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A TRIP THROUGH MISSOURI.—We may have something to say hereafter, about our trip through this State into the Kansas Territory. During our absence, Rev. S. PETTIGREW has been editing the Casket. Whatever merit, therefore, the present Number may possess, must be ascribed to him. He is Principal of the Lucas Place Female Seminary, on Twelfth street. It is a succession of the late Select School taught by the Rev. JAS. A. LYON, who is about to remove to Mississippi, to take charge of his former congregation at Columbus.

REMITTANCES.—More than half the receipts published for several months past are for new subscribers. Many of our former patrons are slow in making remittances. Though eight months of the year are now expired, there are several hundreds who have not yet paid for the present year. As it is not convenient to remit \$1 50, which is the price after six months, they may remit \$2, which we will receive as pay for two years, if remitted before December next. Our expenses are considerably increased, and we wish to make arrangements for improving the appearance of the Casket, and we shall need all that is due. A word is sufficient for the wise.

MIDDLE OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.—New subscribers from the present time, will receive the Casket from the 7th, or July number, unless they expressly order the Nos. from the beginning of the year, as we have but very few back numbers on hand.



# The Western Casket.

Vol. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

No. IX.

## CHRIST, THE ONLY FOUNDATION.

A SERMON. BY J. R. B.

"For other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

1. Cor. III, 11.

The language of the text is metaphorical. It is taken from the well known practice of laying a foundation on which to build a house, or other superstructure. No wise man will ever attempt to build, without first laying a foundation; and the building will always be weak or strong, according to the nature of the foundation which sustains it. If the foundation of a house be laid in the sand, it is not expected that it can withstand the force of the winds and rain that would beat against it: but if it is built upon a rock, it will remain unhurt amidst all the rage of the elements. The same will hold good in regard to whatever foundation we may lay, whether of a *temporal* or *spiritual* nature. If then so much depends on the nature of the foundation, it is all important that we lay one that will remain firm, and will stand the test in the day of trial. It is more important that we *begin* right than any thing else. A mistake in the *superstructure* may be corrected; but a mistake in the *foundation* will prove fatal.

They are very few persons, I suppose, especially those who live in a gospel land, and believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, but have some hope of going to heaven when they die. In some, this hope may be well founded; in others, it may be entirely delusive. This will depend on the nature of the foundation on which this hope is built.

It may be interesting and profitable to examine some of those foundations on which mankind are building their hopes of happiness: in this way, we can determine the nature of the foundation on which we are building.

1st. Some are building on the *law*, or on

their *own good works*. This is a very popular foundation, and has a great many advocates. Man was first created under this law: it seems to be entertained in every fibre of his nature, and it is as natural for him to cling to it, and endeavour to live by it, or be saved by it, as it is for him to breathe the vital air. "Do this and live" is the great maxim of mankind, and the only plan which, to the natural man, appears rational and consistent. "I am not wicked," says one; "I live a moral life—I cheat and defraud no one—I take no advantage of my neighbour—I am temperate in my habits—I attend to my own business, and let others alone; and therefore, if I am no Christian, I am not a bad citizen, and hope that my chance for happiness will be as good as that of any other." This, no doubt, constitutes the religion of a great many in the world: and although it is nothing more than a kind of negative morality, yet it serves to quiet the conscience, and causes them to rest secure, without examining into the nature of the foundation on which they are building.

Others again go a little further, and not only *refrain* from an open breach of the law, but they *do* many things which the law requires; that is, they perform many *positive* duties. They are good neighbours—they are kind and attentive to the poor and needy—they will even give of their substance for the support of the gospel—they may make a profession of religion, and attend upon the means of grace—they may fast and pray, and to all appearance, be what God requires them to be, and yet their foundation be a rotten one. "It is not every one that saith unto Christ, Lord, Lord, that shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Now, let us examine the nature of this foundation, and see whether it is such as will stand the test of experience, observation and scripture. We have no objection to your building on this foundation, provided it is one that will



answer the purpose: but of this, you should be well assured.

Have you sufficiently considered the nature of the law, in all its length and breadth, and the claims which it has upon every individual of the human race? It is exceedingly broad and deep, reaching not only to the *outward conduct*, but to the very *thoughts and intentions* of the heart. It takes cognizance of all we say, do, or think, and nothing can be hid from its scrutiny. Now, who of you pretend, to keep the law perfectly? Who of you can lay his hand upon his breast, and appeal to the Searcher of hearts, and say: Lord thou knowest that I keep the law perfectly, and have never, in all my life, offended in a single point; but all my thoughts, word and actions have been in perfect conformity to thy holy will? Who among you, I ask, can do this? Not one. Your hearts would condemn you, and your conscience would immediately convict you of falsehood. The law not only requires perfect obedience in all things; but it requires you to "love the Lord your God with all your heart, soul, strength and mind and your neighbour as yourself." Now, who of you does this? It also requires you to suppress every evil passion, lust or appetite. It forbids you to indulge in any unholy feeling towards any of your fellow-creatures. You must not murmur or repine at any dispensation of God's providence, however adverse it may appear. You must not suffer the least symptom of pride, anger, malice, ambition or revenge, to arise in your breast. All this would be contrary to the demands of the law, and entirely inconsistent with a state of *perfection*. The law is of universal and perpetual obligation. It is binding at all times, in all places and under all circumstances, and cannot, by any possibility whatever, be rendered void, or of no effect. Now, what say you to this? Are you still willing to risk your hopes of heaven on this foundation? Do you not see that it is false—that it will not even stand the test of your own experience? Will you build your hopes upon keeping the law, when you are convinced that you cannot keep it? What can be more foolish and inconsistent!

But, for the sake of argument, let us suppose that you can keep the law in all its requirements, and live a life of perfect holiness. You cannot do more than this; and no more would be required. No man can do more than his duty. This would be impossible, and the very

supposition would involve an absurdity. The law requires you to be *perfect*; but to be more than this, is contrary to the very nature of things. Every rational and intelligent being, however exalted, is created under a law; and if he keeps that law, he can do no more—indeed, no more is required. Now, you must remember that we have all broken the law in our first parents: a breach has been made; and until this is repaired, there can be no salvation. But how can this be done? Even on the supposition that you can keep the law, you cannot do more; but unless you can keep the law perfectly, and at the same time, do some *extra service*, which will be placed to your account, and serve as an atonement for past transgression, you must see that your case is still hopeless—you must do an impossibility; that is, you must do works of *supererogation*, or something more than duty requires—a species of service which *Protestants* believe to be impossible and absurd.

We hope that you are now convinced of the utter impossibility of getting to heaven on this ground. This appears evident from your own experience and observation: but let us now turn to the word of God, and see what it says on the subject. This must be the standard or criterion in all matters of controversy. Turn then to Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 3rd chap. and 20th verse, and you will find that it reads thus: "By the deeds of the law, shall no flesh be justified in his sight." Now, this decides the matter at once, and completely cuts you off from all hope of obtaining salvation "by the deeds of the law;" and if any of you are building on this foundation, be entreated to give it up; for rest assured that it will disappoint your expectations.

2nd. Another foundation on which mankind often build their hopes of heaven, is the *mere mercy* of God. This, at first, would appear rather more *plausible* than the former; but let me assure you that it is no *safer*. It is no uncommon thing to hear sinners say that God is *merciful*, and that he will pardon wherein we fail and come short in keeping the law; and, no doubt, thousands of mankind are building their hopes of salvation on this foundation.

Now, it is true that God is merciful; and it is in consequence of this, that any of the human race are saved: but then it is to be understood in a very different sense from that in which it is generally understood by sinners.



God is not merciful in an *absolute* sense; that is, *irrespective* of his justice. This would, at once, destroy one of the essential attributes of Deity, namely, his *justice*. The idea of sinners seems to be that God is so merciful, that he will *look over* their sins, and *pardon* their transgressions, without any satisfaction being made to his justice. Now, this kind of mercy is inconsistent with the very nature and perfections of God. You know that sin is represented as being an abomination in the sight of God, and that he will most assuredly punish the transgressors. "The soul that sinneth," says he, "it shall die." Again, it is said that "God will render indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that does evil." We are not to suppose that God hates some sins, while he connives at others, or takes no notice of them; but *every sin*, however small it may appear, is a violation of God's holy law, and will most assuredly be punished. Now, when God has threatened to punish sin—yea, when he has sworn by his own life and immortal perfections, that "the soul that sinneth, shall die," do you suppose that he will *dispense* with justice, *falsify* his word, and *pardon* the rebellious sinner? No, this is impossible. God might as well cease to *exist*, as cease to be *just*. Justice is an attribute of Deity, with which he cannot dispense. Justice has a claim upon every sinner, and it is stern and inflexible in its demands. "Pay me what thou owest," is its language, and it will be satisfied with nothing short of a full and complete liquidation of the debt. "One jot, or one tittle of the law can in no wise pass, until all be fulfilled."

Man has, without cause, offended the justice of God—he has violated his law—he has trampled on his authority, and has refused to be subject to his government. In consequence of this, all heaven is up in arms against him. Justice lies bleeding, and calls for vengeance. God's law must be maintained, and his government supported. The sinner must die, or Justice must! There is no alternative. Here, it does not avail that God is *merciful*. Mercy may see and pity; but she cannot save; for Justice—that inexorable attribute of Deity—guards the entrance, and refuses to give her admittance. "A God all mercy, is a God unjust!" he cries, and Mercy, with pity in her eyes, retires; for she knows that the claims of Justice must be satisfied.

From this, it must not be supposed that God

acts as a cruel Tyrant, and punishes sinners merely for his own pleasure; for he declares that "he has no pleasure in the death of the wicked." But he has pleasure in doing justice, and in maintaining the honor of his government: just as a good and righteous governor, although he takes no pleasure in punishing offenders; yet, for the honour of the laws, and the good of the government, feels bound to do *justice*, even at the expense of *mercy*.—We hope you are now convinced that the *mere mercy* of God, *irrespective* of justice, will not answer as a foundation, on which to build your hopes of heaven.

What then, you ask, must be done? If you cannot be saved either by the *law*, or by the *mercy* of God, you know of no other way, and must you despair of ever being saved? We answer, No. A plan has been devised—a great—a glorious plan—a plan consistent with all the attributes and perfections of Deity. This plan, we shall now endeavour to explain.

*Justice* and *mercy* are two attributes belonging to God which seem to be directly *opposite* in their natures. Mercy is *pitiful*, *tender* and *compassionate*, and pleads for the life of the sinner. "Spare, oh spare him a little longer," is her soft and plaintive language. If she sees faults, she is disposed to look over them and tries to conceal them from observation. But how different is the voice of Justice! He cries for vengeance. "Cut down the tree; why cumbereth it the ground?" "Bring forth the offenders, and slay them before me; it is not fit that they should live." "Pay me what thou owest; for not a farthing of the whole debt shall be remitted." Justice is an entire stranger to pity; it knows not how to spare; and would even spurn at a bribe. The most costly sacrifices will not appease his wrath, or cause him to relent. Justice, with his flaming sword, was placed at the entrance of Paradise, to guard that sacred place from being polluted by man's unhallowed foot.

You see then, what an insuperable obstacle stands in the way of the sinner's salvation: and before he can have any ground to hope for acceptance in the sight of God, this obstacle must be removed; or in other words, the claims of Justice must be satisfied. These apparently jarring attributes of Deity must meet and harmonize, or not a soul can be saved. There must be no jar or discord in the Divine perfections. But how can this be done? Such a plan could never have entered



into the heart of man. Nor could angels have devised it. It must have originated in the mind of infinite wisdom, love and goodness.

Let us conceive of a council being called in heaven, in order to consult on some great plan by which mankind could be saved. The Father takes his seat on his topless throne, and states the object of meeting. "In yonder world," says he, "there is a race of beings, who, although they were created upright, and endowed with a capacity of continuing in that state; yet, alas, have broken my laws, and rebelled against my government: and although they deserve to suffer the punishment due to their crimes; yet, I am willing to extend pardon, provided Justice can be satisfied, and the honors of my government maintained. If this can be done, mercy may enter, and the rebellious race may yet be saved. You see what it is that hinders, and what must be done before mercy can be extended. The law must be fulfilled, justice satisfied, and an atonement made, or not a single soul can be saved. Now, 'whom shall we send, and who will go for us?' Who will go to yonder world, and obey and suffer, until justice is satisfied in behalf of a sinful race? True, it is a great work—a work that cannot be done, without suffering the penalty due to the broken law. But, although the work is great, yet, the reward shall be great. To him who shall undertake the work, 'I will give the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.' 'He shall also see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied.' In this way, more glory will redound to my name, than if man had never fallen; for my attribute of *mercy* will be displayed, which otherwise would never have been known. Who, now, of all this assembly, is able and willing to undertake the work of man's redemption?"

The Father having finished, he seemed to pause for a reply; but, "there was silence in heaven," and none—not even the highest order of angels, dared to undertake the work. They could not even understand how it was possible that such a work could be accomplished. This was, indeed, a time of awful solemnity! The destiny of the human race seemed suspended on the moment! A remedy was proposed on certain conditions. Heaven was clothed in sackcloth; and hell seemed to rejoice in the hope of man's destruction. "And must man perish forever?" says the Father: Is there none to help—is there none

to deliver? Must the enemy prevail! Shall the great adversary of man thwart all my designs of mercy!" "No," says a voice, amidst the assembled throng; "it must not—it cannot be! Here am I; send me! I will undertake the work: I will, in my own body, bear the sins of all thy people, whatever their number be, and they shall be free. I am not willing that the divine law should be trampled upon, or the government of heaven dishonored, I am not willing that the great enemy should frustrate the designs of heaven in man's salvation." But who is this that offers himself a ransom for the people? Oh, it is the *Son*—the glorious *Son of God*! He undertakes to do what all the angels in heaven could not do. He voluntarily offers himself a substitute for sinners, and proposes to suffer in their behalf, until justice is fully satisfied! Was ever such a thing heard, or thought of before! that the Creator should obey and suffer for the creature! Amazing goodness! Wonderful condescension! Angels are astonished! It fills the heavenly hosts with amazement, and with holy wonder and admiration they desire to pry into those things! The Father looked upon his Son, and smiled, and accepted the offer. He now bade Justice sheathe his sword; saying: "Deliver them from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom—I have laid help upon one who is mighty to save."

A covenant was entered into between the Father and the Son. The Son, on his part, promises to redeem sinners from the curse of the law, by suffering on the cross, until Justice was fully satisfied, and mercy could be extended, consistently with all the divine perfections. The Father, on his part, promises to be with him, and sustain him in all his sufferings, and to give him, as a reward for his sufferings, all that should believe in his name. He also promises to give his Holy Spirit, to operate on the heart of sinners and to persuade them to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The time when this great work is to be performed, is agreed upon, and the place is designated. The time is about four thousand years from the creation, and the place is Mount Calvary in the land of Judea. As this time approached, the Savior prepares to enter upon his great undertaking. But, it is a decree of heaven, that "without the shedding of blood, there can be no remission." But, the Son, being really and truly God, how can he suffer, or shed blood? This is impossible in



the very nature of things. But this difficulty is obviated; for the Son agrees to assume *human nature*, and become *man*, that he might *obey and suffer* in his stead. This is just as it should be; for it is meet and proper that the law should be *fulfilled*, and its penalty *suffered* in the very nature in which it was broken.

Accordingly, in the fulness of time, the Beloved Son left the bosom of his Father—the bright regions of immortal glory, and flying on wings of love, and strong desire, he visited the abodes of men: he laid off his resplendent robes of honor—he assumed the rough garb of humanity—he was born of a virgin: and in that low condition, he obeyed the law which man had broken, suffered its penalty which man deserved, and by his obedient life, and agonizing death he purchased a full, a free and an everlasting salvation for all who believed in his name: he suffered until Justice said “It is enough.” He then meekly bowed his dying head, crying “It is finished—the great work of man’s redemption is completed, and sinners can now be saved on principles of *justice* as well as *mercy*.” Oh, what an astonishing display of love was this, to poor hell deserving sinners! When Justice, with his flaming sword, cried for the sinner’s blood, and stood ready to give the fatal blow, the blessed Savior stepped between: “On me,” said he, “be the stroke! On my head, oh Father, let thy vengeance fall, and let poor sinners live.” “I offer myself a substitute in the room of sinners.” The offer was accepted, and on his head, the Father’s vengeance did fall. He bore the whole load—the more than mountain-weight of Divine wrath which would have crushed a guilty world to hell. All the sins of all his people were made to meet upon him, and he suffered what the law would have required of each individual. In this way, the great obstacle that stood in the way of mercy, has been removed—Justice has been fully satisfied, and the law has not only been fulfilled, but it has been “magnified and made honorable.” Mercy can now enter, and God can save sinners consistently with all his attributes. There is no jar or discord in any of the perfections of Deity: all meet, and gloriously harmonize in man’s salvation. “Mercy and truth have met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.”

This was the greatest work that was ever performed on earth, or ever will be performed again. The works of creation are not to be

compared to it. It is true, they displayed the power and wisdom of God, to an astonishing degree; but in the work of Redemptinn, his love and *mercy* are displayed to the astonishment of all intelligent natures.

When Adam fell,

“Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe  
That all was lost.”

But when Christ appeared,

“Earth felt the cure, and angels from on high,  
Singing with cheerful voice, gave signs of joy  
That man was saved.”

Yes, in prospect of the great work of Redemption, which was about to be accomplished, angels rejoiced, and sung: “Glory to God in the highest; and on earth, peace and good will toward men.”

Here now, is a plan of salvation, in every way, worthy of God. It exalts the Savior to the very highest honors, while it humbles the sinner in the dust of humiliation. It forms a firm and an immoveable foundation, on which man may build his hopes of heaven. This is the foundation, and the only foundation that will stand the test in the day of trial. Never has any yet been disappointed, who built their hopes on Christ. This is a sure, a firm, a tried foundation, “on which, if a man build, he shall never be confounded.”

But, it may be asked, how could Jesus Christ keep the law in behalf of others? Was he not under obligations to keep the law for himself? This would be true, if he were a *created* Being; but this not being the case, he is under no such obligation. He never was under a law for *himself*; but was made under a law for *others*. As *man*, he was under a law; but as *God*, he was *sui juris*, his own law. In this way, we can understand very clearly, how his obedience and sufferings could be *meritorious*. Owing nothing of his own, either to the law or justice of God, all that he did, and suffered, was *extra* service, and could be placed to the account of others, which was actually done, and we are counted righteous only for the righteousness of Christ, *imputed* to us, and received by faith alone. Here then, is a foundation exactly suited to your case. Will you build upon it? Will you lay aside all your *false* and *sandy* foundations, and will you build on the rock Christ, for you may rest assured that “Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.”



But you ask, How are you build on this foundation? We answer, by *faith*. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." You must not suppose that, because God has laid such a foundation for your hopes, that you have nothing to do, but that he will save you whether you are willing or not. No, that is not God's plan. You have something to do; and you must do it, or you never can be saved, notwithstanding all that has been done in your behalf. Nay, if you now refuse to do what God requires, you will be in a worse condition than ever. "It would have been better for you not to have known the way of righteousness, than after you have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto you." Although the Saviour has obeyed and suffered in your stead, yet God has demands upon you. He requires you to love the Savior, for the great things he has done for you. And is this unreasonable? Is it more than you ought to do? Surely you will not say so! God has assured us that "there is no other name, given under heaven, amongst men, whereby we must be saved." "He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." If therefore, you believe in him, the law can have no further demands upon you. Does the law require perfect obedience? You can point to the Savior; for, in him, it has been fulfilled in every jot and tittle. Does Justice call for the sinner's blood? You can point again to Christ, and say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." In a word, the Lord Jesus Christ is, in every respect, exactly qualified to answer all the wants of sinners. He is, indeed, a needful, a suitable, a willing, and an all-sufficient Savior. He is both able and willing to save you, if you cast yourself on him. Are you willing to trust him? Are you willing to take him as your Saviour, and depend on him alone, for salvation? If so, this is faith; this is what is meant by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. You must give up every hope—you must renounce every false and sandy foundation, and build all your hopes of salvation on the rock Christ. If you have proper views of your own heart—if you see that you are poor, and needy, and helpless, and wretched, and miserable, and guilty, and at the same time, if you see a suitableness in Jesus Christ, and a fulness to supply all your wants, and then actually *close in with him*—taking him as your Savior, and giving your-

self away to him—this would be an act of faith, and the very thing you must do, if you would be saved by the Lord Jesus Christ.

"But tears of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do."

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus and my all."

This is the language of faith, and very aptly describes the exercise of every heart that is truly humbled before God.

We have now laid before you some of the foundations on which mankind, very generally, are building their hopes of heaven. We have also endeavored to show you the utter insufficiency of those foundations to answer your expectations. And lastly we have told you what the true foundation is, and how you must build upon it. You are now, without excuse before God, and if you fail in obtaining salvation, the fault will be your own. But remember that if you die amidst so much light, you will die with an accumulated weight of guilt upon your heads.

But says one, "I know that these things are so, and that Christ is the only foundation of the sinner's hope, and I intend to build upon it at some future time; but for the *present*, it is not *convenient*. My mind, at present, is too much occupied about other matters to think of religion; but, at some period before I die, I will attend to the concerns of my soul." Here now, we behold the conduct of sinners generally. When they are driven from one refuge of lies, they will seek another and another: and when they are forced to acknowledge that there is no other way of salvation, than through Jesus Christ; they will quiet their conscience by saying that they will attend to these matters after a while. This is one of the most fatal errors, of which mankind can be guilty. It is not so much through ignorance of duty, that sinners perish, as a want of disposition to perform it when known. It is very convenient for people to procrastinate a duty; but a more foolish, or a more fatal error was never committed. You know that life is short, and very uncertain. You have no assurance that you will live beyond the present day. Or if you should, do you know that your heart will be softer—will your sins be fewer, or will you be in a more favourable condition to love God, or more inclined to engage in his service, than



you are now? No, you know you will not. Reason and experience, as well as the word of God, all go to prove the contrary. We believe that Satan himself never devised a more cunning, or a more successful artifice, to decoy sinners from coming to Christ, than this. If he can succeed in persuading sinners to put off religion one day, he can, with equal ease, induce them to put it off two; and if two, why not four, and so on, until the soul becomes so callous, and hardened in sin, that he loses all interest in the matter, and gives himself up to all manner of wickedness. He becomes so completely ensnared in the net which the enemy has laid for his soul, that he can, by no means, extricate himself. "Oh that sinners were wise—that they understood this! that they would consider their latter end!" Be assured that you will never find a better time, or "a more convenient season" to embrace religion, than the present—no, not if you should live a thousand years. If you ever intend to become religious—if you ever intend to love and serve God, begin now; for, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Never put off till to-morrow, that which ought to be done to-day. This would be bad policy, even in temporal things, how much more in things that relate to the precious and immortal soul! It is always the part of wisdom to do those things which are of the most importance *first*, and *afterwards*, things of minor importance. Now, we ask, what is of more importance, than the salvation of the soul? In comparison of this, all things else sink into perfect insignificance. "What would it profit you, if you should gain the whole world, and lose your own souls? or what would you give in exchange for your souls?" Be wise therefore; and in the strength of the Lord, determine that you will come to Christ, in spite of all that the devil and his emissaries can say or do, to the contrary. Never suffer yourselves to be ensnared, and overcome by your worst enemy. It is pusillanimous to yield, and unbecoming a soldier. We must "resist, even unto blood, striving against sin." God has promised "that his grace shall be sufficient for us;" and that "through Christ strengthening us, we can do all things." Look at the reward promised—the crown that awaits you. The reward is "eternal life"; and the crown is a "crown of glory that fadeth not away". Surely this is worth striving

for. It cost the Saviour his blood to purchase it; and surely you will not begrudge a little pains to procure it. Keep your eye fixed steadily on Christ, as the Pole Star: he will guide you safe to heaven and happiness. Make him the foundation of your hope: he will never deceive you. "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation, and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded." Thousands have tried him; and no one yet has been disappointed; and we know that you will not, if you put your trust in him. He will be with you in life; he will be with you in death; and, at last, he will crown you "heirs of eternal life." This foundation is not the work of man; but it has been laid by God himself, and will well sustain all who build upon it. "Other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." And on this Rock, may you all build your hopes. Amen.

For the Casket.

Thoughts on hearing the beautiful song,  
"I WOULD NOT DIE IN SPRINGTIME."

BY ROSE RIVERS.

If I were called in Springtime,  
Most cheerfully I'd go;  
Though sweet the murmured music  
Of the freed streamlet's flow;  
Though freshness, life, and fragrance,  
I'll all the earth and air,—  
For where the Savior dwelleth,  
'Tis always fresh and fair.  
And if it should be Summer  
When I am called away,  
Amid its glow and richness  
I would no longer stay.  
I'd gladly leave its sunshine,  
Its cool refreshing bowers,  
Its soft and gentle breezes,  
Its quickly fading flowers.  
Should Autumn be the season  
That I am summoned home,  
Its luscious fruits should tempt me  
Not for an hour to roam.  
Beside the living waters  
Forth flowing from the throne,  
The Tree of life is growing  
To mortals here unknown.  
And if I die in Winter,  
Dear friends, grieve not for me,  
Nor weep when on my bosom  
The cold, cold snow you see;  
For I shall be where summer  
And joy forever reign,  
Oh, not my best beloved  
Must wish me back again!



## RANDOLPH'S VIEWS OF THE BIBLE.

The Hon. Thomas H. Benton, in his reminiscences of public men, has the following statement in relation to Mr. Randolph, and his religious views and feelings in his latter days :

"He had religious impressions, and a vein of piety which showed itself more in private than in external observances. He was habitual in his reverential regard for the divinity of our religion; and one of his beautiful expressions was, that "if woman had lost paradise, she had gained us heaven." The Bible and Shakspeare were, in his latter days, his constant companions, travelling with him on the road, remaining with him in the chamber. The last time I saw him (in that last visit to Washington, after his return from the Russian mission and when he was in full view of death,) I heard him read the chapter in the Revelation of the opening of the seals, with such power and beauty of voice and delivery, and such depth of pathos, that I felt as if I had never heard the chapter read before. When he got to the end of the opening of the sixth seal, he stopped the reading, laid the book, open at the place, on his breast, as he lay on his bed, and began a discourse upon the beauty and sublimity of the Scriptural writings, compared to which he considered all human compositions vain and empty. Going over the images presented by the opening of the seals, he averred that their divinity was in their sublimity—that no human power could take the same images, inspire the same awe and terror, and sink ourselves into such nothingness in the presence of the "wrath of the Lamb"—that he wanted no proof of their divine origin but the sublime feelings which they inspired."

A LOOK INTO ETERNITY. — When Sumnerfield was on his death bed, he exclaimed, "Oh, if I might be raised again, *how could I preach!* I could preach as I have never preached before; *I have had a look into eternity!*"

He who will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead; and by egotism, which is suicidal, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter.

## THE GRAVE OF LILLY DALE.

We smoothed down the locks of her soft golden hair,  
And folded her hands on her breast,  
And laid her at eve in the valley so fair,  
Mid the blossoms of Summer, to rest.

Oh rest, Lilly, no care to assail,  
For green grows the turf  
O'er the tear moistened grave  
Of the the fairest flower of the vale.

She sleeps 'neath the spot she had marked for repose,  
Where flowers soonest blossom in spring,  
And zephyrs first breathe the perfume of the rose,  
And the birds come at evening to sing.

Oh rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

The wide-spreading boughs of the old chestnut tree  
Bend low o'er the place where she lies;  
There eve's purple beams longest gleam on the lea,  
And the moon drinks the dew as they rise.

Oh rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

Alone where the brook murmurs soft on the air,  
She sleeps with the turf on her breast,  
As we laid her at eve in the valley so fair,  
Mid the blossoms of Summer, to rest.

Oh rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

## A GOOD WITNESS.

The Hon. Lewis Cass, of Detroit, one of the oldest men in his country's service, having been for many years an officer both in civil and military departments, gives this valuable testimony :

"I have never tasted ardent spirits in my life, and therefore know they can be dispensed with. Probably few men have undergone more fatigue than I have. The more active portion of my life was passed in a new country, on the very verge of civilization, and much of it beyond, and I have had my full share of exposures, exertions, and privations, in peace and in war. I have had, too, my full share of health. I might almost say that I have enjoyed uninterrupted health; and I am therefore a living proof that ardent spirits are not necessary for physical endurance, under any circumstances of toil and trial. It was this conviction which led me, when Secretary of War, to authorize the commutation of the ration of ardent spirits previously issued to the troops, for its equivalent in coffee or sugar, which has since made part of the supplies furnished to our army."

Heaven is a day without a cloud to darken it, and without a night to end it.



For the Casket.  
ON THE DEATH OF FANNY  
FORESTER.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

Poor weary heart, take rest, take rest !  
Thy "Bird" is safe in other bowers —  
Lie gently down on summer's breast,  
'Mid Alderbrook's wild flowers.

Poor stricken heart, be still, be still !  
No longer watch — no longer beat  
With tireless love—with anxious thrill,  
For unreturning feet.

Thy "Indian nest" grew dark ere noon —  
Each birdling hush'd its cheerful song —  
Thy Sun of Love went down too soon —  
Night's shadows were too long.

For while ye watch'd Hope's setting star,  
Quench in the sea its last dim ray,  
The Spoiler, like a foe from far,  
Stole all thy strength away.

Poor loving one, take sleep, take sleep !  
When chains of bliss are riven,  
Each golden link th'e angels keep,  
To bind again in Heaven.

Few persons, we presume, who have read Mrs. Judson's beautiful lines, entitled, "My Bird," written at Maulmain, in 1847, soon after the birth of her eldest child, will ever forget them. This little girl was given by her mother, to Miss Anable of Philadelphia.

From the Presbyterian Banner.

"FEAR NOT."

BY BENJ. F. SLOCUMB.

Hear ye that voice as it rings through the air ?  
'Tis the voice of our God—ye nations arise !  
"Fear not," the welkin peals loudly and clear,  
"Be vallant in truth—well equipped for the prize !"  
Far up yon blue vault let thy soul fly away,  
Till it reaches, unscathed eternity's day !

"Fear not," He hath said,—oh, how the heart beats,  
As th' angel of God lets the blessed sound fall !  
How gladly each lip the story repeats,

"Fear not, for our Christ is the Savior of all !"  
His voice in rich music is echoing o'er us,  
And multitudes join in the life-going chorus !

Gird well thy loins ! and, tho' rugged the road,  
Press on Christian soul to the God of thy love !  
Press on—'tis the way thy fore-fathers trod,  
And will lead thee at last to yon heaven above—  
There the waters of gladness forever shall stream,  
And the sun of a summer perpetual beam !

Fear not—oh, fear not !—let each take a part  
In praising forever Jehovah our Lord,  
In hanging our faith round the great Christian Heart,  
Cemented by love in each page of His word !  
Let his praises be rung over ocean and sea,  
Down far in the woodland, through vale and o'er lea !

Hail the glad sound !—oh, who can now falter ?  
Oh, who can now tremble to plunge in the wave !  
These words burn brightly on God's holy altar,  
"Fear not !" be with thee to bless and to save !"  
Though sorrow and gloom shall thy life overcast,  
Thy God will be with thee a Friend to the last !

HINTS TO PARENTS.

At the anniversary exercises of the Literary Society at Edgehill School, Princeton, N. J., an address was delivered by George Potts, D. D., of which the Newark Advertiser gives the following summary :

The boy the orator speaks of is not the lying, swaggering, swearing, tyrannizing fellow of the play-ground, playing monkey pranks, firing crackers, or turning some long-eared animal into a college chapel. Nor that one described by Pliny, even in his day, who says of the *Young America* then existing that "modesty is scarce among our youth. How seldom will one of them yield to superior age or authority ? They grow wise in a trice ; all at once they know every thing ; they reverence no one, imitate no one, but are their own models."

The boy should be revered not so much for what he is, as for what he may or ought to be. The child Napoleon, the child Washington, contained the elements of what the *man*, the *statesman*, the *soldier* afterwards revealed. The mother of Paul, or Augustine, or Archibald Alexander would have been justified in regarding the infant on her arm, could she have forecasted its deep history, with reverence. In the child is not only wrapped up this history, but a far greater in eternity, for he is an heir of immortality. As a child may be an angel, so he may become a demon. Such has been the sad history of many a bold-hearted beautiful boy. More than one such the orator had seen.

Now for the inferences from this view of boyhood, pregnant with such brilliant, fearful issues. Parents must appreciate more the true dignity and importance of their children. The physical and moral training of home is generally decisive of the future of the boy. If home is what it should be, half, and the worst half, of the school may be dispensed with. Neglect



here entails disheartening drudgery on the high-principled teacher. High-principled, we say, because many are deficient here, where such qualities are vital to the destiny of the pupil in time and eternity.

We often tax the instructor with the necessity of doing the work which we have doubly neglected. There are bad schools, no doubt; where moral diseases may be contracted, and there are good ones, too, to which boys are sent to spread contamination, who are fitter for a house of refuge than a school. It is requiring too much of teachers to admit such. Would any difficulty like this occur if parents acted on the maxim of Juvenal, and remembered in the proper time their responsibilities in this matter?

The orator then applies his maxim to the teacher. He acknowledges with pleasure the change that has taken place in the estimate of his importance, usefulness, and value. There is yet something to desire. The cheapness of an education is not to be rated, as it is apt to be, as its first quality. Cheap education may be had; but what will the boys be? As the Scotch say, "the lads gang in sturks and come out asses;" "they go in little donkeys and come out big donkeys." Such is the manufacture of a Dotheboy's school. But this description of school is comparatively rare in our country.

Much is to be learned before the magnitude of their profession shall be realized. They ought to be men who might shine in other orbits. Their sphere is not a "sleepy hollow." We want no tricksters, humbugs, pretenders, great on paper. Education is not cramming the mind with all the knowledges. At school, foundations should be laid, the thinking powers disciplined.

But this development of intellect is not what Bacon calls "the farthest end of knowledge," so not the best index to the teacher's qualities. This is to make knowledge and the thinking powers subservient goodness, to make of smart fellows noble fellows and good fellows. "The business of the teacher, as of the parish minister," said Arnold, who knew, "is the cure of souls."

The orator turns to the boys at last. The first inquiry is, *Have we any boys now-a-days?* Some deny it. But for his part, he thinks there *are* boys, and ought to be to the end of the chapter—full of fun, not silly or mischievous; full of play, not yet idle; full

of mistakes and thoughtless impulses, but not mulish, conceited and intractable. "For my part," says he, "I had rather take off my hat to a real specimen of a fine boy than many a full-grown human; for I see in him the making of the highest style of man—a Christian gentleman. "Boys will be boys," "you cannot look for old heads on young shoulders," must not be employed as maxims to apologize for vice."

The speaker said little of smartness, learning, scholarship. He did not forget them, but, to acknowledge the truth, he thinks them overrated in systems of education. Smartness is not a virtue, and a want of bright parts no fault—hardly a misfortune indeed, sometimes; for it often leads to success, if accompanied by diligence, which is praiseworthy because voluntary. Yet talent is apt to be the idol, and systems of education are in a measure accountable for it. But in the ethics of religion high-principled goodness is the best greatness. The orator could almost hear the sounds of the strife of life on which the boys were soon to enter. "On whose side," he asked, "will you be found? Fighting for truth, honor, benevolence, and justice, in the company of the wise and good, or moral cowards, who skulk whenever a blow is to be struck or borne on the right side; or, what is worse, the companions of fools, fighting in the ranks of the enemies of God and man? These questions are to be decided now. Money cannot make the good citizen and patriot, the benefactor of the poor and patron of merit, the good husband and father; talent and learning cannot do it; but industry, common sense, and conscience, under the impulse of the grace of God, can."

Thus we have given a specimen of this address, which we thought would be its best commendation. To be valued it needs only to be known. Beside, we wished to avail ourselves of its excellent thoughts for the benefit of our readers, though unable to retain in most instances their beautiful dress and appropriate connection.

The cold water of persecution is often thrown into the face of the Church to recover her from a swoon.

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.



## KNOWLEDGE.

It was this that raised Franklin from the humble station of a printer's boy to the first honors of his country; that took Sherman from the shoe-maker's bench, gave him a seat in Congress, and there made his voice to be heard among the wisest and best of his compeers! It raised Simpson from the weaver's loom to a place among the first of mathematicians, and Herschel, from being a poor fifer's boy in the army, to a station among the first astronomers. It is the philosopher's stone—the true alchemy that turns every thing it touches into gold. It is the sceptre that gives dominion over nature; the key that unlocks the store-house of creation, and opens the treasures of the Universe.—[R. Sears.

## HOW MEN DIE WITHOUT THE BIBLE.

The Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, at the late anniversary of the American Bible Society, stated, with thrilling interest, a private conversation he had with a gentleman of renown—whose name he would not mention—just before going to his account:

"As for the Bible," said the sage, "if may be true, I do not know."

"What, then," it was asked, "are your prospects?"

He replied in whispers, which, indeed, were thunders, "Very dark—*very* dark."

"But have you no light from the Sun of Righteousness? Have you done justice to the Bible?"

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but it is now too late—*too late*."

## THE BIBLE.

Dr. Martin once said to Master Philip Melancthon and Doctor Justus Jonas, respecting the Bible, that it was a great and wide forest wherein stood many and various trees, from which one might pluck fruits and berries of every sort. For in the Bible is the richest consolation, doctrine, instruction, admonition, warning, promises and threatenings; and there is no tree in all this forest upon which I have not beaten, and from which plucked or shaken a few apples or pears.

HOW TO PRAY.—God hears the heart, though without words; but he never hears words without the heart.

## TASTES DIFFER.

In a lecture on what he had seen abroad, Wendell Phillips observes:

"In Italy you will see a farmer breaking up his land with two cows, and the root of a tree for a plow, while he is dressed in skins with the hair on. In Rome, Vienna, and Dresden, if you hire a man to saw your wood, he does not bring a horse. He never had one nor his father before him. He places one end of the saw on the ground, and the other against his breast, and taking the wood in his hands, rubs against the saw. And he will be all day in doing two hours work. It is a solemn fact that in Florence, a city filled with the triumphs of art, there is not a single auger, and if a carpenter would bore a hole he does it with a red hot poker! This results not from want of industry, but of sagacity of thought.

"In Rome charcoal is principally used for fuel, and you will see a string of twenty mules bringing little sacks of it upon their backs, when one mule would draw it all in a cart. But the charcoal vender never had a cart and so he keeps his twenty mules and feeds them. There is no want of industry, but there is no competition. If a yankee refuses to do a job for fifty cents, he will probably do it for a dollar, and will certainly do it for five. But one of the lazzaroni of Naples, who has earned two cents and eaten them, will work no more that day and wants no more. He has earned enough and wants no more. So there is no eagerness for making money, no motive for it, and everybody moves slowly.

## BOOKS.

In the best books great men talk to us—give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. They give to all who faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom I shall not pine for intellectual companionship.—[Channing.



## REV. DR. DUFF ON THE U. STATES.

HIS SPEECH BEFORE THE ASSEMBLY, AT  
EDINBURGH.

[Concluded.]

Now, there are many points regarding the States which, as a Christian Church, we must feel deeply interested in, and I will rapidly allude to a few, though time and strength will compel me to be brief, and omit even a notice of many altogether. In the first place, one can but be astonished at the multitudes who arrive constantly there from other lands. How are they disposed of? I fear we don't sufficiently sympathize with our brethren across the Atlantic in regard to this matter.

In New York alone, no fewer than 1000 arrive daily; at Boston, 17,000 to 20,000 a year; at Philadelphia much about the same number. Altogether, about half a million must arrive every year from the Eastern world. We hear of emigration from England, Scotland, and Ireland, but we don't think of other countries who had a large share. As a matter of curiosity, I made some inquiry on this point; and I find that last year there were from England, 30,000; Ireland 157,000; Scotland, 8000; Germany, 147,000 (there is always a large number from Germany; ) France, 6000; Russia contributes her 112; while Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Sardinia,—in short, every country in Europe; some in Asia and Africa; many from South America. After enumerating the precise numbers from each country, Dr. Duff proceeded,—What is to be done with these immense heterogenous multitudes? How a city like New York is able to withstand this constant influx, it is difficult to say, and were it not for the Anglo-Saxon energy, characteristic of its people, it could not withstand such a continual pressure.

It is true, great numbers proceed to the West, but the worst are left behind, as a residuum of poverty, vice, and crime; and it must require a vast digestive power to swallow, assimilate, and dispose of these vast multitudes. On Ward's Island they have an establishment for really destitute emigrants and their children—the average number maintained and taught there being almost 3000. I visited the institution, and naturally inquired how many Scotch were in it. Well, at that time in the juvenile department of 700, there was just one single representative for Scotland. (Applause.)

This was a little girl, who had been only three weeks there; and I begged that she might be pointed out to me, just as a curiosity—(laughter) and who, I asked, anticipating the answer, give you most trouble here? "Oh, you need scarcely ask," was the answer,—“the Irish.” Not the Presbyterians from Ulster, however—(applause)—but the crime and destitution are where Popery is,—that is the testimony of the United States. With regard, then, to the means employed for encountering and melting down this prodigious host into sober and homogenous Americanism, there is no time to go into details, I have here statistics of the Churches, which do exert a weighty influence, but time will not admit of my entering into particulars.

Altogether, there are 36,000 churches—a church for every 500 or 600 of the inhabitants of the United States; and the bulk of these churches are in the hands of evangelical Christians. (Applause.) The Methodists are the most numerous, having about 12,000 churches; and like the Methodists in England they are good scriptural Christians. The Baptists come next in point of numbers, having about 8000 churches. They are sound in the faith, however much they may differ from others in the matter of baptism by dipping. Then come the Presbyterians, who have 5000 churches—I mean the different sections put together. It is a matter of delightful hopefulness for the States that the great bulk of the churches are in the hands of persons substantially sound in the faith. Coming down to infidel or other sects, they are very small alongside of these great bodies. Next, we may glance at their schools. If there were time for it, I could now furnish the statistics of all the scholastic institutions—including universities, colleges, theological seminaries, academies, public and private schools. First of all, it may be known that in all the Northern States, what are called public or common schools have been got up at the public expense. They voluntarily tax themselves for these, and children are taught there gratuitously.

Connected with each circuit of schools in the great towns, there is a free academy for higher education to the *elite* of the schools. The system differs in different States; but the general Government has determined, with reference to the new Western States, that due provision shall be made for a proper system of education being there established; and accordingly, in every new state they set apart



millions of acres, to be devoted some day to education, especially of a collegiate or academical kind. In every district of sixteen miles or the sixteenth part, as a local fund for common education, when that district is planted with human beings. In the Northern states, in particular, the proportional number in attendance is somewhat beyond what is to be found even in Prussia. Why, it is astonishing to see the edifices they got up there for educational purposes. They say they will have nothing to do with small, paltry, close, confined, ill-ventilated school-houses. Their common school-houses in New-York and elsewhere are like palaces three or four stories high; and they get some 1500 or 2000 children to attend. They are really furnished up and replenished most tastefully and handsomely, and the rooms are remarkably healthy and airy.

Go into one of these crowded rooms, containing 500 children, and so far as fresh air is concerned, you may almost as well go into the airiest drawing-room or saloon in Edinburgh. And the training of the children in these schools is admirable. Why, every little boy in any of them has the idea that he will some day be the President of the United States; and why should he not endeavor to become a great man? The whole training is well fitted to develop, not only the mental faculties, but to inculcate the duties of citizenship. There is an energy and vigor, and an apparently precious thoughtfulness, in even a boy of the age of twelve, that makes him appear already a little man. They must be debaters, and even the political questions of the day are often debated under the management of the schoolmasters. This is the training which these children are to a great extent undergoing for American citizenship. As to another part, the Christian part of it, how is this managed? It differs exceedingly in different States and districts; and it would require a whole night to go into the discriminating differences, and I can scarcely attempt to scratch even the surface. But here let me advert to the interference of Popery with this common school system.

The Americans, some twenty or thirty years ago, thought of Popery that it was an effete, antiquated thing, come over from the old world that would soon be dissolved and disappear in their free land. It had been found, however, a tougher thing than that, and a harder bone to be digested. They gradually began to find

out that, for the Papists began to play a strange game, under the pretence of liberty of conscience, right of citizenship, and all that nomenclature which Papists know so well how to employ when it suits their purpose. (Hear, hear.) But liberty of conscience coming out of Popery is like the icebergs of the North Pole coming out of the heat of the solar beams, or the flowers, and fruits, and stately palmtrees of the tropics springing out of the ices of the North Pole. (Applause.) The one is as true as the other. The American citizens, however, believed them at first. Practically they said, we won't interfere with another man's conscience, and so on. And by and by the Papists take them in and say, these schools interfere with our consciences; and they did it so slyly, that some of the directors and board of management of these schools so far conceded the point before they were fully aware of what they were doing. And I had the curiosity to bring over two old school books to exemplify the kind of thing they did deliberately before the people came to be aware of it.

In one of these school books there was a section upon Martin Luther; and they said There are things there that are distressing to our consciences; but the book is stereotyped, and great numbers have been thrown off; what shall we do? It would be a terrible loss to sacrifice the thousands of printed volumes and the stereotypes. Oh, but you can blot out the thing of which we conscientiously complain. Now, just look at the way they have blotted or blackened the obnoxious pages or paragraphs of the book, (holding up a school book with the page blackened with ink, amid the laughter of the Assembly.) The next chapter he exhibited was a long one, and two opposite pages of it are of such an odious kind to the Papists, that they have pasted them altogether so as to form one thick leaf, (holding up the pasted leaf to the amusement of the Assembly.) That was on account of allusions to Cranmer. Then there is the famous speech of Chatham on the American war, in which allusion is made to the Popish atrocities. That sentence is blotted in the same manner. In the poetry, too, the same system is adopted. In Goldsmith's Traveller there is a couplet blotted out, (holding up the book amidst renewed laughter.)

People at last began to say our "children bring home black-patched books;" and they



thought that looked rather odd, but, not to break up the stereotype, in the next edition they simply broke up that part of it which contained these sections, so the next edition comes out with a white blank leaf, or white blank spots here and there, in this way. [Here the Rev. Dr. held up another specimen with pages blank, amidst cheers and roars of laughter.] So that with this blank or spot leaf it was not so odious to the eye as the black patch as you might think some one had stuck in the page, did the paging not show the real state of matters. Well, all this was going on, and American citizens began to think there was something under this; and by and by the Papists began to speak of the use of the Bible in the schools as an offence to their consciences. We have no objection to the Bible. You may read it as much as you like, of course. It is the interpretation you put upon it we object to.

Well, so far to meet the humor of the Papists about this, they entered into this arrangement, that henceforth, at the opening of the school, a chapter of the Bible should be simply, but solemnly and reverently read, without note or comment by the master or mistress, and the Lord's Prayer rehearsed to them; so that it was agreed that there could be no reasonable objection, since the Bible is not a sectarian work, or a Protestant work, but a Christian work, designed for the instruction of the world. I allude to these things because it was in this stealthy manner the Papists came to unmask what was really a religious system, and evacuate it of its more special religious instruction. Still, the Papists would not be satisfied till the Bible was banished altogether. When it came to that, in some cases the thing was done, but being left by the State to the local boards to do as they thought proper, they generally said "you Universalists, Unitarians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and all other sects, you all believe in the Bible, and nobody can object to the Bible being read in school without note or comment." And, in fact, nobody did object but the Papists. Even the infidels and atheists did not, usually at least, object to it, as they thought it would teach their children good morals. But nothing satisfies the Papists but the Bible must be banished altogether. The Americans, as a body, could not stand that. They said, "If you are so much against the Bible, it must be because the Bible is against you, and we cannot stand that." (Hear, hear.) Even the great states-

man Webster comes forward to defend the Bible as a part of unsectarian instruction to be established in the schools. Then he lays it down as a principle that Christianity is an integral component part of the American Constitution. This flows through the States, and now it is growing up to be the dominant dogma.

We do not ask foreigners to come to us—they pitch themselves on us whether we will or no; but if they come and submit to our laws and become American citizens, they are welcome; if otherwise, we must see to it that they shall not be allowed to subvert those free institutions, set up at the cost of our fathers' blood, and under which we have so flourished. They lay it down as a principle—I mean the great bulk of the real living mass of American citizens, lay it down as a principle—that the Bible is the foundation of American citizenship. It is repeated by the thousands and tens of thousands of the American citizens, that the Bible in the vernacular tongue in the hands of every man is Americanism. Therefore, whoever wants to be an American citizen, must submit to the conditions of an American citizen. Hence they are bound and resolved that the English language shall be permanent amidst all the Babel of tongues.

No man can attain to office in the State, unless he can transact business in the English language. There is a strange transformative process going on yonder. For the first generation you have all the old medley of tongues—quite a Babel of them—with the ten thousand varying habits and prejudices of their different sects and nations; there they get up their own newspapers, get up their own journals, their own discussions, their own Bible through a whole variety of tongues. Ah! but the children—they mingle with other children, and the children all hope one day to be magistrates, governors and presidents of the United States. "What! are we to be shut out?" "Yes, unless you learn the English language—unless you come to the common school, and there read what we learn on history, the principles of our constitution on true Christian morality."

Well, it is perfectly astonishing with what power and rapidity this process is telling; how it is melting, and fusing, and moulding down these strange, heterogeneous masses. Generally the great bulk of them are moulded



down in the second or third generation, and all the Babel of tongues disappear, and if not Christianized, they are undone with regard to German Pantheisms, and Irish Poperies, and such like, and therefore open to something better. Then the Papists found they could not drive the Bible out of the schools, and I am happy to say it is but from a very small fraction of the schools the Bible has been excluded. And now, almost everywhere they try to make up for the deficiency in religious instruction in schools, by insisting on parents being more diligent,—by insisting on Sabbath schools becoming more vigorous, and productive of spiritual fruits, and parents helping to educate them, so that they might make up by Sabbath school instruction and parental instruction for that which most of them would like to see given in the common school; but to the comparative exclusion of which they had submitted for the present, under very peculiar and exigent circumstances.

And then, in numbers of instances, private and parochial schools are voluntarily established and supported, in which an out-and-out religious education is given. I have no doubt, from what I have seen, that the great bulk of the Christian people of the United States are determined the Bible shall never be shut out from their schools; and that the rising tendency is to require not only that it shall be read, but also to have it fully explained and enforced as to its great leading truths. That is the disposition chiefly developed. The Papists next turned round, saying—since you won't drive the Bible out of your schools, give us a share of the public money, and we shall set up schools for ourselves. By this time, the American citizens began to suspect the Papists. Some one wrote a good book on the conspiracies of the Papists against the liberties of the States. Aye, they raised questions—they pose them with questions yonder now. You will find the day is not far distant when it will be put in such a manner as to bring out a caricature of what the effect is of experimenting on American citizenship.

"It is said," they say, "that your Bishop so-and-so, and every Bishop, has taken an oath to a foreign sovereign. How can a man be a true American citizen, and have sworn allegiance to a foreign despot? It is impossible. You must either abjure your oath, or abjure your citizenship." That is the alternative begun to be put now; but they won't

mince things yonder when once they begin. (Laughter.) They will even go ahead with it, and through with it, and will not be deterred by bugbears and shadows. One of their great writers, in substance, has said, "America was asleep, but it was the sleep of innocence. We were unsuspecting; but there were traitors within our gates. If a foreign power has begun to be afraid of the young giant lying in his cradle, and sent a covey of serpents to lurk in the cradle along with him, and poison him, they will find their mistake. They will soon find that this young giant will put forth his energies, and nothing will deter him. No admiration of the speckled covering of the snakes, and no fear of their deadly sting will deter him from giving them a fatal grasp." (Applause.)

Now then, they said, let us have a share of the public money for schools for ourselves. Next, they wanted to starve the Protestants by taking the Bible from them, and then a share of the Protestants' money to help them to stuff their own children with all the superstitions and abominations of Popery, with its relentless intolerance—thus sapping the foundations of Protestantism, and entrenching themselves behind the bulwarks of their own apostate faith, whence also they might batter down the free institutions of America. The Americans soon noticed this. They said, "Have as many schools of your own, at your own expense, as you please; and if any man will hurt or annoy you we will protect you; but you must not set up anti-American schools at our expense." The Papists bullied about getting back their share of the public money, according to the number of children they would reach. The reply was, that they might get back the share they had themselves contributed, but that was so small, that in the common school system they actually got each twelve dollars for one.

It was found moreover that in the taxes for pauperism the Papists generally got back ten or twelve times what they contributed, beside supplying their jails. They said, "You are rather a costly set. It is rather bad to ask us to pay you for making us pay ten times more for keeping you from starvation, and for putting you in jail. (Laughter.) No, the Americans have resisted that, and I believe they will resist the Popish appliances utterly. Would that Britain could take a lesson in this respect from America, (applause,—then our



Maynooths would be down to-morrow, and cast at once and forever to the bottom of the sea. (Hear, hear.) We have many lessons to learn in these matters yet. Why, I may mention in passing as a singular characteristic of America, that in New York, there has sprung up a new sect lately. It calls itself the "Know Nothings." What the whole of their object may be nobody well knows; but the result of their establishment proves this, that this class are striving very much to counteract the insidious underworking of Popery. (Hear, hear.) And they show it in many ways. They go quietly to elections—nobody knows about them—and of late it has been found that no man under Popish influence is getting into power and authority.

Not long ago (just to show the working of the thing) a man in New York began to preach openly in the streets and elsewhere against the Papacy, and some of the Papists, just as in Ireland and other places, began to hoot and pelt the man with mud. When this was heard of, in due time a great number of these "Know Nothings" got into the crowd, so that for every Papist there was a "Know Nothing." Well, the Protestant man went on expounding Popery, while the Papists, as usual, began to hoot. Suddenly, every Papist got a firm thwack on the side of the head with the most thorough American gravity, (great laughter) coupled with such words as these: "Sir, this is a free country; every man is entitled to speak; and, Sir, when the man is done, if you want to answer him, we will see to it that you get justice." Well, if it had been only one or two who behaved in this manner, they would soon have been overpowered, but the Papists, seeing the apparent ubiquitousness of these "Know Nothings," were glad to give in. (Cheers.) They tried it again and again, however, but always with the same result, so that ere long full liberty of speech was established in the free city of New York. I do not know whether we could imitate this or not at home—(laughter)—but, at all events, the plan has proved quite successful over the water. (Hear, hear.)

Now, with reference to Popery in America, the general conclusion is, that in America it is undoubtedly to find its grave—(applause)—its influence is unmistakably on the decline, its power is melting away. When the Popish Nuncio was sent to America, the Americans were ready to receive him because he was a

stranger. He was entertained in high places; but it was observed that the President of the United States did not think proper to invite him to dine with him—and this was no doubt a part of the sound policy of the United States in reference to Popery. (Hear, hear.) At last they began to find him out. He began to interfere in many things. The bishops were striving hard to get the whole ecclesiastical and charitable property, of their own body into their own hands; and while many of their people were passively but reluctantly assenting, others stoutly asserted their rights as American citizens, telling the bishops, &c., to keep the spiritualities, and let the laity, as heretofore, manage the temporalities.

When the Nuncio came, he took the side of the bishops; but although he coaxed, and flattered, and threatened, they would not yield. They began to ask, "what sort of a man is this?" and by some of the Papists themselves began to tell him, "You will better get about your business as soon as possible." The Protestants began to be thoroughly roused, and at last the Nuncio had to take flight from New York. He concealed himself in a house for some time in great trepidation; and at last, by means of a steam-tug, he was smuggled into the British steamer which was to carry him away from the States—glad, indeed, to get away on any consideration. This is the way they deal with Popish nuncios, the emissaries of Popish tyrants, in nobly free and energetic America; and this is the way, too, they would treat the Cardinal Wiseman himself, if he went there. (Applause.) I might go on referring to many other subjects connected with the history and social economy of the States, illustrative of the remarkable energy is manifested in everything they undertake.

This energy, stimulated by the want of laborers, has led to the invention and employment of machines of every conceivable kind to abridge the labor of man; and the same energy manifests itself in all directions, in the accomplishments of all objects, and by all classes of society. I was much surprised, on one occasion, in one of the chief schools of New York, on being introduced to Professor So and So—a lady. I began to think what she could be professor of. (Laughter.) Music? No; nothing of the kind. I observed in the room a huge black board, covered with a forest of algebraic characters. It was, in fact, a complicated problem in the differential cal-



culus. And I afterwards found that this lady was professor of mathematics, and consequently of the differential calculus—(laughter)—and as modest and unpretending a person as I ever met with. (Applause.)

They carry it sometimes, perhaps, too far for our country; for they have set up medical schools for ladies, in which females are taught to become professors and medical practitioners. (A laugh.) They carry the principle right through. I don't know whether we can go into that here; but I may observe that I believe three-fourths of all the teachers of the United States are females, and right good teachers do they make. (Applause.) There is a spirit of vitality and stir throughout the whole scholastic system of the States. There is in many of the States an annual convention of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses; and they are in the habit of perambulating some of the States, in the same way as the British Association does with us. They fix upon some town at which to hold their convention, and forthwith they are plied with invitations, and the people throw open their houses to them. At these conventions they discuss all kinds of educational questions, the male and female teachers and professors taking part in the discussion; and they discuss the topics introduced in a way that is really profitable to all parties. In regard to their religious societies, I must say one word, because, though later in the field than those of Great Britain, it is quite amazing to witness the energy displayed by them. In fact, the energy which they have infused into these bodies is prodigious. (Applause.)

And I hope the day is coming when every one of our committees connected with Sabbath Schools, and Popery, and other matters, will open up a correspondence with our brethren across the Atlantic as to the good to be found in both systems, and in order to establish a system of cordial reciprocation. (Renewed applause.) Of this I am certain, that you will receive a right hearty welcome. Among the religious societies which they have, I may, for instance, state that they have a general Home Missionary Society, supported by various evangelical denominations, apart from the missions of the different Churches, and that this society has an income of about \$200,000. They have set up numbers of new churches in destitute places, and have gathered some 120,000 members in to them who did not attend church before, representing upward of

half a million of the people. Then their Bible Society spreads out over all the globe, generously aiding new translations and all missions, just like the British and Foreign Bible Society, and possesses an income about as large. (Applause.)

Then they have religious tract societies with an income of 400,000 dollars, and a vast staff of agency, which during last year visited nearly half a million of families, sold nearly half a million of purely religious works, granting a hundred and fifty thousand more, and praying with them and instructing them at the same time. There is also the Sabbath School Union, with a large income, and a vast body of agents, who go about and establish Sabbath schools through all the destitute places of the land, and establish Sabbath school libraries. They have already 500 or 600 agents engaged in this glorious work, many of whom are students of theology. Their superintendent makes it a point of going round the theological seminaries at the end of each session, with a view of retaining such students as may be willing to visit districts that are assigned to them; and their experience is, that this is a training for the ministry which is invaluable, besides the good which they may effect among the population amongst whom they may be for the time located. They say that young men in this way become acquainted with the different classes of society, with the different temper of individuals, with the wants of the people, and so forth; and that any rusticity which may be about them is in this manner rubbed off.

The young men generally come back with an enlarged missionary spirit, and with a great deal of practical knowledge; and they acquire a spirit of self-confidence, from having had to trust to their own resources, and also with a spirit of self-diffidence, looking up to God, and I may state, that the annual receipts of the society amount to 254,000 dollars; they employ 323 missionaries, and they have established during the last year as many as 2000 new Sabbath schools, with 8000 teachers and 60,000 children. (Applause.) They have sold Sabbath school books to the amount of 40,000 dollars. If time permitted, I could give you somewhat similar results with regard to other great societies, such as the American Missionary Association. The American Board of Foreign Missions, with its income of 300,000 dollars; the Foreign Mission Board of the Old School Presbyterian, with its 160,000 dollars



its Board of Publications; the American Christian Union, with its 75,000 dollars, and energetic agency in counteracting the plottings of Rome in all lands; and many, many other societies, both for home and foreign objects, the details of which are in my possession, and which I regret it is utterly impossible at this late hour to enter upon.

My impression with reference to the whole is, that we have a great deal to learn on these subjects in old Britain from young America, as to the ways of carrying on our enterprises more energetically. But one word as to a society unique in its conception and design. It is the Jewish Agricultural Society for Palestine. In it I felt interest. They have sent missionaries to Palestine, and they have sent a variety of ploughs and pumps, and other agricultural implements of the most improved descriptions, with a view to show the natives how to cultivate the soil. They have succeeded in conciliating the Jews in a way they were never conciliated before, insomuch that the Jews come to them for instruction in a way they never did before. (Applause.) But I must sorrowfully, for the present, omit all details respecting this and other most important societies and agencies for the promotion of social reform, and charitable and religious enterprises.

As stated at the outset, the whole subject is one of such vastness that it is impossible to go into it except in fragments. Enough of the few scraps now furnished convey a general impression of the multifariousness of the salutary operations in that great land, and the buoyant energy with which they are conducted, one would just say, in a few words, that, as you look at the Eastern States, and witness the extraordinary activity and enterprise of the people, you feel that, in new and more favorable circumstances for unchecked development, they are just ourselves after all—(applause)—even the great and wondrous Anglo-Saxon race, under the predominant influence of Christianity. And the only simile I can think of to bring out my ideas on the subject is, by referring to the lakes of North America. These waters, gathering from all sources, come down in a mighty stream to the St. Lawrence; they roll on; they then enter the rapids; and thence, intermixed with new elements, roll on, and we find them tumbling over the cataracts of Niagara. There they are tossed about in a seething cauldron; and, after having gone through a filtering and purifying process, emerge from

it a noble stream, spreading themselves into rivers and lakes, carrying a fertilizing influence with them, and bearing on their bosoms the treasures of a mighty empire.

As regards these Eastern States, they are, I say, after all, a great branch of our Anglo-Saxon race—not like the old stream, which, after ages of gathering and tossing, is now comparatively quiescent, and rolling on with a majestic sweep, but rather the same mighty stream in the rapids. And then, rushing with impetuosity westward, and reaching the summits of the Alleghany mountains, down it comes tumbling over into the Valley of the Mississippi, like a mighty cataract, stirring humanities,—destined thus for some time to be tossed to and fro, amid reeking vapors and surging billows, till all that is foul and pernicious is precipitated to the bottom; and out it will flow in due time, a noble stream, diffusing the verdure and fertility of truth and goodness and righteousness, unto future ages of time. (Applause.) I must now, however, pass into Canada; and, late as is the hour, must say a word or two upon it, however brief. I confess before going there, I did not adequately understand the nature of the country, though I had read a good deal about it.

When passing from Detroit, for instance, Eastward to West Canada, and coming suddenly upon a city called London, I thought I had certainly awoke from a dream? What! is this Canada West? It was associated far more in my mind with untilled forests, and all kinds of wild beasts. Passing along these, burst upon me one of those noble views which, in the course of the journey, are to be seen of this city. I said, What is this? London, was the reply! It is certainly not so big as the old London; but really it is a striking and noble looking city, with 10,000 inhabitants. It is really most extraordinary to find such a city in the midst of what was the bush; and, what is better still, I subsequently found its inhabitants a noble Christian people; but this is not all, for there are others which come upon you. For example, Hamilton, on Lake Ontario, with a population equal to that of Perth, though only about twenty years ago it had only a few huts. It is as fine a looking city as the Fair City itself, and is surrounded with noble hills and lakes. Then you come to Toronto, Coburg, Kingston, Montreal, and other cities—in short, you are completely taken by surprise by the magnificent succession of grow-



ing cities, with their fine public edifices, and bustling, commercial activities, that burst upon the view on all hands.

After paying a high compliment to a work published by Mr. Lilly, on the growth and prosperity of Canada, as throwing more light upon Canada than a thousand other volumes which had been written on the subject, and earnestly recommending that it should be republished here, for the instruction of our countrymen, the reverend Doctor said, that there was not a nobler territory than this out of Great Britain and the United States, and that Canada West was one of the most promising parts of the British dominions in every respect, with reference to its capabilities and resources, as well as the social comforts, Christian character, and rapidly expanding intelligence and energies of its inhabitants.—It is colonized mainly by British people, with free institutions, of which they have proved themselves in every way worthy. Its growth under every aspect, has been proportionally as rapid as that of the United States, and that is unprecedented in the previous history of the world. Education, as well as agriculture, commerce and everything else bearing on the improvement of man, are making vast progress; and that being so, let us as a church especially cherish it. West or Upper Canada is almost Presbyterian; and it is very much Free Church Presbyterianism. (Applause.)

They have already, I understood when there, sent home money to get out three Presbyterian ministers.—In many parts they have already enough of money, and soon will have in all; and their only want will be that of men, although they will not long have even that want. Let us cherish that Knox's College of Toronto. It is destined to be a noble institution—indeed, it is so already. (Applause.) They have a fine set of students there under Dr. Willis and his colleagues, of admirable spirit; and they go out in the Summer months and act the part of missionaries amongst the settlers. One is delighted to meet with such fine young men. Let us, I repeat, cherish that College. It is worthy of being cherished, and in a few years you will find you will be saved all trouble in sending out men and money to Canada; nay, the probability, that you will find by and by that your favours and liberalities will be returned to you a hundred fold by a grateful people.

In East or Lower Canada, Popery, as is well known prevails, though it abounds in Montreal, and elsewhere, with thousands of as noble Protestants as the world contains. Had there been time, I would have availed myself of this opportunity for making a reference to some of the Protestant missionary societies in that province. I meant to have said a word, for example, upon the French Canadian society, a thoroughly evangelistic and catholic institution, whose agents labored among the Roman Catholics, and whose constitution was of the most catholic character, so that all could unite in its labors. It was a society eminently worthy of being supported. On the south side of the town, at Grand Ligne, is another mission, which is under the influence of another denomination. Perhaps our Popish committees could not do better than put themselves in communication with the noblemen and agents connected with these societies, and thus let us riddle ourselves into one another—(a laugh)—and become an empire not only in name, but in action and in brotherly love.—(Applause.)

The men who have gone from this country to Canada are noble-hearted men. What a fine specimen have we, for example, in Dr. Burns, of Toronto—(applause)—a man who has more energy about him than many half-a-dozen young men. He is possessed of the utmost muscular energy and brain energy, and never seems exhausted; and proximity to him would put any hundred idlers quite in motion. (Laughter and applause.) His work yonder has been great. I lament that time and strength will not allow me to enlarge on this important theme, but others will, I trust, present themselves, and the republication of Mr. Lillie's work will accomplish much of what I had intended to have done. Only I cannot close without saying, that the cordiality with which my visit was received by Christians of all evangelic denominations, was only a second edition of that experienced in the United States; the enthusiasm of our public meetings the same; while there was a spontaneous manifestation of liberality toward our mission. The Lord has great things yet in store for Canada. Returning once more to the United States, there is one thing in connection with them, and with my visit to them, to which I like to refer, as of exceeding importance to the cause of Christ.



On the occasion of my first meetings in Philadelphia and New York the idea originated with some of the noble-minded men with whom I was brought into contact, of having a missionary convention, consisting of individuals interested in all enterprises, for the advancement of the cause of Christ, for the purpose of discussing practically all missionary questions. Although the being present at the convention would prevent me from visiting Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—places which I was most anxious to visit,—yet, as this proposed meeting was the first of the kind that had been held in the States, although it will not be the last, I felt that I could not be absent. Well, then, nearly 300 ministers from all the evangelical denominations were present. Two days, viz: 4th and 5th of May, with two sederunts each day, were spent in discussing the subject for which we were convened. I would to God we could transplant the spirit of that meeting into all the meetings of christians. All met at first in a spirit of trepidation and misgiving as nobody expected full harmony.

But when these men of all ages and denominations came together and began to speak of Christ's work—the work of the evangelization of the nations—it was astonishing what a spirit of love, which really was latent all the while, sprung forward in vivid manifestation among all. (Applause.) One venerable man at the close of the last meeting said, "I never expected to see the like of this. To my mind it is a dawning of the Millennium. I am old, and tottering to the grave, but if such a meeting takes place next year, as I hope will be the case, I shall be there, suppose I should be carried." (Applause.) And so every one felt. Many of the questions we did not undertake, from want of time. All spoke freely as Christian freemen. Differences of judgment on various points there were; but these were expressed in such a tender, loving spirit, that many had their judgments rectified, or enlarged, or confirmed. Each topic being fully discussed, in the end there was a deliverance, upon which all the 300 unanimously concurred.

The meeting was so blessed, that every one said, "We must have a meeting of the same kind next year—why should we not all be as one in facing a common enemy?" And so it was resolved that a similar meeting with a similar object, should be held at New York in May, next year. One other subject before I

conclude. It was with something like fear and trembling that, at the outset of my visitation, allusion was made to the existing state of feeling between that country and our own. I knew that there had been sores and exasperations on both sides, and it is there as it is in this country. I hold that the predominant element yonder is a noble Christian element, and is every year becoming more so. And we know that it is the predominant element in Great Britain too. Surely, should not "like draw like?"

And by drawing closer the bond in regard to the great things in which we agree, is the only way to come to an agreement on the small points on which we differ, not all standing aloof till some thread or patch is removed, which some one does not like. Another says, "Ah, but I like it," and they get angry with each other. But it is by meeting together on those great things upon which we are agreed, that we shall get rid of these threads and patches. (Applause.) It was when a feeling of this kind was being experienced that I, feeling I was at home, and among a generous people, ventured to say,—“Old sores should be old sores, and past exasperations should be past. The men in America who fought the battles of independence have gone to their graves, and we in Britain are not responsible for what our fathers did, unless we take them up and defend them. You are one with us—we are ready to forgive and forget.”

Expression was also given to the sentiment, that "Great Britain and America are like mother and daughter, and that substantially they have in their hands, in the marvellous providence of God, the destinies of the nations of the world; and surely this is not a time to fall out by the way at such a crisis in the world's history by the present." No sentiment was uttered throughout the States to which a more thorough response was given than to this sentiment. And on this side of the water the real British heart will, I am sure, re-echo the sentiment back again to the American shore.—(Cheers.) I found that this was no passing, ephemeral feeling; but that the really Christian-hearted men in the States have long been thinking that they ought to draw closer to Britain, and that both would be better for it. There are on both sides great social evils. Instead of taunting each other with these, and getting angry, let us set about their correction, in our own several ways, and



in forms adapted to our varying nationalities. I am satisfied that there is rising up in America a spirit of a high and noble kind, which will ere long work out the solution of certain great social problems, which have hitherto baffled the wisest, both there and here. (Cheers.)

I say that, and if there were time I would exemplify it. But I found that this sentiment of the necessity of a closer union between that new country and the old country was really a popular sentiment among the wise and the good in America. They write and speak of the "glorious, fast-anchored isle,"—a fine expression, indicating a heartiness of good will toward this country. I found that the generous hearted Americans have something like a pride in looking back on the old country. It cheered one to find this everywhere. And should we, then, not come to understand each other better, and love each other more? In Canada, too, I was delighted to find that there was a prevailing of loyalty the most intense. I believe there is not a people in the globe more thoroughly contented at this moment with the sway of Queen Victoria, than the natives of Canada. (Cheers.)

And yet, at the same time, there is a growing feeling of kindness toward the great people of the United States, while on their part, that feeling is generously reciprocated; and both concur, on great, broad, common grounds, in looking benignly across the Atlantic to their common fatherland. To prove that this is no ephemeral feeling in the States, I find that one of their own most successful poets has taken it up, and embodied it in immortal song; and when a popular lyric poet takes up a sentiment of this kind, it shows that he knows there is a chord in the general heart that will vibrate with it. Well, the heartiness with which one of their most original poets pours out his soul on this point, shows the extent to which this sentiment prevails. Here is a specimen:

Though ages long have passed  
Since our fathers left their home;  
The pilot in the blast,  
O'er untraveled seas to roam,  
Yet lives the blood of England in their veins:  
And shall we not proclaim  
That blood of noble flame,  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains?  
While the manners and the arts  
That mould a nation's soul,  
Still cling around our hearts,  
Between let oceans roll—

Our joint dominion breaking with the sea;  
Yet still, from either beach,  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech—  
We are one."

(Cheers.) "We are one." One, indeed, we are—the Christian people of America—one not only in blood, but one in language, one in literature, and what is best of all, one in religion, having a common faith and a common Christianity. (Cheers.) If, then, the United States of America and Great Britain be faithful to one another, and stand side by side in this great crisis of the nations, and shoulder to shoulder, march forth into the battle field of the world, they may, by the right arm of the Omnipotent, confront all the enemies on the face of the earth, whether physical or spiritual, and in the end be gloriously victorious over them all. (Applause.) That these may be the blessed results realized, will I venture to say, be the fervent prayer of this Church.—There is a right principle in it, and the time is coming, not for disunion, but for absolute union. Then, indeed, we shall have Great Britain on the one hand, and these mighty States on the other, constituting a new union, not the United States of America, but the United States of the world. (Applause.)

Then let us arise and do our share—let us, the members of the Free Church, do our best. I venture to say, for it is a fact, that there are no people more welcome to America—I found that everywhere—than the Scotch people. Rarely they know far more about Scotland than, I believe, thousands in Scotland know about themselves. Yes, Scotland has exercised an influence over the orthodox religion of the States, which eternity alone will show. The very *stanchienness* and stiff bigotry of some in standing out for little points—even that was overruled, for stemming the torrents rushing past into some boundless ocean of error or indifference. One of the invulnerable Christian communities in the States even now will sing nothing but the genuine old Scotch version of the Psalms of David. The very stiffness of the Scotch on these and other points, have been now clearly overruled for good to the cause of Christ; now that the tide has fairly turned in favor of orthodoxy, there is no danger of being carried away by the flood of indifference.

In Philadelphia I could not help being taken aback by the discourse of a venerated minister, at the opening of his new church, Rev.



Mr. Wylie. The heads of his sermon consisted of fervid stirring accounts of the sufferings of our patriot martyred forefathers, over the bleak moors and mountain solitudes of our native land, down to the times of the Free Church. It was very striking. And the seminary of Princeton—that is, the college for theological education, with which Scotchmen and men of Scotch descent have had so much to do—what a work it has done in upholding the soundness of the faith! We have lost the old Alexanders, and Millers, and others before them, who are gone; but we still have the Hodges, and the young Alexanders, and others. They are indeed very pillars of the faith. It was to me really refreshing to hear a large class addressed by that noble champion of our common faith—Dr. Hodge—and on such a subject, too, as that of original sin, in which Calvinism, or rather Paulism, was so searchingly expounded and triumphantly vindicated. It was also very refreshing to find at Boston that Unitarianism has some time ago not only reached its climax, but passed it, and is now going down the hill. This is the fate which must attend all the other “isms”, of whatever kind, and then the better part will be left behind.

I was also much delighted to see that a number of the principal citizens of Boston are now asking their way to this true old Zion, with their faces thitherward. Let us thank God for all this, and let us also arise and do our part. Others are looking to us, and expecting us to set an example. And why should we not do so? Ours has been a highly favored land from time immemorial downward. We have been privileged to contend for the great doctrines of the Headship of Christ; and surely it will not do for us to deal with this as a mere abstract dogma, and make it have the appearance of a fascinating spell, like the brazen serpent of the Israelites, or the ark of the covenant, turned to superstitious uses—looking to this alone, as if this, absolutely and by itself, could save us. If we do so, God will cast us from Him. If we, as the Church of so many and unprecedented favors, do not act up to our duties in this respect, God may refuse our lame and inadequate offering, as He refused the offering of the Israelites of old, and may smite us with some judgments, and say to us, “I will raise up another nation, to whom I will give the honor of evangelizing the world.” (Hear, hear.) It shall

be evangelized; but it may not be through you, unless you arise speedily to the right discharge of unparalleled obligations.

Let us arise, then, and tarry not in slow delays.—Surely the present crisis is constraining us to arise, and that with our whole heart. Surely it looks as if, in response to the sighing of the whole creation groaning in uneasiness and pain through long by-gone ages, for the times of the restitution of all things surely, in answer to the plaintive cry of myriad martyrs from under the altar, who age after age have been uttering their longing cry, “How long, O Lord, how long?” He who is seated on the throne on high is now indicating by no ordinary signs that He is to rise and assume his great power, and to manifest himself as really King and Governor among the nations. Surely, in the language of one of old, the great Messiah is about to come forth from his royal chamber—about to put on the visible robes of his imperial Majesty, and to take up the unlimited sceptre which His Father has bequeathed to Him. Even now, in the ear of faith, and almost in the ear of sense, we may hear the distant noise of the chariot wheels of the mighty Savior-King, coming forth conquering and to conquer, amid the shaking of the nations from pole to pole.

Every nation has of late been upheaving from its ancient settled foundations, and there will be mightier upheaving still, and that right speedily—all preparing the way for the new heaven and the new earth, in which righteousness will forever dwell. And in the midst of these grand, glorious, and consummating scenes, shall we fritter away our energies on endless, petty, paltry questions, not fit to be entertained by men of sense even, not to speak of men of large Christian understandings, and still larger Christian hearts?—(Hear, hear.) The time is coming, and is at hand, when we shall look back and be ashamed at wasting so much precious time, sound strength, sound thought, sound feelings, sound energy, upon questions which, even if they were solved, would be but so many paltry littlenesses in comparison with the mightier questions that bear directly on the establishment of the Saviour’s kingdom over the subjugated nations—questions, too, many of which God in his providence will soon solve and settle for us, if we only wait for it. (Hear.)

Let us then arise, with one heart and soul, and in union with the whole Christian men in



America, in Canada, in England, in Geneva, and the Continent; let us pray that we may be melted and fused into one living, burning, glowing mass, and go forth as "Jehovah's sacramental host," carrying forward the standard of the Great Messiah from one battle field to another, and unfurling his glorious banner, in the assurance that the standard shall not be taken down again, nor the banner of victory furled, until it is found waving upon the citadel of the last of the rebel nations now prostrate at His feet. (Applause.) Ah, then, let us not only pray, but labor with intense, all consuming devotedness for the speedy coming of the time when

One song employs all nations; and all cry,  
Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us.  
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks  
Shout to each other; and the mountain tops,  
From different mountains, catch the flying joy;  
Till nation after nation taught the strain—  
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.

—Amen, Lord Jesus, come speedily, amen and amen.

(The reverend Doctor sat down amidst protracted applause, having spoken almost four hours.)

Dr. Smyth rejoiced to see that their illustrious friend and brother had returned from his trans-Atlantic voyage in such admirable health, and with such indomitable energy, and with such entire devotedness to his Master's work. He regretted that the Kaffranian Mission had not been sufficiently considered by this Church on this occasion. The zeal and labors of their missionaries in Kaffrania were beyond all praise: and he hoped it would, on some other occasion occupy a much more prominent place in the deliberations of this Assembly.

Dr. Duff again rose and said, that soon after he had arrived in New York, he had received a letter from one of those noble-minded Christians to whom he had referred, and quite unsolicited and unsuggested by him, on opening which, he found bills to the amount of £500, which were to be appropriated to the missionary buildings in Calcutta. He showed the note to another gentleman, who spontaneously gave an equal sum. Dr. Duff had no where plead for money. But of their own free will these generous-hearted Christians in New York and Philadelphia were resolved that he would not leave their shores without some substantial acknowledgment of what they were pleased to regard as services rendered to the cause of Christ among them.

And so, on leaving New York, where hundreds met in church to commend him in prayer to a gracious God, and from church accompanied him to the ship, a letter was put into his hand which contained the sum of £3000 for mission buildings in Bengal, coupled with something like an assurance that this would not be the last. (Cheers.) He might also refer to the efforts which his friends in Glasgow were making during his absence as worthy of all praise. He was not sure about the exact sum, but might say that about £3000 had been collected in that city for the same object. (Cheers.) He mentioned these facts with the most heartfelt gratitude, as indicative of the kindness of Providence in opening the hearts of Christians to employ their substance for the furtherance of this great and good work. (Applause.) Of all these contributions a full and detailed account would in due time be given.

From the Waverly Magazine.

### THE TWO HOMES.

BY EMILY B. CARROL.

I have two homes, two happy homes,  
By God, my father, given;  
One precious home is here on earth,  
My other home is Heaven.

I think upon my earthly home,  
And sweet emotions rise;  
Yet still my spirit longs to reach  
My home above the skies.

The glories of my home above  
No pen, nor tongue may tell,  
For none, save spirits sanctified,  
In that bright land may dwell.

Two babes, two darling babes, are mine,  
In my dear earthly home,  
I have one angel child on high  
That beckons me to come.

Sickness and sorrow here on earth  
Oppress the friends we love,  
But joy and blessedness alone  
Dwell in our home above.

Oh, glorious, blessed, happy home!  
Thy glories who can tell!  
Or half thy wondrous beauty paint,  
Bright land where angels dwell?

My Father! hear my earnest prayer  
For thou I dearly love:  
Oh, take us all, when life is o'er,  
To our bright home above!



For the Casket.

## THE SANSKRIT LANGUAGE AND ITS AFFINITIES.

One remarkable fact in the relationship of several ancient languages is the resemblance of their *Letters*. Thus we find the Sanscrit vowel, which has the sound of the German diphthong *ai*, to be similar, in form, to the most ancient Hebrew *Ain* or *Ajin*, equivalent in sound to the Greek *Omicron*. The ancient Hebrew alphabet, or the letters of that tongue, found only in inscriptions on monuments, have a form very unlike the modern characters, and closely resemble the *Phenician* letters. *Ain*, in Hebrew, signifies *eye*, and its oldest character is very like that in the Egyptian language, which represents the same sound. The phonetic hieroglyphical picture of an eye in the Egyptian language was a *letter* in the hieroglyphic alphabet, and denoted the same sound as the Hebrew *Ain*. Similar, in form, is also the *Phenician O*, and the *Aramean* and the *Numidian* and the *Greek Omicron*, and the oldest Italian *O*. The same is true of the *Ethiopian* and *Amharish* characters, giving the sound of *Ain*.

In Sanscrit the word *A*, often denotes the same as the English *not*, and exactly corresponds with the Greek prefixes *A* or *An*; with the Latin *In*; with the Gothic and German *Un*; with the Saxon *Un*; with the Dutch *On*; and English *Un*. In Sanscrit, the letter *n*, is sometimes suffixed for euphony, consequently it is spelled as the Greek *An* of the same import.

The Sanscrit noun *Anscha*, in English, shoulder, appears to have relationship to the old German *Ahsala*, and the Latin *Axilla*, armpit.

The Sanscrit verb, *Aka*, or *Aga*, to move, to go crookedly, may be compared to the Greek *Agka* and *Agkon*, arm, elbow, and to the Latin *Angulus*, an angle.

The Sanscrit *Aksi*, or *Aksa*, has resemblance to the Greek *Okkor*, or *Ossos*, which in English denote *eye*; to the Latin *Oculus*, eye; to the Gothic *Augan* and *Augo*; to the German *Auge*; to the Saxon *Eag*, to the Spanish *Ojo*; to the Italian *Occio*; to the Russian *Oko*; and to the English *Eye*.

The Sanscrit noun *Agni*, fire, has many affinities in various languages. It is allied to the Latin *Ignis*, fire; to the Lithuanic *Ugnis*, and the Slavonic *Ogni*, and the Russian *Ogne*, fire;

to the Gothic *Auhns*, a furnace; and to the English *Igneous*.

The Sanscrit verb *Adscha*, to go, to hurl, may be allied to the Greek *Ago*, and the Latin *Ago*, to conduct, to drive, to proceed, to move.

The Sanscrit *Adscha*, or *Adscha*, a goat, is related to the Greek *Aix* (in the accusative *Aiga*), to the Lithuanic *Oszka*; to the Russian *Koza*, and to the German *Wiege*, a goat.

In Sanscrit, *Ati* signifies *upon*, *above*, and *beyond*; and when joined to nouns, denotes *greatly*, or gives intensity to their original meaning; hence we find in Latin *Avus*, a grandsire, and *At-avus*, a great ancestor; to the same preposition may be referred the old German *Anti*, *Unti*, *Inti*, the English *And*; the Lithuanic *Ant*, upon; the Gothic *And*; the German *Und*; the Saxon *And*; the Latin *Et*, and; the Greek *Eti*, moreover, yet; and the English *Yet*.

The affinities of the verb *Ada*, to eat, are very evident and numerous. In the Lithuanic, we find *Edmi*; in the Slavonic *Gami* and *Gadmi*; in Greek *Edo*; in Latin *Edo*; in Gothic *Ita*; in Russian *Yeda*; all these denoting, I eat; also the Saxon *Etan*, the German *Essen*, and the English *to eat*.

The Sanscrit verb *Ana*, to blow, to breathe, is allied to the Gothic *Uzana*, to expire; to the old German *Unst*, a storm; to the Greek *Anemos*, wind; to the Latin *Animus*, soul, spirit, and *Anima*, air, breath, wind, soul.

N. P.

## DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

Two gentlemen were once engaged in a discussion on the divinity of Christ. One of them, who argued against it, said:

"If it were true, it certainly would have been expressed in more clear and unequivocal terms."

"Well," said the other, "admitting that you believed it, were authorized to teach it, and allowed to use your own language, how would you express the doctrine, to make it perfectly satisfactory and indubitable?"

"I would say," replied the first, "that Jesus Christ is the *true God*."

"You are happy," rejoined the other, "in the choice of your words, for you have happened to hit upon the very words of inspiration. St. John, speaking of Christ, says, 'this is the *true God* and eternal life!'"



For the Western Casket.

ON READING THE DEATH OF A  
FRIEND'S NAMESAKE.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Tis dreadful to be dead!"—[FANNY FORESTER.

I never saw the small white face,  
The dimpled fingers fair,  
The form, once full of childish grace,  
The soft and golden hair,  
Which here I read they just have hid,  
Away from light and bloom,  
Beneath a coffin's sable lid,  
Within a dark lone tomb—  
But then, the cherub wore a name—  
Ano' her's name—the very same.

When half way down the list of "dead,"  
That name first caught my eye,  
I trembled with a nervous dread,—  
I scarce at first knew why—  
I thought perchance, the stately oak,  
Had bowed its head, and died,  
But soon I saw Death's icy stroke,  
Was on a flower beside—  
A small white flower, which bore a name—  
The oak's proud name—the very same.

I'm thankful that the tall tree stands,  
In dark, luxuriant pride,—  
I'm glad to know, Death's ruthless hands,  
Took the small flower beside—  
But still a tear-drop fills my eye  
As here I muse at even,  
To think so fair a bud must die,  
To grace the bowers of Heaven—  
A child who wore so dear a name—  
That precious name—the very same.

I wonder if I e'er shall read,  
With short and gasping breath,—  
With heart all trembling like a reed,  
That HE has bowed to Death?  
He, whose strong thought, and eagle glance,  
Can move, can sway, can bind,  
More potent than the Roman lance,  
The mass, where mind rules mind?—  
Oh! shall I live to see Death claim  
That honored name?—*the very same.*

I mourn above the snow white flower,  
Which drooped at morn and died,  
But let, Oh! let, the tall oak tower,  
Indulgent Heaven! in pride,  
When on my grave, the sunshine falls,  
And "dust to dust" is given,  
When that which human pride appalls,  
Sweeps o'er me like a blast at even—  
Still let that name—yet dear to fame,  
Live on the same—the very same!

PHILMOTH, Geo., July 21, 1854.

## MYSTERIES OF THE BIBLE.

It has been argued against the Bible, that it contains great mysteries. It does contain many mysteries; but there is a distinction between that which is above our comprehension. The doctrine of the Trinity is a doctrine above our comprehension; the dogma of transubstantiation is a dogma against our senses and our understanding. We reject the latter, and we accept upon authority of the former. But if the Bible had no mysteries in it, it would be without one of the strongest proofs of its Divine origin; for if it be a picture of the infinite, we must expect passages in it that the finite will not be able to grasp; if it be a declaration of the incomprehensible, we must expect passages in it that finite beings will not be able to comprehend.

Objector to the mysteries in the Bible, are there no mysteries about you? Here is one of the greatest mysteries, how, by a thing called volition in my mind, I can move my hand up and down to the right or to the left? How is that my volition, that transcendental, undefinable, inappreciable thing, can act upon the muscles of the body? If you object to mysteries in the Bible, and admit the existence of a God, and admit that he is eternal, will you explain to me what eternity is? Can any man explain to me what this means,—millions, and millions, and millions of years elapsing, and yet I am no nearer to the end and no further from the beginning than after one single year had elapsed? Do you comprehend that? Do you comprehend what omnipresence is,—a being here, there, everywhere; whose "centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere?" If mysteries in the Bible make you reject the Bible, equal mysteries in natural theology will make you reject the existence of a God, and you will be driven in self-defence to plunge into that vacuum in which man can neither swim, nor stand, nor fly,—that freezing vacuum called Atheism: so that, in my judgment, between accepting evangelical Christianity of the Bible, and plunging into the vacuum of the Atheist, there is no resting spot for the sole of the foot of man. Mysteries are in the blades of grass; mysteries are in grains of sand; there is a mystery in every pulsation of the heart. Can you tell me why your heart beats? You can give me no answer. I can answer you, but I must go to that book which you are rejecting



because of its mystery. It is the rebound to the touch of the finger of God. It is a most wretched notion that some entertain, that God wound up all these machines, called men, like watches, set them going, and left to make the best of their way through the long and dusty road of life. I do not believe this. I believe that God is at every step of my movement, that he meets me at every corner, that he speaks to me in every difficulty, and that he will never leave me nor forsake me; that his providence is over me, as it is over the mightiest and noblest of his creatures. Mysteries! We cannot know anything without coming in contact with mysteries. I believe all heaven will be spent in traversing the known and plunging into the unknown. Eternity will be the unknown, evermore becoming the known as it passes by. I rise in knowledge as I ascend a mountain, the higher I climb the more unseen pinnacles and crags appear. Every truth that comes within the horizon of man's knowledge, brings twenty mysteries in its train, till the more we know, the more we see remains to be known, and the highest scholar, like the highest Christian, becomes the very humblest and lowliest of mankind.—[Dr. Cumming.

From the American Messenger.

#### 1 CORINTHIANS VII. 16.

"For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?"

Husband, who shall tell to thee,  
That the loved one thou art leading  
Swiftly towards eternity,  
Yet perchance the way unheeding,  
To thy prayers and counsels given,  
May not gem thy crown in heaven?

Wife, who, bowed with anxious cares,  
O'er thy hardened husband mourneth,  
Following on through weary years,  
To that bourne whence none returneth—  
Who shall tell that, given to thee,  
He for whom thy watch is keeping,  
May not yet an angel be,  
Far beyond this vale of weeping?

Parent, who with tearful eye  
O'er each slumbering couch art bending,  
Dreading that futurity  
Towards which each tiny foot is wending,  
Labor on with many a prayer,  
Watch the thousand pitfalls round thee;  
On that goodness cast thy care  
Which a sure relief hath found thee.

Do the darlings of thy soul  
Pierce thee through with many a sorrow?  
Passion spurning just control,  
Promise yet a fearful morrow?  
Cheer thee, labor on, and pray;  
He who dries the mourner's tear,  
Who on earth shall dare to say,  
Will not hear a parent's prayer—  
Will not to thy wrestlings given,  
Save thy family in heaven?

#### A SHREWD MINISTER.

A minister had traveled far to preach to a congregation. After the sermon he had waited very patiently, expecting some of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One and another departed, until the house was almost empty. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly looking gentleman, and gravely said:

"Will you go home with me to dinner to-day, brother?"

"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from this."

"No," said the man coloring, "but you must go with me."

"Thank you; I will cheerfully."

After that time the minister was no more troubled about his dinner.

#### THE BLIND GIRL.

Many years ago, said the Rev. Motieus V——, when a student in the University of Geneva, I was accustomed to spend the long summer vacations in traveling from village to village in my native France, preaching in the open squares the kingdom of God, distributing his holy Word to those who would accept it, and teaching from house to house the blessed gospel of Jesus, my master. On such an excursion in the summer of 183—, I entered a little vine hung cabin in the environs of Dijon. In its low, wide kitchen, I saw a middle-age woman, busily ironing; a boy yet too young for labor; and a girl of some seventeen or eighteen years, of a sweet, serious aspect, plating straw. She did not raise her eyes as I entered, and, on a nearer approach, I perceived that she was blind.

Saying that I was one sent to bring glad tidings of good things, I began to tell them the story of Christ, his love, his sufferings, of his death. They listened attentively, and tears



rolled slowly from the sightless eyes of the young girl. It was indeed tidings, new and wonderful, unto them: for, like others of the simple peasantry of France, they were accustomed to sing sweet hymns and murmur devout orisons to "blessed Mary, mother mild," while Christ and his salvation were hidden from their hearts. The next day and the next, I visited the widow's poor cottage, and Jesus, the good shepherd, gave me new cause for thankfulness, in permitting me to guide both mother and daughter to the fold of peace.

Poor sightless Marie! How she was affected when I told her of him who opened the eyes of the blind, and read to her blind Bartimeus sat by the wayside begging, when he cried unto Jesus of Nazareth passing by, and received sight. Then an irrepressible longing, such as she had never known before, a longing for God's blessed gift of vision, seized upon the poor blind girl; not that she sighed to behold the blue heaven, or the golden light, or to look upon her mother's smile, or gaze in her younger brother's laughing eyes. No, not these; but she longed to read the blessed words of Jesus, how he said, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

There dwelt then in Dijon a man of God, who had gathered around him a few blind, whom he had taught to read and work. I sought him out, told him of Marie, interested him in her, arranged that she should come an hour every morning to learn to read, and procure for her a Bible with raised letters for the blind.

You should have seen her delight as she started off next morning—warm, bright August morning—one hand locked in her little brother's, and the other fondly clasping the precious Bible, to take her first lesson.

Alas, poor Marie! it requires a delicate touch to distinguish the slightly raised surface and nice outline of the letters, and her fingers were hard and callous with the constant plating of straw. Again and again was the effort made, but to no purpose. But one day as she sat alone, sorrowfully clipping with her little knife the rough edges of the straw, a happy thought occurred to her. Could not she cut away the thick, hard skin from her fingers, and then it would grow anew, smooth and soft, like the rosy fingers of a child? And so she whittled the skin from the poor fingers, heeding not the pain—was it not that she

might read the Word of God? But the straw work could not cease; it bought bread, and the wounded fingers were slow to heal. When the reading lesson was tried again, warm drops trickled from the bleeding fingers along the sacred line. It was all in vain.

After the first bitterness of her disappointment, Marie strove hard to be cheerful. "God had opened the eyes of her soul," she said, "and ought she not to praise him? And the new Bible! Ah, surely she must carry it back; some happier blind girl might pluck the fruit from this tree of life, and finding healing in its blessed leaves. And holding the dear volume near to the beating of her heart, she knelt by her white cot to pray: 'Dear and blessed Jesus, who lovest the poor and openest the eyes of the blind, I thank thee that thou hast not hidden thyself from a poor blind girl. And since I cannot read thy heavenly words, I pray that thou wilt whisper them into my soul, that my spirit may not be dark like my poor eyes. I can see thee with my heart, dear Jesus, and thou knowest that I love thee and love thy holy book.' And she touched the open Bible with her lips. Oh, joy! To the soft lips the slight indentations of the raised surface are clearly perceptible; they trace the sharp outline of the letters with unerring accuracy. With a low cry of joy, she passed line after line across her eager lips; she turned the leaf—the lips lose not their power! It is all clear, all easy now. The lips could do what the toil hardened fingers could not—they could read.

A twelve month after, I visited Dijon. The low kitchen wore its old look, but what a beaming, happy face was Marie's, as she sat in her rude chair, her basket of straw at her feet, reading her beloved Bible! Blind, it was full of light. "N'est-il pas heureux," she murmured in her rich, musical tones—"n'est-il pas heureux de baiser ainsi les douces paroles pendant que je les lis?" Is it not blessed to kiss the sweet words as I read?

Dear eloquent lips, which the cold clay kisses now, told me this little tale, and I listened with starting tears, thinking how the poor blind girl would rise up in judgment to condemn the many who, "having eyes, see not."

Reader, do you love the blessed words of Jesus, with a love, heart deep, heart-warm, as did the poor blind girl of Burgundy?—  
[Christian Witness.



## LOVED ONES AT HOME.

BY C. D. STUART.

In childhood, when life is all beauty and bloom,  
 And our pathway is laden with flowers;  
 When pleasure and gladness the present illumine,  
 And we dream but of golden hours;  
 Ere the heart has been touched by a sorrow or care,  
 Or our footsteps have ventured to roam,  
 What pleasure so sweet, and what treasure so rare,  
 As the circle of loved ones at home!

Oh, the circle of loved ones at home,  
 What treasure so sweet, what pleasure so rare,  
 As the circle of loved ones at home?

In manhood, when youth and its visions are past,  
 And the dreams of our childhood are flown;  
 When the shadows of care round our footsteps are cast,  
 And life's thorns 'mong its roses are strewn;  
 When the heart from its sadness and sorrow would turn,  
 And our footsteps no longer would roam,  
 What pleasure so sweet, and what treasure so rare,  
 As the circle of beloved ones at home?

In childhood, or manhood, or age's last hour—  
 When the taper of life flickers dim—  
 In gladness or sorrow, in weakness or power,  
 What joy fills our cup to the brim,  
 Like the joy of the heart that, for good or for ill—  
 Wherever our footsteps may roam—  
 Is anchored in sunshine, the haloes is still  
 From the circle of loved ones at home!

NIAGARA FALLS--EXTRACT FROM  
 MY JOURNAL.

Who can describe Niagara? Where can words be found to express the emotions, strong and over-powering, that are struggling within the breast, while gazing on that Master piece of the great Creator's workmanship?

Grand and glorious, yet beautiful Niagara! Not inappropriately did a visitor to the falls, during the recent stormy period, when so many discordant elements were stirred in a sister State, ask the question, "Did South Carolina ever reflect that if she sanders herself from the Union, she will have no Niagara?"

Various as are the elements of grandeur in our widely extended country, all concur in awarding the precedence to this wonderful cataract. We cannot agree with the opinion expressed by some, that undue preponderance of the beautiful destroys their sublimity. Is there sublimity in the deep toned thunder? Much more in these falls—the thunder utters a single voice and is silent; but Niagara lifts

up its voice of many waters, and thunders on forever. The idea of endless duration is in itself sublime: and as we stand and gaze upon the great waters, as unceasingly they rush on, foaming and boiling as a chafed and angry spirit, until ready to take the mighty leap, and reflect that through ages past, they have thus warred and raged and dashed into the precipice beneath, and that for ages to come, or as long as the God of Nature shall sustain and preserve this revolted planet, so long shall Niagara continue to lift up her voice, emotions of deep sublimity must be stirred within us. Not only is the cataract itself so grand as to beggar description, the whole river from Lake Ontario to the Falls, a distance of seven miles, is one of the grandest scenes of sublimity on earth. Conceive of a bed of solid rock cut through 400 feet—200 depth of water and 200 above the channel—take a station below the fall, and gaze upon the "everlasting rocks" towering in majesty above you; disconnect them, if possible, with the cataract and you find even in this, enough to fill the mind with the most lofty and elevating emotions.

But the eye turns involuntarily to the foaming waters and can gaze on and on and never be satisfied. To some, the most interesting view is that obtained when crossing the ferry; possibly the pleasure afforded by this view is heightened by contrast—you are in a little skiff, which seems as a thing of nought upon Niagara's waters—rowed by a single arm, it gives such a sense of impotence and feebleness as greatly to heighten the effect of the view; without the aid of these associations, probably the view from Table Rock would be by all considered the finest—there we see more of the sweep of waters preparatory to the leap and have a more extensive view than at any other point. The beautiful emerald green there predominates, shewing the larger volume of water pouring over the precipice; while the ever ascending cloud of mist, with its brow encircled by a halo of glory, placed there by the hand of the great Jehovah, rises as incense to His praise. Oh! who could be an infidel while gazing at these waters? Who can refuse to worship in such a temple, or withhold a tribute of praise while listening to the loud peons sent up by Niagara? I envy not the man who can look upon this scene without having feelings of adoration stirred within him. I envy not the Christian who



can turn away from Niagara and not feel that new founts of devotion have gushed up in his soul.

Though aware that any attempt at description here is utterly futile, yet there are some localities which deserve a passing notice.

Table Rock—which has already been mentioned—is half a mile from the Clefston House, an imposing looking English Hotel, and is reached by a winding ascent from the ferry landing. The rock has greatly changed within a few years. In 1818, an immense portion, more than one hundred and fifty feet long and forty wide, fell at midnight, with a crash so tremendous as to create great alarm in the neighborhood. More recently, in 1848, another portion fell, and the probability is, that it will continue to loosen and fall until the whole of the projecting rock is gone. A few yards from the rock is the house of an old Englishman, who keeps an assortment of Indian curiosities for sale.

The Island which separates the fall is usually known by the unromantic and uneuphonious name of Goat Island. It was so called from an attempt made several years ago to domesticate some of these animals on the island. Several were placed there, but none survived the severity of the first winter, save one old patriarch and he continued sole monarch of the domain for several years. The more classic name of Iris, has also been given to the island, the Greeks would prefer the latter name, and would consider this spot a fit habitation for the bright goddess. It is half a mile long and a quarter wide in its widest part, or where it divides the cataract. It is connected with the main land by two bridges; the first resting on a small island—the other connecting that with Iris island; these bridges have no architectural beauty, they are simply rustic bridges resting on piles of rock, yet they are monuments of man's skill and perseverance, and may well create astonishment and cause the inquiry to be made, "how can man plant his footseteps amid this whirl of waters? How dare he venture among those rapids, which would seem to be hurrying to inevitable destruction, the bold adventurer who would intrude amid their ceaseless eddying?" Yet it has been done, and now we walk fearlessly over, with the foaming waters dashing harmlessly beneath our feet. Twenty-five cents is paid for crossing, and, after registering your name, you have the privilege for the season.

From fifty to one hundred dollars per day are the receipts of the bridge; during the past season more than 100,000 visitors have been registered.

Prospect Tower, a rude stone structure on the island close to the edge of the precipice, affords another fine view. Here, too, are the Biddle stairs by which you descend to the foot of the fall, and if brave enough can pass behind the mighty waters; but 'tis a perilous passage—let me advise you not to attempt it. Rather let us take the car and go down to the Suspension Bridge, the graceful architecture of which you may admire, if you are able to turn your thoughts away from the mighty works of the Creator to any thing that feeble man can do. Here, too, you will find the little fairy steamer, the "Maid of the Mist," and, if ambitious of a bath from Niagara's spray, go on board. The little thing glides on gently, almost timidly, near enough for her passengers to be deafened by the roar and wet with the spray, then turns about and noiselessly glides away.

SABBATH MORNING—Arose with the roar of Niagara sounding in my ears—threw up my casement to inhale the precious morning air—how fresh! how delicious! The sky was cloudless, except a light cloud thrown up by the spray which in the coolness of the morning air condensed and remained at a considerable height above the abyss. As I gazed and admired, the bow of promise appeared on that little cloud, speaking of the goodness of God, as the thundering waters told of his power. In humble adoration, I prostrated myself and adored; my heart was filled with a sense of the majesty of God, and an overpowering impression of my own littleness, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" While thus admiring and adoring, my attention was attracted to the birds soaring aloft or flitting from tree to tree, as if they too participated in the glories of the scene and felt its ennobling influence. All nature seemed to rejoice, nor was there one discordant note amidst all this glad harmony of the creation. No hum of business, no unseemly rattle of the railway cars is heard; everything reposes in tranquil beauty, just as a Sabbath morning, amid such scenes, should be.

Before going to church we rambled on the brink of the fall and then seated ourselves on a rock to gaze, admire, and wonder and adore. My feelings were indescribable—never before



had emotions so deeply devotional been stirred within me. The great Creator here seems to draw nearer to His creatures, and in the mighty manifestation of His power, His Majesty is almost visible. How powerless are words to express the emotions swelling in my breast. I wished not to speak—for, when God speaks, man should be silent; tears are the only fit language for such a place. Almost reluctantly we turned away from the eloquence of the mighty waters, proclaiming the majesty and glory of God, to hear the voice of the living minister speak of His goodness. The services of the sanctuary, though pleasant, were not such as I hoped to hear amid scenes so hallowed, so ennobling; and I wondered much that any minister surrounded by such associations, could fail to have his heart and his sermon, too, filled with devout and glorious thoughts. On returning from church we again went to Nature's grand temple to hear the praises of the Creator sung in tones of rich and never ceasing music, unaided by the efforts of poor feeble man. We descended the Biddle stair-case, walked under the bank until almost within the spray of the Canada fall; above us towered the mighty rocks, bending over us as if ready to crush us by their fall.

A solemn stillness pervaded all around; not sound was heard but the voice of Niagara. Ah! who under such circumstances could refuse to be a devout worshipper, when the voice of these many waters proclaims the Almightiness of Jehovah? Yet, alas! there are doubtless many who admire the glorious workmanship, but forget the hand of the great Architect "who forms the channels for the waters and pours them from the hollow of his hand; who paints the rainbow with its brilliant hues and gives to earth its beauteous flowery carpet. But the declining sun admonishes us that it is time to return. With reluctant steps we ascend the winding stair, catching through every window one more lingering glimpse and grieving to think that soon all will be hidden entirely from our view.

Niagara's mighty anthem will still peal on, but its soul-stirring music will be heard by us no more; her rushing waters will still dash on, and untiring, undiminished, make their wondrous leap; her glad bow of promise will still be there,—but our eyes shall see it no more—only on memory's tablet will they remain; but oft in the stillness of twilight or in hours of solitude, shall the bright vision be

renewed, and the glorious two days at Niagara be lived over again. At eight o'clock we made our final visit, and saw the falls by moonlight—beautiful! beautiful! especially the moonbeams upon the rapids clothing them in burnished silver—and lunar bow, with its subdued and softened colors—and then we said farewell to Niagara.

While I feel saddened at the thought that your glories shall no more gladden my eyes, still may I ever feel that "it has been good to be here." May I carry far hence remembrances that shall be healthful to my spirits—thoughts that shall check the spirit of worldliness—ennobling thought to take the place of earth's trifles, devout thoughts that shall raise me above earth's cares and assimilate me more to the Creator. THETA.

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#### DON'T MURMUR.

Chrysostom propounds this question, "Was Job miserable when he had lost all that God had given him?" and gives this answer: "No; he had still that God who gave him all." And is not Christ thy treasure? Is not heaven thine inheritance? and wilt thou murmur? Hast thou not much in hand, and more in hope? Hast thou not much in possession, but more in reversion? And wilt thou murmur? Hath not God given thee a changed heart, a renewed nature, and a sanctified soul? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God given thee himself to satisfy thee, his Son to save thee, his Spirit to lead thee, his grace to adorn thee, his covenant to assure thee, his mercy, to pardon thee? and wilt thou murmur? Hath he not made thee a friend, a brother, a son, a bride, an heir? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God often turned thy water into wine, thy brass into silver, thy silver into gold? and wilt thou murmur? When thou wast dead, did he not quicken thee? and when thou wast wounded, did he not heal thee? and when thou wast lost, did he not seek thee? and when thou wast falling did he not support thee? and when thou wert down, did he not raise thee? and when thou wert staggering, did he not establish thee? and when thou wert erring, did not He guide thee? and when thou wert tempted did he not succor thee? and thou wert in danger, did not He deliver thee, and wilt thou murmur?

What! that thou art so highly advanced, and exalted above many thousands in the world? Murmuring is a black garment and it becomes none so ill as saints.



## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

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**DR. SCOTT IN SAN FRANCISCO.**—A California paper states that Dr. S. has consented to make San Francisco his residence, and to become pastor of a new church there. "Already thirty thousand dollars more have been subscribed; and twenty thousand dollars more have been pledged by twenty gentlemen, who agree to raise by subscriptions, or pay themselves in case they should not be enabled to do so, one thousand dollars each—making in all fifty thousand dollars.

"The committee appointed to select a suitable lot of ground on which to erect the church, have not as yet fully decided. It is believed, however, that the church will be located somewhere in the vicinity of Pine street. We are sincerely gratified at the favorable prospect that our city now has, of securing to her benefit the eloquent teachings of this gifted divine."

**RELIGIOUS SOLDIERS.**—The London Watchman of June 21st, contains a letter from a soldier in the British army in Turkey, which states that there are nineteen members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church among the soldiers, who have their stated hours for mutual prayer and other religious exercises. The writer says:

"Since we have arrived at Constantinople, we have searched for each other, and there are under my superintendence eighteen Wesleyan soldiers. We were acquainted some of us at Chobham, and thereby we found each other out, and have here formed ourselves into a class, and keep up the whole Methodistic economy, save the money—and we meet in class every Tuesday, and for prayer upon Thursdays and Saturdays, and for preaching every Sunday afternoon, in a quiet, sequestered place, in the middle of a large burying ground, which extends about seven miles in length, and we find of a truth that God is not confined to time nor place, but is everywhere present to bless and to do good. We have some sweet seasons of refreshment from his presence."

The Roman Catholic Church at Keeseville, New York, has assumed an attitude like that of St. Louis Church, Buffalo, and rather than give up their property to the Bishop, will suffer the penalty of excommunication. May such cases multiply, till the usurpations and excommunications of Rome are fully proved to be as impotent as they are blasphemous.

**DISSENSIONS AMONG ROMANISTS.**—It has not been suspected until lately that the dissensions known to exist among the Catholic laity in regard to the relations of Catholics to the American Government and people,—to

American institutions, manners and habits,—existed likewise among the priests and bishops. Mr. Bronson's article, half endorsing Native Americanism was a striking demonstration, and was an indication indeed of something more which was still concealed. It is now said that the same, or similar questions have been for years agitating the Catholic hierarchy, and that it was the contest between natives and foreigners which prevented Archbishop Hughes from returning from Rome with a Cardinal's hat. The Pope is understood to favor the foreign supremacy of American Catholicism, but the native opposition is too strong to be rudely suppressed. The progress of the controversy, so far as it may be developed, will be matter of no ordinary interest.—[N. Y. Recorder.

The Church, it is said, is still in existence at whose door Luther hung up his ninety-five propositions against the Church of Rome, and offered to defend them against the world. The same doors still remain. The altar has been removed, and in its place is erected the pulpit in which he preached. Nearly under the centre of the church are laid the bones of Luther and Melancthon.

A petition signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and one hundred and sixty other clergymen, was presented to the House of Commons, praying that "a law may be passed prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in any part of the United Kingdom, during any portion of the Sabbath day."

**MINUTES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.**—The Minutes of the last General Assembly, which has just appeared, makes a volume of 265 pages. The alphabetical list of the ministers and licentiates at the close, giving their post office addresses, is an improvement.

Four young men of the Senior class of the Connecticut Theological Institute, it is said, have in view the work of Foreign Missions.

**AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.**—The issues of publications for the last two months were 86,813 volumes, and the receipts of the month were \$23,735 50.

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Pride sleeps in a gilded crown—contentment in a cotton nightcap.

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Press forward—go and gather laurels on the hill of science.



## MONTHLY CHRONICLER.

The Egyptian Railroad is in good working order and answers exceedingly well. Trains do not run on it at present at any stated period. It is chiefly used when European or Indian travellers arrive in Egypt. English engine drives are employed on it. The speed is about 20 miles an hour. The railway the whole distance between Alexandria and Cairo will soon be open. It passes through a level and most fertile country. The Arabs do not know what to make of it. They were dancing before it sometime since, and having no conception of its speed, they did not get out of the way in time, and an Arab woman was killed.—[London Daily News.

INTERESTING.—Age, term of service and time of decease of various Presidents of the United States:—Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the 4th of July, 1826. John Adams died in his 91st year, and was 8 years older than Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison; James Madison was eight years older than James Monroe; and James Monroe was eight years older than John Quincy Adams. The first five of our Presidents—all revolutionary men—all ended their terms of service in the 66th year of their age. Washington, born February 22d, 1732, inaugurated 1789; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. John Adams, born October 19, 1735, inaugurated 1797; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.—Thomas Jefferson, born April 2d, 1743, inaugurated 1801; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. James Madison, born March 4th, 1751, inaugurated 1809; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. James Monroe, born April 2d, 1759, inaugurated 1817; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

A melancholy riot occurred at Lawrence, Mass., in consequence of some Irish Catholics having raised an American flag surmounted by a cross. A mob of Americans rallied, drove them away, and burned their dwellings.

The Japanese desired, in the late treaty with the United States, to have it stipulated that no American woman should set her foot on Japanese territories. They had heard of the advocates of women's rights, doubtless!

St. Louis Mob.—Some ten persons, including Mr. E. R. Violett, iron merchant, were killed during the riot in St. Louis. Most of them were Irishmen.

The Know Nothings have carried the election in St. Louis by about 1200, and Thomas H. Benton was badly beaten in his district.

A magnetic telegraph line has been established in Australia. It cost about \$1000 a mile. This line of telegraph was built by a Mr. McGowan, formerly of Boston. The Americans appear to maintain their go-ahead character in this country. Besides the telegraph, which is under the management of Americans, a line of coaches has been established with several imported coaches from the States, running between the capital and its suburbs. An express, a fire brigade, a post office, and the best hotels in the country, are all improvements introduced by our countrymen.

In the Bank of England, no fewer than sixty folio volumes or ledgers are daily filled with writing in keeping the accounts! To produce these sixty volumes, the paper having been previously manufactured elsewhere, eight men, three steam presses, and two hand presses, are continually kept going within the bank. In the copperplate printing department, twenty-eight thousand bank notes are thrown off daily—and so accurately is the number indicated by machinery, that to purloin a single note without detection is an impossibility.

A man residing in Dartmouth, Mass., recently walked from that town to Worcester, transacted the business he had in view, and returned home in four days. The distance traveled was a little rising *one hundred and forty miles*. He was afraid to trust himself in the railway cars, his mind having been so much worked upon by the fearful accidents on our railroads within the past few years, and thought by far the safer course was to pursue the journey on foot, where his progress, though slow, would be sure.

### SHALL I PRAY TO CHANCE?

An English lady, who had forsaken her God and Bible for the gloom and darkness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a pious sailor one morning how long they should be out. "In fourteen days, if it is God's will, we shall be in Liverpool," answered the sailor. "If it is God's will," said the lady; "what a senseless expression; don't you know that all comes by chance?"

In a few days a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging to the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror, when the sailor passed her.

"What do you think," said she; "will the storm soon be over?" "It seems likely to last for some time madam." "Oh," she cried, pray that we may not be lost." His only and calm reply was, "Shall I pray to chance?" —[Am. Messenger.

Precept is instruction written in the sand—the tide flows over it, and the record is gone. Example is graven on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.



# LIST OF NAMES AND RESIDENCES

Of Subscribers who have paid for the Casket from July, 1854, to July, 1855.

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MIDDLE

FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

WESTERN CASKET.

This FAMILY TREASURY of Religion and Literature, is giving satisfaction to the increasing list of patrons who read it. As the July number is the middle number of the present Volume, new subscribers will be received beginning with that Number. But a few back numbers, from the commencement of the Volume, remain on hand, and they will not be furnished to new subscribers, except specially requested. It is expected that some improvement will be made in the appearance of the Casket at the close of the present year. And we anticipate making improvements from time to time, as our increasing patronage will justify. We are gratified to know that the Casket is doing good. We might copy and spread out here, the written testimony of hundreds of our subscribers, to the effect that the Casket is their favorite periodical among all the periodicals they read or see. But we shall not be at any such pains as this for the purpose of commanding the Casket to the attention of those who are not acquainted with it. We shall let our friends commend it, each one to his own neighbors and acquaintances, if they think that by gaining it a circulation among them they can do any good. We shall still conduct the editorial department on the same general principles that we have done heretofore, striving by all means that nothing shall ever appear in the pages of the Casket that is not founded in truth, and that is not fit to be bound up in a book, and to be preserved. It shall never be prostituted to be the medium of fiction and falsehood, to weaken, enervate and corrupt the mind.

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