

should they not be carried out, and contended for, in every legitimate way? Why commemorate 1638, if not prepared to act upon its great principles? If ever there was a season when it was necessary to take care that the British soldier shall enjoy the benefits of religious instruction, in the forms which are most interesting and impressive to him and to his children, it is at present, when Popery is so insidiously spreading its influence over the neglected and unwary. Nobly did the Church of Scotland provide for the religious instruction of her regiments in the trying times of the 17th century. Why should she not do the same now? At least she should contend for the institution of a Presbyterian chaplaincy and school at all the great regimental depots both at home and abroad, and for Presbyterian regiments being, as we believe is sometimes done at Woolwich at present, marched to a Presbyterian place of worship if within a convenient distance. What man, who has any regard for toleration, much less enlightened views of religious liberty, can object to such a course? We hope that the different Synods of the Church, and not a few of the Presbyteries, which are about to meet, will bestir themselves in this good cause, and, besides overturing the General Assembly, and overturing Parliament, will also memorialize the Commander of the Forces, and the Secretary at War. The case is so clear and strong that it cannot fail to be successful if vigorously pursued. The Presbyteries of Scotland are under deep obligations to their brethren in Ireland for first moving in this question, and particularly to the Rev. Mr. Dill, who has ascertained the most important facts of the case, and ably urged them. We regret we cannot sympathise in the tone of some of his remarks. Though there seem to have been temptations to asperity, its indulgence always injures the cause it is meant to serve.—*Scottish Guardian.*

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

THE CHANGEABLENESS OF THE WORLD.

All is changing that is created, animate and inanimate. The bright sun above us, and all the starry worlds which form our system, not only to the astronomer betray the same mutability in their very substance, exhibiting spots which vary in their dimensions and character, but they seem to be all moving onwards to the same unseen and distant centre. The firm earth on which we tread; the dark waters, whose depth no human eye has ever fathomed; and the massive rocks, which, unscarred, have borne the lapse of ages, to the natural philosopher manifest the same character. The action of volcanic fires, their contact with heterogeneous substances, contribute to effect a change by no means slight—crumbling some into decay, and forming new combinations with such perfect fusion, as, till tested by the discoveries of science, to give them the appearance of elements. The same holds good with those objects which meet us in our daily path. Time passes not unheeded by; the track of his footsteps may be seen in the ruined tower and the broken arch. Look into nature; the seed sinks into the ground, and the sapling far its shady branches, and the tree throws wide and wind shivers the decaying trunk, and, in a little time with wonder, is reduced to fragments which crumble to the touch. And if this be so with external nature, there is no essential difference in all that belongs to man. The institutions which he has formed, with most deliberate wisdom and the shrewdest prudence, wear out by decay, or progress still forward to their turn, and then are remembered on the page of history alone; and even that itself has passed away, and left no record of the events of kingdoms, and the ambition of conquerors.—*Rev. Geo. Kennard.*

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

Almost the first word uttered by a native of China, when urged to believe in Christ, is—"Why do Christians bring us opium, and bring it directly in defiance of our own laws? That vile drug has poisoned my son, has ruined my brother, and well nigh led me to beggar my wife and children. Surely those who import such a deleterious substance, and injure me for the sake of gain, cannot wish me well, or be in possession of a religion that is better than my own. Go first and persuade your own countrymen to relinquish this nefarious traffic, and give me a prescription to correct this vile habit, and then I will listen to your exhortations on the subject of Christianity." Many, doubtless, are deluding themselves with the idea, that if they do not deal in it others will. They are fully aware that it is injurious to the constitution, and that imported in such quantities, and consumed by so many, it must tend to the destruction of life, and the diminishing of happiness. True morality will lead us to enquire, whether the thing be right or wrong; and if the latter can be established, it is ours to renounce

it, however lucrative to ourselves, or grasped at by others. The golden rule of doing to others as we would be done by, will teach us to avoid being accessory to the spread of allurements and incentives to vice, when we pray every day for ourselves, "Lead us not into temptation." When mammon has less hold on the hearts of civilised men, and when educated merchants begin to be more scrupulous about the craft by which they get their wealth, then we may expect that opium dealers will be diminished even in Canton; and the time is not, we hope, far distant, when it will be considered as disreputable to administer to the vicious indulgence of the Chinese, as it is now to those of the British—and as creditable to abstain from opium dealing abroad, as from distillation at home.—*Medhurst's China.*

THE FOLLOWING REASONS WERE ASSIGNED BY A RECLAIMED INFIDEL FOR RENOUNCING DEISM AND EMBRACING CHRISTIANITY.

1. That I never saw, heard, or read of any man woman, or child that was reformed, either in whole or in part, by embracing the principles of Deism.
2. That I have known hundreds, and heard of thousands, who have been reformed by embracing Christianity.
3. That I have known industrious and sober men, who, by imbibing the principles of Deism, almost instantly became desperately wicked, and, in many instances, dangerous members of civil Society.
4. That I have known some Deists, and many scoffers at religion speedily and effectually turned from the most abandoned practices, by the preaching of the gospel, to a life of righteousness, which showed itself by sobriety, industry, charity, brotherly kindness and universal philanthropy.
5. That I do not recollect ever hearing but one Deist profess really to believe in a future state of rewards and punishments.
6. That I never met with a man who professed to be a real Christian, but who built his principal hopes upon the reality of a future state.
7. That I cannot, in all the Deistical writings, find any law to prevent wickedness, and encourage virtue, with rewards and punishments annexed thereto.
8. That in Scripture all the crimes that man can possibly commit are, under the severest penalties, forbid, and every possible virtue inculcated and encouraged, by promises of eternal and exceeding great rewards.
9. I have known some Deists, and read of many who, at the apparent point of death, were seized with the most horrible despair, uttering the most bitter reflections against themselves for their total neglect of those duties commanded in the Gospel. But who ever heard or read of a Christian, at the hour of death, despairing of the mercy of God, because he had all his life-time rejected Deism, and shunned the company of its professors? Or, even when long, and fierce diseases had shaken the nervous system, and raging fevers inflamed the blood, have they ever been so far deranged, as to wish they never had been born for not rejecting the Bible as a wicked and mischievous imposition on the human race?—*American Paper.*

LONGING AFTER IMMORTALITY.

There is in man, a restlessness of ambition; an interminable longing after nobler and higher things, which nought but immortality and the greatness of immortality can satiate; a dissatisfaction with the present, which never is appeased by all that the world has to offer; an impatience and distaste with the littleness of all that he finds, and an unsated appetite for something larger and better, which he fancies in the perspective before him—to all which there is nothing like, among any of the inferior animals, with whom, there is a certain squareness of adjustment, if we may so term it, between each desire and its correspondent gratification. The one is evenly met by the other; and there is a fullness and definiteness of enjoyment, up to the capacity of enjoyment. Not so with man, who, both from the vastness of his pro-pensities and the vastness of his powers, feels himself straitened and beset in a field too narrow for him.—He alone labours under the discomfort of an incongruity between his circumstances and his powers; and, unless there be new circumstances awaiting him in a more advanced state of being, he, the noblest of Nature's products here below, would turn out to be the greatest of her failures.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

THE MOTHER.

Round the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first, sweet, deep thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft, and capable of receiving the most profound impressions; and all the after-feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. We do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have known through life. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from

the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or her opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles among her tears. Round that idea the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the early period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

FRUITS OF DISSIPATION—A TALE.

It was on the eve of a delightful day in Autumn, that I rambled forth from the bustle of the city, to enjoy the pleasantness of the season; for Autumn, although a melancholy season, yet is a pleasant one. It inspires the mind with a thoughtful melancholy, while its winds rustling leaves from trees, warn man of his frailty; the approaching autumn of his own life. When the frosts of affliction shall have whitened his locks, or laid him low as the leaves of the trees.

I wandered from the city, till I insensibly found myself on the banks of a beautiful river; which were lined with weeping willows, whose drooping branches laved in the water. The sun was fast sinking in the western horizon; its last rays beaming upon the deep blue current, whose surface was as smooth and clear as crystal. I stood for a while gazing upon the lovely scene, and then pursued my way to a well known and frequented spot—where beneath the grassy mound rested all that remained of the once intelligent and sprightly NELSON.

In the days of our youth we were classmates and intimate friends. He possessed rare talents, and a mind above mediocrity.—His indulgent father saw with delight his promising abilities, and gave him every advantage in his power, with a liberal education.—But as college removed him from the watchful eye of his father, and from the restraints of his mother's influence, he associated with the dissolute; with them frequented the haunts of dissipation and vice; soon became a confirmed drunkard, and was expelled from college.

He returned home, and here removed from those who had enticed him to ruin, he promised amendment. But the habit was of too long standing to be easily broken, and he soon obtained the baneful poison by stealth.

His father saw his ruin complete; beheld the wreck of his only son loaded with shame, reeling about the streets, a drunkard. It was more than his father's heart could bear.—He died an idiot. His mother too was dead; and there now was but one, before whom he cared to appear sober. There was one in whose downcast eyes he could read reproof.—That silent reproof, he liked not to provoke; but would deny himself for a while, that he might receive the smile of approbation, and be cheered by the bright glance of that lovely and complaisant eye.

But it was not long before his inclination overcame all restraint; he indulged freely, and in a fit of intoxication, put an end to his own existence.

But though a parricide and self-murderer, there were tears shed for him. She who had so often reproved him by looks and words, planted the rose and the myrtle over his grave.

At his head, a weeping willow bends its branches, seeming to say, "Poor youth, though thou hast erred, yet will I overshadow thee, and sigh for thy mournful end."

Such was the wretched termination of the life of this young man, and miserable will be the end of all those who shun not the inebriating cup.

Beware, O young man, before you partake of the sparkling wave!—*Olive Branch.*

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HUMAN HEART.

A lesson the husbandman learns in his garden is, from the inside therein. He finds a little garden bathed many weeds, many kinds, and many of every kind; and they come up without planting, and spring much faster than herb or flower. He sees, if care be not taken, they will overtop the flowers and herbs, and that it will cost both observation and industry to pluck them up; and when, at length, the garden is quit of them, and is clean and fair, yet they will peep up, and spring again, and renew his trouble over again, and the endless business he hath with it: only the winter helps him, and pinches these weeds at the roots; but yet in the spring they revive again, and give him the same trouble he had the year before.—And this teaches him the difficulty of a clean heart and the industrious life of a serious Christian. He finds his garden without. What variety of sinful motions and affections are rising there! How speedily have some lusts got a-head! His pride has sprung faster than his humility by the half. His passion is