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At the Last.

"Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor, until the evening."—Ps. civ: 23.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, but Night brings rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That Morning knows not, in the Evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like Summer evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

Edinburgh. M.

Our Country Calls.

The following eloquent Address was delivered from the stand at the late Mass Meeting in Allegheny City, by Rev. Samuel J. Wilson, D.D. Dr. Wilson favored us with a copy at our earnest request, fortified by the request of others. It is the heart's utterance of the Patriot and Christian:

Fellow-Citizens:—I am a minister of the Gospel. I am no politician. If I looked upon this struggle as a mere political issue, I should not be here, but I consider it as high above mere party politics as the heavens are higher than the earth. My allegiance is first to my God, next to my country.

Is this issue worth all that it is costing us in blood and treasure? I solemnly believe it is.

In the balance over against the interests at stake, money is lighter than a moth-eaten feather. Let debt come. Out of the vital energy of your sinewy arms, Farmers and Mechanics, you will pay it. Let every acre in our farms, and every stone and brick in our houses be mortgaged. We will pay the debt, or we will bear it without a murmur, and when we die we will roll it over on our children who will be worse than craven if they do not assume it cheerfully and bear it bravely.

To estimate this issue in dollars and cents, would be as monstrous as it would be to barter away a mother's love for husks that the swine do eat, or as it would be to trade and traffic in the affections of a wife or of a daughter. *Gold is trash, silver is dirt, real estate is dung, when once thrown into the scales against an undivided country, an unsullied national honor, an unstained and an untorn national flag.*

But is it worth the blood, the tears, the agony, the maimed bodies, the broken hearts that it is costing us?

Yes! and a thousand times more thrice told. There are worse things than death, or bloodshed, or war. Cowardice is worse. Dishonor is infinitely worse. Let blood flow until it reaches the throat-latches of the horses, rather than have one star plucked from the galaxy of States—rather than have one inch of American soil alienated from the Constitution which our fathers gave us.

Let no man "lay to his soul the flattering unction," that there can ever be two peaceful republics on this continent. In the language of Holy writ, *Say ye not a Confederacy.* We had better fight it out now than have incessant and interminable war hereafter. Secession consummated is the infernal Pandora Box from which will issue all imaginable and monstrous political evils for us and for our children, and for the world. Let one rod of American soil be wrested by force from the jurisdiction of the United States, and we may as well tear our flag to ribbons and sell it for rags. We may as well take the parchment on which the Constitution is written, and make lighting-papers of it. That proud banner would then no longer float on every sea and on every shore, the unchallenged emblem of republicanism triumphant; but it would be jeered at by every despot and aristocrat on earth as the tattered, despicable symbol of the utter failure of popular government.

The hour we fail in this struggle, the sun goes back fifteen degrees on the dial. Men of Pennsylvania! shall it be so? No! over the smoking blood of Rippey and of Black, swear to-day that it shall never be as long as there is in Allegheny County a man to ram home a cartridge, fix a bayonet or pull a trigger.

If it must be so, let this land be deluged with blood. Out of that red and clotted ocean, civil liberty will arise regenerated and purified and resplendent as Minerva leaped in full panoply from the brain of Jupiter.

There is no election left us in this matter. The bloody issue has been forced upon us, and we must meet it manfully, or lie down like whining spaniels at the feet of a treason-dyed aristocracy. Are ye ready for that, ye sons of Benjamin Franklin?

We call Heaven to witness that the loyal people of this country desired not blood. To a man they were for peace. While you were going on with your farming, your merchandise and your mechanic arts, perjured traitors were secretly plotting the destruction of the best Government on earth. The conduct was so atrocious that you would not—you could not believe it. While you were at home quietly pursuing your peaceful callings, these perjured traitors were rifling our arsenals, drilling soldiers and even training their guns on the flag-staff of Sumpter. Still you could not credit the atrocity.

At last came the consummation of the blackest villainy, perfidy and treason in the records of all time. Men who all their lives had been dandled and fondled by the most indulgent Government in the world, deliberately shot down the Stars and Stripes shouting and cheering as they fell. The heroic Anderson and his gallant band left the hot and smothering walls of Sumpter, carrying with them their colors riddled with rebel shot. Then you and I, and all of us started from our sleep,

Pennsylvanians! will ye ever sleep more until that outraged flag shall float again on Sumpter, and over every nook and corner from which treason, for a time, has driven it?

The leaders of the rebellion have, of late, a very pious horror of blood-shed. But we all know perfectly well that there was scarcely any other word in their vocabulary but blood until the spirit of the North awoke. Their horror of war and their let-us-alone policy were developed simultaneously by the "uprising of a Great People." Mrs. Jeff. Davis had engaged a cook for the White House. Wigfall was to have been dashing up Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, on his prancing charger, last June, one year ago.

Their meekness of spirit was induced by the determination and the sublime battle-cry of the united North: and if ever that meekness of spirit is to return to them, it will be through the same determination and the same battle-cry.

In the sight of high heaven we protest that the loyal people of this nation are not responsible for this bloodshed. Upon the heads and souls of the rebels will cling with damning tenacity every drop of blood shed in this struggle. They would have it so, and now that the issue is fairly made, let us not shrink from meeting it. We must meet blood with blood—steel with steel.

Never did a Government bear so much from impertinent traitors as this Government bore. The sword of retribution slept too long, but now that it has leaped from its scabbard, never let it again be sheathed until the very odor of treason is purged from the land.

With you, Fellow-Citizens, rests the settlement of this contest. Let the people rise in their majesty and will it, and in less than six months treason will be crushed into the earth so deep that the trumpet of the last judgment will not awaken it.

O! that we could feel our responsibility! O! that we could, for once, get to the top of our high privileges!

Never have such responsibilities been rolled upon a nation as those that rest upon us in this crisis; and the privilege is equal to the responsibility. But one such opportunity has occurred in the history of the world as that which is now offered to us.

To you, Fellow-citizens, are committed the interests of civil liberty and the destinies of popular government throughout the world and for all time. Dare you prove recreant to the high trust? It may be that this generation it is to be made a vicarious sacrifice for posterity. No higher honor could be put upon it. Let the sacrifice be made. The eyes of the world are upon us. The fate of unborn millions is involved in our conduct. Never did such incentives spur a nation to action. If we falter—if we balk—then henceforth let "Ichabod—the glory is departed"—be written on the forehead of every man-child born in the North.

There is no use in disguising the fact: a perilous, a momentous crisis is upon us. The hour is big with the fate of the Republic. "It is high time to awake out of sleep." The rebels are in awful earnest. Their leaders are fighting with halters about their necks, and of course they will fight desperately. They will scruple at no means. The life of a *mudsill* is nothing to them. They will slaughter their men like sheep for the shambles Action, prompt, resistless action, is the demand of the hour. This we must have, or all is lost. Let no man lay his head on his pillow to-night, until his name is on the roll of his country's defenders, or until he has rendered to his conscience a good reason why his name should not be there. Don't wait to cure your hay or bind your oats. Your country is more to you than meat, and that country may be ruined beyond redemption before your harvest is gathered into your barns.

Men of the North! awake! arise! arouse! The reveille of liberty is beating! Up! up! and to arms! Rally to the colors!

"Stay not for questions while freedom stands gasping,
Wait not till honor lies wrapped in his pall;
Brief the lips' parting be, swift the hands clasping,
'Off for the wars,' is enough for them all."

The issue is clearly, sharply defined. We must achieve by force the permanence of this Government, or go to our graves dishonored, and bequeath to our children and our children's children a heritage of taunts and sneers. We must accept the alternative. Alleghenians! what say *you?* Shall your country cry to you for help, and cry in vain? What is a man's convenience, what a man's life, in a contest like this!

"In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, and die we must;
But O! where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed?"

Fall in! fall in! ye brave Pennsylvanians! To the rescue of the old flag! Liberty on her bended knees and with streaming eyes implores your aid. Take a solemn vow to-day that your life shall be at the service of your country until our eagles shall again sweep in triumph over every acre of American soil. Never had brave men so many incentives to heroic deeds. Treason is to be punished, blood is to be avenged, wrongs are to be righted, *a country is to be saved.* Strike! then:

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land.
Strike! for tyrants fall in every foe;
Strike! for Liberty's in every blow;
Forward! let us do or die."

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Leading in Prayer.

My Dear G——:—You ask an impossibility: I cannot, and no other man can, give you a good reason for the backwardness of many of our people in the exercises of social worship. I could give reasons, but not good ones—not such as will satisfy an enlightened conscience. The fact is, alas! too plain: if you ask some members of the Church to lead in prayer, in one of your social meetings, they become embarrassed and distressed, so that they can hardly get words to decline, much less to comply. It is not so on any other occasion; they can speak freely, intelligently, agreeably; can give an opinion of the last book they have read; can narate little histories; can rally a friend, or enliven a company with humor. But when invited, or even when attempting, to pray, there is often an embarrassment that produces hesitancy, and stammering, and reiteration, that quite suprises one. Some members of the Church go to prayer-meetings, with the understanding that they are not to be "called upon" to lead. Indeed, I have often heard the effort and the exercise called the "taking up of the cross." Why it should be so designated, and why persons accustomed to pray at all should be so exceedingly agitated in leading the devotions of a social circle, is not, I confess, easily explained.

I will not deny, since you affirm it, though I still doubt its correctness, that the Methodists are in advance of us in this respect. I can by no means admit, that Presbyterians are inferior to them in intelligence or piety; or that they fall behind them in the capabilities of connected thought and expression. Early custom, I imagine, has a good deal to do with the state of things, in both denominations. Our custom is, not to call upon young members of the church to lead the devotions of the prayer-meeting. The elders, or some of the more aged and prominent members, are called to perform this duty. Others are accustomed to attend, week by week and year after year; and being never asked to lead, their capability for doing it in an edifying manner is not known to others or to themselves. By the omission, too, they are prevented from acquiring the facility and the habit; and, worse than that, perhaps their feeling of obligation to do it may be impaired. Hence it happens that many members of the Church, of undoubted piety, and enjoying regularly the social exercises of the prayer-meeting, have never been heard to utter one devotional sentence, or been known to rise in the midst of their brethren and say, Let us pray. This is my way of accounting for the delinquency to which you refer.

It does not, however, excuse the delinquents. All members of the Church should be able to pray audibly and acceptably in the social prayer-meeting. And they would be so, if they were properly encouraged in the exercise when they first join the Church. The ministers and elders are at fault, in some considerable measure, with regard to this real and lamentable delinquency. I have known one church—there may be many more—in which every male member would lead the devotions of a company of worshippers, whenever invited to do so; and would do it in a becoming and edifying manner. The facts connected with this case, confirm my theory concerning our admitted shortcoming. The pastor and Session of that church inculcated the duty explicitly on the members of the church; and informed applicants for admission that it would be expected of them to assist, in this way, in the prayer-meetings, as well as to pray in their families. They were accordingly invited in their turn with others, the habit was soon and pleasantly established, and there was no taking up of the cross in this, any more that in any other offices of the Christian life.

The difficulty that some, more than others, feel in giving utterance to their desires and feelings in prayer, arises, in some measure, from mistaken impressions with regard to the nature of the exercise. Eloquent expressions and rhetorical beauties are not at all necessary in prayer, to make it acceptable to God or useful to ourselves or to others. The simple, earnest outpouring of the heart's desires, gratitude and adorations to God, is the real prayer.

I see no valid objection to a person's thinking over, beforehand, what confessions of sin he is to make, what petitions he is to present, what thanksgivings he is to offer. I would recommend him to do so; not in studied forms or words, but in the thoughts and feelings of devotion. Let him consider that he is speaking to God and not to men. Let him devoutly study the Scripture expressions of prayer, and imbibe their simplicity, their earnestness, their spirit. Let him pray much in secret, and in an audible utterance, for the ear tryeth words. I would not advise him to take any man's prayers as his model, or to adopt any fixed form of words, or to aim at eloquence or beauty in his utterances. The Scripture prayers and expressions of devotion are simple, direct, varied and brief. In prayers of this sort, it is not difficult for a Christian to lead, and it is easy and delightful, to him, to follow. J.F.M.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Pike's Peak.

Laurette, July 14, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—Though I am separated from you by a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, and situated away upon the top of the Rocky Mountains, in the midst of a scenery grand and sublime, yet when I begin to write for the *Banner*, the recollections of home and the past rush upon me To think of the happy seasons enjoyed in Old Slippery Rock, and other congregations, is still refreshing.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

I have been here over two months, and of all the sights in the world, the Rocky Mountains present one of the most grand. Their length, width, height, variegated surface, deep ravines, craggy cliffs, snow-clad, towering peaks and lofty heights, all tend to fill the reflecting mind with reverence and awe. They now abound with most beautiful flowers. The fragrant flower; the tall, slender pine; the green grass; the rippling stream and gushing fountain, all combine to attract and deeply interest the admirer of beauty and nature. They are full of a great variety of metals, especially gold and silver. They are divided into Ranges—first, the Black Hills; then two or three Snowy Ranges. To contemplate their vastness, age, origin and stability, tends to impress man with his own insignificance and the greatness of God. Then they abound with such romantic, beautiful scenery. The wisdom, goodness, majesty and power of God shines forth from every peak, gulch, cliff, brook and fountain. You can see beauty, sublimity and Deity spread out all over them. They speak volumes of Divinity. And if the half-fledged Theologian will come out and see them, and *study* them thoroughly, he will learn a very profitable lesson. To see them is worth a trip across a continent. And not only does the exterior of them fill the eye with beauty, and the mind with wonder, but *inwardly* they contain a world of beauty and curiosity, exhibited in crystals, quartz, minerals and precious stones. The snow; the rank, green grass; and the fresh, fragrant, most beautiful flower, all on the same square rod, form a striking contrast and an interesting sight. Many places we can pluck fine flowers with one hand, and make snow-balls with the other. I have seen beautiful flowers growing right up through the snow. If you, Mr. Editor, or a citizen of New-York, could only get into a balloon and be wafted to the top of Pike's Peak, and view the beauty, grandeur and sublimity of the scenery all around, you would be filled with wonder and surprise. I like the Rocky Mountains, and never tire *admiring* them.

RELIGIOUS.

In these mountains we labor under great disadvantages for the want of churches. Last Fall they built log-heaps here, set them on fire and worshipped by the light in the open night air. Large crowds assembled round to hear. This is still a custom in places. But now we have rather comfortable houses to worship in at this place. Last Sabbath we transformed a lately vacated gambling and drinking Saloon into a place of worship; and last night we had far the largest congregation I have ever seen in this place. We had a very good attendance when we first came here, nearly three months ago, but it was about twice as large last evening. Our meeting broke up the Sabbath evening auction. At the hour appointed we sounded the trumpet, and the auctioneer rang his bell loud and long, but on finding nobody came, he and his customers all came to church. Thank God, this is as it should be. Thus you see we got ahead of the devil once, even in the Rocky Mountains. We had to carry in several more seats, and after all were comfortably seated, we preached a sermon to the young men on "Sowing and Reaping"—text: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The meeting was solemn and interesting, and I trust, profitable. When we thus see saloons becoming houses of prayer and filled with attentive hearers, we desire to "thank God and take courage." The Lord grant that here, away upon the top of the back-bone of the world, right beneath the shade of lofty and craggy peaks, we may soon enjoy a "time of refreshing."

Yours truly, A.S.B.

P. S.—*July* 18.—The rainy season has set in, and we usually have showers every afternoon. Day before yesterday we had a heavy storm of hail and snow. The green grass up the gulch is now white with snow. The weather is cool and pleasant. Nights quite cool and very good for sleeping. The air is *very light*, making it difficult to walk up hill, sing or speak with ease, like we can in the valley.

Our town is still improving, and mining prospects are encouraging. The whack-e-te-whack of the ponderous stamps, crushing the flinty quartz, (from which is obtained the much sought for precious metal,) are heard day and night. B.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Edinburgh Re-visited—The Old and the New Impressions and Scenes—The Ragged School Marching Regiment—Scriptural Education and Industry—Visit to the Training School for Gardeners—The Grange Cemetery—The Illustrious Dead—Chalmers, Mackintosh, Cunningham, Miller, Agnew—An American Pastor and a Pilgrim's "Burying Place"—Romish Graves—"Times'" Correspondent and Slavery—Abolition—State of Feeling—The Weather—American Farmers and Supplies for England—Religious Movements in Edinburgh—Public Morals—Antagonism—Literature—Dr. Hanna's New Volume.

July 8, 1862.

From "Auld Reekie," from Edinburgh, which Walter Scott, born here, might well call "mine own romantic town;" seated in the room of a publishing house which looks out upon the High Street, up and down which—the ten-storied houses on either side tenanted by myriad on-lookers—many a Royal and military procession has passed, including that of "Prince Charlie," after the battle of Preston Pans, and earlier still, the Queen Regent of Scotland and Mary her beautiful daughter—here it is that I begin, at least, my present letter. And surely there is no capital in Europe, no city in all the world, to be compared for one moment to the metropolis of Scotland. Here historic spots with their memories stir the blood—the Castle on the Rock, Grey Friars Church-yard, where the Lords of the Congregation signed the first Covenant, some of them with their own blood, the veins opened for the purpose; the graves of the martyr's there, the Grass Market, where perished so many martyrs for "Christ's crown and covenant," in the dark days of the second James—the scene of the Porteous Riots; the Canongate, Holyrood, Mary's Chapel, the Queen's bedroom and antechamber, penetrated by the conspirators, and Rezzio's blood still (apparently) staining the polished floor on the outer landing—all these, with the glorious view of mountain, tower, and town, of the Frith of Forth, of Inch Keep Isle, of the shores of Fife, of the battle-fields of Purkie and Preston Pans, Southward. But now bring the eye to rest on the city once more, the spire of St. Andrew's church, from whose Southern door poured forth the noble band of the Disruption, headed by Welsh and Chalmers, on that never-to-be-forgotten May-day in 1843—which spectacle, it is said, witnessed by Lord Robertson, the "Moderate" Elder and Judge, and by Lord Jeffrey, of *Edinburgh Review* and literary fame, drew from the cold, worldly heart of the first, the exclamation, "Fools! fools!" and from the other the burst of tearful admiration and the cry, "Thank God, for old Scotland; no other country could furnish such a sight!" of Calton Hill and its monument; of Prince's Street and the gardens in the hollow beneath; of the Royal Institution and National Gallery; of churches and spires, not forgetting that on the High Street, where Jenny Geddes threw the stool at the head of Laud's deputy, an Episcopal Dean, with the words, "Wad ye say mass at my lug?" of the Mound on which grandly rise the towers of the Free Church College, with the Free High church itself at the Southern side, incorporated with the building; of the Established Assembly Hall, graceful in its spire, beautiful in its architecture, but as to acoustics, the worst possible in its interior arrangements—of these, I cannot speak particularly.

On entering Edinburgh, a few days ago, I felt something of that exhileration and admiration which so powerfully affected my mind, when, as a student, I caught the first sight of its spires and castle in the distance, and also, when there, at nightfall I looked out from the windows of Princess Street hotel at the lofty houses of the old town, in dark and grand relief against the Western heavens. One sight last Saturday arrested me. It was not the march of kilted Highlanders, nor of Edinburgh Volunteers, but of (I cannot say a "Ragged Regiment,") seventy boys of the Original Ragged Schools of Edinburgh, fed, clothed, educated in the Holy Scriptures without note or comment—the open Bible in stone—work above the School and Refuge doorway—a protest against the Roman Bishop Gilliers and his "liberal" supporters, who would *shut out* the unadulterated Bible. Fine little fellows they are! ruddy and strong, and *all* saved, humanly speaking, from destruction, and, as former wild Arabs of the city, made a blessing instead of a curse to the country. Shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, are here trained up.

In addition to this, there are Industrial Schools about two miles East of Edinburgh, at Marionville House, where about fifty, who otherwise would have been graduates in crime, are admirably cared for and educated. The following tables are interesting:

TABLE SHOWING THE OCCUPATIONS OF THOSE WHO HAVE GOT EMPLOYMENT.

Boys.			
Bookbinder	1	Brought forward	9
Confectioner	1	Soldier	1
Fleshers	2	Tailors	2
Message-boys	4	Tobacconists	6
Saddler	1	Typefounders	4
Carry forward	9	Total	22
Girls.			
Domestic Servants			13
Message-girl			1
Total			14

Note.—The number sent out to situations since the commencement of the Institution is now 604.

CHARACTER OF PARENTS.

	Boys.	*Girls.*	*Infants.*	*Total.*
Fatherless, with drunken mothers	42	22	22	86
Motherless, with drunken fathers	10	14	9	33
Both parents worthless	32	29	44	105
Believed to be children of thieves	12	8	10	30
Who have been beggars	18	7	5	30
Who have been in Jail	4	1	—	5
Who have been in Police Office	14	6	—	20
Who were homeless, and lodged	38	26	10	74
Fathers deserted	16	15	20	51
Parents both dead	6	1	—	7
Children known to be thieves	19	8	2	29
Lodged in consequence of worthlessness of parents	33	12	—	45

There are also girls' schools elsewhere, training them for service, instructing them in washing, cooking, &c.

I was present on the Annual Examination day; two clergymen were there. The Governor mainly conducted the proceedings, and the aspect of the boys was the most cheering possible. The Matron is the only female in the establishment. The lads keep it in admirable order. There is a division of labor—cook, housekeeper, &c.; and outside is a noble garden of nearly five acres, yielding large supplies of vegetables and fruit, as the result of industry. All these boys are intended for gardeners; prizes are given to those who excel, and a master gardener, who was inspecting their plots, told me that he had taken one of the boys as an apprentice, and that he gave great satisfaction.

A Pilgrimage to the Grange Cemetery on the Southern side of the well known "meadows" of Edinburgh, was made by me on Monday morning. It is indeed hallowed ground. Here repose the ashes of many illustrious dead. The green turf alone covers them; the flowers of Spring and Summer breathe their fragrance over them. Along the great Northern wall stand a range of granite monuments; beneath in succession, lie the great and good: Not a word of eulogy; their names are their memorial to all time. Thus it is with the tombs of Hugh Miller, "Died 24th December, 1856, Aged 54 years;" so that for Thomas Chalmers—"Born August 17th, 1780; Died May 31, 1847." On the other side of the gravel-walk lies "The Earnest Student," (indicated in his Biography by Dr. Norman McLeod,) "John Mackintosh, bord 9th January, 1822; died at Camstatt in Germany, 11th March, 1857, and buried at his earnest request, near the grave of Chalmers, his revered instructor. 'An example to the believers, in conversation, &c.'"

Principal Cunningham sleeps very near to the grave just mentioned, side by side also with a mother who lived to be 88 years old; while he, her son, great in intellect and in stature too, fell the victim of over work and anxiety, at 56 or 57. The soft, green turf alone covers him at present; by and by, not *over* him, but shadowing the head of his grave, will rise a granite stone, with sublime simplicity telling his name and age. Aught else, or more would be an impertinence and mistake.

Two other graves I must not pass by—first, that of Sir Andrew Agnew, the champion of the Sabbath cause in the British Parliament, bearing the cross there for the cause, with more than Knightly valor, and braving ridicule, which, to a sensative spirit is worse than a drawn sword; here he sleeps sweetly, and over his head on the granite column, in the wall, are his name and age, and the suggestive words, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy."

The second tomb is that of Graham Spiers, Advocate and Sheriff, the friend of Chalmers, an earnest Elder, whose memory is, and will always be, associated with the rising tide of Evangelism in the National Church, and with Disruption Times, a polished Christian gentleman, courteous and mild, yet nobly firm and true—"to God and his own conscience clear."

But I have yet another to mention; it is the tomb of a young American minister, who came to Europe and Edinburgh in search of health, and here received the sudden summons to die, and departed, calmly smiling, surrounded by some Scottish friends new formed, to the home above. Very touching it is to read the inscription: "Rev. I. Calvin McNal; born Feb. 22d, 1823, in North Carolina, United States; died January 19th, 1858. 'I am a stranger, and a sojourner with you; give me a possession of a burying place with you.'"

There are some graves evidently of Roman Catholics, with crosses above, and in one case with a French "immortelle" wreath hung upon the cross. One of them seems, from the inscription, to be the grave of a mother Abbess of an Edinburgh Convent—"A La Memoire de notre Mere, Rosa Barrout, Morte VII., Dec., 1857." "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is the inscription on one Romish tomb. There is no trace of Mariolatry on any tomb, and probably the law would forbid it.

The Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, suggests the following reflections to the *Times'* correspondent at Washington, June 20:

The abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was until Tuesday last the greatest victory achieved by the Federal Power. It was an act that, if brought forward and supported by the Government before the war, would have fired the Southern heart to any extremity of opposition, and been the signal of secession. On Tuesday a still greater victory was won in the halls of Congress, when the House of Representatives passed the bill which had previously received the sanction of the Senate, prohibiting "slavery and involuntary servitude" in all the Territories now belonging or hereafter to be annexed to the United States. The measure only awaits the signature of Mr. Lincoln, which it will have received long before these words are read in Europe, to become the irrevocable law of the Union. It is in acts like these that the North shows its real power, and if it could only be persuaded to let the South go, and establish its independence after its own fashion, on the plea that different sentiments from those of the North are so deeply rooted into the framework of Southern society, theological, political, commercial, and social, as to be utterly ineradicable by any possible amount of physical coercion that can be employed against it, either now or hereafter, the North might stand proudly forth before the world, free of the South and slavery together—the noblest commonwealth under the sun.

This correspondent is understood to be Doctor Mackay, a Scottish literateur of considerable eminence, who some years ago travelled over the whole of the United States, and wrote a book very kindly in its tone. Right or wrong, he expresses toward the close of his remarks the conviction—which without bitterness—prevails over the United Kingdom. Do not judge this as unkind; it is not meant to be so by multitudes who have nothing in common with Toryism and the haters of democracy. As to "intervention," and consequent war, the first has been abjured by our statesmen, and the second might gratify any feeling of resentment, but it would end in woe to both countries. God forbid that ever there should be bloodshed from a collision with America. I cannot believe that President Lincoln thinks of such a thing, and all good men here would deprecate it, on the *highest moral*, social, and *religious grounds.* As I trust, a real lover of peace and righteousness, I write this much; and whether all your readers agree with me or not, do not let one of them suppose that I would wish to see the obliteration of one star from the glorious national banner—*only* let Freedom's sons not give up for *any* reason, Freedom's cause and claims. God bless and prosper the *United* States of America!

The *havoc* in American households, by reason of war, hardships and disease, deeply affects our hearts, and you must forgive us if we do not look at matters so much in a political aspect, as with the yearning sympathies of humanity.* Need there is on both sides of the Atlantic for fervent prayer for such an issue, speedy, certain, permanent, as shall be glorifying to God, and shall bear the calm retrospect of calmer times.

The Weather has assumed rather an alarming aspect. We have had really no Summer as yet. American farmers will probably find a large market for their produce next year in Great Britain. As it is, we have received immense supplies of provisions; and if English gold, of which there is almost a plethora in London, crossing the Atlantic lightens the burdens of agriculturists and merchants on the other side, it will be truly gratifying.

Religious Movements in Edinburgh are, for the present, almost suspended, in consequence of ministers and their congregations going out for their Summer holiday. But reviewing the twelve months, there has been much real Revival work going on here. There is one scene of its influence—Carruber's Close—packed with a population of the lowest order, where many trophies have been won to Christ. Christian ladies also gather together Mothers' Classes, with tokens of blessing. The masses of the poor who fill the great High Street on Saturday nights, and who swarm in the Congate, are godless and wicked. I am grieved to say that the Social Evil is very rampant—in Aberdeen City, especially, it is so. Not that "the former times were better than these;" in Knox's days there was "the rascal multitude," and, alas! it is so in measure still. But then, there is the large *leavening* that was comparatively wanting then; and God's real children, and God's *working servants*, are more numerous than ever they were before. Proofs of this I hope hereafter to give. Meanwhile I may mention that in Scotland, in its Capital and elsewhere, are *many* pious lawyers, retired military officers, and landed proprietors—not forgetting such noblemen as Lords Aberdeen and Kintore—who have within a limited period been brought to Christ, and are earnestly laboring for him. Immense multitudes were lately gathered in the lawn of the Dutchess of Gordon, at Huntly, Aberdeenshire; and the Divine presence (as in former Summer gatherings,) was manifest. Here in Edinburgh, the *upper* classes have been faithfully dealt with and powerfully wrought upon by men of their own class—especially by Brownlow North, in Drawing-room meetings, during the past Winter. Satan is busy; but Christ is mightier, and his cause and truth must and shall prevail.

Literature in Scotland is still prized and cultivated. Book-shops abound in every large town; and Edinburgh, on its old book-stalls as well as on the shelves of its publishers, is still proving itself to be the "Modern Athens." Not that there are men now living and moving here—each a bright particular star in himself, and forming, when combined, a glorious constellation—as in the days of the living Sir Walter Scott and his son-in-law Lockhart, and of Professor Wilson, Lord Jeffrey, and many others.

Dr. William Hanna, the biographer and son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers, has lately published a work on "The Last Day of our Lord's Passion," giving a continuous narative, with didactic clearness and solemnly pictorial beauty, of the sufferings on the Cross. In this work he prominently presents and advocates the opinion, first expressed some ten years ago by Dr. Stroud, a London physician, that there was an actual physical rupture of the heart in the case of the Messiah, as the result of his mental agony, or of the Burden he bore as the Divine Victim, and that, literally, his heart "was broken"—as by the Psalmist was predicted. I find difference of opinion on this subject; it is a subject to be very reverentially treated, and it is so treated by Dr. Hanna. But it is questionable whether he has settled the question, and to apply literally and *physically* the words, "Reproach hath *broken* my heart," seems to me totally untenable. J.W.

*We appreciate the sympathy of kind friends, in the day of our distress; but we cannot "forgive," in the sense of approving of, the utterance of a wish that our troubles shall issue in a severance of the Union. Some years ago, Ireland wished to secede; but though it then contained a free population beyond that of the present Southern Confederacy, and is separated from England by a sea, yet England would not permit the secession. It called it rebellion, and put it down by the sword. And much less would England permit Scotland or Wales to secede. It will not permit even Canada to secede, though three thousand miles distant, the broad ocean intervening. Why then should Englishmen urge us to permit the South to secede; though not divided from us by ocean, or sea, or strait, or river, or mountain? It requires some patience in us to bear with our transatlantic cousins. Our correspondent breathes the right spirit when he says *he would not wish to see one star obliterated from our glorious banner.* If Europeans wish us and our children to be their friends, they must show themselves friendly.—Ed.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Mattoon, Illinois.

Mr. Editor:—This is a world of extremes. Sometimes extremes meet. They met in the origination of the present unholy war. The bloodiest page in the world's history is being written in fraternal blood. While the Vaudois are filled with sublime thoughts, viewing the Alpine heights which surround them, one born on prairie soil knows nothing of these emotions. Neither one has any just conception of the other extreme in nature.

It is as difficult to give a correct idea of a prairie to a person who never saw one, as that of the variegated tints of the rainbow, to one born blind. The enchantment of a Summer's sunset on one of our beautiful lakes, may give a faint conception of a prairie view. The one is "rocked in the cradle of the stilly deep," while the other is on *terra firma*, surrounded with magnificence on every hand. It would repay any one an hundred fold to visit Illinois at the present time, and spend a few weeks in a buggy, behind two spirited horses. But little of the beauty and excellence of the country can be seen from the railroad cars or river steamers. From the window of the writer, the eye looks out over an extensive, undulating plain, dotted with white farm houses, until enchantment is lost in the view. Far away to the Southwest as the eye can reach, where the heavens and the earth seem to meet, an extensive forest forms the vertex of a parabola. This is the Southwest point of the Grand Prairie, which extends in a Northeast direction, with little interruption by groves, about one hundred and ninety-five miles. It is irregular in its breadth. The widest point is said to be thirty-five miles. It is fringed on either side with heavy groves, affording sufficient timber to the countless myriads who will soon find a home on its broad bosom.

Through the centre, lengthwise, runs the Central Railroad, connecting Chicago with Cairo. Infidelity must be deep in the heart, and ignorance heavy on the mind, if the hand of God is not seen in the inception and completion of the Central Railroad of Illinois. Although this—one of the great enterprises of the age—was begun from mercenary motives, (otherwise the untold wealth of these vast prairies would have lain undeveloped for ages to come, as they have for ages past,) the Directors of this road—be it stated to their credit—have had a godly minister employed, at a good salary, to organize Sabbath Schools along the whole extent of the road. This was as far as they could go, in planting the Gospel, to avoid the charge of sectarianism.

Three miles from the South point on the Central Railroad, on this Grand Prairie, Mattoon is located. It is here the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis road crosses the Eastern Illinois Central. Mattoon has city corporate privileges. Six years since, it was put on paper, extending along one railroad two miles, and along the other one mile. This makes its corporate limits two miles long, and one mile wide. From the centre, at the railroad crossing, it was making rapid strides in all directions, when partially arrested by the breaking out of this wicked rebellion. It contains near two thousand inhabitants, according to the city census taken a few months ago.

Two passenger trains on both roads run each way every day except Sabbath, and four freight trains. This makes eight passenger and sixteen freight trains every day and night. The freight trains have from sixteen to forty-four cars each. There is more freight business at this place than any other on the whole road from Chicago to Cairo. It is 172½ miles from Mattoon to Chicago, and 193½ miles to Cairo, on the Central Road, and 60 miles to Terre Haute, and 130 miles to St. Louis, on the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Road.

Mattoon has sent the greater part of a regiment to the army—some of whom now lie in the cemetery, having fallen at the taking of Ft. Donelson—among whom are forty-five commissioned officers now in the field, two Colonels, two Majors, and two Chaplains. The beautiful enclosed Fair Grounds, comprising eighty acres is designated as a camp of instruction for the marshalling hosts of thirteen counties of the State, under the President's last call. Already they are beginning to come in. The very best men are proffering themselves as a willing sacrifice on their country's altar, with the firm purpose that the plow shall stand in the furrow, and the goods lie on the shelves, until the Stars and Stripes—the emblem of civil government—shall wave unmolested over every State.

Mr. *Banner*, if these hasty sketches meet your approbation, as I know they will interest very many of your great family of readers, who want to know something of this part of Illinois, the character and religious prospects of the place will be noticed. M.

Garibaldi Projecting an Expedition Against Rome.—It is stated that the Italian government had discovered a plot, the object of which is the expulsion of the Pope from Rome. Garibaldi was accused of being the leader of the conspiracy, and English emissaries, with considerable sums of money, were running all over Italy, in order to procure recruits for the expedition, which is said to be countenanced by the first families of Italy. It was believed by the leaders of the plot that the French garrison of Rome, which is now reduced to about seven thousand men, would be glad to leave the city, and would not afford any serious resistance.

A Truth.—Passing in the minds of all men, there are but two trains of thought which can hold preëminence. Of the earth, earthy, pertaining to the devil. Or of heaven, heavenly, pertaining to God. Reader, whither do your thoughts mostly tend?