# PRESBYTERIAN BANNER & ADVOCATE.

Presbyterian Banner, Vol. V, No. 38.
Presbyterian Advocate, Vol. XIX, No. 47.

"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL:" "ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED OF THE LORD;" "THIS ONE THING I DO."

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TERMS.—IN ADVANCE. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1857.


## Original Poetry.

### To E. W. H.

[The following, from one of our lady correspondents to another, comes as near to a pure offering, as any thing we have recently seen.—ED.]

Sweet bard, permit an humble friend,
To thee an earnest greeting send;
And though my offering lowly be,
I trust 't will favor find with thee.

I know not who, or where thou art,
But thy sweet strains have touch'd my heart;
Those strains that strike thy sounding lyre
Are fraught with true poetic fire.

Methinks the Spirit does indite
('T is only he *can* guide aright,)
Those words of sacred harmony
Which, o'er thy signature, we see.

When he* who left fair Scotia's height
To bear to India heavenly light;
When farewell accents from his tongue
Fell final—then thy harp was strung.

Oft, too, thy lays have comfort borne,
To souls who in sad silence mourn;
And, in the midst of doubt and fear,
Point to the words, "*Be of good cheer!*"

To tempted souls, and fallen too,
That *melting look* thou bring'st to view,
Which Christ to erring Peter gave,
At once to humble and to save.

Sing on, and tune thy harp anew
To strains enrapt'ring, pure, and true;
Still let thy soul-inspiring lays
Incite to our Redeemer's praise.

*My* humble muse cannot pretend
In lofty strains with THINE t' ascend;
Yet still, I trust, our aim is one,
To praise the Father, Spirit, Son.

Though we may never meet on earth,
I trust a new, celestial birth
Has each prepared to meet above
In heaven, to sing redeeming love.

*Nicklerville, August*, 1857. MARY.

* Dr. Duff.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

### Harvest Reflections.

God should be remembered by his people at all seasons, and amidst all his providences.

"Hourly as new mercies come,
Should hourly thanks arise."

But peculiar seasons and peculiar blessings should call forth special thanksgivings. The time of *harvest* is one of those peculiar seasons, at which we are especially called upon to cherish a grateful remembrance of God's mercies, past and present, unto us. It is equally our duty and privilege.

We have been permitted, in the good providence of God, to witness another harvest, and to share in its toils and joys. God has crowned the year with his goodness, and his paths have dropped fatness. From almost every part of our land we hear that the Earth has "brought forth abundantly." "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

A harvest is the *result of much precious toil*. It supposes a previous seed time. The "fallow ground" must be broken up. There is "a time to sow," as well as "a time to reap." The husbandman must "go forth, bearing precious seed."

A harvest is the result of *no little previous anxiety*. The farmer often "sows in tears." He often "goeth forth, weeping, bearing precious seed," or his load of seed; *i. e.*, he goes forth into the field, in accordance with prudence and duty, and, amidst care and fear of results, scatters his seed, which may be scarce and dear. The Apostle James says: "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain."

It is a time of *great labor*. All hands, from the oldest to the youngest, are busily engaged every day, from the earliest morn until late in the evening, in securing the fruits of the year. Amidst much labor and weariness, "the mower filleth his hand," and "he that bindeth sheaves, his bosom."

And a time of harvest is universally esteemed *a time of joy*. By it the Prophet Isaiah illustrates the great delight that the Church, in the midst of her afflictions, should experience by the birth and kingdom of Christ. He says: "They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest." God puts gladness into our hearts when our corn and wine increase. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "And he that reapeth receiveth wages, that both he that soweth, and he that reapeth, may rejoice together."

The word "harvest," in its metaphorical or spiritual sense, is variously used in the Bible. 1st. It is taken for a *seasonable and proper time for business*. Solomon says: "He that sleepeth in the harvest is a son that causeth shame." 2d. It is put for *favorable Gospel times*; when "the word of the Lord has free course and is glorified," and when many are ready and waiting to receive it "in the love and in the power of it." When Christ saw great multitudes coming to hear him, he said to his disciples, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

The word "harvest" also denotes a *time of judgment*. Thus the Prophet Joel exhorts: "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe; *i. e.*, cut down these sinners, who, by their sins, are ripe for judgment. So, when the destruction of Babylon is predicted, the language is, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel; the daughter of Babylon is like a threshing floor—it is time to thresh her: yet a little while, and the time of her harvest shall come." And our Saviour, in his parable of "the Sower," says: "The harvest is the end of the world, or the day of judgment; and the reapers are the angels." While in the Book of Revelation, in reference to the same great event, we read: "And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle and reap; for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

This subject should teach us: 1st. To *be diligent in securing the salvation of our precious souls*. As the wise husbandman diligently prepares his soil, and casts in his seed, and watches against all evil influences, that he may "in due time" reap a favorable harvest; so should we "give all diligence to make our calling and election sure." The use of means to an end is as necessary in spiritual things as in temporal. In both, all our blessings come from God; but in both, exertion is ours. It is just as true that our personal salvation is the result of deep anxiety on the subject, and of daily striving, watching, praying, believing, repenting, and holy living, as that a natural harvest is the result of much previous anxiety and toil. We must plough and sow, before we can reap the food that perisheth; and we must break up the fallow ground of our hearts, and sow to the Spirit, before we can reap life everlasting. And if we labor for the one, we should especially labor for the other; "for the redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever." Its salvation is "the one thing needful; "the pearl of great price." We should then "labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." If any act otherwise, and rest satisfied with the temporal, to the neglect of the spiritual, they will finally lament: "The harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and we are not saved." For, "how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

2d. *To do good to others as God shall give us opportunity*. Let us be imitators of God. If he has blessed us bountifully, let us "devise liberal things" toward others. It was an interesting feature in the Jewish harvests that, by the Lord's direction, they were not to reap their fields too closely; but must leave the corners and the gleanings of their fields for the poor and the stranger. Thus the duty of cultivating a benevolent spirit was inculcated; "Not to look every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Let us "go and do likewise." Let us try to relieve the wants and alleviate the miseries of those around us. Especially let our benevolent activities exhibit themselves in securing the spiritual well being of others. "To do good and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

It is wonderful sometimes to see what great results spring from even apparently feeble means, or small beginnings. God so orders it, both in nature and in grace. "Verily, verily, I say unto you," says our Saviour, "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit;" "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold." Sometimes one remark, one tract, one sermon, one book, proves the means of the conversion not only of a single soul, but, through this one, of other souls, whose circle of influence continues widening and deepening upon others successively, while time lasts.

A harvest is usually a time of great labor, and of an abundant supply; so Gospel times are times of great labor, and of great blessings, to all who will rightly seek them. They are times of great labor. "The harvest," says Christ "is plenteous." Multitudes are perishing for lack of the bread of heaven—heathens, Mohammedans, Jews, Papists, and Protestants; and many of these are anxious to receive the Gospel. "Now or never," then, must we hold forth to them this word of life, as both they and we are rapidly hastening to the eternal world. "But the laborers are few." We must, then, labor much—yea, the more—early and late, and amidst privations and weariness, while we "pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest."

In a natural harvest, all hands are busy until the harvest is garnered; so should we all be in this spiritual harvest—ministers and people, young and old, earnestly desiring to gather as many sheaves as possible, for God and heaven. There is work for all—some to preach, some to pray, and some to "devise liberal things." And if we thus labor, then the blessing will be great. We shall not labor in vain. The promise is sure: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth, and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." How much has the Gospel already accomplished, both in our own and other lands. But if we examine the prophecies, we shall find that a much greater harvest is before us, than any that has ever yet been reaped. All past ingatherings, whether among Jews or Gentiles, were only as the first fruits of the harvest. The leaven has begun to ferment, but the whole lump is to be leavened. The stone which was "cut out of the mountain without hands," and which has begun to smite the image on its feet, shall yet fill the whole earth. And the long, dark night of the reign of Anti-Christ shall speedily be brought to a close; for "the Lord shall consume that Wicked with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy him with the brightness of his coming."

All the religious activities of the Church—her Sabbath Schools, Bible Classes, religious books, translation and circulation of the Scripture in all the modern languages, educated ministry, and growing spirit of missions, and liberality in sustaining them to have the Gospel preached to every creature—are all just so much good seed sown for the Millennial harvest, already ripening. "Cast," then, "thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

3d. Let us learn to *prepare for the final harvest*. The end of the world—the harvest of the great day—is rapidly approaching. Speedily will the command be given, "Thrust in thy sickle and reap; for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the Earth is ripe." Soon must we all be cut down, and pass the most searching examination of the great Husbandman. "Tares and wheat grow together in our fields, and in the time of harvest are separated; the tares to be burned in the fire, and the wheat to be gathered into the barn; so there is a mixed multitude in the Church of Christ on Earth; but "the good and the bad" shall be unerringly separated at the final harvest, the day of judgment. "The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear." Surely it becomes each of us to know his own character and prospects, and to be prepared for the great day of final reckoning. Now is the seed time of eternity. Now is the favorable period for the exercise and growth of repentance, faith, and godly living. And according to our anxieties and labors will be our reward. The exhortation and promise are, "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

"But ah! the end of some things is death. "Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Permit me, then, my dear readers, in all earnestness to enquire, what kind of seed are you sowing, for eternity? As professors of religion, what? As new professors, what? As men and woman, what? As parents, what? As children and youth, what? Be wise in time. It is madness to defer.

Lastly. We should learn to *rejoice and to praise God forever for the riches of redeeming grace*. As it is reasonable and proper for us to rejoice in the precious fruits of the Earth, and to praise God for our bountiful harvests, whereby our lives may be prolonged, and rendered useful and happy; so should we especially rejoice and praise him for spiritual blessings—for his own Son, and Spirit, and Word; for our salvation; and for all the public and private ordinances of his worship, whereby our souls may be nourished to eternal life. These things should put more gladness into our hearts, than when our corn and wine are increased. But O, what heart can conceive, what tongue can describe, the joys and triumphs of that grand harvest, when all the precious fruits of salvation shall be brought safe home to glory! Then will God rejoice—will Christ rejoice—will angels rejoice—will ministers rejoice—will every redeemed sinner rejoice. Of that time may it truly be said, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

My dear reader, may you and I be among the happy number that shall keep "their harvest home in heaven." D. L. H.

### From our London Correspondent.

*Special Notice of Brahminism and Caste—Sir C. Napier's Remarkable Language—Probable Solution of a Great Problem—Fighting before Delhi—A Standing Army a stern Necessity—John Bull's Folly—The Peace Men—The Atlantic Cable Broken—Close of Parliamentary Session—Two Important Bills—Tractarianism in Rural Districts—Sketches from the life of High Church and Puseyite Performances—The Tory Nobleman and the Lofty Pew—The three Priests and the afternoon Catechising—A Father Confessor—Evangelical Contrast—Shaftsbury and Bickersteth—The Value of Dissent in Rural Parishes—Exclusive Dealing—London Light for Rural Darkness—Examples—A Case of Persecution—The Squire and the Priest Defeated—The Tractarian Depot—Stories, Crosses, and, the "Mediæval Alphabet."*

LONDON, August 17, 1857.

HEATHEN IDOLATRY, in connexion with the INFLUENCE OF CASTE, come out very strongly, in connexion with the insurrection against British power in India. To the Calcutta Baboos, the Bengal Government gave the assurance that it would continue to respect "all the scruples of caste," which virtually is to support Hindooism. For what is caste? It is not a civil, but religious institution, and, as both American and British missionaries know and feel every day, is the stronghold of idolatry in India.

Of the four original castes, the Vaisyas is extinct; the Khetriyas exist (if at all,) in very small numbers; and it is not pretended that the Sudras are a pure class. They are a mixed race, from intermarriages. What, then, is *the* class or caste who are the great actors in this revolt? *The Brahmins*, and *they alone, exist as they were*. The theory is that they are Divine, "twice born,"—a race superior to all others in origin, in sanctity, and in natural rights. This theory *we* must recognize, and thus acknowledge to the Sepoy Brahmin that we are a defiled, inferior race! "If the Governor-General himself were to touch the eating or drinking vessel of a Hindoo of caste, these vessels would be polluted." So writes Judge Wylie, from Calcutta. The following are extracts from the sacred books, the Shastras, as translated from the original Sanscrit:

"The Brahmins are our superiors.

"The Brahmins alone existed in the beginning.

"I have created the four castes according to their gratifications and acts.

"There sprang from Brahma's mouth, beings endowed with the quality of goodness; others from his breast, pervaded by the quality of foulness; others from his thighs, in whom foulness and darkness prevailed; and others from his feet, in whom the quality of darkness predominated. These were, in succession, beings of the several casts—Brahmins, Khetriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras.

"The Brahmins are my mouth, the Khetriyas my arms, the Vaisyas my thighs, and the Sudras my feet. Their powers decrease in gradation."

"Since the Brahmin sprang from the most excellent parts, since he was first born, and since he possesses the Veda, he is by right the chief of this whole creation.

"A Brahmin, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity; even as fire is a powerful divinity, whether consecrated or popular.

"All Brahmins are excellent, and always to be honored without discrimination, whether they are learned or unlearned. These excellent Brahmins, who are guilty of such crimes as theft, are offenders against themselves, not others.

"He who does not immediately bow down when he sees his tutor or a Brahmin, or the image of a god, becomes a dog on the earth!

"Whosoever bears but a drop of water which has been in contact with a Brahmin's foot, all sins in his body are immediately destroyed. Whosoever carries on his head the holy things touched by a Brahmin's foot, verily, verily, I say he is freed from all sins."

It is a difficult question in moral casuistry, whether a Government established by a professedly Christian nation, like ours, should abolish caste, and make it illegal. But, taken in connexion with the lying, fraud, and obscenity, identified with the worship of the people *socially*, it may be well regarded as a crime—producing a system destructive of all conscientiousness, and leprously demoralizing. Lord Palmerston shakes his head in dissent when Mr. Whiteside asks, (*not* advocating such a course,) "Will you put down caste?" Well, how comes it to pass that the high caste Sepoy—*for whom the missionary had no access*—is *the first to rebel?* Is there not here a retribution on moral cowardice and unfaithfulness? A chaos seems to come first—the result we must leave to the "Creator Spirit;" let us invoke him to "brood on the face of the waters," and then all shall be harmony and beauty.

A REMARKABLE PAPER of Sir C. Napier, written in 1850, has just come to light. Very prophetic it is, just like the others from his pen. He advocates the "giving the natives a common chance of command with ourselves—*before they take it*." He also says, disapprovingly, "*high caste*, that is to say, *mutiny*, is encouraged." Promotion of natives to be officers, would gradually lead them "to throw *caste to the dogs*, and be like ourselves, all but in color."

"I have no belief," he adds, "in the power of *caste* resisting *the Christian faith* for any great length of time, because reason is too strong for nonsense, in the long run; and I believe if the Indians were made officers, on the same footing as ourselves, they would be perfectly faithful, and in time become Christians; not that I want to convert them, *but so it will be*."

The language is so significant and suggestive of a possible providential solution of a great difficulty, that I have carefully copied it, and beg particular attention to it. This is the language of a man who had no sympathy with *Missions*, as such—"A good soldier, but a bad Christian."

Truckling to the people and their vile superstitions on the one hand, depressing the native officers on the other, has been a grand fault in the Indian Government. Englishmen also, acting as magistrates, have been corrupt and licentious at times.

Sir Charles says: "I have given the Bahrmins a *floorer*, as far as the troops are concerned, by introducing Ghoorka troops into the line and showing that we can enlist better soldiers without their leave." Another blow at caste, but only a single one. But *now*, there will and must be a revolution in this matter. The Bombay *low-caste*, or no caste soldiers, are firm. The petted Brahmin's mutiny, God reigns. He *will* work, and who shall hinder him?

At DELHI, there had been severe fighting, great dash and courage on the part of English officers and soldiers, together with some native troops, their allies. The rebels had suffered terribly. On our side there was much loss of life also. The Bombay correspondent of the *Times* expected that in July the place would be entered by one of the gates, (blown open by gunpowder,) at the point of the bayonet. The mutineers (oh, fatal infatuation on our side!) have "the largest arsenal in India; two hundred thousand pounds of powder, many millions of percussion caps, and hundreds of thousands of rounds of ammunition. They were firing *two* twenty-four pounders for every eighteen-pounder of ours, and the English were short in artillery-men."

A letter-writer from Calcutta indicates that the conspiracy has been going on for some years, and that Persia and Russia fostered it.

The reinforcements sent out to India, and the raising of militia regiments in their stead, bring up the question once more of the necessity of A LARGE STANDING ARMY. It is questionable whether the United States will not find it impossible, ere long, to do without a greatly increased military force. As for us, we are "penny wise and pound foolish," in this matter, and at this moment have nine thousand armed men less in the country than even during the Crimean war. Every *fourth* year, on an average, we are in some fresh and unexpected peril of war, or an actual conflict, which is always, of course, to be "the very last," but is not! The *Times* has a thundering article on this matter. It shows the madness of disbanding good, well-trained soldiers, of disbanding the Foreign Legion, (which the East India Company might have had,) and of reducing artillery-men and other needful troops. John Bull is like the London Corporation, which has a standing law that no officer is to appear in his regimentals and sword, or soldier with his red-coat and bayonet, in the bounds of the city proper! When war comes, and victory follows, the victor is feted and complimented with a gold box containing the freedom of the city. But peace returned, the cry is "begone!" So is it with "John" aforesaid. Politicians, Utilitarians, and fanatic peace men, alas! look for the Millennial brotherhood at a time when Christianity has *not* cemented human hearts by the common attraction of the Cross. All these say, as soon as one war is over, "Away with soldiers and sailors, armies and fleets; reduce them to the lowest point; we shall never want them again!" It is quite true that the army and navy cost us such enormous sums, that a commercial nation is naturally eager to reduce the expense; but experience proves that after all, there may be such a thing as was once denounced by a statesman as "an ignorant impatience of taxation." We must *pay* to *retain* what we have.

The loss of three hundred miles length of the ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CHAIN, has put an arrest on the great undertaking. The chain, it was repeatedly foretold, would not stand the strain, being too light. After the sad news reached London, the £1,000 shares of the Company, (£900 paid,) which had been at only £5 discount, fell to £750. The Directors are about to consider whether to renew the attempt, or let it stand over till next year. One writer in the *Times* advises that the Government should purchase the cable, and use it for a telegraph across the Indian ocean. A telegraph to India, at all events, is resolved on. Thus, wars and tumults hasten on the Divine purpose of bringing near to one another the extremities of the globe, and so science shall continue more and more to bring her offerings to the feet of the world's destined Sovereign!

The ELECTIONS IN MOLDAVIA being annulled, and a new election appointed, Lord Stratford, who backed the Porte in its refusal, it is said will be recalled, and Lord Howden, now at Madrid, go to Constantinople in his place. I scarcely credit this rumor of the removal of a great diplomatist, the stern foe and successful opponent of Russian intrigue. The American mission-

[illegible]

[illegible] Parliament has passed. The first is Lord Campbell's excellent Bill for the Suppression of the Sale of Obscene Publications. This infamous traffic prevails in London more extensively than in any capital in Europe. Occasionally a seizure is made, and a shop is shut up in Holywell Street, but nine or ten others remain open to pollute and destroy. We trust to see these abominations swept away.

The other measure is the Divorce Bill. Parliament refuses to recognize the Romish dogma of the indissolubility of marriage, even in case of adultery, as Gladstone and the Tractarians maintain. It also abolishes the disgraceful *crim. con.* action for damages, gives power to guilty parties to marry, (on the ground of saving the woman from utter destruction, and of acting as a deterrent on the man,) will not *force* a clergyman to marry these parties, who conscientiously objects, but opens his parish church, for the purpose, to any other clergyman who has no such scruples.

I have written a good deal, in times past, of TRACTARIANISM in town; but I have recently seen its workings in a rural district. The scene is a watering-place on the South-Western coast of England. But a few years ago heath-covered hills, overlooking the sea, lay in nature's loveliness; or, as the best, there was but a few houses. Now, on the sides and crests of the hills, and along the intervening valleys, rise beautiful, ready furnished villas, with shrubberies and flower beds in front; and in many cases, with smiling, sheltered, and fruit bearing gardens in the rear. These villas are built and furnished on speculation, for the place is famous for its *Winter* climate. When the invalids of the Winter and the Spring disappear, for the Summer half year, fresh series of occupants—from London and many other places—take their room. Dependent on these for support, are a number of tradesmen and shop keepers, and scattered over the suburbs, and in secluded nooks in secluded lanes and small streets, is an increasing population of laborers, bricklayers, small gardeners, shoemakers, and their families.

Four miles off is a parish church, strictly so-called. Between T—— and B—— stretches and undulating plain, occupied chiefly by squatters: on the yet unbroken heath, although nearest T——, you come on a well-cultivated district, with its farmsteads, orchards, wheat fields, and hedges.

At T—— stands the old Parish church, and its vicar is, (as each of his predecessors have been for generations,) the nominee of the noble house of Malmsbury. My Lord M.'s seat is near at hand, and across the meadows is a bye path to the parish church, to which he repairs with his family, when he is not in London. He is a thorough Tory, of the old school. He was Foreign Secretary under Lord Derby, and his father was formerly Ambassador at St. Petersburg. His Lordship has *built himself in* from the congregation of the parish church, by the erection of a pew so lofty, that none of the profane vulgar can look over it! Sometimes, indeed, the peasant congregation are favored with a glimpse of noble juvenile faces, looking over the pew, and making grimaces by no means of an edifying character!

Well, in the parish church, for centuries, the "High and Dry" School has had its representative, and—save for zealous Dissent, admirably worked by the late Mr. Gunn, an Independent minister at Christ church, and a man of wondrous energy—all would be the slumber of spiritual death to this day.

But at B——, the fashionable watering-place, (comprehended in the parish, as already indicated,) a Tractarian priest obtained, some years ago, the perpetual Curacy. He has added side wings to the church. He has placed a stained glass window behind the communion table, with the figures of the Apostles, and of Christ; adding, also, sundry of these Ecclesiological and significant emblems, in the use of which, Puseyism delights to imitate Rome.

Then there is a Rood-Screen; and if you will go with me to church, on a Sabbath afternoon, you will see how matters are conducted. An "voluntary" on the organ, announcing their approach to the expectant people, *three* priests march in; two of them, who are juniors, kneel on the steps of the communion table, with their faces Eastward, while the eldest (who is the incumbent,) enters the reading-desk. The "voluntary" is over; the two priests rise from their knees, and each takes his place, with prayer-book open, at each side of the screen, so hiding himself that the people cannot see him; or if his sacred presence and person are at all revealed, you are only favored with a profile glance of his very priestly, and (I must add, from old remembrances, and the strong family-likeness between Anglican and Roman priests,) his *Maynoothian* countenance!

This is an afternoon service, only, and there is to be no sermon. The fact is, the zealous Oxfordites are very busy to day, and every Sunday, here. This morning, they began at 8 o'clock with the communion service, and the celebration of the Eucharist. The communicants would thus "receive" *fasting*, which is a benefit! Then at 11 o'clock, came the full Morning Service, with the Psalms and Creed chanted, and a sermon followed. To-night, at *seven* o'clock, will be a full Evening Service, with sermon. But this *half past four service*—to last one hour—is a kind of "little go;" and while the choir chants the Psalms, and the Lessons are read from a Lectern, over which you scarcely see the head of one of the young priests, the two *special* objects are, 1st, examination of young people; 2d, public Baptism. Let us listen, then, to the catechising. After the reading of the second Lesson, the clergyman leaves the desk, and takes his place behind the communion rails. The organ is playing all the while; and straightway, four *boys*, and an equal number of girls, (I am surprised, and pleased too,) [illegible] treat to have listened to, [illegible] noon catechising? But, here, is a Dissenter, and not a Scribe—a priest, but not a Pharisee—[illegible] day, the tree of life in the midst of the garden of Eden was an emblem of?" A young Presbyterian, either in Britain or America, would, methinks, have replied: "It was an emblem of immortality, of eternal life." But the young Tractarian catechumen glibly replied, as he had been taught: "It was an emblem *of the Holy Communion!*" And so the catechising went on for about a quarter of an hour, or more; the words of Christ, "Except ye eat the flesh," &c., applied as Romanists apply them, and as Archbishop Usher denounced them for so doing, to the Lord's Supper, as the means of eternal life!

The only redeeming point was, that the power of absolution in the Church was brought out as "only declarative." Mr. B., it appears, has not got to the length of Dr. Pusey, Mr. Liddel, and certain priests in the diocese of Exeter, who actually hear penitents, and give absolution. There is a little schism in the parish on that point, as one gentleman "in orders," resident, though not employed, it is said, receives "penitents" at his residence, in his priestly dress, and duly confesses and absolves them. Jealous of this, or disapproving, the incumbent keeps clear of the Confessional. He satisfies himself, in the mean time, with morning and evening services every day; with a day-school, in which high doctrines are taught; with a little book and tract depository of the publications of "Masters," a noted London Puseyite publisher; by keeping clear of the Bible Society; by sending his curates over the region round about, and building the little church of "St. John in the Wilderness," out among the scattered population of the moors; and last, not least, by telling his congregation that it is *a sin* to go to any other place, on Sundays, except their own church!

In the Diocese of Salisbury (where this is going on,) zealot High-Churchism, and zealous but ignorant Tractarianism, divide the empire of men's souls between them, and Satan triumphs. True, there are blessed exceptions—here and there an oasis in the spiritual desert. For example, fourteen miles from Lord Malmsbury's residence, is the family seat of that thorough Protestant, Lord Shaftsbury. His father persecuted the godly son, just as was the case with Fox Maule, of Scotland, now Lord Panmure. The father patronized the "High-and Dry;" just as old Panmure supported the Scotch Moderates, and refused sites, as long as he dare, to the Free Church Protesters. The new Lord Panmure comes into his father's possession to foster Free Churchism, and spiritual religion—the new Lord Shaftsbury reigns in his father's stead, to cherish an earnest Evangelism. And so in St. Giles' parish, Dorsetshire, he is not only building good houses for the farmers, and cleanly homes for the laborers, but he has presented a nephew of the lamented Edward Bickersteth, to the living; and now a pure Gospel, in the Church and in the School, begins to stir up the stagnant population, and to educate the rising race for Christ.

One feels, too, when out in the English Counties, the preciousness of Evangelical Dissent, especially in bye gone days. Earnest Churchmen confess, that but for this, religion would have died out of the land. Too often, Dissent is bitter, narrow, ultra-democratic, and has lost its pristine power. Still, its Evangelical teaching is its salt, its conserving principle. One feels, also, what a blessing it is, *the days* of Toryism are numbered. Looking at old Mansions, and their ancestral trees, you think of nobles and Squires who used to persecute the Puritans; the times of the Civil War, come back; then the Revolution of 1688; then the accession of the House of Hanover, and the full and final establishment of religious liberty. True, Squires will persecute still, if they can; exclusive dealing is encouraged by the High-Church and Tractarian clergy, and a Dissenting tradesman or shop keeper finds that *his* sugar is not at all so sweet, *his* tea not the best, and *his* butcher's meat very inferior to that of his steady, church going neighbor, who bows abjectly before the Squire and the Rector. And so, the poor Dissenter, if not sustained by his own party, must either conform or starve. Still, a free press, free opinion, a free country, the fence of law, keep these gentry within bounds, and their spite shows itself very small, indeed.

Another thought suggests itself, from my observation of the state of religion in the country, and it is, "What a blessing that London is so populous, so increasingly populous!" That seems a strange remark, but I refer to the numbers who, every year, come up from country districts, where all is death, (from parishes, over the boundaries of which an Evangelical Church clergyman, however earnest, *dare not* step, to preach Christ,) and who settle down in London, where, in the Church and *out* of it, the pure Gospel is preached, with such plainness and power.

It was thus, when Romaine, and Newton, and Goode, and Cecil ministered in the metropolis, that the Lord revealed himself to many a country-born man or woman, who from *their* lips heard, for the first time, the unsearchable riches of Christ. So, it has been increasing during the present century, up to this hour. London is a centre of light to all England, and visitors to it, and those driven by adversity to seek it as a new field of enterprise, are there arrested by the hand of Everlasting Love, and brought to the knowledge which saves. I thank God that I know something of the truth of this, in persons, who thus came into our own assembly, ignorant and careless, but who, *not* sermon proof like others, but born blind, and *kept blind* hitherto, then heard, believed, and are now enlightened consistent followers of the Lamb.

Reverting to the subject of persecution for conscience' sake, a remarkable case recently occurred in the neighborhood of the New Forest, Hampshire, part of the district about which I have been writing. A new chapel has been provided for the victims of lordly and priestly oppression. A poor man, Thomas Grant, receiving only fifteen shillings a week, for upwards of thirty years labored among the benighted villagers, meeting first in two cottage rooms, [illegible] the High-Church Vicar, expels the people from the chapel! True, the result has fallen out to the furtherance of the Gospel, but we see a fresh proof, in this case, of what England would be, were Laudite principles to have dominance again.

And now, concluding this sketch of Tractarianism in the country, where I began, just walk down the High Street of B——, with me, and stop before a certain window. This is the Tractarian Book Shop. There is not an Evangelical publication to be seen, but plenty of Legendary Story Books, and High Church Tales, to mislead the young. And more than this, crosses in bronze, and crosses in brooches, for drawing rooms and for dress; and there, in the corner, is "The Mediæval Alphabet—Sixth Edition," to help young and old in Ecclesiological studies. And so, with a sigh, I bid Tractarianism in the country farewell, my apology for such a lengthened notice being the importance of the topic in connexion with the signs of the times, and the fact that I have not had, hitherto, an opportunity, from personal observation, of bringing the religious condition of *rural* districts in England, prominently and clearly before your readers.

J. W.

## Facts and Gleanings.

WOULD you be avenged of your enemy? Be virtuous, that he may have nothing to say against you!

WHEN it is not despisable to be poor, we want fewer things to live; to live in poverty with satisfaction, than to live magnificently with riches.

AT NIGHT we cannot tell whether the river is shallow or deep; so neither can we judge of a silent or secret man. To know him we must have light, or else be able to sound him.

A MAN should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

COMMON PATHS.—It sometimes seems to us a poor thing to walk in these common paths wherein all are walking. Yet these common paths are the paths in which blessings travel; they are the ways in which God is met. Welcoming and fulfilling the lowest duties which meet us there, we shall often be surprised to find that we have unawares been welcoming and entertaining angels.

THE SPHERES OF THE SEXES.—All circumstances well examined, there can be no doubt Providence has willed that man should be the head of the human race, even as women is its heart; that he should be its strength, as she is its solace; that he should be its wisdom, as she is its grace; that he should be its mind, its impetus, and its courage, as she is its sentiment, its charm, and its consolation.—*Sir T. Fowell Buxton*

HAVE you ever thought of what that man is who teaches children? You go into the workshop of a wheel-wright; he is making wheels and shafts, and you say he is a useful man. You visit the shop of the blacksmith, and you find him busy making pick-axes, hammers and ploughshares, and you say that this man is essential; you salute these skillful laborers. You enter the house of a schoolmaster, salute him more profoundly. Do you know what he is doing? He is a manufacturer of minds.

DECISION AND TRUTH.—Whatever you think proper to grant a child, let it be granted at the first word, without entreaty or prayer, and above all, *without making any conditions*. Grant with pleasure, refuse with reluctance; but let your refusal be irrevocable—let not importunity shake your resolution; let the positive "No," when once pronounced be a wall of brass, which a child, when he has tried his strength against it half a dozen times, shall never more endeavor to shake.

VERY GOOD AND TRUE.—How great the mistake of parents who labor all their lives to render their children independent, and either neglect their moral and intellectual training, or commit it entirely to others. Keep children in their proper place. Stimulate them to exertion. Limit sparingly to pocket money. Deny yourselves many social pleasures for their sake. Enter with them into amusements which minister to physical and intellectual health; and welcome associates who will enlighten their minds and improve their morals. Let no engagements whatever interfere with school preparations. Regard their teachers as the noblest of beings; and set a higher value upon the progress which they make under their tuition, than upon silver and gold.—*Peterson's Ladies' Magazine.*

SABBATH AT SEA:—

Calmly o'er the sleeping ocean
Comes the dawn of Sabbath day;
Clouds that raged in wild commotion,
Glide like distant sails away;
Voices of the Sabbath morning
Still the tumult of the sea,
As the mild tones of the Saviour
Calmed the waves of Galilee.

It is evening; and in ocean
Sinks the fiery sun to rest,
As a weary child at twilight
Seeks a loving mother's breast,
No sweet vesper bells are pealing
O'er the sea in mellow chime;
Spirit notes of holier feeling
Whisper prayers of evening time.

Starry isles of light come drifting
From the dark depths of the sky,
And the Southern Cross is lifting
Up its emblem grand on high.
Gazing on that holy symbol,
Earth-worn spirits rise away,
Seeking rest awhile in heaven
With the dying Sabbath day.