

Correspondence.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, June, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR:—The General Assemblies in Scotland have now concluded their annual sittings; the ministers have returned to their homes, and Edinburgh is again reduced to its dignified dullness. This year the bustle was much greater than usual. In former years, the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, which modestly only calls itself "Synod," has been held in April, and its sittings were usually concluded, and the ministers had left town, before the sittings of the two Assemblies—Established and Free—began. On this latest occasion, they all three sat simultaneously. The Moderator of the New Church was Dr. James Begg; of the Established Church, Dr. Macfarlane; of the U. P.'s, as the United Presbyterians call themselves and are usually called, Mr. Marshall, of Cupar Angus. Mr. Wm. Marshall is an able and excellent old man. In the days of voluntary controversy, he took a leading and able part. Then he was hot, fervent and fiery; now, he has settled down into a calm, sedate old man, full of years and full of wisdom.

The great features of the Assemblies have been, first, the subject of Union, and second, the subject of Innovations. On the subject of Union I may say a word or two, to let your readers know exactly how the matter stands. For years there has been a growing talk of Union between the Free and U. P. Churches. The talk grew and gathered strength, till a few years ago it got to be a subject of frequent and favorable allusion in all speeches in both Courts. Then a "Committee on Union" was proposed, and responded to on both sides. This Committee was speedily joined by the Reformed Presbyterians, a rather small but very respectable body of Presbyterians in Scotland; and then the Presbyterian Church in England joined in the movement—although it is right to add that this latter Church has had a Committee on Union for many years. So that now the Committee, at its meetings, consists of representatives of four churches, the Free Church, the U. P. Church, the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and the English Presbyterian Church. Hitherto the Committees have been engaged in examining into the doctrines and discipline and general arrangements of each church, and they have arrived at the conclusion that there is no practical difference of any importance between the four, and that there seems to be no real bar to an incorporating Union. In the Free Church, there are a few men of importance and standing who dissent. They do not want any closer union than that we have already. Among the U. P.'s, also, the extreme voluntary section object to a union. I believe there are a few of the Reformed Presbyterians who would like to maintain their testimony alone, and in our own Church here in England, are some who do not very much like the projected union. Some are very cold on the business, and many talk about yet other disruptions in the future if the union be proceeded with.

Beyond all doubt there are serious difficulties in the way—difficulties of a practical sort. For example: the U. P.'s have no sustentation fund, as the Free Church have. Many Free churchmen hold by the sustentation fund as the very sheet-anchor of the Church, while some of the U. P.'s object, for "voluntary" reasons, to the very existence of such a fund. Again, the U. P.'s have a hymn-book—a poor concern most people think it is, but it is in pretty general use among them. Many Free Church worthies look on a hymn-book with abhorrence, and would not think of uniting with a Church which used one. Further, in England the U. P.'s have a very large number of congregations. Some of the congregations are very much attached to the mother church, and the mother church have a strong party very much attached to their English congregations, which number, I should suppose, from 70 to 80. Each of these churches is as much an integral part of the U. P. Church, as is any church in Scotland. Some of the U. P. ministers in England refuse to be separated in any way from the mother church: and the Free Church objects to having a church so closely incorporated, extending to England—they say if you want to join us, you must first cut off the English part—then let us talk about it. And so the battle rages and sways on, to and fro, very hot and earnest, but yet, hitherto, a strife of love.

It was considered that the cause of Union made a great step in advance at the late meetings of Assembly. A great—what you would call "mass-meeting," was held in the Free Church Assembly Hall, presided over (while Free Church orators were speaking) by Mr. Marshall, the Moderator of the Synod of the U. P. Church, and by Dr. Begg while the U. P. orators were speaking. Much real good utterance, and much fervid and really Christian sentiment and feeling was the result. Dr. Cairns, U. P. minister of Berwick, rose to a point of energy and ability in his oration, as I am told, which made hearers speak of the old days and of Dr. Chalmers.

A debate that arose in the U. P. Synod strengthened the hands of the anti-unionists in the Free Assembly. Edinburgh has long been burdened with what is called an Annuity tax. The history of this tax is too long to tell, now and here: suffice it to say, that one chief

object to which the proceeds are devoted, is the payment of the stipends of some of the ministers of the Established Church in Edinburgh. Since the disruption, this tax, always unpopular, has become doubly so, and the raising of it has often been accompanied with city mobs and riots: respectable citizens having rather submitted literally to go to jail than pay it. Often furniture has been sold. This year, it would appear, the property of the U. P. Church in Edinburgh—the large hall where their Synod meets, where is their library, their college and the offices for the schemes of the Church—has been rated for the Annuity tax; and the question was raised and debated in their Synod, whether this sum should be paid or not. After debate, it was settled by vote, and by a large majority, not to pay it voluntarily, but to offer a passive resistance. This resolve many Free churchmen cannot approve. They say, "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's: render unto all their dues," they say, "this is a tax, and ought to be paid, just as any other obnoxious tax ought to be paid."

There are two main points which are urged by the Free Church anti-unionists against the "U. P.'s," first, this voluntarism, and second, they say that a great many of the U. P. ministers and members do not hold to the old doctrine of the Atonement. The U. P. anti-unionists again urge the Free Church holding what is called the Establishment principle. There can be no doubt that, were the churches united, they would form a strong, compact body of evangelicals, that would be of more weight and force in the councils of the nation, and in many other ways, than at present. I send you the statistics of the U. P. Church, but it must be remembered that this includes England and the Colonies as well as Scotland. Of ministers, the number is 580, and of elders, 4,308; preachers, 102; students of divinity, 133; members, 170,590; average Sunday attendance, 199,101; congregational income, 178,858; income for missions and benevolence, 50,694; total income, including miscellaneous revenues, 232,316; average contributions of members, 14.6s. 11d.; number of Sabbath scholars, 71,048.

Your readers may form a pretty accurate notion of the three bodies of Presbyterians in Scotland by these few following facts. I give, in round numbers, the thousands only of the sums subscribed for missions by the three churches last year, in the following order:—1st Established Church, 2d Free Church, 3d United Presbyterian Church. It being remembered that this last church counts more than one hundred congregations out of Scotland, in England and in the Colonies, and that all these congregations contribute more or less to their funds for Home and Foreign Missions.

For Foreign Missions, the numbers are, in thousands, E. C. £6000, F. C. £25,000, U. P. £17,000. I may add our own English Presbyterian, £4000.

For Home Missions, E. C. £5000, F. C. £12,000, U. P. £7000, E. P. C. £1000.

For Colonial Missions, E. C. £3500, F. C. £5300, U. P. £1200, E. P. C. 0.

Jewish Mission, E. C. £3600, F. C. £4800, U. P. £2100.

In the Free Church General Assembly the great topics were union, and a discussion on innovations. They had a large portion of their valuable time taken up by two very painful cases of discipline. They were both for indecency—one of the counts of one of the indictments being a case of adultery. Both parties were married men, men of large local influence, of a sort, and of old standing. The two cases have been before the church for years, and were finally settled by this Assembly: the one was found guilty and deposed; the verdict of the other was "not proven," by a very considerable majority. Since which verdict the accused party has demitted his charge, so that the ministry of the church, so far as these two are concerned, is free from reproach again. The two blue books containing all the documents and all the evidence in both cases were sent to me; and I must say the reading was any thing but edifying. There was evidently an enormous deal of exaggeration, by gossip and scandalous talk; but there was as evidently a solid substratum of truth beneath.

In the Established Assembly the great topic of discussion was that of "Innovations." For some years past this has been an annual topic; and the discussion of it has warmed up something like life in the old establishment. For years after the disruption, the business of the old Assembly was possessed of so little interest to the general public that you could have fired pistols in any direction in that portion of the space allotted to "the people" without danger of breaking any commandment. Unless there was some "case" on—some case of discipline, of which there were usually three or four in hand—the public took no more notice of their sitting than if they had been sitting in the moon. Latterly, however, things have changed. Beyond all doubt the old mother hive is gathering strength once more after her late depletion, after the last swarm she threw off, and a new generation is rising up to whom the disruption is a mere fact in recent history. Dr. Robert Lee keeps the Assembly in annual hot water. This gentleman, at the disruption, was minister of the parish of Campsie; and was then presented to the chair of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh, which was then first founded, and for which Dr. Candlish was the destined occupant. He was also settled as minister of Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh.

I knew Dr. Robert Lee well, and have known him for the last dozen years. I think that substantially he holds Socinian doctrines; and as to worship, he is any thing you like that is pleasant, easy, and popular. Years ago he wrote and printed a volume of prayers, and that he used and still uses in his congregation. He introduced the change of standing to sing, and kneeling, or what his adversaries call "squatting," to pray. Latterly he has got up something that looks like "an altar," on which he has gas-lights to imitate candles burnings; and, being provided with a young man called "a curate," he has got a good advance towards the look of a decent Episcopal congregation of the high church type; but it is only what is called here a Brummagem—Brass, imitation. All that was not complete without an organ, and so first came a harmonium; and then in due season came "the opening of a splendid new organ." At this service the doctor preached a thoroughly English Church sermon, and in length only twenty minutes, containing, as the newspaper reporters said, a fearful onslaught on effectual calling. Add to all this that he goes about with "paten," and something else, and administers the communion in private, and you have the list of his "Innovations."

Dr. Robert Lee is not alone. With him is a strong, if not a noble band. Heading this band is an old friend and fellow-student of mine, Principle Tulloch. Dr. Tulloch fought, with me, the Free Church battle; and walked with me up to the very sheer edge of the disruption. There his heart failed him, and he walked back and went no more with us. Since then he has settled down into a moderator of the very poorest water, a churchman of the broadest and most free and easy type. As principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, he has what is nearly a sinecure post, and, being pretty free all the year round, he does a considerable amount of damage. With him, and next to him, is Dr. Norman McLeod, editor of *Good Words*, a popular and widely-circulated monthly of the lowest type of doctrine, and minister of the Barony Parish, Glasgow; a man who can become all things to all men, with more perfection than any other man I know or ever knew. These Scots worthies, and some minor hands, fought a stout battle for Dr. Robert Lee, and all his innovations—sundry neutrals, like my friend Dr. Crawford, blowing cold and hot; but they were first beaten in the argument, and afterwards, to the satisfaction of all good men, in the vote, and under the able leadership of Dr. Pirie, of Aberdeen, and Dr. McRae, of Hawick, the Assembly voted them down. The speech made by Dr. McRae, of Hawick, was worthy of the good old days of the Covenant. Dr. Lee is greatly taken aback, and greatly humbled by his sore defeat, I learn.

In the Free Church there are some innovations, only, however, to the extent of standing during singing and kneeling, or "squatting," during prayer. An overture was introduced to add to the number of psalms, to purge out some of the old paraphrases and introduce some good hymns into their place. This overture is understood to pave the way for the introduction of a Hymn Book, and caused a good deal of discussion; which was finally settled, for the present at least, by referring the overture, and the whole subject, to the Committee on Psalmody, which has a permanent place in the committees of the church.

I have more than exhausted my space, though I have far from exhausted my matter. The news is abundant, the remaining space is limited and narrow. The weather this season, so far as gone, has been splendid; the crops never looked better. I got a glimpse of the country, one day lately, from the window of a railway carriage, and I must say I never saw the country look so green and glorious. The Queen and her family are still in Scotland. The Princess of Wales has added another prince, quietly and speedily, the other day, to the number of the princes of the royal and reigning family.

T. A.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE GIFT OF A BIBLE BY A HEATHEN PRINCE.

In part of the sketch of the preaching tour I have spoken of Tatyra Saheb, the chief of Sanglee. I had not with me such a Bible as I wished to present him, and have just sent one to him with a few more Marathi books (Christian) for his public library. I have just got his (the chief's) reply since I began your letter. He dictated it to his English-educated Brahman Inspector of Schools, and by him wrote the letter in English, but signed his own name in Marathi. The letter begins, "REVEREND SIR: I am very highly obliged to you for the kind present of books you have had the goodness to send to me. I received it this morning, and have kept the large copy of the Marathi version of the Holy Scriptures for my private use. I have made over some of the books for the use of the Sanglee Native Library" &c., &c.

Now this chief is an intelligent man, and I believe a Missionary would be gladly endorsed by him, to live at his capital, and labor there and in the 250 villages of his principality. True, the chief is a Hindu idolater, but his permanent friendship might easily be secured, and the grace of God can convince and convert him and scores of his people. What a grand, glorious field for some of your young men to take up and cultivate for Christ.

JOTTINGS FROM A PARISH JOURNAL.

NO. VIII.

CAMP STONEMAN AND THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Some three weeks ago, being requested by the honored President of the Christian Commission in this city to spend a few days in preaching to the soldiers, in and around the metropolis, I felt it to be my duty to comply with the request. Accordingly I proceeded to Washington for instructions from Mr. Abbot, the zealous and efficient manager of the organization at that point, from whom I received my appointment at Camp Stoneman. This camp surrounds two large forts on the ridge of highlands that lie between the Potomac and the East Branch. It commands the placid waters of the noble river on which the metropolis is seated, and overlooks Alexandria on the Virginia side, while it confronts a range of bristling forts running from Arlington Heights down to Mount Vernon.

On arriving at my post of duty, I found nine regiments of Hancock's Veterans under review. The scene was most inspiring, and was honored by the presence of his Excellency the President, and several of the leading military men of the country, who were accompanied by the elite of the metropolis—a very galaxy of wealth, beauty, and refinement. The presiding officer at this camp is a student of theology, Mr. Dailey, a most promising young gentleman. On my arrival I found in our tent, as his able coadjutors in the good work, Rev. Mr. E. Taylor, of Brooklyn, and the Rev. Hiram Eddy, of Winsted, Conn., who is a veteran in the service of Christ and that of the Christian Commission. He had been captured as a chaplain and doomed to eleven months in that notorious place at Richmond, Libby prison. With these devoted servants of Christ, I found Joseph Merwin, Esq., an excellent Christian merchant, of New York, who found in a few weeks' respite from the bustle and business turmoil of the great commercial metropolis, the highest pleasure a true Christian mind can enjoy—the luxury of serving Christ and winning souls to Him among the ranks of the noble and daring veterans who had periled their lives in defense of their country. These gentlemen had greatly endeared themselves to the soldiers in Camp Stoneman, and as they were to leave for their homes on the following morning, the farewell meeting was one of great interest and refreshment. The large tent was crowded by an audience of weather-beaten, field-worn veterans, many of them in tears. At the close such a shaking of hands, and such hearty adieus and prayers and blessings as I heard from the lips of these good and brave men I shall never forget.

There were many present who owed their salvation under God to the result of the labors of these delegates, and prayers were offered freely and abundantly for the "Christian Commission."

I felt that so far as I was personally concerned, I had arrived at an unpropitious hour. But even here I was agreeably disappointed, for these men of God welcomed me as an angel of mercy sent to follow up the work which had been so efficiently performed by others who went before me. And while they loved so dearly the brethren who were retiring, they welcomed as cordially those who were coming to "enter into their labors."

The corps had received their pay a few days before my arrival, and there would have been nothing strange in finding some of the men getting on "a spree;" but during my stay in the camp, I did not see a single man under the influence of liquor! On the contrary, our Commission was remitting daily from \$1000 to \$2000 to soldiers' wives and families all over the country. Some of these brave "boys" had been sadly jeweled by officers and agents in Washington, who charged large commissions for remitting it to their friends, and others had lost their whole remittances.

On visiting one of the regiments, I mentioned that the Christian Commission would remit, under guarantee of safe delivery, any sums the soldiers wished to send to their friends, when a man sitting up in his tent said, "What is the charge?" My reply was "Nothing." "What," said he, "no charge?" "No, none whatever," said I. "None for paper, none for writing, none for express, none for commission?" I said, "No. We preach a free gospel and do all we can for you without money and without price." He immediately said to his companion—"Bill, ain't that Christian Commission a great institution? They preach for nothing, they pray for nothing, they give books for nothing, papers for nothing, jam and jelly and clothing for nothing, and they write and send money to our wives for nothing—ain't that Christian?"

The next day this man called at our tent and handed us \$265 to be remitted to his wife in Minnesota.

During my stay, I preached every evening to large audiences of most attentive hearers. The soldiers usually held a prayer-meeting at the close of each service—and many of them betrayed at once the gift and grace of prayer in a very marked degree.

A goodly number of the officers—among the rest Colonel Wood and Colonel Bishop, the latter from this city, attended and showed a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the men under their command.

It has been my experience during two brief seasons spent in the service of the Christian Commission, that where the officers betray an interest in Divine

things, the men are apt to be influenced by their examples. This is to be expected; hence the wonderful power for good which was wielded in the British ranks by the examples of General Havelock, Capt. Headley Vickers, Capt. Hammond and Major Vandeleur, and eternity only will reveal the power which the life and labors of such men as General Fisk have exercised upon the hearts and lives of the men under his command.

Col. Wood had arrangements made for one service each Lord's day at his quarters, and few of his men who were not on duty were absent from this service. His Quartermaster is a pious man, and usually attended the service each evening. I question much if such an exemplary regiment as that commanded by Col. Wood can be found in the service of the country.

I left at the camp an excellent staff under Mr. Daily, embracing the Rev. Mr. Clark, from Northampton, a devoted brother of the Baptist Church, who carries into his labors much of the zeal and spirit of holy Jonathan Edwards; the Rev. Mr. Williams, a Congregationalist, from Framingham, Mass., a large hearted Christian man, full of the milk of human kindness, and baptized with the spirit of Christian catholicity, and a true Christian patriot, with Thomas Jewett, a veteran layman of devoted Christian spirit and in labors abundant.

In common with thousands in all the corps of the service, many will retire from this camp blessing the Lord in time and throughout eternity, for the work of the Christian Commission.

A PUPIL OF CHALMERS.

FATHER SAYS SO!

A WORD FOR RETURNING SOLDIERS.

"Why, Edward! you must not say such words! That is very wicked! You are taking God's name in vain! My darling, where did you learn to talk in that way?"

The mother's face was flushed, and tears stood in her eyes, as she looked at her little boy. He was only five years old, and she had thought fondly that, as yet, he knew no evil. Painfully eager was the interest with which she listened for his reply; for, though she would hardly admit it to herself, away down in her heart there lurked a sad, sad doubt, a suspicion of the truth. She feared she knew where her little, gentle boy had heard the oath that he had lisped that morning, in his infantile passion.

"Mother! there's no harm in that. Father says so! I've heard him ever so many times, and you told me, before he came home, always to act as my father did."

Mrs. Irwin raised her eyes, tearful as they were, in silent prayer. But there had been a listener and an on-looker that mother and child had not seen. That tall, fine-looking man in the doorway, with the Captain's bars on his blue coat, had a flush on his face that never came when he was in the presence of the enemy. Brave as a lion in the field, Captain Irwin had unwarily fallen into one of the worst snares that Satan spreads around camps. He had learned to take God's name in vain! And yet, till that moment, he was unconscious that he had become a swearer. But conscience was at work, and early training asserted its influence, and that fearful sound, profanity on a child's lips, awoke him in time.

"My boy" he said, "do not take example by your father! He has set you the worst of examples; but, by God's help, he will never say such words again. Edward, do as your mother teaches, and as your Bible, and you will do right."

Soldier! coming back from temptations of the tented field, from the maddening whirl of the battle, from the license and liberty of an adventurous life, to the quiet and refinement and peace of home, bring not with you the evil habits you may have acquired there. Choose Christ as your Master. Let the children, who have learned to look with feelings of pride and reverence at the uniforms you wore, at the sabres and guns that you wielded for the flag, learn from you, besides, all the virtues of true manhood, and the purity that befits true religion.

M. E. M.

THE RECEPTION OF OUR RETURNING BRAVES.

Various, indeed, are the plans and contrivances for welcoming with cordiality and honor our returning veterans from the field of their hazards and their toils. Our people seem almost at their "wit's end" in advising expedients that shall best display their gratitude toward their heroic defenders. And as Lee's sanguinary raid into our State is recurred to, Philadelphians in a special manner feel the magnitude of the debt they owe to those whose prowess arrested him and his banded miscreants at the moment when they were fondly contemplating the ravage of our fields and the sack of our city. Imagination paints in vivid, but true colors, what would have then been our fate, but for the heroism which so summarily hurled howling back from the field of Gettysburg those blood-thirsty marauders. And we all deeply feel that too much cannot be done toward requiting their memorable achievements, and this is well.

But in another and very different direction, and with far other feelings and designs, we note with profound sadness gigantic efforts for another sort of reception of our battle-stained sons and brothers, which, if permitted to be carried out, will result in baneful consequences to all concerned. We allude here to the alarming preparations on foot in the

new-built and new-furnished resorts for tipplers and drunkards that have of late started up on almost every corner, and that already stud almost every street, and we beg our fellow-citizens to take note of the energy exhibited by the wretches who open and preside at these fountains of physical not only, but moral death. We call on the thoughtful among us to look around them, and mark the late surprising increase of haunts of vice, not in the purlieus alone, but in all the great thoroughfares of our city. How at nightfall they blaze in every direction, and with flashy allurements of shining doorways, stained glass, and marble counters, they attract to destroy.

This is the reception, and these the receptacles prepared for our returning soldiers. Shall they be engulfed in these nests of intemperance; these nurseries of debauchery and crime? We listen for some emphatic response to this simple query, some earnest expression of public sentiment to brand with disapproval this threatening evil, in the full belief that, if it be permitted to go on, vain will it prove for our returning sons and brothers that they have escaped the malignant hostility of their rebel foes on the battle-field; they will find themselves confronted by a worse enemy here on every side of the thresholds of their homes. For in this array a death not of the body only awaits them, but a death of the reputation—of the soul!

Our remonstrance, in this instance, may be vain, it may be already too late; but we venture these words of warning in the hope that some more eloquent pen may truly be drawn into the duty of arousing the public heart to an apparently unheeded, but, in the writer's view, a momentous mischief, that calls loudly not only for rebuke, but for an impassioned outburst of public indignation.

HOW TO BE SATISFIED.

BY REV. J. DENHAM SMITH.

"To see thy power and thy glory, no as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary."—Psa. lxxii. 2.

When I was only seventeen years of age I remember reading, in that beautiful island, the Isle of Wight, about God and the sinner meeting in Jesus. I shall never forget it; it seemed as if the heavens were opened, and certainly I felt as if I was not down here upon earth; I felt as if I were in the midst of the glory.

Many of us at our conversion had such a glimpse of God that we felt (well do I remember feeling) something akin to what Bunyan says:—"When I saw God in Christ taking away my sins, I felt sorry there was no ploughman to tell my joy to, and I said, 'Stop, O crows, till I tell you of my joy!'"

Ah, beloved, there are many of us who can say, "We have seen the power, we have felt the glory." Oh, to have the visits of his grace repeated—those of his love repeated! We want "to see thy power, and thy glory, so as we have seen Thee."

Ah, beloved, you know what a gladdening thing a blessing is. But how "our blessings brighten as they take their flight."

Some of you know this:—"Some of you never valued your precious dead as you have since they were placed beneath the silent sod. Some of you never loved your babe so much as since that babe was taken to stand as a swift messenger before the throne of God. Some of you never thought you valued your Sabbaths and your sanctuaries so much as when laid on beds of pain and sickness; you have said, 'When shall I come and appear with the saints before my God?' Ah, "our blessings brighten as they take their flight."

While I gazed on the face of my own beloved mother, as I watched her declining moments, I have said, Oh that I had only felt, in years gone by, what I feel now! Oh, dear sinner, these are moments of opportunity, when God himself, as it were, comes down.

God knows it, and your own soul well knows it, if you live and die without that God who comes and puts himself at your feet to day—as the world slips beneath you, and eternity bursts on your view, you will try to soar to heaven, but the cursing blight having touched your wing, that wing will droop, and you will fall—down, down! for "the wicked shall be turned into hell."

Oh, beloved readers, let me ask you, Cannot you send up this prayer, that we may see God's power and glory as we have seen it?

Some of us have seen his marvellous awakening power, his comforting power—how the anxious have been made happy, blessed in the knowledge, in the sense of God's love; and what we want is God's love, his power repeated; and our prayer is "that we may see that power, that glory, as we have seen it in the sanctuary."—From "How to be Satisfied; or, God our Portion."

GOOD FOR ONE POUND.

It is said that, in a dockyard of England, a ship of many thousand tons was once built, and a large multitude had assembled to witness the launching. The wedges were knocked away, but the immense mass remained motionless. Before a feeling of disappointment began to manifest itself, a little boy ran forward, and commenced pushing against the vessel. His efforts excited the ridicule of the spectators; but he turned indignantly toward them, saying, "I can push a pound," and continued his exertions. They were all that were needed to overcome the friction; and soon the high ship, yielding to his pressure, gracefully glided into the waves. So many a great and noble cause stands motionless, when perhaps the efforts of a child would have overcome the obstacles that hinder its progress. A single grain will turn a nicely-balanced scale. A single word or action, or glance of the eye, may be fraught with inestimable consequences. We cannot be the judges of the amount of our influence. We know not how much it accomplishes. We cannot be aware through what a wide circle it may spread.—*Monthly Reg. Mag.*