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To a Daughter Just Entering Womanhood

Thou art going up life's way;
I am going down:
The cross thou hast not lifted yet;
I am near my crown.

Scarce hast thou tasted earthly joys;
I have drank, yet thirst:
Nor grief nor sorrow stirs thy heart;
Mine is nigh to burst.

Friends are thronging round thy path;
Mine mostly are in heaven:
Love yet is in the bud for thee;
Its fruit to me is given.

There's light and beauty on thy brow;
Mine is dull and sear:
Health, hope, and courage gird thee now;
I am weary, weary here.

Life opens fair and bright to thee,
Like the sunny Spring;
Heaven seems brighter far to me,
And earth is vanishing,

Soon I shall stand where angels sing,
Glad on yonder shore,
And fold my spirit's tired wing,
Resting evermore.

There I will wait for thee, my child,
Storing my heart's full love;
God guard and guide thee safely on,
Joining our lives above.

—*The Mother and Her Work.*

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Fallacies and Falsities about Religion.

BY J. F. M'LAREN.

The refutation of calumnious statements, although a work of justice and benevolence, is not always a pleasant work. Like a surgical operation, however, it is sometimes absolutely necessary. Though the libelous allegations may do more harm to their authors than they do to religion; nay, because they do, the impulse of Christian benevolence prompts to their exposure. Besides, their unchecked currency may give them credit, and the power to annoy and injure unwary souls. They commonly assume some taking and convenient form, for more ready lodgment in the popular mind; and they acquire by long use, a snakish lubricity, for slipping through the hands of those who seize them; and thus they go about, startling the timid with their hiss and rattle, and inserting the venom of their bite into the veins of the weak and unwary.

I propose to notice several of these popular fallacies and falsities, that have, from time immemorial, haunted men's minds, prejudicing them against religion; and which, probably, were never more on the lips and in the ears of people than at the present time.

1. *The number and rivalry of sects* is alleged as a proof of the uncertainty and insufficiency of the evidences of Christianity. "Agree among yourselves what is the true doctrine, and then I will consider the claims of your religion." This looks very formidable, and has undoubtedly done much mischief among those who think little, or who think under the leading of a hostile prejudice. But the diversity of religious belief is not proportionate to the number of ecclesiastical denominations. National and other accidental circumstances have given rise to difference of organization and name while there was no real diversity of belief or order. For example, there are several branches of the Presbyterian Church, holding the same faith. Some have sprung from Holland, some from Germany, some from Scotland, whence they have brought some peculiarities of mode and order, but their faith is the same. It is as unreasonable to call these different religions as it would be to assign to different species or genera the plants that have, though confessedly of the same kind, been slightly affected by variety of climate, soil, or culture. Moreover, it must be observed, that under the name of Christian denominations, are commonly included some that have no just title to that name. This, of course, swells the number and increases the variety, and gives a more incongruous aspect to nominal Christendom. But it is unfair to include un-Christian and anti-Christian organizations under the name of Christian. All subjects of human thought and interest, as well as religion, would have their character endangered, if they were treated in this style, and held responsible for the vagaries of visionary, fanatical and foolish claimants of their name. But who brands Mechanical Philosophy or Chemistry with disgrace because of the chemerical speculations concerning perpetual motion and the philosopher's stone? Truth is not responsible for the aberrations of folly, and she should not suffer for faults against which she earnestly and honestly protests.

But, again, the nature of the human mind is best represented by some variety of opinion, on this as on other subjects of moral evidence. I know not the time or place, where all people, if they thought at all, thought exactly alike on the subject of politics. There are always two parties, and usually a number more, for the accommodation of mental oddities and eccentricities. This occurs on a subject less complex and comprehensive than religion. What speeches in legislative halls, what stump orations, what veteran columns in newspapers, are perpetually discussing the political theme! And yet men are not brought to uniformity of views. The nature of the human mind does not admit of it. Now, what judgment should the infidel caviler form, on this state of affairs? Why, he should pronounce all political science a humbug; he should maintain that all politicians and statesmen are the subjects of delusion or the agents of deception; he should deny the patriotism of every party and of every man; he should say to the Jeffersons, the Adamses, the Jacksons, and the Clays: "Gentlemen, agree among yourselves, become harmonious in your opinions, and united in your organization, and then I will consider the claims of your political creed." And until they did so, he should abjure all allegiance to the country, disown its constitution and despise its loyal citizens. But he is guilty of no such injustice and stupidity, on any subject but religion.

And let it further be observed, that the central and essential principles on which evangelical Christians are agreed, are specially offensive to him, even while he is railing and ranting about their diversities. It is, really, not the difference but the agreement among them, that disturbs him. The depravity of man, the atonement, justification by grace, the retributive justice of God, the obligation to holiness, are precisely the articles of their common creed, which he regards with the greatest repugnance. And he attributes their concurrence in these, to collusion, or to blind, unthinking submission to educational influence or clerical authority. This sneering enemy of religion, indulging his hostility at one time on the differences, and again on the agreement of its friends, demonstrates nothing, after all, so clearly as this, that his opposition to it arises not from conviction, but from blind prejudice. At the same time, the facts of the case are in perfect accordance with the wholesome and free working of the human mind; while the diversity of opinion on some points, and the earnest concurrence on others, afford proof of the honesty of the convictions resulting from personal investigation.

The Real Unity of the Church.

There is scarcely anything that illustrates with greater beauty and power the real unity of the Church, than the fact that the same songs are to a great extent sung by every denomination of Christians. Many hymns are the property of all believers of every name. You hear them wherever you go to worship, and see them, no matter what book of Psalmody you open. Cowper and Newton were both members of the Church of England, and Dr. Watts was a Nonconformist Divine; but how often is the great heart of the universal Church borne up to heaven on the wings of their verse! That beautiful hymn of Cowper,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

how arrogant would it be for any one denomination to claim *it* as *their* song, when truthfully expressing the emotions of every pious heart; men of every possible shade of theological belief sing it!

When even fierce theological combatants seek to express their pious emotions in poetry, the fact is quite noteworthy, that they oftentimes utter substantially the same views of truth. Toplady and Wesley belonged to this class. Indeed, our heart sickens as we read even the titles of the polemic pamphlets that through the press these good men hurled at each other. As the hyper-Calvinist, Toplady could see nothing good in Wesley; nor, as a thorough Arminian, could Wesley tolerate the creed of Toplady. And great reproach did the Church in their day suffer from their mutual acrimony. But both of these men were poets, and have made to the songs of Zion valuable contributions. And in these, how perfectly alike do we see they were at heart! It was Toplady who wrote that beautiful hymn,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

And John Wesley that one so like it in sentiment,

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

Examining, some time since, the excellent supplement of the "Church Psalmist," and observing two hymns so similar in sentiment as for that reason to be especially marked, and to be placed in immediate connexion, what was our surprise, upon turning to the index, to find that John Wesley wrote one, and Augustus Toplady another! The first sang,

"Fixed on this Rock will I remain
When heart shall fail and flesh decay;
A Rock which shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away."

The last,

"My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace."

Behold, how "we being many are one bread (loaf) and one body." Toplady and Wesley, quarreling all their lives upon the question whether a Christian can fall from grace, singing the praises of God as harmoniously upon this very point as if they were twin angels!—*Am. Presbyterian.*

[WESLEY'S stanza declares the writer's purpose. It affirms what *he* will do, and is hence Arminian.

"Fixed on this Rock *will I remain.*"

TOPLADY'S stanza declares a confidence in the Divine purpose:

"In marks of *indelible grace.*"

It is hence Calvinistic.

But there is truth and piety in both. The Christian can sing the one when humbly and reverently expressing his devotedness to God; and the other when declaring the assurance of his hope, as fixed on the Saviour's unchanging love.—ED.]

Nothing to Spare.

"I have found nothing to spare," is the plea of sordid reluctance. But a far different sentiment will be formed amid the scenes of the last day. Men now persuade themselves that they have nothing to spare till they can support a certain style of luxury, and have provided for the establishment of children. But in the awful hour, when you and I, and all pagan nations, shall be called from our graves to stand before the bar of Christ, what comparison will these objects bear to the salvation of a single soul? Eternal Mercy! let not the blood of heathen millions be found in our skirts! Standing, as I now do, in the sight of a dissolving universe, beholding the dead arise, the world in flames, the heavens fleeing away, all nations convulsed with terror, or wrapt in the vision of the Lamb, I pronounce the conversion of a single pagan of more value than all the wealth Omnipotence ever produced. On such an awful subject it becomes me to speak with caution; but I solemnly avow, that were there but one heathen in the world, and he in the remotest corner of Asia, if no greater duty confined us at home, it would be worth the pains of all the people of America to embark together to carry the Gospel to him. Place your soul in his soul's stead; or rather, consent for a moment to change condition with the savages on our borders. Were you posting on to the judgment of the great day in the darkness and pollution of pagan idolatry, and were they living in wealth in this very district of the Church, how hard would it seem for your neighbors to neglect your misery! When you should open your eyes in the eternal world, and discover the ruin in which they had suffered you to remain, how would you reproach them that they did not even sell their possessions, if no other means were sufficient, to send the Gospel to you! My flesh trembles at the prospect! But they shall not reproach us. It shall be known in heaven that we could pity our brethren. We will send them all the relief in our power, and will enjoy the luxury of reflecting what happiness we may entail on generations yet unborn.—*E. D. Griffin.*

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Garibaldi and his Attitude—Anxiety at Turin—Is the French Emperor in the Plot?—What Meaneth it?—British Merchants, "Contraband of War," and Federal Seizures—Lord Russel Unsympathizing—His Counsel, Calmness, and Fairness—History, Adams and Russel—A Painful Story, if true—The Waldenses and Colonel Beckwith—"A Friend in Need" Departed—Demonstrations at the Crystal Palace—The Odd Fellows and the Temperance Men—Parliament Prorogued—The Dispatch Box—The Closing Scene—"S. C. O." and the Canterbury "Scandal"—Canons and Cathedrals versus "the Gospel to the Poor"—Agrarian Murder—Bailiffs and Agents—Murderers Sheltered—Postscript.

LONDON, August 9, 1862.

GARIBALDI has been, and is still, in Sicily, delivering also very violent harangues against the Emperor of the French, as the grand obstruction in the path of full freedom for Italy. He summons the youth to arms everywhere; and amongst the ranks of "Young Italy" there has been a great stir, and secret enlistments even at Turin have been going forward. The Italian Government is alarmed and anxious; for if Garibaldi makes an attempt on the Roman territory with a handful of brave but undisciplined youth, it is hardly to be expected that he will be able to say—as he virtually could say when almost alone he entered Naples and put to flight the Bourbons—"I came, I saw, I conquered." But the special danger is, that the Austrians may either find their own territory invaded, or discover a sufficient excuse in any tresspass on the Papal territories for a rush across the frontiers with an overwhelming force, and then, as the natural consequence, an attempt to recover lost ground in Lombardy, and so to inaugurate a crisis, the issue of which might be most disastrous to the nascent liberties of the Italian kingdom. The English Press, without an exception—including the *Morning Star*, which is Ultra Radical—remonstrates with Garibaldi. The *Times*, with its accustomed power, draws a parallel between him and the Earl of Warwick, the "King-maker" of England's history:

"With a facility almost miraculous, he plucked down from his seat the feeble heir of the house of Lancaster, and placed in his stead the valiant and youthful sovereign, his companion-in-arms, and his trusted friend and ally. Growing discontented with the very state of things he had created, he flung down, with the same wonderful ease, the King whom he had made. But he was unable to maintain his victory. The nation reversed the policy of Warwick, and he perished ingloriously, leaving behind him the name of a great military chief, but of a fickle and unsound politician."

When Garibaldi has appeared in his place in the Italian Parliament, he has been like Samson shorn of the locks which were the source of his strength. The ardent spirit was still there, but the administrative and legislative faculties were utterly wanting. A vehement outburst of pent-up emotions in what could not be called a speech, but which was damaging to him, was the issue, and wise men sadly looked on, as after that whirlwind of passion, he left the Chamber. Not to any one man does God impart a universal genius. Our own great warrior-Duke was a poor orator, and rather a bigoted and purblind politician—although O'Connel, by his agitation, opened both his eyes and those of Peel to the urgent danger of civil war, unless Roman Catholic emancipation were granted. There are first-class Generals both in America and England, at this moment, as well as in every country in Europe, who are emphatically *men of action*, and great as such, but to whom it would be most unsafe to commit, as to proper legislators, a country's destinies, or to expect them to name the time for an uprising against a common foe. Such is it with Garibaldi. "No one," says the *Times*, "whatever the benefits he may have conferred, has acquired a right to ruin the people upon whom he has conferred them. We therefore are glad to see that the King of Italy, though we do not doubt with the most sincere reluctance, has issued a proclamation warning the young not to be carried away by illusion, not to forget the duty of gratitude to those who have been the best allies of Italy, and not to make the name of Rome, the desire of all, the signal for war. The King will speak when the hour arrives. Every other summons, says the Proclamation, is that of rebellion and civil war. The responsibility, and the rigor of the law, will fall upon those who will not listen to this appeal."

It is a mistake to suppose that the French Emperor is in collusion with Garibaldi. This movement gives him the greatest uneasiness at the baths of Vichy, where he is being treated for the restoration of his health. It is *possible* it may be overruled for hastening the withdrawment of the French troops from Rome, and that this is Garibaldi's design. It is surmised by some that it is *not* Italy, but Hungary and Servia, that are likely to be the scene of insurrection, and it is affirmed that the Hungarian leaders are "on the wing," passing to and fro. A short time will show what is meant. Certainly the Pope and Antonelli are as obstinate as ever, and the Jesuit Doctors at Rome are disgusting Europe afresh by lectures, the thesis of which is in substance that Romanism and resistance to modern progress, so-called, are the true conservators of real liberty. A French Liberal paper advises Garibaldi to extricate himself from the antagonism created between him and Victor Emmanuel, by an expedition to the Turkish Provinces on the Adriatic.

CERTAIN British merchants have written to Lord Russel, the Foreign Secretary, complaining that while the Queen's Proclamation has announced our neutrality, and forbidden the supply of arms to either South or North, that practically the Federals get all they want, and that their vessels take out supplies to New-York, while other Federal vessels intercept all supplies on the way to Charleston. One ship stops contraband of war, the other carries it. A United States clipper loads in our ports with rifles and gunpowder, while a Federal frigate hovers about the offing, ready to pounce upon any such cargo consigned to Southerners. In this service the Federal officers are exceedingly active, and the merchants who write to Lord Russel, declare that their goods are not safe from seizure in British bottoms sailing from one British port to another. They also complain, that if the American Prize Court should condemn the seizure, there is no adequate compensation to be expected for the damage.

The retort of the Federal Government is, that traffic in contraband of war, is notoriously carried on; that ships sail from British ports with the fixed purpose of running the blockade, and that the Federal cruisers, therefore, are justified in looking after such craft, even in the Bahama waters. Lord Russel sides with the Federal Government, declares to the forty merchants that theirs' is virtually an unlawful trade, and gives it as his advice that "the merchants and shipowners of Liverpool should refrain from this species of trade." He is clearly, and justly, of opinion that people who engage in unlawful commerce, cannot invoke very loudly the protection of the law. The ships of the North, say the memorialists, "are now blockading the British port of Nassau as if it were a Confederate port;" but the Foreign Secretary replies that the said port is regarded as the great entrepot of the contraband trade, and that the vigilance of the Federal vessels is therefore not surprising.

Now all this is perfectly right, and yet when Lord Russel thus writes, his conduct be it remembered, is consistent with his *general* conduct in regard to this strife. Depend upon it, if the Tories had their way, and dared to take upon themselves the responsibility, they would act very differently. Whatever irritation of feeling may now exist, and however newspapers of a certain class on either side may hurl mutual javelins of wrathful accusation—imputing all possible bad motives—the conduct of Lord Russel as a whole, and as Mr. Adams, the Ambassador, knows in his constant intercourse with him, has been frank, manly, honest and friendly. When History traces the story of the war, he and Mr. Adams will, side by side, be shown as cautious, calm, wise, and able statesmen.

THE WALDENSES have lost one of their their best friends, a friend in need and in deeds, whose name and person, as Major General Beckwith, must be familiar to many American gentleman who have visited the vallies of the Vaudois. "He had dedicated himself," to use the words of Amedeo Bert, a Waldensian pastor, "to the work of promoting the intellectual and religious welfare of that poor Alpine people, who had been until 1848, oppressed by the Jesuit and clerical government." And as the fruit of this resolve—"He did prodigies of charity and personal sacrifices—established more than a hundred schools—built churches and houses for pastors and masters—urged public instruction onward in the path which should be trodden by the citizens of a free country, and especially by Protestants. He raised the condition of the women, by receiving in an institution long maintained by himself alone, Waldensian girls, who, on returning to their families, carried back and imparted to them, knowledge, order, and sincere piety—in a word, he consecrated thirty-four years of his life to protecting, benefitting, and directing to worthy ends, a population who will for ever call him their regenerator, and father. He took a wife from among his beloved villagers, that he might be more closely united to them; and as Italy had in Cavour its most powerful promoter and supporter of unity, progress and freedom, so Beckwith was the Cavour of the Waldensians, and his name and memory will be ever blessed among the Protestants of Piedmont."

The name of this devoted man was long a familiar one at the tables of the Committees of the British and Foreign Bible Societies, and of the Religious Tract Society. He was one of the many and ever-increasing number of pious officers who form "The Church in the Army." He had lost a leg at Waterloo, but the wooden one which supplied its place, did not prevent climing the loftiest Vaudois mountains; that he might personally inspect the schools which he had founded.

GREAT DEMONSTRATIONS, annual in their character, have taken place this week at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and under bright and genial skies. The first of these was the fête of the Odd Fellows, a kind of Trades Corporation and Mutual Benefit Society, which numbers hundreds of thousands in its ranks, and has its ramifications over England, specially in the Northern and Midland Counties. These men carry banners, have bands of music, wear scarfs and badges, and march in order—generally accompanied by their wives, families, and female friends and acquaintances. They are peaceable and prosperous, and their funds for charitable purposes are very large. On the occasion of their visiting Sydenham Palace and grounds Blondeu, the French Canadian, soon after a full display of the whole fountains, walked along the high rope which stretches to an immense distance over the terrace fountains in front of the great building; and by special request, wheeled an Odd Fellow (and a *rash* fellow,) across the rope.

The second demonstration was that of the Temperance men, or Teetotallers of England, who even in London, have greatly increased, and whose numbers are swelled by the "Band of Hope" movement in Sunday Schools.

PARLIAMENT is prorogued. Accompanied by "a friend" of yours—amiable and worthy—I had influence enough to get into the crowd of members of the Commons, who marched down the grand corridor, headed by the Speaker, into the House of Lords. I also, with him, had a glimpe before this of seeing the Royal Dispatch Box which contained the "speech" enclosed, and the Great Seal also—which had been used at the Privy Council held on Wednesday at Balmoral. A Queen's messenger had been travelling all night by express train, bearing the speech. We saw also the Queen's *own writing*—a label, as it were, not *on* the Dispatch Box, but on a long slip of paper, peeping out from under the covering lid, and marked, in a bold, yet feminine hand, "The Lord Chancellor;" "The Queen:" Five Peers, in their robes, the Lord Chancellor in the midst, occupied a velvet-covered seat in front of the (vacant) throne, and gave the Royal assent to a number of Bills; after which the Chancellor, *sitting*, (as the Queen does on such occasions,) as well as his fellow Commissioners, read the "speech." It indicates most strongly that England will *not* interfere in the Civil War.

A CHURCH SCANDAL has been lately exposed in the columns of the *Times*, by a clergyman of aristocratic family, the Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne—the famous "S. G. O." It appears that a scarcely fledged candidate for orders was suddenly ordained, in order that he might be hoisted over the heads of his senior Rectors—another *not* of the diocese was put into the Caning in Salisbury Cathedral, and that the Bishops of Oxford and Salisbury were more or less compromised. "Slippery Samuel," of Oxford, has tried to clear himself on the one hand, and some friend of the Bishop of Salisbury has been white-washing him on the other. The former Prelate, "S. G. O." is disposed to absolve, because, he says, "four days before the publication of my letter, he suspended his intention of ordaining the young man, priest before his time." But *why* consent to it at first? Because Dr. Wilberforce was privy to the design of vile patronage-conspirators. Why recoil, when even Dr. Oxford thought the youth's claims on him "so remarkable"? Let J. C., (quere, Dr. Cumming,) another writer in the *Times*, give his interpretation and comment: "If it is true that Mr. Fisher's claims" upon the Bishop of Oxford's consideration are "in many respects so remarkable," does it not appear that great injustice is done by postponing his promotion to the priesthood, which, of course, his singular merits and the interests of religion required, on the miserable plea that it would affect unfairly the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury?

"We have heard," adds the severely just and satirical "J. C.," "many laments lately of the degeneracy of candidates for the ministry. Can we wonder at it, when men of 'many remarkable claims,' like Mr. Fisher, are kept back by such paltry considerations." But "S. G. O." is not to let go his hold with regard to the proposed Canonry presentation, and in the early part of this week held up his rod, *with the "briny" pickle* dripping off it, in the sight of the trembling culprits, and as he does so he says, "I am now in a position, if necessary, to make very clear the chief features of 'the transaction' at Salisbury with reference to a vacant state and living. But I wait yet a little, before I pursue the subject to its legitimate conclusion." Imagine what the guilty felt when they read these words—how the old foxes began to run to cover and hide themselves! The Canons of Cathedrals have presentations in their "turn," and it appears that before this last case, the same body bestowed a living on a stranger because he was the cousin of a certain Canon's wife! These Canons get a handsome sum for "a month's" or longer "residence"—i. e., coming from their country livings and spending an easy time of it in being present at the chaunting and Liturgical services morning and evening, and preaching occasionally. There are, besides, Canon's Residentiary, i. e., permanently resident.

The Cathedral system is Rome-derived. It has furnished at times learned leisure for scholars—such as is Dr. Alford, the Dean of Canterbury—and has opened the way for faithful preaching by able and evangelical men, such as Canon Bickersteth, (now Bishop of Ripon,) who at Salisbury waked up the echoes of the voice of the faithful Jewel, of King Edward's age. But Cathedral towns, as a rule, are spiritually dead; somnolent formalism prevails, and sums are paid for "services" well nigh unprofitable, which would support many a faithful Bible-Reader, or parish clergyman, and carry out, wide and free, the purpose and example of Him who gloried in that "to the poor the Gospel is preached," as the crowning glory of his Spiritual kingdom, and even above and beyond miracles, the test and proof irresistible of his Messiahship.

The two Bishops indicated in the foregoing are *the* men who have been most eager in prosecuting and denouncing "*Essayism*" and its abettors. But the inevitable result of such scandalous, underhand dealing, as to Church patronage, is to cause a reaction of popular sympathy with the persecuted; to harden in their errors the apostles of Negativism; to stereotype Dissent, and to lay up in the cells of a Nation's memory facts which—*suddenly*, even though not soon—bring down to the dust a system which disgusts by its worldliness and covetous views.

IRELAND is again—in the town of Tipperary—the scene of a horrible murder, perpetrated on Mr. Braddel, a Receiver of rents, as he sat transacting official business in a room of the principal hotel. His murderer, Michael Hayes, had been formerly employed by him as a "bailiff," and assisted, with stern fidelity and cruelty, in the "eviction" of tenants in arrears within the period of 1847 and 1850, when the small farmers, ruined by the famine, got into arrears. None of the sufferers themselves threatened Mr. Braddel. But the latter had given evidence against Hayes' son, who was tried recently for murder, and was even himself threatened with eviction. The Land Agents, to my own knowledge, used to be—even in Ulster—a very proud, oppressive class. One I knew, who made a great profession of religion, but whose bailiffs scoured the country, their very looks being those of unfeeling, brutal men, and their acts corresponded. This man was waked up one day by a tremendous and sudden assault on his dwelling and premises—surrounded by "Tommy Downshire's men"—a popular uprising urged on by that "oppression" which "drives wise men mad," and which turns the non-wise into murderers.

The worst feature in these affairs, as I have repeatedly noticed, is the shelter and sympathy for the murderers by the populace. Baron Deasy (Judge) has been denouncing this, and plainly hinting what the priests should do; but does not Archbishop Hale set off against such atrocities, imaginary murders of the people, by the really generous British Government and Poor Law Board, and does not Popery so debauch the conscience, and make the eye of the understanding so purblind, and so steel hearts naturally kind, as to prove—by the bloody issues such as now strike terror into the souls of the Irish gentry in the South—that "killing" is no murder.

J. W.

Nothing Mine but God.

In the Memoir of Mrs. Savage, the sister of Matthew Henry, the Commentator, is this entry in her diary: "*Resolved*, To call nothing mine but God." How forcibly does the expression remind us of the Saviour's requirement—"Whosoever he be that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple; and, at the same time, of the Apostle's inventory of the Christian's possessions, "All things are yours." Truly, if this be so, "He that loseth his life shall find it."

Finding a Home.

We often hear bitter complaints of the coldness and unsociable habits of city congregations. A gentleman once told us that he was a regular attendant for a year at a certain church, and neither pastor nor worshippers ever spoke to him during that period, and he left in search of a more genial home. This is an extreme case, no doubt; but many churches lose moral power by their neglect of strangers. The *Congregationalist* tells a good story, with a moral:

"Uncle Elam" is a Christian. All who know him admit this, even those very moral people who are themselves "no great sinners," but who continually inveigh against the faults of "church members," and affirm their willingness to believe in religion, if all its advocates were like "Uncle Elam." He is a "pillar" of the church with which he is connected, both spiritually and financially. I have not taken my pen to eulogize "Uncle Elam," however, but simply to tell one of his stories, for Uncle Elam's stories always have a moral.

This good man was once a stranger in a certain place, and was seeking a church with which to worship, or, in his words, "*wanted to find a home.*" "Upon inquiry," says Uncle Elam, 'I found there were two churches of my way of thinking within a few miles, so I harnessed up and drove to the nearest one. I tied my horse to the fence and went in. After waiting a little while a sleepy-looking man came and said, 'Seat, sir?' I bowed, and followed him into the house. The preacher was evidently a spiritual man, and his discourse was edifying. The morning service closed, and the minister followed his congregation out. There seemed to me to be much coldness between pastor and people, and among the people also. There were no pleasant greetings, no cordial hand-shakings; only a few stiff bows, and they separated. No one spoke to me. I walked around a little, stood in the entry a while, and then went back to the seat the sexton had given me. At the close of the *afternoon* service I went home, feeling that there was no Christian cordiality there, and but precious little Christian courtesy. Still I didn't wish to judge hastily, and the next Sabbath I went again, and found the same freezing coldness, only varied by a sharp look from the sexton, that plainly said he didn't like to give me that seat every Sabbath. No one noticed me, no one apparently cared whether I loved the Lord, or was going down to eternal death. So I went home, saying to myself, 'My heart is too warm to find a home there.'

"Well, the next Sabbath I drove to the more distant church, hitched my horse, and was just going up the steps when a gentleman, who had observed me from the door, met me with a pleasant 'Good morning, sir,' adding, 'it is very windy, and if you will permit me, I will tie your horse in a warmer place.' Now, a merciful man is merciful to his beast, and that little thoughtfulness for pony's comfort took right hold of me. Two or three gentlemen in the entry spoke to me, making some pleasant remarks upon the weather. The sexton accosted me heartily, just as I was a brother sinner, and he was glad I had come to God's house, remarking that he would lead me to a seat. The subject of discourse was Vicarious Atonement, one that always melts my heart, and my eyes too, pretty likely; for after service a man spoke to me, saying, 'I noticed, sir, that you were affected during the sermon; may I inquire if you enjoy Christ's love?'

"Christ's love! how my heart bounded at those dear words! That was just what I wanted to talk about. I was at home then. The minister came along, shaking hands right and left, and spoke to me, and others spoke, and my heart was glad; for we are all brothers in this world of darkness, and what little we can do to make the way pleasant for each other we should never grudge doing. Strangers need especial notice, and every one who loves our Lord Jesus Christ should be always ready to notice the stranger within our gates, and inquire after the welfare of his soul. If he is the Saviour's disciple he will like to speak of his love; but if he is unrenewed, he may be in just that frame of mind when a word fitly spoken may lead him to the Father. I enjoyed the second service, and drove along praising God that I had found a *home*, and a blessed home it has been to me, from that day to this."

How Do You Read the Bible?

If you are a Sabbath School teacher, we take it for granted that you read the Bible. You read a chapter before you kneel to pray. Custom has made this a part of worship. You examine the verses which are to form the Sunday lesson of your class. You hunt up parallel texts by which you can throw light upon the lesson. You search perhaps for passages which you can use in urging some particular truth or duty upon your scholars. You take an intellectual pleasure in making yourself acquainted with the facts of Scripture history, or the arguments for Christian doctrine and church order. But do you read the Bible for food for your own soul? Do you read it, as children in high health eat pleasant food, with eagerness and for very pleasure? Are you involuntarily drawn toward it, as you are toward an unfinished tale in which your feelings have become enlisted? Do you snatch a moment now and then to read a verse or a chapter, or to repeat some precious passage from memory; and does your soul rest and expatiate in the truth thus conveyed, not merely for the beauty of the expressions, or for any hallowed associations connected with the words, but because they are the soul's vital breath, its necessary food, that which it craves for its very life, support, and comfort? Can you say with the Psalmist, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste, yea sweeter than honey to my mouth"—"Mine eyes fail [as one does when exhausted with hunger] for thy word, saying, When wilt thou comfort me?"—"I opened my mouth and panted, for I longed for thy commandments"—"O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day."

Teacher, parent, friend, minister of the Gospel—if you thus feed your own soul with the Word, you have the best preparation for feeding others. If you have never before learned this secret, begin to know it now. Taste for yourself this precious feast. It is the only pleasure that does not cloy. Desire here grows with enjoyment. Indulgence here is not excess. When your Bible and your religion flood your whole being with a happiness that speaks out unbidden in every look of your eye, in every word of your mouth, in every movement of your person, then truly will scholars, friends, people, learn from you as they have never learned before, as we learn the nature of the sunlight by standing in its rays, not by having a description of them. If you would truly let your light shine, first get the light in your own soul.

Sociability in the Church.

It has often occurred to us that there is a serious want of the *social* element in the relations of the members of our *American* churches toward each other. As a general thing, in our cities, they met only at church, where a mere formal recognition only is possible. There is comparatively little intimate and friendly social intercourse, except in select circles.

Why is it, why should Christians, in whom the nobler and purer instincts of our natures are developed professedly to a degree approximating the acknowledged ideal of social feeling, be less social than others. Selfishness, exclusiveness, pride, which obtain amongst others, are crucified with them. They are worshippers of that God, who "respects not the *persons* of men." These social vices, which create and keep eternally separate the reputed classes of society, cannot be regarded by Christians. This would effectively ignore the great law of Christian equality, "one is your master, even Christ, and all *ye* are brethren." But what of the theory when the facts are against it? Where and when do Christians illustrate these principles?

The time was when Christians—all Christians—acknowledged themselves as sustaining the most endeared and tender relations toward each other. When a community of feeling and of property was every where recognized. But there was but *one* such instance. There is manifestly not much reason to expect that the example will be imitated it this materialistic age. A church in a neighboring city is in this respect, probably, a type of many others. Here for years the great difficulty in the way of its prosperity is the great apparent want of sociability. "Strangers" occasionally come to the church, but the social atmosphere is such that they seldom or never repeat their visits. No friendly hand is extended to point them to a seat. If they can find one (as in such congregations for manifest reasons they are not difficult to obtain,) they are allowed to retire with an unpleasantly matured impression that where even there is *so* much space *they* are not wanted. Possibly the visitor was a humble, plainly attired person, and instantly there comes the unpleasant retrospection that this was the cause of the neglect to recognize the "stranger."

Or, if this impression be not formed, others will be equally effectual, in the way of this renewal of an attempt at securing further acquaintance with the Church.

"But I am under no obligations to live upon terms of social familiarity with all Christians." Granted. And what of that? There are *duties*, however, which you owe to all such, which cannot be performed without seeking their acquaintance, even the poorest and humblest of them, and finding them frequently, as Onesiphorus did Paul "when he sought him out diligently." These have special claims upon their more honored and influential brethren. There is with such, a natural and oft-times an excusable hesitancy in pressing their claims to recognition. The fear that such advances would be thought presumptuous or annoying, often deters the poor from making the acquaintance of the rich. But the case is far otherwise with them. Look in upon the Sabbath congregations in many of our larger churches, and we have before us the insignia of fashion thrust before us in all its belittling and empty pretensions, chilling out the little life-warmth of Christirnity which the formalities of worship only serve to maintain. There is certainly a great reform needed in the *sociale* of our churches, and the sooner it is inaugurated the better.—*Meth. Protestant.*

Death and The Grave.

Death and the grave are dreatful realities. We shudder at dissolution. We fear the judgment of the Most High God, and are overwhelmed when we stand just on the entrance of eternity! We know the world is little to us. We shall soon leave it. Covered with crape, we are travelling toward the resting place of the dust of our fathers! Our sins, our deathless souls, our God—oh, what amazing anxieties crowd on our aching hearts! But in the Gospel we see every thing provided for us that sin, and death, and the grave, and the judgment, and eternity can make us need. If we are to die, Jesus Christ can sympathize with us; he has died *before* us; he has died *for* us. Oh, death, where is thy sting? Death may be a terror to nature, but death is the servant of the Christian. *Death is yours.* Ye are not death's. He shall not hurt you. All he can do is to take up the trembling believer, and put him into the arms of Jesus Christ, when he *comes again to receive him to himself.* If we are to give our bodies to the grave, we know who owns it, who has conquered it, and robbed it of its victory. Ah, more; we know *how* he robbed it. Our best Friend, our Almighty Saviour, has been down into its bosom. He has softened, sweetened, sanctified that bed of sleep. Oh, if I am an unsullied Christian, I would rather go by that dark path to heaven, than go like Elijah, with his *chariot and horses of fire!* It will be more like Christ. I shall lie where he lay. I shall prove his love. I shall experience his power. This dead body shall rise; and in heaven, sinner saved, redeemed, loved, raised from the dead and taken into the family of God—in heaven—I shall love to tell what Jesus Christ hath done for me! Angels shall hear it! I will tell it to the old prophets! I will hunt up my fathers who got there before me, and tell it to them! I will wait for my children to die, and as they come there, I will tell it to them! Oh, my God! this is enough. I will praise thee for it forever. Oh, I am comforted now. I can bury my friends, my minister, my father, my daughter; I can set my foot upon the grave; and, with a heart filled with comfort from the God of heaven, I can wait the day when that stilled heart shall beat again, and those dumb lips shall speak from the opened coffin, and we *shall be caught up together in the air. For our conversation is in heaven, whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.*