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(Selected.)

A Little While.

BY DR. BONAR.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

FROM THE SIAM MISSION.

BANKOK, SIAM, Nov. 4, 1861.

DEAR BANNER:—The usual inquiry here at present among Americans is—"When do you expect the *Chow P'aya?*" The *Chow P'aya* is a small Siamese steamer, of about four hundred tons, running between this port and Singapoor, and upon which we are almost wholly dependent for our mails. It takes her about five days to make the passage from one port to the other, a distance of about eight hundred miles, and she is seldom more than eighteen days in making the round trip. Her arrival is looked for with intense anxiety. There never was a time when Americans in this Eastern portion of the globe manifested such an anxiety for home news. Merchants, missionaries, and seamen, manifest almost the same impatience when the steamer is delayed beyond her usual time. By our last mail we had American papers down to August 8th. We generally get the war news through English papers, one mail in advance of the arrival of our own. By a previous mail the English papers gave us the sad intelligence of the humiliating and disgraceful defeat and panic at Bull Run. To read such news coming through a British medium, and with British torture and comment, has, in this latitude, rather an unwholesome effect upon the blood of a loyal American. Our own papers, however, by the last mail, gave us the official detail, which, when divested of British *torture*, does not prove to be so bad; but still the naked facts declare that there must have been considerable of a *run*.

We missionaries, separated as we are from you by half the globe, thank the Providence who has placed us here, far away from the din of battle and the flow of fraternal blood, and try as we engage in our work, to banish war from our thoughts; but even at this distance, the thoughts of our dear country bathed in blood, return involuntarily upon us, and ere we are aware, we find ourselves revolving the whole matter in our minds, and giving utterance to our thoughts when opportunity affords. Nor is this strange. Our country is as dear to us as to any other loyal citizen, although we have voluntarily left her for the sake of Christ. Especially, too, should it be a matter of anxiety to us since our support, and the means for prosecuting our labors here, must come from home.

The reinforcement this Mission received about one year ago, justified us in establishing a new Station in a neighboring city, which was attended with considerable expense. For several years, too, we have been in great need of a suitable place for Siamese services on Sabbath. Things looked so favorable that we concluded to erect a small chapel, but ere these things were half completed, we received orders from headquarters to stop all buildings, and *retrench*. When we consider, too, that such is not only the case with us, but in India, China, and all other places where missions are established, it must sicken the heart of a missionary. How fearful must be the reckoning of those *ministers* in the Southern States, who have been so active in that rebellion against lawful authority, and demanding a division of the Church! Like Ephraim, however, they are joined to their *idol*, and so far as the Church is concerned, we say, "Let them alone."

During the last ten days we have had the Buddism of Siam in all its pomp and power, paraded before our eyes. It is the time of year when the King, in state, followed by his train of princes and nobles, visits the principle temples in the city and neighborhood, and renews his obligations and those of the Government, and distributes presents among the priests. These visits are made in the royal barges. These barges are a grotesque affair, made out of a single tree. They are about sixty feet long, and about four feet in width across the beam. The bow and stern are made to turn up about six feet out of the water. In the centre there is a peculiar shaped canopy, generally covered with red cloth, with gilt edges, under which the occupant reclines, whilst his personal attendants are prostrate before him. Each great personage has his own boat. Those of the nobles are designated by a small red cloth with gilt edges resembling a masonic apron, hung over the bow, whilst those of the princes have two white horse hair plumes hung out in a similar manner. The Royal barge itself is usually some fabulous representation. Such, however, are their predilections for the alligator, that it matters but little what the bow may be intended to represent; the stern usually terminates in the tail of an alligator. A throne is erected in the centre, over which is a conical-shaped canopy, terminating in a spire. The whole decorated with gold. Upon this throne His Majesty is seated, wearing his crown, whilst immediately in front is the golden umbrella, the insignia of royalty; and immediately behind is the golden fan, kept in motion by one of his attendants. Each of these barges is propelled by about sixty men, with short oars or paddles. The oars of His Majesty's barge are gilt, and the rowers keep time to music. A constant shouting and hurrahing is kept up by the boatmen in each of the barges, for the purpose of stimulating to greater exertions. The boats are propelled with great speed. Hundreds of these barges upon the smooth waters of the Menam, present both an imposing and grotesque appearance. Every floating house upon the river where His Majesty is expected to pass, sets out small offerings, while the people are prostrate whilst he is passing.

During this season of visiting the temples, there is little or no work or business done by the Siamese, and boats are constantly plying upon the river, and both night and day are rendered hideous with yells and the sounds of discordant music.

Some think His Majesty has really no heart in these services, and only engages in them because they are ancient customs, and are intimately connected with the Government. To us, however, he appears to enter into them with too much spirit for a mock service. His Majesty certainly ought to know better, for he has had sufficient instruction to teach him the way of salvation. He was for several years under the faithful instruction of Rev. Jesse Caswell, a former missionary here, from whom he obtained considerable knowledge of the English language. If His Majesty knows better, and still aids in propping up Budhism, his condemnation must be the greater. But whilst we must lament this, there are many things for which we must be thankful. Under the former reign, foreigners were not allowed even to look at the King, when passing along, except as they stole a glimpse, through some aperture in their houses. Some of the older missionaries present have been forced into their houses, and the door shut, by the government officials, whilst His Majesty was passing. Under the present reign, no such requirements are made.

His Majesty has just given another of his birth-day dinners, to which all the principal foreign residents are generally invited. This custom is borrowed from the English, whose customs His Majesty frequently tries to imitate. The table was abundantly furnished with victuals, got up in European style, but the cooks had utterly failed to make the dishes palatable. It was, however, no fault of His Majesty, for he had ordered money sufficient to have it good. After dinner, His Majesty received his guests in person in a small private audience hall, built within the last year, and modeled after European architecture. The guests were formally introduced to His Majesty by Captain Bush, the harbor-master in His Majesty's employ. After a few complimentary remarks, His Majesty's health had to be drunk, after the English style; and that unmeaning and detestable English custom, "Hip Hurrah," rang three times through the hall. In this ceremony we missionaries, of course, could not engage, only so far as to wish His Majesty all the happiness intended, and let the others drink the liquor. During the course of conversation, His Majesty communicated to us the following little *piece* of information, which may be interesting to some of your readers: His Majesty has reigned ten years; during *that* time he has had born to him fifty-seven children, forty-four of whom are now living; and he has fair prospect for more. His Majesty has recently presented the Protestant community here with a lot of ground for the erection of a Union chapel, for English services on Sabbath. About $3,000 have been subscribed for the chapel, and preparations are rapidly being made for building. We expect ere long to have a suitable place for English preaching, which has hitherto been held at the houses of the missionaries, and which has been alleged as a reason why so few of the merchants attended.

We are just commencing what we call our cool season; the rains have about ceased for a time, and the nights are becoming pleasant. The sun through the day is very hot, but the nights are cool; the musquitoes, benumbed by the cold, have ceased to torment so horribly; and even a blanket can be enjoyed. The river Menam, swollen by the recent rains, is brimfull of water, and at Spring-tide the whole valley of that river is overflowed. The highest tide of the year is about November 1st. This year the tide is unusually high. Whilst I am writing, the water is more than knee deep all over our mission premises. Even our walks, which we had supposed above high water mark, are wholly submerged. The chickens are perched upon every available place; the goats, on account of their natural dread of water, are in consternation, and are fighting their way up the stairs to the verandah, in spite of all opposition; indeed they seem to be satisfied with no place short of the bedroom. But the ducks and the schoolboys are perfectly delighted. The latter, with their bathing cloths tucked around them, are dashing through the water at a great rate, and their shouts and laughter can be heard to no small distance. Some are floating around on boards and drifting timber; others are chasing each other around through the water; and anon the whole company plunge headlong beneath the water of the Menam itself, rising up again many yards from the place they went in. The *nurse*, too, has our *babe* in a small boat, only large enough for one person, and is riding around the house for pleasure. Indeed the Siamese may almost be called amphibious. One of the first things the mother does, after her child can walk, is to teach it to swim. We have frequently been made to shudder at seeing little children swimming around complaisantly in the river. Both sexes are alike expert in the water, and scarcely a greater punishment could be inflicted on a Siamese, than to prevent his bathing at least three times a day. After all their ablutions, however, cleanliness is by no means a national virtue.

I have just seen an extract from a correspondence of the *Evening Post*, giving an account of the presentation of the Siamese Embassy to the Emperor and Empress of France. Some of the statements are so far from the usual Siamese customs, that I am disposed to doubt their veracity. The Siamese never wear ear-rings, nor tuck the hair at the back of the head with a comb.

Our only regret, at present, is the slow progress the Gospel is making among this people. Satan is strongly fortified here, and nothing but the power of the Holy Spirit can drive him out. Occasionally, however, we see an example of the power of the Spirit and the Truth, which revives our drooping faith. A man has been found by our brethren at our new station, who, some time since received a portion of the Word of God, which had been left in the neighborhood by some of the missionaries, when touring. That portion consisted of John's Gospel, Acts of the Apostles, and Romans. These he had completely mastered without a living teacher. He has committed John's Gospel literally to memory, and can also repeat *verbatim* whole chapters of Acts and Romans. From these fragments of God's Word, he has gathered the whole plan of salvation, has renounced idolatry, and is a candidate for baptism. Such cases, though rare, confirm the promises, and tell us that the day is coming when the Spirit will work, and we must labor, and patiently wait.

Yours, truly, McD.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. SEWARD'S REPLY AND ENGLISH ADMIRATION—THE ENGLISH PRESS AND POPULAR LIBERTY—AN ANXIOUS MORNING AND A JOYFUL EVENING—A PRAYER UNION AND THE THANKSGIVING THERE—SLAVERY AND GENERAL PHELPS—THE DAILY NEWS—THE ECLECTIC REVIEW AND ITS EXPOSURE OF THE SOUTH—THE GENERAL CONCERT FOR PRAYER IN LONDON—SUBJECTS OF DAILY PRAYER—CHAIRMAN AND SPEAKERS—REVIEW OF "ANSWERS" TO PRAYER—BOYS' AND GIRLS' REFUGES—SOCIAL AND SPIRITUAL RESULTS—DR. WILLIAMS AND THE COURT OF ARCHES—UNIVERSALISM AND INFIDELITY—THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S "PREFACE" AND "THE ANSWER."

LONDON, Jan. 10, 1862.

THE MANLY AND KIND COMPLIANCE of Mr. Seward with the request of Lord Russell, awakened, two evenings ago, a feeling of the most intense satisfaction and thankfulness in London, and the intelligence flashed over Europe has lifted up from off the hearts of millions a very heavy burden. Whatever the *press* on either side has done in the way of evil surmisings and bitter objurgation from first to last, *both* Cabinets have acted with noble and Christian-like courtesy, respect, and forbearance. It is deeply to be deplored that there have been great misunderstandings on *both* sides among the people, and mistakes as to the reality of deep mutual respect among the *staple* and *substance* of both nations. Liberty of the press is good, and democratic freedom is a blessed contrast with despotism; but the abuses of either, or of both combined are full of mischief. Yet even here, *time* and the opportunity for the *expression* of feeling and opinion brings matters to a crisis—for the most part *not* disastrous to the reputation of Constitutional governments. I can truly say that there is no triumphant spirit here among those whose opinions are worthy of consideration. It is regretted that Commodore Wilkes was feted and thanked so heartily; but then this act was not that of the Washington Cabinet, even though (as is also regretted here, as having complicated this matter,) the Secretary of the Navy thanked him for his conduct. It was of course believed that he had done right—now it is seen that it was contrary to law, and the great thing for us all is to let bygones be bygones, and for England to be reünited in respect and friendship with her great sister, daughter, kindred-liberator of the world.

The morning of the day on which the news arrived, was indeed a gloomy one. The *Europa* had previously come in, and there was "no answer" from Mr. Seward and the President, and that seemed to bode evil. True, the private letters were encouraging, and it oozed out in *some* circles that the brother of Lord Lyons had written to say that all differences would be amicably settled. Nevertheless it *was a* gloomy forenoon. War preparations had for weeks ceaselessly gone on; immense pressure was exercised at the Admiralty especially—as an employee there informed me—unparalelled for many years, in reference to the equipment of everything in the way of fleets, gunboats, &c., and military men were on the *qui vive*. *Late* in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 8th of January, a telegram was suddenly posted up in the city, and the effect was electric. God's people had been all the week, at its Concert for Prayer, deprecating the sore judgment of war, and had been bringing the case of the afflicted United States before the Mercy Seat. *Now* an answer to prayer came. The news met myself as I went to the platform at a great gathering for prayer in Islington parish, where Episcopalians and Nonconformists met in holy brotherhood. It was a moment of deepest emotion when the Chairman read out the tidings, and it was indeed a privilege for one like myself, who has so many tender associations with America, to be the organ of that crowded assembly in an ascription of adoring praise and thankfulness to Him who had stilled the noise of the waves, and commanded that the sword should not be unsheathed. And thus thanksgivings at this moment are ascending from closets, family altars, and from associated bands of suppliants all over the land.

The Slavery question coming up, more and more general attention has been directed to the proclamation of Gen. Phelps. Mr. Russel, in his letter to the *Times*, (in which he deprecates war with the earnestness of one who has seen its havoc in the Crimea and India,) speaks of Gen. Phelps as a real Puritan, ready to smite as a Heaven-appointed avenger of the wrongs of the negro race, with the war-cry and watchword, "The sword of the Lord, of Gideon, and of Phelps." Russel made his acquaintance, I believe, some time ago. It is truly grievous, and perhaps may be regarded as something approaching the *judicial*, that (is this true?) Mason was the author of the Fugitive Slave Law, and that *he* should be probably—with his companion—a *casus belli*. The feeling that rises to my own mind, that both nations have sinned against the Great Governor, and that we are indeed debtors to his long-suffering, in his having hearkened to the cry of his people, and spared us from the awful scourge of war. It seemed impossible that England will resile from the request she has made. If America refuse—what then? And so we could but fall back in in faith and prayer on the wisdom and mercy of our God.

The *Daily News* says that every one who has studied the question of the American civil struggle, knows that slavery is at the bottom of the whole affair. The formal reasons for secession by the South, show that apart from this the Southern States had no grievance whatever to complain of. This is well known in Britain, and the sympathies of the great body of the people are wholly with the North. Indeed, such is their utter abhorrence of the brutal and demoralizing system for which the South fights, that all they want to see is a more active and determined anti-slavery policy inaugurated at Washington.

The *Eclectic Review*, now edited by my friend the Rev. Paxton Hood, a man of true genius, great literary accomplishment, genuine piety, and noble sympathies, gives, in an article entitled "King Cotton out at Elbows," a running commentary on the shocking atrocities produced by Southern slavery. That article may be justly regarded as the exposition of the views and feelings of the great body of Evangelical Nonconformists. The *Eclectic* takes as the basis of its remarks, Frederick Law Olmsted's "Journeys and Explorations in the Cotton Kingdom: a Traveller's Observations on Cotton and Slavery in the American Slave States." "In Mr. O.'s book," says the reviewer, "the facts take fire, the institution of domestic slavery rises like some monstrous temple of iniquity, the facts blazing through the window like some horrible infernal glare." He adds: "We have little occasion to feel any emotion of interest in, or respect for, the Northern States," (he refers here to the past abstinence of the Government of America from declaring against slavery, and possibly to the hard language used by the organs at the press of the immigrants,) "but we pray earnestly that God may avert from us the great calamity of finding ourselves striking hands with Southern slavery. Dreadful it would be to find ourselves at war; but to find ourselves at war with such an alliance, surely would be the crowning disgrace to our banners and our fleets."

Referring to De Bows *Reviews*, which declares that the South shall publish its own text books, and its own literature, and which also dwells on "the sickly sentimentality of the Poet Cowper," (whose ear was "so pained," and his soul so "sick" with every day's report of wrong and outrage, "that it made him cry out for a lodge in some vast wilderness,") running throughout Readers and Speakers, published in the North, the *Eclectic* says with just severity:

"Yes, there must be a thorough revision of English and indeed of classical literature. Shakespeare has some shockingly inflammatory and human words; so has Milton; so have the ancients. But let not these great" (Southern) "States be at all abashed. Cotton is King; he has but to move his wand, and he can bring a trifle of Homers, and Miltons, and Shakespeares into the market, each with a genius delightfully unembarrassed by any human tenderness, or sense of freedom, and the rights of man. Yes, this will be a great work for the collaborators of the South; first, to furnish an Index Expurgatorius—all the great swelling thoughts of freedom expunged—and then to make a new literature, and no freedom in it."

THE CONCERT OF PRAYER commenced in Freemasons' Hall on Monday, January 6th, and has been since continued, two meetings being held each day. Having been present at the opening meeting, and also on that held on the 7th inst., I can testify to the remarkable solemnity, earnestness, fervour and brotherly love which characterized the assemblies. The arrangements for the week were—Monday morning and evening: Chairmen, Sir C. E. Eardley and Hon. A. Kinnaird; addresses, the Rev. E. Auriol and Rev. Dr. Edmond; subject of prayer and addresses, Humiliation and Confession of Sin,—as individuals, as families, as churches, and as a nation; Thanksgiving and Praise for recent religious awakenings. Tuesday: Chairmen, Captain Feshbourne, R. N. C. B., and Forbes Winslow, M. D.; addresses by Rev. Messrs. Rattenbury and Price; subject, Home Objects for Prayer—the conversion of the ungodly, the cessation of intemperance and all immorality, the spread of vital religion in our families and households, among our rulers, the rich and the poor, our soldiers and sailors, the authors of our literature, secular and religious. Wednesday: Chairmen: Captain the Hon. F. Maude, R. N., and John Finch, Esq.; addresses by Rev. Messrs. Pennefather and Stanford; subject, Foreign Objects for Prayer—the revival of pure Christianity, and the extension of religious liberty in Europe and Eastern Lands—the overthrow of every form of Antichristian error—the conversion of the House of Israel—the prevalence of peace among all nations, specially in America; and a yet more abundant blessing upon our brethren and sisters engaged in the work of Missions, Christian Education, and Literature in Foreign Lands. Thursday, January 9th: Chairmen, Mr. O'Malley, Queen's Counsel, and John Corderoy, Esq., (an eminent and eloquent Wesleyan layman,) addresses by Rev. Newman Hall and C. Skrine; subject, The Church of God and the Christian Ministry—the increased spirituality of the Church, and its more decided separation from the world—brotherly love, sympathy, and union of love among the Lord's people—a higher standard of piety and power among Christian ministers, and all their fellow laborers; the outpouring of the Spirit upon our ministers, colleges, and the rising ministry at large; the conversion of the young, and a large blessing upon Sunday and other schools. Friday, January 10th: Chairmen, Lord Radstock and Major General Alexander; addresses by the Rev. Messrs. Capel Molyneux and B. W. Noel; subject, The Word of God—that it may be received with increased faith, reverence, and love; that its assailants may be enlightened and brought into the way of truth; that the power of the Divine Spirit may attend its private study and its circulation throughout the world. Saturday, January 11th: Chairmen, J. Tutton and Robert Baxter, Esq.; addresses by the Rev. J. Graham, and Rev. W. Arthur; subject, The Lord's Day—that its Divine institution may be recognised, and its desecration at home and abroad may cease."

This Concert of Prayer now engirdling the world, is the best hope of the Church, and helps to sustain and comfort God's children here under the double sorrow arising, first, from the death of the Prince Consort, and the consequent deep and abiding affliction of the Queen, and, secondly, the alarms, anxieties and suspense about the issue of negotiations with the United States. As to the first, the Queen was constantly prayed for with special, tearful tenderness, and it was fervently asked that the work of grace begun in the Royal family might extend to all its members. Mr. Baptist Noel, in his prayer on Monday, gave thanks to God for the Christian "faith" of the departed Prince; and in a sermon preached on the day of the funeral to his own congregation, stated that one who had been conversing with the Prince on eternal things, had heard him say: "I have no hope of salvation but in Christ." Mr. Noel also referred to the love of faithful preaching and preachers evinced by both the Prince and the Queen; how the honest Norman M'Leod, who was too fearless to keep back any part of the truth, was last year summoned to preach at Balmoral; and how the Rev. Mr. Protherve, a most earnest Episcopal clergyman near to Osborne in the Isle of Wight, was a favorite with the Prince, who, just in proportion as he spoke home to the hearts and consciences of the people, was warmly thanked after the service with an expressive squeeze of the hand. It was very sad and suggestive at this and the other prayer meetings—as at Islington when the Vicar Presided the first day, and a united spirit of prayer was manifested—that every person was clothed in the habiliments of mourning and woe.

As to America, thought and feeling at every meeting were in exercise and expression, and the real oneness of God's children there and here, was realized in a way that no mere earthly kinsmanship could awaken. Surely there was no desire for war there. No; it was earnestly deprecated, by none more earnestly than by a veteran officer who engaged in prayer, General Alexander, as well as by Sir Culling Eardley himself. The latter as Chairman, on Monday, suggested that if news should arrive that the United States had yielded to the wishes of the British Government, anything like a spirit of taunt or triumph should be put far from us. *That* received a universal response.

In reviewing the period since the Lodiana brethren first proposed, or rather inaugurated in their Orient and chosen home, this World's Concert for prayer, surely there is very abundant reason to *continue* in prayer, and to watch in the same *with thanksgivings* for the remarkable outpourings of the Spirit which have been vouchsafed. The successive awakenings in the United States, in Ulster and in other parts of Ireland, in Wales, Scotland, and London, all demand a heartfelt acknowledgment that our God is indeed the answerer of prayer. What I myself have seen within two years, and what has been recorded by me in part, in your columns, has been truly blessed and glorious. The work of grace among *all* classes in this Metropolis, to a greater or less extent—including the *highest* and the *lowest*—*converts* who have become *effective Evangelists*; some of these in the ranks of the upper classes, and others of the very humblest degree—the increased blessing, both as to the number of agents and real fruits of Open-Air preaching, City Missions, the Bible Woman Movement, the preaching in Theatres, and other unwonted places, the Midnight Meetings and their issues, the enlarged "answers to prayer vouchsafed," the peculiar blessing on the ordinary ministry of the Word, the additions made to the "remnant" of the Jewish people "according to the election of grace," and (one of whom was baptised by me in the Presbyterian church, Southwark, on the evening of last Lord's day, and two others in June last,) the large additions made to the flock of Christ in Sunday Schools, Ragged Schools, and Refuges—all these call for songs of rejoicing.

After leaving Freemasons' Hall on Monday last, I walked across Queen Street, and entered the Boys' Refuge. Its inmates are one hundred, made up of the "parrates" of the street and "the Arabs of the city." One hundred boys are here taught, fed, clothed, and kept, until they go forth as apprentices to trades, or leave as emigrants. They learn the trades of carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring, and mattras-making, according to their respective tastes and likings. The expenses of the Refuge are £4,000 per annum. Eighty girls are trained in a separate establishment. The Secretary informed me that forty of the young people are at this time under deep religious concern. Besides the Refuges, the Committee have to maintain four Day Ragged Schools, five Night Ragged Schools, four Sunday Schools, two Mothers' Meetings, and other benevolent operations for the welfare of the poor, at an expense of £2,000 a year. All this work is carried on in a spirit of faith and prayer. The late Bishop of Durham, (when Rector of Saint George's, Bloomsbury,) the Rev. William Brock—the eminent Baptist minister—have been among its foremost helpers. Out of 920 boys and girls admitted into the Refuges, some were born in Ireland, some in Wales, others in Scotland, two in the United States, and the remainder in various parts of London and the English counties. Of these 212 applied for admission of their own accord; 152 sent from other Ragged Schools; 271 admitted on application of friends; 121 brought by Missionaries and Scripture Readers; 89 found in the streets in a state of destitution; 18 sent by Magistrates from Police Courts; 29 sent by Chaplains of Prison, on their discharge; 8 sent by clergymen; 5 sent by Policemen; 1 sent from another institution; 14 re-admitted. 920 in all.

331 boys and 288 girls have left the Refuges for service, &c.

These particulars will not, I trust, be uninteresting to your Christian and philanthropic readers; especially those who seek to abate the vice and misery which prevail in great towns and cities.

DR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS' CASE is still under adjudication before Dr. Lushington, in the Court of Arches. He is the *worst* and most daring of the writers of Essays and Reviews, and if he is tolerated by an Ecclesiastical Court, then the Bench of Bishops becomes utterly powerless; their unanimous condemnation will be a laughing-stock, and all Rationalists may enter the Church, and take "holy orders" without impediment. The Counsel for Williams seem to be men of the New School, and, at all events, are instructed to utter sentiments, the tendency of which is to dishonor the Word of God, and to sow skepticism broad-cast. Dr. Phillimore is now delivering an elaborate reply to Rowland's Advocates, and is preparing the way, as I believe, for one of the powerful summings up and judgments, for which the venerable Dr. Lushington is so distinguished. The *Daily Telegraph* champions Williams and his party, and not long since contained an article, (suggested by the death of Prince Albert,) in which it put forth the broadest Universalist principles, denied the eternity of punishment, and by anticipation declared that it was of no use for correspondents to quote a series of "texts," because the *intentions* of the human mind (and her word for "the verifying faculty,") are against such a cruel destiny for any human being!

Dr. Phillimore has not failed to notice the exultation of the English infidels over the "Essays and Reviews," and their principles evidently lead to infidelity.

A reply to the "Essays" has just been issued, in which Dr. Goodwin, Dean of Ely, grapples with the "Education of the World." Essay, written, as many of your readers remember, by Dr. Temple, of Rugby School. Goodwin preceded him as Headmaster of of Rugby. His argument is very superior in its logic. One of the writers is Dr. Irons, of Brompton, a *very* High-Churchman, the son of a particular Baptist and ultra-Calvinistic minister in Camberwell. The book is admirably got up, and bears the impress of study and learning. The Bishop of Oxford writes the Preface, in which he cunningly deprecates and denies the common and too true assertion, that Negativism is the necessary reaction of Tractarianism at Oxford—or, as he gently speaks of it, the revival of primitive practice, &c. He regards this new heresy as one of "the lurid clouds preceding the coming of the Antichrist," in which statement he discloses his nearness to Rome, which always babbles of a Personal and Infidel Antichrist, when it is charged with being the Antichrist, the Man of Sin, and the Son of Perdition. His Preface, and his initials, "S. O.," appended thereto, will have little weight with very many, who regard him as a thorough hater of true Protestant principles. J.W.

An Affecting Story.

The following affecting story was related by Dr. Dudley, an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the anniversary of the Birmingham Sunday School Union:

In the County of Kent lives, or lived, a clergyman and his lady, who took an active part in the Sunday School connected with his church. They had in the school, a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the clergyman, who, out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him at the school eighteen months, but at length found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad as a warning to others. He soon after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was soon ordered to America, it being the last American war. Some time after, the poor widow called on the clergyman to beg a Bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was on the verge of eternity, and who, he knew, had one or more Bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered:

"A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and, oh! sir, who knows what it may do?"

She sent the Bible which the clergyman gave her, by a pious soldier, who, upon his arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ringleader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said:

"James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied, in a careless manner, "is she gone at last?" "I hope she sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver, (presenting him the Bible;) and, James, it was her dying request than you would read one verse, at least, every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask (opening the Bible;) so here goes."

He opened the Bible at these words: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "that's very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the Bible that I could learn by heart when I was in the Sunday School; I never could, for the life of me commit another. It is very strange; but who is this *me* that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked him if he did not know.

He replied he did not.

The gentleman then explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, and exhibited the truths and invitations of the Gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, from that hour he became a changed man, and was as noted for exemplary conduct as before he had been for wickedness.

Some time after this conversation, the regiment, in which he was, engaged the enemy; at the close of which, the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld, under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his Bible, which was opened at the passage: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary," etc. Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

Religious Training of Children.

Children are God's heritage, committed to parents for a time, that they may train them up for heaven. This duty is a Divine command, with a promise. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The parents who faithfully obey the command, need not doubt that the promise will be fulfilled. We cannot, indeed, look for earthly crowns for our children; but there is a crown of glory for every one of them in heaven, who is faithfully trained for God. All our little ones may not become the great ones of the earth; but if reared in faith and prayer, they will become "kings and priests unto God." They may not possess mansions and places on earth; but being children of God, they are *heirs*—"heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ," to mansions of glory above; to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" to those happy and glorious homes of which Jesus speaks when he says: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."

Some forty-one or two years ago, a royal duke was on his dying bed; he had one only child, a daughter, quite an infant; taking the babe in his arms, in an earnest prayer, he dedicated the little one to God; then giving her to the mother, he solemnly charged the royal parent to train that daughter up in the fear of God, assuring her that he would give her an ample reward. With trembling solicitude, the mother faithfully discharged her trust, and the child was trained up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" was affectionate and obedient, and is now a *wife*, [widow,] a *mother*, a *queen*, and reigns over a kingdom on which the sun never sets—the beloved Queen of England, whose son last year was welcomed to our shores, in one place, by a banner with this inscription, "Laddie, we welcome thee for thy mither's sake."

A little over fifty years since, a youthful mother, away in a distant part of Scotland, was near her death, and a little unconscious infant lay by her side. In the trustful calmness of a truly pious heart, she committed her child to the care of a pious and faithful nurse, tenderly and earnestly charging her to train up her infant boy in the way in which he should go.

That pious nurse accepted the charge, and faithfully performed her duty; and the boy was carefully trained for God, and in early life his heart was renewed by Divine grace; he was prepared for the sacred ministry; he became a clergyman of the Church of England, and is now the Bishop of London.—*Maine Evangelist.*

Old Hundred.

In a rustic old church opposite, while we write, a company of worshippers are singing the old, old hymn:

"Be thou, O God, exalted high!"

The air as old, also—the immortal "Old Hundred."

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration, "They are singing 'Old Hundred' now."

The solemn strain carries us back to the times of the Reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence, it cannot die! Neither man nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lay that have not sung that tune? If they were gray old men, they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes, they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep, singing "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl whose tombstone told of sixteen Summers, she whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred," and as she sung it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit stairs with white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred." And though sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear, white-headed father, with his tremulous voice! how he loved "Old Hundred." Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm chair, his arms crossed over the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheek, as the noble strains ring out? Do you hear that thin, quivering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listened for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years' service in the Master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old together. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower-top—the very air is haunted with its spirit.

Think, for a moment, of the assembled company who have at different times, and in different places, joined in the familiar tune! Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds!

"Old Hundred!" king of the sacred band of ancient airs, never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us may be—

"Be thou, O God, exalted high!"

Assurance.

O strong assurance! most comforting persuasion! Christian! do you desire to have the same confidence in Jesus in a dying hour? Then live to Jesus, as did the Apostle Paul. Give him your confidence, your love, and he will prove himself faithful to the end. It may not be, that you shall exhibit the same strong faith, of give expression to the same feelings of unshaken reliance on the Saviour, but you will have peace, you will have security. Let the shadows gather round you, dark and gloomy—let the night close in upon your weary footsteps, threatening and tempestuous, still the eye of faith will discover the soul-guardian—the treasure-keeper—the friend that sticketh closer than any brother. Do you long for the grace of assurance? Do you feel at times, a doubt of your soul's safety. So did Paul. He dreaded, lest "after having preached to others, he himself should be a cast away." Assurance is not a grace given to the believer, and never again weakened or removed. His experience is varied, his journey is not all sunshine. There are times of cloud and storm, and tempest—yea, even when his heart is glad and joyous—when, with a holy rapture, he can exclaim, "Thou hast anointed mine head with oil, and made my cup to run over." There are unseen yet powerful agencies at work, to depress and sadden his soul. To-day he is bold and ardent, to-morrow weak and feeble; to-day he realizes the assurance, "I have blotted out thy transgressions as a cloud, and thine iniquities as a thick cloud from before me;" to-morrow he is sunk in the very depths of despondency, and cries out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Long years of training and discipline are needed, ere the Christian can hope to take up the language of the great Apostle. But, fear not, trembling one! Still "cast your burden on the Lord, and he will sustain you," still cling to the assurance, "I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee." O look back on the page of your experience, as did the Apostle, and "be not afraid." See your pilgrim-path studded thick with Ebenezers, testifying to your Saviour's faithfulness and mercy. Think of his manifold gracious interpositions in the past—sustaining you in trial, supporting you in perplexity, helping you when vain was