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[Original.]

The Blind Girl.

Beside the cottage door there rests,
A lovely girl so fair,
And evening's soft and balmy breeze,
Toys with her golden hair.
A holy light rests on her face,
Her voice is sweet and kind,
But ah! her eyes, her sightless eyes—
Alas! the girl is blind.

She often talks of coming joys,
And oft of heaven she sings;
Until she thinks she hears the sound
Of angel's golden wings.
"They'll come for me some day," she says,
"Those angels pure and bright,
To take me with them to the place
Where I'll receive my sight.

"But oh, I wish that I had lived,
When Christ was on the earth,
When he gave sight to many blind,
Blind even from their birth;
If I could hear the joyful shout,
Christ Jesus comes this way,
How soon I'd fall before his feet,
And for my sight I'd pray.

"Because my mother says she's old,
And that her hair is gray,
That soon to her will come the end
Of all life's toilsome way—
This makes me long that I could see,
If only for a day,
How I would gaze upon her face,
As long as sight would stay.

"At evening when she shelters me,
Within her fond embrace,
In happy dreams I always see
My mother's loving face.
These many years I've heard her voice,
So cheering at my side;
And when I've wept that I was blind,
She's sat with me and cried.

"But, happy thought! we're going soon,
Where Christ restores the blind,
And holy ones our feet will guide,
Until his throne we find;
What joy and bliss will then be mine,
When I begin to see,
And mother will be with me there,
To share the joy with me."

S. L. C.

Translated from the Greek for the Watchman and Reflector.

The Greek and Papal Churches---The Differences Between Them.

The following article, translated from a late number of the *Star of the East*, a Greek newspaper published in Athens, though not precisely accurate in every particular, presents an outline of the chief difference between the Roman and the Greek Churches. The reader will keep in mind that it is from a Greek source, and is hence likely to be somewhat partial. Still, the statement is instructive.

I. Concerning the Supremacy of the Pope.

The Papal Church holds that the Pope is the only head of the Church, the successor of the Apostle Peter, and the Vicar of Christ on earth, having the key of heaven and hell, so that whatsoever he looses or binds on earth shall be loosed or bound in heaven; thus he is regarded as infallible, and his decision upon disputed points has more authority than the testimony of the Holy Scriptures themselves.

The Greek Church, on the contrary, maintains that Christ did not leave any special vicar on earth, but that all bishops are representatives, and that the Pope is only a simple bishop.

II. Concerning the Procession of the Holy Spirit.

The Papal Church holds that the Holy Spirit proceeds not only from the Father, but also from the Son. The Greek Church, on the other hand, maintains that the Holy Spirit proceeds only from the Father.

III. Concerning the Unleavened Bread, and the Giving of the Bread only to the Laity.

In the celebration of the Communion, the Papal Church uses unleavened bread, and permits the laity to partake only of this; the Greek Church uses leavened bread, and gives to the communicants both the bread and the wine, in remembrance of the death of Christ.

IV. Concerning the Rest of the Saints, and Purgatorial Fire.

The Papal Church holds, that in the future world there are three conditions: 1. That of eternal happiness for the righteous; 2. That of eternal punishment for the wicked and the impenitent; 3. An intermediate state for the souls of those who have repented; but not in time to show their repentance in the present life by good works. This last condition is called the fire of Purgatory, or the fire which, in a limited time, purifies souls from the defilement of sin, and thus prepares them to enter into heaven. In other words, this condition is one of temporary punishment, inflicted by the Lord upon the souls of those who have repented before death, but have not time to perform good works, and limited to a certain duration, at the end of which he permits them to enter into everlasting mansions. The Greek Church, on the other hand, holds that there are only two conditions, that of those who are saved, and that of those who will be punished. And in regard to those who have repented, but have had opportunity to perform good works, on account of the intervention of death, the Greek Church declares that they are wholly forgiven at the very moment of confession, and that there remains nothing for them to expiate after death. The Papist, however, in defence of their own Church, say that the Greeks reject the name, and still retain the thing. For they make offerings to the priests, in order that they may pray for the dead, and perform masses, and make supplications to God, and give alms on behalf of the souls of the departed, which signifies that they believe their souls are in torments, and that they can by these means better their condition; that is deliver them from punishment, and introduce them into heaven; which is the same with the Purgatorial fire of the Papal Church.

Besides these principal differences, which were the cause of the separation of the two Churches, there are also the following secondary ones:

V. Concerning the Celibacy of the Clergy.

The Papal Church imposes the condition of celibacy on all its priests; the Greek Church leaves them free to choose a married or an unmarried life. Indeed, at the present time, so far as we are informed, in free Greece, license is given to no one to be ordained a priest, unless he is married.

VI. Concerning the use of Graven Images, in Churches and in Private Houses.

The Papal Church, as it is well known, uses in churches and in private houses, graven and molten images of Christ, of the Virgin, and of the Saints and Angels; the Greek Church uses only pictures.

VII. Concerning the Holy Scriptures.

The Papal Church not only hinders the distribution of the Holy Scriptures among the people, but also punishes those who read them, in the States of the Church, in Naples, and in Austria, with imprisonment, and other civil penalties; and in other kingdoms, where it cannot use the temporal sword, it uses spiritual weapons for the same end. The Greek Church, however, both exhorts the people to read the Holy Scriptures, and herself distributes them among her spiritual children. It is true that there were some even in the Greek Church, who have declined from the right way, and who "Romanize" in respect to this subject; but the usages of the Greek Church is in favor of the Holy Scriptures.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Donation Visits.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Among the many reasons that should prompt your ministerial brethren to constant efforts for the circulation of the *Banner* in their congregations, there is one that few pastors are in circumstances to despise. I refer to the bearing of your excellent periodical on the support of the Gospel ministry in our own land. The missionary to a foreign land, or even to the missionary stations of our own country, calls forth the general and substantial sympathies of the Church in his behalf. But how many of our pastors, in comparatively feeble churches—churches that, however they might need assistance, resolve to be self-sustaining, and scorn the idea of remaining forever on the missionary list—how many such pastors are expending their private means, or contracting debts, to preach the Gospel. Let the people have light on this point. The *Banner* has indeed done important service in the cause. The noble deeds of congregations for their pastors, are spread before the Church and the world; to stand forth as an example for imitation, leading others to go and do likewise.

In addition to salaries promised and promptly paid, donation visits are evidently on the increase. Many of them are never published. The pastor, through modesty, shrinks from such a course as apparently ostentatious, or tending to draw attention to himself. Nor could the *Banner* contain the things that might be written on this subject. It is enough, perhaps, in brief editorials, to keep it before the people. When such demonstrations for the support of the Gospel become universal in our churches, the prospects of the millenium will doubtless be relieved from some of the clouds, that often create feelings of despondency with regard to its approach. In that good time to come, in this selfish world, it may be that even editors will be remembered in donation visits. Then among the other beatitudes, this will be realized:—"Blessed are the meek, (*or the humble advocates of righteousness,*) for they shall inherit the earth.

DELTA.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

New-England Correspondence.

If any one has doubts as to the perils in the New-England churches, those doubts are likely to be dissipated. Since the Hartford case, another more astounding has transpired. Your readers will recollect that in that case a man denying the orthodox doctrines of inspiration, original sin, inability, atonement, &c., and inclining to the belief that sinners might be saved after death, was ordained by one of the most respectable Councils in New-England. You will also recollect that owing to the controversy in that case, another man holding similar views was soon after rejected by a Council—a thing that has not occurred, we believe, for years before. But now we have an illustration of the force of Congregationalism. As soon as the candidate had been rejected by one Council, another was called, upon which were obtained Drs. Hawes and Samuel Spring, (who had been upon the Hartford Council, and had defended its action,) and Mr. Parker (the man ordained by the Hartford Council,) with others of like views, and the candidate was ordained and installed. The significant thing about this case was, not only that the man held views similar to those avowed by the Hartford candidate, but that he was ordained directly over the head of the Council that rejected him. And what is the remedy in such a case? Congregationalism furnishes none. The candidate declared that he would run the gauntlet of fifty Councils; but he would obtain his ordination; and it was publicly announced that the church would have him if no Council would ordain him. And the man and the church are to-day in full and regular standing in the Congregational body. These are the inevitable liabilities of Congregationalism. The system does well enough as long as there is no error in doctrine to be guarded against, and no disorder in practice; but it utterly fails where government and discipline are to be maintained. How much longer the better portion of the body will endure this state of things, remains to be seen.

NEW-ENGLAND.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Sights and Incidents Concluded.

Our departure from Mingo was as early as our arrival had been late. For this there was no remedy; as time, tide, and trains wait for no one. Morning's gray dawn found us on our way to the Cadiz Junction. Forest and fields sparkled with dewy beauties. Sweetness filled the air; and our momentary halt at the first few stations, was greeted with the warble of a thousand feathered songsters. Surely what May is to the year, the morning is to the day. But the loveliness of the latter, multitudes never see. Sleep (the rogue, the sluggard) robs them. What is the grandeur of a golden sunrise, or all the glories of early morn to them, compared with the dreamy luxury, and soul arousing sublimity of lying in bed! As for us, we felt that the sweet scenes of this morning were a rich compensation for our abridged slumbers at Mingo. One incident creditable to the character of our conductor, we note with much satisfaction. In receiving our fare, he had, in change, passed some uncurrent bills on us. When he discovered this afterwards, he, unsolicited, returned, apologized, and rectified it; a matter he would, doubtless, not have done, had he not been strictly honest; for he must have known that detection on our part was not only very improbable, but next to impossible, seeing we knew neither him nor his notes. Well, bad as the world is, there are still *some* honest men in it. Some? Yes, many; for, among the multitude we daily trust, rogues are the exception, not the rule. And I am glad to say that of the thousands upon thousands of persons that I have met in my travels, not one in a hundred of them did I ever suspect of dishonesty. I never have lost a cent by stealth, nor have I ever received what I regarded as an insult or an indignity from either man or mortal, when among strangers.

But, let me see, if I remember correctly, I was speaking of our trip to Cadiz from Mingo Junction, along the Steubenville and Indiana Road. A few hours, and our destination was reached. Harrison, the county of which Cadiz is the capital, is one of the finest portions of our State. It is fertile, rolling, well watered, richly timbered, abounds in minerals, and is highly improved. As a grain and grazing region it ranks high; but in wool-growing it is the prince of the West, having no rival, excepting the country around Cumberland and Washington, in Guernsey County, which, of late years, has yielded a fiber just as fine, and a quantity almost as great as ever was shown by the Cadiz shepherds.

Our reception by Rev. W. M. Grimes and his people, was truly cordial. A communion service was in progress in his church. What assistance we could give, we freely rendered for a few days. Presbyterianism here is strong. It has grown to a vigorous and fruitful tree, from a healthy shoot, planted and long watered by the late Rev. Mr. Kerr, whose family still lives here, and whose labors were remarkably blessed, till his Master called him home to his reward. He has a worthy successor in the present pastor, who is a very popular and efficient minister of Jesus Christ—untiring in zeal to promote the good of souls and the glory of God in this wealthy and intelligent community. Reader, what do you think of a series of sixty sermons on the prophecies? Such a task brother G. has actually undertaken! Eight or ten of these have been delivered. The rest I saw arranged in their embryotic state; and no doubt they will in due time appear to the edification and delight of every attentive hearer. The structure of brother G.'s mind is peculiar. His views are in the main orthodox, but original and speculative. He loves to wash gold from sand unwashed before—to pluck a flower from a towering summit, or to pick a gem from the dust, that no other eye has ever seen, or finger touched, and to lay it all at his Saviour's feet. He regards prophecies as a species of perpetual miracles, having its fulfillment in the daily occurrences of life, and challenging the prayerful consideration of every Christian, and calculated to produce conviction in the mind of the thoughtful and reverential, of the Divine origin of Revelation. He, justly, does not regard the prophecies of Isaiah, and of Daniel, of John, and of Jesus, as so many detached, or insulated predictions; but as a grand *system* of previous information, as to the secret purposes of providence, reaching, like a golden chain, from the origin to the end of all things, and marked by such distinct notations of order, place, and time, as may be called the geography and chronology of prophecy. And, therefore, to understand these Divine predictions, is to know what *to expect* to occur among men and nations, or in the Church and in the world, at or about a particular juncture of the future. Such are his views, and well does he sustain them. Still the task before him is Herculean, and not void of danger. May God assist him to accomplish it for the good of souls, and keep him from wild speculations and theories, and steer his course clear of the anathema denounced against him who adds to, or takes from the Book of prophecy.

After days of sweet, social, and much devotional intercourse with the people of this place, we left in an old stage-coach for Antrim. Not long after our arrival here, the Presbytery of St. Clairsville met in the Presbyterian church, to install the Rev. Mr. Knox as pastor. We met with them, and heard and saw many things that delighted us much. As to the church itself, it was organized only about eighteen months since. Now it numbers over sixty members; has erected a beautiful new house; has it finished, furnished, and paid for; called a pastor half of his time, and bids fair soon to be one of the foremost churches in the Presbytery. What cannot energy, means, liberality, and piety accomplish when united? All the sermons, charges, and services of the occasion, were truly interesting, and elicited not only the attention, but the tears of the large audience present.

The Commissioners to the General Assembly reported. Their reports were very lengthy, but deeply gratifying. Their account of the great Board debate was graphic; and their profiles of the *pro.* and *con.* champions thereof, drawn to nature; so that all of us were made to feel thankful to God for bringing into the church such excellent and gifted men as Thornwell and Hodge, Boardman and Krebs, &c.

Father Chiniquy (*Shinekee*) and his cause was carried from the Assembly in the arms of one of the Commissioners, and held up to the view of this Presbytery in Antrim, in a way most glorious to behold. We loved this Luther of the nineteenth century before; we love him better now. Think of it. Ten thousand redeemed from Popery! Yes, and one hundred and forty thousand more coming! Blessed Exodus! This whole Chiniquy movement is marvellous. We must visit this Colony and see for ourself.

But night comes, and on the morrow the Presbytery adjourned to meet, *as soon as possible*, in Birmingham, a town eight miles West of Antrim. So into their buggies and carriages, and on to their horses, the members, and many of the visitors, of Presbytery, got, and off they go, with a rattle and a dust, to the place appointed. We along. What a time! Here is one poor fellow with a broken buggy shaft. A little beyond another has lost the tire off his carriage wheel. Here is one with a lame horse, and there another with a broken girth. But on *we* go; no mishaps befalling us, and got to our journey's end in good time and spirits.

The object in coming, was the installation of brother Knox, for the other half of his time, over this church, which, with Antrim, makes an exceedingly pleasant and hopeful pastoral charge. The audience here was larger than yesterday, and the services equally interesting and appropriate. Want of space forbids special notice. One young man, Mr. Wallace, of Allegheny Seminary, was licensed to preach the Gospel; a licentiate examined and received from another Presbytery, and a student of Princeton taken under the care of Presbytery as a candidate for holy orders. Thus ended this delightful meeting. The ministers of this Presbytery are all loving and beloved brethren—a truly efficient body of men; and long will they be so, under the lead of such ministers as Dr. Mitchell, Revs. Crawford, Boyd, Moffat, and Dool.

After many a kind greeting, we left them and turned our face homeward, where, when we had arrived, we saw the last and best of these long chapters of sights.

In our absence, the Building Committee of our new church, had determined to give us a "surprise" on our return. So to work they went, and had the new Lecture-Room nicely fitted up and furnished, in which for us to preach the first sermon. Unknown to us we had held our last service in the old building, and we gladly left its dingy, damp, and dangerous walls, without a tear or a regret.

The entire new edifice will be complete, probably, in October next. Then we will have a church indeed. The Lecture-Room is all above ground, and seats conveniently about four hundred persons.

Thus agreeably ended our pleasant trip of Sights and Incidents. W. M. F.

IF you do not keep pride out of your souls and your souls out of pride, God will keep your souls out of heaven.—*Dyer.*

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF WATERLOO—THE GUARDS' FESTIVAL—FIELD DAY FOR THE VOLUNTEERS—THE CONFERENCE AT BADEN—A NEW KING FOR IRELAND—THE IRISH "EMIGRANTS" TO ITALY—REFORM BILL WITHDRAWN—PREPARING FOR THE WORST—THE DEFENCES OF LONDON QUESTION—DR. CUMMING'S PROPHECY AND THE LONG LEASEHOLD—THE SABBATH TRADING BILL—THE CAPITULATION AT PALERMO—GARIBALDI AND ASSASSINS—STATE OF NAPLES—RESULTS OF THE BOMBARDMENT—GARIBALDI'S PREPARATIONS—POSTSCRIPT ON THE WEATHER.

LONDON, June 22, 1860.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF WATERLOO is not now observed, as it was from the year after the terrible conflict up till that of the great exhibition of 1851. It was thought better then to let the 18th of June come and depart without any demonstrations which might wound the feelings of our French visitors. The great Duke was a heartily consenting party to this; and so, by a kind of tacit understanding, the commemoration ceased. More than once have I seen the stream of gallant Waterloo heroes passing in to dine with their illustrious leader, at Apsley House, while last of all came Prince Albert, as the representative of Royal homage to the valor of his country, and then the white-haired hero came down the front steps to welcome the Queen's husband. But now he is gone, and most of those who stood the brunt of that bloody field, standing on which, seven years ago, I could realize all the better by its very silence, what must have been "the shock, the shout, the groan of war," on that day, where the bravest of men were antagonists, where two hundred pieces of artillery made the welkin ring, and the earth to tremble, and whose eddying fortunes were at last decided by the Duke's cry, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

The Guards, at least, have had a commemorative feast of their great history, including that of Waterloo. The officers of the First Regiment of Foot Guards dined together on Saturday last, to celebrate the centenary of their flag. The Prince Consort presided, and albeit a man of peace, he spoke in season of the great achievements of the past. The Duke of Cambridge, likewise, was there, with his kindly, genial presence and words. He spoke of the whole British army with affection, and hailed the volunteer movement as most important. Old officers, and others comparatively young, were there, nearly all of whom have been under fire, most with medals and clasps on their breasts. There are still amongst us, at the forty-fifth anniversary season of Waterloo, one hundred and ninety officers above the rank of Captain, which fought on that Belgian field.

This banquet has naturally tended to increase the military spirit of the nation. The Press has made it the subject of special articles, and the *Daily Telegraph*, which often equals the *Times* in brilliancy and power, thus appeals to the glorious past of the Foot Guards:

> It was that phalanx which routed the Imperial Guard at Waterloo, and trod under foot the pride of twenty years. Thenceforth the earth lay heavy on the ashes of French ambition.
>
> The blazonry of this superb and dauntless regiment reads like an illuminated military history of England for the last two hundred years. It tells the whole story of Marlborough. It awakes the memory of Spanish and Flemish campaigns; it reminds Germany how she was saved, and France how she was humbled. Almost every one on the staff, in spite of a long peace, wears on his breast a cluster of medals, crosses, and stars; and among the youngest men in the ranks there are those who might vie in the relation of their deeds with the most gallant graybeards of the British army. The Prince Consort is the Colonel of the First Grenadier Guards; and it is no fault of his that, although a Field Marshal, his services have been of an exclusively ornamental character. He did well, however, after the Saturday banquet, to remind his comrades of the brilliant prowess they had met to celebrate. That iron-fronted band has stood face to face with the feather-crested hordes of the American prairie; its bayonets have gleamed along the African coast; the Spaniards have laid down their arms at its bidding; it has pursued the Turk, and brought the Russian to bay; it has left a trace wherever the blood of England has been shed in the Low Countries. Above all, whether the Bourbon banners rustled, or the Napoleonic eagles glittered, from South to North in Europe, the last blow has been struck by the English Guards, and they never knew defeat. Even at Fontenoy, the sun went down and saw their colors flying. They fought in the ditches and on the ramparts of Namur; they defended Gibraltar when the mighty sea fortress was assailed by the most powerful batteries in Europe; their standards flashed through the breaches of Barcelona and Valenciennes; their drums were heard amid the hottest fire at Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet; they ran the gauntlet of battle at Lincelles, Corunna, Baroosa, the Pyrenees, St. Sebastian, Nivelles, and Nive. Finally they breasted the heights of the Alma; twelve of their officers were shot dead at Inkermann; and they passed through storms of flame and slaughter at the tremendous siege of Sebastopol. The regiment, since its origin has been proud of England, and England will forever be proud of the First Grenadiers.

This is indeed well called "a military month;" for the volunteers, even through rain and storm, have been drilling and going through evolutions; and above all, to-morrow is to come off a grand review of twenty-five thousand volunteers, in Hyde Park, by the Queen. Great have been the preparations and anticipations. If the weather be fine, it will be a gallant show; and more than this, a suggestive spectacle, conveying to Continental nations, and especially to France, the quiet but determined purpose of England to defend herself against invasion, if attempted. Should "I be there to see," I shall endeavor to photograph the scene for your readers.

THE CONFERENCE between the Emperor of the French and the Prince of Prussia, was so pressed on the latter, that, without provoking a quarrel, he could not refuse. Previously, (as a current rumor had it, although contradicted in a Berlin official journal,) the Emperor had sent to him a copy of letters which had passed between the Prince Consort of England and the Regent of Prussia. In these letters, great detestation of the Emperor was said to have been expressed. Explanations were demanded at Berlin, and the Minister of State would admit nothing. Taking advantage, however, of the matter, the Emperor, instead of hurling defiance, adroitly and gracefully proposed that a kindly conference should be held, at which he might prove to the Regent how unfounded were his distrust and suspicions.

Long was the conflict, but at last the request was yielded to. Meanwhile, the world wondered what the mysterious Emperor meant. Was it to coax Prussia to give up to France that side of the Rhine which seemed to be her "natural boundary," and was it designed that in compensation for this, Prussia, in Germany, should play a kindred part to that of Sardinia in Italy—namely, to *annex* other German States? Or did the Emperor intend, if need be, to fight for "an idea," if his propositions were not received with favor, whatever they might be?

The Prince Regent, a gigantic and burly man, was troubled, and mayhap have said to his counsellors, "See how this man seeketh a quarrel against me!" At all events, he remembers the *solus cum solo* interview with the Emperor of Austria, at Villafranca, and its consequences, and he remembers how, if they two meet and part, all Germany, save Prussia, will say that by the help of France, and for sordid, unpatriotic reasons, Prussia is to be dominant and supreme.

Well, what is to be done? The King of Hanover has been very rude and insulting to Prussia of late, and all the petty Princes of Austrian sympathies have been like-minded, to say the least. Nevertheless, the Prince Regent is well advised. He resolves *not* to meet Bonaparte alone, but to invite other German Kings and Princes to stand by his side, and *all* together to confer with this redoubtable and dangerous *parvenu* Emperor!

On Saturday last, comes his Imperial Majesty, not with a glittering cortege behind him, but as a private gentleman, to Baden-Baden. True, there is a private interview, after all, with the Regent. But next day comes conference with all. And now it appears that the interview with the Regent has *not* been attended with any evil results, and that the stroke of Prussian policy in bringing together the different Princes, has made them rally more closely for fatherland. Bonaparte seemed to advise this. I have no doubt he scattered his peaceful assurances around. But the *Times'* correspondent at Paris conveys the impression that he came back a disappointed man. He wishes, however, to conciliate the trading population of Paris, whose business is almost nil, and also to mitigate the war feeling engendered by his own Press.

"MCMAHON, KING OF IRELAND," is the title of a new pamphlet, published at Paris. It preaches rebellion against England. The Irish recruits for Rome are disgusting their new masters, and no more are to be sent.

Cardinal Wiseman has quarrelled with Antonelli and the Pope.

THE REJECTION OF THE REFORM BILL by Parliament, which in this case was *implied* in its formal withdrawal, has had an important result. It proves, in connexion with the volunteer movement, that England is absorbed in thoughts of self-defence; that she looks with sleepless eye across the Channel, and that she will permit no home distractions to turn her aside from preparation for the worst.

And what would be that *worst?* Why, the successful landing of several divisions of a French army, and their march after a battle, or by a detour and surprise, *upon London itself.* This it is which has agitated the breasts of many of late; first, in connexion with the Report of a Parliamentary Commission on National Defences, in which the defence of London, by fortifications is simply referred to, but virtually ignored as a thing impracticable. And, secondly, it has been brought vividly before us, by the first article of the *Cornhill Magazine*, written, it is said, by Captain Fowke, entitled "London the Stronghold of England." According to this writer, if the enemy once landed, and that he thinks practicable, all our defences of martello towers, and coast fortifications, including protecting batteries at Plymouth and Portsmouth, and Woolwich, would be virtually useless. True, they would save their heads if attacked. But it would be the policy of an enemy *not* to attack them, but by landing divisions on different parts of the unprotected coasts, to divide and paralyse our comparatively small army, and then one division to rush toward the capital and hold it till in humiliation and dishonor, it bought off its captor by a fabulous ransom.

What a picture Captain Fowke traces! "London in a state of siege, a provost marshal installed at the Mansion House, a park of artillery on Tower Hill, the Royal Exchange and Guild Hall converted into military posts, and a foreign soldiery quartered on the inhabitants."

According to this officer, London may be saved from being overrun and sacked by a hostile army, by the same means "by which Wellington saved his handful of troops in Spain, when Massena was advancing with his superior army, as it seemed, to annihilate him." These means were simply some "poor mounds of earth at Torres Vedras," and by these earthen redoubts thrown up on every vantage ground, Wellington's position was rendered impregnable. As the quadrilateral fortresses of Austria, last year, compelled the French to pause in their career of victory, so says this officer, London should be our quadrilateral, and that a chain of tolerably large forts, at a sufficient distance not to interfere with its growth, nor hamper its suburban traffic, should be thrown up as salient points of defence. These forts would be garrisoned by volunteers, and thus the objection that our regular troops might, in case of invasion, be locked up in fortresses when they were wanted in the open country, or on the coast, is got rid of.

The *Times* is strenuous that something should be done; the *Telegraph* is of the same opinion, and Lord Overstone (formerly Lloyd Jones, the millionaire banker,) as the representative of national and metropolitan wealth, has published a paper, emphatically calling out that the defences of London must be such that its capture *cannot* take place.

And yet, except the Lord keep the city, the forts, volunteers and patriot watchmen of our classes, would watch and resist in vain. There are minds that contemplate *greater* catastrophes than have ever yet been realized, and that England *may*, for her pride and naughtiness of heart, yet see a dark and cloudy day of humiliation. One is ready to cry out with old Priam, let mine eyes be sealed in death, ere comes that day! We *hope and pray* that God will give us repentance, and then and thus returning to him, he will be a wall of fire and the glory in the midst.

PROPHECY is coming up afresh in these times for study, interpretation and misinterpretation, too. Doctor Cumming follows up his book, "The Great Tribulation," by lectures in various places in a kindred strain. He not only anticipates great judgments and convulsions as most Christian men do within the next few years, but he fixes *the end of the world* for 1867. The earth will not be destroyed, but will come out of the fire, beautiful and purified. Doctor Cumming was twitted by *Punch*, the other day, for having renewed his lease of a nice little country box that he has at Tunbridge Wells, in Kent, for a long period. He was asked how he could reconcile this with his affirmation and professed conviction that the world was to be burnt up in 1867. To which it was ingeniously replied—in a platform lecture—to the effect that he had increased the *money value* of the property, by taking out the long lease, and had thus acted on the principles of "common sense." But if a man *knows*, or is *morally certain*, as Dr. C. says he is, that the world is to end in seven years hence, why should he not be content with a seven years' lease? He wont live long in *this* mortal state, and his children wont need such a domicile, and indeed it will be in ashes. If again he sells it in the meantime, will he accept a money value, say for a lease having per parchment ninety years to run, or only take a seven years' value? It is marvellous what matter of fact and "common sense" our Millenarian friends are in matters mercantile and pecuniary. I think they must have an occasional *doubt*, and so when the matter comes in a worldly shape, they give themselves "the benefit of the doubt."

THE SABBATH QUESTION is again before the public, in connexion with a bill which has passed the House of Lords, and has come down to the Commons. Its author is Lord Chelmsford, the ex-Lord Chancellor. In London, in many districts buying and selling in shops and streets prevails extensively on the whole of the forenoon of the Lord's day. Thus at Rag Fair, at Lambeth Cut, Somers Town, and Whitecross Street, an immense traffic is carried on by the masses of the people. The evils are immense. The abatement of it is proposed by the above mentioned bill—its enactments legalizing traffic up till ten o'clock A. M., and after that time subjecting it to legal penalty. If this were on the plea "of necessity and mercy," it might be acceded to. But all kinds of shops are to be opened, and periodicals and newspapers may be hawked and sold on the public streets, all day, except from eleven to one o'clock.

We are bad enough already with our semi-Popish recognition of open public houses and cigar-shops, after the hours of Divine service, as if one part of the Sabbath day was holier than another. But we add greatly to our wickedness as a nation, if we actually *make a law for breaking the Sabbath*, as Lord Chelmsford's bill virtually does. The whole Evangelical party are up in arms. A pause in the progress of the measure has been secured by a question as to the bill being received at all by the Commons from the Lords, inasmuch as it involves revenues, &c. Petitions are pouring in, and it is hoped the obnoxious bill may be thrown out by the Commons. Better far, not to legislate on Sabbath questions, rather than "establish iniquity by law." *A work is begun* in London, of real shaking of the dry bones, which, I trust, will be the precursor of such a resurrection of a living host of God, as shall secure a real Sabbath keeping in this mighty metropolis. Let all American Christians who read these lines, yield consent and mutual compliance to my earnest entreaty to "pray for London," to supplicate in private, and when "two or three," for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the million peopled city, the heart and centre of the world.

GARIBALDI having triumphed at Palermo, and the Neapolitan army having capitulated, and daily leaving that city, it remains to be seen whether the King of Naples will make a further stand in Sicily. He is fortifying Messina. Naples itself is greatly agitated. His uncles and other counsellors urge a free Constitution to be granted. He is obstinate even while terror-stricken, and is said to have exclaimed, "I would rather be an Austrian Corporal than grant a free Constitution." One hundred additional dead bodies, of persons who perished in the bombardment, have been found at Palermo. Garibaldi has to fear assassination, a body of brigands having been hired for the purpose! He is rapidly organizing an army, and will probably, ere long, be at Naples by a grand surprise, effected by skill and strategy. J. W.

P. S.—We have now had nearly ten months bad weather. The rains continued up till yesterday. In the evening we had a thunder-storm, which seems to be the presage of Summer at last. Provisions are very dear. Lambs have perished in the field. A fortnight's sunshine would remedy the evil. How dependent are nations on God!

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Letter From Ireland.

CORK, June 20th, 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—*Sirs*:—When you last heard from me, I was in the land of the "canny Scotch," and expected, ere this, to have been in the "Eternal City," but find myself in the island of Green Erin, in the city of Cork, head-quarters of Irish Catholicism, where the Pope, and not the Queen, reigns in the hearts of the people. Many of Ireland's sons, either less cautious than myself, or having more sympathy for the Pope, have embraced the present opportunity of visiting the sunny land of His Holiness. As for myself, sixpence a day, a hammock of straw, and the canopy of heaven for a covering, with the privilege of fighting for the Popish cause, are by no means strong inducements. There is one other inducement to some, if not all of those who have already enlisted; that is, that they will receive a "free pass through purgatory," should they sacrifice their lives for the interest of the Pope. Your Protestant readers will perhaps think your writer is jesting; but I verily believe, from my intercourse with the people of Cork, Dublin, and other parts of Ireland, that the majority of those who have gone to the army believe, or have been taught to believe, that if they should die fighting for the Pope, their souls' salvation would be sure. Those who have enlisted are not of the lowest and most ignorant class, but of the more intelligent order, except on the subject of religion; they know little or nothing about the Bible. Such is the influence of Popery.

The first day I landed in Cork, as I was taking a stroll through the city, trying what I could see, I passed through the market-place, and there received a very pressing invitation to sign a petition, which ran about as follows: "We, the undersigned, natives of Ireland, petition Her Most Gracious Majesty * * for a repeal of the Union." I refused, on the plea that I was not a native of Ireland. My solicitor persisted that that was no difference; but failing to convince me, and I not seeing the necessity of a repeal of the Union, passed on to other scenes.

There is great dissatisfaction with the English Government, and some talk most bitterly against it; that is, Catholics in the middle and South of Ireland do. They want more liberty, which means, according to their definition of the word, the privilege of being governed by the Pope, the enjoyment of Popish institutions, the overthrow of the Church of England in particular, and of the Protestant Church in general.

But do not think there are no Protestants here. On last Sabbath week, the Rev. Mr. Guinness, who had just returned from New York, preached twice in the Athenæum, a very commodious building, and it was crowded to excess during each service. The congregation of perhaps twenty-five hundred people, was very attentive, and very respectable in appearance.

The emigration from this country to America has been greater, this Spring, than usual. Nine thousand left Liverpool in the month of May, and as many, I think, left Cork, Galway, and Londonderry. About the same left in April; and from the numbers crowding the steamers which have left for New-York within a few days, I imagine the emigration list for June will be as long as those of the previous months.

As I was passing, by rail, a few weeks since, from Londonderry to Dublin, I witnessed some scenes illustrative of Irish character, and such, in degree at least, as the Irish alone are capable of producing. About every third station at which the train stopped, persons were getting on, bound for America via Cork. Then came the extraordinary scenes. Such manifestations of grief I never saw in the United States. Brothers leaving sisters, daughters leaving mothers, and husbands leaving wives for the far distant West; many of them not expecting to see each other again. Then flowed the unbidden tear, as they gave the last shake of the hand, or pressed a last warm kiss. The young wept most bitterly, and the aged cried aloud, wringing their hands, and refusing to be comforted. The whistle sounded, and the train moved off, the apparently frantic crowd loudly vociferating, "God bless you, Mary," "God bless you, John;" and then, as if not willing to give them up, they pursued the cars until the increased speed of the engine bore them from their gaze.

These scenes were repeated until we arrived at the beautiful city of Dublin, a description of which I will not trespass on your patience or paper to give; but only say that, in the humble opinion of your writer, that city of the "*English-despised Irish*," is the prettiest in the British dominions. S.G.W.

This Thinking.

In one of the beautiful inland towns within fifty miles of the metropolis of Massachusetts, there has lately died an aged man whose history is worthy of at least a passing comment. Possessing great wealth and a voluble tongue, he exerted for a long series of years a commanding influence over a large class of his fellow-citizens, and especially over young men, who, in every place, are most easily influenced by whatever is addressed to prejudice and passion. And the nature of *his* influence may be easily imagined, when it is added that he was notorious for his skepticism and sarcastic scoffing at evangelical religion. Whatever wealth, and wit, and example could do to loosen principle and respect for the Bible in those around him, was most industriously done.

But it is not the writer's object to give the skeptic's history, so much as to call attention to a single text in its concluding chapter. As he tottered feebly upon the brink of eternity, and the voices of the eternal world sent their echoes across the gulf to the listening ear, he was observed to be more than usually silent and apparently thoughtful. So evident was it that his unbelief failed to make him happy, and the prospect of death welcome, that he was at length accosted on the subject. And this was his reply: "I could get along well enough, *if it were not for this thinking.*"

"*This thinking!*" "*This thinking!*" Whatever these words may have been *intended* to intimate as they fell from the lips of the scoffer it is not difficult to understand their true import. But why should a man be averse to thought? If he is at peace with his own conscience, and he feels that it is well with him in his relations to God and eternity, why not adopt the language of the Psalmist—"How precious also are *thy thoughts* unto me!" "My *meditation* of him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord." "Oh, how I love thy law! it is my *meditation* all the day." "*In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts shall delight my soul.*"

Ah! "*this thinking*" involves the whole question at issue between the believer and the unbeliever. The genuine believer *loves* to think. Thoughts of God, of Christ, of truth, of salvation, and of eternity, are his *joy*, even in the closing hour of his earthly history. He would be wretched *without* "this thinking."

But while to the believer thoughts of God, of eternity, are delightful, and sweetly breathe of peace in the last and faintest whispers of his lips, to the unbeliever they are repulsive, unwelcome, annoying. "*If I could only be rid of this thinking*, I should get along very well!" "I am at best taking *a leap in the dark!*

How many skeptics, in their closing hours, have given, often indeed unintentionally, sometimes even unwittingly, evidence of this dread of thought—this unwillingness to commune with their own hearts, and live at home! One, who stood high in this class of persons, represents, in this respect, a much larger number than is commonly known, when he sadly writes, "I have often wished for insanity, for any thing to quell *memory*, the never-dying worm that fee