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

WHOLE NO. 385

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TERMS.—IN ADV[illegible]E.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

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Origi[illegible] Poetry.

C[illegible]ream.

"Come, mo[illegible]own a while,
And take m[illegible]knee;
I'll tell you such a [illegible]tty dream,
That came last night to me.
I thought I saw an angel, ma,
When you were fast asleep;
I hid behind the curtains, there,
And watch'd to get a peep.

"His face, it was so beautiful,
So calm, and peaceful, too;
His wings were like the sunset clouds—
Bright gold; his eyes, how blue!
But when he opened wide his arms,
And whispered, 'Charlie, come,'
I went right up, and was n't 'fraid—
I thought 't was pa, come home.

"He looked on me, as Jesus looked
Upon those children fair
You told me of, one day, you mind
I wish'd that I'd been there?
I long'd to go with him, dear ma,
But thought you'd be so sad,
Left all alone, until he said
Some words, that made me glad.

"Bend down your head, my ma, right close,
I'll tell you what he said—
'I'm Jesus, I will love your ma,
So be no more afraid.'
Now was n't that right nice, mamma?
Now can't you laugh with me?"
So Charlie ran away to play,
And laugh'd in childish glee.

His mother's heart was glad again,
She knelt, and thus she pray'd:
"If Jesus is the widow's friend,
I'll be no more afraid.

"Oh thou, who art a faithful friend,
My weary footsteps guide;
And let me enter heaven's bright gate,
With Charlie by my side.
There, safe at last, with eager step
I'll walk the golden street,
And, with my dear ones, haste to bow,
In gladness, at thy feet."

S.L.C.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the North-West.—Shall the next Assembly Organize it?

That the time has fully come for establishing a Seminary in the North-West, as has been done in every other grand division of the Church, seems most manifest from many considerations, amongst which are the following:

There are here ten Synods not embraced in the field of any other Seminary, covering the territory of six and one-half States of vigorous growth, and extending from the Scioto river to the Missouri, and from Evansville to St. Paul. These Synods contain forty-four Presbyteries, eight hundred and fifteen churches, five hundred and forty-one ministers, forty-six thousand communicants, and ninety-four candidates for the ministry. The relative strength of the several Seminary fields, as the boundaries of each have been settled by Synodical action, or common consent, is shown by the annexed tabular statement from Minutes of Assembly for 1858. This statement shows,

First—That no Seminary field equals the North-Western in number of candidates, except the Princeton; that the North-Western has fifty-four per cent. more candidates than are on the field of Danville, and fifty-four per cent. more than the Columbia and the Union combined.

Second—That in communicants, the North-Western field is not materially surpassed, except by the Princeton, while it has nearly twice as many as either the Danville, the Columbia, or the Union, including in these their colored members.

Third—That we have about nine per cent. more churches than any other Seminary field; fifty per cent. more than either the Allegheny or the Danville, and twenty per cent. more than both the Columbia and the Union. Of course the North-Western churches have far less wealth, though generally giving more promise of growth than those in the other districts.

Fourth—That as to ministers, this field is exceeded only by the Princeton, while we have sixty-two per cent. more than the field of either Allegheny or Danville, and twenty-five per cent. more than those of Union and Columbia combined. This comparative view demonstrates that the North-West is lagging far behind other sections, in the duty of educating a ministry for the Church.

That the time for efficient, and united effort has come, is shown also by the fact that other Seminaries are full. No one could desire more students at one school than are at Princeton, (one hundred and eighty-one;) and before our Seminary can be fairly under way, Allegheny, having now one hundred and twenty-five, will be sufficiently crowded. Dr. Archibald Alexander thought one hundred students enough for one Seminary. Dr. R. J. Breckinridge has maintained that no more than sixty should be collected at one Institution.

The revival blessing of 1858, also calls the Church, with adoring gratitude and self-sacrificing zeal, to enter upon this work. Think for a moment of her sons that have been gathered into the fold, and how many of them may set their face toward the ministry, and it may be, are even now waiting to enter this Seminary. Our Board of Education report an increase of fifty per cent. over last year, in the number of new candidates under their care. Shall the North-Western Church longer remain inactive, responding not to these distinct calls upon her in this behalf? Shall her own young men, thus made willing to devote their lives to the ministry, if the Church will afford facilities for their education, find no place of instruction within reasonable distance of home and friends? If there was room at Princeton and Allegheny, the distance from Illinois or Indiana is a hinderance. Business men may speak lightly of a trip to the East. But to students of little means, and perhaps with aged parents, or it may be, a widowed mother, to care for, the journey, and eight months' absence each year at that distance, is a great discouragement. The influence of this Seminary in our midst would be good, also, as an incentive, directing the minds of young men to this subject. Many pulpits in the West are now filled by those whose first thoughts of the ministry may have been suggested by proximity to, or contact in some sort with, Hanover, New Albany, or Allegheny.

A thoughtful observer of the signs of the times will not fail to discover an urgent, providential call to this work, in the growing demand for ministers at home and abroad. Nearly corresponding in time with this revival, and the great increase of candidates, wide openings for missionary labor have been secured in almost every heathen country—in China and Japan, by favorable treaties with leading Protestant nations—in India, by the re-establishment of British rule, with valuable, though dearly-bought experience, prompting to a firmer support of Christianity—and in Africa, by the hopeful discoveries of Livingstone. And on our own Cotinent, much as we may regret and discourage the spirit of unlawful conquest, the American people, with their higher civilization, are spreading and will spread over new regions of vast extent; and the Gospel should follow them. Then, if we search for destitutions nearer home, we shall find two hundred and fifty vacant churches of our own within the bounds of these ten Synods. Toward supplying this demand, shall the Presbyterian Church of the North-West contribute nothing?

On this wide field there can be no want of means, even in these times, to establish the Institution, with endowment sufficient for useful service, to be increased as its growth may require. Leaving out of view the smaller churches, even to the extent of half or two-thirds of the eight hundred within these Synods, the needful contribution divided amongst the remainder, would burden them lightly.

A DIRECTOR.

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF SEMINARY FIELDS.

SEMINARIES.	Synods.	Presbyteries	Ministers.	Churches.	Communicants.	Candidates.
Princeton, ...	6	38	793	751	87,929	169
Allegheny, ...	4	20	333	541	49,943	80
Danville, ...	6	30	330	515	25,391	61
Columbia, ...	3	12	231	363	24,317	29
Union, ...	2	8	197	310	24,847	32
North-Western,	10	44	541	815	45,969	94

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Minor Reforms Needed.

NO. II.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am well aware of the difficulty of introducing reforms in matters of this sort. Respect for the dead, as well as for the opinions of the living, inclines us to comply with all the demands of custom in regard to the last sad offices. A few hints, however, on this subject, may lead to reflection, if they can effect nothing more.

1. Why should all who attend a funeral, be expected to *take a last look at the corpse*, before the coffin is closed? There are neighborhoods where it seems to be regarded as something like want of respect for the departed, and of sympathy for the afflicted family, not to conform to this custom. After the funeral services are closed, much time is often occupied with these last looks, first by the members of the family, and then by all others who may desire it. Unnecessary delay is thus occasioned. Besides, how unbecoming is it that these domestic griefs and outbursts of sorrow, should thus be exhibited to the public gaze! Who has not been painfully struck with the impropriety of such *scenes?*

A reform is needed here. Let the family, and any other friends, take this last sad farewell in the privacy of the funeral chamber, and then let the coffin be closed *before* the religious services commence. Thus, besides avoiding delay, the solemnity of the occasion will not be marred by the unseemly spectacle of a crowd elbowing each other in their eager curiosity to *see how the corpse looks!*

2. Why should not the funeral services be *held in the church*, (when it is near the burying ground,) rather than at the house of the deceased? Who has not observed the inconvenience and impropriety of gathering a congregation together within and around the house, on a funeral occasion? The chambers above and below, and perhaps the stairways, halls, and porches, are all crowded; few are able to hear the speaker; many suffer discomfort and injury to health, from exposure, if the weather is cold or wet; or if it be Summer, those who may be in the room where the corpse is, are sometimes compelled to inhale a noisome and pestilential effluvia, diffused from the yet unclosed coffin!

Why all this? This inconvenience—this discomfort—this sowing of seed for future harvests of death? It might all be avoided, by conveying the remains at once to the church, and holding the funeral services there. Let it be understood that only the immediate relatives and near neighbors are expected to form the procession from the house to the church, and that the minister and congregation will meet them there at an appointed hour. Many more would thus be likely to attend, and a "larger funeral," (if that be an object,) would be secure, than if all were expected to go to the house of the deceased, and to ride thence, perhaps for miles, in slow procession, and often through bad roads and stormy weather.

The funeral services being ended, let the remains be conveyed, at once, and in silence, to the grave; and as soon as the filling up has commenced, let it be expected that the congregation will retire, without waiting (often in cold and wet,) until the process has been completed.

3. I shall not dwell upon the evils connected with the preaching of funeral sermons on every occasion of death. This custom prevails more in other denominations than among Presbyterians. With some, even an infant is not considered as decently buried, without a funeral sermon; and if the minister cannot be had at the time, the "funeral" must still be preached, though it be months after the interment! This borders on superstition.

A few pertinent remarks, with singing and prayer, is all the funeral service that is ordinarily expedient. Let there be no remarks at the grave, but let the solemn silence speak. And let there be no returning of the thanks of the family to the congregation, for their attendance, &c. As well might the minister thank the people for coming to church on the Sabbath.

4. *Excessive funeral expenses* should be avoided. These are more common in cities. They are such as costly coffins, trains of funeral carriages, the putting on of expensive mourning apparel, &c. In compliance with these customs, many a family in limited circumstances is burdened with expenses which they can ill afford; or they are regarded as wanting in proper respect for their dead.

Is there no escape from this tyranny of custom? Will not the rich set an example at least of moderation in these things? Will not wealthy Christians, especially, have regard to their poorer brethren, instead of vying with the vain display of the world in its ostentatious mockery of sorrow? And as to mourning apparel, why cannot female mourners be satisfied (as men are,) with some *sable appendages* to their ordinary dress, instead of submitting to the infliction of having to wear costly and uncomfortable *black* for months or years?

Other evils might be mentioned, but let these suffice. Will not ministers, elders, and influential families, talk about these things, and try to introduce the proposed reforms, so far as they may approve them?

"W.C."

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Presbytery of Puget Sound.

OLYMPIA, Sept. 27, 1858.

In accordance with a previous arrangement, Rev. G. F. Whitworth, of the Presbytery of New Albany; Rev. J. W. Goodell, of the Presbytery of Oregon; Rev. G. W. Sloan, of the Presbytery of Ohio; and Mr. Wm. Kincaid, Ruling Elder of the First Presbyterian church, of Olympia; met at Olympia, to consult in reference to the interests of the Presbyterian Church in Washington Territory, and also to consider the propriety of constituting a Presbytery. Having spent a few days in religious services, connected with a communion occasion, and after consultation and prayer, Rev. G. F. Whitworth was called to the Chair, and Rev. G. W. Sloan was appointed Clerk. It was unanimously resolved that we constitute a Presbytery, to be called the *Presbytery of Puget Sound*, in connexion with the Synod of the Pacific.

Rev. G. F. Whitworth was elected Moderator, and Rev. G. W. Sloan, Stated Clerk.

Resolved, That the bounds of this Presbytery embrace the Territory of Washington, consisting of the following churches, as at present constituted, viz.: First Presbyterian church of Olympia, First Presbyterian church of Steilacoom, and Presbyterian church of Grand Mound.

Resolved, That we memorialize the next General Assembly, asking that body to recognize us as a Presbytery.

Resolved, That the stated meetings of Presbytery be held semi-annually, on the Fridays preceding the second Sabbaths of April and September.

NARRATIVE OF THE STATE OF RELIGION WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THIS PRESBYTERY.

In presenting this, our first Narrative of the State of Religion within our bounds, we would render praise to the great Head of the Church, that he called us to labor for the upbuilding of his kingdom, and the glory of his name in this distant and desolate field, and that we witness what we do this day, the few feeble churches we have been permitted to gather, with their pastors, erected into a Presbytery; that we are no longer as stones scattered promiscuously over the field, but are gathered into an edifice built upon the foundation of the Prophets and Apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. Our beginning is indeed small, but remembering the parable of the grain of mustard seed, we thank God and take courage. Until recently, there were but two, and at present there are but three ministers, of our denomination, in the whole Territory. These are located at Olympia, Steilacoom, and Grand Mound. But their labors are not confined to these localities. These are points from which radiate the few rays of light of our Zion into this extended field, bounded on the East by the Cascade Mountains, on the South by the Columbia river, on the West by the Pacific, and on the North by the Straits of De Fuca and the British Possessions, embracing an area of more than thirty thousand square miles. Although much of this vast region is still a wilderness, whose solitude is broken only by savage beasts and savage men, yet here and there, throughout the whole extent, civilization has commenced; settlements have been made, towns and villages have sprung up, and deathless beings are asking, at our hands, the Bread of Life. We hear, in every direction, the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." Surely, "the harvest is great, but the laborers are few."

During the past year there have been manifest indications of the Spirit's power. Marked attention has been given to the Word, and in some instances it has proved the power of God unto salvation. The "dead have heard the voice of the Son of Man, and lived." Several family altars have been erected, and numbers have laid hold of God's Covenant mercy, for themselves and their offspring.

Our Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes are represented as being of an interesting character, and the Assembly's Catechism has been committed to memory by many of our youth. The cause of Temperance has made some progress, though small in comparison with the magnitude of the evil to be overcome. The ravages of intemperance, in all our towns and villages, are fearful upon the bodies and souls of men; and although we would encourage all moral efforts, we believe that nothing but the power of the Gospel of Christ can eradicate this evil.

Finally, we feel that we are called to great humiliation before God, and renewed consecration to his service. Surely, we are "less than the small dust of the balance," in his sight, but he is Almighty; and though a scoffing world may say of us, as did Sanballat and Tobiah of Ezra and his companions, when they undertook to rebuild Jerusalem, "What do these feeble Jews?" we trust our God will enable us to lay foundations for many generations.

GEO. W. SLOAN, S. C.

THE BOOK OF JOB.—Webster, Carlyle, Coleridge, and (we believe) Chalmers, each expressed the opinion that the Book of Job is the sublimest poem in the possession of mankind.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

The Pennsylvania Bible Society.

Any persons in Westmoreland, Washington, and Beaver Counties, who have received money for the Society, or who have received books on deposit or for sale, are requested to report to the undersigned, Agent for those counties, as soon as practicable—or, at farthest, by the first of next April. This is necessary to enable him to make his annual report in April. The reports should embrace—1st, the amount of works received; 2d, amount sold; 3d, amount donated; and, 4th, the amount on hands. The books remaining on hands should be forwarded to the Depository in Pittsburgh; or, those in Westmoreland County can be left with Mr. Shryock, editor, in Greensburg; those in Washington County, with C. M. Reed, Washington; and those in Beaver County, with Dr. Sargent, New Brighton. The receipt of these persons for the works, should be sent to me, and also any money the agents may have, directed to me, at Pittsburgh. Some of the agents have already made full and satisfactory reports. This notice is intended for those who have not yet made full reports, as above desired. Each county is charged with the works received by the agents, and when the agents do not make full reports of sales or of works on hand, the county cannot receive its proper credit.

Westmoreland and Washington Counties have done nobly for the Bible cause for the last two years; and Beaver County is doing better now than she has done for many years. This year we have no doubt Beaver County will pay all the expense of the present exploration; will pay off her old debt, which has stood for some ten years; and will give something besides for general distribution.

At the close of the year, I hope to be able to make a report that will be creditable to all the counties, and will cheer the hearts of those friends who have taken an interest in the good cause. CHARLES THORN.

Pittsburgh, Feb. 10, 1859.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Decease of Mrs. Scudder.

Another bright star in the Christian galaxy has receded from earth. Mrs. Maria Scudder departed this life after a few days illness, in the 90th year of her age, at the house of her daughter, in the city of New York. Her remains were removed to Freehold, New Jersey, and buried in the graveyard of the old Tennent church. She was the daughter of Col. Philip Johnston, who was "a Christian and patriot, and fell in the battle of Long Island in 1776."

She was blessed with twelve children, forty-two grandchildran, and forty-two great grandchildren. One of her sons, Dr. John Scudder, was missionary to India. Her daughter, Theodosia, was the wife of Mr. Wm. Pohlman, a missionary in China: Three other daughters were married to clergymen. Six of her grandchildren are in the missionary field at Arcot, India. One died before completing his studies, in the expectation of joining that mission. Some others are preparing themselves to go and labor among the heathen.

Mrs. Scudder was descended from a noble family. Her mind was strong; her manners gentle and refined, and united with great dignity. Her heart was also full of affection. But the crowning excellence of all, was her *deep-toned* piety. She was from early life, a faithful, a praying, a loving Christian. A few days before her death, she told one of her daughters that the Saviour had taken away the sting of death from her, and that he was so much to her, that he was the *all, all, all!* On Sabbath she repeated the hymn, "'T was on that dark and doleful night," and remarked, she thought it was so solemn, and that it was formerly always sung in the old Tennent church, on sacramental days. She told her pastor that her feelings had not been so ecstatic as during her illness last Winter; but she had perfect confidence, and added: "How can I doubt when the Saviour permits me to come so near to him, and to rest on his bosom!"

Her spirit took its flight the following Tuesday, and the Saviour's *peace in the soul*, was impressed upon her countenance, which looked very youthful for one of her years. Both body and mind continued vigorous until her final sickness. She has left a precious legacy, in her bright example and her many prayers, which are recorded on high.

Fertility of the Holy Land.

No country of equal size probably contains greater inequalities of surface than Palestine—varying from the peaks of Lebanon, ten thousand feet above the sea level, to the plain of Jericho, one thousand three hundred feet below it. Hence the Holy Land afforded almost every variety of vegetable productions; and when in its glory, populous and cultivated, and enjoying the smiles of Jehovah, it was not unworthy of the glowing rhapsody of Dr. Hamilton, the emphatic terms of which are almost all from the Bible:

"A better country than this, earth did not contain. It was 'a delightsome' and 'a pleasant land;' 'a goodly heritage of the hosts of nations.' It was variegated and intersected with all the elements of sublimity and beauty, with whatever was bold and gentle. It was a wealthy place. Aromatic herbs covered its hills, and the fairest flowers decked its glens. The rose was in Sharon, and the lily in the valleys. The voice of the turtle was heard in the land. There roamed the vine, and there clustered the date, and there hung the pomegranate. The cedar towered on the mountains, and the myrtle skirted their sides. No human hand could raise the clusters of Eshcol. The South wind, passing over the gardens, caused the spices thereof to flow out. The seasons revolved in their variety, but with a blended sweetness. There was the upland breeze, in which the fir could wave its arms, and the softer air, in which the olive unfolded its blossom. The sun smote not by day, nor the moon by night. The birds sang among the branches. The dew lay thick in Hermon. There was balm in Gilead. The lign-aloe drooped from the river bank. Lakes glistened in the landscape, and cooled the drought. Beautiful for situation was mount Zion. The cattle browsed on a thousand hills. The excellency of Carmel and the glory of Lebanon set their pinnacles against the deep azure of Canaan's sky. The year was crowned with goodness. The Lord God cared for that land, and his eye was always upon it. At the stated period fell the early and latter rain. The pastures were clothed with flocks. The ploughman overtook the reaper; and the treader of grapes him that sowed the seed. The barns were filled with plenty, and the presses burst out with new wine. The little hills rejoiced on every side. The vineyards distilled the pure blood of the grape. The fountain of Jacob was upon a land of corn and wine. The inhabitants were filled with the finest of the wheat. It flowed with milk and honey. Its heavens dropped fatness. The land might be called Beulah. The distant glimpse of its prospect refreshed the dying eye of Moses; and of all thine earthly territory this is emphatically thy land, O Immanuel."

This flowery description by no means applies to Palestine as it now is. Depopulated, neglected, misgoverned, it has become as desolate as it once was beautiful and fertile; and testifies to the truth of God's Word, "Woe be unto them when I depart from them."—*American Messenger*.

From our London Correspondent.

Uneasy Feeling Throughout Europe—The Young Princess-Bride, and her "Resignation"—The Moniteur's Quasi Denial—French and Austrian Warlike Preparations—The Probable Course of the French Democrats—A War for "Noble Italy"—England and an Increase of the Navy—The Cabinet, Victor Emmanuel and the Prince of Wales—The Burns' Centenary—Relics and Portraits—The Crystal Palace Demonstration—The Prize Poem and its Author—Enthusiasm in Scotland—Burns' Prophecy—Rev. T. Binney and the Bishop of Sydney—Death of Professor Watson—London Thoroughfares and their Perils—P. S.—The Joyful Princess Mother.

LONDON, January 28th, 1859.

AN UNEASY FEELING still prevails over Europe. Diplomatists are doubtless very busy, and it remains to be seen whether, by a fresh Congress or other means, the horrors of a war, the end of which no man can foresee, shall be averted or not. During the past eight days, the marriage of the Prince Napoleon with the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, has been definitely arranged, and will speedily be *une fait accompli*. The Turin correspondent of the fashionable *Morning Post*, speaks in true "Jenkins" style of the "resignation" of the young lady to the will of her father, and to the necessities of the political situation. Better far to have been a "penniless lass," *without* "a lang pedigree," and to have wedded an honest, hard-working swain, from pure affection. The Prince is not free from Parisian vices, and I believe has very little capacity, mentally, although he is said in face and feature so strikingly to resemble his great uncle, Napoleon I.

The *Moniteur* contradicts, in its own ambiguous way, the report that there has been just signed, as "a *preliminary*" to the marriage alliance, a treaty offensive and defensive between Sardinia and France. On the first reading of it, one felt relieved, it seemed so honest and straightforward; but then came that word "*preliminary*," to suggest that upon *this*, and this alone, the denial turned. It is a moral certainty that France is prepared to back, with all her power, (Napoleon being dictator, with five hundred thousand men at his back,) any resistance which Sardinia may be called on to make to Austrian troops, should they attack her. And if Sardinia were not morally sure of support, in becoming, under certain contingencies, the assailant, she would not use the language and assume the attitude which she does.

PREPARATIONS of a military character are going forward rapidly at Marseilles, and fresh contracts are being taken for provisions for the army, and ovens are being erected there. There are eight millions of cartridges at that port, besides other *materiel* of war, and much more is expected from different arsenals. All this is explained by those who think there will be peace, as but bearing on the colony of Algeria, to which additional troops have lately been sent.

Austria is calmly preparing for a struggle, if it is unavoidable, and it is even said that the young Emperor, in the case of a campaign, would put himsrlf at the head of his troops. The *Times* hints that Louis Napoleon might do the same. He has written much on the military art, has invented a new bore for cannon, and probably might be able to prove on the field that strategic skill is his in a considerable degree. *He* is the man to whom all eyes are directed. It is not too much to say that in his hands, under Providence, is the peace of Europe. He is mysterious, and *can* be treacherous. The following is an amusing illustration of this:

Among the many personal anecdotes current about the Emperor's skill as a tactician, it is said that on the eve of the *coup d'etat*, and when suspicion of his design was rife, he met a member of the Chamber who had recently lost his mother, and condoled with him on the mournful event. "It is, indeed, a sad thing, and one hard to bear," said the deputy, "to lose a parent to whom one has been so tenderly attached." "One thing," replied the President of the Republic, "is still sadder, and still harder to bear—to be suspected of plotting to overthrow a constitution one has sworn to preserve." The deputy went away satisfied that the danger was over, and communicated his satisfaction to the destined occupants of the prison vans of December.—*Saturday Review*.

It is more than probable that the Democratic party in France would rally under Napoleon's banner for what they called "noble Italy;" and it is equally likely that eminent generals of the Republican party, now pining in obscurity, poverty, and exile, would feel at liberty to unsheath their swords in the same cause, even under a leader whom now they will not recognize as an Emperor.

England is preparing for a European conflict, by great additions to her steam navy. It is said that Lord Derby's policy is to be so powerful in that arm as to be able to control belligerents, if a crisis comes. Certainly our main defence, as an island, from invasion, is a great navy. Our army has also been strengthened by militia regiments. It is said that the Cabinet has strongly urged a peace policy on Victor Emmanuel, and that, to prove England's friendship, the Prince of Wales will by-and-by visit Turin.

THE CENTENARY OF BURNS' BIRTH has been celebrated with great enthusiasm in Scotland. At the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, there was a mighty gathering, and an imposing demonstration in memory of Scotia's greatest Bard. Relics of Burns, consisting of autographs, locks of the poet's hair, (*one* quite gray,) autographs, a poem in his own hand-writing, (large and round, but rather *shaky*.) The verses of this have a *few* alterations by the stroke of the pen across a word. There is also the account kept by Burns, with his bookseller, of the sales of the first edition of his poems. This is very interesting, as also is the poet's writing desk, and a picture of "The Auld Clay Biggin," representing the cottage where Burns was born, *in its present state*. Here, also, was the original (and also a beautiful copy in oil,) of Nasmyth's celebrated picture of the Bard in 1787. The copy was executed in 1820. It was left by Lord Rutherford to John Richardson, Esq. Mr. Richardson still lives, and is among the last of the remarkable men among whom Brougham, Cockburn, and others, were so conspicuous. There is also the Taylor portrait, painted in 1786. At twelve o'clock at noon, a fine bust of Burns, crowned with the poet's bays, was unveiled in the presence of the multitude. It was on a lofty pedestal, in front of the great organ, and grouped beneath, along the front of the orchestra, were the busts of other great poets, including Coleridge, Byron, Wordsworth, Goethe, Moore, and the wicked and witty Voltaire.

At two o'clock, the first part of a concert was performed, in which Scotch music and Scotch songs were pre-eminent, or rather regnant. If we are to have songs, let us have not the namby-pamby compositions got up by English music masters, who write to order and for bread, but rather the gushing, tear-moving, soul-warming old melodies of Scotland and Ireland, rich in glorious associations, allied not only to the sublime, but to the solemn and the holy,

"Half like a household lay of love,
And half like a martyr's psalm."

At three o'clock, *the* event of the day came off—the reading of the prize poem, (fifty guineas the reward, and fame besides,) and the announcement of the author's name. Piled up the sides of the great orchestra, clustering along the galleries, and an undulating mass on the vast area, the multitude were hushed by the word "SILENCE," in white letters, on a red ground, hung out in front of the smaller orchestra. Then ascended the stairs and came forward to the front, Mr. Phelps, an eminent tragedian, who is noted as the revivor of a love for Shakespeare, and remarkable, in contrast to many others in his profession, for the excellence of his private character. He declaimed the prize "Ode" with a voice noble, and in tones varied, reading it with measured slowness and solemnity. It began thus:

"We hail this morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A poet peasant born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings,
Than all her kings!"

Burns' peasant youth is thus touched on:

"At early morn,
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain, and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield—
To what else was he born?"

Then comes the answer to this question, "To what else was he born?" Here it is, and it appears to me that the following is very poetic, just, and beautiful. Burns was

"The God-made king
Of every living thing;
(For his great heart in love could hold them all;)
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall—
Gifted to understand—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and [sheltered.

"To Nature's feast—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertained him best—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the East
She drap'd with crimson and with gold,
And poured her pure joy-wines
For him, the poet-souled.
For him the anthem rolled,
From the storm-wind among the Winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat."

Then, ere the close, we have a stanza in reference to the glory brought by Burns to Scotland, as follows:

"The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreathed
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung,
While some sweet plaint he breath'd;
The streams he wandered near;
The maidens whom he loved, the songs he sung;
All, all are dear!"

After the reading, a placard was hung out, in front of the small orchestra, with the name of the author, "ISA. CRAIG." It was hailed with cheers, but every one was either put out in his calculations, or else in the dark as to *who* this was—or whether male or female. A Scotch friend standing by me, said that it was the name of a young Scottish girl, early left an orphan, who has written lyrical pieces in the *Scotsman*, of Edinburgh. We find, also, that she was a writer in *Blackwood*. She also was employed in connexion with the Social Science Congress at Liverpool, and is still a literary assistant. She has resided two years in London. She has published a small volume of her metrical compositions, under the title of *Poems by Isa.*, ("*Isa*," is the abbreviation of "*Isabella*.") She was not present at the Crystal Palace, and had not even seen the advertisement in the *Times* announcing the *mottoes* of the successful poem. She had six hundred and twenty-one male and female competitors.

The *second* best poem, as yet unpublished, was the production of a youth named Myers, residing in Cheltenham, and about seventeen years old.

In Scotland, itself, the enthusiasm was general—it might be said to be almost universal. Lord Ardmillan, one of the Scottish Judges, who presided at the Edinburgh banquet, quoted James Montgomery's *Impromptu* on Burns:

"He passed through life's tempestuous night,
A brilliant, trembling Northern Light;
Through after years he shines from far,
A fixed, unsetting Polar Star."

He also quoted Professor Wilson's Eulogy: "Burns was, by far, the greatest Poet who ever sprung from the bosom of the people; and lived and died in humble condition."

An *old man*—nearly one hundred and one years of age—Walter Glover, was led from the body of the Hall to the platforms of *two* meetings, held in different parts of the city. He was born on the 18th of July, 1758. He related several interviews with Burns, "the gauger," in 1795, when employed, on his vocation, as a carrier to drive a number of puncheons of rum from Dumfries to Leith. He described Burns as "a weel-made mon, with dark hair and chestnut eyes," and said, "he was not talkative; but of course, he had nae business to converse with me; he just signed my permits, and my business was dune with hem."

The greatest gathering in Glasgow was in the City Hall. The Chairman was Alison, the Historian. He spoke with great eloquence. Colonel James Glencairne Burns, the son of the poet, told how his father once said to his wife, "Jean, one hundred years hence, they will think mair of me than they do now."

Too much, perhaps, has been made of this Centenary; and the danger is two-fold—first, a tendency to return to those drinking customs and practices which helped to hurry Burns to his grave; and secondly, to deify the memory of a man, and to draw from a great name incense to Scottish national vanity. I say all this, not without sympathy with the occasion; and I have been thus full on the whole matter, because it has occupied general attention, and will, I have no doubt, be read in your columns by large numbers, who are either of Scottish birth or of Caledonian descent.

THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY, of London, has for some time past been in Australia. He made the voyage chiefly for health's sake. He was received with great enthusiasm wherever he went, and had attentions paid to him, quite unusual. He deserved them all. He is intellectually great, as well as remarkable in other points.

The peculiar incident of his sojourn, was his visit to Sidney. There he was the guest of the Governor, and was brought into personal intercourse with the Bishop of Sidney. A large body of Church laity urged the latter to allow Mr. Binney to preach in the Cathedral. Others opposed this. The Bishop himself wrote Mr. Binney a remarkable and most liberal letter, in which he stated that while he could not admit him to the Cathedral, as it was contrary to "the customs" of the Church of England, his earnest desire was for close unity between Protestant Christians. As might be expected, however, the Bishop did not mean to give up Episcopacy, but to *tone it down*, as it were, and make out a Comprehensive Scheme—something, I presume, like Ussher's scheme of a Reduced Episcopacy.

In Australia, the separation between Church and State is complete. Episcopacy also has its Synods, and laymen have something to say in the management of its affairs. But although one great barrier is thus removed, the agitation in Australia but indicates *yearnings* which cannot be realized, it may be, for a long time to come. The *Morning Post*, in its remarks on the affair, takes High-Church ground, of course; acknowledges Mr. Binney to be a man of mark, but denies his "orders," and recommends him to enter the Church of England!

DOCTOR CAMPBELL has started a new weekly penny newspaper. It is called the *British Ensign*, and is likely to prove a success. It is most desirable, that there should be a cheap and commanding journal, thoroughly leavened with Christianity. Dr. C. takes the liberal view of politics, but he opposes the ballot as unmanly, maintaining that it should be open and above-board. He is becoming an old man, yet he continues to edit the *Christian Witness*, and the *British Standard*, and now adds the *Ensign*. He also preaches every Lord's-day at the Tabernacle, in Moorfields. His forte is *not* the pulpit, as his utterance is not very distinct. He announces, in the *Ensign*, that Professor Finney is coming to this country to promote Revivals. It is remarkable that Dr. Campbell, a strong Calvinist, threw open the Tabernacle to Mr. Finney, on his last visit to London. It is said that some members of Dr. C.'s family were there brought to a decision.

The Finney type of Revivalists is *not* that which has been prominent in the awakening of last year, in the United States; and if Mr. F. has not recanted his false theology, (as exposed in the *Princeton Review*,) but small permanent results can be expected from his School of so-called evangelists.

A Professor in the Dissenting College of Hackney, the REV. JOHN WATSON, has been killed by being struck by the pole of a cab, in attempting, at night, to cross the great thoroughfare of London Bridge. He was returning from a meeting of a Young Men's Christian Association, at Lewisham, in Kent. He was greatly beloved, and is deeply lamented. He was a superior scholar and a sound theologian.

Our thoroughfares are indeed perilous. A man would need, if possible, to look three ways at once, at such crossings as those at the Mansion House, at Bishopsgate and Tenchurch Street, at the lower end of Cheapside and elsewhere. In truth, few have lived long in London who are much in the City, who have not to record remarkable escapes.

The Duke of Wellington was once overthrown by a butcher's fast driven cart. It would have been an inglorious end to the victor and the survivor of Waterloo. "In the midst of life we are in death," and we need the special providence and protection of our Father, even when and where we might think it, in our presumption, needless.

J.W.

P. S.—Great joy prevails this day all over England, as the telegraph flashes the news that the Princess Frederick William has been made the mother of a son. In reference to its bearing on the happiness of our beloved Queen, and of the young mother herself, all are glad, for they both are true women. As to its dynastic and Protestant bearing, all good patriots rejoice. Here is born (humanly speaking) the heir apparent of the Prussian Throne, and here is a fresh pledge that Protestant England and Protestant Prussia shall henceforth stand side by side in the battle for freedom and truth.

It is an interesting fact that our Queen was informed of the happy event *six minutes* after its occurrence!

SAID one to an aged friend, "I had a letter from a distant correspondent the other day, who inquired if you were in the land of the living." "No," replied the saint-like, venerable man, "but I am going there. This world is alone the world of shadow; and the eternal is the only one of living realities."