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REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,
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The Other Side.

We dwell this side of Jordan's stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining beam
Across from yonder shore;
Whilst visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp and seraph song,
Seem gently wafted o'er.

The Other Side! ah, there's the place
Where saints in joy past times retrace,
And think of trials gone,
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see
That all on earth had need to be,
To bring them safely home.

The Other Side! no sin is there
To stain the robes that blest ones wear,
Made white in Jesus' blood;
No cry of grief—no voice of woe,
To mar the peace their spirits know—
Their constant peace with God.

The Other Side! its shore, so bright
Is radiant with the golden light,
Of Zion's city fair;
And many dear ones gone before
Already tread the happy shore;
I seem to see them there.

The Other Side! oh, charming sight—
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
For me a loved one waits.
Over the stream he calls to me—
"Fear not, I am thy guide to be
Up to the pearly gates."

The Other Side! his well-known voice,
And dear bright face, will me rejoice;
We'll meet in fond embrace.
He 'll lead me on until we stand,
Each with a palm branch in our hand,
Before the Saviour's face.

The Other Side! The Other Side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care,
To wake one day when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the blest ones there.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

May Christians Dance?

As the dancing question often causes great trouble in many of our churches, it might not be amiss to give our experience in Silvertown on this question. Many of the church members persuaded themselves that it was an innocent amusement, and by them the ball-room was as much frequented as the prayer-meeting. Brother Christians reasoned the matter with them, but all to no purpose, for they could see no sin in a "mere shuffling of the feet."

It was finally agreed that Mr. Parsons should preach on the subject, and if he could show it to be unscriptural, they would cheerfully desist. He did so, and the following is an outline of his sermon, which we sketched at the time.

Text—1. Thess. ii: 10—12. Introduction. He designed his remarks on this occasion only for the people of his flock, over whom God had made him a shepherd. He felt the deepest interest in their spiritual welfare, and was pained to find any of them entertaining views which, when reduced to practice, must prove detrimental to their piety. There might be no harm in a "mere shuffling of the feet;" but it was the poison mixed with the wine, that kills. He thought dancing unbecoming Christians for the following reasons:

1st. *It is so engrossing in its nature.* Dancers can scarcely resist dancing, when present. Expense and inconvenience offer but slight impediments in going to the ball-room. There, the pleasures of earth increase and grow more enticing, and the joys of heaven recede from the mind till they die in the distance. Thus the mind is soon drawn from religious thoughts. "Love not the world nor the things that are in the world; for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

2d. *It takes away the spirit of prayer.* The speaker knew this from experience. We cannot in sincerity ask God's blessing to accompany us to the ball. Returning, we have no disposition to pray. We may repeat a form, but can't pray. Family worship becomes a drag. To follow the apostolic injunction, "pray without ceasing," that is, maintain a continual spirit of prayer, is out of the question. So,

3dly. *It saps the vitals of our piety.* As working, active Christians never dance, so dancing Christians seldom work. They are not the sustainers of the weekly prayer-meetings. They never speak to their fellows on the state of their souls. They talk but little of religion, and feel less. Their piety soon sinks to a low ebb.

4thly. *It strengthens those affections already too strong.* "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." It makes us "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." We become in a manner trifling. Hence, "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." "If any man will come after me, let him *deny himself.*"

5thly. *It grieves the Spirit of God.* "Quench not the Spirit." The speaker mentioned two cases of persons in his acquaintance who lost all religious conviction, and became perfectly callous, by going to one of these places of amusement while under conviction. Doubtless all present had felt something of the same.

6thly. *It breaks down the distinction between the Church and the world.* "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God." "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly, nor standing in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." "Be not conformed to the present evil world." David said, "I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked are before me." But in these balls the ungodly and pious (?) meet in the most intimate relation, and often vulgar arms encircle the Christian lady's waist. "Let him that nameth the name of Christ be careful to depart from all iniquity." Christians are in the world but not of the world.

7thly. *The experience of devoted Christians has always been against it.* They join in saying it mars their peace with God. The speaker read from the action of the General Assembly, (Digest, p. 802,) "It steals away our precious time, dissipates religious impressions, and hardens the heart," etc.

8thly. *The world testifies against it.* They rejoice over the inconsistency of Christians who do it. When convicted of sin, they do not inquire of them, what must I do to be saved? but go to others in whom they have more confidence. He had heard the man of the world tell the Christian there was nothing out of the way in dancing, and afterwards boast to others that the Christian was no better than he, *for* he goes to the ball.

Lastly. He exhorted any who thought they could dance and still be good Christians, to desist for the sake of others. If they could do so with impunity, many could not. They were grieving and offending their brethren who thought it wrong. They were giving the world occasion to rejoice. He commended to them the noble saying of Paul, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

But it was objected, that other things Christians sometimes did were as bad as dancing—certain plays, for instance. Have nothing to do with them. They can't excuse the sin of dancing. But the Bible says there is "a time to dance." Granted. But the ball-room is *not* the place, and promiscuous company *not* that time. In Luke vi: 22, 23, the Saviour recommends a better time and way than this. In conclusion, he offered them joys far higher than the ball-room could afford, a peace which passeth all understanding, and exhorted them to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they were called. The eyes of the world were upon them, and Christ was expecting much at their hand.

So much for the sermon. Now what was the result? Sam. Hiscut declared he never would enter the church again. But next Sabbath he was on hand. Sallie Pool did stay away for a time, and demanded an apology from the preacher before she would return, but receiving none, in a few weeks she came back, and has attended well ever since. Deacon Fearful thought Mr. Parsons had better explain matters a little, lest many would leave the church. Mr. P. replied, "truth don't bear diluting." But the balls were suspended "on account of the troubles," and have never again been commenced. Mr. P.'s strongest friends are among those that were so bitter against him. And the church has been a unit on the dancing question ever since.

SCRIB.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Mattoon, Illinois.

MR. EDITOR:—Every loyal heart bounded with joy on opening the last *Banner*, (the 9th). Allegheny Theological Seminary gave no uncertain sound as to her loyalty, in the present fearful crisis. She stands forth before the world fully vindicated, in the heartfelt tones of one of her worthy Professors. No trimming of words. No studied sentences. The outburst of true patriotism shows us Secession and its sympathizers in their hideous deformity.

Your remarks, Mr. Editor, were timely. Ordinarily, no right-minded person wishes to see any of our ministers or Professors, in any of our Theological Seminaries, mount the platform, or take part in any political or railroad meeting. These are extraordinary times. If, as all believe, civil governments are ordained of God, (Rom. xiii: 1,) then Secession is of the devil. He was the first Secessionist. This cast him out of heaven. All aid or encouragement to Secession, is doing the devil's work. Are not all God's ministers called upon now to maintain the right, and oppose the devil in all his ways? Any other position shows the lurking virus.

With trembling, all loyal hearts, during the last few weeks, have looked toward Allegheny Theological Seminary. If redeemed souls are sent as angels of mercy to our ruined world, and angels are filled with sorrow as with joy, what feelings must those redeemed ones have had, who founded Allegheny Seminary with their money and prayers, especially that one who consecrated every room in the former building with prayer, "that God would bless the lads," when looking on the uncertainty of the last few months. Now there is no uncertainty. Thanks ten thousand to the unmistakably loyal Professors in Allegheny Theological Seminary, for the noble stand taken in this hour of rebuke, laden with portentous events, that will tell upon the cause of Christ and civil liberty to the end of time. Taking this noble response, with the last order from the War Department respecting disloyalty, the silver lining of the dark cloud which hung as a pall over our stricken country begins to appear. That order has made already a beginning in this place. It must be confessed that this community, like all others, has a few sympathizers with the hydra monster, the Beast. A few outspoken expressions landed one of our citizens in the guard-house, in the camp of our soldier boys. After twenty-four hours' "standing guard," as he calls it, he was permitted to take one of the most stringent oaths to support the Constitution and Government of *these United States*, and was for the present released. A few more of the same sort, it is said, will be put through, to-day, in the same way. This is, at least, beginning in the right direction. Thus the work goes bravely on, and we may soon hope everywhere to have a pure loyal atmosphere, all over our country. Disloyalty is small here, considering how many originally came from the South, where many of their friends still live.

This place stands on the confines of Egypt. Like it—though not of it—it is made up principally from Kentucky and Tennessee. Mostly of the better and more intelligent class; many of them wealthy. They know what slavery *is*, and what it *does*, and consequently came away to get clear of it and its influences. With a few families from old Pennsylvania, Ohio and some other free States, the moral character of the people may be known. There is no lack of energy in all the people. As an evidence, we have here progress and material prosperity in almost every respect. One woolen factory and one large flour mill are being erected. Two large meat-packing houses, and five corn-shelling, with several grain warehouses. To give an idea of the way corn is disposed of, and the amount, one of the five corn-shelling establishments will bear an outline description. Like the others, it is worked by steam power. This one is an eight-horse power. With three hands it can shell, and turn into cars on the railroad, five thousand bushels of corn in one day. Farmers drive in their teams and throw their corn into one room of the warehouse; and when full, a sliding floor, moved by machinery attached to the engine, turns the corn into elevators which carry it to the thrasher, and when shelled, to upper rooms, from which a spout conducts it into cars on the track. The cobs make the fire to drive the engine; the engineer and fireman, and one man to superintend, the expense for hands. All this corn is shipped to Cincinnati, Boston, and elsewhere, to be made into whiskey.

So much for the enterprise of the place. An anecdote will give you an idea of the healthfulness. Last Fall the writer, on returning to his family, one hundred and fifty miles North-west, after making arrangements to move here, said to them: "You need have no hesitancy in going to Mattoon, for there is no graveyard there, and it is the next place to Paradise." The nearest town to this place is called Paradise, and there has been no cemetery here since the place was laid out, until this Spring, when one was voted by the people.

When the company comes in to-day from Paradise, there will be fourteen companies in camp, and only five counties represented out of the thirteen to rendezvous here. All will be in this week. Nothing here but war. The rebellion must be put down, at any cost. From yesterday's report of fighting in Eastern Virginia, the boys here say, the East had better send for them. In every engagement where Western men were on the side of the Government, not a battle was lost. M.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Government Emigration Enterprise—Its Results—Female Emigration—Female Employment in England—The London "Homes"—British Columbia and Women's Work—Factory Girls and their Distress—Faith, and "Songs in the Night" of Sorrow—Relief Fund—The Pacha of Egypt—The Queen's "Tille," and Therefore "Entilled" to Relieve—The Little Warbler at Kensington—A Horological Curiosity—Crowds at the Exhibition—Crystal Palace and Grounds.

LONDON, August 2, 1862.

EMIGRATION, as promoted by the Government, employing Commissioners as its agents, presents some interesting statistics. Emigration to America and Canada, is entirely left to the private desires and resources of parties; many of the emigrants also, especially those from Ireland, being largely assisted by remittances from the other side of the Atlantic. But the necessity of help is great, considering the inequality of the sex, the demand for labor, and other matters essential to the full development of colonial prosperity, in reference to New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, the Cape of Good Hope, and Natal. All the ships are first class; they are carefully inspected before starting. The Commissioners take care that there shall be no overcrowding, and that there shall be an ample supply of wholesome food. The following are the statistics of emigration for the year 1861, to the Colonies already indicated:

The number of ships chartered by the Commissioners was 16; 2 of these sailed to New South Wales, 3 to Queensland, 4 to Victoria, 4 to the Cape of Good Hope, and 3 to Natal. The number of emigrants conveyed to the colony of New South Wales amounted to 865 souls, equal to 804 statute adults, of whom 68 were married men, 69 married women, 332 single men, 284 single women, 55 boys between the ages of 1 and 12, 47 girls between the same ages, 5 male infants, and 5 female; 284 were English, 33 Scotch, and 548 Irish. The number of emigrants conveyed to Queensland was 1,128 souls, equal to 1,013 statute adults, of whom 134 were married men, 135 married women, 315 single men, 353 single women, 84 boys between the ages of 1 and 12, 68 girls between the same ages, 20 male infants, and 19 female; 411 were English, 317 Scotch, and 400 Irish. The number of emigrants conveyed to Victoria was 1,307 souls, equal to 1,244 statute adults, of whom 112 were married couples, 7 single men, 962 single women, 39 boys between the ages of 1 and 12, 63 girls between the same ages, 7 male infants, and 5 female; 645 were English, 371 Scotch, and 291 Irish. To South Australia, 4 emigrants were conveyed; to Western Australia, 68; 27 were English, 3 Scotch, and 38 were from the Emerald Isle, and to the Falklands, 5. The number of emigrants conveyed to the Cape of Good Hope was 1,035 souls, equal to 895½ statute adults, of whom 140 were married couples, 297 single men, 215 single women, 107 boys between the ages of 1 to 12, 100 girls between the same ages, 20 male infants, and 16 female; 537 were English, 239 Scotch, and 259 Irish. The number of emigrants conveyed to Natal was 339 souls, equal to 288 statute adults, of whom 53 were married couples, 84 single men, 58 single women, 42 boys between the ages of 1 and 12, 38 girls between the same ages, 3 male infants, and 8 female; 275 were English, 41 Scotch, and 23 Irish; the whole making a total of 4,761 souls equal to 4,322 statute adults, of whom 512 were married men, 518 married women, 1,060 single men, 1,908 single women; 334 boys between the ages of 1 and 12, 324 girls between the same ages, 55 male infants and 55 female; 2,186 were English, 1,008 Scotch, and 1,560 Irish.

Female Middle Class Emigration has recently occupied much attention. The demand for cheapness by "slop" men and other contractors for clothing, &c, has, in many cases, brought down the results of the active needle to as low and terrible starvation point, as was sung so plaintively years ago, in the "Song of the Shirt."

Miss Faithful, a lady of great talent and energy, has now a Royal printing press at work, and the fair compositors—for all are women—produce very beautiful books. Efforts have been made likewise, to have women recognised as suitable copyists of law papers, but I do not think that they have been very successful. There are also Societies patronized by persons of rank and wealth, for the purchase and sale of fine needlework and embroidery by female hands. Besides, the number of ladies who have a talent for drawing, who are encouraged by prizes to those who excell, not only in London, but all over the country in local Schools of Design, have done much to make England a country truly artistic, and æsthetic to a degree previously unknown. When at Edinburgh, I had the pleasure of seeing some beautiful specimens of pencil and crayon drawings, and to see on cards which were attached, handsome sums annexed to the names of the successful. Young women also are employed in the districts where China is made, for burnishing; there are, too, in connexion with shops of all kinds, and especially of a superior class in large cities and towns, a great demand for respectable girls. Their pay is, however, low, and they are required to dress in a style in many cases beyond their resources, so that their privations and perils are very great. Hence it is, that so much importance is to be attached to those new and admirable Young Women's Christian Associations, the inauguration and development of which, is to be identified with Religious Awakening among this class during the last three years. In fact there are thus provided, "Homes" of unspeakable value. Here, food, lodging, books, family worship, Bible Classes on the Lord's day, are provided, with a real *motherly* matron over the young people, their guardian, adviser, and friend. The whole expense to those who are received, is not more than four shillings per week. Of course, generous Christians, merchants like Samuel Morley, and persons of high degree, supply what is lacking in the expenses of each institution (a large sum); but they have their full reward in finding many a young person who left for London, a pure and happy home in the country, and who has been the source of trembling anxiety to parents not saved from temporal ruin, but "saved in Christ for ever."

Female Middle class emigration to British Columbia, has been a good deal agitated by the press, with the view of the parties emigrating, acting as governesses. But Colonel Moody writes: "The opening for educated women here is very slender. Household work is what is demanded. Our wives, the ladies of the colony, from the highest to the lowest, have to labor in the nursery, the kitchen, and the washhouse." Governesses and clerks we find, are not successful even in our Australian colonies, except to a limited extent.

The distress in Lancashire has thrown an immense number of young women out of employment. Some have proposed to draw off factory girls into more Southern districts, and more Southern occupations. But their training has been all in one direction; they have been physically and morally fitted for a peculiar sphere of industry. As an eminent public writer says: "Whatever work is now found to save these factory girls from the disastrous evil of forced idleness, must aim at a cautious dealing with hand and head, lest both become unfitted for factory work; the former by being blunted in its touch, the latter weaned from its wonderful sensitiveness to the demands which the mill machinery makes upon its intelligence." "Let us as a nation," it is added, "bear gratefully in mind, how patiently these poor creatures have thrown the savings of years into the gap so suddenly made between them and breadwinning, when they are as willing as ever to earn that bread by a continued hard industry."

Deep and *practical* sympathy is now being shown for these sufferers. Their patience and good conduct have been admirable, and Christianity too, in the power of it, has sustained them in the day of trial. Not in vain for years past has Evangelism, both through English Churchmen, Wesleyan Methodists, and others, been busy by Sunday Schools in circulating the Scriptures, and preaching Christ. Thirty or forty years ago, there would have been violent outbreaks. Now, when in God's providence, from the cotton famine, the means of earning bread is cut off, "there is a moral significance," as Canon Stowell truly said, "in the bearing, the spirit, and the tone of the factory operatives at Lancashire, that claims the esteem and admiration of the civilized world."

The truth of the following touching anecdote is undoubted: In the outskirts of Manchester, where there was a large infusion of Christian influence, from Sabbath Schools and other agencies, it was the painful duty of the mill owner to announce to the hands that he found it absolutely impossible to continue to employ them, and that the factory must be closed from that day, as he had no longer the means of paying them their wages. The poor people assembled, and received the news with agitation marked upon their countenances—all except thirty or forty, who received it calmly. At that moment, when all was silence, suspense, and dismay, a young woman, a Sunday School teacher, struck up, with a calm, cheerful, and encouraging voice, the beautiful words of Cowper's hymn:

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

Fifty or sixty voices took up the strain. "I do not hesitate to say," said Mr. Stowell, in relating this, "that it was one of the most beautiful and touching manifestations of simple faith that has come within my knowledge and recollection."

Parliament is busy upon a Bill which widens the area of Poor Law Taxation in the manufacturing districts; but until *local* rates shall reach five shillings in the pound, the extension of rating is not to take effect. This measure is to be law until the first of March next. But meanwhile, unless relief comes, the prospects for *local* residents is very alarming. The shopkeepers, unsupported by the population out of work, are threatened with ruin; first, from want of custom, and secondly, from heavy poor rates. The sums coming in by voluntary donations, are large and noble. The Pacha of Egypt sent, last week, £1,000 to the Lord Mayor, London. The Queen has just forwarded £2,000 to the Earl of Derby, with a letter dictated by her, in beautiful and touching language. One of her titles is "Duchess of Lancashire," and so for those suffering "by lamentable circumstances entirely beyond their own control," Lord Derby is informed that "the Queen gladly associates herself with those suffering districts, under her title of Duchess of Lancashire, and is pleased to find herself thus entitled to send her aid to those for whom she has long felt deep compassion." There speaks the true woman's heart—chastened by sorrow, and having therefore intensest sympathy. And as in the case of the Queen's letter and gifts to the widows of the Hartley Colliery victims, so now her words and noble deed will be fruit-bearing.

But what do you think of a feathered contributor to Lancashire distress? Yes; there is such a contributor, and a most untiring one is he. A *singing bullfinch*, owned by two Swiss Exhibitors at Kensington, devotes his piping talent, all day long, to the entertainment of crowds who gather around. No one is allowed to hear him without forming part of a group which agrees to give five shillings for a song from the little melodist. Of course any one may give as much as he likes. Well, last Saturday the singing bullfinch realized more than ten pounds; and during last week his contributions to the fund exceeded thirty pounds! I hope he won't drop dead from his perch, some day, from over-exertion; if so, his memory will be immortal, and either stuffed, or with his exact image in marble, or otherwise, he should be exhibited, for the relief of Lancashire distress all over the kingdom. But no, he will not die; let him sing on, the sweet warbler; it is his nature and his heaven to sing, and if himself an unconscious benefactor, still, both himself and his generous masters and owners—Messrs. Aribe and Linton—are worthy of world-wide admiration.

A curiosity in the form and shape of an astronomical and geographical clock, is exhibited by the proprietors of the famous little bird just described. This wonderful piece of horological mechanism, though very little larger than an ordinary drawing room time-piece, gives thirty-five different demonstrations, on twenty-six separate dials. Besides striking the hours, half hours, and quarter hours, it shows the revolutions of the sun, the solstices, the equinoxes, the months, days of the month, and days of the week, the equation of time, the changes of the moon, and the time of day at twenty-two principal cities in every quarter of the world. The pendulum is a most ingenious and complicated contrivance. It is a compensation formed of nine branches, and carries at its lower extremity a dial which indicates the variation to the eight hundredth part of half-an-inch, and by its own internal mechanism regulates itself to the temperature! This marvellous clock is the work of M. Gretillat, of Cofranc, Switzerland, and occupied twenty-three years in its construction.

INCREASING POPULARITY attends the International Exhibition, and the magnificent weather which has now been so mercifully—after a wet and dreary Summer—vouchsafed to us, increases the attendance very largely. Heads of business firms, clergymen, with their schools and parishoners, trades unions, foreign workmen, (for whom special provision is made by a London Committee, as to lodgings, medical attendance, and admission to public places,) press toward Kensington daily—along with foreigners of every land. The beautiful Horticultural gardens are accessible for a small sum to the visitors, who step out on the turf, and amid the fountains and flowers, under a cloudless, and yet temperate sky. It will interest some of your readers—especially one excellent gentleman in your city, who has kindred sympathies and gifts—to know that Orlando Whistlecraft, in his Weather Almanac, has been wonderfully accurate thus far in his predictions as to weather; the period of brightness and beauty which is now sending up the stock-markets, lowering the price of wheat, gladdening our farmers, ripening the harvest, and making all England a lovely, fragrant garden—having been precisely defined by him in connexion with the closing days of July, and the first and second weeks of August, 1862. The harvest will be, as to wheat, an average one, or perhaps a little under; but other crops, especially the *green* crops, with peas and beans, are very fine. At the best, England must be largely a purchaser, but when the necessity of having several millions of quarters over a certain limit comes, trade languishes, and money becomes dear.

THE SUBURBS of London are now in all their glory, including the Zoological Gardens, Hampstead Heath, and Highgate Hill, with the Surrey Hills, and Camberwell, Peckham Rye, Forest Hill, Sydenham, and the Crystal Palace, which, under the bright sunshine, shines from afar like a magnificent and monster chrysolite. Nothing is more pleasing to a stranger than the lovely grounds around the Crystal Palace, with the beds of flowers, and the turf in the perfection of its verdure, with fine old park trees, planted long before such a structure as the Palace was thought of. Then the view from the balconies of the Palace Eastward—hedge-rows, fields, parks, curving slopes, and verdant meadows, stretching away into Kent, is truly glorious. As to the Crystal Palace itself, it carries away the palm of beauty without a rival. The International Exhibition is capacious, vast, and commodious; and it is not without attractive grandeur in its magnificent nave and transepts, especially when filled with a mighty throng, and considering its unspeakably precious and varied contents. But at Sydenham you are in the pure country, and on a lofty, rising ground rises up a *vision* of beauty and splendor—meet successor and child with its maternal parent's likeness and grace enstamped upon it. Viewed especially in the light of closing day from the gardens in front, and with the golden glories of the setting sun in the Western sky, against which it is thrown in relief, the spectacle is most impressive. And then entering in and passing through Mediæval Courts, with their exquisite statuary and carvings; and to feel as if you were carried back to classic ages, and farther and farther still: here the Pompeian Villa, with its "*Salve*" and its "*Cave Canem*," on the marble of the threshold; and there the cool fount in the centre, and the shaded vespertinal table, around which the guests reclined; and anon in entering in succession the Alhambra Palace, rich in its Moorish architecture and grotto-like coolness beneath the variegated glass which turns the light into dyes so soft and grand; then on to Assyrian Palaces, with their hieroglyph lions with human heads, and the entablature of sieges and battle pieces; and finally, enter between the guardian Sphinxes, sublime in their watchful repose, into Egypt, as it was in the days when Thebes threw open its gates for the outgoing war-chariots, buried its dead in the proud sarcophagus, and painted its temples in colors whose beauty is not dimmed at this day—all this, with the hanging plants in the nave, and the water lilies in the fountain, and picture galleries, and innumerable objects of curiosity, so deeply interest not only those who come for the first time to Sydenham, but those also who, in this lovely weather, revive their acquaintance with familiar scenes. J. W.

Watchman! What of the Night?

Certainly the signs of the times are full of encouragement. The world has seen nothing like it in all the history of the past. On all hands, obstacles which had hindered, and even prevented, all successful effort to spread the Gospel, are removing in the most remarkable manner. Access to the entire Heathen world now exists. This may be said almost without qualification. India, China, Japan, Madagascar, the Coasts of Africa, the Islands in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, savage tribes in North America, may now be approached and even entered by prudent and persevering missionaries, with good prospect of success. And nearly all this change in the state of the Heathen world has occurred within the memory of the present generation. We do not mean to assert that there are not still many difficulties to be overcome in all parts of Heathendom. "The carnal mind" now, as in all ages past, "is enmity against God." Ignorant and wicked rulers, and besotted priests, interested in upholding idolatry and even the basest superstitions, still live, and are ready to oppose. Even monsters in human shape are not wanting, as is seen in the land of Dahomey. But whatever the obstacles which still exist to impede the Gospel in pagan lands, they are not to compare with those which Christianity had to encounter in the earlier ages of its career. The vast power and far-reaching influence of the great Maritime Christian Nations—England, France, Russia, and the United States—have been felt in a salutary manner over all the continental and insular world that is still Heathen. And thus "the way of the Lord is preparing," even a highway for the Word of our God, in the outlying nations of the earth, even the remotest of them.

A similar change is going on in the Mohammedan world. The respect, and even dread, in which the great Christian Powers are held by the Turks, the Persians, the Moors, and other Mohammedan nations, has led them to shrink from displaying the Moslem fanaticism and ferocity which they did even long since the present century opened upon the world.

The progress of the great principles of Civil and Religious Liberty among the nations of Christendom has opened a large portion of the Papal world, and bids fair to open all the rest before many years pass away. The nations which did the most to give birth and add strength to the Papacy are just those Roman Catholic nations which are now the most prepared to receive the Gospel of our Lord. Italy and France have known by bitter experience the nature of Romanism, and are now receiving the glorious Gospel. So have Spain and Portugal, and the countries which they have colonized. Let us hope that their turn will soon come to hear the tidings of a free salvation, salvation through grace; not through the wretched penances and degrading and useless rites of the corrupted Christianity for which they are indebted to Rome.

Even the day of Israel's redemption is evidently drawing nigh. Portions of the "Diaspora"—of that wonderful nation which exists now only in its "dispersions"—are evidently more disposed to listen to the story of Jesus of Nazareth than ever before. We can but hope that the time will not now be long before "the blindness will be taken away" from the hearts of the descendants of Abraham, the Friend of God, and their return to the fold of the Saviour whom their fathers crucified, be the signal for an amazing outspread of the Gospel in all directions, as well as the epoch of the outpouring of the Spirit from on High, by whose mighty influences nations will be born in a day.

These are glorious times in which to live, and labor, and give, and pray. O that we were better fit to live in them, and more worthy of the high privilege! The Heathen world, the Mohammedan world, the Papal world, the Jewish world—all opening for the Gospel which they so much needed! And, what is also cheering, the resuscitation of a real Christianity is going forward in the Protestant world, and obstacles are removing which long had hindered the progress of the Truth. Let us hope and pray that even the distressing war that is still going on within our borders may not only be brought to a speedy and happy close, but overruled by the Saviour for the decided furtherance of his kingdom.—*Christian World.*

How to Begin a Prayer-Meeting.

A gentleman from abroad said, at the Fulton Street Meeting, he wished to relate his experience in starting a prayer-meeting, as the result of a little personal effort. He was journeying across one of the districts in a Western State, and came to a fine school-house in the midst of a prairie. He was riding in his own private conveyance. He reined up before a house, and inquired:

"Do you ever have prayer-meetings in this school-house?"—addressing a lady.

"Never," she answered, "never has there been a prayer-meeting in it to my knowledge."

"Will you go to a prayer-meeting in that school-house next Thursday night?"

"Well, I do not know; who is going to be there?" she inquired. I answered:

"If you will be there, that will be one. Will you be sure to be there next Thursday night, without any fail, unless hindered by the providence of God?"

"I will," she replied. I rode on to the next house, and the lady came to the door. I asked her if she would attend a prayer-meeting, to be held in the school-house next Thursday night. She seemed surprised.

Well, I would like to be there. But who will be there, and who will conduct it?" I answered:

"If two of you or more will be there, meeting in the name of Christ, he will be there, and you will have a good meeting."

I told both these persons to tell all their neighbors that there would be a prayer-meeting in the school-house on Thursday night. I rode on, and called at the next door.

"Do you know that there is to be a prayer-meeting in the school-house next Thursday night?" said I to the lady.

"Why, no," she answered, "I have not heard of it. *Is* there to be a prayer-meeting?"

"Yes, and I want you to promise me that you will go to it, and invite your friends to go."

To be sure I will—go myself and invite others," she replied, speaking with animation.

I rode to the next house, and addressed a lady sitting at an open window. I asked her if she would go to the prayer-meeting, of which I told her. She replied:

"I will not only go myself, but I will give notice of it to my school, and ask the scholars to invite their parents."

"Are you the teacher of that school?"

"I am."

Here ended my conversations and invitations, and all had only occupied a few minutes of time. I rode into the town, eight miles away, and said to some of my Christian friends that they must go and attend that prayer-meeting. They did go, and found about 130 gathered for prayer. There followed a great religious seriousness. The prayer-meeting was maintained. A congregation has been gathered, a church organized, and now they are building themselves a house of worship.

Luther's Good Preacher.

"I would not have preachers," said Luther, "torment their hearers with long and tedious preaching. When I am in the pulpit, I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom above forty are here in church; but I have an eye to the multitudes of young people, children and servants, of whom there are above two thousand.

"Christ taught by parables, that all could understand, and this is the art of speaking. Philip Melancthon and Justus Jonas are learned men, well skilled in the Scriptures. I would not make a step into the pulpit for them."

It is said that Melancthon, on some occasion, arose to preach a sermon on the text, "I am the good shepherd." On looking around on his numerous and respectable audience, his natural timidity overcame him, and he could only repeat the text over and over again. Luther, who was in the desk with him, at length exclaimed, "You are a very good sheep!" and telling him to sit down, took the same text, and preached an excellent discourse from it.

Where is Paradise?

1st. Paradise is where the tree of life is; for the tree of life is in the midst of the paradise of God.—Rev. ii: 7.

2d. The tree of life is where the river of the water of life is; for the tree of life is on either side of that river.—Rev. xxii: 2.

3d. The river of water of life is where the throne of God and the Lamb is; for that river proceeds out of it.—Rev. xxii: 2.

4th. The throne of God and the Lamb is in the city where there shall be no more curse, no night, no need of candles, of moon or sun to shine in it; where there is no temple, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.—Rev. xxi: 22, 23; and xxii: 3, 5.

5th. This city is heaven. Heaven is my throne.—Isa. lxvi: 1; Matt. v: 34.

The conclusion is, that where heaven is, there is paradise.

To this conclusion conforms the language of the Apostle, in 2. Cor. xii., declaring, in the second verse, he knew a man caught up to the third heaven, and in the fourth, into paradise. The assumption that the Apostle intends different places, seems entirely gratuitous.

The Apostle says caught up. The Creed says, Jesus descended. The *termini ad quem* are manifestly different. Not that Jesus did not go to paradise, as he promised the penitent thief; but the paradise to which he went was the presence of "Almight God," with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Tolerant Spirit of Mr. Whitefield.

The Rev. compiler of the late Mr. Whitefield's life relates an attempt of the two Erskines, and the Associate Presbytery, to make Mr. Whitefield subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant. Among other proposals, they offered to send two of their brethren with him to England, and two more into America, to settle Presbytery in each. Suppose, said Mr. Whitefield, a number of Independents should come and declare, that after the greatest search, they were convinced that Independency was the right Church government, and would disturb nobody if tolerated? No, I cannot subscribe, and abridge my usefulness.

And here, very probably, ended a conference which Mr. Whitefield considered as an insult to the rights of mankind. When Mr. Erskine, to engage Mr. Whitefield to preach only for them, urged, "We are the Lord's people;" "if others," replied Mr. Whitefield, "be the devil's people, they have more need to be preached to. For my part, all places are alike to me, and if the Pope himself would lend me his pulpit I would gladly proclaim in it the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ." Referring to a sermon preached by a minister of the Associate Presbytery, at the close of the conference above mentioned, Mr. Whitefield afterwards remarked: "The good man so spent himself in the former part of his sermon in talking against Prelacy, the Common Prayer Book, the surplice, the rose in the hat, and such like externals, that when he came to the latter part of his text, to invite poor sinners to Jesus Christ, his breath was so gone that he could scarce be heard." Let all Christian ministers take care that they do not spend their energies on comparatively unimportant matters, to the neglect of the grand themes by which their ministry should be distinguished—"repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."—*United Methodist Free Church Magazine.*

Interesting Incident.

A writer in the Boston *Congregationalist* mentions an incident as having been related at the recent meeting of the General Association in New-Bedford, which we had not before heard. It is as follows:

Col. Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut Regiment, asked Gov. Buckingham for an evangelical chaplain, to make (as he said,) his soldiers the best of troops. He was not a Christian himself—quite the reverse; but he told the Governor that he had noticed that the bravest, most reliable men in danger were the religious ones. Hence his request.

The Governor readily promised to grant it; but before the interview closed, tenderly said to the Colonel: "You seem anxious about your men, that they may become Christians; do you feel no concern about yourself?" It was but a word or two of inquiry and appeal, and they separated.

The bloody fight of Roanoke was over, and Col. Russell was among the dead. He had fallen leading on those brave men to victory. But before that fatal day, he had sought the acquaintance of a Christian officer for guidance in the way of salvation. And to that Christian friend he stated that the few short, faithful words of the Governor had been the means of arousing his conscience to the subject of his own salvation, as they became the instrument of the Holy Spirit in preparing him, a pardoned, regenerated man, for the sudden termination of his early career. A word fitly spoken—how good it is.

God Our Keeper.

Adam had his salvation in his own hands, he could not keep it. Esau had his birthright in his own hands, he could not keep it. The prodigal had his patrimony in his own hands, he could not keep it. If our soul were left in our own hands, we could not keep it. The world is a false keeper. The devil is a churlish keeper. The body is a brittle and inconstant keeper. God only is the sure keeper.