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REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,
Proprietor and Publisher.

[Selected.]

A Few More Days.

H. BONAR.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.

'T is but a little while,
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Mission Sabbath Schools.

Messrs. Editors:—*Dear Sirs*—Will you allow me, through your excellent paper, to say a few words to those who have charge of these schools; and to offer some suggestions which may aid them in their work? Having through life devoted much attention to the cause of Sabbath Schools, my observations may have some weight.

All who have visited, or been connected with these Mission Sabbath Schools, know of what material they are composed. Some are good, well-behaved children, but the greater part are those wild, and often rude classes, generally known as "hard cases." Now, to endeavor to teach these, there must be a way of combining what is really useful, with what will at the same time attract and please them. How to do this, is what I wish to show.

Children always love to sing; and this is one way of teaching. The hymns they learn at Sunday School, often remain in their memories through life; even though they should be thousands of miles from the place where they first learned them. And with the hymns are associated, often, the words which the teacher spoke, of Jesus—of the story of the cross. Let there be as much singing, then, as possible; not letting it be confined to *one* or *two* verses, as it sometimes is. There are many, too, who cannot read, although they can easily remember; therefore, it would not be time thrown away, to teach them in this way. Let the Superintendent read one line of the hymn, and have the whole school repeat it; then another, and so on, through the hymn. Afterwards have it sung, that it may be more firmly impressed. They will learn much sooner in this way than may be supposed, if all can be made to repeat together, which they will soon do.

Short addresses generally gain the attention of the children, but they must be plain, and to the point; yet do not try to bring your mind down to make the children comprehend you. Depend upon it, children will not care much about what older persons fail to appreciate. Some speakers make a sad mistake when they talk child's talk to children. Try rather to raise their minds to, or nearer to, a level with your own, instead of coming *down* to meet theirs.

But, there is another mode of imparting instruction, which is too often neglected. It is that of reading to the school, after the usual lessons are over, from a paper or book, something that contains teaching which will make them better, if remembered and practiced. The "children's column" of a religious paper often furnishes just what you want. Some story, if you please, which will show the great difference between right and wrong; between holiness and sin; that they may be taught by it to love the one, and hate the other. It may be that what is there read may do more good to the little ones than the lesson of the day; and will be remembered when all else may be forgotten.

Will you try it, you who have charge of a school of this kind? Try it next Sabbath. After the lessons are over, ring the bell; take the paper in your hand and tell them you have a story for them. See if every little face is not at once turned toward your desk; while the little hands cease making mischief and annoying all within their reach. I will insure the attention of the school while the reading is going on. If they are not attentive, there must be some fault somewhere; perhaps in the reading, or in the selection of the article. It may be a new thing to you, but is it not worth a trial? If this article sets others to thinking, in what way the most good can be done in this cause, I will be repaid.

Mission School Teacher.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

Light in the Hospital.

"Comrade, what are you reading, there?"

"A book my mother gave me," was the quiet reply.

The two soldiers lay side by side, a little alley-way between, where one might pass, and that was all. With the stretching of an arm, the space might easily be compassed. On the right reclined a swarthy, sunburned man, about thirty years of age; on the left a pale, thin, spiritual face made its possessor seem a mere lad, and yet he was but five years younger than his neighbor, Tom Burke. The latter was Stalwart and handsome. He had been so ill as to be insensible most of the time, but the fever had left him, the doctors pronounced him mending, and his active spirit could not be quiet.

"I say, comrade, what's your name?"

"Robert Linfield," replied the younger man, laying down the book on his bed.

"Where from?"

"Plainville, N. Y."

"Where are you wounded?"

"In the shoulder. I have had part of the bone taken out."

"But your arm is saved—that's better than my case. I've lost my right leg, and I tell you what, I'd rather been shot through the head and done with it."

So sudden a death needs preparation of life," said the young man, quietly.

"O, preparation be hanged!" was the rough and impious answer. "I shall never be better prepared than I was then. Life or death, it's all the same to me in one sense. But this going on crutches, or a wooden stump—I tell you I'd rather be dead. What's the time, I wonder?"

"Past nine, I believe."

"What! so early as that?" exclaimed the rough man, with an oath.

"Don't swear, soldier," said a sweet voice.

The man looked up and encountered the soft eyes and sad smile of a woman, who stood on his left. He blushed, and seemed for a moment abashed as she gazed on him there, but as she passed quietly by with no other remark, he laughed coarsely.

"One of the tract distributors, I suppose, that I have heard about," he said. "I wonder if she would bring me a pack of cards if I asked her? I want something to do. Comrade, what book is that of yours?"

"It's a Bible, my friend."

"A Bible!"

"Yes, if you'd like, you may have it a while, to read."

"Why, comrade, I never looked into a Bible in my life. I'm principled against it. My mother never'd allow me, you see."

"Your mother!" exclaimed the young man, slowly, "your *mother* never would allow you to read the Bible!" he added, in accents of consternation, almost of horror.

"Fact, friend. She is a strong minded woman, and thinks her own counsels Bible enough, I fancy."

"Then, perhaps you don't believe in God and eternity."

"My friend, to tell the truth, I don't believe in much of any thing, particularly since I've got to stump it through life."

"Well, all I can say is that I pity you, from my very heart I pity you. No God to look to, no heaven to hope for."

"Thank you for nothing. What regiment were you in?"

"35th Zouaves."

"Pretty well cut up, was n't it?"

"Terribly. We were mowed down like grass."

"How did you feel when you were hit?"

"I thought of my mother and Jesus Christ."

"What good did that do you?"

"It enabled me to be patient and refrain from the swearing and cursing I heard all around me."

"So you are one of the pious ones, one of the salt of the earth, that we hear about."

"I humbly hope I am a Christian."

"That's all cant," cried the other, moving uneasily.

"I thank God!" said the younger man, fervently. The expression seemed not to be called forth by what the other had said, but an ejaculation, spoken rather to himself in view of some remembered mercy. So sweet a light shone in his smile, irradiating his whole face, that the gaze of the other soldier was for a moment riveted by the almost unearthly expression. At the instant there was a great commotion. They were just bringing a man in whose wounds were of the most frightful character, and the stretcher was set down at the foot of Tom Burke. Then came the wild shriek of dispair and anguish.

"God have mercy on my soul. Merciful God—have mercy on my soul! O, pray for me—pray for me—I can't meet my Maker. Somebody *must* pray for me! Pray for me, will you?" and he turned his haggard eye toward the surgeon—"pray for me, soldiers. O, somebody *must* pray for me!"

As that almost despairing cry rang out, there came a small figure down the aisle, from the dim recess beyond, where lay the sick and the dying. It was the woman who had spoken to Tom Burke. She stopped at the wounded man's cot, and her dark, sad eyes rested upon him. There seemed something soothing in her glance, for he checked his cries, and said, "O, madam, I hope your heart has never been torn as my mother's will be!"

"My friend," was the calm reply, "two of my sons died on the battle-field, and the third and youngest in a rebel hospital."

"God help you, then," he murmured, brokenly.

"God has helped me, or else how could I live?" was her reply.

"O, mother! I must die—will you pray for me?" he cried, lifting his haggard eyes.

"Yes, my son, I will gladly pray for you," she said—and bending a knee on his bed, she clasped her hands, and poured out her whole soul. Not to a God afar off did she pray; the low voice, the glory of the pale face, the earnest clasping of the hands proved that he was near—and that upon all those priceless souls he yearned to shed the Divine longings and patience that characterize his children. Tom Burke looked and listened—it was new to him. Hardly in all his life had the thought of God entered his mind, never had he seen a Christian woman pray. The impulses, the strange thoughts it stirred in his soul he had no language for. He saw how calmly the wounded soldier listened, his hands crossed upon his breast, his pale lips now quivering with emotion, now whispering a tremulous amen. He saw that peace spread serenely and gradually over the face so convulsed before. It was the turning of a leaf on which were written unknown but beautiful characters.

"Mother," whispered the wounded man, feeling for the hand that rested near his. "Mother—I've been trying to be a good man these many years—I *have* believed on Jesus Christ. But in the army I became careless, forgot prayer—forgot the souls of my fellow-soldiers. O, if Christ should forget me!"

"He never will, my son," said the low voice, "never. He has called you nearer to him, through this seemingly dreadful providence. Trust in him."

"Mother, I *do* feel differently. I *do* put my whole trust in him. My blessed Jesus whom I have deserted, but who never deserted me."

"No. He never deserts his children."

"Even if they stay away from him?"

"No. He is the good Shepherd who leaves his flock to find the poor, lost lamb. And when he finds it he folds it in his arms."

"He is my mother's Saviour," said the man, a smile breaking over his face.

"He will never desert her."

"I will give her in his charge," he said, placidly. "He is the God of the widow. My poor, lonely mother, O, how he will pity her!"

"And comfort her."

"Yes, he will comfort her. He knows what a good Christian woman she has been all her life. O, I should have been lost, but for my praying mother!"

By this time a large number of the invalids had gathered about the bed, attracted by the news that the soldier was even then deathstruck. He looked round upon them all, as he struggled for breath, and with a loud, clear voice, exclaimed, "Seek Jesus. No one else can go with you over that cold river." Then, folding his hands, he whispered, turning his dying eyes to the woman, "He *has* had mercy. He *is* here!" and with a full, happy voice, he shouted, "Glory to God!" and sank down, beautiful in death. The crowd around him fell back. All looked solemn. Some were weeping. The woman who had prayed for the dying man in his need, knelt by his bed's head, and smoothed back the short, curling locks from the bronzed forehead.

"How his mother would love to see him even cold in death!" she whispered. Then she cut one of the curls from the temples that had pulsed their last throb of life, and moved silently away.

"I wonder who that woman is?" said Tom Burke. "If I was dying, somehow, I wouldn't mind having her round, would you?"

"What good would it do you? You believe neither in her Bible nor her God," said his neighbor.

"It wouldn't take much to make me, if she was near," he murmured, half to himself.

That night Tom Burke could not sleep. Tormenting thoughts drove rest from his pillow. It seemed still as if he saw the poor, dying soldier at his feet, crying earnestly for mercy and salvation. What if this thing—this faith were true? What if man needed a Saviour? What if he should indeed perish without one? What if the Bible were a light to the feet and a lamp to the path? Something told him *it might all be*. As he thought, he felt a strange sensation. The walls seemed to recede farther and farther from his gaze. His neighbor melted away from his grasp, as he weakly tried to stretch forth his hand.

"Quick!" cried one of the stewards—"rouse the surgeon, this man is bleeding to death." There was only one thought in his mind, as a ghastly blank covered his senses, and that thought was—"O, Jesus, save me!"

A dim light—a confused sensation as of voices sounding near, and faces moving to and fro.

"Has he come out of it?" asked some one.

"Yes, but it like to have been his last sleep in this world," said another.

"Am I going to die?" gasped the soldier.

"Not if we can save you, my man," said the surgeon, cheerfully.

"Send for her—send for that woman," cried Tom Burke. I want her to pray for me."

"We'll have her here in the morning," was the reply; "it is midnight now."

"Shall I live till morning?"

"Yes, if I can keep the hemorrhage down; and you must help me, by being perfectly quiet."

"But it's all true. I'm sure of it now."

"What's all true, my man?" asked the surgeon, who thought he was wandering in his mind.

"There's a God and an eternity," said Tom Burke, solemnly.

"I never doubted that," replied the surgeon.

"But I have," murmured Tom. "Is that man awake, next to me?"

"Yes, I am awake," was the reply.

"Then you must tell me about it. I can't go this way."

"There must be no talk," said the surgeon.

"Tell him," whispered the young man, "that I will pray for him."

"Yes, yes, pray for me. I'm all wrong. O, pray!" cried the rough soldier.

The morning dawned, and poor Burke was growing worse. Young Linfield saw it in the faces of his attendants. The haggard eyes, unnaturally bright, turned toward him imploringly.

"Shall I read to you?" asked the young soldier.

"Yes, but O, I wish she could come! Will God forgive me? You know I was taught not to believe—but something told me, last night, that there is a God and a future. I don't deserve his mercy, nor happiness hereafter—but I do want him to forgive me, even if he sends me to hell."

"He is ready both to forgive and accept you," said that low, soft voice. With a glad cry he turned. There stood the same mourning mother whose prayer and whose saintly countenance had so impressed him.

"Will he?" cried the soldier, the tears starting to his eyes.

"Now—this minute, if you are in earnest."

"I am awfully in earnest," exclaimed the man. "I seem to see my soul in a balance—now inclining to heaven—now falling toward that dreadful abyss. O, Christ! save me, or I perish."

He was "awfully in earnest." His anguish was painted on every feature. All day long the gentle missionary of the Cross remained by his bedside, talking, praying, consoling—each moment seeming like the bitterness of death, with him, until the peace came—that peace of God, which truly passeth all understanding—and he was at rest.

A happier Christian, from that day forth, than Tom Burke, is rarely met with. He did not die—that strong, vigorous soul passed not away in the hours of its first enlightenment. His mother came on, to find her son, her idol—lost to her worldly heart. She kissed him and sat beside him, but there was a strange, sad feeling of separation—she could not understand the language of heaven, until, after his earnest pleading, she took the volume she had taught him to despise, and read the words of Christ.

And she that gentle, Christian nurse, whose earnest work fitted her for a glorious eternity; she whose smile brought joy, and whose simple faith heaven to earth; she who so thoroughly performed the duty that was placed before her—how glorious her reward! For she has since gone home to heaven. She rests from her weary labors, but her works do follow her. The mother and son, who speak of her as their angel messenger, have established a household of prayer and faith. God bless all Christian missionaries, and especially those who carry light into the darkness of our hospitals.

M. A. D.

Thou Art Near.

Psalm cxix: 151.

In the bursting, rolling thunder,
In the lightning's lurid flash,
When the rocks are rent asunder,
When the raging billows lash,
Thou art near.

In the zephyr's gentlest breath,
In the dew-drop's sparkling gem,
In the lowliest flowret's death,
In the grass's fragile stem,
Thou art near.

In the rage of passion's storm,
When the deadliest weapons gleam,
In the battle's fiercest form,
In ambition's maddest dream,
Thou art near.

In affection's softest voices,
In contrition's faintest sigh,
When the humblest soul rejoices,
When the poorest comes to die,
Thou art nigh.

Near to punish, near to bless,
Near to strengthen, near to spare,
Near to hear when men confess,
Near to grant the latest prayer;
Ever near.

—*English Churchman.*

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Queen's Speech—The Prince of Wales in the House of Lords—Lord Derby and the Royal Marriage—Lord Russell, the Pope, and Preference for Protestant England—A Second Work of Colenso's—A Summary of it—Archbishop Longley's Letter—Letter from Dr. Tregelles—The Puzzled Bench of Bishops—Failure of the Church of England—The "salt" within her—Timidity and Fashion, Quoad the Clergy—Punshon's Lecture at Exeter Hall—Wesley, and his Times—Poland in Insurrection—European Sympathy—Prussia Fearful—Anti-Slavery Demonstrations in London, and the Provinces—The Old Anti-Slavery Society Rallying—The Great Thinkers for the North—Professor Goldwin Smith.

LONDON, February 12, 1863.

The Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament, naturally made reference to the great struggle in America. The policy of nonintervention was, rather unexpectedly, supported by the leaders of the Opposition in both Houses of Parliament, Lord Derby and Mr. D'Israeli. This has been a great and heavy discouragement to Mr. Hope, M. P., and other Confederate sympathisers, including the Tory *Standard*, which have been crying out for the recognition of the South. Lord Derby spoke like a statesman. Men in his position must "look before and after," especially if office is not unlikely to be thrust upon them.

The Prince of Wales took his seat in the Upper House, as Duke of Cornwall, and was "the observed of all observers." He looks remarkably well; and is frank and manly in his manners. His forthcoming marriage was referred to in his presence, and Lord Derby with an elegance of language, referred to it, expressing congratulations and hopes with regard to the event, with a grace not attainable by any other man in the House of Peers, and in terms, which although not by any means fulsome, might possibly indicate the desire of the Conservatives to win to their side, the heir apparent of the English Throne. The Queen has the warmest personal attachment to Lord Derby. "Pity 'tis but true," that he is quite wrong on the Italian question, and that he does not endorse heartily even the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel.

It now comes out that M. Drouyn De L'Huys, the French Foreign Minister *misrepresented* the alleged offer of Lord Russel to the Pope. Lord Russell did not send Mr. Odo Russell to the Pope; but the Pope sent expressly for Mr. Russell, and asked whether, in extremity, he might expect shelter on British territory. Cardinal Antonelli of course refused the offer which the Pope's request brought forth, and he talked blasphemously about the Pope being the Vicar of Christ as to temporal power and possession, and that, therefore, *non possumus* must be still the cry. Nevertheless the fact remains that France and "the eldest son of the Church," is mistrusted at Rome, and that Protestant England, heretical as she is, is the alternative in case of compelled flight.

A Second Volume by Dr. Colenso, has made its appearance. The *Record* says concerning it: "To those who ventured to hope for some modification of his views, or who expected a wider grasp of the great subject affected by these unhappy volumes, and a more logical comprehension of the whole argument on its positive and negative sides alike, than was exhibited in the first publication; or who expected some good result from an appeal to the Bishop's sense of honor and solemn vows at his consecration; or who looked to find underlying his avowed unbelief in the historical truth of the Bible, some deep mystical views of doctrinal truth—to each and all of these persons alike, the volume just published will be an absolute disappointment. The Bishop has neither learned nor unlearned anything; neither retracts, explains, nor apologises; he reasserts his old mistakes, repeats his old falacies, and proclaims again his unbelief with such additional aggravations as must go far to bring what is now the avowed conflict between the Bishop of Natal and the Church from which he derives his authority to some early and decisive issue.

"In his preface, the Bishop declines, as yet, to state how far the 'usual elements of Christian doctrine appear to be affected by the unhistorical character of the Pentateuch,' till he has completed his critical labors and shown what is 'the residuum of real fact' left behind. But he states, not obscurely, that Christ, (He in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily) was *really ignorant of the facts*, and mistook the ancient traditions of the Jewish race for veritable history. This ignorance he refers to 'the gradual growth of Jesus as the Son of Man in human knowledge,' and with a boldness in which we are at a loss whether to wonder at the ignorance of dogmatic truth, or at the inaccurate thinking with which it is combined, asserts that this progression of knowledge in the Saviour, and consequent ignorance of historical truth, is perfectly compatible with—rather is absolutely required by—the most orthodox faith in his Divinity as the Eternal Son of God."

Dr. Tait, Bishop of London, in a sermon delivered to the masses under the dome of St. Paul's, referred to Colenso's errors, and condemned them strongly.

Dr. Tregelles, of Plymouth, an eminent Hebrew scholar, has addressed the following letter to the *Record*:

"Sir:—In appears that Bishop Colenso denies the competency of the Bishop of Rochester to deal with certain Old Testament questions, on the ground that the latter is not acquainted with Hebrew and German. As to the former language, let it be freely admitted that it is highly desirable that all Christian scholars should include in their studies the tongue in which the Holy Ghost gave forth so large a portion of Holy Scripture. But even in such a case one who values the Word of God may be able to use the information which competent scholars give him; and is not this ignorance better than for Bishop Colenso to use his knowledge of Hebrew for the mystification of plain English readers? That Bishop Colenso has done this, is manifest in his argument that the priest was himself to bear the whole bullock outside the camp—a thing which is only seemingly based on the English translation of a Hebrew verb in Hiphil; it is also shown in his arguing on identity of words in the English translation, as though they might be the terms from which he draws a conclusion, when in the Hebrew there is no such identity; for instance (pp. 23, 24,) on the term 'little ones' in Gen. xlvi: 5 (where the word is *taph*,) and in xliv: 20 where it is *katan*). Better by far is it to profess no knowledge of Hebrew than to use what is possessed so as to mislead.

"It is a pity, with Bishop Colenso's acquaintance with German, that he should have selected as his guides the impugners of Holy Writ, instead of those who, in Germany, have stood forth as the defenders. He appears to be very well acquainted with one writer, with whose objections to Holy Scripture he generally accords. This writer is Lützelberger, whose book, 'Die Grunde der Freiwillige Niederlegung meines Geistichen iintes' ('The reason for the Voluntary Laying Down of my Spiritual Office,') is not quoted by Bishop Colenso—perhaps because of his declining to follow the practical conclusion of the German skeptic.

"Mr. Kingsley is reported to have preached of late that we should lay hold of Scripture facts rather than doctrines. Bishop Colenso seems to find something good in doctrines, even though rejecting the facts. Christian belief, on the contrary, lays hold of both facts and doctrines, as alike taught of God, alike true; though the doctrine (as in the case of the atoning sacrifice of Christ, our Lord,) is often based upon the faith. We can reject nothing of what God has set forth, and he undertakes for us all the difficulties. I remain, yours very truly,

"S. P. Tregelles.

"*Plymouth, Feb.* 4, 1863."

The Bench of Bishops are in very considerable perplexity, while unanimously holding that Colenso is a heretic. Some are for mild, or do-nothing measures; others, for prosecution. But *can* the Ecclesiastical Law touch a Bishop, as well as a Presbyter? We shall see. The scandal, meanwhile, is very great, and most damaging in the Establishment. The nation will ebb away from her. My own conviction, greatly deepened by a wide examination of the state of religion over England within the last few years, is simply this: that the Established Church is a gigantic failure. Very many good men, both bishops and clergy, there are; but a majority are ignorant of theology, or hold false doctrine and teach it; or are utterly unfit to expound, and apply to the hearts and consciences of men, the Word of God. Patronage, exercised by the Crown, (the Prime Minister of the day,) by the Lord Chancellor, by Universities, who give College livings to men who know mathematics or classics right well, but whom any boy versed in the Shorter Catechism, could puzzle and put to shame in five minutes; and many of them, moreover, fit only for schoolmasters, as having no *life* in them. Then the nobles and the squires have their patronage too, and High Church Bishops, such as old Henry of Exeter, frown upon and snub, on all occasions, the little band of Evangelicals in their diocese, while they surround themselves with men who flatter and follow them slavishly.

The men who are the salt of the National Church, are ministers of District (not parish) churches, and who are entirely dependent on the voluntary offerings, in the form of seat rents, or otherwise, of their congregations. Plenty of wealth there is among the Evangelical laity, to support a Free Church of England. But meanwhile, both they and the clergy are timid, and "abide by the stuff." Some good people even will—"go to our parish church," (as they say,) even though the Gospel is not preached there—for, first, it would be vulgar, if not schismatic to go to a Nonconformist or Wesleyan chapel; secondly, if they can't hear a good sermon, yet still they have the Liturgy and the Scripture Lessons; and thirdly, they *may* get a good and efficient man some day. I lately saw in Cornwall, two clergymen, specimens of many more of the same stamp, both of whom frequent balls and parties, and go out fox-hunting. From without and from within, come portentous sounds of a time of stern retribution. Slowly it approaches, but the crisis, when it arrives, will be sudden and decisive.

But for Dissent, religion would be presented in a most offensive form in many places, by men who are magistrates, gentlemen farmers, bucolic and ruddy-faced, or by men who would rule the people as *priests*, with a rod of iron, and thrust the rising race into a most un-English and monkish mould. Dissent reacts on the Church of England; it compels it to be more vigilant; while the press is ready at any time to expose the tyranny of a parson, or to hold up to reprobation that "Justice's justice" by which a clergyman (*often* one of those on the Bench,) who will send a poor, starving boy to prison for stealing a turnip, and visit with tremendous severity the farmer's son who shoots a hare or snipe on his own father's holding!

Prelacy fosters pride, and has always been the friend of despotic powers; even when it is *paternal*, it is paternal depotism, and when one of the High Churchmen, or when an Evangelical and yet always holding apart from Nonconformists, is found in a parish, as Rector or Vicar, there all the year blows, as it were, an *East wind*. Think not that this is said for effect; it is emphatically true. When a really good and genial clergyman, who throws himself heartily into *common* work; who recognizes other ministers as his brothers and his fellow-servants; who mounts the platform joyously and lovingly, at the Bible Society Anniversary, and who has good temper and common sense, is neither a transcendentalist nor a mere dry, matter-of-fact, stick-like being; then and there it is "all serene," it is "as the breath of the sweet South upon a bank of violets. And while Wesleyans will be Wesleyans still, and all Nonconformists will assert their principles, yet *both* look with respect and affection on a right-hearted parish clergyman, and *he* exercises over all parties an influence, with a pressure, for good. God is glorified, schism is avoided, the laity thank God that there is peace, vice slinks into its den, and moral, social, sanitary reforms, with true religion and undefiled, and that heaven-born Charity which is

"Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the graces three,"

is cherished and prevails.

Wesley and his Times has been made the subject of the latest, and probably the best, public lecture, by the distinguished Methodist minister, William Morley Punshon, M.A. He set out by describing to the vast audience in Exeter Hall, the sad state of religion in England when George the Second ascended the throne. The literature of the age was generally corrupt or irreligious; though of course there were exceptions, for this was the period when the British classics started into being; and the moral aspect of society was of no doubtful badness.

He then conducted his hearers to Epworth Rectory, the parish of John Wesley's father, and whose grandfather was ejected in 1662. Samuel Wesley had nineteen children, ten of whom grew up to adult years. His mother was a woman of a thousand; her discipline and training were necessary to make John Wesley what he became. At six years of age he escaped from the burning Rectory; afterwards, at the Charter House School, London, and at Christ church, Oxford, he was prepared in part for the future. He was then a formalist, rigid in the observance of rite and rubric. He went to Georgia on a bootless journey; a week after his arrival in London, he went to a Moravian meeting, and there he met with Peter Bohler, whose influence was marked. At length, in May 24th, 1738, he found the Saviour.

Here the speaker introduced a powerful defence of the doctrine of "conversion," and he made a vigorous assault on the Bible's modern critics, considering it to be less than questionable that the true explation of the false lights hung out in these times was to be found in the words, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God," &c.

Wesley's marvellous labor and activity, "preaching at the rate of fifteen sermons a week, and travelling twenty-five thousand miles a year when railways were not, and the roads, still uneducated by Mr. McAdam, were a mixture of mud and slush." Never being unemployed, never uselessly employed, never whiling away time; a boundless benevolence, having only two silver spoons as his entire stock of plate, and refusing to buy more so long as any poor wanted bread; now taking the sacrament at the hands of Bishop Lavington, and now sitting down to a cozy breakfast with his old antagonist, Father O'Leary; a cheerful and ready wit, "broad and flashing as the sheet lightning, without a solitary fork to blast or to destroy;" and a far-reaching intelligence which led him to initiate many of those institutions now reckoned among the first evangelistic and philanthropical agencies of the day.

In the course of this lecture, a portrait was drawn of George Whitefield, which "stood out in peerless and overshadowing grandeur."

Toward the close were stirring exhortations to young men, and a series of contrasts between the present and the future, the terrene and the celestial, which held the vast audience breathless, until a magnificent peroration closed the whole, amidst boundless enthusiasm.

No man living can approach Punshon, as a lecturer. It is more than probable that this splendid production will be delivered over the Kingdom in all the large provincial towns.

At Redruth, in Cornwall, he preached to a vast multitude during the sittings of the last Conference at Cambourne, in that county. The lawn was pointed out to me, on whose slopes stood the masses, and on the spot at the western corner, where Mr. Punshon stood, now rises a young tree, planted in commemoration of the occasion.

Poland is in full insurrection at present, and the struggle is no outbreak—no isolated expression of popular fury or desperation. If the insurrection last much longer, and is persisted in with sternness and ardor, demonstrations in favor of the oppressed Poles will become general in England and on the Continent. Already sympathy for their struggles has been manifested in Prussia, where the large frontier landowners have supplied arms, provisions and horses to the revolutionists. So also has it been in Italy, and even in Austria a prince in a local Parliament has proposed a vote of sympathy. In Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in England, it has been resolved, in public meeting, to give assistance to all Poles wishing to return to their native country, to fight for its liberties. It is rumored that the insurgents number 50,000 men, large numbers of whom are well armed; and if they maintain their ground, (which I fear is doubtful,) the moral force of the unanimous voice of Liberal Europe may induce the Czar to let the Polish Israelites go. Prussia, which was one of the "Partition of Poland" robbers, is sending forces into her own Polish provinces, as a matter of precaution; perhaps *conscience* troubles her!

The Anti-Slavery Demonstrations of last week were not confined to Exeter Hall. While that great gathering was in full swing, putting down all attempts at an expression of sympathy with the South, and *groaning* the *Times* to their hearts' content, telegrams came in announcing the success of monster meetings at Bradford, in Yorkshire, and of another at Stroud. Since then Leeds has pronounced, and Rochdale, also. Southwark and the lower hamlets and boroughs took the same course, and the member from Southwark, Mr. Layard, M.P., forwarded an expression of hearty approval.

The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society presented an address to the American Minister. These are the representatives of the Gurneys, Buxtons, Sturgesses, Hamburys, Croppers, and other English families, who won their fame in the old struggle for negro emancipation in the West Indies, and they are ready to take their part in the conflict of to-day. They charge the guilt and misery of the war upon the Southern Confederacy, as its "avowed sole object was the extending and consolidating of slavery, as an institution, by establishing an independent Confederacy founded on it." This "wanton and wicked act," they say, "fixes upon the South the guilt of the blood that has been shed." The document closes with an expression of the belief that "the general policy of the President and his advisers has been such as entitles them to the cordial thanks of the friends of negro emancipation in all lands."

The leading men of the Independents, Methodists, and Quakers, have concurred in these demonstrations. It is not to be forgotten, also, that "the intercepted dispatches of the slave-overseers show that Earl Russell was too noble to become their dupe." One of these dispatches says that "the contrast is striking between the polished courtesy of M. Thouvenel and the rude incivility of Earl Russell."

Among the leaders of English thought *versus* the South, foremost comes John Stuart Mill, with his memorable declaration that if the slave-party succeed, the principle of despotism, elsewhere only militant, would become triumphant within their States. Professors Newman, Cairnes, and Godwin Smith, are equally prominent. The last mentioned raises his voice from Oxford University. He declares that the American war is, beyond question, a struggle to prevent the "slaveowning oligarchy of the South from founding a slavery far worse in its deliberate and legalized iniquity than the bondage of ignorant and barbarous times—a slavery attended with such systematic outrages on nature and humanity as are not to be thought of in any Christian land." He adds, that "the cause of emancipation is not that of the negro race alone. It is the cause of civilization, of Christian morality, of the rights of labor, and the rights of man. It is the old and glorious cause of England. And if a part of our upper classes and of our clergy, in their hatred of the Free States, and their Free Churches, has ceased to be true to it, it has still, I trust, a firm hold on the hearts of the English people."

Now that the issue is so defined as to slavery, the great heart of the British people will instinctively swell with the old pulsations. Awful is the Red Sea through which the North must pass, and sorel the chastisement for her best people; but our ever-growing hope is, that after chaos will come order; and that—as a New-England minister said to me, when about to return as a missionary to Turkey in Asia—"God will settle this quarrel in his *own way*." And that way is the "right way."

J. W.

Beneficent.

The *Presbyter* gives the following from a Cincinnati daily:

A STREET SCENE.

"Will you buy a paper?" asked a little ragged urchin at the corner of Fourth and Vine streets, of one of our most estimable and best known lady citizens. She looked down to the child, who, with benumbed hands and face, almost bloodless from cold, was endeavoring to earn a few pennies in his humble way. He was barefooted, and was lifting his feet alternately from the frozen pavement, while the earnest entreaty of his eyes was almost beyond resistance.

The lady was plainly, but richly clothed, and not one in ten who looked upon her would recognize her position in society.

"Have you no shoes, child?" she asked.

"No. Father is in the army, and brother and me have to make something. Father don't get his pay."

"Where is your brother?" asked the lady.

"Oh! he's just over there. He takes one corner and I take 'tother."

"Tell him to come here." The little fellow beckoned to his brother, who came shipping over, somewhat bewildered as to the object of the call."

"This is Jimmy, ma'am. He's six years old and I am eight."

"God bless you," said the lady, "come with me."

Away they went, the lady in the centre and the little urchins on either side, each clasping his few papers under his arm, and speculating with that intensity which even children's minds are capable of, when schooled in adversity, in regard to what was to be done with them.

It was a strange sight to those who looked upon milliondom as infinitely removed from the poverty-stricken, to see one whose fortune was almost beyond calculation, escorted by two little ragged, barefooted urchins along one of our principal thoroughfares.

There was a shoe store on Fifth Street, and a stocking store immediately adjoining; and the last we saw of the child-brothers, they were coming from the former with their pedal extremities well protected from the bitter cold of the frosty pavement. The act was one from which many a mushroom aristocrat would have shrunk, who would, perhaps, have given fifty dollars to some institution where his or her name would have been printed in the papers, yet in the gratefulness of those young hearts there was implanted, in the hour of their need, the germ which taught them that this thing of human sympathy is not altogether a myth, and that a woman's tenderness is not entirely an empty name.

Future Trouble.

In relation to the expected trial or affliction, the real Christian has one of three things to comfort him. 1. Perhaps God will prevent the dreaded sorrow, so that it will not come upon him. 2. If it does come, God may impart such a measure of grace and strength as to cause him to meet it in a wonderful and surprising manner; leaving him to rejoice in a heaven-imparted victory. 3. It may come with such power as to be his last trial, and by it he be removed from worse evils. Certain it is that God has shortened the route to glory by a merciful abruptness. Faith all the sooner gives place to sight.—*Congregationalist.*

The relation of simple necessity claims the ear of God. Child-like confidence tells its story without ostentation.