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

WHOLE NO. 362

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TERMS.—IN ADVANCE.

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Original Poetry.

The Aged Believer.

Behold the hoary, aged sire,
His four score years have flown;
His eyes have lost their wonted fire,
His voice has quivering grown.

His tott'ring gait, his bending form,
Foretell his certain doom;
The op'ning earth, the loathsome worm,
The cold and dreary tomb.

But if his hopes are fixed above,
He does not fear the grave;
He knows thro' the Redeemer's love,
He 'll death itself outbrave.

He sees by faith a crown of life,
Beyond the starry spheres;
Beyond this realm of noise and strife,
A glorious rest appears.

He sees the saints, all rob'd in white,
Before the eternal throne,
Basking in uncreated light,
In ecstacies unknown.

He hears the golden harps resound,
With heavenly notes of joy;
And never one discordant sound,
Those rapturous songs alloy.

He looks and longs, till glory fills,
His heart with holy fire;
His inmost spirit pants and thrills,
With pure, intense desire.

But ah, he still is clogged with clay,
And, ere he joins this band,
His earthly house must know decay,
And lo! the hour 's at hand.

His feeble health is failing fast,
Around his dying bed,
Death hath his gloomy shadows cast,
Anon, *the spirit 's fled!*

O, what unseen, angelic bands,
The free, unfetter'd soul,
Convey to those celestial lands,
The Christian's peaceful goal.

There, free from sin and sorrow now,
On those eternal hills;
The glitt'ring crown adorns his brow,
And joy his spirit fills.

He joins the bright, harmonious throng,
On golden harp to sing,
The glorious, never ending song,
Of praise to heaven's great King.

O, ye who here his loss deplore,
Look upward to that place;
He whom you love, lives evermore,
And sings redeeming grace!

His presence there still beckons you,
To fix your hearts above;
Then you shall join those praises too,
And ever dwell in love.

Nicklesville, 1859. MARY.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Letters

OF THE REV. JOHN SMITH, A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, TO HIS BROTHER, THE REV. PETER SMITH, A METHODIST PREACHER.

LETTER V.

TO THE REV. PETER SMITH:—*Dear Brother*:—The trial of our first parents was, according to the representations of Arminianism, virtually of the nature of a farce. It was all a sham. Far be it from me to charge you or your brethren with regarding that great transaction in the light of a farce, or with actually believing that it was all a sham. To say this would be to slander the denomination to which you belong. But the teachings of your system do, certainly, show up the whole matter in the light of a solemn farce. Now for the proof. Your Standards maintain that the whole human race were put on trial in the person of Adam, their federal head and representative. Adam, according to Richard Watson, the great expounder of Methodist Arminianism, Adam "is to be regarded as a *public man*, the *head* and *representative* of the human race, who, in consequence of his fall, have fallen with him." "The circumstances of the case infallibly show, that in the whole transaction, they (Adam and Eve,) stood before their Maker as *public persons*, and as the legal *representatives* of their descendants, though in so many words they are not invested with these titles." "The threatenings pronounced upon the first pair," continues Mr. Watson, "have all respect to their posterity as well as to themselves. The death threatened affects all. In Adam all die, death entered by sin, that is by his sin, and then passed upon all men." Nor does he explain this of natural death alone. "The opinion of those Divines, who include in the penalty attached to the first offence, death, *bodily*, *spiritual*, and *eternal*, is not to be puffed away by sarcasm, but stands firm on inspired testimony."* So far all is plain, and true as it is plain. But we are now, unhappily, about to enter the domain of fancy and of farce. You hold the doctrine that God, though he so placed mankind at the disposal of their head and chief, that if he stood they stood, if he fell they fell, had not the right to leave them to the full consequences of the representation to which he had himself subjected them. Methodists accuse Universalists of representing Jehovah as threatening sinners merely to alarm them, as employing the most fearful terms of warning and rebuke, simply—for nothing. The accusation is just. But the same accusation may be laid against the Methodists. They admit that God did indeed threaten Adam's posterity, as well as Adam himself, but it was a mere Universalist threat; it meant nothing. We believe, not only like you, that death in its three terrific forms was denounced against our race, but we believe, what many of you do not believe, that the awful penalty was just. We stand abashed, we feel our littleness, we are conscious of our deep ignorance, when we approach this mysterious, this incomprehensible transaction. But we are bold to claim that God always does what is perfectly right and fair, and what we ourselves would see, is perfectly fair and right, had we only understandings equal to the high task of comprehending his ways; had we only line enough to fathom the ocean of his perfections. With an unflinching front we maintain that it would be in accordance with justice in the strictest sense, were the penalty annexed to the first sin committed on our planet, now to be carried into execution. For this we are assailed, in no measured terms, from ten thousand Arminian pulpits. The Rev. Dr. R. S. Foster, in his "Objections to Calvinism," printed at the Methodist Book Concern in Cincinnati, has resort to the following style of argumentation: "Sinners were born corrupt, and so cannot be guilty for this; they cannot escape from corruption, and so are not guilty for remaining in it." "His disability came with him into the world—it was communicated as a part of his existence—it was his very and essential nature. And now was he to blame for an existence and nature which were forced upon him—which never, at any period, he consented to, and which he never could avoid? His first parents may be to blame, but surely he cannot be responsible; for he not only did not bring the disability on himself, but it was imposed on him without the possibility of its removal. Let him sin; no being in the universe can censure him, he is not to blame" "If it is impossible for the sinner to avoid sinning, and if this disability of his was not brought upon himself by his own act, he is damned in hell for ever, for that over which he had no more control than the angel Gabriel."†

Thus, Dr. Foster openly takes sides with rebellion, and publicly proclaims to the universe, if the universe will listen to him, that, had not the effects of Adam's sin been neutralized by the promised atonement, the sinner must go clear, while the whole blame of all the sins and crimes perpetrated from the creation of the world would have to rest with God himself, and the Reverend Doctor would have no scruples to tell his Maker so to his face. But surely, if it was unjust to let the penalty denounced take its natural course, the threat itself of the penalty was unjust. If it is iniquitous in a human tribunal to confine an innocent man in the penitentiary, it must be an act of gross wrong to sentence him to the penitentiary. If it is a sin to inflict the penalty of death on a person guilty of no crime, it must also be a sin to pronounce sentence of death on such a person. A judge of one of our criminal courts sentences to the gallows a batch of unoffending creatures, who he knows are innocent—who he knows deserve not such a fate. In full knowledge of their uprightness, however, he solemnly proceeds to declare that on such a Friday, between such and such hours, the terror-stricken wretches before him shall hang by the neck till they are dead. Would not every body shrink from a farce so revolting? Now you Arminians, my dear brother, are chargeable with placing the Supreme Judge of the world in an attitude precisely analogous to this. He to whom the future is as the present, to whom things that are not are as things that are, has before him, in the person of Adam, the represented human race. He knows that it is an innocent race. He knows that he is trying a dangerous and an unlawful experiment with his creatures; an experiment for which, in future ages, he will be called to account by Arminians, Pelagians, and Infidels. He knows that it would be contrary to every principle of right and justice to inflict woes and sufferings on millions of millions innumerable, on account of the sin of that one individual; for if the Rev. Dr. R. S. Foster knows that this was unjust, God, the All-wise God, must certainly have known it too. In spite of all this; in spite of the guiltlessness of humanity; in spite of the flagrant wrong of making the transgression of their chief the ground of condemnation to unborn myriads—he proceeds to pass sentence of death, death bodily, spiritual, and eternal, on entire generations, from the beginning to the end of time. I conclude as I begun, with the remark that the trial of our first parents was, according to the teachings of Arminianism, of the nature of a farce—a solemn, a stupendous farce. JOHN SMITH.

* Wateon's Theological Institutes. Part II., Chap. 18.

† Objections to Calvinism, from the article "Effectual Calling."

Family Religion, and its Influence on the Church.

One of the best securities for the growth and prosperity of a Church, is to be sought in a faithful exhibition of religion in families. Here is a law of increase, which God has incorporated in his Church, and by which he designs to give it strength and encouragement. But why is it—the question is asked with grief and pain—why is it that so many children, so many apprentices and servants, are seen to grow up, or to live many years in Christian families, without any regard, or even respect, for religion? It is because their parents, guardians, or masters have that sort of piety which can flourish only, like Peter's sword, on great occasions. Then, perhaps, they appear to have an excess of piety, and put forth many awkward efforts to do good in their families; of a character, it may be, to give them a permanent disgust for religious things. But when the great occasion is past, their work is done up. A spirit of worldliness now rolls in again, a want of conscience begins to appear, a light and carnal conversation to show itself. The preaching of the Gospel is very critically, and somewhat wittily, canvassed on the Sabbath. The day itself, in the meantime, fares scarcely better than the preacher. It is shortened by degrees at both ends; sometimes even by a newspaper, or some trifling conversation, in the middle. There is no instructive remark at the family prayers; and, perhaps, no family instruction anywhere. There is no effort to point the rising family toward a better world, and apparently no living for such a world. Bad tempers are manifested in government and in business. Arts are practised below dignity, and wide of integrity. How is it possible that the children and youth of a family should not learn to despise such a religion? How different would be the result, if there were a simple, unostentatious piety kept up with constancy, and the fear of God were seen to be a controlling principle, in all the daily conduct and plans of life. There have been many striking cases of conversion, which were produced, under God, by simply seeing the godly life of a Christian in his family, without a word of direct address, and in a time of general inattention to religious things In such a family, every child and inmate will certainly respect religion. And the Church, in fact, may count on receiving a constant and certain flow of increase from the bosom of such families.—*Christian Miscellany.*

Have No Secrets.

Unreserved communication is the lawful commerce of conjugal affection, and all concealment is contraband. It is a false compliment to the object of our affection, if, for the sake of sparing them a transient uneasiness, we rob them of the comfort to which they are entitled of mitigating our suffering, by partaking it. All dissimulation is disloyalty to love; besides it argues a lamentable ignorance of human life, to set out with an expectation of health without interruption, and happiness without alloy. When young persons marry with the fairest prospects, they should never forget infirmity is bound up with their very nature, and that in bearing one another's burdens, they fulfill one of the highest duties of the union.

THE most effectual means of obtaining good for ourselves and others, is prayer.—*Archibald Alexander.*

From our London Correspondent.

National Defences—Parliamentary Debate—Mr. Cobden's Speech—French Disarmament, and What it Means—The Tuscan Deputation to the Emperor—His Advice—Other Protesting Parties in Italy—An American Citizen and the Massacre at Perugia—The Pope "Solemnly Promising" Reforms—Austria Penitent, and Protestant Relief Measures—The Hungarian Legion Disbanded by Bonaparte—Kossuth and the Republicans—Jealousy of the Lombards toward the Sardinians—A Story About the "Iron Crown"—Revision of the English Liturgy—The Bishops Obstantes and Obstinate—Indian Financial Difficulties—The Bible in Indian Government Schools—Deputation to Government—The Pope and Religious Liberty—Two Extremes, and the Truth—Garibaldi once more—The King of Naples and St Januarius—The Revival in Ireland.

LONDON, August 2, 1859.

THE DEFENCES OF THE COUNTRY have been once more brought under the consideration of Parliament, by a motion proposed by Mr. Horsman, to expend any sum requisite for the complete fortification of the country against invasion, instead of beginning works on a limited scale, and prosecuting them slowly and "in driblets" from year to year. It was pointed out, that if an attack was intended, an enemy would not bide our time as to readiness, but consult his own. Mr. Cobden came out strongly in opposition to the motion, in an elaborate speech. He endeavored to prove that our Navy was stronger at the present moment than that of France. On the other hand, it was said, in reply, that he included in our ships a large number of mere gunboats, each mounting only a few guns. To this again it is retorted, that gunboats are a most effective means of defence when placed in shallows along the coast; and so the contest as to defences, and what kind of defences—whether we should trust only to our Navy, or surround our naval harbors with an *enceinte* of fortified works to protect the ships of war—is waged in Parliament and out of doors. Lord Palmerston is for defending the dock-yards and arsenals as far as fortifications can do so.

Mr. Cobden said, amid general cheering, that he would willingly vote £100,000,000 at once, if he believed that the country was really in danger of invasion. At the same time, he gave a quiet intimation that he differed from "his honorable friend," Mr. Bright, in his apparent admiration of and confidence in the French Emperor.

THE FRENCH DISARMAMENT is a reality for the present; but it is of that description that it leaves an enormous number of soldiers within call, so that in a month, half a million of men could be in the field. And as for the Navy, Bonaparte will not cast his rifled guns into the sea, nor yet dismiss their crews to an irrevocable distance from Brest, Toulon, or Cherbourg. One of the French Government papers, the *Patrie*, points out, without comment, though doubtless with a purpose, the statistics of the Report of an English Naval Commissioner, from which it appears that the Admiralty has for years past found great difficulty, first, in manning the navy, and, secondly, in *retaining* the men when the time was up, during which the ship was put on commission. The *Gazette de France*, the Legitimist journal, says in its own spiteful way: "The terrors of our neighbors must not arrest the development of our fleet. We have always thought that *France ought* to extend her *colonial possessions.*" Here is a significant hint for a naval war, in which England's colonies should be "annexed."

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* strongly urges that we should proceed with our defences, as the atmosphere is too hot and sulphurous, not to bode a violent storm ere long.

A Truce is the true description of the present state of things in Europe. For example, does any one believe that Piedmont in her ambition of extended Italian dominion is satisfied with the gift of Lombardy; or on the other hand, are we to suppose that Austria, retaining all her fortresses, would not, if any thing happened to Napoleon II., or she herself was strong enough to fight afresh, at once seize and conquer Lombardy? And as to France and her Emperor, he wants to be crowned by the Pope, and he has no objection to a year's rest that commerce may revive, and his deep plans may the better mature. He avoids the faults of his uncle in that he knows when to stop, and is patient.

The Tuscans lately sent a deputation to Paris to the Emperor, how they wished to retain their independence, and how strongly they protested against the return of the Grand Duke or of any of his dynasty. The Emperor was very courteous; assured them that he had no wish to see a ruler imposed on them contrary to their wishes, but advised them to recall the Grand Duke's son, (the Hereditary Prince, a youth sixteen years old,) and that he would grant a Constitution. It is not likely that the Tuscans will do this. In truth they are determined not to do so; and as for the Modenese—although the *Austrian Gazette* predicts that matters will cool down, and things return very much to the *statu quo antea*—they are more energetic in their resolve to keep the liberty they have obtained. So, too, the Bolognese, encouraged by Piedmont, are signing a protest against Papal Government.

The CRUELTY of the Roman troops at Perugia, is now amply confirmed in the face of the lying Government journals, by an American gentleman, who was himself an eye witness and a sufferer. Here is his letter to *Galignani's Messenger*:

VILLA CAPPONI, near Florence, July 24.—In the *Messenger* of the 21st, you quote from the *Giornale di Roma*, "that the American family resident in Perugia at the time of its capture by the Swiss, have declared that the troops behaved with a moderation that could hardly have been expected after the provocation to which they had been exposed." Will you do me the favor to contradict that statement? It is one of many assertions made by that journal which have no foundation in fact. The American family have never made any such declaration; but, on the contrary, have stated in the most public manner their conviction that the soldiery behaved with the greatest brutality, ferocity, and incense. The same journal asserted very coolly that the American family had lost some of their effects, which had been or were about to be restored to them. As we lost almost everything we had, to an amount of between two thousand and three thousand scudi, in the sack and pillage of the Hotel de France, where we were residing, and as the claim made on the Roman Government by the American Minister has not yet been paid, you will be able to judge how accurate are the sources from which the *Giornale di Roma* derives its information. Begging you to excuse my troubling you in this matter, which I only do in order to avoid misrepresentation, I remain, &c.,

EDWARD NEWTON PEEKINS.

AS for ROME, THE POPE, AND ANTONEILLI, it is rumored at Paris that the Pope has "solemnly promised" the Emperor of the French to grant reforms, and that even Antoneilli admits the necessity of some changes. Rome always bends before the storm; but *semper eadem* is her nature. She cannot alter, otherwise she would cease to be herself.

AUSTRIA is dissolving the "Military Chancellerie," which, based on aristocratic principles, has wrought great mischief, and kept such a General as Benedek, in the back ground, simply because of his Plebeian extraction! Even old Hess, up to the moment of his leaving for Italy, was snubbed by this clique; while a man of high family, "the tenth transmitter of a foolish face," found no difficulty in climbing high on the military ladder. Benedek is now to be brought into office.

More than this, the Protestants and the Jews, we are assured, are about to obtain privileges for which they long have looked for; but which the Jesuits at the back of the Throne, always successfully opposed. It is not likely that under "a paternal Government" the Protestants will be placed on a perfect equality with the "true believers," but it may be presumed that they will have a goodly measure of freedom as to the education of their children, and the management of their ecclesiastical affairs. Let us hope and believe that the Hungarian Protestants will share in the benefits that are likely to follow from the heavy chastisement that Austria has undergone.

It is now understood that in his communications with Francis Joseph, the Emperor declared that if peace was not then made, he was ready to make war to the knife, and would stop at no measures to break up Austria. Doubtless this was the reason why he had already encouraged Kossuth and Klapka, and formed a Hungarian Legion. The latter is now being disbanded, but will be paid off by French money. They served as a bugbear to Austria, and poor Kossuth is pledged to remain in Switzerland till their men are scattered abroad, there "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," and reflecting on the faithlessness of Princes. Kossuth is now at the lowest ebb of favor with the Republicans of France, who so long and so lately held him in the highest admiration. He has been deceived, but can scarcely be called a deceiver.

There is likely to be great jealousy on the part of the Lombards, toward the Sardinians, as the latter will never consent that Turin should cease to be a capital city, and the Milanese would of course infinitely prefer to have a King and a Court in their midst. And as to Milan and the Cathedral, a curious story is afloat, namely, that the famous "iron crown of Lombardy," (of which it had been rumored that the Austrians had carried it away,) was lately exhibited to the people as destined soon to sit on the brow of Victor Emmanuel. It was restored to its resting place in the Cathedral, and *now* it is discovered that it is "no where." The clergy protest *their* innocence—several of them have been arrested; and Victor Emmanuel, it is also said, was so disturbed by the abstraction of the famous crown, as to have left Turin in all haste, for Milan. He will, however, retain the *substance*, and it is hoped, permanently, be a King over Lombardy, and not a mere ghost, like those which Banquo saw, each of which

"The likeness of a kingly Crown had on."

THE REVISION OF THE LITURGY has again been agitated in the House of Lords, by Baron Ebury. The petitions which he presented, were signed by a large body of the clergy, asking for two things. 1st. The shortening of the morning service, or the division of the services. 2d. Something still more important—a revision of certain objectionable phrases and statements in the Baptismal and Burial Services; in fact an assimilation to what has been *done* in the case of the Liturgy as used in the American Episcopal Church. The Bishops, as usual, were not opposed to a shortening a division of the services, and the Bishop of London specially recommended the use of the Litany only in the afternoon service (3 o'clock;) but he most strenuously protested against any alterations in matters of doctrine, inasmuch as that would be inconsistent with the comprehensive character of the English Church, and inevitably break up the Establishment. That is his weak point, and this is the spirit of the latitudinarian compromise that keeps together the living and the dead—the Evangelical and the ritual zealot. And thus many consciences are oppressed, and error is indorsed as to baptismal regeneration, by those who in their souls believe it to be a lie of the devil. How it spoils a good man to make him a prelate, unless, indeed, he remain gloriously inconsistent with his position! The sight of that mustering, law robed company of Bishops in the House of Lords, always fills my mind with sadness, not unmingled with disgust and indignation. There sit the Bishops of Exeter and Salisbury, and other High Churchmen, with the truly Jesuit speaking face of the Bishop of Oxford ("Slippery Sam,") in the midst; while there, too, are the Bishop of London, (a medium and between two extremes,) the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and the Bishops of Carlisle and Ripon, all Evangelicals.

INDIA, last night, was the subject of financial exposition and debate in the House of Commons. A fresh loan of £6,000,000 will be needed, and before all is settled the Indian debt will reach £100,000,000. Mr. Bright vehemently declaimed against mismanagement, and wishes to have India broken up into many small Presidencies.

The *military* troubles are not over. One English regiment at Berhampore had barricaded itself within the barracks, and chosen new officers, and the Madras Fusiliers were following their example. These things tend to depress the public mind. This mutiny might have been prevented, by Lord Canning and his Council doing the soldiers *justice*, as to fresh bounty on their re-enlistment. Lord Canning *ought* to be, and probably will be, recalled—only that Lord Granville, his relative, is in the Cabinet. The *Times* says "somebody" is in fault, and that means Lord Canning. As a financier and a statesman, Sir John Lawrence is the man for the crisis. Otherwise, we shall have conquered India, and not prove equal to its government.

INDIA AND THE BIBLE are again before the public mind. A Deputation, strong in numbers, and in its representative character, waited on Lord Palmerston, and Sir Charles Wood, (Secretary for India,) on Saturday last. The Archbishop of Canterbury introduced it, and explained the strong feeling which prevailed throughout the country, on the duty of allowing Bible classes in Government schools, and on the national sin involved in the endorsement of Lord Stanley's "neutrality" policy. The precise object sought, was "a removal of the authoritative exclusion of the Word of God from the system of education, so that none who may be so disposed, be interdicted from the hearing or reading of the Bible in school houses, provided always that such safeguards be adopted against undue interference with the religion of the natives, as may appear just and proper to the chief local authorities in the several governments of India."

Lord Shaftsbury stated that all religious denominations were represented by the Deputation. A written statement was also read, showing that the Marquis of Tivendale had, in 1847, when Governor of Madras, with the concurrence of his Council, which included two natives of rank—one a Hindoo and the other a Mohammedan—recommended voluntary Bible classes. The Home Government had, however, forbidden it. So in 1858, the chief authorities in the Punjaub, including Lawrence, M'Cleod, Montgomery, and Edwardes, had urged the same as "proper and expedient," but again it had been refused.

The Deputation disclaimed all *compulsory* education, but pointed out with great clearness how what is wanted has already been done in Ceylon; that the interdiction of the Bible is regarded by the natives generally as antagonistic to Christianity; that it necessitates the employment of a variety of secondary modes of inculcating moral truth, (the Bible, the grand standard of morality for all nations, being shut out;) that it is an injustice to India on the part of the Government, which takes on itself the responsibility of the well-ordering of populations which are necessarily ignorant of right and wrong; and that it lays the Government open to the unfair suspicion of an intent to proselytize, by underhand and indirect means.

Sir Charles Wood explained that the Government desired the Christianizing of India, but that some zealous for missions were afraid that such classes might create a prejudice in the native mind; and that in the Minute he himself had issued, (years ago,) there was a provision for voluntary Bible classes before or after school hours.

Lord Palmerston indicated difficulties in the way; yet it is hardly to be doubted but that Evangelical pressure, on this important question, will be successful with the present Government. Nevertheless the issue is doubtful.

THE POPE AND THE PEACE receive fresh illustration from the following statement:

The Pope has addressed an autograph letter to the Cardinal Bishop of Albano, requesting him to invite all the faithful of Rome to join in a solemn thanksgiving for the cessation of war. The following is the principal passage of this document: "To thank God for the restoration of peace between the two great Catholic belligerent powers is our duty; but to continue our prayers is a necessity, inasmuch as divers provinces of the States of the Church are still a prey to the men who are intent upon demolishing the established order of things; and it is with this view that in our days a foreign usurping Power proclaims that God hath made man free as regardeth his political and religious opinion, thus denying the authorities established by God upon earth, and to whom obedience and respect are due, forgetting, at the same time, the immortality of the soul, which, when it passeth from this transitory world, to the eternal one, shall have to answer unto the all powerful and inexorable Judge for those religious opinions; then learning too late that there is but one God and one faith, and that whoever quitteth the ark of unity shall be subjected in the deluge of eternal punishment."

Here comes out the grand mistake of Popery, and bigotry generally, as to the true nature of civil, and especially religious, liberty on the one hand, and the opposite mistake of Latitudinarianism on the other. It is true that man is free, and ought to be free, as respects his fellow-man, to think on religion, and express his opinions on it also. But it is *not* true that any man is free to believe a lie, or propagate it without awful responsibility and guilt. The Pope is right in saying that man must "answer to the all powerful and inexorable Judge for his religious opinions," but he is wrong and Antichrist in setting up himself as God, and sitting on the throne of judgment. Then, as to "the ark of unity," and "whosoever quitteth it shall be submerged in the deluge of eternal punishment," the statement is right generally that out *of Christ*, or, if you please, apart from the catholic Church of which he is the living head, there is no salvation. But the error and the Antichrist is to say that the apostate Church of Rome is "the ark of unity," or the catholic Church.

Between the two extremes of despotism over conscience by the bigotry of zealots armed with civil power, and the daring blasphemies of the "Liberal," who says, "I am free to think as I like," thereby meaning that he is not accountable—there is the Scriptural rational medium, "God alone is Lord of the conscience," and yet "every one of us must give an account of himself to God." And Jesus says, "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins."

GARIBALDI is still alive, and means mischief, so that Pope and Cardinals must be haunted by his image in their very dreams. We are assured that at Rome itself, only the French soldiers keep down a general outbreak. At Ferrara, Faenza, and Forli, the Jesuits have been driven away. In Ferrara, only one hour was given them; in the other two places, twenty-four hours. And what is Jesuitism but real, full-blown Popery, "the sword, whose hilt is at Rome!" And these and their confreres are the men whom Garibaldi hates, and from whom he is determined, if possible, to free his beloved Italy. He keeps his troops in arms, and says, in an order of the day: "However political affairs may go, in present circumstances it is the duty of Italians not only *not* to lay down their arms, and manifest discouragement, but to swell the ranks, and to show to Europe that, guided by the heroic Victor Emmanuel, they are ready again to confront the vicissitudes of war, in whatever form they present themselves."

THE KING OF NAPLES is a bigot and a dupe of superstition, as was his father. His first act after the "mourning" was over, was to repair to the cathedral of St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, and to worship his relics. This undoubtedly was intended to please the besotted and superstitious vulgar, who at the annual "liquefaction" scene, when there is any delay, abuse the saint in good Neapolitan billingsgate, called him a "yellow-faced rascal," &c. Both statecraft and superstition marked the act of Ferdinand II. Political affairs, are, however, likely to be a *little* better at Naples, and with the resumption of diplomatic intercourse by France and England, the days of brutal imprisonment of innocent men, are *perhaps* gone forever.

The AWAKENING in Ireland still continues to manifest its power. Physical prostrations are not so common, yet still they occur, accompanied in some cases with what the Ballymena *Observer* calls "a faculty of limited prescience, or prevision," which has excited very great astonishment among the people. It is noticeable only in connexion with a class of persons whose physical organization has, to a serious extent, been disturbed by the *frequently repeated* action of mental excitement. Two sisters thus fell, at the same time, into a trance, for three hours, deaf, dumb, and motionless. Both recovered at the same hour, and immediately were separated—one taken forthwith to her own house, where she fell on her knees, and was engaged in prayer for half an hour. To the great surprise of her relatives, she then affirmed that at four o'clock the next day, she should be in the same condition again, and also lose the power of one side, and remain so for six hours. "I cannot explain how I know, but my mind tells me it will be as I have said." There seems to have been a kind of mysterious sympathy between the two sisters. The other girl, Jane, however, was not told that Ellen expected thus to be influenced. Precisely at four o'clock, Ellen dropped from her chair in a state of absolute insensibility, and was found to have become immovable and rigid in every joint on the left side. The other sister fell into the same state, (except blindness,) *at the same moment*, and both awoke together to perfect consciousness. One of them, watched by a crowd of anxious visitors, immediately exclaimed, "Christ is my Saviour. He is all in all." And incredible as it may appear, these identical words were uttered at the same moment by her sister, three hundred yards distant, as she awoke to consciousness, *the same moment*

These are not solitary cases at Ballymena. The parties affected predict the time of their recovery, and yet they are not fanatical, and believe that "the sure word of prophecy" is complete, and that "the vision is shut up."

The "spruce philosopher," as Cowper calls him, whether found in the person of a Romish priest, or a Unitarian minister, says of *all* agitations, that *all* is mere nervousnous, and its reaction

"He has found
The source of the disease; our good town feels
Hysterics, nervousness, clairvoyance. Hence
He bids the world take heart, and banish fear.
Thou fool! Would thy discovery of the cause
Suspend the effect, or heal it!
Go dress thine eyes with eye salve—ask of Him,
Or ask of whomsoever He has taught,
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all."

Clergymen, and "hosts of laymen," are now visiting the scenes of the awakening, to examine for themselves, as—if it please God—I myself hope soon to do. Some persons visiting Coleraine, from Glasgow, have carried back with them a fervent, prayerful, zealous spirit, and already great open air meetings, with striking manifestations, are indicated, on Glasgow Green and elsewhere. An Episcopal clergyman in the North of Ireland, writes thus to the Tract Society: "I have been twenty seven years Rector of this Parish, and never before witnessed even the most remote approach to what is now going on; vice and immorality of every sort lessened to an incredible extent, an oath scarcely ever heard, or drunkenness seen. The houses of religious worship are well filled on the Sabbath and week days. Bibles and religious books are eagerly sought for. Even the Roman Catholics are now afraid to speak against the work, which at first they ascribed to the devil. I have witnessed parties of all ages, from five years to nearly eighty, awakened to a sense of their sin, and calling for mercy through a crucified Saviour, and in no one instance have I seen one backslider." J.W.

P. S.—Nearly half a million sterling of gold was received this week, from Australia, America, &c., yet the funds are depressed, and a gloomy feeling prevails.

Our Burdens.

To each one of us, our own burden seems the heaviest; the *special* one which requires stronger hands than our own to bear it over the sharp rocks of life; but, after all, he is only strong who can take care of his own sorrows. It is hard, we know it, for the delicately organized, reflective, sensitive nature to find on all sides misapprehension and coldness, and worse than these, coarseness, and narrow mindedness; but so long as God has placed us here, it is best to have cheerfulness, and courage to open the windows that look Eastward in our lives, and hear the singing of the swallows, and be glad for the light. For, after all, the barest, and hardest, and saddest life, is flushed all over with light, and the darkest hours are inserted thick with blessed promises, as the night with stars, and the years through which we go, blinded with tears, and pierced with thorns, are crowned with the great and radiant crowns of our Father's tenderness and mercy.

Do n't, we beseech you, forget to let all "your faculties look to the light." This world is "an extremely finite world," and it is n't worth all the fever and fret which slowly eat away, like rust, the springs of our lives. Then, not far off, is the end. That awful Cloud, that solemn Mystery of Death, closes the perspective of the future for all of us, and when we enter it, and lift up our foreheads, saddened and scarred by the storms of time, and behold the roofs of the "many mansions," as they flash down to us their eternal splendor, we shall see that "eternity is long enough to be happy in."

And Time, too, is full of blessings that bear the image of, and superscription of God, if we will only lift up our eyes to see, our hands to take them. And though you, too, reader, may think the face of your life drenched with rains, as the face of a November day—though you may carry in your soul griefs for which time has no assuaging—though wrong, and disappointment, and sorrow, may have walked with you far through the journey of your life, still "the end may be better than the beginning." The flowers fade, and die, but the seeds fall into the earth, and sow themselves into new Summers of fragrance and beauty, and so shall it be with you, for *nothing can really harm your life but yourself*; the toughest discipline shall only make you stronger. Be brave, hopeful, true to yourselves, trust in One who is able to keep and to save, and get up from the valleys where you can have a broader horizon, and bolder outlooks, and understand the sublime meaning of those words that roll majestically down to us through the ages:

"But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth."—*Ladies' Home Magazine.*

Make the Best of it.

A determination to *make the best of every thing* is a wonderful smoother of the difficulties which beset us in our passage through this probationary scene. In Peter Pindar's story of the "Pilgrims and the Peas," two fellows, upon whom the penance of walking to a certain shrine with peas in their shoes, had been enjoined, are represented as having performed their tasks under very different circumstances, and in very different moods. One of them having taken the precaution to soften his peas by boiling them, tripped lightly and merrily over the ground; the other, who had not "gumption" enough to turn his hard pellets into a poultice by the same process, limped and howled all the way. It is pretty much the same in our pilgrimage through this "vale of tears." The impatient and imprudent travel on hard peas; the prudent and sagacious make themselves easy in their shoes, and run cheerfully the race that is set before them.

"WITHOUT FAULT BEFORE THE THRONE OF GOD."—Such there shall be among those "redeemed from the earth"—Rev. xiv. 4, 5. Thanks be unto "the Lord our righteousness," that we may be made "righteousness of God in him."—*Eltis.*

Brother Timorous.

Brother Timorous is one of the kindliest souls imaginable. With what sleepless solicitude he watches over the parish—how promptly he hears whenever Mr. A, or the widow B. has a new twinge of the rheumatism—how speedily he notifies the pastor, when any young stranger shows his face in the congregation—how perfectly ubiquitous he is among the poor—is written in the book of the chronicles of his neighbors' grateful memories. You would think Brother Timorous to be a perfect Godsend to his pastor—Aaron and Hur fused into one.

But, alas for him, every rose must have its thorn; and Brother T. is *all* thorn to his goaded and jaded minister. He flutters at every whiff of excitement among "the people," like an ancient feathered dame of the poultry yard, as she discovers a hawk sailing over her brood. He is a barometer of the most mercurial sort, amid the changes of parochial weather, and his spirit sinks before the cloud gets bigger than half of a man's hand.

There will be occasionally, of course, in every parish, little flurries here and there. Squire C. don't like it, that the pastor has dared to vote—especially, since he has, in the Squire's judgment, voted the wrong ticket. Dea. D. thinks the choir is all going back to musical chaos, because his Susan has not been promoted to the first seat in the alto. Dr. E. will hear no longer a preacher who connives at homeopathic (or allopathic) quackery, (as the case may be.) Brother Timorous is appalled at the gathering elements of wrath. His heart begins to quiver, like an electronometer at the rise of a thunder storm.

He runs to the parsonage with his doleful story. He is "very sorry," (brother T is *always* sorry) to trouble his pastor with parish difficulties; but this, (like scores of others which he has reported before,) is so *particularly* serious, that he could not, in conscience, withhold it. Having thus built up his molehill into a mountain, he plants his battery of terror on it, and proceeds to bombard the pastor's head, till it aches as with a fit of neuralgia.

"The heaviest payers are getting disaffected"—that is the first broadside. Then follow others in quick succession, and with stunning report. The congregation are thinning out. The young people are uninterested. The ladies are growing cool toward the pastor's wife. The church debt is increasing. The house needs repairs, and no one will contribute. The salary comes harder and harder. Everything, in short, is resolving itself into its original elements.

Brother Timorous means well enough, on the whole. He has no notion of the mischief he does. But really, he is—a sort of incarnate nightmare, haunting the parish.

What is to be done? We answer, do not make too serious a matter of it. Every physician knows that some ailments are best cured by laughing at the patient. Brother T.'s mania is just that sort. A little passage in ministerial experience will suggest a judicious treatment.

Scene; the pastor's study. *Dramatis personæ;* the pastor within; Brother Timorous rapping at the door.

Pastor.—"Walk in."

Bro. T.—(Solemner than usual.) "Good morning, sir. I called to see you privately about some parish matters."

P.—"Ah, yes! We *are* in a very bad condition."

Bro. T.—"Then you have heard of it?"

P.—"Yes—I've *always* heard of it—that the congregation is dwindling, and the young people are leaving, and the salary is grudged, and everything generally is going to destruction! Of course I have. The bottom, long ago, dropped out of our parish, and we all have been tumbling though ever since. That's nothing new."

Bro. T.—(Disconcerted.) "I see it's of no use to talk to you. But things *are* in a bad case among us."

P.—"Certainly; perfectly horrible."

Brother T. finding himself beating the air, presently retires, with a distinct impression of something lost from his personal dignity.

An attempt to reason seriously with such a character, is commonly rank folly. As well bring a battery of cannon to bear on August musquitoes. Firm faith in God, and a steadfast pursuit of duty, will enable a pastor to smile at those elements of parochial trouble, which are more effectively treated by smiles than by earthquakes.—*Congregationalist.*

Augustus Toplady.

In the pleasant county of Devon, and in one of its sequestered passes, with a few cottages sprinkled over it, mused and sang Augustus Toplady. When a lad of sixteen, and on a visit to Ireland, he had strolled into a barn, where an illiterate layman was preaching, but preaching reconciliation to God through the death of his Son. The homely sermon took effect, and from that moment the Gospel wielded all the powers of his brilliant and active mind. Toplady became very learned, and at thirty-eight he died, more widely read in fathers and reformers than most academic dignitaries can boast when their heads are hoary. His chief publications are controversial, and in some respects bear painfully the impress of his over ardent spirit. In the pulpit's milder urgency, nothing flowed but balm. In his tones there was a commanding solemnity, and in his words there was such simplicity, that to hear was to understand. And both at Broad Hembury and afterwards in Orange Street, London, the happiest results attended his ministry. Many sinners were converted. And the doctrines which God blessed to the accomplishment of these results, may be learned from the hymns which Toplady has bequeathed to the Church: "When languor and disease invade," "A debtor to mercy alone;" "Rock of ages, cleft for me;" and, "Deathless principle, arise"—hymns in which it would seem as if the finished work were embalmed, and the lively hope exulting in every stanza; whilst each person of the glorious Godhead radiates mercy, grace, and holiness through each successive line. During his last illness, Augustus Toplady seemed to lie in the very vestibule of glory. To a friend's inquiry he answered, with sparkling eye, "Oh