

Correspondence.

CIVIL LAW AND THE TRAITORS.
DUTIES OF GOVERNMENTS AS STATED
IN THE BIBLE.

And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he man.—GEN. ix., 5, 6.

The text is a part of the law of love as given to Noah after the flood; and shows, 1st. The great value God sets on human life; 2d. What value man should set upon it; and 3d. What governments should do for its protection.

This passage is remarkable for its brevity and extent. Its doctrines are: 1. That God forbids suicide; that he will hold each one accountable for the manner in which he treats his own life. 2. That beasts which meddle with human life must be put to death. 3. All men are required to have a very tender regard for the life of man. Man must not do anything, directly or indirectly, that will destroy or shorten human life; hence selling intoxicating drinks, drunkenness, and debauchery are forbidden. 4. At the hand of every man's brother especially, will the life of man be required; brothers in any sense must take care of the lives of their brethren. 5.

The person, or man, or woman, who kills must be put to death. This is the rule, from which (with few exceptions) there is no escape. This law is not ceremonial and transient, but is MORAL, and of perpetual obligation. It is a law of nature, and of both justice and mercy. 6. The duties of governments: "The magistrate must punish murderers; whoso sheddeth man's blood, whether upon a provocation, or having premeditated it, (for rash anger is heart-murder, as well as malice prepense.—Matt. v. 21, 22,) by man shall his blood be shed; that is, by the magistrate, or whoever is appointed to be the avenger of blood. There are those who are the ministers of God for this purpose, to be a protection to the innocent, by being a terror to the malicious and evil-doers, and they must not bear the sword in vain. Rom. xiii. 14." (Henry's Notes.)

To the Bible, that all who kill must be put to death, the following exceptions are generally taken as allowed by scripture and natural law: 1. The killing by accident, when *due care has been taken*. 2. Self-defence. 3. Civil war, when to preserve good order and the majesty of the law, it becomes necessary to resort to arms.

The modern doctrine, that capital punishment is always wrong, (though it has been held by many good men,) is in the face of Scripture and of common sense. Civil government is an ordinance of God; it is a part of the remedial system, for restraining evil-doers; it is a system of brute force, the objects of which sometimes cannot be secured but by the taking of life. When a man rises against good laws and against the lives and rights of his fellows, reason dictates that he has forfeited his life, and the good of community demands that the sacrifice be made. This infidel fling against the Bible shows that such men know, but dislike its teachings. The London News says, "If Mr. Davis is to be saved, it must be by the exercise of a magnanimity of which no state of European Christendom affords an example." To us, this is strange language, for we could hardly conceive of a more aggravated act of rebellion against God, or a higher handed contempt for human rights and the dignity of law, than to pardon such a rebel and traitor as Jeff. Davis. A traitor "is one who actually wages war against his government."—Judge Marshall. But to wage an unjust war against any people is to perpetrate murder, and the murderer must die. No power on earth can legitimately pardon the premeditated and wilful killing of innocent persons. The pardoning power in governments can only be rightfully used in saving persons from a wrong sentence. Just courts and juries may be imposed on and pass unjust verdicts, hence the propriety of a redressing power; but to pervert the law by taking it out of the hands of civil courts for the pardon of a bloody murderer and traitor, is treason against the world.

See Num. xxv. 33. "So ye shall not pollute the land wherein ye are; for blood, it defileth the land; and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him who shed it." Jesus Christ did not shed his blood to atone for the sins of nations, as such, but for individuals. Nations sin in the laws, customs, and public acts are in direct violation of God's laws. Nations sin in two ways. 1. By renouncing the true God and following false gods. 2. By perverting government from its right use into an engine of fraud, injustice and direct violence or oppression. When rights are violated and innocent blood shed, such crimes can only be removed by the shedding of blood, or by national suffering. We know of no reason why Jeff. Davis (aside from himself) may not exercise faith in Christ, repent toward God, be pardoned, justified, sanctified, and go to heaven; but if this were all true, and if it were manifest that he would never sin on earth again, still his relations and liabilities to the Government would not be changed; he is a murderer, he has shed much innocent blood; he must die. This crime, so far as it relates to government, God will not forgive, and it is blasphemy for man to

attempt it. Num. xxv. 3: "Ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer—but he shall be surely put to death." 2 Kings xxiv. 3, 4: "Surely at the commandment of the Lord came this upon Judah to remove them out of his sight, for the sins of Manasseh according to all that he did; and also for the innocent blood that he shed, (for he filled Jerusalem with innocent blood) which the Lord would not pardon." Here was a noble family of murderers that God would not pardon, but they must be removed out of his sight. Saul was commanded to slay Agag, but he spared his life; for which he was de-throned, disgraced, and his life and kingdom taken from him. Joab was a good and great general, true to his king and country, but he shed innocent blood for which he was taken from the horns of the altar and slain. And shall the arch traitor Davis, who has gunpiled of ten thousand murders go unpunished?

If a man burns a house and takes one life thereby, he must die; but if he tears up a country, destroys millions of property, and takes hundreds of thousands of precious lives, and that, too, for no honorable, but for the basest of purposes, then (though he has defied and trampled down all law) he is an honorable man, and it would be an act of "magnanimity" to save him from the halter; yea, much more than any State in Europe could boast! The thought is monstrous; and we are not afraid that our President will act thus.

God has not provided a heaven or hell for nations. True they have a body and a soul, but their beginning and end is here on earth. So all their rewards and punishments must be here; if they sin it is here, and here they suffer. Righteousness may exalt a nation while many of the people are exceedingly wicked, and sin may be the reproach and ruin of a nation, while many of the people are pious before God, and will enjoy a home in heaven, having been washed in the blood of the LAMB.

The sins of rulers are visited on the people because they approve or bear them. Retribution is God's plan as it relates to governments, and he never stops till he has done his work. If this nation refuses to punish Davis and those immediately associated with him in treason and murder, then does this nation assume their guilt, and God will assuredly take it at its word; and the blood of others must again flow to cleanse the land. "God judgeth among the gods." Psalm lxxxix.

Sound national policy is to believe God, and to be controlled by his law. Confess the true God, receive the true religion (Christianity) and carry out its precepts. Then there would be no systems of oppression, no slavery, no land monopoly, no rebellions, and no traitors or murderers to punish with death; but love and good will would control every interest of man, all persons would have true liberty; a full share of the soil; the avails of their labor; the benefits of a good government; the consolations of the Gospel of Christ, and a hope beyond the grave. Thus shall "the saints reign with Christ." W. M. S.

CECIL RAPIDS, July, 1865.
[The above, as the reader will see, is from a writer who has studied his points, and feels himself firmly planted upon them. We do not, however, see how the Bible makes out for any man a better right to "a full share of the soil," than to go to work and earn it.—EDITORS.]

DEATH GAIN.

But how can death prove gain to any one? It is not the state of reward. It is the reward of transgression. Had there been no sin, there would have been no death. Death entered our world by sin. The best of men have died, because they were sinners. None but sinners die. Every thing in nature fears death. The very mention of its name is frightful to many. Death is an enemy, and nothing but an enemy. The Word of God never speaks of it as a friend, but as an enemy—"the last enemy." One of the very great glories of the resurrection will be, that the glorified will be able to shout, "O death! where is thy sting?" Death is swallowed up in victory." If death is an enemy, by which we are for a time conquered—if it is not till the resurrection that we can cry, "O death! where is thy sting?" how can death be gain to any one?

It is gain, not in consequence of the separation of the soul and the body, but in spite of it. There is ONE who is stronger than death, and who can, who does, cause all things to work together for good to those who love God. So that even the enemy, death, is made to work for good to those who love God. Trusting in Jesus, we need fear no enemy—nothing that can possibly befall us.

The state of death is an unnatural one. Our natural and only desirable state is that in which God has created us, and that in which we will be after the resurrection. But death is gain; for we learn of the dead in the Lord, that they are comforted. Absence from the body speaks a great loss; but presence with the Lord a greater blessing. Death is not a state of reward; it is a bearing of the badge of sin till the resurrection. But let the guilt of sin be removed, and it is delightful for either the disembodied spirit, or the restored whole man, to be present with the Lord.

But, reader, all will not be comforted. While Lazarus was comforted the rich man was tormented.

Death is not gain in comparison with the glorified resurrection state. No, far from it—far from it. But it is gain in

comparison with the state of humiliation to which sin has reduced us. This is a state of probation; that of rest. Here we suffer all that is consequent on probation or trial. There, we shall enjoy all that is consequent on a state of rest. Here, without any fighting, and within fears. There, the race is run, the battle fought, the victory won; and they are waiting the crown and the kingdom. There, all those things, which constitute this world a vale of tears "are felt and feared no more."

I know the Bible says very little about the state between death and the resurrection; and, therefore, it becomes us to say but little. But we may believe, that there will be no more sorrow—no, more sighing—no more pain. Death has gained one victory over the redeemed, but it will be a short one, and the last. When the righteous rise again, there will be to them, "no more death." When the saint dies, death has done all it can do. It will then be the end of trials. O then, is it not gain in comparison with the trials of earth? Will it not be gain to have experienced the last pain—to have shed the last tear—to have felt the last anguish and sorrow of heart? Will it not be gain to be beyond the power of temptation—to have gained a complete and final victory. But above all, will it not be gain to be present with the Lord?

But again, I would remind you, reader, that it is only respecting those who have overcome through the blood of the Lamb, that we can say death is gain. There is no gain to those who reject Christ. Their unbelief turns everything into loss. It turns the very attainment into loss to them, life into loss, death into loss, heaven into loss. Gain what they may of earth, they are nothing but losers.

Look then at yourself, at the requirements of God's word, at what you must be in order to be gainers, and then ask yourself, will death be gain to you? Can you look fearlessly on death, feeling that it is but little you can suffer from it? Do you confidently feel that you have in Jesus, a friend, who is stronger than death? and who can, and who will, convert even death into a blessing to you? JAMES KERR.

AWAY FROM HOME.

At Fort Plain, about fifty-five miles west of Albany, we were introduced to all the mysteries of cheese making. This business is no longer confined to the dairyman, as in former years. There are large factories now established at convenient distances, to which the farmer carries his milk. The milk is weighed, its richness tested, and the owner receives credit accordingly, and at the end of the season claims his due proportion of cheese, or of the money that accrues from the sale of the entire dairy. This arrangement is very convenient to the dairyman, as it saves immense labor at a small expense. The cheese, thus made, varies less in quality than that manufactured on the farm; and for its average excellence, uniformity in size, and general appearance, commands a higher price in the market.

In the course of our inquiries we learned that it requires five quarts of milk to make one pound of cheese. The article is worth at present fifteen cents a pound. So that after paying for its transmutation from a liquid to a solid form, the farmer receives less than three cents a quart for his milk. We know, as a fact, in our own experience, that it requires about fifteen quarts of milk to make a pound of butter. Thus, during the past winter, the milkmen of Philadelphia have been demanding and receiving sixty cents for the quantity of milk required to make fifteen cents worth of cheese, and one dollar and eighty cents for the quantity required to make one pound of butter. It is evident from this that the price should never have raised above the old standard; and that at six cents a quart, both the farmer and retailer were receiving all they had a right to demand, according to every principle of honorable dealing.

And this leads me to write a few words in regard to high prices generally. Our recent war has undoubtedly created a reason for an advance in the cost of every article of consumption, but every intelligent person knows that prices have been inflated beyond the extent required by the law of necessity, and that large classes of men have become enriched by legalized extortion. A few very familiar illustrations will exhibit the spirit that has pervaded the whole system of trade. One day last winter, we said to a lady in the market, what do you ask for your butter? The answer was, eighty cents to you. I have sold some at a dollar. Why, a dollar? asked we, amazed at a degree of cool presumption that would have been amusing had it not been so expensive,—that is certainly far beyond its value. Oh, I have been compelled to do it, was the ready reply, in order to save it for my customers. The truth was, she would not have saved a single pound for her customers, if chance purchasers had paid at the rate of a dollar a pound for all she had. We turned away, resolved not to eat butter, until we could obtain it for less than eighty cents. On another occasion we were expostulating with a farmer in regard to his exorbitant charge for the same article, when he replied, laughingly, you will give it to us, and what else can we do? This explained the whole secret. When an article is not superabundant, there are consumers enough who care not what they pay; and producers have been emboldened by the prevailing high standard of prices to go beyond reason

and honesty in their demands, and have been enabled to practise an easy extortion upon those whose purses are always well filled,—and thus the poor man has been compelled to submit to the same extortion, or deny himself the ordinary articles of food. One more illustration will exhibit, in a somewhat amusing light, the length to which this avaricious spirit has been carried. The Philadelphia house-wife knows the advantage of buttermilk in making biscuit and griddle cakes. This article used to be sold at two and a half cents a quart, and the farmer found this disposition of it more profitable for far than to give it to the pigs. But when gold was quoted at two hundred, buttermilk went up to five cents; the old rate was found to be absolutely ruinous. All right, said the consumers, and smiling good-humoredly, paid the price. Perfectly satisfied, said the producer, and, smiling good-humoredly, pocketed the money. But there was one fellow excelled his competitors in the "eye single" to his own interests, and with a countenance as bland as if it were engaged in an honorable transaction, had the impudence to ask eight cents a quart, and undoubtedly obtained it. We inquired of him whether he had churches and preachers in his neighborhood, and left him to interpret the question as he might.

But high prices are not confined to Philadelphia markets, as the traveling portion of the community well know. In nearly all the principal hotels, there is a disposition to adhere to the highest rates of charge. The evil would be remedied if the people would remain at home. But this they will not do. And so we have the moderate demand of four dollars and a half, and in some instances, five dollars, a day for board.

To illustrate the enormous profits that are realized, it is said that the proprietors of the United States Hotel at Saratoga, will be able to rebuild that edifice with the gains of a single season. Let us look at the figures. I have just read in one of the daily papers, that this hotel is to be rebuilt at a cost of four hundred thousand dollars. It will accommodate two thousand boarders. These, at four dollars and a half a day, with the inevitable extra charges, will pay to the proprietor at least seventy thousand dollars a week. In ten weeks this would amount to seven hundred thousand dollars, affording clear profits enough, we venture to say, to pay for the new building.

There is a refreshment saloon at Saratoga Lake, whose profits last season are said to have reached the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and there is every reason to believe the statement. What is the remedy for these impositions? and when will they be at an end? C. A. S.

"UPPER" PENNSYLVANIA.

JULY 27.

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over your paper and reading accounts of visits to the Sea Shore, I thought some of your readers might be interested in an account of a visit to the mountains of Pennsylvania. It will seem a long distance away to those who live where they breathe salt air; but the ride to Cresson is through so beautiful and varied a country, that the traveler is sorry when his journey is over. I chose a slow train from Harrisburg, that I might fully enjoy the wild mountain scenery, with its primeval forests, deep dark gulleys, and peaks that seemed to touch the heavens. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the scenes that passed in rapid succession. Church's picture of "the Heart of the Andes," and Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," might have been painted without their artists traveling further than the centre of Pennsylvania. Two views seemed so familiar, that I felt I must have seen them before, and memory carried me back to the time I stood and wondered before those works of art.

We arrived at Cresson just as twilight was fading into night. The lights from the hotel and cottages shining through the tall dark trees, gave the hillside the appearance of fairy land, and our first impressions were very pleasant. A large good natured negro took charge of our baggage, and a smaller one followed us up the hill, and brought the proprietor of the house to welcome us. We were soon pleasantly fixed, my friends in cheerful rooms in the hotel, I at one of the cottages, the guest of an old friend. The mountain air seemed to dissipate all the weariness of our ride; and after washing off the dust, and enjoying a good supper, we looked over the grounds. Following one of the numerous plank roads, we looked at some of the neat cottages, with their pretty porches, each of them filled with bright faces, radiant with health and happiness. In the distance, we watched the high mountains growing darker and darker, and we felt that we lay down that night among the "everlasting hills." And we awoke in the morning, as the sun was bathing in a flood of light those mountain tops, to thank God, he had made the world so beautiful. Two weeks passed only too quickly at Cresson, for there were warm, kind hearts among the guests, and though strangers, we felt "at home" at "The Mountain House." There were ministers there, and every morning, those who wished, gathered together in one of the parlors and attended family worship—"one family," though from every State in the Union.

The morning hours we passed, sometimes in strolling over the walks so wildly beautiful; sometimes in setting on the

porch, content to breathe the air that brought to us health and strength, and watching the happy faces of the myriads of little children who laughed and played upon the green hillside. And I thought as I looked at their rosy cheeks and bright eyes, of the pale faces I had seen but a few days before in the hot crowded streets of our cities.

We brought away from Cresson many pleasant memories, and we hope, when again wearied with the heat and toil of city life, to seek that cool retreat, and breathe the new life and vigor in that pure untainted air.

Very respectfully,
H. HOWARD.

Miscellaneous.

"IT'S THE ONLY DAY I HAVE."

BY THE REV. THOMAS ALEXANDER, M.A.

If you put to some men the question which Nehemiah addressed to the nobles of Judah, "What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day?" you are often answered by "Why it's the only day I have." Many regard this as a complete reply to the rebuke for various forms of Sabbath-breaking. Reader! do you? You have a snug family party: servants are kept from the public worship of God, toiling, and preparing for it: the day and the evening are spent in mirth and idleness; your happiness and hilarity are greatly increased by the consideration that you are losing nothing in the way of business, that it is a clear saving of time; and you meet a remonstrance by—"It's the only day we have." Or, on a Sabbath morning you set off to the country: you hire a conveyance, or take your own if you have one, and break the rest of man and beast; you disturb many quiet church-goers, and forsake the worship of the God who made, and is supporting you: and when remonstrated with on your return, you reply that you are busy all the week: that business makes constant demands upon you; and then you finish with "It's the only day I have."

What a wretched delusion, mockery, and lie have we here. It's the only day you have? Why it's the only day you have not. "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."—If you "have" it, you have it as the thief has the property of another which he has stolen. The six days you do have, for God gave them to you, that in them you might labor, and do all your work, but the Sabbath-day you have not, for God kept it to himself. If you want a day for any lawful purpose, you can "have" it by taking one of your own six days, and at a little inconvenience, using it for that end; but, unless you choose deliberately to rob God, the seventh day you do not "have," except for the public, and private, worship of God, for works of mercy and love done for man's good and God's glory.

What a fearful amount of robbery of God is constantly going on! How tempting is the devil's bait to add the profits of a seventh, to those of the six days by keeping open shop on God's own holy day. You who act thus rob God and your neighbor at the same time: for an honest man dare not open his shop on the Sabbath; and you, who neither fear God nor regard man, thus snatch at the profits which ought to be spread over the shops of a whole neighborhood on lawful days—profits that come from buyers as fearless of God, and as regardless of man as yourself. The curse of God is upon your gain. *Evilthy lucre!*

You find it so easy, moreover, to write letters on business all the week, and to write up all the letters of mere pleasure, and friendship on the Sabbath-day, and thus to lose no time of your own by this simple and, meanwhile, easy expedient. Nay, but how save you it? By robbing God. Then, exercise in the open air, which you cannot have all the week round, without robbing yourself of one of your own six days, you can have on the Sabbath. Yes! but how? By robbing God. The country too you cannot see without injury to yourself by the sacrifice of a day's pay, or without risk to your business in your absence, on any of the six week and working days; but here stands the quiet Sabbath all ready to your hands. True, God has laid claim to it, and said, *thou shalt not*; but at this you must not hesitate, if you would enjoy yourself! The six days, moreover, are often so filled up with business, work, toil, to minister to pride and luxury, that the Sabbath is needed for reading up outstanding news and the like, so that the Sabbath-breaker may not fall utterly behind the general intelligence of the community. Thus, in plans for the future, and a review of the past, in sloth, in careless ease, and mere bodily rest, is the Sabbath robbed from God, and misapplied, like all other stolen property, by man. Is not this drawing bills on Eternity at a fearful discount? Will a man rob God? Can you be respectable who do so? Devils may rob God, but will a man? Reader, will you?

THE AMERICAN WOMEN.

The June number of *Hours at Home* has an article on "How to Treat our Wives," which those who think that love is not an essential element of a true marriage will do well to read. The article is too long for insertion in our paper. The following are the closing paragraphs:—"The American woman is what the American man requires her to be, and what American institutions and influences enable her to be. There is constant and fruitful effort on the part of men to secure for their daughters and for general female society the best advantages for education and culture; and these same men do this with wives in their homes who are treated little better than housekeepers. They are not regarded as partners; they are not treated as intimate and confidential companions. Equality of position, identity of interest, community of aims, affectionate and considerate tenderness and respectfulness of demeanor, thorough sympathy that shows itself in all private and family intercourse, certainly do not prevail between American husbands and wives, when regarded in the

aggregate. Some will be disposed to deny this who only see life under some of its more favored phases; but those who are acquainted with all classes, in city and country, cannot fail to recognize the truthfulness of the statement. Women are denied the sympathy and society of their husbands to a shameful extent. They are kept in a position of dependence, and made to feel their dependence; they are made to ask for money for their personal use, and compelled to feel like mendicants in doing it. Their are multitudes of wives, supposed to be well married, who never approach their husbands for money without a sense of humiliation. Now any man who compels the woman of his love to do this, insults her womanhood, degrades her, denies essentially his marriage vows, and does his best to kill out her respect for him, and to make the conjugal bond an irksome one. A wife who is made to feel that she is a beggar, is no longer a wife, except in name. A wife who is compelled to feel that she has no rights except those which her husband accords to her from hour to hour, loses her spirit and her self-respect, and becomes a menial in feeling and in fact."

THE SABBATH SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

A correspondent of the *S. S. Times*, giving an account of a Sabbath School Convention in the city of Milwaukee, says of the speech of R. G. Pardee:—"The exordium I did not hear, but the first sentence that struck my ear made a deep impression—"Superintendents, never overshadow your Teachers." In armies the general addresses the colonel, the colonel the captain, the captain the men. Honor your teachers, foster their influence, specially the weaker. Never ignore any class. In this city are 25,000 German children—let none be neglected. Study human nature—study character—the fiery Peter, the loving John, the noble Paul, the practical James, the envious Rachel, the mighty Deborah—all these have their fac similes in the Sabbath school, and each case needs its peculiar management.

The superintendent should never be obstinate and fitful, but he should be decided and positive. He should not stand at his desk a snow-capped mountain, or move around the Sabbath-school room like a floating iceberg. His decision should not make him any less cordial and genial.

The superintendent should possess perfect self control—never show the least impatience; if he cannot govern himself, he cannot govern his school. No one fills the bill—the superintendent is here described as gathered from many, taking the excellencies of each. Ten years spent in a village of 3,000 inhabitants enabled the speaker to view things from a country as well as a city standpoint. In that village they had teachers' meetings, which were invaluable.

The superintendent of the Sabbath-school should be the best man in the parish. He stands above deacons, class leaders, wardens; stands next to the pastor, his position and power only second to the pastor's.

The superintendent should select his teachers with great care. Arranging classes requires great wisdom and caution; so in making changes. Take time—confer with those concerned—have a full understanding with each one—avoid friction—take things patiently and coolly. By forcing things, you may tear the school to pieces.

AN IRISHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF IRELAND.

A gentleman was staying near Dublin, and was going the round of all the notoriety encircling that noble city in an Irish car. "Pat," said he—for all drivers in Ireland by a kind of peculiar felicity are related to the patron saint—"Pat, is it true that you have no venomous creatures in Ireland?" "Is it reptiles your honor manes?" asked the driver. "It is," said my friend. "You mane toads and tadpoles, wasps and widows, adders and avil spirits, your honor?" "Just so," said my friend. "Arrah, then," said Pat, "let me narrate to your honor's goodness how that blessed St. Patrick, the best gift and the only one Scotland ever gave to old Ireland—a great gift, your honor, and one which has exhausted all Scotland's goodness to old Ireland ever since. But I was sayin', your honor, how the blessed St. Patrick, by his miracle of a prayer, blessed his adopted country above all other countries, and banished for ever all venomous creatures, so that they never have been seen any more. But I would not tell all the truth to a worthy and good gentleman such as your honor must be, and a wise one too, seein' you tuck my car to ride all round this city of saints,—if I did not further narrate, that whilst all the venomous creatures are gone—the whole brood of them—they have all entered into the spirits of the people. And so, your honor's goodness, we have the croaking toad in the great Parliament man, croak, croak, croakin'; the hissing serpent in the great orator man, always hiss, hiss, hiss in the Sassenach; and the stinging wasp in the pratin' praste man—God bless his reverence—ever sting, sting, stingin' all around him, the poor Protestant and the poor Papist too, when he cannot pay his mass money."

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

The church of Christ was designed to represent him on earth, and to minister to all the moral needs of the human race. Her work, then, is not done when she sends out preachers; when she exhibits sacraments and liturgies; when she sets up churches at home and mission stations abroad. She must grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken stair case and into the bare room, and beside the loathsome sufferer. She must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the operative, into the field with the farmer, into the counting room with the merchant. Like the air, the church must press equally on all the surfaces of society; like the sea, flow into every nook of the shore line of humanity; and like the sun, shine on all things foul and low as well as the fair and high, for she was organized, commissioned, and equipped for the moral renovation of the world.—Bishop Simpson.