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

WHOLE NO. 287

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Original Poetry.

The Dying Boy.

Will you mourn, mother dear, when you miss
your boy's face,
And think you' ll ne'er see him again?
Will our own happy home be a sorrowful place,
So full of your anguish and pain?
But, mother, I'll live in the home of the skies,
A crown like the stars on my head,
And not in the grave, where the poor body lies
At peace, with the numberless dead.
And you'll come to me, mother, some day,
To live in that heavenly place;
And I'll meet you, and show you the way
That leads to the dear Saviour's face.
And he'll smile when he sees that my mother has
come,
To dwell with me there, in that dear happy home.

When my father has laid me on earth's calm
breast,
He'll weep as he goes from my side;
And his thoughts will oft turn to the place of my
rest,
And he'll mourn that his own boy has died;
But, father, don't say, in the grave that I lie,
Oh think of your boy far away,
In the bright world of bliss, beyond the blue sky,
Where it shineth an endless day.
And you'll come, wont you, father, some
day,
To live in that heavenly place?
And I'll meet you, and show you the way
That leads to the dear Saviour's face.
How he'll smile when he sees that my father has
come,
To dwell with me there, in that dear happy home.

Oh, I'll often look forth, from the bright pearly
gates,
They're open all night and all day;
And how I will shout, (you'll know your boy's
voice,)
When you come up the shining path-way.
I'll help them to dress you, in robes pure and
white,
And a harp of fine gold you'll receive;
I think then they'll lead you before the white
Throne,
The Bible says so, I believe.
Then you'll come to me, wont you, some day,
To live in that heavenly place?
And I'll meet you, and show you the way
That leads to the dear Saviour's face.
Oh, we'll fall at his feet, and I'll tell him you've
come,
Forever to stay, in that dear happy home.

But the angels are coming, I see their bright
wings,
My father and mother—good-by!
Their music is sweet, who is it that sings?
Oh mother! they're drawing so nigh.
Farewell then, dear mother, my father, good by!
I'm going to Jesus to-day;
Come, angels, and take me up through the blue
sky,
To heaven, to heaven away.
And you'll come to me, wont you, some day,
To live in that heavenly place?
And I'll meet you, and show you the way
That leads to the dear Saviour's face.
Oh, we'll fall at his feet, and I'll tell him you've
come,
Forever to stay, in that dear happy home.

S. L. C.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Revival at Cumberland, Ohio.

CUMBERLAND, GUERNSEY CO., O.

DR. McKINNEY—*Dear Brother:*—"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." On Tuesday night last, we closed a series of meetings which have been, indeed, refreshing. The earnest prayer, in answer to which this blessing has come, began, I think, the day the Pastoral Letter sent forth from the Pittsburgh Convention, was read to the congregation. There was a solemn silence during its reading, which we took as a token for good. A little more than one month ago, we had a communion, at which time deep feeling was manifest. But owing to our absence assisting brethren, we could not continue the meetings longer than usual. After our return, we commenced these latter services. On the second day of them, there was most emphatic manifestations of the Spirit's presence. The meeting continued nearly three weeks. But the people did not become wearied. Night and day, there was an unusual attendance to the last. Very valuable assistance was rendered by Bros. Mahaffy and Ferguson, of Washington, O., and Bro. Kelly, of Chandlersville. May the Lord reward them for their labor of love among the people. Their services will be long remembered; and I doubt not but in the day of accounts they will meet souls rejoicing who were brought to a knowledge of the truth through their instrumentality. During this meeting, in connexion with our last communion, there were seventy-five united with our church. Three of these received baptism on that occasion, twenty one on last Sabbath, and six who have been received since then, are yet to receive it. Last Sabbath will be long remembered by us. How rejoicing to see so many from the world confessing Christ. Some characteristics of this meeting are worthy of notice. 1st. A deep solemnity manifest in the death-like silence; the tears coursing down the cheeks of young and old; the earnest, importunate, agonizing prayers of ministers and people. 2d. Deep conviction. This was manifest in both the members of the church and sinners. We heard members say, with the deepest emotion, that they never had such views of sin. Many of the impenitent were under the deepest conviction for days, some for more than a week, before they received comfort. Dear Brother, has a sinner ever caught you by the hand, and in the deepest agony, said, "O my dear pastor, must I be lost? O pray for me; what must I do?" They could not weep; tears would have been a relief. Such scenes have we been passing through. 3d. A timidity on the part of the converted, to confess Christ, lest they might be deceived. There was no disposition to rush into the Church; but the great question was, Am I truly converted? 4th. This work of grace extended to the aged, middle-aged, and very young; some as young as fourteen were received; some as young as nine are deeply impressed.

In the second place, notice the instrumentalities. 1st. A *concert* of prayer observed by this people before these meetings commenced. 2d. Earnest, faithful preaching of the Gospel, both doctrinal and experimental. 3d. Prayer and praise.

The following, in brief, are some of the precious results of this revival: 1st. Many souls have been brought into the kingdom of Christ, who were before neglecting religion. 2d. God's own people have been revived, aroused, and quickened in duty. 3d. Eleven family altars have been erected, where before they did not exist. 4th. Many precious lambs of the flock, and baptized members, came forward and assumed their baptizmal vows. 5. The proportion between the sexes was as follows: forty females and thirty males, among whom were twenty-four heads of families.

I have penned this, hoping it may be a matter of rejoicing and encouragement to others. Many others still are seriously impressed, some of whom we expect to receive at our approaching communion. May the blessed work increase, until all our beloved Zion, together with others, will be revived, and many saved. J. R. DUNCAN, P. E.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

A Letter from Ohio.

REVIVALS AT WASHINGTON, FREDERICKTOWN, &C.

MR. EDITOR:—In this communication, your readers will find a notice of some things in general, and a few in particular, and if they have a tithe of the satisfaction in reading that I have in writing them, the perusal of this article will not be void of interest.

The religious exercises, noticed in a former number as then in progress, in my own charge in Washington, were brought to a close on Sabbath evening, Feb. 21st, at which time *eighteen* more made a public profession of their faith in Christ; making the whole number that have connected with the church on this occasion, on examination, *fifty*. Of these, twenty-seven are men. Eleven adults were baptized. Our church is not only strengthened by this large accession, but we are all much revived—minister, officers, members, choir, all. We do not feel that we can ever sufficiently praise God for this unmerited visitation of his power and grace. As individuals, we can now sing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

We favored, with all our heart, the late Synodical Convention in your city, and although not present in person, owing to onerous Academical duties, still we were with you in spirit and in labor; for we met frequently during its sessions, and prayed as fervently as we could for the return, once more, of the presence of our God upon Zion. The result has been the outpourings of his Spirit on both our church and Institution. May this add faith to our prayers, and life to our resolutions hereafter.

The Monday following the close of our meeting, I started for Fredericktown, Knox County, to assist the pastor there in a protracted effort that had been progressing for some days, with much interest. Owing to a railroad accident, I did not get off until Tuesday morning, and then had proceeded only a few miles, when our engine ran off the track down an embankment, smashing, apparently, every thing to pieces; killing, however, none, injuring a few, but frightening us all most terribly. All our stoves were upset, but one. O, but it was cold! The Conductor (Mr. Corben,) was all attention, rendering us every assistance in his power. Some of the farmers in the vicinity furnished sleds to take as many as wished to go, on to Concord. Of these, I was one. Eight hours of a delay in this village, gave us time to make the acquaintance of our fellow-passengers, (for mutual sympathy soon begets sociability,) and to render thanks to God that we were all alive. Every man and woman was free to talk on religion, and ascribe their miraculous deliverance to the kind hand of a *special* Providence. Never can I forget these friends, nor the hours spent thus in this pleasant town. Two of its citizens were with us on the cars when the crash occurred. They were interesting young men, but, I fear, not pious; for they were returning home from a *low ball*, that had been given on the night of the "22d," in a neighboring village! Poor fellows. They looked as though they were ashamed of themselves, and they doubtless felt as they looked. How sad to think of being hurled to eternity, in the morning after a night of sinful dissipation! O young men, be warned! Would to God the managers of our Central Ohio Railroad could also be warned by the unprecedented loss of property and life that has, in the last few weeks, occurred on this road, that neither individuals nor corporations can violate the sanctity of God's holy Sabbath with impunity. The laws of God's moral government are, if possible, more immutable than the laws of nature; and yet all, as if by instinct, keep the latter that they may not expose to suffering their lives and fortunes. Heaven and earth may pass away, but God's Word will not pass away.

The wreck is now off the road. The sun is setting. The "Express" comes—off we go—soon we are in Newark—no train for Frederick till to-morrow (Wednesday,) at noon. We call to mind the motto of Horace:

——"Levius fit patientia,
Quidquid corrigere est nefas,"

determined not to complain. We first paid our respects to the *parsonage* of the First Presbyterian church of this place. Brother Robinson was not at home—had gone to Chandlersville to assist brother Kelly, as God was most signally blessing his people in that part of his vineyard also. An account of this blessed matter you will doubtless receive from the pen of the pastor himself; I, therefore, pass it by.

In all my travels, I never heard as much conversation on the subject of religion, in depots and hotels, (had it been all put together,) as I heard in Newark, the few hours I was there; although, so far as I could learn, there is nothing special in any of the churches here, on this subject. O that God would revive his cause in this place, and make it as lovely a spot morally as it is naturally!

Wednesday, two o'clock, finds us in Mt. Vernon depot. A friend from Frederick met us there with a dispatch from home, in answer to one inquiring as to what had become of us. All was soon explained—thanks to Professor Morse—and on we went, reaching our destination in time to be well refreshed, in both the inner and outer man, before evening service.

Well, here we staid, and preached day and night till the next Monday, to as large, attentive, and respectable audiences as it was ever our privilege to address. During the whole meeting, *twenty-six* were added to the church, mostly on examination, eight of whom were baptized.

Our church here is in a most prosperous condition. The pastor, Rev. J. P. Caldwell, is popular; and his labors have been much blessed. In eighteen months the number of communicants has doubled. Then there were a few over one hundred, now there are more than two hundred.

The people here have taste, intelligence, energy, and liberality. This is seen in their manners, dress, homes, churches, and town. In all of which appears just enough of the Yankee to make it all decent, without enough of it to make any thing dangerous.

When at Frederick, I received a letter from Rev. J. R. Duncan, of Cumberland, stating that meetings of unusual interest were in progress in his church there, and requesting us to return home that way. In doing so, I met Dr. Hoge in Mt. Vernon, who told me that for thirty years he had not known such a stir on the subject of religion. He said that most of our churches in central and Western Ohio were greatly revived, some of them most signally. Never did I see this venerable father so cheerful, so social, so talkative. He had attended both Conventions. His heart was warm; his mouth was open to speak a word for God. He had preached three times in the last thirty-six hours, and evinced no lassitude whatever. He is renewing his strength. With emphasis he told the writer, that he solved every Providential difficulty, in both Church and State, with this brief aphorism: "It will all come out right in the end."

A delightful ride of a few hours brought us to Cambridge, where I got a horse, (O what a horse!) and rode to Cumberland, a distance of sixteen miles, over as bad and as cold a road as I thought I had ever been on. The glorious things seen for five days in this church, soon dispelled all remembrance of the troubles in getting here. Day and night was the house filled with a solemn people, many of whom anxiously asked the old question, "What must I do to be saved?" and received in reply the old answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Between sixty and seventy have been added to the church in this place. Twenty adults were baptized here last Sabbath. God's grace is here with great power. Former troubles are all gone. The Winter is passed, the rain is over, the flowers bloom, the birds sing.

But enough, the pastor will tell you all. O that God may continue his blessings with us all! W.M.F.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Letter from Boston.

BOSTON, March 13th, 1858.

REV. DR. M'KINNEY:—*Dear Sir:*—Having had proof so often that you like to hear from this "old Pilgrim City," I embrace this leisure moment to send you a brief statement of matters and things here transpiring.

Business is beginning to revive, as Spring opens, though we have recently had more snow and cold weather than we had in December and January. One proof of business growing better, is found in the fact that the book-publishers, whose "craft" has been nearly suspended during the "financial crisis," is now beginning to be resumed. Several firms are publishing interesting works, among which may be named that of John P. Jewett & Co. This firm, you may remember, *suspended* during the *crash*. But it has now resumed action with the accession of Governor Crosby, late of Maine, as one of the partners. They have just brought out a splendid volume of Dr. Traill's Translation of "The Jewish War of Flavius Josephus," of six hundred and four pages, royal octavo. This translation is considered by far the best of any one of this old historian, and the book will doubtless be sought by all clergymen and Societies, for their libraries. It is in good type, and on nice white paper, and thus has a *body*, as well as a soul. But you will probably see the work for yourself. It is a pleasure to us to find this old firm rejuvinated, and centrally located, and well prepared for publishing.

But the greatest curiosity in the book-line is the publication of the Pitt Street Lectures, (so called because they were commenced in the Pitt Street chapel, though they were completed in a larger house.) These lectures are a *curiosity*. Only think of the Universalist, Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist, Orthodox Congregationalist, and Unitarian Congregationalist, (and to give the finishing stroke, or, in common phraseology, "to cap the climax,") a Universalist, now settled over a Unitarian Society, without any change of sentiment, delivering the last lecture, on *practical* Christianity. These lectures are all published in one volume, by the firm above named. If this is not a violation of the old Jewish law, of not "yoking together" certain diverse beasts, then you, Mr. Editor, may give it a name of your own choosing. The lectures, however, make a very handsome, readable book; and, as the champion of each denomination has told his own story, and given his own reasons for choosing *that* denomination, in preference to any other, it is supposed the book will meet with a ready sale.

But I turn from books, to a more important and interesting subject. Since the days of Whitefield, when he was compelled, by "the press" of people, to climb up a ladder, and get into the pulpit "through a window," from the outside, Boston has witnessed nothing like the throng of people which now come up daily, "at the hour of prayer," "to call on the name of the Lord." For several days, the morning prayer-meetings at the chapel of "the Old South Church," have been more than full. Two days since, the lower part of the chapel, which contains "the Prince Library," and which is divided into two rooms, was opened at the same hour with the room above, and three of the rooms were crowded with attentive, prayerful listeners and speakers. The meetings, also, at "Park Street church," and, indeed, at almost all the other churches in the city, are also full, and more than full; hundreds, and perhaps thousands, going away for want of room in which to stand.

Surely, "we never saw it before, on this wise, and whereunto this will grow, we know not." We cannot but hope that it is really "a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," and that much good will come of it. It seems to have come on all at once. You may ask, if Mr. Finney is the leader? In reply, it may be said, we hear but little of him. He is preaching here, but, so far as I know, he has not accomplished much. He has his friends, and, I would hope, has been doing good.

Two days since, a business men's prayer-meeting was appointed, at 12 o'clock M., and to the surprise of all, at that busy hour, thousands left "the market places and the money changer's" boxes, and came up to prayers. Every inch of room was occupied, and a deep solemnity pervaded all the meetings. Yesterday and to-day there has been no falling off in attendance.

We hear of many hopeful conversions, but, as yet, the greater part of the interest seems to be among professing Christians.

The various evangelical churches are all apparently about equally interested, and hopeful conversions are spoken of among all of them. Indeed, it is very apparent that so general an interest in religion has not been experienced in Boston, and all over New England, as well as in many other places, since 1840, the time above named, when Edwards, and the Tennents, and Whitefield, labored in this good cause.

It seems as though "the way of the Lord had been prepared," by the paralyzing of business, for an exhibition of his grace. Doubtless there will be much chaff mixed with the wheat; but we trust there is some wheat to be gathered into the garner of the Lord. If Christians do their duty, no doubt we shall yet see greater things. We need the prayers of all Christians in your vicinity, and wherever your *Banner* is unfurled, and your valuable paper is read. *

Revival in the Church of Bristol, Zanesville Presbytery.

REV. DR. McKINNEY:—I have just closed the services of our Spring communion at Bristol. Unable to procure the aid of any of my ministerial brethren, all being engaged in their own churches, I commenced the services depending for aid upon the God of Israel. The church has been much revived, and our hearts made to rejoice with joy unspeakable! *Twenty-seven* were added to the church. Three by letter, and twenty-four on examination and profession of their faith in Christ. We know *many* others are deeply concerned, and hope they may soon find Christ precious to their souls. The meeting was very similar to those already described in the columns of your excellent journal. I might add many things, but forbear. "The Lord reigneth—The Lord is great in Zion!"

Yours in the Lord Jesus,
W. MORRIS GRIMES.

From our London Correspondent.

Fall of the Palmerston Ministry, and its causes—The Conspiracy Bill, and Milnor Gibson's Amendment—Parliament Impatient of Dictation—Policy of Party Leaders—A New Cabinet—Lord Derby and his Followers—Lord J. Russell—The New Cabinet—Its Probable Policy—Symptoms of Weakness—Ecclesiastical Party—Politics—The Leviathan—A Channel Squadron and France—Trial of Irish Priests—Trial of Orsini and others—Lord Grey, Parliamentary Government, and the United States—Hugh Miller's Museum—Reception of Lucknow Fugitives at Calcutta—Sir Colin and Windham—Postscript.

LONDON, February 26th, 1858.

THE FALL OF THE PALMERSTON MINISTRY is one of the most remarkable events, whether considered as sudden and unexpected, or in connexion with its producing causes. They had obtained a very decided majority in favor of their India Bill, and although defeated early last week on the vexed question of Church Rates, that did not in any degree affect the stability of their power. And as to "The Conspiracy to Murder" Bill, its introduction, although vigorously opposed, had been carried by a clear majority of two hundred. What then were the causes of its virtual defeat, and of the consequent overthrow of the Cabinet? Certainly they are not to be found in the injustice of the measure proposed, which was simply to extend the penalties hitherto affecting conspiracy against the life of a British subject, to plotting the death of a foreigner. In itself, it was just and right; and more than this, it might be pronounced *seasonable*, after the recent attempt, all but successful, on the life of the French Emperor. But John Bull does not like to be bullied or dictated to, or even to *appear* to act under foreign pressure or compulsion. The French Colonels, too, were insolent; and the *Moniteur*, to prove to France and Europe how fervent was the attachment of the army to the Imperial House, inserted their demands to be led against the "den of assassins." Next, a dispatch (dictated, no doubt, by the Emperor,) was read to Lord Clarendon by the French Ambassador, in which it was affirmed, most untruly, that assassination *was openly preached* in England, without rebuke; and to this odious document no *written answer was given* by the Cabinet, and *no apology* or *retraction of it* appeared in the *Moniteur*. Nay, while Napoleon, by his Ambassador here, expressed his "regret" for the insertion of the threatening words of his Colonels, the official journal KEPT SILENT, and all France—a free press being gagged or destroyed—was left to believe that England really harbored assassins, known as such! Now, this was "too bad," and unmistakable symptoms of national "*sulk*" began to show themselves. When, therefore, the second reading of the Conspiracy Bill was brought forward, on Friday last, party spirit combining with true patriotism, and with the thorough resolve that this free land should not cower or truckle before a despot, who, if gratified in one point, might make it a stepping-stone to further demands, mustered their forces and showed fight. In vain did Lord Palmerston plead, for the second reading of the bill, on its merits. The clever Mr. Milnor Gibson, who led the motley host that upset the Palmerston Ministry last March, on the Chinese question, again put himself in the van. The resolution was most skillfully worded, to the effect, that while the House regarded with horror the attempt made on the life of the Emperor, and desired that any person conspiring here, should be punished on conviction, yet that a dispatch imputing false charges against England had not been answered by our Government, and that such a neglect was to be strongly condemned.

Gladstone, Pakington, Walpole, and Disraeli, all rallied in is favor, speaking, *not* against Napoleon, but *against Palmerston and Clarendon*. They skillfully *made it an English question*, turning on a cowardly and guilty neglect in not answering, *in writing*, the insulting dispatch. Lord John Russell, for the Liberals out of office, made a telling speech; and Bright and the Radicals, who hate Palmerston worse than they do the Tories, were delighted with the golden opportunity. And so, by a majority of nineteen in a full House, and amid intense excitement, the amendment was carried, and the "Conspiracy" Bill postponed.

But a new Cabinet remained to be provided. Ere now, Lord Derby, in several crises, has been "sent for" by the Queen, but has as often (save in 1852,) retired baffled from the attempt. He himself cares not for office. He is rich; he is an orator rather than a legislator and statesman, and his proper place is that of the fiery leader of the Opposition, and glorying in an onslaught on the Ministry in power. But he has a powerful band of followers, able, eminent, longing for place and pay, and weary of sitting on the "shady side" of either House of Parliament. Without question, they reckon up the ablest lawyers, such as St. Leonards, and Sir Frederick Thesiger, to say nothing of Irishmen like Napier and Whiteside. Mr. Gladstone could not afford to make up his old differences with them, and re-occupy his post as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But with Thesiger as Lord Chancellor, all men will be pleased. With Lord Stratford de Redcliffe over the Foreign office, (as was spoken of,) not only would Turkey be safe, but that stout-hearted old diplomatist would be quite as firm, though not as conciliatory as Clarendon, in his attitude to foreign powers.

But why not "send for" Lord John Russell? I believe this might have been the solution of the knot, but for his committing himself against any "Conspiracy" bill at all. To have put him in office, therefore, would have been an open defiance of France.

A cabinet then has been formed by Lord Derby. Lord Redcliffe has refused to serve, and so do the Peelites. Malmesbury is in the Foreign Office, and is sure to be a sycophant of despotism, and of Louis Napoleon. The Emperor of France has thus been the "marplot" of the Cabinet, and was Palmerston's evil genius. But the latter has still life and "pluck" in him. The Conservatives, as such, can command no *real* majority. They have declared against immediate legislation for India, which, by a large majority, the House of Commons has approved, and on the Chinese quarrel they have long since committed themselves against that policy, in the prosecution of which Canton has been taken, with singular ability and daring, and the notorious Yeh, (the political pet of the Tories,) along with the Tartar General, has become a prisoner of war. Still Lord Derby will do his utmost to keep his place for a time; and perhaps to-night, when the House meets after adjournment, we may find him very conciliatory, and more liberal than was expected. It gives a great party a "turn," but already the *Times* is setting itself in desperate resolve against the Cabinet, ridiculing its incapability, and taunting the Liberals on the result of their vengeful vote. Palmerston, penitent, may ere long resume the reigns. His followers must be driven almost to madness at the sudden clutch of power and pay by their adversaries. Besides, the non-official Liberals cannot cease to be liberal, and therefore will not suffer themselves to be betrayed, permanently, into a false position by their Tory adversaries.

It remains to be seen whether Parliament, having vindicated its independence, may not, *on principle*, pass a law equivalent to the proposed "Conspiracy Bill." The *Times* says, truly, that the second reading of that bill was *not* refused, and that it is quite competent to bring it forward on its own merits. The Radicals, however, will oppose it in any shape; and if, as Lord Campbell says, the law as it stands is sufficient to punish conspiracy, it is likely, that the new Cabinet will not press the bill, especially as Louis Napoleon is sure to be very complaisant to *them*. What courtesy and conciliation *can* do "to make things smooth," will doubtless be done by the Cabinet; and even as to India, they may plead, that as Parliament has resolved that it shall be governed in the Queen's name, the resolve must be carried out. The idea is thus expressed in one morning paper, and Lord Derby *may* eagerly adopt it, as his plea for consummating the Whig measure, a *délay* of which he advocated:

"If, at this crisis, when tidings of the downfall of the Company have gone out to the East, and utterly extinguished its remaining *prestige*, a new Cabinet were to proclaim the reversal of that Imperial policy, there would be an end to all hopes of responsible administration of the Queen's Eastern dominions."

As to the Ecclesiastical policy of the new Cabinet, it is pretty certain that it will be High-Church, and Anti-Evangelical. This statement, however, admits or demands a two-fold modification; first, that as Gladstone is *not* in the Ministry, Tractarianism, as such, is not likely to receive favor; and secondly, that in Ireland the Evangelical clergy will, politically be in the ascendant for promotion. It is a curious anomaly, that while *here* the High-Church and Tractarian parties are "Romeward" in their religious sympathies, and yet Derbyites, in Ireland, opposition to both, on the part of the Conservatives, is most decided. With Derby in office, Semi-*Popery* gains *in England*; but, *per contra*, Evangelical Churchism gains, and Popery is discountenanced, in Ireland! The Irish Government of the Whigs has always conciliated the Papists, and promoted Romish lawyers. The new Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Eglinton, will, on the contrary, smile on the Protestant and Orange gentry, and will even *affect*, at least, to tamper with and to disapprove the National system of Education. It is a melancholy thing to see religion thus in fetters. The *Record* bitterly grieves over Palmerston's fall, while Oxford and his organs exult; but, whether Whig or Tory is in office, the Erastian ligatures remain firm and fast upon the limbs of the Anglican Church. When shall the time come when she shall burst her bonds and be free? Can it come in England without a revolution?

THE LEVIATHAN, now in the river, will be got ready for sea during the next four months, and will probably make her first voyage to American in July next.

Our NAVY is now being closely looked to, and a squadron for channel service is being made ready with all possible dispatch. This was resolved on before the crisis; but now it almost assumes the aspect of a warning to France, not to suppose that we can be invaded or surprised.

PRIEST CONWAY, so notorious as a ring-leader of a mob in the last Mayo election, and ordered by a vote of the House of Commons to be prosecuted, has been tried at Dublin. The result was, that of the twelve jurors, six Protestants, and two Romanists were for conviction, the other four Papists refused; and so there was no verdict. Another priest (Ryan,) has had his trial postponed. Popish jurymen feel quite at ease in acquitting a priest. They know that the Canon Law sets ecclesiastics above civil law; and if Cardinal Wiseman or Dr. Cullen confesses them, they will not require each to cry "*Mea Culpa*," for what they have done in the way of good service to the cause of mother Church and her consecrated sons.

The TRIAL OF ORSINI and his companions, at Paris, is begun. There seems no doubt of their conviction. Several of the accused have, on private examination, confessed the design of assassinating the Emperor. Bernard (now under examination before a London Magistrate, and likely to be tried *here*, under our laws against "misdemeanors,") is included in the indictment. He was formerly a surgeon in the French navy. The *youth* of the leading conspirators—Orsini, a literary man, aged twenty-nine; Charles de Rudio, Professor of Languages, aged twenty-five; Antony Gomez, aged twenty-nine—suggests melancholy thoughts, especially in connexion with their (too probable) early doom to the guillotine.

AN ESSAY ON PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT has just been published, from the pen of Lord Grey. He is the son of the famous Earl Grey, who carried the Reform measure, and was long well known as Lord Howick in the House of Commons. I have, ere now, described his fidgetty, restless aspect, as seen in the House of Peers, and his former unpopularity as Colonial Minister. As an old Reformer, he deals rather treacherously in his book with Constitutional and Representative Government. He was asked this week, by Lord Derby, to join his Cabinet, but he refused. The *Times*, however, says that each of the two peers, though politically unlike, believes, with a fixed faith, that it is the right of his Order to govern the world. Lord Grey is displeased that there should be a Reform in the sense of destroying that "Parliamentary Government" which, he says, "derives its whole force from an influence very much akin to corruption." He thinks that "at present the fault of the House of Commons is not that the power it gives to popular opinion or clamor (for, they are not easily distinguished,) is too small, but rather that it is, in fact, too great." He admits that there must be a Reform Bill; but he recommends the Queen's nomination of "a Committee of Privy Council, of different political parties, to consider and to report what measures should be adopted. On all this, the *Times* remarks with just severity, as well as on his reproaches, not of Americans, but of the working of the American Constitution, adding, "if an Imperialist writer in Paris wanted arguments against free institutions in general, he would desire no better text-book than that in which Lord Grey lectures the House of Commons, *vituperates the American Congress*, and sneers at the Assemblies of Canada, Australia, and the Cape." Bad tempered politicians and statesmen, like Lord Grey, when thwarted in their whims and high-handed measures by a free Legislature, very naturally call in question the use of Parliamentary Government. Liberty, however, is safe in spite of such men, if but its friends are true to it and to one another, and, above all, if it be kept under the regulating control of Bible-taught principle, and be asserted by a people leavened by genuine Christianity. Be this, then, one great mission of the Church of God; for even *politically* it is true, that

"He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside."

HUGH MILLER'S GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, is about to be sold. It was estimated by Government valuators at £500; but since then, £1,000 was offered by a nobleman, and one thousand guineas from America. But by adding £1 subscriptions to the Government offer of £500, it is likely to be retained as the property of the nation, and will form part of the Natural History in the University of Edinburgh.

The RECEPTION, at Calcutta, of the ladies and children rescued at Lucknow, is thus described by an eye-witness:

Cheers were given at first, but only slowly responded to, people evidently being too much occupied with their own reflections to think of cheering; but as the ladies and children proceeded up, people doffed their hats almost mechanically, silently looking on as the heroines passed. At this moment another ship in the harbor fired a salute, but it did not sound joyfully; it appeared rather like minute guns in remembrance of those whose widows and orphans were now passing in solemn review before us.

The black dresses of most of the ladies, told the tale of their bereavement, whilst the pallid faces, the downcast looks, and the slow walk, bore evidence of the great sufferings they must have undergone both in mind and body. And yet how thankful must we be that they have been spared other trials, in comparison to which death itself would be relief. As they passed, a chaos of sad recollections forced itself upon our mind, and we asked, where are those who, for the sake of saving English women and children from dishonor and death, have willingly sacrificed their own lives? Where is the illustrious Havelock? where the heroic Neill? where so many others that have stretched forth their arm for the rescue of helpless women and innocent children? Alas! they are no more; but their names will live for ever in the heart of every true Briton.

It is now said that two Regiments of the Line, and one of artillery, did not behave well at the battle fought by Windham at Cawnpore, and that Sir Colin declares that had the orders of the latter been carried out, his position would have been maintained. Several Colonels, it is said, have been dismissed by Sir Colin. He is wonderfully firm and energetic. The *Times* hopes that Lord Ellenborough will not send out orders which may in any way cripple the Commander-in-Chief. J.W.

P. S.—Lord Derby will make his statement to-night, and Parliament, after Monday next, is likely to be adjourned for a fortnight.

I enclose a paper from *Punch*, most suggestive, amid all its fun, of the importance of our preserving intact the right of asylum. Perhaps there is not room for it in your columns. [See fourth page.]

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Correction.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow an Old School minister to accept the correction of your censor.

The Latin quotation was in great hurry penned, and as inadvertently allowed to go through the press and beyond reach, when the blunder, though seen, could not be corrected.

The general rule of your censor is also accepted, and has been almost invariably acted upon; that is, to avoid classical quotations and foreign words, in popular writing.

EVANGELICUS.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Kindness of a People to their Pastor.

At a full meeting of the Mount Pleasant Presbyterian congregation, held in their Lecture room in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, March 4th, 1858, the pastor, Rev. Timothy Stearns, asked them to unite with him in asking Presbytery to dissolve his pastoral relation, in consequence of his ill health. After some discussion, the following action was taken:

WHEREAS, it has pleased an All-wise Providence to afflict, sorely, our beloved pastor, and thus disqualify him for the present discharge of his ministerial duties; and whereas we believe that by a temporary release from the cares and labors of his charge, his health may be restored; and in view of his untiring energy in building up this church, and his watchful care over the flock, we do therefore most cheerfully resolve, that it would be unwise and inexpedient to have the pastoral relation dissolved at present.

It was also resolved, unanimously, that we release Mr. Stearns from his pastoral duties until the first of next October, and during his absence we will endeavor to obtain a supply.

Facts and Gleanings.

GOD'S PRUNING.—Our Lord bloweth the bloom off our foolish hopes in this life, and loppeth the branches off our worldly joys well nigh the root, on purpose that they should not thrive.—*Rutherford.*

LOVE is a grace of so active a nature, that it is still working, and yet never weary. Your labor of love, says the Apostle. It labors, but delight makes the hardest labor sweet and easy; and so proper is action to it, that all action is null without it.—*Leighton.*

THE SHIPBUILDER'S OPINION.—A shipbuilder was once asked what he thought of Whitefield. "Think!" he replied; "I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitefield I could not lay a single plank."

THE BREATH OF PRAYER.—If there be within us any sparks of Divine love, the best way not only to preserve them, but to excite them, to blow them up into a flame, is by the breath of prayer. O prayer, the converse of the soul with God; the breath of God in man returning to its original; the better half of our whole work, and that which makes the other half lively and effectual!—*Leighton.*

CONCORD AND DISCORD.—The chime of church bells is, of all sounds, that which conveys the most melancholy or the most joyous impressions to the heart, according to the circumstances under which it is heard, and the associations with which it is connected. If the feelings are not in accordance with their peal, there is no sound so unutterably, so unaccountably sad as that of a merry chime.—*Lady Dacre.*

THE WORLD'S DISTINCTIONS.—Differences of high and low, rich and poor, are only calculated for the present world, and cannot outlive time. In the grave, at the day of judgment, and in heaven, there are no such distinctions. The grave taketh away all civil differences. Skulls wear no wreaths and marks of honor. Job iii: 19. When civil differences vanish, moral take their place. The distinction, then, is good and bad, not great and small.—*Manton.*

BE HOLY.—As ever you hope for comfort or peace in your last hour, see that your souls be such as may be then fit to be commended into the hands of a holy and just God. See that they be holy souls; God will never accept them if they be not holy souls. He that hath this hope (namely, to see God,) purifieth himself even as he is pure.—1. John iii: 3. Endeavors after holiness are inseparably connected with all rational expectations of blessedness.—*Flavel.*

CHEERFUL CHURCH MUSIC.—When the poet Calpany inquired of his friend Haydn, how it happened that his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most beautiful reply: "I cannot," said he, "make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

BUDS:—

Folded in its tiny leaflets,
Unrevealed to mortal eyes,
Many a flower most sweet and graceful,
In its modest beauty lies;
Waiting but the charming sunshine,
And the gently falling dew,
To ope its matchless beauties
To the world's admiring view.

And the child—its hidden graces,
Like the bud with folded leaves,
Linger but for smiles and sunshine
Which a friendly face can give,
Ere they burst the clasping petals,
Ere the human bud expands,
And reveals the wondrous favors
Given by Eternal hands.