



POETICAL.



THE DOOMED MAN.

There is a time we know not when, A point we know not where, That marks the destiny of men, To glory or despair.

MISCELLANY.

VINDICATION OF THE MYERS-TOWN CONVENTION.

From the Lancaster Express.

There is a majesty in popular sentiment that will always command a corresponding respect to the dignified importance of the occasion that calls it forth. In this country, especially, the innate principle of popular government so controls the very life of all organized bodies, that it becomes a serious, if not fatal mistake, to establish a theory or power that will run counter to the will of the people, in an arbitrary way, without endangering its very existence.

to end, contemplated any such purpose, we challenge the proof, and are ready to stand by the issue. Our action, in its incipient and ultimate development, was simply to protest, by memorial, to Synod, against what those who favor the adoption of the New Order, acknowledge to be its status, in the following language. In that case, it is plain enough that the Provisional Liturgy, in its present form, is not what the Church wants, or is it at all prepared to accept. For, as we have said before, it requires no argument to show that it is not after the pattern strictly, of any system or worship which has prevailed hitherto in the German Reformed Church, either in this country or in Europe.

and schismatic. It gives the people the ability and the authority to act upon their own convictions of truth and justice, and, with the help of God, they mean so to do. In the next place it makes the people the sole arbiters of the Revised Liturgy, as to its adaptation to the wants of the church. This is not only what the language above quoted plainly teaches, but it is in harmony with the third resolution in the action of the General Synod in regard to the matter. The book was "allowed as an Order of Worship, proper to be used." &c. But lest this be regarded as an endorsement or decree, the third resolution protests against such an interpretation of it, and reiterates the full measure of freedom guaranteed all along the line of the whole history of this controversy. All acknowledge this. The General Synod refused to send the Liturgy down to the people, with an arbitrary demand that it should be used, in a slavish, imprudent way, by the Ministers, whether they—the people—desired it or not.

We do not claim the convention to be especially recognized by the constitution of the church. There are other things not so recognized, and among the most important of them, is the Revised Liturgy itself. As an innovation upon the established usages of the church, as it now stands, it is not only not keeping with that instrument, but in its baptismal service alone, it is a clear and decided violation of the constitution of the church. And the whole book, in its scheme and theory, is much further removed from a constitutional sanction than the convention. For, as a meeting of the people, such as no constitution can or dare interfere with, the convention claims to be one of the other meetings, referred to the committee that can be constitutionally held.

regations without "smuggling it in," and then resort to representations that have no foundation in fact, to retain it there, and Synod approves such conduct, we say there is cause for alarm here as well as on other points. In Lancaster, in Harrisburg, in Carlisle, in Chambersburg, and in Pitsburg, and every other place where this has been done, it has not only met with uncompromising opposition, but the pastors have lost the respect of some of their best members, and the congregations are upon the verge of dissolution. It is just where the Liturgy is thus used, and upon trial in this unfair manner, that it finds its greatest enemies. Where such a fence is given, it is easier to become reconciled to the Liturgy, with all its objectionable features, than to the men who will so disregard the wishes of the people, and treat all opposition that follow, with cold and withering abnegation.

A Shining Church. The following utterances of Dr. Olin, of the Methodist Church, apply as well to churches of other denominations. There are people in all churches who appear as much concerned about their growth in worldly respectability and social influence as piety.—To all such we commend these words of Dr. Olin: "A church may be what the world calls a strong church, in point of numbers and influence.—A church may be made up of men of wealth, men of intellect, fashion; and being so composed, may be in a worldly sense, a very strong church. There are many things that such a church can do. It can launch ships and endow seminaries. It can diffuse intelligence, can maintain an imposing array of forms and religious activities.—It can build splendid temples, can rear magnificent piles and adorn a front with sculptures, and lay stone and heap ornament upon ornament, till the costliness of the ministrations at the altar shall keep any poor man from entering the portal. But, brethren, I will tell you one thing it cannot do—it can not shine.—It may glitter and blaze like an ice-berg, in the sun; but without inward holiness it can not shine.—Of all that is formal and material in Christianity, it may make a splendid manifestation, but it can not shine. It may turn almost everything into gold at its touch, but it can not enrich the heart. It may lift up its marble front, and pile tower upon tower, and mountain upon mountain, but it cannot touch the mountains, and they shall smoke; it can not conquer souls for Christ; it cannot do Christ's work in man's conversion. It is cold at heart, and has no overflowing and ardent influences to pour out upon the lost. And with all its strength that church is weak, and for Christ's peculiar work, worthless. And with all its glitter of gorgeous array, it is a dark church—it can not shine. On the contrary, show me a church, poor, illiterate, obscure, unknown, but composed of praying people. They shall be of neither power, nor wealth, nor influence; they shall be families that do not know one week where they are to get their bread for the next. But with them is the hiding of God's power, and their influence is felt for eternity; and their light shines and is watched, and whosoever they go there is a fountain of light, and Christ in them is glorified, and his kingdom advanced. They are his chosen vessels of salvation, and his luminaries to reflect his light." BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.—The same God who moulded the sun and kindled the stars, watches the flight of the insect. He who balances the clouds and hung the earth upon nothing, notices the fall of the Sparrow. He who gives Saturn his rings and placed the moon like a ball of silver in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose leaf a delicate tint, and made the sun to nourish the violet. And the same Being notices the praises of the cherubim and the prayers of the little children. There is but a breath of air and a beating of the heart betwixt this world and the next. And in the brief interval of awful suspense, while we feel that death is present with us, that the last pulsation here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter; we feel in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befall us, that earth has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our losses. But there is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intenseness. When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like moonbeams upon the stormy sea, lights up the surrounding gloom a hearty so sad, so sweet that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs them. In all questions involving duty we act from sentiment. It is true that men often forget them and act against their bidding in the keen competition of business and politics. But God has not left the hard intellect of man to work out its devices without the constant presence of beings with gentler and purer instincts. The heart of woman is the ever-rocking cradle of the pure and holy sentiments which will sooner or later steal their way into the mind of her sterner companion; which will by and by emerge into the thought of the world's teachers, and at last thunder forth in the edicts of its law givers and its masters. Time is the sea of eternity. At the judgment the question that will decide our destiny will be no other question than this:—How have you used your time? And therefore, the less there remains of this precious article, in this world, the more valuable it should appear. A negro returning from church was in costaries over the sermon, declaring it was the best he had ever heard. Some one asked him to repeat a part of it, when he scratched his woolly head and replied "nabber mocks do preacher." A shoemaker says that the times must be mended, as it takes his awl to live, though he is the last man to complain. It is a great convenience for a doctor to have two patients on the same street, as he can kill two birds with one stone. Wanted.—A piece of the broken back Sons of the Rebellion. Why is a tight shoe like a fine summer? Because it makes the cura grow. He who in the world would rise, must t the RECORD and advertize. The New York ladies are dying of fearful rage. Red hair is the object. What is the best tar for making the wheels of life run smoothly? The