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THE DIFFICULTIES IN SYRIA.

The correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* gives farther accounts of the war between the Druses and the Christians, in Syria, in which the former are aided by the Turks, and the latter, being the weaker party, suffer horrible cruelties. How thankful should we be that we live under good government, and how diligent and conscientious in the use of means to preserve that government in its Christian and moral integrity!

The author of these letters evidently writes under great excitement; but still, his statement of *facts* may be regarded as reliable.

BEIRUT, SYRIA, June 15, 1860.

The war referred to in my last communication is still devastating this beautiful land, and villages, convents, and hamlets, which were last month the homes of a quiet and industrious people, are now smoking ruins, and their former occupants who have escaped the sword of the enemy, are burrowing in caves and tombs in a starving condition.

Many wars have occurred between the Druses and Christians of Mt. Lebanon, but the present struggle is unparalleled in the history of these people, for its horrible atrocities. The blood of every spectator of the shocking barbarities which characterize this revolution, runs cold with horror, and every American would be glad to see a European occupation of the country, if by such means peace might be restored.

I have already referred to the Moslem rising at Sidon, and the cruelty of the Moslems in shutting the gates of the city, when several hundred Christian fugitives sought admission, and were murdered in cold blood before the walls of the town.

Tyre has also been the scene of great excitement, though as yet the Moslems have not risen. The inhabitants, however, so great is the alarm, throw themselves into the sea, and those who have not fled to Beirut, sleep in boats upon the sea. The American Vice-Consul has requested leave of the Consul-General at Beirut to abandon his post and come to Beirut, as life is not safe, and no protection is given by the Government.

An English yacht, containing the family and crew of Mr. Hervey, its owner, lies off Tyre, and has done good service in preventing an outbreak. As it belongs to the Royal Yacht Club of England, it is allowed to carry cannon, and its crew, armed with revolvers, have protected many panic-stricken Christians who have applied for refuge.

The Consuls at Beirut continue to hold daily consultations to provide for the safety of the Franks, and the relief of the distressed and persecuted Christian refugees who are hunted down like dogs. Through their efforts five men-of-war have come to Beirut, to protect the Europeans, and to save the city if possible. An English war steamer has been sent twice to Sidon and to Tyre, and yesterday a French gunboat left for Tyre.

We have now a Russian and a French frigate and English corvette, besides a French and English gunboat, so that in Beirut we feel pretty safe; for the Moslems know full well that an insurrection here would bring the guns of the fleet upon the town, and lay it in ruins.

But the inland cities are in the utmost danger. Damascus, Aleppo, Hum, and Hamoth, are trembling in the balance, and it is believed that every Christian in these densely populated cities will be killed as soon as any act of intervention is seen on the part of the Europeans.

The fall of Hasbeyia, an American missionary station, would furnish ample material for a book of horrors. It contained a large Protestant community, and a fine church edifice. It is situated near the source of the river Jordan, and had several thousand inhabitants. It was for some time besieged, but the contest commenced in earnest on Friday, the 8th, and continued for three days. The Druses were defeated and driven back, and the town was wholly occupied by the Christians. Then came in Turkish treachery to give success to the Druses. The commander of the Turkish troops stationed at that place, under a pretence of aiding the Christians, induced them to feign a retreat toward the castle, promising to fire upon the Druses with his cannon. The Christians did as they were desired; the commander fired blank cartidges only twice, and then ceased. The retreat became real, and the deceived Christians sought refuge in the castle. Upon their arrival the commander required them to deliver their arms, which they surrendered to him. He then allowed them to enter, after compelling each one to say, "May God give success to the Sultan." He gave their arms to some muleteers, under the pretence of sending them to Damascus, but soon after put them in the possession of the Druses. The unarmed were then turned over to the tender mercies of the Druses, who butchered a large number, and burned the town, including all the American church property. Several hundreds of the Christians sought refuge with the Moslem Emeers of Hasbeyia, who were enemies of the Druses. They remained in the palace for several days, when the Emeers were obliged to surrender for want of provisions. Thirty of the Emeers were killed, and more than *eight hundred Christians were led out and slaughtered like sheep.*

Rasheya is another missionary station, and contains a Protestant community. The following letter from the Greek Patriarch of Damascus will explain the state of things there. This letter was addressed to the Consul of Damascus:

To the U. S. Consul at Damascus:

SIR:—You must have heard of the complete destruction of the Christians of Rasheya, as it clearly appears from the letters received yesterday from the remaining portion of them, a copy of which is herein enclosed, from which you may learn the true facts in the case. I beg of you, in the name of Jesus our Lord, to use your Christian zeal in aiding those poor Christians whose lives are in danger of Druses and starvation, as you see from their letter. This is the time of compassion, the time of mercy, the time of Christian zeal. We beg you to help them. The Christians of Habeiya have been also attacked by the Druses on last Sunday, and they are now besieged by them. If they receive no help they will perish.

Damascus, June 9, 1860.

Signed by the Greek Patriarch.

Enclosure—Letter from the Christians of Rasheya, to the Greek Patriarch at Damascus.

"When the Druses began the attack, they requested us to deliver our arms to them, which we did. After taking possession of them, they said, 'we do not wish for your arms, but we want you to leave the town and go to the Damascus.' To which we replied, 'Just as you like.' They said we must get ready to leave on Tuesday. We said 'very well;' but suspecting them we sent our women to the houses of their Sheiks with handkerchiefs around their necks (a mark of humiliation and surrender.) And so also we went with our priests and leading men, having handkerchiefs on their necks and going round to the houses of all the Sheiks we said to them, 'our blood, our property, and our families are all at your disposal; and behold our priests and leading men, kill of us whomsoever you choose, and if you wish our children we are ready to offer them to you.' Then they gave us peace and proclaimed the same; but alas, that peace did not continue for more than a quarter of an hour, when they began to burn the town and fire upon us in the middle of the night.

"It was a dreadful hour. They killed the men, cut the children in pieces, throwing them into the fire, violated the women, and plundered the property. If any men reached you these are all that remain. They took the arms of the murdered; we who are still alive are at the seraglio without food, having no homes, as the town has been burned into ashes, and the Druses come every day to the soldiers and demand the remainder of the women and children to butcher them. If we do not die of hunger, we may die of fear, if they allow us to live until Thursday. The soldiers cannot protect us, as there are not many.

"As for the priests, only two of them remain; one of whom is blind. As for the men, none remain but those who may reach you. We, women and children look up to heaven, and say, 'Oh! God relieve us! Oh God! have mercy upon us!

"These statements relate less than what actually occurred, as we are unable to express all. All this took place in the presence of the Governor and the Colonel, and Turkish officers, who saw our children thrown into the fire and burnt. We pray you, we pray you, we pray you who are able to help us, to deliver us, to redeem us, to save us, and have mercy upon.

"Signed by the residue of the Christians of Rasheya—women and childred."

What a fearful, horrible record is this! Information was received the following day, that all had been killed, and the Christians of Rasheya have been blotted out of existence. HADJI.

BEIRUT, June 16, 1860.

The plot thickens—and I fear that the doom of this people is sealed. About one hundred of the Hasbeyans arrived here yesterday with blood-stained garments and with a bloody history of their sufferings and the fate of their companions. Concealed under the dead bodies of more than twelve hundred of their friends and relatives, they spent a long and terrible night—and, after the fiends who had accomplished this awful tragedy left the spot, supposing that none had escaped to tell the tale, these fugitives reached the coast near Tyre, and came to Beirut in boats.

It was a sad story they told; and as they counted over to our devoted missionaries the names of the Protestants whom they saw butchered in cold blood, the hearts of these pious men sank within them. But two of the entire Protestant community were living when the refugees left Hasbeiya, and these were dreadfully wounded, perhaps fatally. The American church and all the mission property was consumed, and those benighted natives who had been brought to a knowledge of the *truth* by the American missionaries, and so instructed by them as to be able to sustain their own pulpit and schools with native preachers and teachers, were all cut down and the Protestant mission blotted out! How mysterious are the ways of Providence!

Hasbeiya contained about six thousand inhabitants, and was governed by a family of Mosleum Princes of the great Shehaab family. Seventy Princes of this name were also murdered, together with the Moslem Judge, his son and about thirty other Moslems, who had incurred the hatred of the Druses.

The large district of Merj Ayum, West of Hasbeiya, contains a number of Christian villages, and is governed by a Metouali Chief known as Mohammed Bey. The Metoualis are followers of Ali, the grandson of Mahomet, and are often at enmity with the Moslems. They have all the cunning and the treachery of the latter, as may be seen in his treatment of the Christians. This Chief promised to protect the Christians of his district from the Druses provided they would pay him the sum of one hundred thousaud piastres, which they collected and paid. He then cooly informed them that he had received orders from the Pasha not to resist the Druses nor interfere with them, and they must take care of themselves. It is feared that they have shared the fate of the Hasbeyans ere this.

The convents that have heretofore afforded so much aid and comfort to weary pilgrims and travellers, have been plundered and burnt, and those comfortable looking old monks have been slaughtered without mercy. Deivil Mekollis, or the Convent of Salvation, which stood upon a peak of Lebanon near Sidon, was not only attacked and plundered, but literally pulled down, and forty-five of its inmates murdered.

The Priest Basilius, in his letter of appeal to the Consuls, says: "Our Convents have been plundered and burnt, and property that has remained in the possession of our order for more than one hundred and seventy-five years, has been carried away, and our monks have been slaughtered like lambs, and none have been saved but those whose life is destined to belong. These things are pleasing neither to God, nor allowable by the justice of governments."

The Druses of the Lebanon range of mountains, which look down upon the sea, are one or two degrees removed from barbarians—but their co-religionists from the Houran, are fiends incarnate. A body of these wretches, while on the march from their district to the siege of Zahleh, stopped at the village of Kenaku, near Damascus, for refreshment. On learning that about one hundred Christian refugees had sought the protection of the Sheiks of the village, Sheik Kange, the Druse leader, demanded them to be brought forth, and the Moslem Sheik, trembling for his own like, allowed them to take fifty of the fighting men out in front of the place, and there, in sight of their wives and children, saw their heads cut off and their bodies mutilated.

The bloodthirsty Sheik Kange then proceeded on his way. He is also reported to have planned the massacre of Hasbeiya. However this may be, he was killed in the attack upon Zahleh, and his troops were completely routed.

Zahleh, the unconquered, is now the only stronghold of the Christians. From all the neighboring villages, men, women and children have sought refuge in this mountain city, and hope hangs suspended upon the result of this siege.

Twice have the despairing Christians repulsed the besiegers; but still they gather in greater numbers from every Druse district around that devoted city. If it falls, the Christian power will be crushed. If the Druses are defeated there, the Christians all over Lebanon, now disheartened and fugitives, will take courage, rally round their standards and attack the Druses on every side.

Damascus is now almost in a state of siege. The Governor General is quaking with fear, and it is believed that should the Druses demand the Christians of the city, he would give them up to be slaughtered before the town.

Another English man-of-war arrived this morning, making quite a large fleet in the harbor. But alas! they merely protect Beirut. They do nothing for the country. Every Consul has his own policy and his own instructions to carry into execution.

The English are determined to sustain the Turkish Government, and to sustain the Druses, however much it may deplore the enormities perpetrated by them. Its policy requires that this empire shall remain in the hands of a weak Government, in order that the British possessions in India may not be imperiled. France and Russia would be willing to see the country divided. Austria has but little influence, and the policy of our American Consul is to protect all American citizens, and to avoid all interference in the politics of the country other than that dictated by humanity for the relief of the starving and persecuted Christians.

If the same want of unanimity exists among the Ambassadors of Constantinople upon this question, nothing will be done for poor suffering Syria, until a Congress shall settle this vexed Oriental question at once and forever.

We are still looking for the *Iroquois* sloop-of-war with much anxiety, for every day brings fresh combinations and complications, and no one can tell how far this besom of destruction will spread. HADJI.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW—THE WEATHER—THE STREETS—THE GATE AT APSLEY HOUSE—COUNTRY CONTRIBUTIONS—NATIONAL CORPS—THE ROYAL COURTESY—THE MOROCCO AMBASSADORS—THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SPECTACLE, AND ITS CONCLUSION—ALLEGED MAP OF LONDON FOR AN INVADING ARMY—A POETICAL CALL TO ARMS—NEWS FROM NAPLES—HYPOCRISY OF FRENCH DIPLOMACY—MR. SPURGEON'S LETTER FROM BADEN-BADEN—HIS OPINION OF THE EMPEROR—HIS PROTEST AGAINST ROYAL SABBATH-BREAKING—LONDON TRICKS OF TRADE ILLUSTRATED.

LONDON, June 29, 1860.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW, whether considered as a mere spectacle, or as a national demonstration, has proved one of the most remarkable events of the day. In truth, the sudden springing, as it were, from the ground, of a force of one hundred and twenty-two thousand armed men, and this within a less period than twelve months, is most remarkable, as contrasted with the strictly unmilitary habits of two successive generations. While men write sometimes that invasion is impossible, and their logic seems strong and unanswerable, yet there is at the nation's heart a throbbing that indicates the suspicion that, if we continue undefended on land, having no home *force at hand*, there may arise an occasion for the attempt to be made, and if directed by that master of stratagems and strategy, Louis Napoleon, to be successfully made. And so the volunteer movement is the result of a national instinct of self-preservation, and a practical response to the universal feeling about invasion, that "*It must not be.*" A great retired banker has said so, as the representative of capital, and all true men reecho the words. Christians, too, who see evil, and only evil, in aggressive warfare, are clear at the bar of conscience in approving this movement, which by reason of the demonstration of Saturday last, will now acquire a volume and strength cumulative and ever increasing.

The Queen had appointed the day for the defiling before her of the volunteers. And the day, contrary to the rule of wet and storm that has so long prevailed, was "Queen's weather." All day long there were visible in city and suburbs, the tokens of preparation. Business was suspended in the city, and the banks gave up their forenoon pursuit of gold, that their young men, members of city corps of volunteers, might join their comrades in good time.

From Manchester came a splendid cavalry troop of volunteers. From Nottingham, by railway, came "The Robin Hood" volunteers, and a very fine body they looked, as they marched from the railway station along the new road Westward.

From Surrey and other counties round the metropolis, came fresh bands, and these brigaded with those of the various London districts, including the London Irish and London Scotch, with their national music pealed forth by inspiring bands, all went steadily toward the destined scene of review. I took my stand at the Western gate of Hyde Park, near Apsley House, and opposite the Duke's Equestrian Statue. From two o'clock onward, streamed in the volunteers; while through other gates are entrances, thousands more were entering the Park, also. Sir Richard Mayne, the head of the admirable metropolitan police-force, kept clear the entrances, and the good-natured crowd, in which all ranks were mingled, made their remarks as military officers in the staff swept past. The great moment of interest was that in which the Queen appeared. I have not seen her look so happy or so well for years. Opposite to her in the first Royal carriage, sat that Nestor of European monarchs and politicians, the King of the Belgians, once the Prince Leopold, married to the Princess Charlotte, the hope of England, who perished in her prime. There sat beside the Queen, the Princess Alice, the beauty of the family, and very amiable, it is said, also. On either side of the Queen rode Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Prince of Flanders, and the Prince of Holstein.

The spectacle has been well described as a great peace demonstration, i. e., a demonstration of force such as tends to remind Continental nations that England is awake, and can be warlike if need be. And so the *Daily Telegraph* reflects the national feeling when it writes thus:

And the host thus congregated, bearing arms and marching under the Royal flag, were no hirelings of power, no mercenaries alien in spirit from the nation. They were one and all citizens. That volunteer army was the free gift of England to the Crown, and it exhibited a combination of independence with discipline the rarest, perhaps, which can be imagined. We have said that it was a splendid peace oration; there was no defiance of any other power, no insult, no thought of aggression. The display was intended to prove that, in an hour of emergency, an arm of defence is ready to protect the coasts of England, even if every regular soldier were compelled to quit the soil and enter upon a foreign campaign. But it was impossible not to observe with interest the immense number of foreigners who thronged into the park, and who evidently imagined that some extraordinary change had taken place in the constitution of the English character. The nation of shopkeepers stood before them no less erect and chivalric than those continental multitudes which have been drilled by successive nations of martinets. As the volunteers advance to their allotted positions it might have been supposed that they had been disciplined and trained for years; the fronts were dressed into smooth and solid lines; the tread of thousands moving together was firm and even; the columns were broken only by the regulation distances; arms, accoutrements and weapons were carried with perfect ease; and all this has been accomplished within a little more than twelve months. Well might a stranger accustomed to the heavy movements of the giant Prussian infantry, to the straggling defile of the French light troops, and to the cumbrous solidity of the Russian squadrons, "across the Channel in a state of puzzling surprise, and ask his compatriots what they think of the shopkeepers now?"

The Review was concluded with enthusiastic cheering by the volunteers and the spectators. The enormous expense of a regular and standing army, and its abuses too, come out strongly and darkly in contrast to a volunteer force like this. The gradual tendency will be, not to destroy a regular army—for with England's vast Colonial Empire, that is not to be expected—but to make our representatives watch more narrowly how our millions of war taxation are applied.

A MAP OF LONDON, says the *Morning Advertiser*, made by French agents, and it is affirmed under Imperial auspices, has been recently detected and discovered, in which *all the banks and jewellers' shops* in the city proper, are precisely marked down. It is further added that the intention is, if London be taken, to give it up to three days' sack and plunder.

The *Advertiser* is very credulous. It hates Napoleon very heartily, and while it does not *invent*, there is hardly any tale that could be told of the Emperor's treachery or wickedness which it would not at once swallow whole and entire. It is well to be prepared for any extremity, and besides, *health and morality*, are promoted among young men by drill and military exercises; so sings one of our droll bards, conveying good advice under his merry, ringing ryhme:

Have you ever—now confess—
Pains about you, more or less,
Sharp rheumatic? Have you? Yes.
That 'll do!
Go and join a corps at once,
Ere your martial ardor blunts;
'T is th' exact (or write me dunce,)
Thing for you.

Have you fullness in the head?
Yes, you've very often said
That you thought you should be bled;
That 'll do!
If these strange sensations vex ye
With ideas of apoplexy,
Why, the corp's a thing most excellent for you.

You're behind a counter, say,
In a close shop all the day,
Don't you pant to get away?
Yes, you do.
Join the Rifle Volunteers,
And pick up your health arrears,
So your best friends can't have fears
Then for you.

City clerk, to you I speak—
Smoke-dried lung and pallid cheek
Have you, and your knees look weak.
Yes, they do.
Stand of step firm and elate,
How you shamble in your gait!
Six weeks' drill would be a great
Thing for you.

FROM NAPLES comes strange intelligence to the effect that an entirely new regime is to be established on the most liberal principles, with an offensive and defensive alliance between the King of Sardinia and Francis II. It would seem, if that were true, as if France on the one hand, not wishing the sway of Sardinia to extend farther than it has recently done, and that Victor Emanuel on the other, determined that Austria shall be rendered as powerless as possible in Italy, and it may be also fearful of the Ultra Revolutionary Mazzini party, have mutually resolved that a new era shall be inaugurated.

The *Times* very properly says that the proclamation of a Constitution is "*too late*," and its correspondent at Naples, declares that such a thing from the wicked son of a monster father, would be "a snare," and the signal for flight to the lover of liberty, who would be made to suffer, on the first opportunity, the vengeance of a despot, even as others who went before them, suffered.

Matters are complicated at Naples, by an outrage on the person of Baron Brennier, the French Ambassador. By partizans of the dynasty of the Bourbons, he has been assailed with a loaded staff, and left senseless. Full reparation will be exacted. Let us hope that this will but precipitate the tyrant's doom. As for Sardinia, there is no confirmation of the rumor that she has offered to make any alliance with Francis II. In Naples itself, an outbreak may soon take place, with plunder and all kinds of wickedness by the vile Lazzaroni, the petted hirelings of the Court, who are capable of any atrocity.

THE HYPOCRISY of French diplomacy is constantly presenting its base front before Europe. Thus we have had a dispatch from the Foreign Minister, proclaiming to all Europe that the annexation of Savoy and Nice was not compelled by France, but the voluntary and enthusiastic act of the people themselves! Then we have the loan for the Pope sanctioned on the Paris Bourse, at the time that the collection of "Peter's pence" is forbidden, and that Pope and prelates all over Europe are as distrustful of France as ever. And then you have the demonstration of last week, at Baden-Baden, still leaving suspicion and fear behind it, and causing Germany to be more united, because *the danger seems only deferred.*

MR. SPURGEON is now travelling on the Continent for his health. He was at Baden-Baden when the Emperor and the German Potentates had their Conference. He writes to the *British Standard* on the subject, a characteristic letter, and the *Times* goes out of its usual path to quote. This may arise from two causes: 1st. There is reason to believe that there are influential parties about the *Times*' office who are warm adherents of Mr. Spurgeon, and who, once infidel or godless, have received spiritual benefit from him. 2dly. The *Times* is glad to publish a letter which deals severely with the Emperor Napoleon, and which probably mirrors the general feeling of the great middle-class of Englishmen.

The substance of the letter is as follows: He begins by mentioning that during Saturday and the Sabbath there had been no less than *nine* crowned heads in the town. At Strasbourg (a French border town,) the people received the Emperor well, as did also the people of Kehl, on the German side of the river. These, however, are the *exception*, "the only Geemans who would have done so, for everywhere throughout Belgium, Prussia, and the small German kingdoms, he is either dreaded or execrated." "It is," "he says, "the universal belief that he will never be content until he has completed the *natural boundary* scheme by subduing all the territory on the West of the Rhine. If the English are no friends to Napoleon, the Germans go even further, and are more anti-Imperial than ourselves."

Mr. Spurgeon then refers to the Emperor's appearance when walking in the garden in the early morning, as "leaning upon his walking stick, and looking more decrepit than his age might justify." And with too much severity, he adds: "*It is a theme for great gratitude that he is not a young man*, and that, be his ambition what it may, he has no great theme before him in which to work out his political adventures." Noticing how the greater part of a day was spent, first in visiting the Princes separately, and then all together, he asks, "Who can tell what devices are in the heart of the mighty? May the Lord rule and overrule all, and out of every evil may his glory spring!"

There is great raciness in the following passage: "As for the *little* Kings, they come to this place like moths to a candle. Uninvited and unexpected, they must needs come forth to the presence of the Potentate, if not to be lacqueys to his pride, at least to sun themselves in his superior glory. It is to be hoped that the dexterous player has not succeeded in throwing the apple of discord among those minor monarchs. Divided, they would soon be overcome, but united, they might oppose a serious barrier to any aggrandizement he may contemplate.

"I like not to see either thieves in company, or Kings in conclave. Eagles come not together unless they scent the prey. All may be well, and the meeting may be a friendly visit, and an exchange of courtesies, but uneasy thoughts will suggest. For, *when the wolf inspects the sheepfold and dines with the shepherd the silliest of the sheep are troubled at nightfall.*"

Mr. Spurgeon mentions that the majority of the populace hissed the Emperor, and that it was in the Conservative House. He also says there was not a flag or a light on a single hotel, and that Napoleon departed from the station amid "the noiseless censure" of "a stillness like that of death." He sternly denounces the wickedness of the King and Princes, in holding their meetings on the Lord's day. "Here were all the days of the week equally available, no haste compelling, no wars alarming, and yet none of their own six days will suit them. They must usurp God's peculiar day, as if they were *lords* of the Sabbath, and irresponsible to the laws of heaven. What but confusion can be the result of such councils? Will not the Lord be avenged on such a people as this? As I looked from the windows of my quiet chamber on the gaity which the advent of these Princes had caused upon a day consecrated to rest and worship, I could not fail to remember that men in high places have vast responsibilities, and God alone knows how much of the sins of the nations *will be visited upon the heads of the Governors.* They are not only partakers of other men's sins, but also creators of evil. Surely there are chains of unusual weight reserved for these ringleaders in rebellion."

These sentiments will ring throughout Europe, having found publicity in the columns of the *Times*. Nothing strikes one with greater disgust, than the desecration of the Lord's day in France, aye, and in Germany too, by the authorities. It is the day for military reviews, galas, fetes, and the inauguration of Agricultural or other exhibitions. Germany is *very* guilty in this matter, and the German Protestant conscience is badly educated here.

Let me furnish your readers with a recent illustration of the London TRICKS OF TRADE. We have many merchants and tradesmen of the highest honor and integrity. But in contrast with these, there are parties unprincipled and wicked, who seek to fill their pockets by alleged sales of bankrupt stock, and other kindred "tricks of trade." I have before me, as I write, a specimen of an advertisement of this class of sharpers, who find their victims, not among the Londoners so much as among visitors, or parties lately settled in the metropolis, who are not initiated into the perils and frauds of our modern Babylon. The document before me was handed in at my door by a man who gave a *postman's knock*, and so went his rounds over thousands of houses. It was enclosed in an envelope marked "Grand Demonstration—under the most exalted patronage." The enclosure is headed, "Wondrous Event of the Season!" And then the reader is told of "fashion, novelty, grandeur combined, to the astonishment and delight of Majesty itself, and the just, but discriminating admiration of a scrutinizing public!"

Next, after mention of place and time, "Messrs. Harding and Thomas" (false and fictitious names, of course,) "announce *for immediate disposal, at sacrifices truly deplorable*," at "losses fearful to contemplate, and at a diminuation of confidence that would make the most sanguine heart quail beneath its withering influence" (!!) the sale and "appropriation" (by the fortunate purchasers,) "of the most grand, most select and most costly association of merchandizes ever collected under one roof," and this "not of articles that have outlived their charms, but *new, fresh, and almost warm from the looms*—possessing elegance, richness, splendor and magnificence calculated to inspire admiring wonder till admiration is lost in rapturous ecstacy!!!"

Next we are told that all this advantage to the dear ladies "arises from the stoppage of Messrs. Lemoriciere & Beson, of Grace Church Street," (another imaginary firm,) "a circumstance that conveys mournful intelligence of ruin to thousands;" for "their warehouses *literally groaned* under the weight of merchandise, *alas! unpaid for!*" And thus, "silks of Lyons, shawls of India, &c., to the value of £40,000, at *one-third their value*," (a simple "*bona fide* truth," say the advertisers,) "await the visit of the ladies at 'the Hall of Mirrors,' 207, and 209 Regent Street. Therefore, *Delay not.*" J. W.

Boardman's Remarkable Deliverance.

Rev. Richard Boardman related, a short time before his death, the following remarkable interposition of Divine Providence in his behalf:

"I preached one evening at Mould, in Flintshire, and next morning set out for Parkgate. After riding some miles, I asked a man if I was on the road to that place. He answered, 'Yes, but you will have some sands to go over, and unless you ride fast you will be in danger of being inclosed by the tide.' It then began to snow to such a degree that I could scarcely see a step of my way. I got to the sands and pursued my journey over them for some time as rapidly as I could; but the tide then came in, and surrounded me on every side, so that I could neither proceed nor turn back, and to ascend the perpendicular rocks was impossible. In this situation I commended my soul to God, not having the least expectation of escaping death. In a little time I perceived two men running down the hill on the other side of the water, and by some means they got a boat and came to my relief, just as the sea had reached my knees, as I sat on my saddle. They took me into the boat, the mare swimming by our side till we reached the land.

"While we were in the boat one of the men said, 'Surely sir, God is with you.' I answered, 'I trust he is.' The man replied, 'I know he is,' and then related the following circumstance:

"'Last night I dreamed that I must go to the top of such a hill. When I awoke, the dream made such an impression on my mind that I could not rest. I, therefore went and called upon this man to accompany me. When we came to the place we saw nothing more than usual. However, I begged him to go with me to another hill at a small distance, and there we saw your distressed situation.

"When we got ashore, I went with my two friends to a public house not far distant from where we landed; and as we were relating the wonderful providence, the landlady said, 'This day month we saw a gentleman just in your situation; but before we could hasten to his relief, he plunged into the sea, supposing as we concluded, that his horse would swim to the shore; but they both sank, and were drowned together.' I gave my deliverers all the money I had, which I think was about eighteen pence, and tarried all night at the hotel. Next morning I was not a little embarrassed how to pay my reckoning for the want of cash, and begged my landlord would keep a pair of silver spurs until I should redeem them; but he answered, 'The Lord bless you, sir, I would not take a farthing from you for the world.' After some serious conversation with the friendly people, I bade them farewell, and recommenced my journey, rejoicing in the Lord and praising him for his great salvation."

[Selected.]

My Early Home.

My early home—alas, alas!
What changes do I see?
I miss that ancient dwelling place,
And many a favorite tree.
For sixty years have rolled away,
Since I around those fields did stray.

The rocks and hills, appear, as when
My early walks I took,
And gathered acorns from the hills,
And pebbles from the brook.
The pond is there, with rippling waves,
While early friends are in their graves.

And there they lie in silent sleep,
With kindred dust and bones,
While grass and weeds and bushes grow
Around their mossy stones.
No sound is there, they heed me not,
By all around forgot, forgot.

O, cruel Time, to rob me thus,
Of what I held so dear;
My early home and friends are gone,
There's none to greet me here.
And prayers and tears are all in vain,
To call those loved ones back again.

What have I left below the skies
To trust for time to come?
To brighter worlds I turn my eyes
And find my long sought home.
My early friends are gone before,
There may we meet to part no more.

Bunyan's View of Faith.

Hopeful. So I continued praying until the Father showed me his Son.

Christian. And how was he revealed unto you?

Hopeful. I did not see him with my bodily eyes, but with the eyes of my understanding, Eph. i: 18, 19; and thus it was. One day I was very sad, I think sadder than at any one time of my life; and this sadness was through a fresh sight of the greatness and vileness of my sins. And as I was then looking for nothing but hell, and the everlasting damnation of my soul, suddenly, as I thought, I saw the Lord Jesus looking down from heaven upon me, and saying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi: 31.

But I replied, Lord I am a great, a very great sinner: and he answered, "My grace is sufficient for thee." 2. Cor. xii: 9. Then I said, "But, Lord what is believing?" And then I saw from that saying, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst," John vi: 35, that believing and coming was all one; and that he that came, that is that ran out in his heart and affections after salvation by Christ, he indeed believed in Christ. Then the water stood in mine eyes, and I asked further, But, Lord, may such a great sinner as I am be indeed accepted of thee, and be saved by thee?" And I heard him say, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John vi: 37. Then I said, "But how, Lord, must I consider of thee in my coming to thee, that my faith may be placed aright upon thee?" Then he said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1. Tim. i: 15. He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes. Rom. x: 4, and chap. iv. He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. Rom. iv: 24. He loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood. Rev. i: 5. He is the Mediator between God and us. 1. Tim. ii: 5. He ever liveth to make intercession for us. Heb. vii: 25. From all which I gathered, that I must look for righteousness in his person, and for satisfaction for my sins by his blood; that what he did in obedience to his Father's law, and in submitting to the penalty thereof, was not for himself, but for him that will accept it for his salvation, and be thankful. And now was my heart full of joy, and mine eyes full of tears, and mine affections running over with love to the name, people, and ways of Jesus Christ.

Christian. This was a revelation of Christ to your soul, indeed. But tell me particularly what effect this had upon your spirit.

Hopeful. It made me see that all the world, notwithstanding all the righteousness therefore, is in a state of condemnation. It made me see that God the Father, though he be just, can justly justify the coming sinner. It made me greatly ashamed of the vileness of my former life, and confounded me with the sense of my own ignorance; for there never came a thought into my heart before now that showed me so the beauty of Jesus Christ. It made me love a holy life, and long to do something for the honor and glory of the name of the Lord Jesus. Yea, I thought that had I now a thousand gallons of blood in my body, I could spill it all for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

Be Instant.

As an illustration of the benefits of a word fitly spoken, or written, the following may be taken:

"Whitefield was once stopping at the house of a general in the army, living in Rhode Island. As he was about to depart, the thought struck him, 'I have not said any thing to this man or his family specially about their souls, and it is now too late.' He turned to the window and wrote with his diamond wring upon the glass, 'One thing thou lackest.' After he was gone, the general went up to the room and at once read the sentence on the window. It was an arrow to his heart; God blessed it, and he became a converted man. The etching is still there on that pane of glass to-day, and Whitefield and the general are in heaven."

Fight On.

Persevere in the warfare! Yes, dear reader, fight on! for unless you do, you will not obtain the crown. When you set out in the Christian warfare, was it only for a few days—to fight a few battles, and then to retreat—to quit the field and to lay the armor down? Surely, this was not the case! You then thought that you had enlisted for a lifetime, and thus you understood the contract between yourself and the great Captain of your salvation. This was what you engaged to do when he *took you* into the army! But what is the matter now? Surely, you have lost your zeal—your steadfastness—your courage! Instead of fighting manfully, as formerly, you yield to the first attack of the enemy, and that, too, without much resistance. You have laid down your arms, or you have not the power to use them. It is not now with you as it once was. Then you had the power to prevail—to conquer! In many hard struggles you have been more than conqueror, and the enemy was compelled to admit your superiority over him. Where is that power now? You say, perhaps, Oh! the enemy has become too strong, and I am too weak to maintain my ground; I must yield! Too strong? Stronger than the great Captain of our salvation, who has commanded us to fight, and promised to stand by us in every attack from the enemy of our souls? He says: "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Paul, the great champion in this warfare, says: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Ib. xiii: 6.

Fight on, therefore, fellow soldier! fight on; looking unto Jesus, the great Captain of our salvation, and you shall gain the victory and obtain the crown.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

Church Financiering.

The surest way to bring a clergyman into contempt with the people, is to set him at work, first, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, in fulfilling his lawful calling, and next, to put upon him the onerous task of collecting the same, by hook or by crook. That there is a great deal of such management going on in the West cannot be gainsaid. True, the minister is not expected to go round with the subscription book and dun up his customers, but, practically, it amounts to about the same thing. It is a great pity that the laity cannot find time to raise the means to support a minister, and also to build churches. Too often, the clergyman is so harrassed about pew rents and the finances of his church, as seriously to hinder his studies, and it eats out his stock of piety and enthusiasm in his work of winning souls to Christ. Literally, a clergyman has but two things to attend to in his calling or profession. He has to win souls through the preaching of the word; then, he has to build them up in the faith. These two things—soon said—are his life work. Then, dear laity, do not lay more upon your minister than he can bear; and, above all, do not send him out to collect pins for the female pincushion Society, even though he may be, ex-officio, president of the Society.—*Chicago Church Record.*

Heaven.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2. Cor. v: 1.

There is a world above,
Where sorrow is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.
Montgomery.

Every Christian friend that goes before us from this world is a ransomed spirit, waiting to welcome us in heaven. Every gem which death rudely tears away from us here, is a glorious jewel forever shining there.—*President Edwards.*

Friends, even in heaven, one happiness would miss,
Should they not know each other when in bliss.
Bp. Ken.

Few mercies call for more thankfulness than a friend safe in heaven.—*Hamilton.*

Where that innumerable throng
Of saints and angels mingle song;
Think what a Sabbath there shall be—
The Sabbath of eternity.—*T. Grinfield.*

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. John xiv: 2.

O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest.
Kelly.

A man may go to heaven without health, without riches, without honors, without learning, without friends; but he can never get there without Christ.—*Dyer.*

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.—*Cowper.*

Heaven must have our highest esteem, and our habitual love, desire, and joy; but earth must have more of our daily thoughts for present practice. A man that travels to the most desirable home, has an habitual desire to it all the way; but his present business is his journey, and therefore his horse, inns, and company, his roads and his fatigues, may employ more of his thoughts, and talk, and action, than his home.—*Baxter.*

Fair distant land, could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more!—*Steel.*

Heaven is a day without a cloud to darken it, and without a night to end it.—*J.