The Church.

"Her Foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

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Poetry.

THE WORLD.

O world! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered oe'r with grief
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan
By the hot sweat of toil alone
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step, and slow
Its form departs.

From the Spanish.

THE CHINESE EMPIRE: *forming a sequel to the work entitled "Recollections of a Journey through Tartary and Thibet."* By M. Huc. 2 vols. Longman and Co. 1855. 8vo.

M. Huc left Europe for China in 1838 as a Lazarist missionary. He landed at Marseilles on his return to Europe, in 1852. During the fourteen years included between dates he had travelled in Tartary and Thibet, and had traversed China from north to south, and from west to east. In the latter country he had abundant facilities of studying the people—their language, manners, customs, laws, and institutions. He had intercourse with people of every rank and condition, from the viceroy of a province and highest mandarin, down to the palanquin-bearer and humblest beggar. The present volumes, in consequence, form the most interesting and authentic work that has been presented to the English reading public, on the subject of the Celestial Empire, and its internal condition, for several years. We may add that on some important particulars M. Huc expresses himself without prejudice; and the Protestant reader may open the book of the Catholic missionary without finding anything to wound his religious sensibilities. Indeed, we have not proceeded far with him before we discover that we have fallen in with an intelligent, cheerful, and courageous companion. He is full of pleasantry, evidently fond of a good anecdote; but when the occasion demands it he is grave, earnest and edifying. He had opportunities of observing the Chinese people, during his present journey, rarely accorded to Europeans. The missionary, whether Catholic or Protestant, has hitherto passed into the interior much like a bale of smuggled opium. He has had to proceed along the canals by night, concealed in the hold or cabin of a junk, rarely daring to land, and making but a very limited acquaintance with the people. M. Huc, on this occasion travelled from the western frontier town of Ta-tsien-lou, and through the provinces of Sse-tchouen, Hou-pe, and Kiang-si, until he arrived at Canton, in open day, under the protection of the Emperor, having mandarins for his escort and the prefects of towns for his entertainers.

The appearance of this work has the greater interest on account of the rebellion which is still active in China, and on account of his statements with respect to the state of Christianity in the Empire—a subject on which great misconception exists. With regard to the rebellion, it is his opinion that, if its causes are unknown, the immediate occasion is not so. It arose out of an isolated act of highway robbery, which was followed by the association of a band of robbers, who strove to resist the authority of the mandarins, and who were joined by all the rogues in the province of Kouang-si, until at length a little army sprang into existence, which gave no small uneasiness to the governor of that province. The chief of the robbers became the general of this armed force; called in religion and politics to his aid, declared for the nationality and the destruction of the Mantchoo Tartar dynasty; and finally assumed the title of Emperor, under the pompous name of Tien-te (Celestial Virtue.) As to Tien-te's Christianity, which has been proclaimed wherever a newspaper circulates, we have never had any great opinion. Every fresh account from the East confirms us in the belief that it is of a very dubious and negative character. Nor can we indulge the idea that there is any great amount of Christianity in China at all. It is true M. Huc reckons that there are 800,000 Christians in the Empire, out of a population of 300,000,000; but his own account of the sceptical tendencies of the Chinese mind, and its indifference to all religions whatsoever, leave a doubt as to the power which Christianity exercises on their lives and morals. As to Tien-te's Protestantism, which has been vaunted by some good but over-zealous persons, we do not give a title of credence to it. We have no wish to discourage the hopes of those who believe that there is a vital power in Christianity, which will finally triumph over the Paganism, or religious negativism rather, of China. In those hopes we participate; but we believe that the day is still distant; and we feel it a duty to disabuse the minds of readers of any erroneous views they may hold on this subject. M. Huc, whose zeal as a missionary was not quenched, nor his hopes of the future of the Gospel in China shaken, by what he beheld and heard, thus speaks:—

"Religious ideas do not, it must be owned, strike very deep root in this country, and the seeds of the Christian faith cast into it in the earlier ages appear to have entirely perished. With the exception of the inscription [on the monument] at Si-ngan [described by the first Jesuit missionaries in the seventeenth century], no trace of the passage of the former missionaries or of their preachiug was then to be found. Not even in the traditions of the country was preserved the slightest trace of the religion of Jesus Christ. A melancholy trait it is in the character of this people, that Christian truth does but glide over its surface!"

With regard to all Christians, the Chinese are generally of opinion that they are the creatures of European Governments. Indeed, all the persecutions of the Christians which have taken place in China have had their origin in political, rather than religious grounds. M. Huc gives a singular instance of this Chinese mode of thinking:—

"The Christian religion is designated in China as Tien-tchou-kiao, that is to say, the religion of the Lord of Heaven; the idea of God being expressed by the word, Tien-tchou. One day we were speaking of religion with a really superior sort of mandarin, a very intelligent fellow. He asked us who was that Tien-tchou, whom the Christians adore and invoke, and who had promised to render them rich and happy in such an extraordinary manner. "Why," said we, "do you—a learned man, of the first class, a well instructed man, and one who has read the books of our religion—do you ask this? Do you not know who is the Tien-tchou of the Christians?' 'Ah, you are right!' said he, putting his hand to his forehead, as if to recall a half vanished recollection; 'You are right, I ought to know; but I really had forgotten all about this Tien-tchou.' 'Well, you know now; who is he then?' 'Oh, to be sure, he is the Emperor of the French!'"

Further on in the first volume the Chinaman is thus spoken of (page 161):

"Lucre is the sole object on which his eyes are continually fixed. He never pursues anything with ardour bnt riches and material enjoyments. God—the soul—a future life, he believes in none of them; or, rather, he never thinks about them at all. If he ever takes up a moral or religious book, it is only by way of amusement, to pass the time away. It is a less serious occupation than smoking a pipe, or drinking a cup of tea. To listen to him, you would think that he is just ready to become a christian—in fact, that he was such already; yet he has not advanced a single step. He never thinks of religion as a serious matter at all. He likes very well to talk about it; but it is as of a thing not made for him—that he personally has nothing to do with. The Chinese carry this indifference so far, that they care not a straw whether the doctrine be true or false, good or bad. Religion is to them simply a fashion, which those may follow who have a taste for it."

This judgment may be considered severe, as the result of Western prejudices, or as the dogmatising of a Catholic priest. But we recollect reading similar judgments in a Church missionary sent to China, in his last year's report, says of this people: "As to respect for their own religion, they have none. Even in their temples they will laugh at and ridicule their idols. Nothing appears to make any impression upon their minds; they appear to be thorough atheists." And with respect to native converts the Protestant Bishop of Victoria observes: "Native converts from heathenism are very weak, and require constant supervision." M. Huc does not anticipate much benefit from the distribution of Bibles and religious books among such a people. He says: "The Methodist ministers who lie in ambush in all the five ports open to Europeans, having remarked that the prodigious quantity of Bibles furtively scattered along the shores of the Empire have not proved remarkably efficacious in working the conversion of the Chinese, have at last given up this harmless and useless system of propagandism." Here again it may be supposed that M. Huc sees matters through the mist of a prejudice; but thus writes Dr. Hobson, the agent in China of the Religious Tract Society: "Repeated evidence has been afforded to us that the religious books and tracts distributed in the public streets and shops of this city (Canton) are treated with great disrespect. They are no doubt despised on the ground of teaching foreign, and therefore useless and unpalatable doctrines; they are usually condemned at once or set aside, after inspection of the title-page; and if the distributor be a native, he is often insulted with opprobrious language."

We shall pursue the subject no farther. We repeat that it is far from our intention to discourage judicious missionary labours in China. The Catholic hopes almost against hope for the Evangelization of that country; we are sure that Protestant zeal does not flag, nor Protestant courage falter; but it is nevertheless proper to exhibit things as they are.

Some of M. Huc's adventures were of a perilous, others of a ludicrous character. His boldness and presence of mind served him in some cases; his knowledge of the language and of the people in others. But at present we prefer letting him speak of others rather than of himself; and first of

THE MANDARINS.

We have observed that the Chinese, and especially the mandarins, are strong against the weak, and weak against the strong. To domineer over and to crush all around them, is the object they constantly have in view, and to attain it they have an inexhaustible resource in their native cunning and pliability of character. Once allow them to get the upper hand, and it is all over with you; but if you can only succeed in mastering them, you will find them ever after as docile and manageable as children. The Chinese mandarins are pretty much like their own long bamboos. If one can but manage to get hold of them in the right way, they are easily bent double, and kept so; but if for a second you let go, they are up again in a moment as straight as ever.

In another place we read of the abject conditon of

CHINESE WOMEN.

The condition of the Chinese women is most pitiable; suffering, privation, contempt, all kinds of misery and degradation, seize on her in the cradle and accompany her pitilessly to the tomb. Her very birth is commonly regarded as a humiliation and a disgrace to the family—an evident sign of the malediction of heaven. If she be not immediately suffocated (according to an atrocious custom), she is regarded and treated as a creature radically despicable, and scarcely belonging to the human race. This appears so incontestible a fact, that *Pan houi-pan*, celebrated, though a woman, among Chinese writers, endeavours in her works to humiliate her own sex, by reminding them continually of the inferior rank they occupy in the creation. "When a son is born," she says, "he sleeps upon a bed; he is clothed with robes, and plays with pearls; every one obeys his princely cries. But when a girl is born, she sleeps upon the ground, is merely wrapt up in a cloth, plays with a tile, and is incapable of acting either virtuously or viciously. She has nothing to think of but preparing food, making wine, and not vexing her parents."

The condition of the wives of native Christians is far superior to that of Pagan wives. Master Ting is a mandarin, and the Sancho Panza of M Huc; but without Sancho's honesty, or Sancho's estimation of the fair sex. He regards them as animals without a soul, as appears from the following colloquy.

MASTER TING ON WOMEN.

Ting *coquitur*: "As we were leaving Lean-Chan," said he, "when we passed through that street where there were so many women assembled, I heard it said that they were Christians? Isn't that nonsense?"

"No, certainly, it was a truth. They Christians."

Master Ting looked stupified with astonishment, and his arms fell down by his side. "I don't understand that," said he; "I have heard you say that people become Christians to save their soul. Is that it?"

"Yes, that is the object we propose to ourselves."

"Then what can the women become Christians for?"

"What for? To save their souls, like men."

"But they have no souls," said Master Ting, stepping back apace, and folding his arms; "women have no souls. You can't make Christians of them."

We endeavoured to remove the scruples of the worthy man upon this point, and to give him some few sounder ideas on the subject of women's souls; but we are by no means sure we succeeded. The very notion tickled his fancy so much, that he laughed with all his might. "Nevertheless," he said, after having listened to our dissertation, "I will tell my wife that she has got a soul. She will be a little astonished, I think."

We presume, then, that in the "soul-hunt," which we shall presently describe from the pages of M. Huc, there is never a woman's soul to send squibs and crackers after, to induce it to return to the body. Death, the Chinaman believes, is the result of the separation of the soul from the body, and that the degree of illness suffered by a patient is in direct proportion to the number of attempts the soul makes to escape. They believe that in severe illness the soul is temporally absent from the body, and may be called back. If the dying person fall into the last agony, it is evident that the soul has gone with the firm resolution not to come back again; and then commences what we have ventured to call the "soul-hunt," or

CHASE OF THE SOUL.

When the body is still struggling with death, they try first the effect of persuasion, and endeavour by prayers and supplications to induce the soul to change its resolution. They run after it, they conjure it to come back, they describe in the most moving terms the lamentable state to which they will be reduced if this obstinate soul will not hear reason. They tell it that the happiness of the entire family depends upon it; they urge it, flatter it, overwhelm it with entreaties. "Come back, come back!" they cry; "what have we done, what have we done to you? What motive can you have for going away? Come back, we conjure you!" And as no one knows very well which way the soul is gone, they run in all directions, and make a thousand evolutions in the hope of meeting it, and softening it by their prayers and tears. If these mild and insinuating methods do not succeed—if the soul remains deaf, and persists coolly in going its own way, they adopt another course, and try to frighten it. They utter loud cries, they let off firewooks suddenly in every direction in which they imagine it might be making off; they stretch out their arms to bar its passage, and push with their hands to force it to return home and re-enter the body. Amongst those who set out on the chase after a refractory soul, there are always some more skilful than others, who manage to get upon its track. Then they summon the others to help them, calling out, "Here it is! Here it is!" and immediately everybody runs that way. They then unite their forces; they concentrate their plan of operations; they weep, they groan, they lament; they let off squibs and crackers of all kinds; they make a frightful *charivari* round the poor soul, and hustle it about in all sorts of ways; so that, if it does not give it up at last, it must really be a most stubborn and ill-disposed spirit. When they are setting out on this strange errand, they never fail to take lanterns with them, in order to light the soul on its way back, and take away any pretence it might make of not being able to find it. These ceremonies mostly take place during the night; because say the Chinese, the soul is in the habit of taking advantage of the darkness to slip away.

We must here close our extract. He who would know more of the superstitions of this singular people, of their institutions, of their social life, of their marriages and funerals, of their occupations, of their moral nature, and how they cheat and lie, and can still be capable of hospitality and generosity, must turn to M. Huc's book—which has been ably translated, and is one of the most amusing and instructive we have encountered on the same subject for many a day.—*Clerical Journal.*

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

(From the North British Review.)

The first promoters of the Electric Telegraph, sanguine as they were of its ultimate triumph over the prejudices of the railway companies, who at first rejected it, and of supine governments, who were blind to its advantages, and never contributed to its extension, they yet never anticipated that its lines would span wide arms of the sea, and, by crossing even oceans themselves, would girdle the terraqueous globe. The submarine telegraph was not a corollary of the terrestrial. It was a new idea, which it required genius to suggest, and science to realize. Dr. O'Shaughnessy, so early as 1839, secceeded in laying down an insulated conducting wire, attached to a chain-cable in the River Hoogly, which carried the electric current from one bank to another. Another step was made in 1847, by M. Siemens, who first applied gutta percha to the insulation of the wires, and laid down a telegraphich line to cross the Rhine at Cologne.

These steps, however, though very important, were not to be compared with the bold and successful attempt to carry a submarine cable from Dover and Calais. In 1850, the Submarine Telegraph Company made the necessary arrangements with the French and Belgian Governments, and Messrs. Newell and Co., the celebrated wire-rope makers of Gateshead, were intrusted with the manufacture of 24 miles of a wire cable, to stretch over a distance of 21 miles.* For this purpose, four copper wires, the sixteenth of an inch in diameter, were covered with successive coatings of gutta percha. The wires were then twisted together, and surrounded with a mass of spun yarn soaked in grease and tar, so as to form a compact rope impervious to water. In order to give strength to this combination, and protect it from external injury, ten galvanized wires are twisted round the rope, so as to form a submarine cable. This cable was completed in three weeks, but, owing to an accident in laying it down, it suffered a twist or bend, which took it out of the direct line, and prevented it from reaching to Saugat, south of Calais. It was necessary, therefore, to add to it another mile of cable, which being immediately done, though the task was not an easy one, the communication between Calais and Dover was completed on the 17th of October 1851, and since that time, Great Britain and the Continent of Europe have, by this iron larynx, conversed with each other on every subject which can interest humanity. The expense of the cable was £9,000, and the station at Dover and Calais, £6,000. This line of telegraph belongs to the Chartered Submarine Telegraph Company.

By the private enterprise of Messrs. Newall and Company, a still longer submarine cable was stretched across the Irish channel from Holyhead to Dublin, or rather to Howth. In the deep sea portion of it, the gutta percha rope containing one copper wire was surrounded by ten twisted iron wires, and the shore ends of the same rope surrounded by six iron wires. Transported from the works at Gateshead on twenty waggons, it was sent by railway to Maryport, where the Britannia carried it to Holyhead. On the 4th of June 1852, it was deposited in the Irish Channel, where the depth of water is 70 fathoms, nearly double that between Dover and Calais. The length of the cable is 64 miles, and the time of laying it down was 18 hours.

The next great submarine enterprise, under the direction of the Submarine Telegraph Company, was that of uniting Dover with Ostend, a distance of 70 miles. This gigantic cable, also the work of Messrs. Newell and Company, cost £33,000, and was laid down on the 4th of May. On the 6th of May it was the bearer of a friendly message from Belgium to London.

The Magnetic Telegraph Company and the British Telegraph Company, have, according to Dr. Lardner, laid down cables of the same kind from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, a species of rivalry which Parliament ought not to have permitted. The first of these Companies have established upwards of 2000 miles (many of them under ground) of telegraphic lines, and have 13,000 miles of wire in active operation, connecting England and Scotland with the principal towns in Ireland.

A company, entitled the European and Electric Telegraph Company, which acts in common with the two Submarine Companies, now united, was established in order to connect the cable of those companies with the metropolis, and with Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester.

Our limits will not permit us to give any farther details respecting these submarine establishments. The most important facts concerning all those which are yet completed, or in progress, are contained in the following table given by Dr Lardner:—

	No. of Copper Wires.	No. of Iron Wires.	Length in Miles.	Weight per Mile in Tons.
Dover and Calais,	4	10	25	7
Holyhead and Howth,	1	12	70	1
Dover and Ostend.	7	12	70	7
Portpatrick and Donaghadee, Magnetic Telegraph Co.	6	12	25	7
Ditto, do., British Telegraph Company,	7	12	27	7
Orfordness and the Hague.	1	10	135	2
Across the Great Belt, Denmark,	3	9	16	5
Across the Mississippi,	1	8	2	2
Across the Zuyder Zee,	6	10	5	7½
Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island,	1	9	150	1½
Spezzia and Corsica,	6	12	110	8
Corsica and Sardinia,	6	12	8	

A submarine line of much greater length than any of the preceding, and of high temporary interest, is about to be laid down by order of Government from Varna to Cape Chersonese or Balaklava. The length will be 300 miles, and Mr. Liddell, the engineer on the new Litchfield and Hitchin Railway, who has already laid down cables in the Mediterranean and other seas, has undertaken to complete it in two months. May its first message convey to Lord Raglan and General Canrobert the gratifying intelligence that they have conquered a secure and honourable peace.

We have already mentioned the contemplated line from Natchez to San Francisco in California, which will connect the Pacific with the Atlantic, and even with St. John's in Newfoundland, which is only five days' passage from Galway, and which would then connect the Pacific with Europe. But why may we not contemptate the union of Newfoundland with Europe by a submarine cable which has been already proposed? As a work of art it is doubtless practicable, and the European powers might contribute the means of thus uniting the two hemispheres of the globe.

A new principal of telegraphic communication, if it shall prove of practical value, may render such an enterprise within the reach even of the western states of Europe. The idea of what may provisionally be called a transmarine telegraph has been recently brought forward by Mr. Lindsay of Dundee. This plan is to send the electric current through great distances of water by means of long lines of wire stretching along the opposite shores. These lines communicate with a powerful battery, and their four terminations dip into the sea, so that the electric currents flow in two different directions across the ocean. Mr. Lindsay had made experiments on a small scale in Scotland, which so far confirmed his views; but he repeated them on a larger scale last summer at Portsmouth, where he sent messages through a mile of water, though there were many ships in the intervening sparce, and many of them with coppered bottoms. In this experiment the length of the lateral wires was less than half a mile. We understand that a patent has been secured by a company who intend in spring to make experiments on a great scale.

Although it would be a work of supererogation to point out to our readers the various uses of the Electric Telegraph, yet there are some of them so little known, and others of so remarkable a nature, that they deserve the widest circulation. Among these uses, those of a scientific nature may claim the first place. The beautiful arrangement which we owe to Mr. Airy, the Astronomer-Royal, of transmitting to the most distant telegraphic regions the true time of Greenwich, is one of inestimable value. The difficulty of obtaining correct time for the accurate record of astronomical and atmospherical phenomena, has been experienced by all who do not possess astronomcal instruments. This may, however, be completely removed; and even with ordinary house-clocks we may record our observations with a degree of accuracy sufficiently correct for those which can be made by private individuals. Mr. Airy, however, has gone much farther than this. By having the Royal Observatory at Greenwich* connected with the submarine cables at Brussels and Paris, he has been able to determine the correct laditudes and longitudes of their observatories, and the same process will doubtleess be extended to every place in the telegraphic world. Geography will thus participate in the same advantages with astronomy, and the difficult and expensive operation of national surveys will be carried on with greater facility and correctness.

In meteorology, the Electric Telegraph will be found of singular utility. The frequenters of the Crystal Palace will recollect that the weather at the leading ports and cities of England was daily exhibited to them, a kind of information of great value to shipowners, and to the Royal and merchant navy. When the telegraph announces a storm upon our shores, the sea-faring traveller may remain at home with his friends till it has expended its fury.

But the telegraph may do more than this. When these violent convulsions of the atmosphere, in the form of tornadoes and hurricanes, advance alone a line of coast, as they do in Americe, they move much less slowly than the electric message, and therefore preparation may be made for resisting them when we cannot disarm their fury. Ships about to sail, trains about to start, travellers about to drive, to ride, or to walk, may all receive a salutary warning to remain till the destructive agent has passed. If we ever shall be able to predict the phenomena of the weather, as we do those of the heavens, the simultaneous state of the atmosphere, over extensive regions of the globe, must be previously observed and generalized.

* An unsuccessful attempt had been made in 1850, when the cable broke by the action of the waves rubbing it against a ridge of rocks near Calais, at Cape Gris-nez.

* The beautiful application of electricity for recording observations, invented by Mr. Bond of the United States, has been carried into effect with great improvements, by Mr. Airy at Greenwich.

Selected.

SUNDAY NIGHT SPECULATIONS.

We have wheeled around again into Sunday night, and our little circle is still unbroken. Here we all are by the round table, and the golden-footed lamp, and the Claude, and the great curtains, ponderous and oriental. We are here—but the week is gone. They say it will never come back again; that whatever was done last week will so remain forever.

And what is the result of the week, say you? Aye,—aye,—what is it? For six days the sun has gone up and down the heavens, streaming upon mountain, valley, and fields all white with snow; or showering down this bright light upon the tops of snow-storms and realms of cloud-land, covering the whole States, and nowhere one quivering ray going through into the milky twilight below. Six long winter nights we have crawled shivering to bed, and laid ourselves straight out, seeking for oblivion, as in the shadow of death; some going away into deep and calm slumber—waking in the still night to draw closer the blankets around them; some tossing lazily in uneasy dreams, and waking at daylight to hear Bob scratching at the hall stove; a trifle of sausage, mutton, and roast-beef, some little of corn starch, and quantities of buckwheat cakes, and the week is gone! Whereaway, O Professor, whereaway? Ah! sir, wherever away, it is not lost! We shall meet it again one day, and strange as it may seem, it will be this same vanquished but inevitable last week.

We talk, sir, of the fear of death; should we not rather fear to live? Are you so firm of step, are all your tempers so happily mixed, are you so at peace with the world, that you can say to next week, "Come on, my hearty?" The fear of death in itself is idle; it is the fear of this mixed and tottering life, which is, or should be, of any force in human conduct. Was it Southey who said,—if there was a balloon conveyance to the next life, there would be crowds going on in that travel?

I am willing to wait my time till the very last day.—Fearful as life is, let us not be in haste to make a change, which, when made, is so momentous. Not that God's mercy is less after death than it now is But before the moment of death arrives to any individual, his moral character is, doubtless, in one way or the other, mature; and nothing short of that kind of interference which would create a change of identity would change such a character; and it is possible that there may be some creations of God,—as, for instance, the human soul,—which, in the nature of things, cannot be uncreated, and therefore that God cannot, if he would, vouchsafe to lost souls the gift of annihilation.

But one thing is certain, that this life pre-arranges, as it were, all the life to come; and in something more than the sense in which youth pre-arranges manhood and age.

If life here is properly conducted, death can make but a change of plans. If a man, then, can so shape his life in all things as to be ready to shift the scenes at any moment to another mode of action, I see no harm in living on. The whole problem of this first attempt should be fairly solved.

And in regard to death, we do not often think that it only touches—the ashes.

I am telling you a common-place, but it is well to think of it often, that in point of fact, nobody is dead. I say to you, Professor, *nobody is dead.* But all the hosts that ever lived still throb with life, and as really and actually as you and I, my dinner-eating Professor!

All the hosts antediluvian, all the armies of Israel, all they who built the Pyramids, and those old temples of the Nile, all Pharaoh's multitudes, all they who sacked Jerusalem, and the wild races who raised high the hanging gardens of Babylon, they of Nineveh and Troy and Rome; the hundred thousands, who at one man's bidding, laid them down upon battle-fields and plains of snow; and the plunging millions from all parts of the world; all, all live forever! And you and I, Professor, are of this great company, and we travel on a little while, and we shall be gone from these parts, and God will have found a place for us somewhere in his wide domains.

I look up through this wintry sky, and it is not fancy all; oh! sir, it is not a wild imagination that tells me there is a home up there. Let us get ready for that new home,—that beautiful life! where night and winter shall come no more; where storm and tempest, if seen at all, will be as the flashings of summer lightning on distant horizons, noiseless and without harm. O let us get ready for that beautiful life.—*From Up-Country Letters.*

HOPE AMID BILLOWS.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? said our Saviour, who was to lay down a ransom for it, and knew well that it would cost infinitely more than the world was worth. Yet, the most of men value their own souls at a far lower rate than the whole world, losing them for broken morsels of it: yea, many times for vain hopes that are never accomplished. And as these men make a miserable bargain, so on the contrary, they that lose the world, or anything worldly, yea, though it were the whole, to save their souls, make a profitable loss of it. Nature teaches men to hazard and lose all for the life of the body rather than lose it, (although it proves many times very uncomfortable by the loss of these outward things), and yet the most part of men pass their whole lifetime without one serious thought of the excellency and importance of their souls, whose life and happiness is of a higher nature, and neither consists in, nor depends upon, anything here below.—Hence it is, that while they use the helps of this present life, and the defences of it when it is in danger, and use them with so much diligence and attention, the means of that better life of their better part, their souls, they either use not at all, or so slightly and coldly, that they never find salvation in them. You may find it some way in yourselves: the threatenings and preparations of woe against you have awakened and aroused you more to think upon the means of your temporal safety; but how few are sensible and afraid of the wrath of God, Who, as our Saviour tells us, can kill both body and soul, and cast them into Hell. You want not frequent advertisements from the word of God, so plentifully preached, that many are perishing, one part in gross ignorance of God, another in profane and licentious living, and the greater part in a formal and lifeless profession of religion, without the power of it; and yet where are they who lay it to heart, and betstir themselves to rescue their souls from destruction. Certainly whatsoever men profess, it is unbelief that is the cause of impenitence. Men are not convinced of the purity of God's nature, nor sensible of the impurity of their own; therefore they apply not themselves in good earnest to the work of repentance, and to reformation, the liveliest part of it. Labor then for a more practical and active knowledge of God, and Divine truths, such as may humble and renew your souls; not only that you may be delivered from outward troubles that threaten you, but much more that you may escape the wrath to come. And because neither the Word preached, nor judgments, nor mercies that are before you are sufficient to quicken a dead soul, or soften a hard heart, without the effectual concurrence of the Spirit of God, let us have recourse to the Throne of Grace, by humble and earnest prayer, in the name and mediation of Jesus Christ. —*Leighton.*

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

ENGLAND.

Much earnestness is being shown to obtain the devout prayers of the Church of England in her present critical circumstances, with special reference to the war. The Bishop of Oxford, among others, has issued a circular to his clergy, in which he says—"Without yielding to any fears as to the issue of the great struggle in which we are engaged, we know that our brave soldiers are suffering under the horrors of disease and war in their most aggravated forms. Such a state of things appears to me to call loudly upon all of us to turn anew to our merciful God in special repentance, intercession, and prayer. Let me then beg you to call upon your flocks to join with you in such a turning to God."

Greater attention than usual was evidently being paid to the provision of suitable services during Lent. It is stated that the Rev. E. Stuart, at the request of several persons wishing to attend Morning Service during Lent before going out to their day's work, has arranged for the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster-square, to be open every morning, Sundays excepted, at 6 A. M., and Litany to be said at 6½ A. M.

A church is about to be erected in Smithfield, London, in memory of the Holy Martyrs who perished there at the stake. The Bishop of London has intimated his approval of the project, and his willingness to leave the patronage to be placed in the hands of trustees.

At a recent meeting of the London clergy a letter was read from the bishop of the diocese, announcing that, in accordance with a memorial of the city clergy, it was his intention to issue a commission to inquire into the state and requirements of the several parishes of the metropolis before he proceeded with his bill for the removal of city churches, which has accordingly been postponed for the present session.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells has refused to sign letters of request against Archdeacon Denison.

The Bishop of Natal has been stirring up the public and his old friends in the University of Cambridge to aid him in his efforts to christianize the heathen of Africa. He preached twice, and addressed a public meeting at the town-hall, showing both in the pulpit and on the platform great earnestness of purpose, and a practical turn of mind which augurs well for the success of his mission.

Great terror (says the *Clerical Journal*) seems to have been carried into some circles by a printed circular of what is called the Plain Song Society, stating that the Rev. the Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, had kindly allowed the use of the hall on Thursday evenings, under the management of the Rev. Thomas Helmore. The *Record* says: "We cannot but deeply regret that St. Edmund Hall, which has been for so long a period a stronghold of sound and scriptural views, should thus become identified with a society confessedly established and supported by an extreme party in the Church." We really think this is too bad. We have read enough of the doings of the execrable Romish Inquisition, but we fear that there is only wanting the power to found a Protestant one among us equally opposed to civil and religious liberty. Certainly there is no prospect of any social or public comfort if the bugbear of Popery is thus to be conjured up whenever movements not pleasing to a party take place. Nor does it seem that much confidence can be felt in the stability of our principles as Churchmen, or in the power of truth, if such things as Plain Song Societies are to excite such apprehensions. How devoid of any peace and happiness must the lives of those be who thus fill the land with phantoms of their own imagination, find the Pope to be ubiquitous, and are scared by a Jesuit at every turn!—*Churchman.*

A new Swiss Protestant Church has been opened for Divine Service in Endell-street, Long-acre, London, built by voluntary contributions from the Swiss Protestants resident in England. The pastor, the Rev. M. Chappuis,