

assemblies where dancing is practised, as drawing others into scenes of temptation, and as countenancing and encouraging the evil named.

"Intimately connected with dancing, and a hand-maid to it, is card-playing; and much that has been said against the former may be said against it. It also is, emphatically, 'of the world.' It stains the Christian character if engaged in, occasions a greater waste of time, and encourages a pleasure-seeking and worldly spirit. It is also a species of gambling, and in this respect strikes out a new path of temptation and danger.

"Such being our sentiments, we do most heartily urge upon all Church members within our bounds to discourage the practice named, to guard their children from temptation in these respects; and to seek with great fidelity and watchfulness, to keep themselves 'unspotted from the world.' We do also recommend to Church sessions, where either of the above practices is engaged in by the Church members, or suffered to be, on the part of their children, to make the same a matter of discipline.

"By order of the Presbytery."

## THE SECOND BLOW BEGINS THE QUARREL.

An old Arabian proverb says, "It is the second blow which begins the quarrel." Herein lies deep wisdom. It is indeed only another version of the noble Christian maxim, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." A word of kindness and forgiving forbearance, in return for a blow, will often make the aggressor more grieved and ashamed than any triumph of force over him could have done.

Children, remember that "*Kind words awaken kind echoes.*"

It was a pretty saying of a little boy, who, seeing two nestling birds pecking at one another, inquired what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," was the answer. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are brothers."

## CHURCHES AND PASTORS.

When a faction in a church is determined to dismiss a pastor, the best course that he can pursue, is to say but little, or nothing in his own behalf (unless his character is assailed) for all he can say will be construed that he wishes to stay; not for the good of the church, but his own interest. Consequently, if the opposing party is but a small minority of the church, headed by one or more of the Deacons, the pastor had better peaceably leave; for the opposition will generally grow larger instead of less. If the pastor stays and tries to overcome the opposition, as we have known them to, his labors are nearly, or quite lost, for he can say nothing about peace, love, and union, but what his opponents will construe to mean them.

The observing minister, can look forward and see what will be the unhappy consequences to the cause of Christ, and to the better part of the church if he leaves them; and he may mourn and weep over it, but it will all do no good, *for if he stays he will but die with them.* If the minister is a man of God, he prefers a lonely place in the wilderness, rather than to dwell in contention. True, the godly part of the church will feel their loss, and the cause must go down in the bounds of that church, for any pious minister will fear to go there; and so the church will likely be a long time without any pastor.

The church thus left without any ministerial help, a few of them will meet for prayer meetings, but we seldom see those factionists among the praying few

who thus meet. Time rolls on; the minister has left the burning coals of contention, and is engaged in another field of labor, and trying to do good. But where are those who were active in causing him to leave? Sometimes we see them in the grog-shop, or at the horse-race, and, turned Infidel or Universalist, are united in some one of the *secret* associations and midnight oath—bound conclaves of darkness. After these opposers are manifest, and have gone where they belong, a Minister of Christ is sometimes called to go to the few faithful who are steadfast, and by the blessing of God the things are strengthened which remain and are ready to die, and the church is once more revived and built up again.—*Christian Herald & Messenger.*

## PRAYER AND POLITICS.

At Oberlin, prayer meetings are held at five o'clock in the morning, expressly for the purpose of Fremont. This is the way the "republicans" carry on the campaign in Ohio.

So says the *Boston Post*, which is shocked at the idea of praying for success in politics. Whether the Oberlin Christians are thus devout we have no evidence, as we have only seen it in the *Post*, which is very inventive in point of fact. But the *Post* evidently has no conception of the sincerity and earnestness of the people in this campaign. It considers it a mere scramble for offices and spoils, in which any reference to a higher power would be profanity. Perhaps the *Post* is incapable of appreciating sincerity and patriotism in politics, but we believe there has been no struggle in this country since the war of Independence, pervaded by so profound a religious earnestness as the present. Christian men see that all the great interests of the country are in deadly peril, and they would be false to all their convictions did they not act, and pray for its deliverance. And there are tens of thousands of non-voters who also wield this moral power for the salvation of the State, and will so continue to do, in spite of the ridicule, the contempt or the affected horror of mere political traders.—*Springfield Republican.*

## "ALL ABOARD."

Little did the passengers of the ill-fated *Pacific* think, when these words were echoed from her deck, that they were all aboard for eternity. When the land buried itself in the broad expanse of water, when the evening stars peeped forth from the vaulted roof of heaven, when the pale moon shed its softened rays of light, and reflected their floating home in the mirror of waters, what a feeling of loneliness must have crept over their hearts. They were far from home, with no green hills to afford relief to the wearied mind, but all silent, desolate, and forsaken, save by those spirits which ever hover over the solitude of nature. But this loneliness was but transient; the morning sun, as it rises from its eastern bed of glory, will bring cheerfulness with its welcome presence, and gay spirits will drive despondency away. Home and its comforts will loom up in the mind's eye, and time will pass as merrily as if the green sod were beneath their feet, instead of a frail plank, the only barrier between them and eternity. What a scene of terror and despair would have been enacted, if, in the midst of their pleasures, the grim spectre, Death, the pilot of their ship—had revealed himself, and told them whither they were going. To eternity. What a journey for those not prepared to travel it, yet all men—he they rich or poor bond, or free, must, sooner or later, be called to travel it.