

he resisted. What is wrong in itself, cannot become right by being the act of a nation. The whole history of the world is made up of a catalogue of enormous crimes and wrongs committed by nations.

The command to render unto God the things that are God's, makes it a Christian's imperative duty to deny to Cæsar the things that are not Cæsar's, and to maintain the principles of God's law above all national enactments, and against all unjust courses and demands. Dr. Wayland applied these principles to the case of war, especially war waged either to acquire territory, or to spread the principles of any particular national policy. The case of such war is one in which government transcends its just limits, and tramples on the principles of righteousness, and therefore ought not to be sustained. The rendering unto God the things that are God's requires resistance against such wickedness in Cæsar.

It is impossible to convey any adequate impression of the power and excellence of Dr. Wayland's discourse. We wish it could be published, and we rejoice to see such a man throwing the weight of his reputation, his abilities, his authority, his eminent station, so freely, unreservedly and plainly, on the side of Christianity in politics, and against war. We wish that the President, his Cabinet, and the whole of our country's Senators and Representatives could have been present, to hear his solemn and severe remarks. He observed that there seemed to be, even among Christians, an ominous and unaccountable blindness and insensibility as to the claims of religion, and a scriptural morality upon public men, and the national policy; so that you may see the strange anomaly of men supporting as politicians and for reasons of political expediency merely, measures which they cannot but condemn as Christians. But it was a disgrace to Christianity, that men should be compelled or willing to lay aside their religious principles as politicians, and to follow in the track of party, right or wrong, "like flogged hounds."

While the services of public worship were going on, the windows of the church being open, there came thundering and hissing past the church the Sabbath-breaking rail-cars. It is disgraceful to Saratoga, and to all concerned in the railroad, that it should run on the Sabbath. And it is most of all astonishing, that women can be found riding in the cars on that day. It seems such a desecration of the female character, to be found openly despising and desecrating the holy Sabbath, that it destroys all respect for either the morals or the manners of those who thus degrade themselves, whatever claims they may think they have to be considered fashionable and respectable. Who would choose a wife or a mother from families in the habit of thus openly disregarding the Sabbath? And what character can be expected of children educated under the influence of such an example?

Our profanations of the Sabbath are all gradual. They steal upon the nation unawares. Public companies for the conveyance of travellers have a tremendous responsibility, a responsibility for which they will have to answer to God. It is no measurable guilt for a single company of stockholders to debauch the public conscience as they must do, by driving their trade for profit in the convenience and pleasure of the public on the Lord's day. There is an account to give. National and social sins will be traced to their sources and aggravating causes. Railroads have been in Scotland, and there is great danger of their being here, the devil's openings or turnpikes to ride over the Sabbath. They diminish the public sense of its sacredness, even in the minds of those who themselves will not travel on the Lord's day. "I have observed," says old Fuller, "that children, when they first put on new shoes, are very curious to keep them clean. Scarce will they set their feet on the ground, for fear to dirt the soles of their shoes. Yea, rather they will wipe the leather clean with their coats; and yet, perchance the next day they will trample with the same shoes in the mire up to the ancles. Alas, children's play is our earnest! We go on in sin up to the ancles, yea, our sins go over our heads!"

Yours truly, G. B. C.

SELECTIONS.

IMPROVEMENT OF CLAYEY AND SANDY SOIL.—Old Boussingault knows a thing or two, (says Abraham Smith in the Western Cultivator) but he has not satisfied practical farmers how he might supply the defect of clay in sandy soil, and sand in clayey soil. May I venture to hint, in homespun language? It is well known that there are certain vegetable matters that are quickly decomposed, such as ripe timothy, rye straw, &c. It is also well known that the defect in sandy soils is, principally, that the land lacks adhesion, and is too quick a conductor of heat and air, while the reverse is the defect in clay. Hence the remedy is indicated. With a clay soil, plough in hard woody substances, as ripe timothy, and plough in the fall. On a soil too sandy, plough under green manure, and plough at the time that the vegetable matter is full of sap, say clover in blossom, or oats just beginning to head. Chemists can tell us why and wherefore, and a practical farmer may see the effect if he will try.

COMMERCIAL SPIRIT OF LIVERPOOL.—Fortunes are made here with a rapidity unexampled in any other part of England. It is true that many adventurers fail; yet, with all the ups and downs of commercial speculation, Liverpool prospers beyond all other parts. There is, too, a princely liberality in its merchants, which, even in London, is not rivalled. Let anything be proposed for the advantage and ornament, or honour of the town, however little akin it may be to their

own pursuits, habits, or feelings, they are ready with their subscriptions to any amount. It has lately been resolved upon to have a botanical garden here; a large sum has been raised for the purpose, and ground purchased. "It will be long," said I to our friend, "before this can be brought to any perfection." "Oh, sir," said he, "you do not know how we do things in Liverpool. Money and activity work wonders. In half a dozen years we shall have the finest in England." The instance of their Athenæum is a striking proof of their spirit; by this name they call a public library, with a reading-room for the newspapers and other journals—for all periodical publications, whether daily, monthly, quarterly, or yearly, are called journals in England. Two of the literary inhabitants of the town were talking one day after dinner of the want of a public library in the town, and they agreed to call a meeting for the purpose of forming one. The meeting was advertised—they went to it—and found themselves alone. "What shall we do now?" said the one, "here is an end to the business." "No," said his friend, "take you the chair, I will be secretary; we will draw up our resolutions unanimously, and advertise them." They did so; and in four-and-twenty hours sufficient funds were subscribed to establish the finest institution in the kingdom.—*Southey's Letters of Esprilla.*

ORIGIN OF THE MARSEILLAISE.—The "Marseillaise" preserves notes of the song of glory and the shriek of death; glorious as the one, funeral-like the other—it assures the country, whilst it makes the citizen turn pale. This is its history. There was then a young officer of artillery in garrison at Strasbourg named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Lonsle-Saunier, in the Jura, that country of reverie and energy, as mountainous countries always are. This young man loved war like a soldier—the revolution like a tinker. He charmed with his verses and music the slow dull garrison life. Much in request from his two-fold talent as musician and poet, he visited the house of Dietrick, an Alsatian patriot (*in ire* of Strasbourg), on intimate terms.—Dietrick's wife and young daughter shared in his patriotic feelings for the revolution was advancing to the frontiers, just as the affections, of the body always commence at the extremities. They were very partial to the young officer and inspired his heart, his poetry, and his music. They executed the first of his ideas hardly developed—confidants of the earliest flights of his genius. It was in the winter of 1792, and there was a scarcity in Strasbourg. The house of Dietrick was poor, and the table humble, but there was always a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. This young officer was there from morning to night, like a son or brother of the family. One day, when there was only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table. Dietrick looking with calm sadness at De Lisle, said to him: "Plenty is not seen at our feasts; but what matter if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic fetes, and courage in our soldiers' hearts. I have still a bottle of wine left in my cellar. Bring it," he added, addressing one of the daughters, "and we will drink to liberty and our country. Strasbourg is shortly to have a patriotic ceremony, and De Lisle must be inspired by these last drops to produce one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the enthusiasm which suggested it." The young girls applauded, fetched the wine, filled the glasses of their old father and the young officer, until the wine was exhausted. It was midnight and very cold. De Lisle was a dreamer; his heart was moved, his head heated. The cold seized on him, and he went staggering to his lonely chamber, endeavouring by degrees to find inspiration in the palpitations of his citizen heart; and on his small clavicorn, now composing the air before the words, and now the words before the air, combined them so intimately in his mind, that he could never tell which was first produced, the air or the words, so impossible did he find it to separate the poetry from the music, and the feeling from the impression. He sang everything—wrote nothing. Overcome by this divine inspiration, his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake until daylight. The song of the overnight returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down, and then ran to Dietrick. He found him in his garden. His wife and daughters had not yet arisen. Dietrick aroused them, called together some friends as fond as himself of music, and capable of executing De Lisle's composition. Dietrick's eldest daughter accompanied them. Rouget sang. At the first verse all countenances turned pale; at the second, tears flowed; at the last, enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was also destined to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Dietrick went a few months afterwards to the scaffold to the sound of the notes produced at his own fireside, from the heart of his friend, and the voices of his daughters. The new song, executed some days afterwards at Strasbourg, flew from city to city, in every public orchestra. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and the close of the sittings of its clubs. The Marseillaise spread it all over France, by singing it everywhere on their way. Whence the name of "Marseillaise?" De Lisle's old mother, a royalist and religious, alarmed at the effect of her son's voice, wrote to him: "What is this revolutionary hymn, sung by bands of brigands who are traversing France, and with which our name is mingled?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a royalist, heard it and shuddered as it sounded on his ears, whilst escaping by some of the wild passes of the Alps. "What do they call that hymn?" he inquired of his guide. "The Marseillaise," replied the peasant. It was thus he learnt the name of his own work. The arm turned against the hand that forged it. The revolution, insane, no longer recognised its own voice!—*Lomartine's History of the Girondists.*