

Poetry.

THE PROPHECY OF THE TWELVE TRIBES.

And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves to- gether, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days.

The patriarch sat upon his bed— His cheek was pale, his eye was dim; Long years of woe had bow'd his head,

And feeble was the giant limb; And twelve mighty sons stood nigh, In grief—to see their father die!

But, sudden as the thunder-roll, A new-born spirit fill'd his frame, His fainting visage flash'd with soul,

His lip was touch'd with living flame; And burst, with more than prophetic fire, The stream of Judgment, Love, and Ire.

Reuben, thou spearest in my side, Thy father's first-born, and his shame; Unstable as the rolling tide,

A blight has fall'n upon thy name; Decay shall follow thee and thine; Go, outcast of a hallow'd line!

Simon and Levi, sons of blood That still hangs heavy on the land; Your flocks shall be the robber's food,

Your folds shall blaze beneath the brand. In swarms and great shall ye dwell, Be scattered among Israel!

Judah! All hail, thou priest, thou king! The crown the glory shall be thine; Thine is the light, the eagle's wing,

Thou lion! nations shall be thine; When swells thy roar upon the gale.

Judah, my son, ascend the throne, Till come from heaven the unborn king— The promised, the mighty one,

Whose heel shall crush the serpent's sting; Till earth is paradise again, And sin is dead, and death is slain!

Wide as the surge, Zebulon, Thy daring keel shall plow the sea; Before thee sink the tyrant's throne,

And strong Issachar toil for thee; Thou, reaper of his corn and oil, Lord of the giant and the soil!

Whose banner flames in battle's van! Whose mail is first in slaughter gore! Thou, subter than the serpent, Dan,

Prince of the arrow, wield the sword; Was to the Syrian charioter, When rings the rushing of thy spear!

Crush'd to the earth by war and woe, Gad, shall the cup of bondage drain, Till bold revenge shall give the blow

That pays the long arrears of pain. Thy cup shall glow with tyrant-gore, Thou be my son—and man once more!

Lo! Naphthali, thy snow-white hind Shall bark beneath the rose and vine; Proud Asher to the mountain wind

Shall star-like blaze, thy battle-sing; All bright to both, from birth to tomb, The heavens all sunshine, earth all bloom!

Joseph! Come near—my son, my son! Egyptian Prince, Egyptian sage, Child of my first and best-loved one,

Great guardian of thy father's age; Bring Ephraim and Manasseh nigh, And let me bless them ere I die.

Hear me—Thou God of Israel! Thou, who hast been his living shield, In the red desert's lion-dell,

In Egypt's famine-stricken field, In the dark dungeon's chilling stone, And the sovereignty of Judah, In Pharaoh's claim by Pharaoh's throne.

My son, all blessings be on thee; Be blest abroad, be blest at home; Thy nation's strength—her living tree,

(Be well to them the thirsty come; Dost be thy valley—blest thy hill; Thy father's God be with thee still!

Thou man of blood, thou man of might, Thy soul shall ravin, Benjamin; Thy wolf by day, thy wolf by night,

Rasling through slaughter, spoil, and sin; Thine eagle's beak and vulture's wing Shall cease thy nation with a king!

Then ceased the voice, and all was still; The hand of death was on the frame; Yet gave the heart one final thrill,

And breath'd the living lip one name; "Sons, let me rest by Leah's side!" He raised his robe to heaven—and died.

Blackwood's Magazine. HAVILAH.

The privileges of the first-born passing away from the tribe of Reuben, and were divided among his brethren. The double portion of the inheritance was given to Joseph—the priesthood to Levi—and the sovereignty to Judah. The tribe of Reuben lost its national power, and it was the first which was carried into captivity.

The massacre of the Shechemites was the crime of the two brothers. For a long time the tribe of Simeon was depressed; and its position, on the verge of the Amalekites, always exposed it to suffering. The Levites, though finally entrusted with the priesthood, had no inheritance in Palestine; they dwelt scattered amongst the tribes.

The tribe of Judah was distinguished from the beginning of the nation. It led the van in the march to Palestine. It was the first appointed to expel the Canaanites. It gave the first judge, Othniel. It was the tribe of David, and most glorious of all titles, was the tribe of our Lord.

Zebulon was a maritime tribe, its location extending along the seashore, and stretching to the borders of Sidon. The tribe of Issachar were located in the country afterwards called Lower Galilee; they were chiefly tillers of the soil, and were never distinguished in the military or civil transactions of the nation, and, as they dwelt among the Canaanites, seem to have had little to do with the nation. Issachar is characterized as the "strong ass"—drudge, powerful but patient.

The tribe of Dan was remarkable for the daring of their exploits in war, and not less so for their stratagems. Their great chieftain Samson, might be an emblem of their qualities and history.

Gad, a tribe engaged in continual and memorable conflicts. Saphai and Asher inhabited the most fertile portions of Palestine.

The two tribes Ephraim and Manasseh, descended from Joseph, possessed the finest portion of the land, along both sides of the Jordan. Besides Joshua, five of the twelve judges of Israel were of the united tribes. In the formation of the kingdom of Israel, an Ephraimite was the first king.

The tribe of Benjamin was conspicuous for valor. But its turbulence and ferocity wrought its fall, in the great battles recorded in Judges xix. and xx. Saul was of this fierce tribe. It was finally the tribe of Judah.

This great prophecy was delivered about three hundred years before the conquest of Palestine.

THE POET OF THE SEASONS.

Something less than sixty years after the publication of the Paradise Lost appeared Thomson's Winter;

which was speedily followed by his other Seasons. It is a work of inspiration; much of it is written from himself, and nobly from himself. How was it received? "It was no sooner read," says one of his contemporary biographers, "than universally admired;

those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for any thing in poetry, beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily commend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the Poet or love the Man."

This case appears to bear strongly against us; but we must distinguish between wonder and legitimate admiration. The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year: and, by undertaking to write in verse,

Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a Poet. Now it is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal Reverie of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the Windsor Forest or Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the Paradise Lost and the Seasons does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the Poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination.

To what a low state of knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in one of his Tragedies, and Pope his translation of the celebrated moonlight scene in the Iliad. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless. (CORRIGI in a night-gown)

All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead; The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head; The little Birds in dreams their songs repeat, And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat. Even Lust and Envy sleep; yet Love deludes Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes.

DRYDEN'S Indian Emigrants. those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten; those of Pope still retain their hold upon public estimation,—may, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry, which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers. Strange to think of an enthusiast, as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity!—If these two distinguished writers could habitually think that the visible universe was of so little consequence to a poet, that it was scarcely necessary for him to cast his eyes upon it, we may be assured that those passages of the elder poets which faithfully and poetically describe the phenomena of nature, were not at that time held in much estimation, and that there was little accurate attention paid to those appearances.

Wonder is the natural product of Ignorance; and as the soil was in such good condition at the time of the publication of the Seasons, the crop was doubtless abundant. Neither individuals nor nations become corrupt all at once, nor are they enlightened in a moment. Thomson was an inspired poet, but he could not work miracles; in cases where the art of seeing had in some degree been learned, the teacher would further the proficiency of his pupils, but he could do little more; though so far does vanity assist men in acts of self-deception, that many would often fancy they recognised a likeness when they knew nothing of the original. Having shown that much of what his biographer deemed genuine admiration must in fact have been blind wonderment—how is the rest to be accounted for?—Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one; in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style; and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental common-places, that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used copy of the Seasons the book generally opens itself with the rhapsody on love, or with one of the stories (perhaps Damon and Musidora); these also are prominent in our collections of Extracts; and are the parts of his Work, which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice. Pope, replying praises which he had received, and wishing to extol him to the highest only styles him "an elegant and philosophical poet"; nor are we able to collect any unquestionable proofs that the true characteristics of Thomson's genius as an imaginative poet were perceived, till the elder Warton, almost forty years after the publication of the Seasons, pointed them out by a note in his Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope. In the Castle of Indolence (of which Gray speaks so coldly) these characteristics were almost as conspicuously displayed, and in verse more harmonious, and diction more pure. Yet that fine poem was neglected on its appearance, and is at this day the delight only of a few!

When Thomson died, Collins breathed forth his regrets in an Elegiac Poem, in which he pronounces a poetical eulogy upon him who should regard with insensibility the place where the Poet's remains were deposited. The Poems of the mourner himself have now passed through innumerable editions, and are universally known; but if, when Collins died, the same kind of imprecation had been pronounced by a surviving admirer, small is the number whom it would not have comprehended. The notice which his poems attained during his life-time was so small, and of course the sale so insignificant, that not long before his death he deemed it right to repay to the bookseller the sum which he had advanced for them, and threw the edition into the fire.

SECESSION FROM THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for February.)

To sum up and to appreciate the ultimate consequences of these things,—first in order stands the dreadful shock to the National Church Establishment; and that is twofold: it is a shock from without, acting through opinion, and a shock from within, acting through the contagion of example. Each case is separately perfect. Through the opinion of men standing outside of the church, the church herself suffers wrong in her authority. Through the contagion of sympathy stealing over men inside of the church, peril arises of other shocks in a second series, which would so exhaust the church by reiterated convulsions, as to leave her virtually dismembered and shattered for all her great national functions.

As to that evil which acts through opinion, it works by a machinery, viz. the press and social centralization in great cities, which in these days is perfect. Right or wrong, justified or not justified by the acts of the majority, it is certain that every public body—how much more, then, a body charged with the responsibility of upholding the truth in its standards!—suffers dreadfully in the world's opinion by any feud, schism, or shadow of change among its members. This is what the New Testament, a code of philosophy fertile in new ideas, first introduced under the name of scandal; that is, any occasion of serious offence ministered to the weak or to the sceptical by differences irreconcilable in the acts or the opinions of those whom they are bound to regard as spiritual authorities. Now here, in Scotland, is a feud past all arbitration: here is a schism no longer theoretic, neither beginning nor ending in mere speculation: here is a change of doctrine, on one side or the other, which throws a sad umbrage of doubt and perplexity over the pastoral relation of the church to every parish in Scotland. Less confidence there must always be henceforward in great religious incorporations. Was there any such incorporation reputed to be more internally harmonious all dangers—

than the Scottish church? None has been so tempestuously agitated. Was any church more deeply pledged to the spirit of meekness? None has spilt assunder so irreconcilably. As to the grounds of quarrel, could any questions or speculations be found so little fitted for a popular temperance? Yet no breach of unity has ever propagated itself by steps so sudden and irrevocable. One short decennium has comprehended within its circuit the beginning and the end of this unparalleled hurricane. In 1834, the first light augury of mischief skirted the horizon—a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. In 1843, the evil had "travelled on from birth to birth." Already it had failed in what may be called one conspiracy; already had entered upon a second, viz. to rear up an Anti-Kirk, or spurious establishment, which should twist itself with snake-like folds about the legal establishment; surmount it as a Roman vinea surrounded the fortifications which it beleaguered; and which, under whatsoever practical issue for the contest, should at any rate overtop, molest, and insult the true church for ever. Even this brief period of development would have been briefer, had not the law courts interposed many delays. Demurs of law process imposed checks upon the uncharitable haste of the odium theologium. And though in a question of schism it would be a petitio principii for a neutral censor to assume that either party had been originally in error, yet it is within our competence to say, that the Seceders it was whose bigotry carried the dispute to that sad issue of a final separation. The establishment would have been well content to stop short of that consummation; and temperaments might have been found, compromises both safe and honourable, had the minority built less of their reverential hopes upon the policy of a fanciful martyrdom. Martyrs they insisted upon becoming; and that they might be martyrs, it was necessary for them to secede. That Europe thinks at present with less reverence of Protestant institutions than it did ten years ago, is due to one of these institutions in particular; viz. to the Scottish kirk, and specifically to the minority in that body. They it was who spurned all mutual toleration, all brotherly indulgence from either side to what it regarded as error in the other. Consequently upon their consciences lies the responsibility of having weakened the pillars of the Reformed churches throughout Christendom.

Had those abuses been really such, which the Seceders denounced, were it possible that a primary law of pure Christianity had been set aside for generations, how came it that evils so gross had stirred no whispers of reproach before 1834? How came it that no aurora of early light, no prelusive murmurs of scrupulously even from themselves, had run before this wild levanter of change? Heretofore or now there must have been gross error on their own showing. Heretofore they must have been traitorously below their duty, or now mutinously beyond it.

Such conclusions are irresistible; and upon any path, seceding or not seceding, they menace the worldly credit of ecclesiastical bodies. That evil is now past remedy. As for the other, that which acts upon church establishments, not through simple failure in the guarantee of public opinion, but through their own internal vices of composition; here undeniably we see a chasm traversing the Scottish church from the very gates to the centre. And unhappily the same chasm, which marks a division of the church internally, is a link connecting it externally with the Seceders. For how stands the case? Did the Scottish Kirk, at the late crisis, divide broadly into two mutually excluding sections? Was there one of these bisections which said Yes, whilst the other responded No? Was the affirmative and negative shared between us as between the black chessmen and the white? Not so; and unhappily not so. The two extremes there were, but these shaded off into each other. Many were the nuances; multiplied the combinations. Here stood a section that had voted for all the changes, with two or three exceptions; there stood another that went the whole length as to this change, but no part of the way as to that; and between these sections arose others that had voted arbitrarily, or edictally, that is, by no law generally recognised. And behind this eclectic school were grouped others who had voted for all novelties up to a certain day, but after that had refused to go further with a movement. In this last case, therefore, the divisional line fell upon no principle, but upon the accident of having, at that particular moment, first seen grounds of conscientious alarm. The principles upon which men had divided were various, and these various principles were variously combined. But, on the other hand, those who have gone out were the men who approved totally, not partially,—unconditionally, not within limits—up to the end, and not to a given day. Consequently those who stayed in comprehended all the shades and degrees which the men of violence excluded. The Seceders were unanimous to a man, and of necessity; for he who approves the last act, the extreme act, which is naturally the most violent act, à fortiori approves all lesser acts. But the establishment, by parity of reason, retained upon its rolls all the degrees, all the modifications, all who had exercised a wise discretion, who, in so great a cause, had thought it a point of religion to be cautious; whose casuistry had moved in the harness of peace, and who had preferred an interest of conscience to a triumph of partyship. We honour them for that policy; but we cannot hide from ourselves, that the very principle which makes such a policy honourable at the moment, makes it dangerous in reversion. For he who avows that, upon public motives, he once resisted a temptation to schism, makes known by that avowal that he still harbours in his mind the germ of a temptation; and to that scruple, which once he resisted, hereafter he may see reason for yielding. The principles of schism, which for the moment were suppressed, are still latent in the church. It is urged that, in quest of unity, many of these men succeeded in resisting the instincts of disension at the moment of crisis. True: But this might be because they presumed on winning from their own party equal concessions by means less violent than schism; or because they attached less weight to the principle concerned, than they may see cause for attaching upon future considerations; or because they would not allow themselves to sanction the cause of the late Secession, by going out in company with men whose principles they adopted only in part, or whose manner of supporting those principles they abhorred. Universally it is evident, that little stress is to be laid on a negative act; simply to have declined going out with the Seceders proves nothing, for it is equivocal. It is an act which may cover indifferently a marked hostility to the Secession party, or an absolute friendliness, but a friendliness not quite equal to so extreme a test. And, again, this negative act may be equivocal in a different way; the friendliness may not only have existed, but may have existed in strength sufficient for any test whatever; not the principles of the Seceders, but their Jacobinical mode of asserting them, may have proved the true nerve of the repulsion to many. What is it that we wish the English reader to collect from these distinctions? Simply that the danger is not yet gone past. The earthquake, says a great poet, when speaking of the general tendency in all dangers to come round by successive and reiterated shocks—

"The earthquake is not satisfied at once."

All dangers which lie deeply seated are recurrent dangers; they intermit, only as the revolving lamps of a light-house are periodically eclipsed. The General

A COMMON CHARACTER.

(From Sermons by the Rev. Robert Montgomery.)

There is another description of self-deluded men, whose attempts to form their own happiness apart from the sufficiency which is in Christ, meets the spiritual contempt of human character under a seemingly more rational and therefore a more difficult and dangerous aspect. We mean those who are not convinced "that the friendship of the world is enmity with God;" but who, in despite of the thousand evidences which glare before their senses, "that the world passeth away and the lusts thereof,"—yet pursue its gains and strive after its glories with the eagerness of a passion which knows no abatement or decay. Dissipation, and debauchery, and indolence—these may be confronted with truths and confuted by principles, which, if they do not arrest their progress, can at least triumphantly condemn the havoc they produce. But there is that about the sage, demure, and steady working, the grave philosopher of profit and loss, whose secularity moves on to its point with a decisive air and prudent caution worthy a better cause— which almost defies the delicacies of moral conviction to persuade or impress. The man is no victim of outrageous vice; no base practitioner of inhaled ways and unskilful works; but mechanically attached to all the decencies and demands of a well-ordered communion. Greetings in the market-place attend him; his family pen is well known in the church; he subscribes to the infirmary; is beloved by his fellow-citizens; and has never been known to "speak evil of dignities," or "meddle with them who are given to change." How arduous to all, save the infinite Spirit of the Almighty, to convince a man entrenched among such confidences, that he is not in the "narrow way that leads to everlasting life;"—and that the false peace which he now enjoys must and will end in fatal tribulation. Against the condemnation of the Gospel, how much of apparent refutation crush so monstrous an evil. Our purpose is answered, when the necessity of such insupportable consequences is shown to link itself with that distinction upon which the Free church has laid the foundations of its own establishment. Once for all, there is no act or function belonging to an officer of a church, which is not spiritual by one of its own two Janus faces. And every examination of the case convinces us more and more, that the Seceders took up the old papal distinction, as to acts spiritual or not spiritual, not under any delusion less or more, but under a simple necessity of finding some evasion or other which should meet and embody the whole rancour of the moment.

SCRIPTURE EXAMPLES.

(From Peckley's "Clavis Mystica.")

A lesson which wisdom retheth to all those that have ears to hear, is to observe the carriage of all affairs in this great city of the world, and to set a mark upon God's wonderful protection and care over the godly, and his fearful judgments upon the wicked. From the former spiritual wisdom gathereth the sweet fruit of comfort, from the latter the bitter fruit of terror—from both, the most wholesome fruit of instruction. The fruit of comfort she gathereth by using Jacob's Ladder to rest upon when she is weary, Hagar's fountain to quench her thirst, the widow's meal to sustain her in famine, Jonath's gourd to shade her in heat, Jonathan's honey to clear her eye-sight, Hezekiah's oil to heal her plague-sores, the Samaritan's oil to supple her wounds, and Christ's cross to support her in all. The bitter fruit of terror she gathereth when she maketh the drowning of the old world a warning to her for security, the confusion of Babel for pride, the burning of Sodom for unnatural lust, the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned for backsliding and disobedience, the plagues of Egypt for hardness of heart, the captivity of Israel and Judah for idolatry, and the final destruction of the city and temple for infidelity and persecution of Christ and his Gospel. When the Devil offereth us any forbidden fruit, seem it never so pleasant to the eye, let us think of Adam; when a pledge of gold, of Achan; when red broth, of Esau; when a pleasant vineyard lying near to our house, of Ahab; when a bribe, of Gehazi; when holy vessels to carouse in, of Belshazzar; when money for the gifts of the Holy Ghost, of Simon Magus; when the price of blood, of Judas; when a share in sacrifice, of Ananias. Let us learn by Adam's fall to shut our ears against evil counsel; by Noah's shame, to abhor drunkenness; by David's adultery, to fly idleness; by Joseph's swearing by the life of Pharaoh, to avoid ill company; by Peter's denial, to beware of presuming on our own strength; by Paul's buffeting, to take heed of spiritual pride. Do the students at the law follow all courts, and are ready at all assizes with their table-books to note what passeth in all trials, to put down the cases, and take down the sentences of the judges; and shall we neglect the judgments of the Almighty, and not write down on the tables of our memories such cases as are ruled in the courts of heaven? There is nothing will more deject us in the opinion of our own wisdom, and stir us up to the admiration of God's wisdom, justice, and power, than to observe how he compasseth the wise of the world in their own ways, and smothereth beyond them in their designs; how he crusheth the foolish things of the world to convince and rebuke the wise; the weak things of the world to conquer the mighty; the ignoble things of the world to obscure the glorious; and the things that are not to confound the things that are. When we see him draw light out of darkness, sweet out of sour, comfort out of misery, joy out of sorrow, and life out of death, how can we distrust his goodness? Again, when we see on the sudden how he turneth day into night, liberty into captivity, beauty into ashes, joy into heaviness, honour into shame, wealth into want, rule into servitude, life into death, how can we but fear his power? When we see sceptres made of mattocks, and mattocks of sceptres; hovels of palaces, and palaces of hovels; valleys raised high, and hills brought low; kings cast out of their thrones to the ground, and poor raised out of the dung-hill to sit with princes—how can we be proud? When we observe the godly man like the ox that goeth to plough, worn out with labour and pain, and the wicked like beasts fatted for the slaughter, abound with riotous superfluity, how can we be patient? When we see daily stars rise and fall in the firmament of the Church, how can we then be solicitous? Lastly, when we see our wants as well as our wealth, our defects as well as our excellencies, our falls as well as our risings, our sorrows as well as our joys, our fasts as well as our feasts, our sickness as well as our health, our terrors as well as our comforts, our crosses and afflictions as well as those we call blessings work for the best for us, how can we be content? When we see wisdom every man by his experience can easily draw out at length; and therefore in a word I will now deliver that precept of wisdom in the last place which in practice must challenge the first, viz. that in all serious and weighty affairs, especially such as concern our spiritual estate, we ask counsel of God, who among other glorious attributes, described by the prophet Isaiah, is styled the Wonderful Counsellor, who freely gives us that counsel which cannot be got by any fee from mortal man. Success cometh not great attempt which wisdom undertaketh not; wisdom undertaketh nothing but by the advice of counsel; and no counsel safe in deliberations of this kind but from the spirit of God.

PROVISION FOR THE CLERGY.

(From the Rev. J. J. Blunt's History of the Reformation in England.)

However humiliating may be the confession, experience has sanctioned it as a truth, that an indigent church makes a corrupt clergy; that in order to secure a priesthood which shall wear well, a permanent provision must be set aside for their maintenance,—such a provision as shall induce men duly qualified, to enter the Church: for it is visionary to suppose that temporal motives will not have their weight in this temporal state of things; and it is unreasonable to expect that persons who are excluded by the rules of society from the usual inlets to wealth, the courts, the camp, or the exchange, and who cannot but know and feel, when they are honestly doing their duty, that they are as good commonwealth's men, to put it upon no higher ground, as any others, and therefore have as good a right to its liberal regards as any others, should be content to waive this right,—such a provision as shall be enough to ensure recruits for the priesthood from all ranks, the highest as well as those below, and so to ensure their easy intercourse with all ranks; for the heaven should leave the whole lump,—such a provision as should encourage them to speak with all boldness, crouching to no man for their morsel of bread, nor tempted to lick the hand that feeds them;—such a provision as should prevent the meanness of their condition from prejudicing the force of their reasons, or give occasion to a high-minded hetero to accuse their plain speech of unmanly presumption. Surely, until we can find such a Church upon earth, in all her members, and in all that the successive generations of her members, as can be true to the image of the Lord, it is a vision indeed to reject all adventitious support, such as her condition may require, and to say with the great puritan poet, that she should be content, as he was, "to ride upon an ass."

PERSECUTIONS OF CHRISTIANS BY THE TURKS.

(From Letters of the Rev. H. Southgate.)

I have told you in my former letters of the death of a young Armenian, for refusing to fulfil a rash promise which he had made, to become a Mussulman. Since his execution, no less than three of the Ambassadors of the great powers of Europe have sent in notes to the Porte, remonstrating against the act. They are the Ambassadors of England, France, and Prussia; who acted in the matter under instructions from their Governments. The ground which they take, though an interference with Mohammedan laws, is perfectly just. They say that they cannot support a power which persecutes Christians with death.—The Turks reply, that the law by which the Armenians suffered is a fundamental law of the Empire. The Ambassadors answer, that they cannot give a virtual sanction to such a law, by supporting the Empire which executes it. They simply state the conditions upon which their assistance will be rendered. Now as Turkey cannot maintain herself without the aid of the European powers, she must either sacrifice her inhuman law to policy, or preserve it at the risk of her ruin. She will do the former, and this must lead eventually to "liberty of conscience," which will be equally the ruin of Mohammedanism. For as soon as Turks are once at liberty to become Christians, the great support of Islamism is overthrown. Either way, it shows how extremely precarious is the present state of Turkey, and even the existence of its false religion.