

Correspondence.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

FOLLY OF WEALTH-WORSHIP.

BY EDW. CLARENCE SMITH.

We charge men with great folly who make the attainment of earthly wealth the great purpose of life. "Labor not for the meat that perisheth." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." It is not denied that wealth has its relations with moral and religious ends. God may choose it as an element of power in the furtherance of his benevolent and merciful purposes. It is unnecessary to say that the Scriptures do not condemn the pursuit of wealth, when it is to be devoted to such uses. Having fortified ourselves against mis- construction, we launch our introductory proposition once more, and charge those with great folly who make the attain- ment of wealth the great purpose of life. We say folly, because wealth has not that relation to happiness which it is supposed to have. On this subject, hear the opinion of a wise, rich man: "I made me great works; I bulided me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gar- dens and orchards, and planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I got me ser- vants and maidens; I had great posses- sions of great and small cattle; I gathered me also silver and gold, and the pec- uniar treasure of kings and of the prov- inces. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me. Also, my wisdom remained with me. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." What, we ask, is the real advantage that wealth has over competency? It was considered a keen saying of Girard, the banker, that he got nothing but his food and clothes for the labor of manag- ing his immense estate, and was there- fore worse off than the day-laborer, who attained these things with less toil. But it was not keen. The truth expressed was too obvious to make the saying an acute one. The little squirrel that subsists com- fortable upon the small winter store, which his own prudence has accumulat- ed, certainly would not be better off if he made his home in the farmer's barn. Wealth, in the strict sense, is not need- ed to insure a proper freedom or provide the conditions of rational enjoyment. The ground was indeed cursed for man's sake, but the curse was not so dreadful that man must needs energize and agonize to guard against it. We find a seemingly severe imposition in those words, "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," but Divine Goodness has turned the sharp edge of the penalty, and it is found that men do not really have to sweat much to eat bread and enjoy God's pro- vidential mercies; no more, perhaps, than is really needful to keep the body in health. There is, it is true, a sort of enmity between nature and man. Nature does occasionally launch at us a thunderbolt, or visit us with tempest and cold, or deny to us the healthful products of the earth; but not much submission and solicitation and labor are needed to make her our best friend. And not only is little modification of material forms requisite to secure the ends of utility, or the conditions of en- joyment, but we believe that the intimacy of the mind's dependence upon these phys- ical conditions for happiness, or, at least, content, has been very greatly exaggerat- ed, as all history will attest. Some of the greatest and best of mankind have preferred poverty, or at least competency, to affluence. The best thing recorded of the Spartans is, that they cordially dis- despised wealth, voting iron a better thing than gold, and giving their estates to the ownership and management of women. These were the men that fought at Ther- mopyle. Of Epaminondas, the Theban, who triumphed at Leuctra and Mantinea, it is said, "that he was as magnanimous, just, unselfish, and poor as Aristides him- self; the loftiness of his aims and the sense of his own personal worth elevat- ing him above avarice and the pursuit of pleasure." Verily, we could almost glorify heathen civilization, if it developed such a man. Jeremy Taylor says that "the collector of Roman and foreign examples, when he had reckoned two and twenty instan- ces of great fortunes, every one of which had been alloyed with great variety of evils; in all his reading or experience, he could tell of but two who had been famed for an entire prosperity—Quintus Metellus, and Gyges, the King of Lydia; and yet concerning one of them, he tells that his felicity was so inconsiderable (and yet it was the bigger of the two) that the oracle said that Aglaus Sophi- dius, the poor Arcadian shepherd, was more happy than he, that is, he had few- er troubles." Thus the maturest and best philosophy has ever attested the vanity of the plea- sures which wealth proffers. And yet the worship of wealth, alas, is one of the greatest sins of the age. Men magnify the curse of the fall greatly, and in their apprehension of physical evil, fight against nature with a sort of despera- tion. Just as the multitudes rush from a crowded building when a foolish panic is upon them, exaggerating a little mis- hap, it may be, in a peril of great mag- nitude, so a whole race is seen flying from the comparatively harmless threaten- ings of nature, as in a very insanity

of terror. Men plod on through life in slavish toil, adding house to house, acre to acre, giving body and soul to the work of fortifying themselves against poverty long after their security is es- tablished beyond possibility of a doubt; and who, in his best moods, will not admit that such a life does not adorn human nature? How beautifully does heavenly contrast with earthly wisdom in this: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on: Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" But one suggests, I seek wealth not to guard against poverty, nor to secure sensational enjoyment; this were folly, competence will suffice for these ends. I seek wealth that therewith I may command objects of beauty, and sur- round myself with them. God has created me with a love of the beautiful. Surely this is a worthy affection, and it cannot be amiss to gratify it. Now this man confesses that his end is an earthly one, and yet his require- ment would seem to have some plausi- bility. Let us see how far it has force. One saw upon the surface of a lake an oval leaf of bright green, rising and fall- ing with the gentle undulation of the water. A floral cup, marvelously beau- tiful in structure and of stainless white seemed resting upon it. I examined the cup within, and found it all ablaze with its golden stamens, and brim-full of sweet fragrance. I thought it were no poetic extravagance to see in this little gem of beauty, as it floated securely and serenely on the waters, with its dazzling cup, and its blazing stamens, and its sweet odors, a miniature altar and a flame of fire, and a cloud of incense, bulid, and kindled, and waited by the great Creator himself, to his own praise and glory. And I bethought me of the goodness of God in making all things beautiful in their time; in constituting the human soul with a love of the beau- tiful, and, as complementary to this, fill- ing the universe with forms of loveliness and sublimity. And as I looked upon the fair flower, the words of the Saviour recurred to me, "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed in the beauty of this lily." And they seemed to take a new significance. The glory of Solomon, the glory of a splendid civilization; the glory of labor bestowed upon forms of nature in conformity to our aesthetic in- stincts, the beauty that wealth com- mands, the beauty that art combines, will not compare with the glory of this fair lily, with the beauty that God has provided, and the beauty which comes to men unsought and unasked. And as I considered how that this series of beautiful objects is almost limit- less in extent and variety, fanging from the coloring of the lily to the tracks of fire that blaze along the heavens at night, I asked myself, how far were it wise for men to be discontented with this beauty of God's providing? How far were it wise to sit as critics upon the works of creation? How far were it wise to modify the forms of nature so as to suit a preconceived ideal or pattern of our own? And although some may doubt whether these considera- tions have any connection whatever with the question of moral obligation, and although most may decide that the disposition to realize in art our ideals of the beautiful is an instinct which be- longs rather to man's original than to his fallen nature, yet many may doubt but that this disposition will only have a worthy exercise, when our ideas conform closely to the eternal types of beauty exhibited in the works of creation. And particularly shall we have to admit, that to slight the beauty displayed in the Divine workmanship by an unintermit- ted search and toil for the beauty of man's devising, is a "settling of the affection upon things of earth," that comes plainly within the scriptural prohibition. We believe there is such a thing as the idolatry of art; and therefore we have no hesitancy in declaring the folly, not only of those who waste body and mind in acquiring wealth for the more sensual pleasures it may secure, but of those also who would make it a life-work to gratify the taste, where there are higher ends to achieve, and to surround themselves with the costly, but inferior, beauties of art, when there is a free world of beauty about them to admire and enjoy.

SCRAPS FROM INDIA.

Our correspondent in India sends us some interesting scraps, among which is the following from a British rebel sym- pathizer, who indulged sanguine hopes of the election of McClellan to the Presi- dency. MY DEAR MR. WILDER: I must really apologize to you for keeping your maps so long. I, however, return them with many thanks. By the by, I made a rash promise to make your church a donation of five rupees if McClellan was not elected. It accordingly take this opportunity of sending you that amount. I hope you enjoyed your trip into the Districts. YOURS, sincerely, J. G. FERGUSON. JAN. 11th, 1864. "This is from one of our young British officers whose sympathies are with our rebels. He was certain McClellan would be elected, and so piqued by my quiet assurance that Lincoln would be re-elected, that he declared he'd send the donation if McClellan failed."

THE TELEGRAPH TO INDIA.

Under date of March 10th, he writes us again as follows:— DEAR BROTHER MEARS: The enclosed telegram shows that we are making progress in lessening the time for news to

come from our native land. This mes- sage to our Governor, Sir Bartle Frere, dated London, March 1st, 4 P. M., reached him in Bombay about noon, March 4th—less than three days in tran- sit. It came, of course, by the new line, via Constantinople and the Persian Gulf, and is said to have been only 24 hours in reaching Kurrachee. The American item of special com- mercial interest, is the continuance of the war. How noteworthy that our European friends, who have been lifting "holy brands" in deprecating the "fratricidal strife," are thrown into such a panic of grief at the first indications of peace. Now hasten on your Atlantic Tele- graph, and we'll soon be within hailing distance of New York and Philadelphia. [Times of March 6, 1865.] LATEST FROM ENGLAND. H. E. Sir Bartle Frere has received the following congratulatory address from Sir Charles Wood:— LONDON, March 1, 4 P. M. The Secretary of State, in congratulating the Governor of Bombay in Council on the successful completion of an undertaking cal- culated to bring India into closer union with Great Britain, and, under God's blessing, greatly to promote the common interests of both countries, desires also to express to Sir Bartle Frere the sense entertained by Her Majesty's Government of the value of his zealous and energetic co-operation in the work which has now been brought to so prosper- ing (prosperous?) a conclusion:— We are indebted to the firms mentioned for the following telegrams:— [NICOL AND CO.] LONDON, 16th Feb. Peace negotiations abruptly closed. Confi- dence in cotton restored. LONDON, 27th Feb. Cotton a little higher. Colonel Marriott received yesterday the following message from Mr. Walton, the di- rector of the Submarine Telegraph at Kur- rachee:— Messages are now passing between Kur- rachee and London in twenty-four hours. And here comes another telegram (2d) bringing London dates to March 4th and the welcome news that Charleston, the very hot-bed of secession, is now held by true-hearted patriots. Thank God for this. Let our noble soldiers strike a few more such blows and a pean of praise shall go up from the hearts of all true lovers of liberty and humanity the world over. W. N. B.—Your types (Dec. 27, 1864) made us say we need 8000 rupees to fin- ish our chapel. They put on one cipher too much. 800 rupees was the sum needed, which is now reduced to 500 rupees. W. A PHILADELPHIA SABBATH-SCHOOL BOY. WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., May 25, '65. [This letter, from a venerable divine in the other branch of the Presbyterian Church, was written to be read at the anniversary of the Buttonwood Street Sabbath-school, of which the writer had been a member. It unfortunately did not come to hand in time for that event. A better illustration of the fruits of Sabbath-school instruction can nowhere be found than that given in the letter.] DEAR BROTHER:—I learn from "THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN," always a wel- come visitor in my family, because always instructive and entertaining, that you propose holding on Sabbath afternoon next, a grand celebration of the fiftieth anni- versary of the Sabbath-school attached to the church of which you are the be- loved and honored pastor. I find it quite difficult to repress an expression of my regret, that I cannot be present with you in body, as I undoubtedly will be in spirit, if the Lord permits, on that inter- esting occasion. Tell the dear children and their beloved teachers that a Presbyteri- an minister, somewhat advanced in years, who resides in the city of Washington, and who united with your church about fifty years ago—he being then about fourteen years of age—sends to them his cordial and affectionate salutations, with his devout prayer, that the blessing of the Lord may render the occasion mem- orable in all the future history of the Sabbath-school and the venerable church to which it is attached. The minister to whom reference is just made, was at an early age deprived of his father by the hand of death. By this dispensation of Divine Providence, the resources of the family were dried up, and it became necessary that each mem- ber of the family, according to his several ability, should contribute his aid in meet- ing the expenses of living. The minis- ter, then about twelve years of age, by engaging in suitable and honorable em- ployment, regularly furnished his quota. About this time, through the agency of an extensive revival in the First Presby- terian Church in the Northern Liberties, then under the pastoral care of that emi- nent servant of God, the Rev. James Pat- terson, his mind became seriously exer- cised on the subject of religion. Unso- licited, he enrolled his name among the scholars of the Sabbath-school whose Fiftieth Anniversary you propose to cele- brate on Sabbath afternoon next, and occasionally aided his teacher in hearing the recitations of the younger of his class- mates. During the week he had a time and a place for prayer, and nothing subject to his control was allowed to inter- rupt the regular performance of that important duty. It was his regular cus- tom, three times a day, morning, noon and evening, to retire to an unfrequented chamber, and there, upon his bended knees, with the Bible open before him, day after day, and week after week, to pour out his supplications to the God of the Scriptures that the same Spirit by which the Bible was inspired might shed

its heavenly illuminations upon the sacred page. No mariner, amidst rocks and shoals, while the spirit of the storm howled around him, ever consulted the chart or the compass with intermit- ent interest. It is not improbable that he has been observed more than once reading a small Testament, as he passed to and fro to his place of employment, through the streets of Philadelphia. Sometimes he might have been seen pausing for a moment or two on the marble steps of the millionaire, poring over some bright and cheering passage. Sometimes he might have been seen in the cemetery, which lay in his way to his residence, where repose the remains of "Benjamin Franklin and Deborah, his wife," engag- ed in the same blessed employment. Let no one suppose that there was any thing of ostentation in all this. The Searcher of hearts knows that no such unworthy object was cherished for a moment. In was the result, would to God it had been perpetual, of an un- quenchable desire to become better ac- quainted with the revealed will and pub- lished precepts of Heaven, and the ab- sence of other opportunities to gratify a burning thirst for spiritual knowledge. Often has this minister, still a boy, under an overwhelming sense of his sins, re- tired into secret places, and with stream- ing eyes and throbbing heart prayed, that the God, in whose hands are the hearts all men, would incline some one of his people who had found peace in believing to come and tell him where to find Calvary and its victim, and what he, a poor bewildered sinner, "must do to be saved." The first words of private counsel and encouragement that fell from the lips of his lamented pastor were indeed sweeter than the most mellow tones of the harp or the lute. At length the hour of deliverance came. While at the appointed place of prayer, upon his bended knees, with the Scrip- tures open before him, reading and con- templating the bleeding Victim of love as he hung suspended on the tree, his burden, like that of Bunyan's Pilgrim, fell from his oppressed heart, and he was permitted, through sovereign grace, to rejoice in that freedom wherewith Christ makes all his people free. Having been thus delivered from the bondage of sin, as he humbly hoped, his mind was immediately and irresist- ibly directed to the wretched condition of those who are living without hope and without God in the world. The duty of doing all in his power to rescue others from the miseries which he had just escaped, was forcibly presented to his thoughts. The ministry of reconcil- iation was naturally suggested to his mind as furnishing the most ample op- portunity of accomplishing something for the welfare of the souls of perishing men, and the honor of the Saviour's name. Whilst obtaining the necessary mental furniture for the successful dis- charge of the duties of that high voca- tion, he was made the honored instru- ment of a revival of religion in a con- gregation which had been deprived by death of its worthy and excellent pastor, and which resulted in the introduction of more than fifty persons into the visible church of God. He was subsequently ordained and called to labor in the State of Virginia, and, after performing the duties of a village pastor for eight or nine years, he was unanimously invited by the faculty of the University of Virginia to the place of spiritual instructor in that in- stitution. In the year 1837 he was chosen chaplain in the House of Repre- sentatives, and subsequently, five or six times, including as many years, to the same place in the Senate of the United States. He has been for ten or twelve years a member of the Board of Trustees of Lafayette College, and for years was honored with the position of President of that body. By the kindness and generosity of friends, he has been constituted a direc- tor for life of the American Bible Society, a member for life of the American Tract Society, a member for life of the Ameri- can Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a member for life of the Board of Domestic Missions of the Presbyterian Church, a member for life of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, and last, though not least, a member for life of the American Sunday- school Union. He has also been chosen an honorary member of the Historical Societies of Maine and New Jersey, as also of several literary associations in the United States. At the semi-centen- nary anniversary of Jefferson College, (Canonsburg, Pa.,) the venerable Board of Trustees, consulting rather their kind hearts than their enlightened heads, con- ferred upon him the honorary title of Doctor in Divinity. As the crowning glory of his life, he was honored with the high distinction of being the first clerical delegate—the first clerical ambassador of peace—from the Old School General Assembly, which held its sessions in Peoria, Illinois, to the New School General Assembly, which held its sessions in Philadelphia, in the year of our Lord 1863. Other tokens of respect and kindness have been extended to him at different stages of his career, which it is unne- cessary to enumerate, for all of which he is largely indebted to his early asso- ciations with "the First Presbyterian Church of the Northern Liberties," and especially its then venerable and beloved pastor. Let no one suppose that the minister here alluded to, as the subject of this little narrative, has traveled thus far on the journey of life only amidst flowers and sunshine; on the contrary, his feet

have been stung to bleeding by the lurking thorn, and his sky has often been over- cast with clouds and storms, and his heart has more than once sunk within him under the discouragements of the way. But through the guidance of a kind Providence, he has been conducted thus far, and enabled to triumph over the difficulties which obstructed his path, whilst he has been compelled, in one sense, to a great extent, to chisel for himself every recess in which to place his weary feet as he has ascended thus far the rugged steps of life. After this unvarnished statement, let no fatherless boy, however destitute he may be of fortune, fame, or friends, be discouraged. Obstacles which appear like mountains to the faltering and irresolute, vanish like the snow wreath in summer's sun, before the behest of decision and perseverance. The case here presented is but a specimen in numerous other instances of what has been accom- plished, and under similar instances and purposes may be accomplished again. Go on, then, friends of the fatherless and the needy, in your noble and self- denying work, and, I doubt not, even before you lie down in your silent and peaceful graves, many from the bosom of your own respective classes in the Sab- bath-school will "rise up and call you blessed," and in eternity these objects of your pious toils and solicitude will be among the first to welcome you to the realms of light, and will leap for joy to bear a part in your heavenly coronation. Very sincerely and affectionately your fellow servant. SCHEX. A JUBILEE ANNIVERSARY. On Sabbath afternoon, 23th of May, the Sabbath-schools of Philadelphia N. L. First Presbyterian Church (Rev. T. J. Shepherd, pastor,) celebrated their fiftieth or jubilee anniversary. This anniversary is noticeable, not so much because it witnesses fifty years of Sab- bath-school labor, as because it commem- orates the establishment of the first Sab- bath-school in this city, organized to in- struct children on the Sabbath gratuitously and religiously. To the First Church, in the Northern Liberties of Philadelphia, under the early pastorate of the Rev. James Patterson, belongs the unquestioned honor of beginning Sab- bath-schools on the plan now universal, and to this same church is due the high praise of prosecuting the Sabbath-school work through fifty years, with unabated zeal and large success. By this church, in the half century past, no less than twenty-three schools have been organiz- ed, and, for longer or shorter periods, sustained; embracing on their rolls, in round numbers, one hundred superinten- dents, two thousand teachers, and fifteen thousand scholars. The anniversary exercises were ex- ceedingly interesting. Two of the early scholars, the Rev. Drs. Musgrave and Newton, with Charles E. Lex, Esq., and the pastor, made addresses. The sing- ing by the children was remarkably spir- ited and effective. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and on the platform were seated a number of venerable men, representatives of the early superintendents. THE NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY. It is impossible to respect so noble a body of Christian men as lately met in Brook- lyn, composing the General Assembly of the New School Presbyterian Church, of the United States. A stranger, stepping into the Lafayette Avenue Church and casting a glance at the two hundred and thirty-five delegates there at work—a larger company than in any previous year—would be struck with the fine array of thoughtful, manly faces, the general close attention to business, and the somewhat unusual sim- plicity and directness of the debates. Al- though fewer men of wide public reputa- tion, either of clergy or laity, compose the present Assembly than we have seen on former occasions, yet never have we known the New School Presbyterian Church to send, on the whole, a more fitly-chosen competent, and praiseworthy body of dele- gates to this annual assize. And perhaps, from the eminently successful procedure of business thus far, may be drawn the useful lesson, worthy of better heed both in church and state, that deliberative bodies are best constituted, not of brilliant men and wide reputations, but of plain men and homely common sense. Opposed as we are to every ecclesiastical fabric like the Presbyterian system, prefer- ring as we do the independence of the in- dividual churches, it is simple justice to say that, of all the great American ecclesiast- ical bodies, strictly so-called, none has been more public-spirited than the New School Presbyterian. Judging churches not by their religious creeds—the poorest of all tests—but by their Christian fruits—the best of all tests—we are glad to believe that this church—numbering from the first hour of its separation many of the noblest spirits of the land, who, year by year, for a genera- tion, have maintained a faithful testimony for Liberty—has kept as even pace with the Christian march of the age as was possible for any church accoutured and encumbered with the weight of an ecclesiastical system. Nor are there wanting, during this progress, some touches of half-romance in New School Presbyterian history. Threshed clear from the stalk in 1837, winnowed of much chaff in 1857, and finally ground and sifted during the four years since 1861, that church is now well-leavened through the whole lump. We are proud to chroni- cle of a denomination, twin-sister of our own, that its General Assembly, as composed for the present year, truly and dauntlessly represents the aroused and uncompromis- ing loyalty of the Free North. Without discussion, without a dissenting voice, without even a suppressed murmur, the Assembly adopted on Monday a solemn and sublime paper, declaring the rebellion "a

crime against the State and a sin against God," stigmatizing it as treason "under the most aggravated conditions"—treason "against a popular government, containing within itself the most ample means for the peaceful redress of all possible grievances"—treason "without provocation, justifica- tion, or excuse"—treason "designed, and planned to perpetuate and extend the in- iquitous system of human bondage." And still further, with a fine majesty of good English, the Minute declares:—"Such a treason this Assembly regards as involving criminality in its most appalling form. The justice of God, the honor of the law, the safety of civil society imperatively demand that it should be suitably punished by the judicial power of the nation in the infliction of penalty upon its guilty authors." Inter- rupting our quotation only to respond AMEN, we quote still further:—"That ministers in what have been denominated the rebel States—men professing to believe in the Bible and to honor its principles—should have shared in the guilt of this treason, making themselves parties thereto, giving to it their public influence, aiding and abetting the same, seems to the Assem- bly one of the most astonishing moral per- versions to be found in the history of this fallen world. . . . In the event that any of these ministers shall apply for ad- mission into the Presbyteries, the Assembly advise the Presbyteries not to admit them, or in any way to recognize them as ambas- sadors of the cross of Christ, until they have given satisfactory evidence that they have sincerely repented of this sin." This is Christian fidelity of testimony! This is moral grandeur of position! All honor to the General Assembly for its latest and noblest utterance of twenty-eight years! Solemnly over the edifice wherein this Minute was unanimously adopted floats the flag of the Union, unfurling stripes, and stars, and crape. God be praised that the shadow of death has wrought moral illu- mination!—Independent, May 20. HISTORICAL ERROR PROMPTLY RE- FITTED. THE DEATH-BED OF JOHN RANDOLPH. In No. 1088 of the Living Age, there is copied from Fraser's Magazine, an article entitled "Virginia, First and Last," in which the writer, in a sketch of John Randolph, makes this statement:—"Many assertions have been circulated against Randolph's personal character, which are utterly unfounded. They are traceable in part to the hate he excited by his re- lentless attacks, but still more to his contempt for the ignorant and fanatical sects by which he was surrounded. He has for many years served the Methodists and Bap- tists of Virginia, as Voltaire has elsewhere, to point their exhortations—the allegation being that, on his death-bed, when he could speak no longer, he wrote the word Remorse. It has since been proved that he simply wrote the name of a neighbor—R. E. Morse—whom he desired to see! Mr. Randolph was kind to his slaves while he lived, and liberated them at his death." This statement has been published be- fore, and as it contradicts a fact in the history of that eminent man, I herewith forward that part of the deposition of my father, Dr. Joseph Parrish, which bears upon the question. The deposition was made to the commission appointed by the court to take the testimony as to the validity of Randolph's will, and was extensively published in the years 1833 and '34. After a long and interesting conversation with his physician, he said: "I confirm every disposition in my will, especially that respecting my slaves whom I have manum- ited, and for whom I have made provi- sion." Being told, in answer to his in- quiry, that his end was not far distant, he appeared to make some preparation therefor, which consisted chiefly in arranging his clothes, adjusting his position, &c., after which "for a short time," says the depo- sition, "he lay perfectly quiet, his eyes were closed, and I concluded he was disposed to sleep. He suddenly roused from this state with the word, Remorse, Remorse. It was twice repeated—at the last time at the top of his voice. Evidently with great agita- tion, he cried out: 'Let me see the word'—no reply followed, having learned enough of the character of my patient to ascertain that when I did not know exactly what to say, it was best to say nothing. He then exclaimed, 'get a dictionary; let me see the word.' I cast my eyes around, and told him I believed there was none in the room. 'Write it down then; let me see the word.' I picked up one of his cards from the table—(Randolph of Roanoke)—and inquired whether I should write on that. 'Yes, nothing more proper.' Then with my pencil I wrote, Remorse. He took the card in his hands in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity. 'Write it on the back,' he exclaimed. I did so, and handed it to him again. He was excessively agitated at this period, and repeated—'Remorse! You have no idea what it is, you can form no idea of it whatever; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation; but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I hope I have obtained pardon.' He then said, 'Now let John (his body servant) take your pencil and draw a line under the word,' which was accordingly done. I in- quired what was to be done with the card. 'Put it in your pocket, and take care of it, and when I am dead, look at it.' Thirty-two years have passed since the death of Randolph, and as he occupies a prominent place in American history, it is important that the facts attending his death should not be misrepresented. The cir- cumstances attending that event, made a deep impression, not only where his death occurred, but in the Southern States of the Union.—Dilwyn Parrish. GALLUS-CANTAT. The famous epigram with this title has now a new publication. It is evident, how- ever, that Rome is as far from repentance as when it first was written. "At Trent's famed Council when on reason's side, A Frenchman's voice assailed the Pontiff's pride. Some Romish priest, the Gallie name to mock, Exclaimed: 'Tis but the crowing of the cock.' 'So call it,' 'twas replied; 'we're well con- tent, If when the cock crows Peter would repent.'"