

He will not have them, it is true, if he merely stays here to live in selfish isolation, attending only to his business and the means of making money. He will not have them, either, if, in addition to his business, he just so far attends to pleasure and social life, as to get agreeable chatting acquaintances in billiard rooms, at the tables of hotels and restaurants, in art galleries, or parlor conversations. Acquaintances may be thus made, but they will not prove friends. And a man may assiduously cultivate such forms of social life for years, and then die like the suicide mentioned above. But there is a way in which any man may and must make friends, in a city like this. Let him come here deeply imbued with a principle of religion, benevolence, or usefulness, and join himself with others, who are interested in the same principle—talk with them, work with them, give them his sympathies—and we will guarantee that he shall not be friendless. If he be an Episcopalian in his convictions or tendencies, let him join himself to some Episcopal Church, that is deeply in earnest, like Dr. Muhlenberg's—take part in its Sabbath school, its works of benevolence, its religious enterprise—and he will find friends enough. If the characteristics of Congregationalism suit him best, let him take a like course in the church of Mr. Beecher. Churches afford invaluable fields, in which to cultivate and to gather the richest flowers of friendship and love. We don't mean merely fashionable or nominal churches, but churches in earnest. And were we to send a boy to the city, we should be especially careful of his ecclesiastical lodgment.

But it is not in recognized churches alone that this blessing of friendship can be gained. Benevolent societies of any kind, in which men are actuated by a principle for which they are willing to sacrifice much, will hold out a firm, warm hand of brotherhood, which you will not find extended by men not thus actuated. Our Socialist friends wished—and, we believe, very kindly—to build a form of society in which men should live in a state of brotherhood. Their idea was a most noble one, but they failed in its realization, because they made its beginning to be from circumstances—the outside. Whereas there has always been a great deal of real Socialism in the world, but it has always begun from the inside, and worked thence to the outward. It has grown up from an internal, inspiring, actuating principle. The Quakers, for instance, have always had so much friendliness and brotherhood among themselves, as to support their own poor, and, in a great measure, to look after each others' interest. They did not do so from the mere Socialist principle of political economy, thinking it best to live on a sort of mutual insurance plan; but they have done so, because they have been in reality brethren—on important principles of religious belief. The Oliver Street Baptist Church in this city, for years emulated this Quaker custom, and perhaps do so now.

We have spent some little time in our day, in accompanying visitors to the poor in their rounds; and, while doing so, we were always struck with this contrast; those denizens of wretched tenements, who had no religious principle, would be very friendless, and the visitor himself, although purposely on an errand of mercy, would feel both shy and somewhat reluctant in affording them relief. But when a poor person of really righteous character was to be assisted, there was neither shyness nor reluctance in the act of assistance needed. There was between visitor and beneficiary a mutual understanding—a spontaneous attraction to each other. And in these latter cases, friendship and friendship's gifts were not sparingly doled out.

We are not so preposterously uncultivated as not to know, that there are many churches in which there is little enough of brotherhood. Odd Fellows and Socialists have had ground enough for their objective criticisms. Such are churches in which there are no deeply-abiding principles of any kind. Stay away from such. But in a city like this, they are not all so. Enter the best, and by precept, example, and labor, make them still better; and our word for it—history's word for it—you will not die friendless.—*A. T. Express and Messenger.*

THE SICK SAILOR AND HIS MOTHER.

A clergyman, at a public religious meeting, related the following anecdote, illustrative of the power of practical maternal faith:

He was at the time the seamen's chaplain, at a southern port. In the course of duty, he was called to the sick bed of a sailor, apparently at the gates of death, from the effects of his licentiousness. He addressed him affectionately upon the state of his soul. With an oath, the sick man bid him begone, and not harass his dying bed. The chaplain, however, told him plainly he would speak, and he must hear, for his soul was in danger of eternal death. The man, however, remained sullen and silent, and even pretended to sleep, during his faithful address and prayer. Again and again the visit was repeated with similar ill success. One day, however, the sick man made use of an expression, by which the chaplain suspected he was a Scotchman. To ascertain the fact, the chaplain repeated a verse of that version of the Psalms, still in use among the churches in Scotland:

"Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship him in fear."

The chords of his heart vibrated to the well-known language. Tears came into his eyes. The chaplain improved his advantage. Knowing the universality of religious instruction among the Scotch, he ventured an allusion to his mother. The poor prodigal burst into tears. He admitted himself to be the child of a praying mother, who had often commended him to God. He had left her long before, to become a wanderer on the face of the great deep. No longer he repelled the kind attentions of the chaplain, and, after his recovery, his instructor had the satisfaction of seeing him give evidence that he was a humble, penitent child of God.

From the News of the Churches.

CASE OF ARCHDEACON DENISON.

Something pretty near to a decision, though not formally a sentence, has at length been given forth in the long-pending case of Archdeacon Denison. Our readers must remember, that for a long time, efforts have been made by the Rev. Joseph Ditcher and others to bring the teaching of the Archdeacon on the presence of Christ's body and blood in the Lord's supper under ecclesiastical sentence. These efforts were for a time unsuccessful, two successive Bishops of Bath and Wells having pronounced a trial uncalled for, and even the Archbishop of Canterbury having shown a reluctance to proceed. It will be further remembered that a commission appointed by the Archbishop to decide whether it was a fit case for a trial, sat at Clevedon and decided that it was. The case itself has now been argued at Bath before the Archbishop, Dr. Lushington sitting as his assessor, along with several other persons.