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For the Presbyterian Banner.

Light Behind the Cloud.

The experience of the true child of God is of such a nature as to teach him the vanity of earthly enjoyments. These may be gratifying to sense, but they furnish nothing to satisfy the yearnings of the immortal soul. They are broken cisterns that can hold no water. The thirsty soul comes to them, but goes away disappointed. Its thirst can only be quenched by drinking from the living fountain. To the well-spring on high the Christian resorts, and his drooping soul is revived. But often, alas, in this wilderness world, he forgets his compass and with no landmarks to guide him, he loses his way. He feels that burning thirst within, yet he has no unerring needle to point him to the well of living waters. He looks to the heavens, but they are darkness; the great light is veiled with clouds. Discouraged and disheartened he knows not whither to turn, or is almost ready to give up in despair. He forgets that behind the clouds the sun still shines in all its brightness, and the language of his heart is, "Oh, that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when by his light I walked through darkness!" But man's extremity is God's opportunity. When man is brought to feel his own weakness, then God through Christ, his Son, offers to be his strength. Oftentimes he hides his face in mercy, for a season from his own, so that they may be led to feel their entire dependence on him. His love is still the same. This lesson, poor, weak, short-sighted man, is slow to learn. He cannot realize at once how, "all things work together for good to those that love God."

For score of years the children of the captivity wandered in sadness by the streams of Babylon, and hung their harps on the willow-trees, refusing to sing the songs of Zion. They mourned the hidings of the Father's face—they longed and prayed for the time when the dark clouds should be removed, and the smiling face be once more revealed. Their hearts were ever turning to their own sacred mountains, their own loved temple, there they would be, and there they would tune their harps anew, to sing of the marvelous things which God had done for them.

Such also is the experience of the Christian—an exile, he longs to return home and be reinstated in his Father's family. Dark clouds shut out from him the light of the Sun of Righteousness. In darkness he gropes about for awhile, but faith assures him that the light is still shining and points to the silver lining which sometimes even the darkest clouds have. And hence the longing soul will not be satisfied until it has caught a fresh glimpse of Him who is the light of the world. Then all the lesser lights dwindle into insignificance.

"How vain all outward efforts to supply the soul with joy!
The noontide sun is dark, and music discord,
When the heart is low."

The dealings of Providence toward creatures often seems mysterious. Our thoughts are not as God's thoughts. We cannot tell why he does thus and thus. But afflictions and troubles never come by chance. When these compass us about as a thick cloud, faith enables us to say, "even so Father for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

As the Christian advances in the Divine life and grows ripe in experience, he finds that these dark days are followed by great degrees of light and special manifestations of God's goodness; and then from the depths of a heart overflowing with gratitude he can say, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted." Then when dark portentious clouds loom up before him, he does not shudder, but fixes his anchor firm and rests secure, for he has learned that

"Should some hand but touch those clouds,
E'en in their silent faces, could be read,
Unutterable love."

When the course is finished—when the warfare here is ended—then the Christian shall enter upon his eternal reward. No more clouds shall darken his horizon—no more shall he mourn the hiding of the Sun of Righteousness—no more sorrow shall dwell in his heart; for in "the many mansions" the Lamb is the light and "there'll be no sorrow there." The Light will no longer be veiled by clouds. His effulgence will be eternally enjoyed. There the Christian shall be forever with the Lord, who is his light, his life, his hope, his all. ALICE.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

God our Help.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

How precious such a promise! It is precious to all, or at least ought to be; for all know what days of trouble and trial are. All have been born to trouble; and what can be more desirable to them than deliverance? Such promises ought to come to the poor soul as the very balm of heaven.

But what are we to understand by calling on God? Understand it just as literally and just as simply as you can. It is no hard thing to do, and ought not to be hard to understand. And indeed in temporal matters it is perfectly easy to understand what it is. If you were to hear one man telling another, if you need help, call upon me, you would at once understand what he meant. You would understand him to say, if you need help, come to me for it, and I will give to you. Ah! men know what it is to call upon their fellow-men for help, and to call upon them in confidence of receiving that for which they call. If they greatly need help, they do not have much hesitancy about asking a kind, obliging, able, hearty friend for the aid he has promised him.

To call upon God, is to do the same thing. It is to go to him in prayer, and confidently ask him for that which you need, and which he has graciously promised. And we do it in Jesus' name, not our own. "Thy promise is my only plea."

Prayer, whether it is to God or men, is the asking for that which you need, and heartily desire. Calling upon God in the day of trouble, is praying to him in the day of trouble.

If you call upon a kind, obliging, faithful, able, hearty friend, you do it in confidence. After he has given his word, you would dishonor him to do otherwise than to go to him in confidence. So you must call upon God in confidence. If a friend is dishonored if you do not go to him in confidence, how much more so is it with your heavenly Father. Does not the want of confidence show that you doubt the faithfulness of your friend to his promises? So the want of confidence in prayer shows that you doubt God's word and faithfulness. You may deceive a friend. He cannot see the doubts which exist in your heart; but the Lord seeth the heart. You cannot impose on him. Then pray believing. B.

It is only heaven that is above all winds, storms, and tempests. God did not cast man out of paradise that he might be able to find himself another paradise in this world. The world and the believer must part, or Christ and him will never meet. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Banner—State of the Country.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 28. 1861.

DEAR BANNER:—As from thy first appearance I have taken and read thee carefully, allow me to bestow upon thee a meed of commendation. Though thou didst have to struggle hard at the commencement of thy being, for a standing among thy brethren, and, though to do thee harm some endeavored to dispute thy *orthodoxy*; yet, thou didst hold on the even tenor of thy ways, until thou hadst established a permanency of thine existence, and an unquestioned title to thy "soundness in the faith."

To leave off this address to the *Banner*, allow me, Messrs. Editors, to say, I read your paper with both profit and pleasure; and, though we have many good papers in this city, and many more from New-York and Boston, yet still, no one is more welcome than *the* one conducted by you and published at Pittsburgh.

Your course of late, indeed ever since the open outbreak of this unnatural and wicked *rebellion*, commends itself to the candor and good sense of all citizens loyal to the government, and, especially, to the approbation of all Christians.

Was there ever, in the world's history, such a rebellion? We have read of rebellions and conspiracies in "the old world." We have heard of them in our own Republic—of "Aaron Burr's," of "Shay's," of *The Whiskey*, in Pennsylvania, and of the traitor, Benedict Arnold. But what one of all these, and of all the others found on record, ever partook of such ingratitude and malignity as the present? Men, nourished and dandled by our common mother; men, "grown fat," like Jeshurun, upon the spoils they had seized, have not turned traitors only, but "put the knife to the throat" of that mother. The *rebellion* thus inhumanly begun, has, if possible, been carried on in a more diabolical manner.

Your senior editor well knows that the writer never was an *Abolitionist*—was not only willing, but an advocate for the South to have all that she could possibly be entitled to, by the Constitution. He was opposed to the so-called "personal liberty bills" of the North. He was in favor of returning to their masters those "owing them service," who escaped into the free States; and this was his feeling up to the day when the rebels opened fire upon Fort Sumter.

But, from that moment to the present, this Southern sympathy has been dead, and a feeling of just indignation and retribution against the invaders has taken its place. The same, he judges, has been the effect upon others friendly to the South.

Why, but one year ago, before the above named attack, in this good old city of Philadelphia, the feeling in favor of the rights of the South was so intense, that it was feared, when Henry Ward Beecher lectured in Concert Hall, before the "People's Literary Institute," the audience would be mobbed; and the Mayor ordered out the whole Police force to keep the peace. Yea, more; Curtis, well known to be a zealous Abolitionist, was prohibited from delivering his lecture, after he had come from Boston here, and after full preparation had been made to hear it.

But, how is it now? Ah! the advocates of the South are not to be found. Beecher, Chapin, Curtis, even, have full swing. Even were the Mayor to order out the Police, (which there is no fear of his doing, he, also, having been converted,) it is pretty certain that the liberty of speech would be maintained by the whole mass of the population.

If the maxim ever were true, "Whom the gods mean to destroy, they first make mad," it seems emphatically so at this time.

The writer believes that, although we have tried to keep the *slavery* question *out* of this war, yet Providence designs that *it shall come in*; and that slavery shall find an end by it. True, the responsibility will be upon the *South*, where it ought to be. They will have no one to thank but themselves.

It is as clear as the noonday sun, that if they employ the slaves to aid, abet, and strengthen *their* rebel attacks upon a lawful government, *that* government not only *may*, but is absolutely bound by every just and right sentiment, to *palsy this arm of slavery* upon which they lean; and, however government may hold back this point, *she will have to come to it*; and the sooner the better—the better for the North, the better for the South.

Let us have it. Let us thus end the strife. We can do this with perfect justice, by *confiscating* the property of every rebel, *slave* property as well as any other—slave property *first*, as the most objectionable and "contraband" of all property; and by paying all the loyal men of the South for *their* slaves. This course once adopted by the war-power, would speedily end the contest. QUIRIS.

John Angell James—Personal Habits, &c.

It is needless to say, that John Angell James was a great worker. He enjoyed incessant activity. Says his son:

"He diligently redeemed his time. Meals were dispatched in his house in less time than I ever saw them go through elsewhere. Though a stout man, all his movements were quick; he walked and wrote fast, and he dressed with unusual rapidity. My stepmother was active as he was, and never kept him waiting for her at a meal, or when going out with him; and she remarked with great pleasure, that Bonaparte gave the same praise to Josephine. He was generally in his study soon after seven, and, I believe, spent in devotion the hour before breakfast, (which in Winter and Summer he took at eight.) He never sat more than half an hour after dinner (at two or half-past,) and not a minute after breakfast or tea. After supper (at nine) he usually read an amusing book, and I think he did so at the end of the morning. He wrote his letters generally in an afternoon, and grumbled if he had to take up his pen after supper. Though he disliked the occupation, his letters were generally very full, and almost every one who wrote to him on a matter of personal religion, was sure of being answered at considerable length. His chief relaxation was to spend half a day in the country, and he could generally make time for that, if allowed to fix the day.

"Nothing seemed ever to incapacitate him from working on up to supper-time, or to dissipate his mind. He could breakfast out, and when he returned fall to work as usual. When he reached home in an afternoon, after travelling all day, he had tea as quickly as it could be got, and then went to his study, and generally on such occasions was later than usual at supper. He never gave up working unless physically unable to sit up, and made nothing of a headache or other ailment which would have laid aside most men: Till the last years of his life, he wrote standing, and to this he attributed his health."

Of his personal habits and benevolence we have these notices:

"He was very neat in his person and dress, and was very particular not to appear in the pulpit with his hair in disorder, which cost him some care, as he always wore it combed straight up from his forehead. He liked everything about him kept in good order, except that the books and papers he had in hand always lay about in confusion. He did not seem to have order and system, but he must have had it, for he kept going the great machinery of his church and congregation, with ease and comfort to everybody, and without the need of any painful convulsive efforts.

"His almsgiving was very great, when viewed in reference either to his income or expenditure. No relation or old friend, and scarcely any minister, applied to him in vain, and he gave even to his enemies. To do this he was very economical, especially in his personal expenses. But he showed it only by not spending money, and not when he spent it; for he was very easy in every transaction, whether he paid or received. He lived as plainly as he could with propriety, and he gave away the remainder of his income. He held it a sin for a minister to hoard, and at least an equal sin for him to indulge in display. I never knew him so short with me as when I suggested it would be mercy to put two horses to his carriage, which he kept as a matter of necessity."—*Methodist.*

[Selected.]

Lament of a Father on the Death of His Little Son.

TRANSLATED FROM A MEDIÆVAL HYMN.

Child, by God's sweet mercy given
To thy mother and to me,
Entering this world of sorrows
By his grace, so fair to see:
Fair as some sweet flower in Summer,
Till death's hand on thee was laid,
Scorched the beauty from my flower,
Made the tender petals fade.
Yet I dare not weep nor murmur,
For I know the King of kings
Leads thee to his marriage-chamber,
To the glorious bridal brings.

Nature fain would have me weeping,
Love asserts her mournful right;
But I answer, they have brought thee
To the happy world of light.
And I fear that my lamentings,
As I speak thy cherished name,
Desecrate the Royal dwelling—
Fear to meet deserved blame,
If I press with tears of anguish
Into the abode of joy;
Therefore will I, meekly bowing,
Offer thee to God, my boy.

Yet thy voice, thy childish singing,
Soundeth ever in my ears:
And I listen, and remember,
Till mine eyes will gather tears,
Thinking of thy pretty prattlings,
And thy childish words of love;
But when I begin to murmur,
Then my spirit looks above,
Listens to the songs of spirits—
Listens, longing, wondering,
To the ceaseless glad hosannas
Angels at thy bridal sing.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. D'ISRAELI AND CHURCH PARTIES—AN ANALYSIS OF HIS SPEECH—TORYISM AND ITS DESIGNS—THE PROMISED ANSWER TO THE ESSAYISTS—THE LEAVEN OF RATIONALISM—"TRUE" AND "DIVINE"—CONFERENCE AT LEEDS ON REFORM—FINANCE, FRANCE, AND THE EMPEROR—RETRENCHMENT AND SELF-ABNEGATION—PROMISE OF PEACE IN EUROPE—SIR ROBERT PEEL AND IRISH ULTRAMONTANISM—STORMS AND SHIPWRECKS—POSTSCRIPT.

LONDON, Nov. 21, 1861.

MR. D'ISRAELI has been appealing to the fears of the Episcopal clergy of all parties, with the view of smoothing the path of the Tories to office, and forming a great Tory party once more. He declares against the unconditional abolition of Church Rates (which are but the "outworks" of the Establishment for the repair of Church fabricks, and totally distinct from *tithes* and kindred endowments,) and is still ready to oppose a revision of the Liturgy, as well as the opening of the Endowed Grammar Schools of England to the children of Nonconformists. He talks as "a Churchman to Churchmen," and that especially in the diocese of Oxford, whose Bishop sits in the chair, while D'Israeli compliments himself and endeavors by the assumption of the garb of a theological critic, to bamboozle the assembled clergy. Dr. Wilberforce the Bishop, urges on the work of Diocesan Schools, but when an aniversary meeting is held, it is found that only one-fourth of the funds necessary is supplied by the laity, while the clergy furnish the other three-fourths from their own scanty resources. Making this his text, Mr. D'Israeli proceeds to ask, why do the laity thus feebly support Church Institutions? He says that it cannot be from "want of Churchmen in the diocese," because these are numerous. The true reasons are found in three feelings among Churchmen—"a feeling of perplexity, a feeling of distrust, and a feeling of discontent." Well as to "perplexity" people are puzzled about the "existence of parties in the Church." Well, is it any wonder? Certainly not; but says the orator, "perplexity founded on that ground, is quite baseless." And then he proceeds to make out of the fact that "there have always been parties in the Church," a reason why there should neither be perplexity nor "anxiety." Only think of a man who is cognizant of the Semi-Popery, the Unionism, the Evangelicalism, and the Broad Churchism all tied together by a ligature, which, if once unloosed by the dis-establishment of the Church of England, would cause them to reside from one another wide as the poles—only think, I say, of the cunning treachery and statecraft that prompt a party leader to come out with such words as these:—"The aggregate of experience, justifies the expression that parties in the Church, instead of being a sign of its weakness, are rather symbols of its strength!"

It is too evident that only the "Broad Church" School and mere men of the world, take this view of matters. But do men in earnest, of all other parties, believe or endorse it? Are they not constantly anathematizing one another? And if they were free to-morrow, would it not realize a "scrimmage" which even now is only partially suppressed, which sets the *Record* against the High Church *Guardian and Union*, and which leads the High Church and Tractarians to denounce and detest the theology of the "Puritans," and the tracts of Mr. Ryle?

As to the "Essayism," Mr. D'Israeli is strangely inconsistent. First of all, he denies that its supporters are warranted in claiming to be "free to inquirers," and that therefore the right of free inquiry should be conceded to them. "For," says the speaker, "in my opinion, the principal authors of Essays and Reviews being clergymen of the Church of England, had entered into solemn engagements with society, inconsistent with the results recommended in their publications." In other words, these writers have perverted the articles to which at their ordination they professed unreserved "assent and consent." But after this righteous and common sense condemnation of inconsistency and dishonesty, Mr. D'Israeli still keeping in view a great party purpose, and the closer union of Churchmen of all shades, in order to its accomplishment, proceeds to ask of Essays and Reviews: "Is there any thing in that volume to occasion distrust among Churchmen. He then proceeds to give a sketch of the successive schools of German Rationalism, showing how they have come to naught, thus at once laughing out of Court the Essayists, on the one hand, and seeking to dissipate the "distrust" of the great body of the clergy, on the other. But let us hear the orator himself and mark his elaborate phraseology, and "his ample command," as one has expressed it, "over a diction large, pretentious, and imposing, promising deep meaning, and eluding by its vagueness, the grasp of rival controversialists:"

Dismissing for a moment the character of the writers, I am not disposed to evade the question—is there anything in that volume to occasion distrust among Churchmen? I think it perhaps may not be altogether unsuitable if one or two observations be made upon that subject by a layman, and that the brunt of comment should not always be left to clergymen. The volume in question is founded, generally speaking, on the philosophical theology of Germany. What is German theology? It is of the greatest importance that a clearer idea on that subject should be entertained than I have found hitherto to prevail in most assemblies of my countrymen. About a century ago German theology, which was mere mysticism, became by a natural law of reaction critical. A body of philosophic theologians gradually arose, and formed in the course of years a school which introduced a new system of interpretation of the Scriptures. They accepted without cavil the sacred narrative, but they interpreted supernatural events by natural causes, and they adopted as the name of their new system the title of Rationalism, and called themselves Rationalists. Supported by great learning and even greater ingenuity, the success of this school of philosophical theologians was transcendant. In the course of fifty years in which it flourished, it absorbed the opinion of all the intellect of Germany, and very greatly influenced, no doubt, the opinions of all the Protestant States; but where is Rationalism, and where are Rationalists now? They have ceased to exist; they have been erased from the intellectual tablets of living opinion. Another school of philosophical theologians arose in Germany, and with profound learning and inexorable logic they proved that Rationalism was irrational—(laughter)—and they substituted for the rational scheme of the interpretation of the Scriptures a new scheme called the Mythical system. But if it be true, which undoubtedly it is, that the mythical theologians triumphantly demonstrated that Rationalism was irrational, equally true is it that by this time the mythical system has itself become a myth. (Cheers and laughter.) The most eminent and most distinguished votaries of that school have enlisted their energies and devoted their powers to a new and all-triumphant development of German theology, which is now raging in that country, and which, in deference to the spirit of progress, which is the characteristic, as we are told, of the nineteenth century, and which generally ends in a recurrence to ancient ideas—(cheers and laughter)—this new system consists in a most able revival of Pagan Pantheism. (Cheers.) Now, that is a literally true sketch of the various phases through which the most intellectual opinion of Germany during the last century has passed. (Hear, hear.) I ask you is the Church to be alarmed by such overreaching and capricious speculations as these—(hear)—and is society to be disturbed by a volume which is after all but a second-hand medley of these discordant, inconsistent, and self-destroying theories? No religious creed was ever destroyed by a philosophical theory. Philosophies destroy themselves. Epicurus was at least as great a man, I apprehend, as Hegel, yet it was not Epicurus that subverted the Olympian religion.

Is there, then, after proving that the Essays are nothing better than ancient Pantheism, nothing to be done; are they not to be noticed or answered? Why are not their authors, who are "clergymen of the Church of England," and as such have broken their "engagements," noticed and answered. Let them be, says Mr. D'Israeli, by those who are equal to the occasion. Nay, let "authority," the Bishops, the Convocation condemn, for not to do so would be "inconsistent." What next? Let there be punishment of the heretics; they are, as Lord Shaftsbury said, eating the bread of the Church, which they betray, and sapping the very foundations of all reverence for the Scriptures as the Word of God; but says Mr. D'Israeli in the true spirit of a man who has no idea of bearing the cross, or facing the hatred and ridicule of the modern Sadducee, any more than adopting the ritualism of the Pharisee, "The nineteenth century is a season, when the Church should not punish error, but rather confute it."

And thus the man who charges Pantheism on the Essayists will permit them unscathed save by argument, and in the full possession of posts of trust, of the *cure of souls* and of larger or smaller benefices—to remain within the bosom of the Church of England. The honest-minded among the clergy must suspect the sincerity as to either truth or godliness of one who could give this counsel; and see that there is an object in view, political party, and personal ends to be served. And so when Mr. D'Israeli speaks first with respect to the new views of those who long for freedom from Erastian control, and are dreaming of a Free Church—not like that of Scotland, which has no "priests," but whose ministers and office-bearers are as zealous for spiritual independence and the rights of the people as are the people themselves, and who, moreover, are chosen by the people themselves—he tries to frighten them back to contentment with their bondage, and to put away their mediæval notions and aspirations by telling them that England's Church, "now a great centre of light, learning, and *liberty*," (!) will, if disestablished, become a poor, despicable thing, like the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and "sink into fastidious, not to say cynical congregations." And so the man who began life as a Liberal, but who has achieved position by attacking and badgering almost to death Sir Robert Peel, and has placed himself at the head of that country party, whose bigotry and bucolic stupidity he must despise in his heart—this man calls on the whole clergy of the Establishment to get rid at once and forever of their "perplexity," their "discontent," and their "distrust." Through a thin veil we see a mocking face, and hear a party cry to this effect: "Rally round Lord Derby, the friend of the Church. Support the Conservatives, who have protected your churchyards from Nonconformist invasion, secured your Grammar Schools against Nonconformist Trustees, and maintained your right to tax those not of your own faith." It is not at all likely that a general election may come off next year, and no doubt the clergy—a timid band, always deprecating change—will, in that case, quit their retirement, and head a new crusade. But as sure as they do so, they will evoke the spirit of Liberty and Reform. If the Tories are for Church and State, the Whigs, as a party, must, for self-preservation, inscribe on their banner "Religious Liberty," and help right earnestly the great middle class, and that nearest to these among the artizans, to obtain electoral Reform sufficient to keep down a Toryism, which aims at dominance in England and virtual encouragement of despotism in foreign lands. After all Mr. D'Israel's vehemence, it is not at all likely that he and his party, if they enter office, will be compelled to bring in a bill for the settlement of the Church rate question. He says that the "history of minorities is that of success," and so will it be here, in spite of continuous majorities, who at last perish in their own corruption.

ANSWERS to the Essayists are now appearing—especially one volume of an elaborate character. Mr. Murray announces the publication of "Aids to Faith—a Series of Essays." It is a joint performance, as were the Essays. And thus Professor Maunsell treats of Miracles; the Bishop of Cork, on the Evidences; Dr. M'Caul, on Prophecy and the Mosaic Record of Creation; Prebendary Cook, on Substitution; Professor Rawlinson, on Genesis and the authenticity of the Pentateuch; Dr. Thompson, (Bishop-elect of Gloucester and Bristol,) on Atonement; Professor Brown, (of Cambridge University,) on Inspiration. This volume is seen to attract extended observation, and to provoke replies from the Rationalistic party—but probably *not from* the Essayists themselves. The *leaven* of these principles is very formidable. It is found in a series of pamphlets to be purchased at Railway stations all over the kingdom. "Tracts for priests and people," in articles by Mr. Maurice, in MacMillan's Magazine, as well as in "Tracts" (of the series just mentioned,) written by him; while the *Daily Telegraph* stands up daringly to endorse the views of the New School, as well as to deprecate and denounce all attempts to eject its opponents from the National Church. Thus one of its articles, containing insult and abuse of Lord Shaftsbury for a speech at a Bible meeting, speaks about Scripture: "*We believe it to be Divine because it is true, not true because it is Divine.*" The secret meaning, well-known to the initiated, of the mystical sentence is to be found in the doctrine of "a verifying faculty," as put forth by Dr. Temple and others—in other words, in the startling affirmation that man's own conscience and intuitions, and *not* external evidences; *not* Divine inspiration of men who could not but infallibly speak the truth; *not* miracles, however well attested as wrought by a supernatural power—that this "conscience," this "verifying faculty," must try at its own bar, and test in its own crucible between the gold and the dross, the false and the true; and what it finds to be "true," that only is "Divine." Your readers will perceive what a deadly, God-insulting, man-exalting heresy is here.

A POLITICAL CONFERENCE on Electoral Reform has just been held at Leeds. It was composed of working men's delegates, aided by some of the Liberal members of the House of Commons. The approximation toward union between the masses and the middle classes, and consequently between the Whigs and Radicals, was significantly indicated by this remarkable Conference, which was free from all noise, or tendency to extremes. I think Lord Palmerston and his Cabinet will be compelled next year to take steps for an increase in the representation of the people, and that probably they may, by Conservative temporary success on this, or a kindred topic, dissolve Parliament, and thus secure for the nation great benefits.

FINANCE AND FRANCE are repeating themselves at this moment. The first French Revolution was undoubtedly precipitated by the financial condition of the people. Charles X. was swept away by a financial crisis; the same statement, partially at least, applies now. The French Emperor is compelled suddenly, to find a deficit in his finances of not less than forty millions sterling per annum, and a deeper gulf still opening to swallow up his dynasty and himself. He therefore, in his marvellous sagacity, calls to his counsels one who, in more prosperous times, was found too faithful for Imperial sycophants to endure. M. Fould, a Hebrew banker—a thorough Liberal, a great financier—honestly tells the Emperor that the country is going fast to ruin, and that there must be retrenchment at once, and with an unsparing hand. The result is, that the "naughty boy" acknowledges his wastefulness before all Europe; declares that he is not bound, as a parvenue, by any ancestrally regal claims, to keep up possessions and establishments, and in a word abandons the right hitherto exercised, of raising by his own authority, loans and other credits, over and above the Budget voted by the Legislative Chambers. The effect of the change is astonishing. It calms for the present the fears, and tends powerfully to increase the prosperity of England and other European countries. It clearly says that *war* is postponed, even in Italy, and that in 1862, at least, we may hope for a continued "lengthening of our tranquility," and that all the world on this side of the Atlantic will have opportunity to come to the World's Exhibition in London. God grant that our American friends may have full liberty and opportunity to come also, from the cessation of the terrible strife now raging, and which financially must entail sad consequences on the people. It is given out also that the Emperor proposes to visit London next year during the Exhibition. The Queen visited him in 1855, at the opening of the Exhibition at Paris. The more of these interchanges and interviews, the better. Meanwhile, the commercial treaty with France is increasing the Emperor's revenue, and by reductions in the army, and other means, a vigorous effort will be made to make matters square. But if war break out—as I fear it will do in spite of every effort, in connexion with the Italian and Hungarian questions, and that within two years—once more blood and treasure must be poured out like water.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has had a duel with Dr. Cullen, the Pope's Legate, and has certainly achieved thereby immense popularity. The Archbishop ransacks Parliamentary debates in order to hold up the Chief Secretary and the friend of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, to Romish hate. He strung together all that Sir Robert Peel had said about the oppression and imprisonment of Bible readers in Spain, (very much to his honor,) and invoked the wrath of Catholic Ireland on his head. Dr. McHale ("John of Tuam,") ridiculed Sir Robert, because that a false cry of "famine" had been put to silence by the Secretary's personal investigations in the West. McHale said he had travelled "as in a trunk," a band-box, seeing nothing—the opposite of truth. At Sligo, the walls were placarded with Cullen's "extracts," and comments thereon. Upon this, the son of the great Peel uprose in his wrath, and at Sligo, at Londonderry, and finally in the presence of the Mayor and Corporation of Belfast, gave a thorough "dressing" to the Archbishop and the whole Ultramontanist faction in Ireland. The check thus boldly given them—in contrast with the concessions made too often by both Whigs and Tories—is highly gratifying. More than this, a considerable number of Roman Catholics resent Cullen's conduct, sympathize entirely with the principles of United Education and of religious toleration, and endorse the new scheme of Scholarships for the Queen's Colleges, as inaugurated by Sir Robert himself, by large donations themselves.

DREADFUL STORMS have ravaged our Eastern coasts, and there has been great loss of life. One reason of this is the disregard by sea captains of the warnings given them by telegraph from the Admiralty at London. Captain Fitzroy, of the Royal Navy, has well nigh reduced to scientific accuracy, the power of predicting the weather at any time for the next twenty-four hours, and thus some do take warning. But others "do not believe," and so venture forth, while the skies are treacherously calm and clear and no danger seems nigh, and are lost. Alas! in *spiritual* things, how true it is of multitudes who disregard Divine warnings conveyed by providences and ministrations of pastors, parents, friends, "they will not believe." And so they perish, and that without remedy. J. W.

P.S.—The Princess Alice is to be married early next year, and the Court season to begin much earlier than usual, to the great delight of West-End traders.

The British funds and stocks of every description have improved, and money at the Bank of England is at 3½ per cent.

The frost set in a few days ago, but speedily disappeared. It is expected we shall have rather a mild Winter.

Thomas Duncombe, M. P. for Finsbury—a remarkable man of Radical politics, and a great friend of Italian and Hungarian Liberals and refugees—died last week.

M. Baines, M. P., of Leeds, estimates the working men's wages in the United Kingdom, as worth (in good times) half a million sterling a year. He uses this as a reason why there should be an extension of the franchise.

A large amount of Surat cotton (from Bombay Presidency) has arrived at Liverpool, and checked the rise of prices. About 7,000 work people are employed at Manchester alone.

Children and Angels.

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand."

Thus begins one of the most popular Sunday School hyms. This hymn is sung nearly every Sunday, by thousands and tens of thousands of children. We have heard it a great many times, and yet we have never felt very well satisfied with it. The painful impression has been forced upon our minds, that the children have very little thought about it. Do our children really want to be angels, and with the angels stand? We fear not. Do parents desire to have their children become angels? If so, they will feel the necessity of laboring for them, and striving in every way to have them become Christ-like. We often think a mistake is made in talking with children too much about heaven. We know but little about heaven. The Bible does not give us much information, and it is hardly worth our while to speculate about that world which lies beyond the region of death. But we do know a great deal about the Lord Jesus Christ. We have his life, from his birth to his death, all written down. We may study it every day, and always find something to interest us. Now, we should take our children to the study of this life. It is full of incident. Children never tire of hearing about Jesus. They will hang upon the lips of the mother or teacher while this is the theme, and never grow weary. Should we not strive to have our children more like Christ? If we wish them to become angels in glory, they must become Christ's lambs upon the earth; they must have the spirit of Christ; they must live and act like Christ. And this involves the whole of practical religion. It is vain to expect that our children will become angels, unless they first give themselves to the Saviour, and walk in the ways of his commandments. But do parents, in their own example, and by precept, always keep Christ before their children? We fear not. They teach them to sing hymns about heaven. They tell them of a glorious and happy world in some far-distant place. They speak of the beings who dwell there, and call them angels. But they do not show them, by their own lives, nor do they teach them, that Jesus is here among us; that heaven must begin on earth; that children may become angels here below; and that if they become angels here, they will surely be angels hereafter.

We do not, in these remarks, mean to object to the hymn of which we are speaking; but we would like to impress upon parents and teachers the importance of teaching the children what these things mean.

While speaking upon this matter, we would suggest whether, in our Sunday-Schools, it is not generally the case that too little time is given to instruction. Children are fond of singing, and they are fond of being amused; and this leads teachers to forget, sometimes, the great object of the Sunday School, which is to bring children to Christ. But to bring them to Christ, they must be told who Christ is, what he has done; and to do this well, requires much and skillful teaching. They must be told over and over the same truths, just as the faithful minister of the Gospel must always preach Christ. He should know nothing else. He should do nothing else. Let our teachers be faithful and persevering in telling their scholars about Christ, and what he has done to save and bless them, and they will find their reward in many souls gathered into his fold. Then will they sing in spirit and truth,

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand."

—*Parish Visitor.*

BRIEF READINGS.

EARTHLY SORROW.—What a beautiful illustration of the outgrowth of earthly grief is found in the following from Alexander Smith's new poem:

"The saddest grave
That ever tears kept green must sink at last
Unto the common level of the world;
Then o'er it runs the road."

TONGUE-VICE.—"It is, indeed, a striking instance of our natural self-deception, that persons who would quite shrink from the idea of committing most of the crimes which are condemned in the Word of God, think little of the vices of the tongue. But any one who is duly jealous of himself will always watch most carefully against the sins which are the least unpopular in his own circle, and certainly the great evil of what is called in the religious world, *chatteration*."—*Wilberforce.*

IF THE power of the human mind had its growth in the wilderness, much more must the love and conception of that beauty whose every line and hue is, at the best, a faded image of God's daily work, and an arrested ray of some star of creation, be given chiefly in the places which he has gladdened by planting there the fir-tree and the pine.—*Ruskin.*

AN IRISH BOY'S LOVE FOR HIS ENEMY.—In a school in Ireland, one boy struck another, and when he was about to be punished, the injured boy begged for his pardon.

The master asked, "Why do you wish to keep him from being flogged?"

The boy replied, "I have read in the New Testament that our Lord Jesus Christ said that we should forgive our enemies; and therefore I forgive him and beg he may not be punished for my sake."

AN OFFICER'S TESTIMONY.—"Perhaps," said a Captain, a staff officer, in a recent Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, "no one has been near to death a greater number of times than I have, in the same number of years. You see I am a young man. I have been very wicked. But I can say that it is a blessed thing to trust in God so as to feel that a man is prepared for any event—life or death. I was in the battle of Manassas, and when I saw many around me falling, and many others under cover, I lifted up my heart, and voice too, to the only Refuge, saying: 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee.' And there I stood unmoved, and feeling safe amid the cannon's roar, and the iron hail which was poured in one remorseless shower upon us. I never in all my life felt more quietness and security."

SALUTES ON THE SABBATH.—The *Christian Intelligencer*, speaking of Commodore Stringham, states that he never fired a salute on Sunday, when he commanded the Mediterranean squadron. If he entered a harbor on Sunday, or, if being in harbor, a salute, by any custom, was required on Sunday, he sent a message to the authorities that he did not salute on the Sabbath, but would do so on Monday. So, on all such occasions, the silence of the American flag-ship was an eloquent sermon for the sacredness of the day.

THE VICTORY.—There are ministering angels around the deathbeds of believers; and celestial welcomes for the righteous the moment after death. If we are Christians, the bitterness of death will soon be over with us; and, when we look back upon it, it will not seem much. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

THE FALLING TREE.—"If the tree fall toward the South or toward the North, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."—Eccl. xi: 3. There is a solemn meaning couched under this metaphor. The tree will not only lie as it falls, it will also fall as it leans. And the great question which every one ought to bring home to his own bosom, without a moment's delay, is this: What is the *inclination* of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean toward God, or from him?—*J. J. Gurney.*

ELIJAH GOING UP INTO HEAVEN.—The archangel Michael disputed with Satan about the body of Moses; and there have been many disputes about that dispute. But Moses died; and the Lord buried him in a valley in the land of Moab. Earth has his dust; although no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day. But, indisputably, if it is possible to understand, and right to credit the Bible, Elijah left but his prophet's mantle behind him on the earth. He shuffled not off his mortal coil when he went up in his fiery chariot; but the mortal did, even then, put on immortality. It was swallowed up of life. He was changed; he did not sleep. He was translated; he did not expire.

HE who is open without levity; generous without waste; secret without craft; humble without meanness; bold without insolence; cautious without anxiety; regular yet not formal; mild yet not timid; firm yet not tyrannical—is made to pass the ordeal of honor, friendship, VIRTUE.

LUTHER AND A DYING STUDENT.—Luther once visited a dying student, and asked him what he thought he could take to God, in whose presence he was shortly to appear. The young man replied, "Everything that is good, dear father—everything that is good." Luther said, "But how can you bring him everything good, seeing that you are but a poor sinner?" The pious youth rejoined, "Dear father, I will take to my God in heaven a penitent, humble heart, sprinkled with the blood of Christ. "Truly," said Luther, "that is everything good. Then go, dear son; you will be a welcome guest to God."

THE AGED SERVING GOD.—May the old servants of God be dismissed from waiting on him? No; their attendance is still required, and shall be still accepted; they shall not be cast off by their Master in time of old age. Therefore, let not them desert his service. When, through the infirmities of age, they can no longer be working servants in God's family, yet they may be waiting servants. Those that, like Barzillai, are unfit for the entertainments of the courts of earthly princes, may yet relish the pleasures of God's courts as much as ever.

The Levites, when they were