

SUMMARY.

The most inhuman butcheries continue to be perpetrated in unhappy Hungary. Fifteen Generals, and among them Count Louis Bathyan, late Prime Minister, have been murdered by the Austrian authorities. The death of Count Bathyan, produced a state of feeling so alarming to the blood-thirsty Haynau, who, it is said, is appointed civil and military Governor of Hungary, that every sort of military precaution was taken, to prevent an outbreak. The most disgusting atrocities still continue. Nobles are hanged without even the form of trial. General officers are massacred, and ladies of high birth publicly flogged! The dowry of the Countess Bathyan, amounting to \$7,000,000, has been confiscated to the Austrian Government, and she, in compliance with the last wish of her husband, has left Hungary for Bavaria. In all probability the people will be excited by such crimes, so shocking to humanity, to make another desperate effort to throw off the oppressor's yoke. The Russians have enacted a most dishonourable part in this melancholy tragedy. The day of retribution is perhaps not so remote, as they seem to imagine.

Russia demanded of Turkey the extradition of all Polish and Hungarian refugees; to which the Porte gave a decided refusal. Russia threatened, Great Britain and France remonstrated, and the result has been, that the Emperor only asks that the refugees leave Turkey. General Bem, and about 300 refugees, have embraced Islamism with a view to their greater security. Kossuth with manly firmness, spurned the proposal when made to him preferring death to apostasy.

On the Continent of Europe despotism is to a great extent re-established. And Popery too, under the fostering care of despotism, shows its vitality. The Pope dare not trust himself in Rome. It is believed he can only return under the protection of foreign bayonets. The people having tasted the sweets of freedom, dread the restoration of priestly domination. Rome is in many respects no better than during the reign of the Pope,—murders and robberies are as rife. It is not merely a change of tyrants, that will effect the moral regeneration of the Roman people, so long the victims of cruel superstition; but we hope much from the rays of spiritual light, which the late commotion have permitted to penetrate into the darkness of ages. Thousands of copies of the Bible have been introduced. The people eagerly buy them, and we have the blessed assurance that the Word of God will not return unto him void.

France is by no means in a settled state. Difficulties having arisen between the President and his Ministry, chiefly, it is said, on account of the interference in Roman affairs; the latter in a body have resigned. The President who seems to aim at absolute sovereignty, is firm, and has appointed another Cabinet, of small influence, composed of men who have no claim on public confidence, for past services. He has sent a letter to the Assembly, which the London Times characterizes as "impudent but serious."

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Pope.

COURTEOUS REPLY TO AN INFIDEL.

An American traveller being unexpectedly detained at the mole or quarantine in Odessa, was very civilly offered "half of his apartments, and a sofa to be on," by a young Englishman who acted as translator to the mole. After they had formed an intimate acquaintance, and one evening had retired to rest, the traveller asked his friend how he could endure the blasphemy which was so constantly heard there. The young Englishman replied, that "as a gentleman these things were disagreeable to him, but as to their being intrinsically wrong, it was no matter of concern to him, as he denied the truth of all revelation, and believed Jesus Christ to be an impostor."

The traveller, without supposing the remark would be heeded except by courtesy, replied, "Either Christ was an impostor, or he was not. If he was an impostor, we have the inconceivable phenomenon of a base man practising virtue, self-denial, charity, forgiveness of injuries, through his whole life, in spite of scourging, contumely, and even crucifixion. Is it philosophical to suppose that a bad man would take so much pains to make men good? But if he was not an impostor, then he has told the truth, and we must believe him."

"Is it possible that I never saw that before?" was the only reply of the young Englishman, but the argument sunk deep into his heart; and when the traveller had arrived at Alexandria, he received a letter from the former sceptic acknowledging him as "the best friend he ever had," encouraging him to be equally faithful to others; and praying him not to forget "his Odessa convert."

THE BIBLE.

This book, a multifarious collection of oracles, written in various ages and countries, and at intervals of two thousand years, having in it every form of composition, familiar and profound; songs and history, ethics and biography, scenes from the hearth and episode from natural annals; numbering, too among its authors him who wore a crown and him who threw a net, the Persian prime minister and Caesar's fettered captive; written, too—sections of it—under the shadow of the pyramids, and others on the bank of the Euphrates, some in the Isle of Patmos, and others in the Mamertine dungeons. This book—so lofty in its tone, and harmonious in its counsels, has become the more venerable from its age, and the more wonderful as its history and results are examined and understood. Whence springs its originality if its claims are disallowed? It tells us of expeditions prior to Jason and the Argonauts. It describes martial adventures long before Achilles and Troy. Its ethical system preceded Thales and Pythagoras. Its muse was vocal before Orpheus and Hesiod. Its Judges flourished before consults and archons. Its feasts and gatherings rejoiced the tribes when the Neeman games had no existence; and it reckoned by Sabbaths and Jubilees when neither Olympiad nor lustrum marked and divided the calendar. It embodies the prophetic wish of the Athenian sage: for it "scatters that darkness which covers our souls, and tells us how to distinguish good from evil." The valley of the Nile has now uncovered its hieroglyphics to confirm and illustrate its claims; and Nineveh, out of the wreck and rubbish of three thousand years, has at length yielded up its ruins to prove and glorify the Hebrew oracles.—*Inspiration in Conflict with Modern Philosophy.*

THE TIDE TURNED.

At the meeting in behalf of the Portuguese Exiles, at the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, the 16th instant, Rev. Dr. Bethune spoke of the persecution at Madeira, and of the reactionary movements in Europe, as mere eddies while the tide of liberty was setting steadily forward. We can only give from memory a bare

outline of his eloquence, thought, and illustration. N. Y. Independent:—

"At this moment," said he, "what horrors are witnessed in Europe; where people have struggled for freedom, but struggled ineffectually. Noble women are shrieking under the lash of the executioner. The Turk, the Mohammedan, is keeping back the refugees of liberty from the imprisonment and death for which they are demanded by christian tyranny. While looking on these exiles, I am reminded of the legend of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, who fell asleep in a cave, in a time of persecution, and woke up centuries afterwards, and stole into the city and found there a christian people, a Christian government, and Churches named in honor of the martyrs. We seem to have slept backwards and to have waked up in the dark ages. Which of us ever expected to see men and women who had been persecuted for Christ? But the world is not going backward."

"In a great river, when no wind is stirring, you will sometimes see a struggling of the waters, a dashing of waves together; it is because two tides have met; and the slimy weeds of the ocean are whirled about with the branches of trees from the mountains that overhang the sources of the river. But presently one tide gains the mastery, and then in the middle of the stream flows a strong current bearing all upon its bosom. Yet along the shore in the nooks and bays the eddies are whirling and whirling. The tide has turned for Liberty. God has turned it; and no power can stay it or set it back. Why is not the Pope at Rome?—He dare not show his head there. I would not give a sixpence for its safety there. He dare not show his head. While he fled like a hireling, in the livery of a hireling, and left the flock, God's faithful servants carried the Bible into Rome, and there is Bible enough there to blow sky-high the whole conclave of cardinals; there are men enough in Rome devoted to liberty, to keep out the Pope, against dastard France and imperious Austria, and barbarian Russia. The tide is turned.—Liberty rolls on. But on many shores, and many by-places of the earth the eddies are whirling, still showing what the tide has been in the past, and what it would be if it could. So, while the Pope dare not show his head in Rome, his servants in Madeira persecuted these poor people. But it is only an eddy—THE TIDE IS TURNED."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

What a beautiful sight is a well-ordered family. If there is a paradise on earth, surely, it seems to me, it must be in the bosom of such a family. How wise and beneficent is our heavenly Father in constituting the family relation as it is. No social enjoyment in my opinion, can bear any comparison to what may be realized in that family where all its members are actuated by the law of kindness. Here is an epitome of heaven. Each one is doing his utmost to make the rest happy; and love and peace reign in every breast. The parents love their children, and do all they can for their comfort and highest good in every way; and the children in return, love, respect and obey their parents in all things, and do their utmost to realize the fulfilment of their hopes in every respect.

At home, around the family circle, there is no restraint, no concealment of the real disposition, no assuming for the time being a pleasant countenance and agreeable manner, where the heart is not enlisted, as is often the case in a strange company; but every action springs from the index of its real character. To know the character of an individual, you want to see him at home, where he acts without disguise. If here he is kind, gentle, affectionate, polite and obliging in all his actions, you need not fear to trust him in any situation in life. One who is kind at home will not be unkind abroad.