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[Original.]

Shadow.

As the skillful artist blendeth,
Beautious tints of light with shade;
So in life the shadow lendeth
To the light its timely aid.

Must be light to form a shadow,
And there must be substance too;
Take not shadow for the substance,
Though the light define it true.

Over merry sunshine's shoulder,
Ever doth the shadow peep;
Never do we smile in gladness,
But to turn aside and weep.

Yet 't is comfort in our trials,
That our heavenly Father sends,
Smiles with tears, as light with shadow,
Gloriously its lustre blends.

Days on earth are as a shadow,
Dark are they, and O *as fleet;*
Thus from gloom a hope we borrow,
Arming us our ills to meet.

When from heat of warfare fainting,
When by adverse winds we 're borne;
O how sweet *our Rock's* cool *shadow,*
Sweet its shelter from the storm.

When the clouds of sorrow gather,
Nothing earthly comfort brings;
Sweet, O Lord, to make our refuge,
'Neath the shadow of thy wings.

When in death's dark shadowy valley,
In that fearful night of gloom;
Give us light, and safely guide us,
To that land beyond the tomb;

Where none weary wait for shadows,
Where is substance, where is light,
Bliss immortal, day eternal;
Farewell shadows! farewell night!

E. W. H.

P. C., Iowa, June, 1860.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Second Church, Pittsburgh.

The house erected by this congregation was opened for public worship on Sabbath, the 24th of June. An appropriate sermon was preached to a very large audience, by the pastor, on the words, "Ye shall reverence my sanctuary."—Deut. xix: 30. In the afternoon the pulpit was occupied by Dr. Swift, who had been for many years the efficient and beloved pastor of this church. He selected for his text the sixth verse of the twenty-third Psalm, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." The house was again filled, and the preacher was evidently deeply interested. It afforded the greatest satisfaction to his numerous friends in this congregation to see with what earnestness, clearness, and pathos, this aged servant of God, the pastor of their earlier years, is still able to deliver the message of his Master. Some passages of his discourse, when alluding to events in the history of the church during his own pastorate, were deeply affecting, and brought tears to many a listener's eye. It has seldom been our privilege to witness such a scene, and we presume it will be a long time before we see another, equally interesting. The evening service was conduced by the Rev. Mr. Paxton. Long before the time to commence, the house was filled to its utmost capacity, and many were obliged to turn away for want of room. There could not have been less than from sixteen hundred to eighteen hundred persons present. Mr. Paxton's text was the twenty-fifth verse of the one hundred and eighteenth Psalm, "O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity;" and seldom, we apprehend, has any congregation had the privilege of listening to a more apposite and eloquent discourse. The immense audience hung upon the lips of the forcible and graceful preacher, and every one seemed to regret the termination of his admirable sermon.

This large and elegant structure is located in the heart of the city, and very convenient of access to those who reside in Allegheny. The lot on which it stands has a front on Penn Street of one hundred and ten feet, and is one hundred and twenty feet deep. It is bounded on the East by Irwin Street, sixty feet wide, and on the West by a twenty-foot alley. Thus there is afforded an abundance of light, and a free circulation of air. The corner stone was laid on the 23d of August, 1858, Dr. Howard officiating, assisted by the Revs. Drs. Elliott, Campbell, M'Kinney, Plumer, and Jacobus, and the Rev. Mr. Fulton.

The building has a front on Penn street of seventy feet, and is one hundred and six feet deep. The basement is fifteen feet in the clear, and the main story thirty-five feet. It has an entrance vestibule of fifteen feet, with spacious stairways leading to the main story and galleries. The basement is so divided as to afford a lecture-room of forty by sixty feet; a Sabbath School room, thirty-five by forty feet; an infant school-room and a Bible class-room, each twenty by twenty-seven feet. The auditorium has side and a chair galleries, the latter furnished with a superior organ, from the manufactory of Jardine & Son, of New York. On the main floor there are one hundred and fifty pews, which will comfortably seat some eight hundred or nine hundred persons; and in the side galleries forty-eight pews, which will accommodate about three hundred more.

The style of architecture is known as modernized Italian. The building has two towers in front, one of which is surmounted by a belfry, and having a height of one hundred feet; the other by a spire, having a height of one hundred and sixty-five feet. The front of the basement is of cut stone, as are also the corners of the building; the remainder of the front and sides are of brick, plastered with Roman cement, colored to imitate stone, and tastefully ornamented. The ceiling of the auditorium is cove form, and richly painted in fresco. The wood work is painted to imitate walnut, and light is admitted through windows of stained and enameled glass. At night the audience room is lighted by four English "sun lights," each containing twenty-seven burners, which diffuse a clear mellow light that penetrates every part of the room. The lights are so arranged as to serve the purpose of ventilation as well as illumination. An opening three feet in circumference is made in the ceiling around each light, and pipes, leading to ventilators on the comb of the roof, carry off the smoke, heat and unconsumed gas, and, of course, keep up a constant current of air. These arrangements, together with some others, render this as well lighted and ventilated a public building as is anywhere to be found, and altogether, we presume, there are few more convenient, commodious and elegant church edifices West of the Alleghenies. The entire expense of this improvement is something over $50,000, the greater part of which has already been paid, and arrangements are being made to meet the balance without delay. *

SINS are like circles in the water, when a stone is thrown into it; one produces another. When anger was in Cain's heart, murder was not far off.—*P. Henry.*

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Letters

Of the Rev. John Smith, a Presbyterian Minister, to his brother, the Rev. Peter Smith, a Methodist Preacher.

LETTER XX.

REV. PETER SMITH:—*Dear Brother:*—The whole controversy on the doctrine of election hinges on this—claim or no claim. If mankind, as sinners, can lay claim to the mercy of God, it is a waste of time to argue the question; Arminians are right, and the doctrine of election is false. If such a title is inherent in sinners, we Calvinists are in a grievous error, and deserve all the abuse we are accustomed to receive. But have sinners such a claim? Is such a title inherent in rebels and traitors? Must God, in order to be just, show mercy to his enemies? It is a remarkable fact that *this is taken for granted* by Arminians, whenever they make their attacks on the doctrine of election. *Our* system of theology knows nothing of claim on God. We should be ashamed of it if it did. An error so serious can spring only from loose views of the nature of sin. I do not, in saying so, desire to intimate that *we* take in a complete and perfect view of this awful evil. We do not. The human faculties are too weak; the area of human vision is too contracted; the theatre on which sin displays its tragic career is too small; the years of time are too few, to furnish an opportunity to master even in thought this frightful theme. It would require an imagination vigorous enough to soar with unfaltering pinions to the inaccessible heights of the eternal throne; an understanding powerful enough to investigate and comprehend the full sense of infinite goodness, infinite holiness, infinite justice; and an eye keen enough to pierce the abysses of guilt and the abysses of woe into which a rebel creature plunges, in its audacious attempts to set at defiance the authority of the blessed Creator. But where is a created being possessed of powers so capacious, to be found? Not on earth. Not in heaven; for even heaven itself could not, from the most gifted of her gifted sons, furnish abtlities adequate to such a task.

But while in the absolute sense the dreadful import of sin lies not within the reach of created mind, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, sinners themselves are enabled to understand that sin is the direst of evils—that it is in truth the only real evil. The conscience, enlightened and awakened, threatens in a voice of thunder, and the sinner trembles before a holy God. Propose to such a man, prostrate before the footstool of mercy, to address his Maker in the terms which Arminians employ in assailing the doctrine of the Divine sovereignty, and his whole soul would revolt at such daring impiety. He would sooner consent to have a millstone tied to his neck, and to be cast into the depths of the sea. Why, then, do your writers and preachers make use of language in argument which no sane man would ever venture to employ in prayer? And what must be the force of objections which, though they may impose on the unthinking multitude, the moment they are converted into the language of prayer, become blasphemy!

In my last letter I quoted from Foster's "Objections to Calvinism," to show that the fundamental idea of Arminianism, as far as it departs from the teachings of the Bible is, that sinners as sinners, and because they are sinners, have a just and legal claim on the mercy of God. I will now quote from a greater than Mr. Foster, the Rev John Wesley, to prove the same thing. This is Mr Wesley's language: "Are you sure that God might justly have passed by all men? I deny it. That God might justly, for my unfaithfulness to his *grace,* have given me up long ago, is true, but this concession supposes me to have had grace." The father of Methodism is willing to concede that for unfaithfulness to *grace,* God might in justice have left him to himself, but he wishes it to be distinctly understood that when he concedes this, it is only on the supposition that grace is received. Grace must first be bestowed. Only neglect of grace could justify God in passing by Mr. Wesley. This is truly remarkable language. God had not the right to pass by the Rev John Wesley! The fact, is the notion that sinners have a claim to a measure of grace, underlies the whole system of Arminianism, and permeates all its parts. Give up this claim and where would you begin your assaults on Calvinism? Give up this claim, and what, my dear brother, would become of *you* at your next Annual Conference? Give up this claim, and Arminianism gives up the ghost.

JOHN SMITH.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

More Sights and Incidents.

Lovely was the Monday morning I spent in rambling through Steubenville. This is an old city; badly built, but so situated as to have secured commercial greatness long ere this, had *all* of its moneyed citizens been as honest as they were energetic. It has suffered much from bank inflations and bankruptcies. Its mineral, coal and water privileges are many. These, however, I pass, to note the great educational feature of the place, viz.: The Female Seminary. An institution beautiful for situation, venerable for age, honored for its fruits, and admired for its discipline and good government by all lovers of sound learning.

At the depot I heard some gentlemen speaking favorably of a sermon that Mr. Patterson, the young pastor of the Second church, had preached the evening before, from the text, "But he could not be hid."

In the cars for Wheeling I found both the *Banner* and the *Presbyterian,* overflowing with highly interesting news from the Assembly. In the former I read "A.'s" editorials, and in the latter "Neshannock's" graphics, with special interest. And what do you think, reader, when I came to the description of his ride up the "blue Juniata," where he said that in that stream's silvery sheen appeared the banks, and bluffs, and trees of the opposite shore in an inverted position; just then I looked out of my window, when lo, and behold, I discovered that the sheen of the beautiful Ohio (down whose shores I was darting,) had actually a like effect upon the "Pan-Handle;" for its mighty mountains seemed standing on their summits. What wonderful rivers these are! And what wonderful observers we correspondents must be to notice this most unusual phenomenon! Come, brother D. X. J., if you cannot make the stream of the "wild Alvoretta" do better than that, it will be impossible for you to make *us* wonder, who live on the banks of the Ohio.

In Bridgeport we tarried only long enough to hear that the Presbyterian church there was in a prosperous condition, having recently paid off all debt incurred by the erection of a new church edifice; and that Rev. Mr. Boyd, the pastor, was happy and blessed in his charge. And when in Wheeling, we learned about the same thing as to the pastors of our four churches there—and in addition that the First church had given a call to Rev. Mr. Graham, of Va., to become co-pastor with the venerable and beloved Dr. Weed.

Wheeling improves some. We noticed a number of fine buildings, with elegant fronts, as having been erected on Monroe Street since our last visit. The wonderful suspension bridge is being entirely re-modeled, which will greatly improve and beautify it. A great railroad structure is soon to be thrown across the river at this place, a *desideratum* certainly in the travelling world.

A friend met us here with a carriage, and off we went for West Liberty, Va., the most antique town West of Pittsburgh, and surrounded by one of the most beautiful and productive hill countries that I have ever looked upon. Most of the improvements are truly elegant—some of them even surpassing in grandeur those once noticed in the vicinity of Boston. Two residences, with their surroundings, were really palatial. In the one lives a brewer, in the other a banker; both seem to contend for the mastery in magnificence. The former, in my opinion, is victor. Discount, here, succumbs to drink. What, reader, do you thing of brick fences painted and painted; stables ditto, but plastered, corniced, stalled off, and heated by a subterranean furnace; graperies, arbors, lawns, serpentine walks, fountains, gardens, trees, fences and gates all in the real old English aristocratic style, with a residence to suit, in both form and furnish? Such can be seen in this region. We spent a few delightful days in and about West Liberty. Long will I remember the days I spent in this region of Va., and the rides and confabs had with Professor Ross, of West Liberty.

From here we went to the residence of a dear friend living near Triadelphia. A communion was in progress in the church known as "The Forks of Wheeling," where the late Dr. James Hervey preached for nearly half a century. The old edifice is stone. It evinces the power of time. A generation sleep in dust before its walls! It, too, is soon to fall. A new church is to take its place immediately, and this communion is the last ever to be celebrated within its sacred precincts. Bro. Paul, of Wheeling, administered it. But the congregation are regularly served by Rev. Mr. Birch, of Washington College, Pa., with whom the people are highly pleased, and to whom they expect to tender a call.

Again we return to Wheeling, and after a few hours' strolling about its streets, start for Cadiz, O., via Mingo. We took the river for variety's sake, and had a most delightful trip in the *Convoy,* Captain (Somebody) showing us many kind attentions by the way. When nearing Wellsburg, I was standing on the guards looking about for "sights," when a rough-looking character aboard accosted me, and the following "incident" occurred:

"Come," said he, "let us play a game of cards."

"Play cards! No, sir; I have been too well raised to gamble."

"O, only to pass away time, sir—to pass away time, sir—not to gamble."

"Our time, my friend, you 'll find passes away fast enough. We need not hurry it by. It will have us to Death, to the Judgment, and to Eternity, before we are half prepared for them. *To pass time,* indeed! No, no."

So off he went, looking quite ashamed of himself. May that poor fellow never exclaim, "The harvest *is past,* the Summer ended, and I am not saved."

It is now late in the night, but the light of Mingo! Mingo! And we are put ashore, and are soon on the portico of friend Potter; apologize for our late arrival, blame it on the boat, retire to rest—so, reader, good-night. More in the morning.

W.M.F.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

BROKEN WEATHER AND HARVEST PROSPECTS—OUR PUBLIC SINS PROVOKING CHASTISEMENT—HORSE-RACING, THE TALKING PEERS, AND THE SILENT PRELATES—REFORM BILL WITHDRAWN—THE GREAT EASTERN "WESTWARD HO!"—KIDNAPPING OF PROTESTANT CHILDREN—YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN—IRISH RECRUITS ROMEWARD THROUGH BELGIUM—GARIBALDI TRIUMPHANT—ATROCITIES OF THE BOMBARDMENT AT PALERMO—DENUNCIATIONS OF BROUGHAM AND PALMERSTON—WHAT THE TORIES IN OFFICE WOULD NOT HAVE SAID—CHURCHMEN AND DISSENTERS AT WAR, UPON THE CENSUS LAW—THE AMERICAN COLONEL AT SEBASTOPOL, HONORING THE BRITISH DEAD—POSTSCRIPT.

LONDON, June 15, 1860.

BROKEN WEATHER still marks this extraordinary year, which, as far as it has gone, has had but a few dry days. Fears have been entertained from the injury inflicted on young wheat-plants, by a recent violent tornado, as well as from constant rains, leading in heavy clay-lands, to the souring and discoloration of the plants and grass, that we not only have a late, but a scanty harvest. From two recent visits to rural districts, I am of opinion that comparatively little injury has been done. If we only get the bright continuous sunshine of Summer, at its noon, all will be well. But that has not yet come. Provisions have risen rapidly in price, and no doubt a stimulus will be given to the sales of farmers' produce in the United States, in consequence.

Providence is showing us how we are liable at any moment to have a visitation of famine and "cleanness of teeth" in our borders. It is well for us to realize our dependence, and learn the lesson of humiliation, and fruits meet for repentance. We are sinning as a people, with a high hand, although there never was a period, I believe, that Christians, *real* Christians, were as numerous as now. But our public men dishonor God by their advocacy or palliations of the degrading practice of pugilism, and also of the demoralizing scenes of the race-course. The Lords spent several precious hours in discussing a "Light Weight Bill," brought in by Lord Redesdale, in reference to handicap races, which was rejected. Lord Derby's speech indicated how familiar he was with the turf, and while admitting "inseparable evils" from the races condemned, he neither proposed a remedy for these, nor showed any desire for a general break up of the gambling system, which makes such havoc in connexion with the system. The Bench of Bishops sat silent, too—not a voice was upraised on the subject. I suppose silence was regarded as a genteel protest against racing, or at all events, as an indication that it was not *their* business. Well, if we had a right-handed, Puritan Parliament, and no State-made Bishops, Lord Derby's or Lord Palmerston's Erastian nominees, we would have something better than Episcopal silence.

THE REFORM BILL has been withdrawn by Lord John Russel, in consequence of the determined resistance opposed to it, and the consequent late period of the session. Other measures wait to be considered, including one greatly needed in the Law of Bankruptcy. The Tories are jubilant. Mr. Bright comforts himself by the successful carrying this session, of the French treaty, and by telling the opposition that they must settle the Reform question next year.

THE GREAT EASTERN sails to-morrow, for New-York, and we can only say of her first voyage across the Atlantic; "*Felix, faustumque sit!*"—"may it be prosperous." The new Captain, Vine Hall, is brother to the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., of Surry Chapel, a very popular preacher, and the well-known author of "Come to Jesus," &c. He is a first-class seaman.

KIDNAPPING BY ROMANISTS is the order of the day. Last year it was Monroe, this year it is [illegible] in Ireland, and more recently too. A Miss Aylward, of Dublin, presiding over a Convent, received and detained two Protestant orphans, carried off by priests as they travelled in a Railway train. She is out on bail for "contempt of Court," and continues to refuse to tell where the children are.

At Norwick, an Italian priest, a Jesuit, I believe, has induced a youth of fourteen, son of a Member of Parliament, to run away from school, to place himself under another priest, who provided him with money to go to Bishop Grant, of London. The boy has been given up by the priest, who harbored him in Southwark, the father threatening the law proceedings. The matter excites much indignation.

The secresy and cunning with which such transactions are carried on disgust an honest Protestant nation like this. The *Times* may well comment indignantly on the Norwich affair, and ask, "Who was that Italian priest who found his way to Rackheath in disguise? and who was the other priest,' by whom this Father Gingine, if that be his name, was originally introduced? Where is the hand that put all this machinery in motion, and gave the impulse to this characteristic conspiracy?"

And it adds—"The true spirit of Popery crops up at every point of the story. 'Remember,' said the disguised priest at Rackheath, 'whatever you are doing, it is for *the glory* of God;' and, accordingly, in the cause thus abominably profaned, a young man is exhorted by one priest to run away from his tutor, abetted by another in tricking his father, provided with means of concealment, and furnished with pass-ports to take him from one hiding place to another, like a proscribed fugitive, or a political out-law.

"*These are the principles of action which render Popery so detested in this country.* What parent can be secure, if his son is to be subjected to temptations and manœuvres like these, if the first symptoms of weakness in a lad are to be eagerly marked, the disease to be sedulously cultivated, and the final catastrophe promoted by all the arts of an organized and unscrupulous fraternity? It is 'for the glory of God' forsooth! and by this overruling argument, any outrage on morality or honor, is presumed to be justified."

The system of proselytism, however, is too deliberately established, and alas! too successful to be abandoned. It is pursued with undeviating, tenacity of purpose, and in many cases irreparable mischief is caused, so that if the *body* of the youth abducted is secured by law, the perversion of his *mind* is complete, and thus Rome's ultimate triumph over him is secure.

I have recently been called to deal with the case of a Protestant young woman thus perverted in the house of a Scotch Roman Catholic gentleman at Clapham. Her mistress was a Protestant, but to the house, priests and Popish ladies had access constantly. She was persuaded to go to a Romish church on Good Friday; and her senses were impressed with the darkness and the display of priestly ceremony. Her knowledge was not great, and she has, I fear, been led irrecoverably into the snare.

IRISH RECRUITS for the Pope are passing in large numbers through Belgium. A "Lover of Liberty"—not an Englishman—writes to the *Times,* from Malines, and states that the Irish students from the Popish College at Loraine have taken their station at that town. *Their* duty is to aid their fellow-countrymen who come over, and to forward them to Rome, and they pay each man's ticket on to Cologne, where there are a similar depot and agency. It is said that two thousand six hundred are still expected. They have to go by Cologne, Vienna, and Trieste, as France and Sardinia will not allow them to pass through their territories.

"I do not write," says the Belgian "Lover of Liberty," "for reasons of religion; but cannot keep quiet when I see men who complain of the galling tyranny, the iron despotism, &c., of England, going to support a Government whose deeds are darker than those of any other, either civilized or uncivilized, on the face of this earth, except those of its Bourbon brother."

THE TRIUMPH of the Sicilian Revolution is doubly enhanced in its importance, from the fact that both France and England have refused to interfere with its consummation by the free choice of the liberated people themselves. Napoleon III., whatever he means ultimately, does not intend to get into collision with any Power in Europe *this* year, and more than this, that while recommending in words that a Sicily Bourbon Prince should reign over a Constitutional kingdom, he will not object to the people's free vote of annexation to Piedmont. Cavour means to keep him to this, and Lord John Russel will do the same, if possible.

THE ATROCITIES of the bombardment of Palermo are now being fully revealed. The following is from the *Times'* correspondent on the spot:

HORRORS OF THE BOMBARDMENT.—One might write volumes of horrors on the Vandalism already committed, for every one of the hundred ruins has its story of brutality and inhumanity. Were there not so many of the officers of the ships who have strolled about the town and seen them with their own eyes, I should be almost afraid of writing them down, so incredible do they sound. It is, above all, in the quarters to the right and left of the Royal Palace, mostly inhabited by the poorer classes and thickly crowded with monasteries, that the horrors can be witnessed by everyone who walks up. Any one can do so by using his senses. There are the black ruins of blocks of houses. As you can see by those which have hitherto escaped, they are in the style of those at St. Gile's or the Seven Dials, with the only exception that all the windows have balconies before them. In these small houses a dense population is crowded together even in ordinary times; the fear of the bombardment crowded them even more; a shell falling on one, and crushing and burying the inmates, was sufficient to make people abandon the neighboring one and take refuge a little further on, shutting themselves up in the cellars. When the royalists retired, they set fire to those of the houses which had escaped the shells, and numbers were thus burned alive in their hiding places. All about the neighborhood of the Albergeria the air is charged with the exhalations of the corpses imperfectly covered by the ruins, and with that greasy smell occasioned by the burning of an animal body. If you can stand the exhalation, try and go inside the ruins, for it is only there that you will see what the thing means. You will not have to search long before you stumble over the charred remains of a human body, a leg sticking out here, an arm there, a black face staring at you a little further on. You are startled by a rustle, you look round and see half-a-dozen gorged rats scampering off in all directions, or you see a dog trying to make his escape over the ruins; myriads of flies rise up at your approach, and you hurry out, in order to escape their disgusting and poisonous contact.

I only wonder that the sight of these scenes does not convert every man in the town into a tiger, and every woman into a fury.

Lord Brougham, in the House of Peers, has indignantly denounced the bombardment, and in fact it is this which has made it impossible for Francis II., young Bombino, ever to recover Sicily.

The Court of Naples has been sending a Special Envoy, to London, but ere he came, Lord Palmerston, amid the cheers of the Liberal members, and the applause of the country, gave public utterance as to the kind of reception and rebuke which awaited him. He spoke as follows:

The Government of Naples has sent a diplomatic agent to this [illegible] who may be expected to arrive here in a few days, for the purpose of making a communication to the two Governments of France and England. No doubt that in our communication with that envoy, we shall express to him those feelings which her Majesty's Government, in common with every body in this country, entertain with regard to the barbarities which have been practised in Sicily. (Hear, hear.) It is really a disgrace to the present age and its civilization that these things should have occurred. (Cheers.) With regard to the next question, I must say that any such representations in the way of remonstrance that her Majesty's Government may make would have any very beneficial effect in the future conduct of the Government of Naples, I cannot venture to lead the House to entertain any very sanguine expectation. (Hear, hear.) It is far more likely, I am afraid, that that which happened after the sacking and massacre at Perugia, may occur in the present case. It is more likely, I am afraid, that the naval and military officers who conducted the operations at Palermo may receive, instead of reprimand or punishment, promotion and reward from the Government of Naples. (Hear, hear.) With regard to the last question, we know that the Neapolitan Government has applied for assistance to its foreign allies to guarantee the integrity of the Two Sicilies. Austria has positively and peremptorily refused to interfere in the affairs of Naples. (Cheers.) We have reason to believe that the French Government has given a similar answer to that of Austria. (Cheers.) I need not say what the feelings of the British Government have been, and will be, upon a matter of that kind. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") It is the misfortune of Governments like those of Rome and Naples, that when, by the cruelties and atrocities committed under their authority, their subjects have been driven to desperation and have revolted, they appeal to old friendly Powers for assistance to remove the authors of those revolutions. These Governments forget that they themselves are the real and original authors of the revolt—(cheers)—and of all those revolutionary movements; and that if their prayer was granted, to accomplish it, the first and necessary step would be their own removal. (Laughter and cheers.)

The reference to the Pope's rewards to the leaders of the massacre of Perugia, will be gall and wormwood to the whole Popish party in this country and throughout Europe. Lord Palmerston, in his closing remarks, does not conceal his desire that the Neapolitan throne should be utterly swept away. If Malmsbury had been at our Foreign Office, instead of Lord John Russel, and Lord Derby had been Lord of the Treasury, instead of Palmerston, we should have had no such noble utterances from Cabinet Ministers such as now prove how true to the cause of liberty all the world over, is our present Ministry.

THE CENSUS of the population to be taken in 1861, is about to be authorized by a special Act of Parliament. One of its provisions has excited great opposition from Protestant Dissenters, or at least the political portion of them. When the last Census was taken, it was ordered that the *number of attendants* on a given Sabbath day should be ascertained. The result was that *more* persons were found to be at public worship in Dissenting, Wesleyan, and Presbyterian places of worship in England and Wales, than at the churches and chapels of the Establishment. This was a severe blow to the "National" Church and its interests, inasmuch as it seemed unmistakably to indicate that the majority of the people did *not* belong to its pale, or own its authority.

The Anti-State Church Society made political capital out of this, in order to help on their measures for the abolition of Church rates, and to accelerate their grand design of an ultimate overthrow of the Establishment. But *now* comes a *new* provision, which—if passed into law—will *not* take the reckoning of religious denominations from attendance at public worship, but from *household visitation* by the police, who are to be authorized to ask to what form of religion each inhabitant belongs. The Dissenters cry out against this, as an infringement of religious liberty, as a test to which people ought not to submit, and as sure to lead to a totally false representation of the relative numbers of Churchmen and Dissenters, inasmuch as *all* who go to no place of worship, and all who refuse to give answers, will be set down as belonging to the Church of England. Mr. Baines, M. P. for Leeds, and other eminent Nonconformist members of Parliament, oppose the enacting of such a law.

On the other hand, the Churchmen have mustered their forces, go up one hundred and fifty strong as a Deputation to Lord Palmerston, urge the unfairness of the last returns, and beg he will stick to the new proposal. Lord Palmerston satisfies and gratifies them by the assurance that he means to do so. It is worthy of notice that Mr. D'Israeli, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, accompanied the Deputation, and that *very* High Churchmen, both laity and clergy, including Ultra Tractarians, formed its staple. The Evangelical *Record,* however, opposes the Dissenters' claim, and it is evident that Churchmen, as such, are most anxious that the nakedness of their borders should not be so ruthlessly exposed as it was nine years ago.

AN AMERICAN, Colonel Gowen, engaged in the enterprise of raising sunken ships and clearing the harbor of Sebastopol, is greatly to be honored for his considerate kindness in having the desecrated tombs of English officers restored and repaired. His letter to the brother of the lamented Captain Hammet, of the Naval Brigade, is printed in yesterday's *Times.* Colonel G. had caused the remains to be re-interred, has had the flat stones laid in concrete, and the marble headstone firmly secured in position. He refuses any compensation for expenses incurred, and wishes it to be considered a tribute.

He adds: "I have caused several hundred cypress and other trees to be placed within and around the cemeteries of the Crimea, where your brave countrymen repose, and in a few years they will cast their peaceful shade over the last resting place of the brave heroes." Such acts of graceful kindness are an honor to the man, and tend to cement in closer affection the two great Anglo-Saxon nations.

Colonel Gowen expresses his conviction that the desecration of the graves was totally apart from Russian sanction or act.

J.W.

P. S.—The *Times* of this day calls Garibaldi "the Washington of liberty," and expects, as well as hopes, that the war will go on till the Neapolitan throne is swept away.

The proposed conference at Baden-Baden, with the Prince of Prussia and other German Princes, excites speculation and anxiety.

Death-Bed Scenes.

The rich Cardinal Beaufort said: "And must I die! Will not all my riches save me. I could purchase the kingdom, if that would prolong my life. Alas! there is no bribing death."

An English nobleman said: "I have a splendid passage to the grave; I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectably attended by my servants and physicians; my dependents sigh; my sisters weep; my father bends beneath a load of grief and years; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inmost anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me, to hide his [illegible] But O! which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who can descend into the dark prison of the grave with me? Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay which may lie reposed in state, while my soul my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge."

The celebrated Talleyrand on his death-bed was visited by Louis Philippe, king of the French. "How do you feel?" said the king; the answer was, "Sire, I am suffering the pangs of the damned."

Sir Thomas Scott said: "Until this moment I believed that there was neither a God nor a hell. Now, I know and feel that there are both, and I am doomed to perdition by the just judgment of the Almighty."

A rich man, when dying, was informed by his physician that he should prepare for the worst. "Cannot I live for a week?" "No," said the doctor, "you will probably continue but a little while." "Say not so," said the dying man; "I will give you a hundred thousand dollars if you will prolong my life three days;" but in less than an hour he was dead.

"Take Heed What Ye Hear."

There is such a thing as foolhardy adventure into an enemy's country. Religious falsehood sometimes comes in such a shape as to stimulate the curiosity of the unwary, as the fruit of the tree of knowledge tempted Eve. Sometimes it is the vehicle which is attractive. It may be elegant style, it may be romance, it may be closely-knit argumentation, it may be popular eloquence. The union of several such fascinations may invite the youthful student to taste the poisonous clusters, and acquire the taste for doubts and cavils. One most seductive and cunning argument against future retribution which our age has produced, is contained in a poem of high talent. The name and fame of some great heretical preacher, or some orator who delivers infidel sermons under the guise of lectures to the people, who admire and acquiesce, and go again, not knowing, in their simplicity, that the new doctrines which they drink in will presently unsettle all the religious belief of their childhood—happier far is the fate of the vulgar, than literary advance bought at such a price.

It is a plain maxim of common sense, not to tamper with infection; and he is a fool who, for the mere sake of proving his boldness and freedom from bigotry, rushes uncalled into the miasmatic influence of false teachings. "Take heed," said incarnate Wisdom, "what ye hear." The caution which is good for yourself, is good for your children and dependents. A little mineral admixture in their daily bread, a little morbific quality in their daily milk, would be easily dreaded as tending to wear away the health; yet the daily journal enters your doors, distilling by little and little, false, latitudinarian opinions. No marvel if you find your old age surrounded by sons who have made shipwreck of the faith. It is impossible to watch too earnestly the literature which comes into the hands of the young. If you desire them to be guarded and manly Christians, their food must be truth. It is certain of the mind as of the body, that whatever is taken into it should tend directly to its growth and strength; all that is otherwise is obnoxious. Nutrition, moreover, is a gradual process, the result of repeated acts. If, then, the mind and character are to make progress and acquire firmness, there must be not slight and occasional, but regular and extensive study of God's revealed will.—*J. W. Alexander, D.D.*

The Unexpected Summons.

H—— was a young man much beloved and respected in his native village, but, alas! a stranger to the love of Christ. He was full of life and animation, and a general favorite in society. No doubt, he put off the day of repentance until a later period in life, when the pleasures of youth should have lost their power to charm him.

Poor H——! that day never dawned on him. He was riding out one day, when his horse suddenly became frightened and unmanageable, and he was thrown with great violence to the ground. A crowd quickly gathered around him, and he was conveyed at once to the nearest house. It was evident that he was very seriously injured, and a physician was immediately sent for. When he arrived, the young man, though suffering intensely, looked him steadily in the face, and inquired in a firm voice:

"Doctor, must I die? Must I die, sir? Do not deceive me in this matter."

The physician could only reply honestly, and told him he had probably not an hour left to live. Like a flash of lightning, he seemed to awaken from a sense of his sufferings, and to wander wide away from them.

"Must I go into eternity in an hour?" he said. "Must I stand before my Judge in one short hour? God knows I have made no preparation for this event. I have heard of impenitent young men thus suddenly cut off, but it never occurred to me that I should be one. Oh! tell me, tell me what I must do to be saved?" He was told that he must repent of his sins, and look to Jesus Christ for pardon.

"But I do not know how to repent. The whole work of my lifetime is crowded into this hour of agony. Oh! what shall I do to be saved?" he continued to cry, with an eye glaring with desperation. But agonized friends could not save him. Death would not wait for explanations, and thus crying out for aid and instruction he sank back upon his pillow, and in another moment he was in eternity.

Emulation as a Motive to Study.

The intellectual form of selfishness is emulative ambition; a radical disorder in our schools and our scholarship. We put our pupils too much in this race, not that they may attain a common good, but that they may outstrip each other. To be wise, to be strong, to be masters of life, wielders of bright weapons against all ignorance and wrong—this is not made the aim—but the poor complacency of looking back on the rest. A hateful fire is set running through the fresh growths of these unsordid breasts, which scorches, blights, and blackens, wherever its hot tongue can find a generous feeling to sting. Why talk of following knowledge for its own sake, if our practice teaches children to prize it only as a ladder of renown, or as a price paid for applause? But, my friends, the moment you carry your objections to the conductors of education, they tell you the emulative plan is the only one that the previous management of their scholars allows them to use, with the least hope of getting out of them any tolerable amount of work. That is to say, the trail of the serpent runs all the way, from alphabet to diploma—and who knows how far beyond?

Prior once proposed a system of education, by having sweet cakes cut out in the shape of the letters—the child to eat a letter as soon as he had learnt it—and so on, till he had devoured and digested the baked alphabet. One is reminded of this philosophy of compound nourishment, when he sees little children made to think that the only purpose of learning is to be fatened, whether on cake, money, or compliments. Suppose rather, that from the beginning of his studies, the boy was made to feel that the grand object of them is usefulness to society and the service of God. Suppose the question put foremost by the voice of father and mother, teachers and tutor, were, how to contribute the largest life to the welfare of man, and how to help others to live; how to lighten the load of the wronged and oppressed; how to raise burdens, and cheer outcasts, and render science the minister to over-tasked strength, and turn discovery to relief of sorrow:

"How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor,
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and Charity, more and more."

The mind can never open into the largest compass and power under any but the broadest and highest motives. Nor can it ever be too soon to expand it by that Christian measure.—*Prof. Huntington.*

What Decision Did.

In the West lived a very proud, wealthy, infidel, and irreligious father, who, having one day called the family together, told them if they went to the prayer-meeting and "got religion," as he called it, he would disinherit them, and banish them from the house. The wife and children were included in the threat. The daughter, however, continued to go to the prayer-meetings, and soon found peace in believing in Jesus. When an opportunity was afforded to make a profession, she meekly arose, and spoke of the "great change" in her heart, and of her faith in the Saviour.

The news was immediately carried to the father of the young lady. Having come home that night, she was met at the door by her father, standing with the Bible in his arms.

"Maria," said he, "I have been told that you have publicly professed, to-night, that you have religion. Is that so?"

"Father," said the girl, "I love you; and I think I love the Saviour, too."

Opening his Bible to a blank leaf, and pointing with his finger, he said:

"Maria, whose name is that?"

"It is my name, sir."

"Did I not tell you that I would disinherit you if you got religion?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I must do it. You cannot come into my house." And tearing the leaf out of the Bible, "There," said he, "so do I blot your name from among my children. You can go."

She went to the house of a pious widow in the neighborhood, and heard no more from her father for three weeks. But one morning seeing her father's carriage driving up to the door, she ran out, and said to the driver:

"What is the matter, James?"

"Your father is very sick, and thinks he is going to die; and he is afraid he shall go to hell for his wickedness, and the grievous wrong he has done you in disinheriting you, and turning you from his house. He wants you to jump into the carriage, and come home as quickly as possible."

She found her father