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[Original.]

The Hour of Prayer.

It is the evening hour of prayer,
And now at close of day,
How sweet to meet with kindred souls,
And to the Saviour pray.
For when has time a happier span,
Or earth a holier place,
Than time and place where Christians meet,
Before their Saviour's face.

This twilight hour recalls to mind
The Saviour bowed in prayer,
Away from busy scenes of men,
When worn with toil and care.
For on a mountain, all alone,
When evening's shades were come,
Oh there, in secret, earnest prayer,
Knelt Christ, the holy one.

Whilst round about Jerusalem,
The guards their watches kept,
And lordly Priest, and Pharisee,
Upon their couches slept—
The blest Redeemer, Israel's King,
Far on the mountain there,
'Mid silent trees and rugged rocks,
Spent all the night in prayer.

The mem'ries of the Garden, too;
That time of anguish'd prayer,
With none to watch, even for an hour,
By all forsaken there.
Oh, surely then he bore our griefs,
Our sins were on him laid;
For us he wept—for us he died,
For us a curse was made.

With such rememb'rances as these,
Of Christ, the Sinner's Friend,
Can you refuse, in prayer and praise,
The evening hour to spend?
For when has time a happier span,
Or earth a holier place;
Than time and place where Christians meet,
Before their Saviour's face.

S.L.C.

A VIEW OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

The following extract from a sermon preached before the last General Assembly, contains many truthful statements; but it is *not all* in accordance with Scripture. We shall notice, on our next page, some of its departures from correctness:

There is a reign of God on earth distinguishable from the kingdom specially meant in our text, and we may as well here draw the distinction. Since the fall, it has pleased God to govern men upon two distinct, and to some extent, antagonistic systems. The one adapted to man's fallen nature; the other to that nature renewed and partially or fully restored to its original uprightness. The one system appeals to men's *fears*, and employs physical *force*; the other appeals to *love*, and employs *moral power*. The one is called, in the Bible, (Rom. viii: 15,) "the spirit of bondage to fear," the other "the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba Father." The one is a reign of terror, the other a paternal rule. The one employs *force, penalty*, the other *grace* and *love*. The one is a government of *force*, the other of *freedom*. The one is administered through the instrumentality of the kingdoms of this world; the other through "a kingdom not of this world." The one gives rise to the state and civil government, the other is the RELIGION and the CHURCH of the living God. The one, adapted to a world of rebels, is a *temporary expedient*; the other, adapted to a redeemed and rising world, is an *eternal establishment*.

These two systems, though diverse, are yet coöperative. They govern the same subjects, but by different principles and motives, and each must act *independently* of the other. The system of government by moral and spiritual power, will, as it extends, gradually diminish the range of the other system. Before its silent, but resistless influence, despotic forms will crumble. It will finally sweep all absolutism from the earth. It will steadily liberalize other forms of civil government, rendering them more and more free, by inculcating the spirit of obedience, and thus forestalling the necessity for force, until it has reduced them to a condition light as the chaff of the threshing-floor; the winds of heaven will blow it away; perfect love will cast out fear, and the necessity of the government of fear; Christianity, as a "perfect law of liberty," shall be supreme, and proclamation shall be made, that "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

These systems, and this their destiny, were symbolized respectively, by the collossal image, and by the stone cut out of the mountain, beheld in the dream of the Babylonish King, and interpreted by Daniel. The image, with its vast proportions, its golden head, and its other parts of silver, and brass, and iron, and clay, symbolizes the government of *force*—the empires, kingdoms, and other forms of governing men by the sword, the prison, and the gibbet. The stone, cut out of the mountain without hands, small at first, but steadily growing, till it fills the whole earth, symbolizes God's government by LOVE, his spiritual kingdom—Christianity. And as the stone broke the image and its component parts into pieces, so that they "became like the chaff of the Summer threshing-floors, and the winds carried them away, and *no place was found for them*," whilst the stone itself became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth, so shall God's spiritual kingdom—a kingdom of light, and love, and liberty—demolish all thrones of darkness and of terror, and *grow* until it fills the world!

In describing his spiritual government on earth, the great King himself was very explicit in the declaration, "My kingdom is not of this world;" and in striving to ascertain its functions, and its mission, we must carefully distinguish it from the civil government. The State governs men by *force*, and *fear*, but Christ his Church by *love*. The former *compels*, the latter *teaches* and *persuades*. The one wields a sword of *steel*, the other "the sword of the *Spirit*, which is the *Word of God*." The weapons of the one are *carnal*, those of the other *spiritual*, but "mighty through God, to the pulling down of strong holds." Christianity aims, by purifying the fountains of society, to furnish the true elements, and lay an enduring foundation of good government. She begins with the individual *heart*, and with the *home*—the *family*, which is the fountain of society. She instills high and holy principles. She quietly prepares and polishes the living stones; and of the materials thus prepared, a temple spontaneously rises, in chaste and magnificent proportions, to the glory of the great Architect, and for the shelter of the nations. Such is the function of Christianity—such is the mission of the Church, and from this mission she should never be diverted.

But if religion and the Church should be restricted to their appropriate sphere, so ought civil government. Her only mission is *protection from* force *by* force. The only weapon placed in her hands, by Divine authority, is the sword—(Rom. xiii.) The only motive to which she may appeal is *fear*. Civil government is, strictly, a stranger to *moral suasion*. The moment she *attempts it*, she usurps a spiritual prerogative, and turns church. If her magistrates resort to moral means for accomplishing the ends of justice, (except in the single case of the tender of the oath,) they do it as men and Christians, not as civil rulers. As Christians and neighbors, they may persuade men to do right, but as *magistrates*, their function is compulsion—their argument, the *sword*. Now, your speaker solemnly believes, that most of the disasters that have befallen society, and which still imperil free social institutions, have sprung from a failure to limit the kingdom of God—the *Church* on the one hand, and the State on the other, each to her heaven-appointed province. Even in this land there is a confounding of the functions of the two; and usually the State has been the usurper, though *sometimes* efforts are made to lead the Church to interfere with matters strictly civil. Civil government is too often transformed into a church, a school, or a charitable or moral reform society, instead of being used simply as an agency for protecting rights and avenging wrongs by force; and the result is a mixing up of temporal and spiritual functions, an absurd interference with the prerogatives of the family and the Church, a ruinous excess of legislation, and increase of public burdens.

The perils that this hour beset this glorious Union and our free institutions, spring from this very blunder. The doctrine that the religious principle of *benevolence*, that reigns in the hearts of individuals and in the bosom of the Church, may lawfully warm the heart of the State, and become the controlling impulse of civil legislation and national action, is a child born of the unhappy wedlock of Church and State. It was a monster birth, and is a most mischievous bantling. The principle of Christian charity never *ought* to become the impulse of government action. The State, like the corporations she creates, "*hath no soul*." Her cold and mail-clad bosom never was designed to grow warm with the glow of charity, nor to feel the throbbings of compassion. The prince of patriots understood the true theory of civil power when he declared, in his farewell address, that "self interest is its only motive, and that it is folly to calculate upon *favor* from nation to nation." And it is when we lose sight of this, and mingling religion and politics, join together what God has put asunder, that we are tempted to revive the spirit of the Crusades, and *force* men to be *free*. Men, in their amiable zeal for reform, forget that civil government is designed only for *defence*, not for *aggression*. They forget that, in civil government, *ballots* are *bayonets*—that what the *majority votes*, the *sword* must *achieve*; and that to propagate *opinions* by the *sword*, is simply *persecution*. They forget that, in propagating opinions, *force* and *freedom* are antagonistic ideas. They perceive not the absurdity of *forcing* men to be *free*. They forget that sound moral and spiritual principles, in the hearts and homes of the people, are the only foundation of rational, regulated liberty; and that, until the foundation be laid, the glorious fabric cannot rise. And they forget that civil government is not the agency for disseminating such principles. That is the mission of the kingdom of our God. The laws of the kingdom of God *forbid* one sovereign nation or commonwealth to interfere in the internal police of another. Christianity *forbids* the propagation of *opinion* by the *sword*; and, I repeat it, in civil government, *suffrage* and the *sword* are *inseparable*. It is the mission of the kingdom for whose coming we pray in the text, to meliorate the *moral* and *social* condition of men by improving their *spiritual* condition. Working silently, unostentatiously, but steadily, like the leaven in the meal, this kingdom will spread—assimilating mass after mass of the world's population to its own blessed and holy principles, until the whole lump is pervaded by the leaven of holiness and freedom.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Worldly Wisdom.

Bible wisdom says, be a *man*, and God will take care of your circumstances. Worldly wisdom sacrifices the man to his circumstances. This wisdom pushes God out of view, and, with nothing else to depend on, makes man depend on himself, and so the great question becomes, among the poor, "What shall I eat? what shall I drink?" and among the rich, "What rare fruits from the tropics shall burden my board? what sparkling wines shall enliven my feasts? what costly raiment shall proclaim my wealth?" And before these stern and imperious questions, honesty vanishes, godliness collapses like a bubble, and man becomes the victim of his circumstances. A man does not pass for what he *is*, but for what he is worth. People do not ask, *what* is he, but who? A wisdom which labels a man worth so many dollars, and passes him through the market, a commodity to be speculated on, current or not, as the labelled worth is high or low. Then, to increase his price, and make himself more current, a man will barter manliness, truthfulness, and every high, ennobling quality. And when it is done, what is done? Simply the man has managed to gather about him a few more *material things*, which once belonged to other people, while he himself is any amount less a man than he was before. So in modern merchandise; instead of seeking first of all to be a *man*, trusting God for the rest, our merchant seeks first of all to be a *rich* man, with houses, lands, and the adornments of luxury.

So in *politics*. Here obtains the fatal worldly wisdom which puts circumstances above the man. Office is the one thing—a name and a place—they must be won at all hazards. A *man* is nothing. Honesty isn't enough—integrity, virtue, manliness—place is more. So the politician ceases to be a man, and becomes a *slave*; sells himself to whoever will buy; puts his neck under a yoke, and consents to be driven hither and thither by a mob as fickle as the changing wind. Place is everything, and so comes domagogueism, sycophancy, and pandering to popular fashions and popular appetites; the wretched principle of doing what is popular rather than what is right.

This is current wisdom. I remember well of hearing a popular lecturer say to the young men: "The first care of the emigrant must be to fell the forest, build his cabin, and obtain for his wife and children a comfortable home; *then* it is time to send to him the preacher; *then* it is time to hear the Gospel!" As if the Gospel, with its contentment and peace, its heavenly consolations and its inculcation of honesty and industry, temperance and sobriety, kindness and domestic virtue, had no blessing for the poor man! No. This is the Gospel of the poor man—good news for the poor! It comes to the pioneer's cabin, where poverty sits and discontent begins to murmur, and hushes the murmur and sweetens the poverty by whispering its own benediction, "Blessed are ye poor?—poor in lands and minted gold, but rich in honesty, rich in uprightness, rich in God's smiles and blessings. Yes, I say, send the Gospel and the preacher *with* the pioneer, to preach to him *as* he fells the forest and builds his cabin, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added"—houses, lands, food, clothing, home and home joys, enough of them. Preach this to the poor man. It will save him from the gross materialism which is ruining our social fabric, sacrificing manliness and godliness to a hollow show. Let us not turn Atheists altogether by worshipping success, but believe God, who feeds the sparrows, will feed a man who is a man. H.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

SICILY AND THE BATTLE OF MELAZZO—THE IRISH PRESBYTERIAN VOLUNTEERS VERSUS THE "POPE'S OWN"—THE KING OF SARDINIA AND THE RECALCITRANT DICTATOR OF SICILY—FURTHER TIDINGS FROM DAMASCUS—THE SURVIVING AND RESCUED MISSIONARY—HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE MASSACRE—THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE SLAIN—MUSSULMAN FEAR AND HATE—WHY MR. GRAHAM WAS MURDERED—PROFESSOR PORTER ON ISLAMISM AND THE SULTAN—FRENCH POLICY AND SYRIA—TRIUMPH OF THE PALMERSTON CABINET—THE DEBATE AND ITS ISSUE—THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND AND THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW—CULLEN'S PASTORAL—NATIONAL EDUCATION—MATERIAL PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY OF IRELAND.

LONDON, August 10, 1860.

THE BATTLE OF MELAZZO, by which Garibaldi became possessor of Messina and master of Sicily, has been described by very eminent writers—one of them a man who had witnessed the terrible fights of Inkermann and Solferino. This conflict at Melazzo, was a very desperate combat, and full of peril to the life of that man to whom, above all others, the friends of freedom look with hope as the morning star who is to usher in the day of Italian liberty. The Neapolitan forces were so posted that they could pour a concentric fire upon their assailants, who were moreover inferior in numbers. The brunt of the battle was borne by Garibaldi's trained veterans, including those who performed such wonders last year, in their guerilla campaign against the Austrians. It was a hand to hand contest. Cannon were taken, and re-taken. The Neapolitan cavalry made destructive charges. The fighting lasted seven hours. The issue is thus summed up by the *Times'* correspondent, a spectator of the fight: "Fifty guns, one hundred and thirty horses, one hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, are the material fruits of the victory of Melazzo; but they represent only a small portion of the real result of this battle, which will probably open the gates of Messina." And open these it did: Garibaldi has entered Messina.

PROTESTANT IRISHMEN have taken part in the Sicilian fight for freedom. When recently at Belfast, I saw a letter from Mr. Patterson, who, with another student of Queen's College, and each the son of a Presbyterian minister, had started for Italy some four weeks previously, not informing their friends of their design, until they had reached Turin. Thence Mr. Patterson (a grandson of the late distinguished Presbyterian minister of Broughshane, County Antrim, the Rev. Dr. R. Stewart,) wrote his anxious mother, indicating his motives in volunteering for this service and reminding her that the same Providence was regnant any where and every where to preserve and uphold. This was the letter which I saw and perused.

Since then came the telegram of the victory of Melazzo; and this week arrives a letter, telling how, while the Pope has been helped by Irish Papists, Italy has been served by Irish Protestants. These two young men, on presenting themselves at Palermo to Garibaldi, were at once presented with commissions as ensigns. They were both in the thick of the fight at Melazzo, and while Mr. Nelson escaped unhurt, young Patterson received two wounds, neither of them dangerous, and immediately after the battle, was made a lieutenant. There was a considerable body of brave Englishmen who shared in this struggle. The following is from a private letter dated Melazzo, July 20:

A terrible battle took place yesterday between the troops under Garibaldi and the Neapolitans. It lasted seven hours, and the Neapolitans were driven step by step from the positions they occupied along the coast from Barcelona and into Melazzo, which was then taken at the point of the bayonet. The Neapolitans were about nine or ten thousand, the Garibaldists about four thousand. Foremost amongst them was our dear countrymen, Lieutenant-Colonel Dunne, and the regiment he raised and drilled at Palermo. At the moment the victory was doubtful "Il Reggimento Dunne" charged with Garibaldi and their colonel on the flank of the Neapolitans, having made their way close up to them through the canes and brushwood, and took four cannon. Then, exposed to a dreadful fire from two battalions of the Neapolitans, the cavalry charged them and re-took the cannon; re-formed again by their colonel, they gave another round and charged again, re-took the cannon, and remained masters of the position. Colonel Dunne was in front and ridden over, but he shot the Neapolitan commandant, and Garibaldi was dismounted and nearly taken prisoner, but fought like a lion. There are a number of English officers in this regiment. Colonel Dunne is wounded in the foot and leg, Mr. Patterson in the hand. Five officers killed, and ninety-eight men killed and wounded, out of four hundred. Major Wyndham, of the same corps, greatly distinguished himself, as well as Captain Styles, late Scots Fusilier Guards. The details of this battle will, doubtless, reach you, but I thought you would be glad to hear of the distinguished part our countrymen took in it, and say with Garibaldi, "The English forever!"

THE KING OF SARDINIA has been acting a part sufficiently disgusting. It is the old story of "a double-minded man," and a sad illustration, at least as far as Statecraft is concerned, and this especially as applying to Count Cavour, the virtual master of Victor Emmanuel, of the want of singleness of eye. Victor Emmanuel writes in a cold-hearted style to Garibaldi, reminding him that he has already expressed his disapproval of an invasion by him of the mainland, and indicating that he still disapproves of it. This attempt has failed either to intimidate or to persuade. Garibaldi showed how he resented it, when, with contemptuous independence of all further influence from such a quarter, he put away the White Cross of Savoy from the standards that floated over the victorious troops that entered Messina.

Such conduct endears Garibaldi to every honest man, and makes his future path more unembarrassed than ever. This, however, is to be said for Victor Emmanuel, that he is scarcely his own master, and drags about with him a load of obligation to Louis Napoleon well nigh intolerable. It seems now pretty evident that the youthful Bomba will be compelled to flee the kingdom of Naples, and that ultimately the King of Sardinia will reign in his stead.

FURTHER NEWS FROM DAMASCUS has been received, especially in its bearings on the Irish Presbyterian missionaries there, the escape of Mr. Robson the senior missionary, and the slaughter of Mr. Graham. Mr. Robson writes from Damascus, dating his letter, "British Consulate, July 18th, 1860." After referring to the departure of others, he says: "Mr. Graham and myself remained here. I cannot now give you either the reasons which induced us to stay, or the other brethren to go. If our merciful God saves me from our present peril, I shall do so at a future time. Our beloved brother Graham has gained a martyr's crown." Mr. R. goes on to give a description of the massacre, which broke out on the afternoon of the 9th of July, and continued till Wednesday evening. He says that "in the numbers of the victims and some other circumstances, it exceeded in its horrors, those perpetrated in any one place in the Indian mutiny."

He thus describes the fearful transactions that took place:

On Monday last, there were in this city some seven thousand or eight thousand poor refugees from Rasheiya, Hasbeiya, and a large number of other villages. Of this number, some two thousand were made widows or orphans by the recent massacres, and those and some three thousand or four thousand more of the refugees had lost everything they possessed on earth, and depended entirely on the charity of the Christians of the city for food, raiment, and shelter. As the Christian inhabitants of the city were about eighteen thousand or twenty thousand, the whole number of Christians in the place must have been from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand. All the churches, convents, and houses were in one quarter of the city. On Monday morning a good degree of confidence was restored—most of the Christians had gone to their business, the children in the schools, and everything apparently returning to its normal condition. In the afternoon a mob of Kurds, Arabs, peasants, and towns people—all Mahommedans, and mostly of the worst and lowest class of society—and with a few Druses, armed themselves with bludgeons, axes, knives, daggers, pistols, guns, &c., and ran from different directions to the Christian quarter in the North-East part of the city. Their shouts, their imprecations, their cries, and their threats, were dreadful. The women excited them with cries, curses, and fury to plunder and kill all the Christians, and burn their houses. They immediately began to break the doors of the Christian houses, plunder them, and set them on fire. The plundering continued incessantly till dark, and all through the night, though less extensively. On Tuesday morning it began again as at first, but gradually became less in the course of the day, as it became difficult to find anything in the Christian houses, but it did not entirely cease until the third day. Everything the Christians had was carried off—furniture, clothes, food, tools, money, stores, glass windows, window-shutters, doors, boxes, presses, charcoal, firewood, and sometimes part of the timber of the roofs or floors. The ornaments and even the clothes were taken from the women, and the dead were stripped. The houses were set on fire, and the conflagration still continues. Apparently not a house will be left. It was rarely that women or children were touched, but the plunderers often beat or killed the men whom they found in the houses, and those whom they met in the streets. The terror, the confusion, the cries, the efforts to escape, can be imagined only by those who have witnessed such awful scenes. Many families abandoned their houses, and attempted to find a refuge before the mob came on them. Others remained to meet their murderers in their own houses. Men hid in wells, in cellars, in every conceivable place. Men, women, and children sought some charitable Mahommedans to save them—some fled to the Consulates, the houses of Europeans, and the Castle.

It would appear from Mr. Robson's communication to the Secretary of the Irish Assembly's Mission Board, that the British Consul sent a guard of soldiers for him and his wife, and brought them safely to his house. Before leaving, he penned a note to Mr. Brant, thanking him for his kind remembrance in such a fearful time. "For the last two hours and a half, the street past my house has presented a terrible scene. First the rush and running of men armed and unarmed, boys and women shouting imprecations on the infidel Christians, and cries of kill them! butcher them! plunder them, leave not one, not a house, not any thing; fear not the soldiers, fear nothing; the soldiers will not meddle with you. They were right; nobody has interfered. These women, boys and soldiers, for more than two hours, have been carrying everything past my house, like fiends from hell. *I cannot go to your house.* How could I go with my wife and servants into the midst of armed ruffians crying and thirsting for blood! To open my door is as much as my life is worth. I must remain where I am and leave the event to God. I know not the moment when some of these plunderers and murderers who are passing my door without ceasing, may recollect that this is the house of a Frank, and a Christian, stop and rob it, and murder us. Perhaps till victims become scarce in the Christian quarter, I may escape."

It was from the midst of this imminent peril that the missionary was rescued. It is sufficiently evident that the Turkish soldiery was *particeps criminis*. The Moslem mob also was cruel in the extreme. But from the following statement it would appear that some of the better class respected and befriended the Christian missionary:

"I and my wife remained in our house till Wednesday afternoon, but of course without rest or sleep. *My Moslem neighbors advised me then to abandon the house and escape.* Mr. Brant, the Consul, sent a guard of soldiers and brought us to his house. We brought nothing but the clothes on our backs, *but our neighbors have preserved our house from plunder.*"

The moral influence acquired by a good and consistent Christian man, is thus strikingly suggested. Mr. Robson has resided for years in Damascus. He is a man of singular prudence and wisdom. He gives a lamentable account of the condition of the widows of the massacred Protestants of Hasbeiya and elsewhere. These were the spiritual fruits of the American Missions. "What are the multitude of survivors, who have lost all, to do? May God help them! At present the support of widows and orphans of the Protestants of Hasbeiya devolving upon me, costs nearly the whole of my salary. I will soon have numbers of our own upon my hands, and at the same time my own expenses will be very heavy."

In truth, the distress and misery of the survivors, fugitives, scattered, peeled, is beyond conception. I trust that in God's great mercy there will be ample help for them both from England and America, ere long. Lord Dufferin, a fine young nobleman of genial spirit, who spent a considerable portion of last year among the mountain tribes of Syria, will doubtless be the medium of succors. The hatred of foreigners, and the popular fear that Moslemism is threatened with extinction by the Christian nations of the West as well as by Russia, is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the people attacked the houses and sought to take the lives of the Consuls. Mr. Brant's house escaped because it had no cross upon it. But it was this very feeling that caused the death of poor Graham. "Poor fellow!" writes Mr. Brant, "he was killed close to our house, by a man who boasts that he did it because he thought he was a Consul."

Professor Porter (lately elected to the Chair of Biblical Criticism at Belfast, and who is son-in-law to the Rev. Dr. Cooke,) has expressed to me his decided conviction, from long residence at Damascus, that the life and soul of this terrible massacre is Mohammedan fanaticism, and that fear of extirpation of the faith of the Koran to which I have already alluded. He believes that the Porte, left to itself, will *not* redress the wrongs nor punish the murderers. "When" he exclaimed, "was ever a Pacha punished or executed?" Even the Sultan, who generally gets credit for some enlightenment and liberality, Mr. Porter regards as nothing better than a hypocrite, as having no real sympathy with liberty, and has never fulfilled any engagement he has made.

Some will think this too harsh a verdict. One thing is certain, that the representatives of Turkey, in Syria, have been faithless or cruel, or *both*. And unless under the high pressure of the Great Powers, what can we expect of real redress or improvement? The Governor of Damascus has indeed been sent away to be tried, and other demonstrations may be made. But in whatever aspect we look at the Syrian question, it is most unsatisfactory. Thus Lord Shaftsbury asked this week a question which is put on behalf of many who think, as he does, "if the force about to be sent to Syria is to be employed simply in the preservation of peace, without interfering in civil and religious matters?" At the same time he expressed a hope that the vigorous policy inaugurated by Lord Stratford would be maintained, and expressed his distrust of the intentions of the Emperor of the French.

Napoleon, in his celebrated letter to Lord Palmerston, denies that he has any sinister or ulterior designs, expresses his regret that any intervention is necessary, and pleads the "public opinion" of France—meaning thereby the *Romish* opinion and sympathy with the sufferers of the Latin Church, of which the Sovereign of France is regarded as the hereditary protector—as the cause of the steps he has taken. His troops are now being sent, by the consent of Turkey, and the ultimate action of this Imperial sympathy will be awaited with some anxiety, even though his troops will not operate alone.

THE PALMERSTON CABINET has triumphed over a very serious peril, and in fact is stronger than it was a week ago. This arises from the failure of Mr. D'Israeli and the Conservatives to defeat the proposal of Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor, to repeal the duty of one penny per pound on French paper coming into England, and thus to carry into full execution the spirit of the treaty with France. The paper-makers of this country were up in arms against the proposal, and the Tories were only too glad to assist them, in order either to oust the Cabinet itself, and so step into their places—for which the subordinates, at least, were nothing loth—or what it is more probable was specially contemplated by D'Israeli, to upset Gladstone. The former has always shown spite against Gladstone. In 1852 Mr. Gladstone tore D'Israeli's Budget to tatters, and thereby overthrew the Derby Cabinet. This session he has been able to carry the French Treaty almost in its entirety in the Commons; but this in face of bitter sarcasm from his rival. And now Mr. D'Israeli has been defeated afresh, after the utmost exertions being made to bring from the Continent, from Scotland, and from Ireland, absent members, so that, uniting with a portion of the Pope's Brass Band, (always ready to upset a Liberal government,) and also those members who represent the paper makers, or are such themselves, they might hunt down a man whom they fear and hate. Lord Palmerston summoned a gathering of the Liberals, on Monday, at Downing Street, and made explanations of a satisfactory character. Many votes doubtless were influenced by the desire not to irritate France, now offering us the hand of friendship, and the result, in a House of five hundred members present, has been a majority for the Government of thirty-three. Thus the session closes with positive eclat for the Whig Cabinet, and with an unexpected closing up of the Liberal ranks.

THE QUEEN, traveling by night to Scotland, (the journey to Edinburgh from London being performed in less than twelve hours,) she had a day to rest at Holyrood, before reviewing the Scottish volunteers. Many of the volunter force of the Border English Counties were also present, and many more desired to share in the proceedings of the day, but it was found that the space devoted to the Review was not sufficient to accommodate them. The Review went off admirably. There was "Queen's weather" for the occasion, and a great multitude of spectators were present—according to one account, two hundred and twenty thousand. If ever the day come when an attack is made on Briton's soil, Caledonia's sons will be among the foremost to repel the foe. The volunteer force has reached nearly one hundred and forty thousand. Lord Clyde has accepted the honorary Colonelcy of the London Scottish Volunteers.

ARCHBISHOP CULLEN, taking advantage of the Feast of the "Assumption" of the Virgin—one of those fables in which Rome delights, especially as, more mad upon an idol than ever, she loves to direct all the thoughts and affections of a confiding, yet ignorant people to Mary, and not to Christ—has issued a fresh pastoral, in which he takes occasion to unburden his grief and indignation on the well-worn topics of the Pope's wrongs, at the triumph of rebellion in Sicily, (some of whose *clergy* the Pope, in *his* allocution mourns over as recreants to their Church, in having sympathized with the popular insurrection,) and at the massacre of Christians in Syria. The subject of mixed education also comes up afresh, and a claim of exclusiveness in the matter is once more put forth with the usual violence of denunciatory language. It is worthy of notice that Dean Meyler, an eminent Romish ecclesiastic, has "bearded the lion," and on this vexed topic has come boldly forward with a letter opposed to the views of the Irish Ultramontanists, and in favor of the National Board. I have no doubt that the system of National Education will be overruled for great good. It is clearly opposed to the genius of Popery, which *never* educates save in its dogmas, when it has full sway. Ignorance it cherishes and loves. It is the Protestant atmosphere of a free Constitution, and the opening of place and pay to a clever people, which make it a necessity with the priests in Ireland to allow the children to be taught as they are. It must be confessed, however, that the grants in aid to National schools in connexion with Romish chapels, acts very much as an endowment, and I fear is often perverted to strictly ecclesiastical ends, by priests and by those ladies in convents who have schools under their own charge.

THE IMPROVEMENT in national wealth in Ireland, comparing the present time with that immediately before the famine of 1846–47, is truly marvelous. Agriculture has made an astonishing advance, laborers are better paid, trade and commerce are largely developed, and the comforts of the people immensely increased.

The number of cattle and sheep in Ireland is very great. In the year 1859, the heads of cattle in Scotland were 974,437; in Ireland, 3,630,956. Nearly the half of the whole surface of the country is devoted to pasture. The fine old Irish crop of oats still maintains its preëminence. Potatoes hold the second place; this year the crop was so late in being planted, and the weather preventing as extensive a planting as usual, the produce will be less than an average. But the people are not dependant on this as an article of diet, as formerly. They are far better fed than the last generation. The value of exported butter is a million sterling. The number of persons relieved from the poor-rate, form only one per cent. of the population. In England they form four and a half per cent., and in Scotland, four per cent. Mud cabins, ("my father's mud edifice," of Irish comic song,) formerly the opprobrium of the country, and which amounted in 1841, not twenty years ago, to four hundred and ninety-one thousand, have now diminished to one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

As to emigration, it has somewhat increased in the last and present year. They are generally of superior class to those of former times, better educated, and more intelligent. As Lord Carlisle expressed it, in a speech at a recent Agricultural meeting at Cork: "The success of those who go out will prove a stimulus both to those who are induced to follow them, and to those who cling to their accustomed soil and their native homes."

When we add to all this that crime is fast disappearing; that the party riots of this year, though deplorable, have been the exception to the rule; that Ulster, at least, has been leavened by a divinely moralizing, refining, and purifying influence—the future of Ireland is becoming more and more hopeful every year.

"I do not pretend," said His Excellency, "that there are no drawbacks—no scattered clouds on this brightening sky—but we do tell all the ill-wishers to progress, and disturbers of the country's peace, that we have better hopes and better omens."

J.W.

Church Stinginess.

The title chosen for this article is by no means agreeable to our taste. But we can find no other which more exactly fits the accursed thing to be described. Parsimony, penuriousness, misery stinginess, greed in gathering and avarice in using money, are justly accounted as most detestable vices of private characters. But when these vices have embodied themselves in a church, and, under the cover of religious profession, consult the demands of Mammon more than the honor of God or the claims of his truth, then it is plain that the Scriptures themselves warrant us in pronouncing such church to be, in fact, *idolatrous*. Even though it have a Christian creed and a Protestant ritual, covetousness is placed by the Sacred Word in the catalogue of the vilest sins; and the disciples of Christ are explicitly told that they "cannot serve God and Mammon." Where the love of money is supreme, the love of God cannot rule with an equal authority.

And yet it is beyond question that the crying sin of Israel to-day is covetousness; stinginess in the Church is a prevailing epidemic. We can hardly think of another evil so huge and monstrous as this, which exists in well-nigh every congregation. It paralyzes faith, impairs charity, and nullifies hope. It is the real, hard, obstinate heresy with which God's ministry is obliged to contend. It hinders all evangelical efforts at home and abroad. It cripples the exertions of pastors in their every attempt to do good. It renders the growth of personal piety impossible in its victim. A stingy church-member will let his heart go after its covetousness, while listening to the most animating discourse, and his tight fist will choke his conscience, even while it is gasping for a breath of vital air. He may admire his minister, and feel an attachment for the church in which he is wont to worship; and yet, the moment he is required to show his love for Christ by proper works of benevolence or charity, he straightway takes counsel of his stinginess, and is seized with a spasm of economy which shuts up his heart as closely as a vault, from which the light of day is excluded.

Many professors are perhaps unconscious of their meanness in religious matters. If they were, no doubt they would repent, and do works meet for repentance. But until they can be shown, and made by the grace of the Holy Spirit to feel how great their sin, in this regard, truly is, there can be little hope of reformation. Let us, therefore, propose a few questions which professors may ponder, with a view of ascertaining whether they are indeed guilty of covetousness, and chargeable with inexcusable stinginess:

1. Do you believe that you, and all you possess, belong to Christ? Were you saved by the precious blood of redemption, only that you might the more indulge your own selfishness, or that you might no longer live for yourself, but for Him who died in your stead? A careful and honest answer to this inquiry will go far toward determining your duty with respect to religious efforts for the salvation of others.

2. Are your gifts for church purposes a single tithe of the amount of your expenditures for luxuries in your own home? If you have sufficient means to comply with the demands of fashion or with the claims of an increasing business, can you give these as reasons for diminishing or withholding your contributions for religious purposes? It is an indisputable fact, that many professors expend so much upon dress, and furniture, and other luxuries, that they have but little to bestow in charity. But are they blameless? Is this course consistent with the claims of an enlightened Christian conscience?

3. Do you place yourself in debt in order to grow richer than you now are, and then plead that because you are in debt you have nothing to give? This is a subterfuge very commonly resorted to among farmers. They add farm to farm, and while their gains are all the while increasing, still they grow more and more reluctant to aid religious efforts. If there is a little debt on the church, they are unable to help in removing it; if the parsonage needs repairing, it must remain untouched until individual greed has done its perfect work; if missions want assistance, or charitable interests plead for aid, they must be sent empty away from him, who offers in excuse the existence of debt, which is, in fact, but a real advance toward increasing wealth. Every pastor knows very well how the subtle devil of covetousness entrenches himself in the human heart under the above-named pretexts.

4. Have you made it a principle to live for others as well as for yourself? If you have, then you will find little difficulty in so managing your affairs as to save a portion of your weekly gains for the service of God. If you have not, then beware lest you fall into the error and condemnation of Balaam, the son of Beor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness.

The Old Sailor's Faith

A poor old sailor went to see Mr. Jones, pastor of the Mariner's church, New-York, and asked with tears gushing from his eyes, if he thought Jesus had any mercy for him.

"What is your case?" kindly asked Mr. Jones.

"Five times have I been shipwrecked," said the old man, "nine times have I been washed overboard. I was once twenty-six days without tasting fresh water, and living alone on seals and penguins' blood, and it seemed as though the very angels stood by me. I always promised in that time of suffering, that if God would deliver me, I would serve him; but though he saved me, I did not keep my promise; and what kills me is, that no sooner had I got dry clothes on, than I turned round and cursed him, and led a life as bad as ever. Can I hope for his salvation?"

The pastor said it was to save just such that Christ died, and if there was any hindrance on his side he must instantly get rid of it.

"Do you drink?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the old man, "and the doctor says I shall die if I quit my grog."

"But you want no doctor now except the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Physician of souls. Can you trust him, and give up everything for him? Are you not willing?"

"I will," cried the old man, lifting his streaming eyes toward heaven, "I will, if I die."

This promise he kept. He quitted the grog-shops, and turned to slake his thirst at the fountain of living waters opened for sin and all uncleanness. There was mercy for him, and Christ is now precious to his soul.

Irresponsible Christians.

These terms sound like a contradiction. The adjective seems to belong to a different family from the noun. It is a mis-alliance. One of those unequal yokes, against which the Apostle Paul and good sense have always protested, but nevertheless such a marriage as not unfrequently takes place in a world made up of "the sons of God," and "the daughters of men." But what is an irresponsible Christian?

First. He is a Christian who assumes for himself no responsibility to attain to the fullness of the stature of Jesus Christ. He does not feel interest enough in godliness to select even a standard. He neither runs, nor walks, nor stands in the way of life—he merely drifts, and, like all driftwood in high water, he is in the middle of the stream; and in low water he hangs on a sand-bar, or clings to the shore, or most likely sticks in the mud, all begrimmed, waiting to be washed off, and floated onward by the next swelling,—in all likelihood, "the swelling of Jordan," which will at last launch him on the sluggish tide of the Dead Sea.

Second. The irresponsible Christian holds himself bound by no general obligation "to do good to all men, especially those of the household of faith." Objects outside of himself sit lightly on his conscience. When appealed to for such objects, his secret speech is, "What business have they to bring their wants here? Why don't they make collections at home?" He does not realize that all Christians belong to the same body, and are members one of another, and that one of these members is suffering in Ireland or Persia no more excuses us from aiding and comforting him than the absence of a child from the homestead cuts off his right or our duty to help him. An irresponsible Christian often gets