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. M'KINNEY........J. ALLISON............S. LITTLE.

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DAVID M'KINNEY & CO., Proprietors and Publishers.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

What Lack I Yet?—Matthew xix: 20.

It is evident that the person who asked is question felt that, on his part, there s nothing lacking, and that in his own ht he could demand and receive eternal . It is also evident from the eagerness h which he pressed the question, that ilst he felt that he had done all, there in his heart a want which he could not ue, but which disturbed his peace, and de restless his soul. His spiritual con-ion is similar to one who falls asleep ilst suffering from pain. How restless d disturbed the sleep; how undefined feeling; how dim the conception of it is that annoys. Just so this per- in the spiritual blindness that was upon was disturbed by that craving of the rt which the Spirit of God alone ough Christ can fill. It pricked his con-nce, reached his heart, rendered hollow his ce, and yet he knew not what was wanting. nce in the tone of one assured that all s right, yet devoid of that peace the heart ls when it really possesses that which its ture demands, he asks, "What lack I t?" When the fever is high and thirst nsumes the body, if perchance sleep its us, scarce are we locked in its sweet nbrace, until thirst causes sweet visions of ter to rise before us. We see it uring from the fountain or rising drip-ng from the well. We see it fill the ass, even feel it cool and refreshing to e touch, but when we attempt to drink, it ffles our efforts. Just so it is with those ho, without Christ, attempt to satisfy the iritual wants of their hearts. It will not stayed. In their feverish dreams they ay see the gushing fountain, and floods of ater flowing by their feet; they may oop, and in imagination drink, but their irst is no more quenched than his who, hilst burning with fever, dreams that he quaffing the sweet, cool water. After en have done all they can; after they have served the law from their youth up, they ill lack one thing. To the eager, anxious quiry, "What lack I yet?" Christ romptly answers, "One thing thou lack-st. Go sell that thou hast, give the poor, and thou shalt have easure in heaven, and come follow e." He does not say that his moral life d deeds of charity are of no use. On e contrary, he tells him that for all these ere is laid up in heaven a reward; but he oes tell him that with all he has done, and ough in addition, he should part with all is goods to the poor, he would still lack ne thing to obtain eternal life. He would ot lose his obedience or exercise his be-nevolence in vain. They would be noticed nd recorded in heaven, and for them he ould receive a suitable reward, but that eward would not be eternal life. This is he rock upon which the multitude make hipwreck. They propose to secure eternal fe by obedience to the moral law and works f charity. God has not promised life in eturn for these. He loves all efforts to eep his law. He is pleased with the eart open to the cry of the needy, and his avor will be upon all such; but he has not romised neither will he give, eternal life n such conditions. To all such he says, 'Thou lackest one thing yet, come and ollow me." This is the only condition pon which God secures to men eternal fe. It is only when we follow Christ that is Spirit can dwell in the heart, heal it of he disease of sin, and make it glad in the ossession of spiritual health. This is hat all our endeavors to live moral ves cannot do. There is in the soul the urning fever of sin which nothing will ench but the blood of Christ. There e the deep wounds of sin which nothing n heal but the Spirit of Christ.

A. B. M.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Presbytery of Des Moines.

The following paper on the State of the ountry, was unanimously passed by the resbytery of Des Moines, at its late meet-g at Wintersett.

"Whereas, the fundamental principles our Constitutional, equitable, and de-vedly popular Government have been, a large section of our common country, nored and set aside, and as a consequence are now reaping the legitimate fruits in bellion, treason, and civil war. And hereas, we regard this wide-spread rebel-n, not merely as revolutionizing the best m of government, but as involving the struction of both civil and religious lib-y. And whereas, all that has rendered happy, prosperous as a people, all that distinguished us as a nation among the ions of the earth, is rightfully to be at-uted to the influence of our holy reli-n, to the special interposition of the of nations And whereas, any Na-al infliction, whatever be its form, is licative of the Divine displeasure; for e curse causeless shall not come.' There-,

Resolved, That in the present civil , we are to recognize the just judg-ts of Heaven for our National sins: we are called upon as a Church, and as tian citizens to humble ourselves un-the mighty hand of God; to call to d his distinguishing goodness to us as a n; and to seek by prayer and suppli-n, and the confession of our sins and ins of our people, and the sins of our s, the interposition of Divine mercy, his anger may be turned away from us, our national integrity may be preserved, Constitutional law and liberty main-ed.

Resolved, That we feel it to be a high l duty to support, by all proper means, Federal Government, as the only repre-tive of our Nationality, and of our est Constitutional and civil authority. his end we invoke the Divine protec-and guidance for our Chief Magistrate, his counselors, for our Senators, and lators, for the Chief of our armies, his ate officers and soldiers.

Resolved, That we cordially approve of ction of the last General Assembly, in nce to the state of the country, and e conduct of our Commissioners in ining that action, believing it to been urgently called for, as shown e facts, as already referred to, and ore, we most cordially and affection-rge the members of all our churches hout our bounds, to carry out the iples inculcated in that action, as a n duty to God, to the Church, and to hole country.

Resolved, That this Presbytery regards sincere pleasure the act of Congress ommending, and the act of the Presi-n appointing a day of humiliation and and supplication to Almighty God, in f the deplorable civil war in which involved. And it is earnestly recom-d to all our churches to observe the he last Thursday of September) by riate religious services."

J. M. Batchelder, Stated Clerk.

INARY DUTIES.—We are apt to mis- vocation in looking out of the way ions to exercise great and rare vir- d by stepping over the ordinary ich lie directly in the road before hen we read, we fancy we could be ; and when we come to act, we bear a provoking word.—*Hannah*

For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Action of Beaver Presbytery on Parsonages.

The church, by every consideration of self-preservation, progress and success, ought to take the subject of Parsonage-houses to her heart. The Presbyterian Church has always held the standard of ministerial qualification high.

She looks for her most talented and educated, as well as pious sons, to preach the Gospel. In this she acts wisely. But the poor provision made for their support in many instances, after they enter upon the sacred work, is a great loss of strength. Whatever tends to promote the efficiency of the ministry, leaving out of view the idea of comfort, should receive the serious attention of every established congregation. And among the things having an important bearing in this direction, is the erection of parsonages, or houses for the accommodation of the Pastors. In some localities the Fathers attended to this matter by securing a farm upon which a dwelling was erected for the minister's family and which was secured in perpetuity to the congregation for this purpose. No such provision, however, is to be found within our bounds, and the result is that great inconvenience often arises to a newly-settled pastor. No suitable house can be had to rent, and hence he must go into a house where his family is but poorly accommodated and his opportunities for study very materially interfered with. Now, if in such a case, the congregation had a suitable parsonage, the minister would at once be at home, and there he could stay, without the vexation and trouble of frequent moving. The want of such provision is a serious loss both to the pastor and the people. Otherwise, the newly-settled minister must purchase land and build, or purchase property already improved, this requires an immediate outlay of capital which few, very few, can command, and frequently entails upon the pastor a debt that oppresses his spirit and cripples his usefulness for years. It seems to us, therefore, that no time should be lost; but that all our churches should initiate measures for the attainment of this most important object. In view, therefore, of the foregoing considerations:

Resolved, That Parsonages, in the present state of our churches, have become a necessity.

Resolved, That it be recommended to all our churches to take measures for the erection of Parsonages as soon as possible.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

An Unsound Doctrine.

In the published Resolutions of a Presbytery—see *Banner*, Sept. 14—we find this statement: "*Any* established Government becomes, *by the fact of its existence*, 'an ordinance of God,' and its Executive officers 'God's ministers.'" The italics are mine.

This doctrine is not sound. The *mere fact of its existence* does not make, or prove, a Government to be the ordinance of God. It is its *moral character*, as founded in principles of justice, and organized, and administered for the good of men, that marks it as God's ordinance of Civil Government, (see Rom. xiii.; 1. Pet. ii.; Confession of Faith, XX, XXIII, and XXXI.)

The Government of the United States is the ordinance of God; not because it *exists*, but because of its *moral character*; and we pray every day, that it may prove itself, "Not a terror to good works, but to the evil;" and show that the civil ruler is "the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil;" and that he "beareth not the sword in vain."

But were a band of pirates to seize a territory, and *establish* a government, to plunder other people, and murder or enslave them, their *established Government* would not become *by the fact of its existence*, "an ordinance of God," and its *Executive officers* "God's ministers." Their government would be an ordinance of the devil, and its officers the ministers of the devil, doing his bad work. We must distinguish. So Algernon Sydney wrote, "He that pretends to the veneration and obedience due to the ministers of God, must, by his actions, manifest that he is so. And though I am unwilling to advance a proposition that may sound harshly to tender ears, I am inclined to believe, that the same rule, which obliges us to yield obedience to the good magistrate, who is the minister of God, and assures us, that in obeying him we obey God, does equally oblige us not to obey those, who make themselves the ministers of the devil, lest in obeying them we obey the devil, whose works they do. * * * * The Apostle, commanding our obedience to the minister of God, for our good, commands us not to be obedient to the minister of the devil to our urt; for we cannot serve two masters." (*Discourses on Government, Vol. III.*) This is the teaching of the Bible and of common sense.

The *Government* of the Southern Confederacy, based avowedly on slavery as its foundation and chief corner-stone, conspiring the overthrow of the best Government in the world, and the destruction of liberty, and living by perjury, treason, rebellion, robbery and murder—*exists*, that's a *fact*; but it is an ordinance of the devil. And, if it should be *established* for five hundred years, and succeed in stealing and killing even more extensively than it has yet been able to, it would not become, "*by the fact of its existence*, 'an ordinance of God,' and its Executive officers 'God's ministers.'"

Christians are commanded to be subject to civil authority. It may be their duty to obey rulers that are bad men. "Infidelity, or difference in religion, doth not make void the magistrate's just and legal authority, nor free the people from their due obedience to him," (Conf. of Faith.) The ruler may be different from you in religion, may be an infidel, or a wicked man; but that does not make void his *just* and *legal* authority, nor free the people from *due* obedience to him. Very true. But when *any* Government becomes a usurping, cruel, despotic tyranny, depriving its subjects of their rights, or compelling them upon wrong-doing, subverting the very ends of government, it ceases to be God's moral ordinance, and loses its claim to conscientious obedience.

The slavish doctrine of *passive obedience* to civil power, just because it happens in the permissive providence of God to exist, is wide-spread, and permeates, more or less distinctly or thoroughly, the minds of many people. It is neither rational, nor Christian, nor Presbyterian, nor American; and should be rooted out of the earth.

A. Presbyterian.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Decease of D. H. Ellis.

At a meeting of the Middle Class in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, September 16th, 186 , the following testimonial to the worth of Mr. D. H. Ellis, late a member, was adopted:

Whereas, God, in his inscrutible providence has seen fit to remove our beloved brother, D. H. Ellis, from his earthly labors to his final reward; therefore,

Resolved, That in this affliction we recognize God's right to claim his own, and hear in it his voice saying unto us, "Be ye also ready."

Resolved, That in brother Ellis we beheld a bright intellect, a warm heart, and an earnest Christian devotion.

Resolved, That as a Class, we have lost an earnest and diligent student, and an example of a bright Christian character.

Resolved, That we tender our Christian sympathy to the bereaved friends, counseling them not to mourn as those without hope, but to remember that with the Christian, to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.

Martin L. Todd,
J. Wallace Wightman,
Geo. J. Cressman,
Committee.

[Selected.]

Nearer Home.

"Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home."

O'er the hill the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on;
Slowly droops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone;
Gone for aye—its race is over,
Soon the darker shades will come;
Still 't is sweet to know at even,
We are one day nearer home.

"One day nearer," sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture—
"I am one day nearer home."

Worn and weary oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun;
For his goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done.
Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal sore, we roam;
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! Yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Acknowledgment.

Messrs. Editors:—Permit me through your paper to acknowledge the receipt of a valuable box of clothing, from the Ladies' Sewing Society of Pisgah (Presbyterian) church, of Jefferson County, Penna., and others, for the use of myself and family. For this they have our most sincere thanks. Such acts of kindness are worthy of the highest commendation. For they afford much needed aid and comfort to those who are laboring to build up the Redeemer's kingdom in destitute places. Surely it is a day of sunshine in the missionary's home when a box is opened, unfolding its much needed gifts accompanied by the names of well remembered friends.

May the kind donors ever experience the truth of the declaration of the Redeemer: That it is more blessed to give than to receive, and at last hear the Saviour say in-asmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

D. L. McComb.

Algona, Kossuth Co., Iowa, July 30, '61.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Journey from London to Paris—Night Scenes and Impressions—Paris in the Morning—Demolition and Reconstruction—Military Designs—A Visit to the Suburbs—The "Memorial Chapelle"—The Red Republicans Outwitted—Popery and the Priests—French Protestantism.

PARIS, August 28, 1861.

From Paris, *en route* to Geneva, I write you. Six years ago, your "Correspondent" was here at the Evangelical Alliance; *now* the same body invites others as well as myself, to meet with Christians of all nations within sight of the Alps and their eternal snows, and in one of the strongholds whence Protestantism sent forth, in the 16th century, light and liberty over Europe.

I left London by the "tidal train" from the London Bridge Station, on Monday morning last. We swept rapidly through golden fields of grain bowing to the sickle, or already cleared, and past hop plantations, whose "bind" this year, from recent dry weather and warm sunshine, is better far, than was anticipated. We reach Folkestone Harbor soon after noonday. On those breezy chalk cliffs, stretching all the way from Dover to Sandgate, and including Folkestone heights, one would wish for a while to linger—for what air is more pure or healthy? This is the place where the Rev. William Arthurs, so long an invalid, says he always "feels better than any where else, *save in the desert.*" My advice to American clergymen who have got the professional sore throat, is, not to repair to the desert of Sinai; but if they are not intent, as well they may, on visiting in June and July the mineral waters of Soden and Emms, whose virtues I myself have proved, simply to come to Folkestone in Kent, overlooking the Channel that divides France and England, and with the glorious back-ground of beautiful hills and fertile waving fields. They must abjure books and study, *keep silent* for a couple of months, meditate as they can on the margin of the sounding sea, ascend Shakespeare's cliff and Cæsar's Camp (that hill where tradition says he concentrated his newly-landed forces,) live almost entirely in the open air, eat heartily so as to satisfy the keen appetite sure to come to them, and then judge how health-growing and bracing is the place.

I shall not detail the incidents of the brief passage of the restless channel, nor contrast with the *malade du mer* of some, the excellent "sea logs" of others—including that excellent and Rev. Mr. Birks, the son-in-law of the lamented Bickersteth, and one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance; or better still, his genial converse with Dr. Denham, of Londonderry, and other passengers. Nor shall I minutely trace the progress of the train, as it passes from Boulogne Paris-ward, through the flat and marshy plains of Normanby. As we move rapidly along, there is pointed out the harbor, where the Duke of Normanby—afterwards William the Conqueror—is said to have gathered his fleet and troops for that successful invasion of Saxon England, which was so suggestively brought to mind last week, by the inauguration of a commemoration pillar recently erected (by Imperial command) on the seashore.

Neither may I stay—for I am in a mail and fast train—at Clermont, once a French strong-hold, which Edward III. besieged and took; nor do more than notice in passing, the beautiful groves and chateaus on the sides of beautiful Chantilly, whither the great Condé retired in disgust, from the frowning presence of an ungrateful King.

Night in Paris is charming. The bright though waning moon, throwing her silver beams in prodigal fullness, on columns, churches, palaces, and the noble facades of new streets and thoroughly "Palladian" architectures. The Cafés are all gaily lighted up, and the motley company, seated outside on those straw-bottomed chairs, are busy in discussing ices and other refreshments, and all the while chattering with a volubility most marvellous. The Column in the Place Vendome, the Tuilleries Palace, the Louvre, Cleopatra's needle, the noble fountain in that noble Place De La Concorde, all come out at night more majestic in their solemn and majestic grandeur, than beneath the garish eye of day. And then is not the Champs D'Elysées, with that sportive band of youngsters, who, seated on little wooden horses, chase one another as the merry go-round makes its rapid revolutions; and with the voices of that band of singers from yonder canopied gallery, who, (accompanied by a band of music,) ever and anon elicit the plaudits of that brilliant crowd, who, scattered all over the gardens of one of the hotels, drink their *cafe au lact* or their *vin ordinaire*? Such night scenes in Paris in this sweet Autumn season, do strike a stranger just come from a less genial clime. In the balmy air itself he feels elastic and refreshed. All is novel, and therefore he enjoys everything.

Early morning too in Paris, has its charms. Wordsworth, the poet, once wrote down in his pocket-book a noble sonnet when standing on London Bridge in the early Summer, ere the noise of rushing commerce could assault his sensitive ear, and before dust and smoke had thrown their murky veil over the metropolis. But early, as well as all day long, Paris has a purer sky than London. Even the old streets and buildings, in this dry and serene atmosphere, still preserve in a large measure, their native whiteness. But see how surpassingly bright and fair is that long facade on either side of the newly-faced, if not newly-built Rue Saint Honoré, as also that magnificent Louvre begun ages ago, continued afterwards and then left long incomplete, but completed within the period of 1852—1857, by Napoleon III.

In point of fact, it is almost a new city, even since last I visited it. The Municipality, under Imperial inspiration, have been pulling down and building up incessantly, and with marvellous rapidity and results. One effect is that *lodgements* are dear, and house-rent in the best situations something fabulous—the poor and the working class being sufferers. New Boulevards salute the stranger, and invite him to long walks in every direction. Yonder, for example, near the Madeleine, is the Boulevard de Malsherbe, stretching Northward toward Montmartre, as yet not half finished, but destined to be *qualis ab incepto*—as complete and beautiful as are the houses already built. This is the Boulevard which (and in every new Boulevard he has a *strategic* purpose,) was recently inaugurated by a speech from the Emperor.

But how pleasant it is, when "up in the morning early," you pass toward that bridge over the Seine, on whose further side, and just behind the statue of Henry IV., you find *Les Bains Pour Natation*, and after watching awhile the juvenile and somewhat alarmed pupils of that talkative swimming-master who walks along the edge of the basin, (holding up the boy *elêve* with light cords passed beneath the arms,) to take a plunge and swim yourself, and to come forth jubilant, invigorated, and braced up for the day!

And then, as you come back, see how the shoeblacks (not juveniles, like the London Brigades, but mostly old men,) begin to polish the "understandings" of the citizens or the strangers; how, then passes by an ambulance wagon, with sick soldiers for the military hospital; how, then come next carts heavily laden with hay and straw, preceded and followed by cavalry; how, at the gates of the various barracks, you see soldiers of the line, with their closely fitting peaked caps, their small yet wiry figures, their red and flowing trousers tucked up midleg, over the newly invented buskin of brown leather which ascends over the ancle and above the white gaiters; how, the Zouave, hardy and bronzed veteran, bears himself jauntily, with a little forest of medals on his breast; how, the splendidly equipped Imperial Guard, lodged near the Tuilleries, lofty in stature and proud in aspect, have become the favorite mainstay of Imperialism now, just as their fathers were up till they perished in the last charge—led by Marshal Ney—at Waterloo.

See, too, how *buying and selling* has begun, especially among the *Dames* de Halle Fishmarket, and in the public shambles, where veritable and excellent beef, rich in fat sirloins, (but soon to be overdone and spoiled in the cooking,) present themselves; where the mutton so inferior, yields to its rival and superior veal, which, killed earlier than in England, but not too young, furnish those cottelets which, for a Britain who loves his Southdown mutton, provides a welcome change and substitute.

Next, let us—a party of three—breakfast at the Boulevards des Itallienes. The coffee, the bread, the butter, the cutlets, the *salle* "imprisoning coolness," the iced water, the white napkin, the fair tablecloth, the marble table, the *tout ensemble*—excellent.

But a passport is wanted. France is now open to an Englishman's *card de visite*; but in regions beyond, the old passport system, though doomed, reigns still. And so we repair to the Ambassador's house, and after a short delay, are presented with a passport free of charge, by a handsome young man, who, though he may have in his veins "the blood of all the Howards," is far more polite than that humbler-born Jack in office, the porter, who shows you into the waiting-room.

Out of Paris, are we borne, by a voiturier, whose vehicle we hire by the hour. He is an intelligent fellow, far superior to the London cabman—a politician to boot. He is a Republican, as most of his class are; Orleanism he likes *next best*; Imperialism he loves not, it is "*trop deer*" too stern and repressive. We drive to the famous Bois de Boulogne, the property of the Municipality of Paris, and within the boundaries of the Capital. We pass through the Arc de Triomphe, with all its memorial and martial sculpture and entablature. We drive over beautiful roads to the Cascade, along the valley of Longchamps, past the Racing Stand and Course, and up to the Bridge of Saint Cloud—whose *old* Palace and its *new* Imperial Chateau are full in view, the woods and houses of the neighboring town all hot and glowing in the broiling sun.

Returning homeward, we repaired to the "Chapelle," erected in memory of the lamented Duke of Orleans, the brave leader in Algerian wars, the eldest son of Louis Phillippe, whose sudden and violent death, by the running away of his horse with his carriage, his leaping out causing fracture of the skull, it is not too much to say changed not only the dynasty of French rule, but the destiny of France itself. Sadly solemn and impressive is that memorial building, with its Mosaic floor, its two altars of white marble mingled with jet, its sable covered chairs; above all, that form of the dead so touchingly sculptured by *an accomplished sister's* chisel, (a great sculptor she was and is,) and last of all, that great painting in the chamber behind the chief altar, where the Royal father and mother and weeping sisters, and Guizot and African Generals, as well as Marshal Soult, *all* watch and wait in sorrow unutterable as the wounded young Prince, all unconscious, breaths his life away. Politically, the greatest change effected of late in Paris, is the construction of a magnificent Boulevard, right through the Quartier de Saint Aloime—so long the stronghold of the Paris Red Republicans. The Emperor has thus fairly unearthed and scattered them. No barricades may now arise with fierce and half naked insurgents behind them. A park or two of flying artillery would sweep clean those miles of the open Boulevard stretching away to the Column of Italy, and to the old site of the infamous Bastile.

Religion in Paris is what it has ever been since Coligny and the Huguenots disappeared in the massacre of Saint Bartholome . It is spectacular, superstitious, heartless and hollow. Enter that magnificent Grecian structure of the Madeline at 9 A. M., and you find one priest succeeding another in saying mass. As I take a back seat, I see sixteen women and four men not far from the main altar. The priest is in splendid robes, with shaven crown and with his back to the people—as *their* intercessor, forsooth, with God! He bows and crosses himself; no vow is heard, but he repeats the magic formula, *Hoc est corpus meum*, and lo, as Pope Innocent put it, "The priest's hands have created God!"

The bell rings; the devotees prostrate themselves; the priest uplifts the host several times, and the bell rings again and again. *Six women* only were the communicants—and the priest, tripping down the altar steps, puts a consecrated wafer (each particle of which, says the Tridentine Council, contains a "whole Christ,") on the tongue of each recipient. *He* has already "received," keeping *the cup* for himself.

Priests meet you every where in their long black robes—very like are they to *black beetles*; the one class, the originals, *creeps* on the ground; the other "*creeps*," too, (although erect) into houses, "leading captive silly women," and becoming their directors and masters. Frenchmen, as a rule, are skeptics; they detest the priests, and if ever there is another Revolution, woe be to these satraps of the Papacy.

There are orders of clergymen different from the "regulars," such as the Christian "Brothers of the Oratory," who, I see, announce by placards a grand "Lottery" for holy purposes, inviting the faithful to get a fortune, (if they can,) and the blessing of the Church, at the same time, by the small sum of one franc for a share! "Think of that, my little dears!" I mean, let Protestants in America think what they deprive themselves of by rejecting Rome and her Lotteries!

Gambling in abundance there is in Paris—roulette tables in splendid gambling houses for rich comers from all the world—Billiards, with betting—women playing together at cards inside the Café—men (working men) outside at night—while the soldiers do the same almost all day long in the barracks and guardhouse.

Protestantism in Paris bulks small. Its "temples" are scarcely visible, and are few and far between. Nevertheless, French and Paris Protestantism has got *increased* life. True revival is really here.

Adieu for the present. I close in haste for the post. My next, I trust, God willing, will contain notes of the opening of the Geneva Conference.

J. W.

Paul's Great Question.

There is a striking illustration of the true character of the Christian in the question of Paul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" It was eminently characteristic of the man himself. He was a man of great activity and energy. He had shown this by his zeal in behalf of his faith, and his devotion to the service of God. Trained in the strictest school of the ancient faith, with clear and exalted intellectual convictions of truth, he was led to see in the religion of Jesus an element of power over the minds and hearts of man, which threatened the subversion of the system he had so ardently cherished. His soul was stirred with impatient and holy ardor in defense of his religion; and with a commission to go forth and root up, if possible, the new doctrine, and persecute all who adopted it, he was a powerful opponent of the Church of Christ.

He had received a new revelation on his way to Damascus; and when that great change had been effected in his soul, and the violent struggle had been terminated by his submission to the Saviour he had persecuted, all the activities of his heart and mind were developed in a new direction, and his first demand was to know how he could consecrate his powers and his labors to the service of Christ. He is our example, and will remain a pattern to men in every age till the end of time.

Paul believed in action. He was not content with simple faith, hope, and experience of the power of converting grace. His faith was to be witnessed by his works. His hope was to be exhibited by his life-testimony. His experience was to be enriched, quickened, and deepened, by the constant exercise of the new powers of Divine grace. Life is action. Dead trees bear no fruit. Stagnant streams water no verdant meadows. Pulseless hearts send no blood through living veins. Silent tongues kindle no responsive harmonies. Dumb witnesses utter no soul-stirring truths. So Paul, feeling that the constraining love of Christ was a motive-power which could arouse, convert, subdue, conquer, and quicken dead souls to life, and conscious that this power had been given to him, went forth to endure all things, if he might win souls to Christ.

Every converted soul has this power. It is the same in kind, if not in degree. There is a unity in this love of Christ. It comes from one common source; it operates by the same means on souls involved in one common spiritual curse, and it produces the same fruits. If all have not the same degree of ability to testify or to labor, we all have it in some degree. The true lover of Christ will not dishonor his Master by a practical denial of its possession, if he be conscious of his duty.

Were Paul living to-day, we believe that he would not be an idle man in the Church. What a boundless field of influence would lie open before him! With a zeal and a boldness of utterance like that which filled his discourse on Mars' Hill, how would his voice be heard among our modern idolatries, and our time-serving conventionalism, and our money getting! and pointing away from earth to the cross, how would he unfold the truths of life and immortality! His life would be a blazing epistle, whose language would be in letters of living fire, and whose powers would be felt throughout the world.

But though dead, he speaketh. By his example and his written word, he calls us to be up and at the Master's service. "What wilt thou have *me* to do?" should be the earnest cry of every follower of Christ. The world is ripening to the harvest. Where are the reapers? Where are those who love the cause of Christ? Where are the men and women of self-sacrifice, who count all things but loss for Christ? Where are the talents and the energy of the Church, that need now to be thrown into the battle-field of opinion and progress, and striking the omnipotent blows of truth at the principalities and powers, shall work for the glorified emancipation when all men shall be made free with the truth as it is in Jesus?

The Sabbath School and the Sanctuary.

In most communities, but few Sabbath School scholars are found attending on the stated preaching of the Gospel. Their parents send them to the Sabbath School, but seldom take them with them to church. It seems to be taken for granted, that when the children have attended the exercises of the Sabbath School, they have attended upon all that is necessary for them. Never, however, was a more fatal mistake committed. The stated preaching of the Gospel is of Divine appointment, and the means of grace furnished directly in connexion with the services of the sanctuary, are those especially established by the great Head of the Church, for the salvation of sinners and the edification of saints. No others introduced by mere human authority, how excellent soever they may be, can form an adequate substitute for them. The children need them as much as the adult. They as well as their parents should regularly participate in them. It is important that children attend the Sabbath School, but it is much more important that they attend upon the stated preaching of the Gospel. If the privileges of the former cannot be enjoyed except at the expense of the latter, in that case these privileges must be foregone. It is better not to send the children to the Sabbath School, if the sending of them prevents them from attending upon the regular services of the sanctuary.

Rather would we see all Sabbath Schools, highly important as we regard them, blotted out of existence, than that the children should thereby be deprived of their birth-right privileges in the house of God. We do not, however, see that the enjoyment of the privileges of the one should necessarily interfere with the enjoyment of the privileges of the other. The children can attend the Sabbath School and the public ministrations of the Gospel also.—*German Ref. Messenger.*

The Young Soldier Dying.

"Bring me my knapsack," said a young soldier who lay sick in one of the hospitals at Washington. "Bring me my knapsack."

"What do you want of your knapsack?" inquired the head lady of the band of nurses.

"I want my knapsack," again said the dying young man.

His knapsack was brought to him, and as he took it his eye gleamed with pleasure, and his face was covered all over with a smile as he brought out from it his hidden treasures.

"There," said he, "that is a Bible from my mother. And this—Washington's farewell address—is the gift of my father. And this"—his voice failed him.

The nurse looked down to see what it was, and there was the face of a beautiful maiden.

"Now," said the dying young soldier, "I want you to put all these under my pillow."

She did as she was requested, and the poor young man laid down on them to die, requesting that they should be sent to his parents when he was gone. Calm and joyful was he in dying. It was only going from night to endless day—from death to eternal glory. So the young soldier died.

The Great Object.

The great object of Sunday School teaching was the conversion of the young mind and heart to the knowledge and service of Jesus Christ. The time was when a different object was contemplated—namely, simple instruction in reading and writing, and loading the memory with facts. What object, however, could be so noble and sublime as that in which the humblest young man or woman could become a co-pastor and fellow-worker with Christian ministers in leading souls to Christ? What so noble as to take young, ragged children from some of the purlieus of this great town, unprotected by human care, unloved by parental hearts, and to bring them to the feet of Christ! Which was the greatest man, Sir Henry Havelock going to the relief of Lucknow, or Sir Henry Havelock the simple lay Baptist preacher? That was a point of casuistry which some persons might be at a loss to determine; but to his (Dr. Archer's) mind, it was clear and obvious that Henry Havelock, the glorious warrior, was a greater man when preaching the Gospel or singing a hymn with a few of his soldiers, and instructing some of their children in the path of eternal truth, than when leading on the marshaled legions of his country to the relief of that great centre of vice and iniquity, and the rescue of those who were struggling under oppression.

They were not to go to the Sunday School to teach mere science, or politics, or philosophy, in the common sense of the term, but to present the simple story of the living, the dying, and the risen Redeemer. If that course was adopted to a greater extent by teachers and by Christian parents, what a genial, sunny glow would be cast over our homesteads! what a sweet and blessed influence would be spread among the congregation! When the Moravian missionary of Herrnhuth tried to teach the arts of gardening and carpentering, he made but little progress; but when he read aloud that charming part of the Gospel, the three last chapters of John, Karnack said: "Oh! read it again; that is what we want." The chapters were read again and again, until there rolled down that savage man's cheeks tears of contrition and melting pathos. Let teachers ever bring out that simple story, because they felt it and understood it; and let them in all things have a clear and definite idea of what they meant to teach before they attempted to instruct their pupils, for no one could preach or teach distinctly, unless he knew what he aimed at.—*Rev. Dr. Archer before the London Sabbath School Union.*

What a Volcano Can Do.

Cotopaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1744 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tunguragua, one of the peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud which dammed up rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of a thousand feet wide made deposits of six hundred feet deep. The stream in Vesuvius, which in 1737 passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,600,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1794, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1679 Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface, which measured 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the scoriæ formed the Monte Rossi, near Nicolosi, a cone two miles in circumference and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna in 1810 was in motion at the rate of a yard per day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cooled and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 70, the scoriæ and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1660 Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has thrown its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed 2,000 feet above its summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block of 109 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles, and Sambawa, in 1815, during the most terrific eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles surface, and out of a population of twelve thousand souls, only twenty escaped.—*Recreative Science.*

SELECT READING.

Reward of Fidelity.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around; when sickness falls on the heart; when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

A Coming Eternity.—And Paradise, Paradise lost, is awaiting you, and stands before you with unfolded gates, and time hasteneth past, and eternity prepareth itself to roll on forever. And the body loseth its strength for labor, and its relish for sensual things; and both haste to an end; and rest cometh, and refreshment in the presence of God; and every blessing of our first parents, with every superadded blessing which arises from the sense of dangers past, from the glorious knowledge of redeeming love, and from the certainty of salvation, and deliverance, and eternal security.—*Irving.*

Faith.—A little fellow, eight years old, who was without a relative in the whole world, was asked by a lady if he did not have fears as to whether he would get along in life. The child looked up, with a perplexed and inquiring eye, as if uncertain of her meaning, and troubled with a new doubt. "Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a feller, if he puts his trust in him, and does the best he can?"

Beautiful Idea.—In the mountains of Tyrol, it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bed-time, and sing their national songs until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers, answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fisherman come about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water; and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together those humble dwellers by the sea!

How to Have Peace.—A friend once asked Prof. Franke how he maintained so constant a peace of mind. "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a day," replied Franke. "Wherever I am, whatever I do, I say, 'Blessed Jesus, have I a share in thy redemption? Are my sins forgiven? Am I guided by thy Spirit? Renew me, strengthen me.' By this constant intercourse with Jesus, I enjoy serenity of mind and a settled peace of soul."

Value of a Summer Storm.—A good Summer storm is a rain of riches; if gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, they would not enrich the land so much as soft, long rains. Every drop is silver going to the mint. The roots are machinery, and catching the willing drops, they assay them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grains and grasses. All the mountains of California are not so rich as are the soft mines of heaven.

A Caustic Reply.—Drs. South and Sherlock were disputing on some religious subject, when the latter accused the other of using wit in the controversy. "Well," said South, "suppose it had pleased God to give you wit, what would you have done?"

Illustrating Nothing.—The practice of illustrating nothing is too common in our Sunday Schools to be passed over. Many teachers seek to purchase the forbearance—not to say the interest—of their scholars, during the ordinary exercises of the class, by promising to tell or read a story to them, if the sermon is quietly listened to afterwards—that is, the children shall each have a sugar plum if they are good, and if they will take their physic afterwards without any demur. This is a most mischievous practice. On the other hand, by taking up the attention of the class by relating tales and anecdotes, however good, merely to amuse and keep them quiet, is also an abuse; let our illustrations be *aids* to doctrinal truth, never substitutes for it—let them be short, simple, and pointed—carefully distributed throughout the lesson.

Hindoo Interpretation of Grace at Meals.—The Hindoos are said to have thought that the English had no religion at all; and the following story current in India confirms the statement. Some missionaries, recently arrived at Bombay, were asked to dine with a party of Europeans. Before taking their seats, they stood reverently at the table to observe a custom which the others had long neglected. When the missionaries clasped their hands, bowed their heads, and said grace, the native servants, arrested by this strange proceeding, are said to have whispered to one another: "Why! they have a religion after all. See, they worship the knives and forks!"

Fear not Laughter.—Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you are in the constant terror of death.

Childhood.—Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images. One impious or profane thought, uttered, by a parent's lips, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.