting with great point and power. Last evening, after a sermon by Bro. Morrill, a Delegate from Maine, twenty-six presented themselves for prayer. The Holy Spirit came in power upon the congregation and the scene was quite like a public meeting at one of our most successful camp meetings. No day passes without conversions or reclamations from a back-slidden state. Upwards of a thousand souls have been converted at this camp within a year past.

The religious exercises of the soldiers are deeply interesting. One said, "I am an old man; this is the first time I have set out to serve the Lord. I have a praying wife and two praying children, and they are praying for me every day. O how glad they will be when I write them I have given my heart to God." Another lad of 17 years, with tears streaming down his face says, " a mother in heaven, and on her death-bed promised her I would seek religion, but I have neglected it up to this time, now I am determined to fulfill my promise." Another: "I was on Belle Island six months, and O how Jesus supported me and comforted me there." Another: "Lord, I thank thee thee that thou hast got into my heart, though I locked it up and put away the key." Another: "Lord bless the officers of the army, don't give them up, though they be mighty wicked."

Such are some of the unmistakable signs of a great work of grace progressing in this camp. One evening we see the soldier bow broken hearted at the altar of prayer, then rise with beaming eyes to tell what God has done for his soul, and the next morning we see him in the ranks hurried away for the front.

Writes a correspondent of the Independent, Rev. E. P. Hammond is now at St. Paul, Minn. On the first Sabbath six churches and their pastors united in a children's meeting, held at a hall, which was packed. In a few days, sixty-five little girls and fifty boys were holding prayer meetings in different rooms, only those being received to these meetings who expressed conviction that they had truly found the Saviour. The Besides these there are colored courones connected still with the Methodist Episcoling and prayer to save us. "Is not this the ful. Surely revivals may be promoted in fast that I have chosen?" asked a prophet mid-summer. The Good Shepherd is folding and Presbyterians, but of in the caden time, "to loose the bands of ing many lambs in that northern clime.