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Religious Miscellany.

Pass Under the Rod.

I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek;
And her future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
He strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies;
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
'I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!'

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
O! sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form
Pale as marble and silent and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrows was told!
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to Heaven He has placed it on high
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
'I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!'

I saw a father and mother who fondly leaned
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze
As they saw the proud place he had won:
And the fast-coming evening of life promis'd fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet;
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hopes had been laid,
And the star had gone done in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosom had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care;
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there!
They each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—
'I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!'

A Christian's Prayer.

My God, in me thy mighty power exert,
Enlighten, comfort, sanctify my heart;
Sweeten my temper, and subdue my will,
Make me like Jesus, with thy Spirit fill.
I want to live on earth a life of faith,
I want to credit all the Bible saith;
I want to imitate my Saviour's life,
Avoiding lightness, gloom and sinful strife.
I want to bring poor sinners to thy throne,
I want to love and honour Christ alone:
I want to feel the Spirit's inward power,
And stand prepared for death's important hour;
I want a meek, a gentle, quiet frame,
A heart that glows with love to Jesu's name;
I want a living sacrifice to be,
To Him who died a sacrifice for me.
I want *do* whatever God requires,
I want a heart to *burn* with pure desires;
I want to *be* what Christ my Lord commands,
And leave myself, my all, in his dear hands.
O Lord, pour out thy Spirit on my soul,
My will, my temper, and my tongue control;
Lead me through life to glorify thy grace,
And after death to see thee face to face.

Among the Shadows.

It is a good thing to cultivate the habit of looking forward. Many people do this, but they commit an error in not looking far enough. They see houses, and lands, and friendships that gold will buy, in the dim vista, and lay their plans to compass that which will be so agreeable if it can but be obtained. They banish the beyond, which they know to be inevitable. They will not see the hour of shadows, nor live with reference to its sure arrival.

It is another good thing to have comforting remembrances when we step on the shore of the river, even as we feel that it is all of His mercy that we are saved.

A man of fourscore years was dying. Children and children's children were near to minister to his slightest wishes; but that was not his greatest comfort. Once, as he smiled, his granddaughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, ventured to ask him of what he was thinking.

"Of John Martin," was the simple reply.

They all knew who John Martin was—a good and efficient minister of the gospel, a man who won souls by the score for his Master; but they none of them saw the picture that with all its varied light and shadow stood forth in the memory of the dying patriarch.

They did not see the rude boy, once in the employ of him who was now passing to his reward, who, twenty-five years ago, under the pressure of want and sudden temptation, which was known only to his employer and his God.

They could not see the good man with tears in his eyes and prayer upon his lips, leading the trembling and penitent thief to the foot of the cross, concealing from all the world the guilt for which he might justly suffer, and quietly, as one who stood in his soul's stead, paying the sum that had been abstracted out of his own pocket.

They did not see the beautiful gratitude of that poor, parentless boy, who then for the first time learned that there was a Divine eye that pitied, a mighty arm that saved.

They could not see how quietly and tenderly the good man led the erring one until, seeing indications of superior mental qualities, he decided that the lad should be educated, and thus had been the instrument of giving a bright and shining light to the world. And now John Martin's voice was heard at the bedside, morning, noon and night.

"How he did love grandfather!" the younger ones said. And well he might, for under God, grandfather had been his best earthly friend.

The river looked sluggish, sometimes, to the dying, and he caught himself wondering once or twice, what was beyond. But in a moment the clear light of faith would disperse the clouds, and shadows were only shapes of beauty.

Hetty Dearborn was there, over on that shining shore, and he remembered with a dying joy, and that is probably the most exultant of all the soul's delights, that for Christ's sake he had saved her little home for her, by a sacrifice that had been born of self-denial, and he remembered the thin face, all wrinkled and yellow, that tried in vain to speak her gratitude, but could could only say,

"The Lord will bless you for this some day, in a special manner."

And here it was, the blessing of the shadows that lay so still and clear on the deep river of his soul, reflected from the verdure of a well crowned life.

Then there was old Farmer Jack, the "Crooked-stick" in the church, for whom he had labored when many of his brethen were tired of his narrow views and odd notions, and wanted to get him out of the church.

Grandfather had smoothed them down with the oil of his kindly counsel—and smoothed the old man down, too, till at last it only needed one of his kindly smiles and warning looks, to stop the pettish speech, and kindle better feelings in the hearts about him.

Poor Betty Swan, the outcast, she who had come to grief and shame, and the poor-house—had he not taken her into his own family, taught her how to regain the respect she had lost, made her, with the assistance of "grandmother," an excellent and efficient servant, and saved her from the life that seemed awaiting her—the dreary life of sin and shame.

And lying there among the shadows, is it hard to believe that angels come and minister unto him? No; it is only the foretaste of that glory and beauty that he is to see in all their fulness, when Christ shall say to him, amid the splendore of his beautiful home,

'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'

The Cleansing Blood.

A visitor among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place leaning with folded arms against the wall. There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him. and told him that he came there with the desire to do him good and to see him happy, and that the book he held in his hand contained the secret of all happiness. The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down-stairs. While the visitor was endeavoring with gentleness and patience to argue the point with him, he was startled by a hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors that opened upon the landing, saying: "Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" For the moment the visitor was too absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner before him to answer the inquiry, and it was repeated in urgent and thrilling tones: "Tell me, oh! tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door, and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture except a three-legged stool, and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question: "Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired: "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood that cleanseth us from all sin?" There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied: "What do I want to know of it! Man, I am dying; I am going to stand naked before God. I have been a wicked woman, a very wicked woman, all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done;" and she groaned bitterly as the thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to cross her soul. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in, I don't know what for; I was soon out again; but one word I heard there I have never forgot. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh! if I could hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book!" The visitor answered by opening his Bible and reading the 1st chapter of the First Epistle of St. John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused she exclaimed: "Read more, read more." He read the 2d chapter—a slight noise made him look round; the savage ruffian had followed him into his room, and, though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the 3d, 4th, and 5th, chapters before he could get his poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day. He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died six weeks afterward; and very blessed was it to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened in silence, but not in indifference. On the day of her funeral, he beckoned him to one side, as they were filling up the grave, and said: "Sir, I have been thinking that there is nothing I should so much like as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

Thus the great truth of free pardon through the blood of Christ sinks into the soul and saves it. Thus grasped, when all else is gone, it has power to sustain the drowning spirit, and lift it up above the floods that are going over it. Thus it breaks the heart of stone, which nothing else could touch, and turns the abandoned persecutor into the zealous teacher of Christianity. Ex. xi. 13; Lev. xvii. 11; Isa. lviii. 4–7; Matt. xxvi. 28; Rom. v. 9, 3, 25; Eph. i. 7, 2, 13; Heb. ix. 22, 10, 19; 1 Pet. i. 19; Rev. i, 5, 5 9, 7 14.

The True Professor.

He professes religion because he possesses it, well assured that in so doing he is acting in accordance with the will of God. He believes the command, "let your light so shine *before men*," &c., is just as binding and important, as "enter into the closet." Therefore he feels it important, not only to profess but to "hold fast his profession."

He witnesses for God at all times by his conduct, and frequently, as opportunity serves makes "confession unto salvation." He knows by experience what genuine *repentance* means,—what it is to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with the heart unto righteousness," and daily feels the blessedness of the "man whose sins are forgiven." His religion is a matter of consciousness. He knows "in whom he has believed," for "the Spirit beareth witness with his spirit that he is a child of God." But his religion does not consist wholly in feeling or mental impressions. It is practical as well as doctrinal and experimental. He knows, feels and does.

He is perfectly honest, does not even attempt to cheat his neighbor, nor does he allow his neighbor to cheat him. Is truly humble yet often has severe struggles to overcome the remains of pride in his heart. Is diligent in worldly business, as well as in attending to religious duties. This he learns from the written life of his divine Master, Jesus, "who went about doing good." He is benevolent,—gives freely a portion of his income to the cause of Christ, and the various charitable enterprises of the age. He is no sectarian, yet has a name and a place in some one branch of the Christian Church, which he prefers to any other on earth.—Subscribes heartily to the words and sentiment of St. Paul, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." He loves the public worship of God, but does not neglect private prayer and the careful reading and study of the word. He attends as frequently as possible the week night services, whether prayer or preaching.

He does not use intoxicating drinks as a beverage, but abstains from them on principle, believing that "wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging." His religion is full of kindness and cheerfulness. He endeavors to make others happy. No one can be with him long without learning something respecting his christian character. He happily avoids the difficulty of one who said unto another with whom he had been associating some considerable time, "Do you know that I am a professor of religion?" No, said the other "I would not have known it, if you had not told me." And yet he has his failings, for he is but a man. His faults we will not portray. Let those who have none do that. The great secret of his consistent life is his careful attention to the caution of Jesus to his disciples, "watch and pray." G. O. H.

Prayer Meeting Hints.

BY REV. M. M. G. DANA.

More than ever is the inquiry being raised by Christians and churches, How can the weekly prayer meeting be made more effective? As I like to contribute to its interest and usefulness, I would suggest:

1. A general and regular attendance. Numbers always add to the effectiveness of devotional meetings, and regularity multiplies their value. Absentees from the place of prayer not merely deprive themselves of a needed privilege, but they detract from the interest of the meeting for those in attendance. Every church member failing to attend withholds his gift from the meeting, which the gifts of Christians are to render edifying. Their covenant with the church is broken, for by this they were committed to the maintenance of all the appointed means of grace, while they are also unmindful of that portion of their covenant which brings them under obligations to care and pray for those with whom they are associated.

2. Preparation. By which is meant preparation of an intellectual and spiritual character. Let the brethren come together with some contribution, a prayer, or a word of exhortation, or a song, or a narrative of personal experience, but let them bring something which shall give evidence of preparatory thought. The common remark with which so many introduce what they have to say, *e. g.*, 'I had no intention of saying anything when I came here to-night,' etc., utterly destroys the good effect of what may be spoken. Every one is tempted to exclaim mentally, if you had no intention of speaking then remain silent. One trouble with our prayer meetings is, that those who attend come there with no idea of what they are to say in case a long, painful silence should seem to make it necessary for some one to speak, and with no idea of what they are to pray for, and so they fall into the same old routine, and the order and character of their petitions any one can predict. I have noticed not unfrequently, by the very air and attitude of some who could always take part acceptably in the conference meeting, a kind of determination to do nothing. They settle down in their seats with such a manner as plainly says, 'Now I am fixed for the hour.' When this is prevented by their being called on to pray, the deliberateness with which they rise, and their random style of prayer, clearly indicate that they have come to the Watch hour without previous thought, or any special feeling which the time and place would afford the fitting occasion for expressing. No prayer meeting can long prove fresh and instructive to which Christians are accustomed to come without preparation.

3. A spirit of meekness and faith. Those who assemble in the room for prayer are suppliants, not masters. They come to obtain grace from Him 'who giveth liberally and upbraideth not.' This sense of dependence, this feeling of want, should banish everything which borders upon the critical or self-righteous. A self-distrustful spirit will lead all to acknowledge the goodness of God—a goodness so broad that it embraces in its beneficent influence every humble child. Meekness will disarm prejudice, and will pave the way for a truly fraternal spirit. By faith the objects of prayer and conference will be realized. This will put meaning into the petitions offered, and derive stimulus from the testimony borne to God's love by those that speak. Meekness will thus ward off the pride which divides Christian hearts, and faith will combine these in the attainment of promised and needed blessings.—*The Advance.*

Crippled by Bigotry.

It is no just ground of complaint that a Christian prefers his own church and people to all others. The denomination to which he belongs has peculiar claims upon him, and it is a suspicious circumstance when he professes to utterly ignore those claims. But the charity that begins at home is not always to stay there. Many of the benevolent enterprises of the day require the co-operation of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. But there are unfortunate brethren in every denomination who never engage in such undertaking with hearty goodwill. They are always suspicious that these efforts are to advance the interests of some other denomination rather than their own. If they are Methodists they are afraid that what is being done will not promote the particular ism on which they set their hearts. If Baptists they are troubled by the apprehension that people may be converted and and reach heaven without going down into the water, and coming up out of the water. Congregationalists who who are the victims of this infirmity will endorse no movement that does not promise to glorify Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrim Fathers. And we have a class of Episcopalians who hardly think it worth while for men to call upon the name of the Lord unless they use a prayer-book in doing so, have faith in apostolic succession, and profound regard for the millinery of religion. No Christian can surrender himself to this narrow bigotry, and exalt the mere circumstantials of religion above its essence and life, without having his right hand withered and his right arm paralized.

Religious Intelligence.

The Irish Church.

The more one knows of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland, the more he will feel how monstrously absurd and indefensible such an institution is, and as so it contributes to Irish uneasiness and Fenian raids, we have a personal interest in knowing as fully as we can what it really is, and doing what we can, if it is a nuisance, to have it abated. As Sydney Smith used to say, it is really not worth a revolution or a rebellion every quarter of a century. The world has gone on long enough with the system of bolstering up forms of religion by State patronage and State pay; it is more than time that the principle were universally recognized and acted on, that those who believe in any religion, and those only, should pay the money necessary to its support. If a man is not willing to exert himself for the purpose both of supporting and propagating his religion, he must care wonderfully little for it, and surely he ought not to feel any amount of surprise that those who do not believe in it should demur to his taking their money instead of his own for any such purpose.

There have been many absurd Established Churches, but we could scarcely think of one more so than that which occupies that position in Ireland. It is the church of a small minority which claims to represent most of the wealth of the country, and however some may protest against the assertion, a church kept up for the good of the rich minority at the expense of the poor majority.

We have heard a great deal of the zeal of the clergy of the Church of Ireland, and the immense number of conversions, and so forth, but after all, the progress made in Protestantising Ireland seems wonderfully slow.

In 1833 the population of Ireland was 7,943,940. Of these the adherents of the Established Church amounted to only 853,064—not 10 per cent. of the population; while the Roman Catholics were 80 per cent. and a little more, the other denominations of Protestants making up the other 10 per cent.

Now at that time the annual revenue of the Established Church was £865,525 stg. There were four Archbishoprics, 18 Bishoprics, and 1,400 benefices. Of these 1,400, there were 41 in which there was not a single Protestant of any denomination; 20 in which there were fewer than 5; 165 in which there were fewer than 25, and 860 in which there were fewer than 50, though more than 25. We are to note further, that while this was the state of matters as far as Protestants of any name were concerned, there were 151 in which there was not a single Episcopalian, and 157 in which there was no service, the clergy being non-resident. Such a state of things was felt to be too monstrous, and so far the pruning knife was applied after the Reformed Parliament met, but very cautiously and very inadequately. None of the revenues were alienated even for education. And though ten bishoprics were abolished, and two archbishoprics were turned into bishoprics, the evil was left substantially where it was. The Irish Church Commission has been building and repairing some churches, and supplementing certain incomes from surplus funds, but the whole thing is as much an evil in 1868 as it was in 1833.

In 1865 there were 1,610 benefices. At that time the population had fallen to 5,641,086, and of these not more than half a million were Episcopalians. There has been no aggression on Romanism during all that time. Nay, while in 1833, there were 860 parishes in which there were fewer than 50 Protestants, at present there are not less than a thousand in that position. Comment on such a state of things is unnecessary. Our own clergy reserves were bad enough, but not as bad as that. Nobody can deny that here, at any rate, we have a huge, palpable Irish grievance which ought to be remedied as speedily as possible, and we trust, will be.—*Globe.*

General Miscellany.

A Ritualist Described;

OR ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "WHAT IS A PUSEYITE?"

What a Puseyite may be is somewhat hard to show—
A smooth and crafty Jesuit's the nearest type I know!
A semi-Popish clerical, of grave and solemn mien,
With downcast eye, hands duly cross'd, with crucifix between;
Now moving onward, as if in misty thought profound,
Heedless of the passer by or the charms of life around,—
In priestly garb array'd, closely buttoned to the chin,
A gentle lamb without, but a ravening wolf within.
He seems to be a man of other days, remote and old,
Of Romish cut without—within, all passionless and cold;
Although a celibate, he strives, in various ways, to steal
The hearts of generous women, who, inflamed with pious zeal,
Are ready to forsake the world, and sisterhoods endow,
Go forth to attend the sick, or take some new religious vow,
Come to confession oft, and strict austerities endure,
To mortify the truant flesh, and keep the spirit pure.
He mutters o'er the prayers, with many a bow and turn,
Whilst, on what he terms the "altar," the waxen candles burn;
Above, a floral cross is placed, by dainty fingers made,
And braided, color'd cloths are on the holy table laid;
Strange contrast to the touching scene, it may be well conceived,
When, in an "upper room," the ordinance was first received!
The "real presence," he insists, with the elements combine
To form a bloodless sacrifice, through agency divine:
And o'er "the mystery," to cause bewildering surprise,
He makes thick clouds of incense from the burning censers rise:
He fancies that in England yet, fair truth shall find a home,
And our protesting Church, ere long, be merged in that of Rome!
To further such a traitor scheme, he every effort tries,
And in seductive lures, the modern Jezebel outvies;
Thus Puseyites and Ritualists on weaker minds impose,
Make toy-shops of their churches, and delight in silly shows.
What steps do our lord bishops take, these evils to suppress?
'Tis little they can do at best, they candidly confess:
They close their eyes to coming ills, and, as in days of yore,
Leave matters as they found them, or quietude implore.
This will not do! the call for action echoes loud and clear,
And many put the question, that their lordships soon must hear,
Of what great use are bishops, if they cannot act at all,
Or save a Church already split, and verging to its fall?
It was not thus, when aged Paul did Timothy direct
The early Church's discipline to order and protect,
When bishops did her purity so gloriously maintain,
And, for the sake of Gospel truth, submitted to be slain.
No love of ease, or worldly rank, those pious martyrs sought,
But did their duty fearlessly, as godly bishops ought,
And, when the hour of death approach'd—their earthly warfare done—
The crown of victory could claim, which patient faith had won.

—*Bulwark, or Reformation Journal.*

Editorial Perplexities.

A LETTER FROM ONE EDITOR TO ANOTHER.

I would like to be one of a Convention of Editors who had met with the resolve to 'rip up the bosom' to one another. I cannot imagine a more interesting 'experience meeting.' Each editor should make an exhaustive disclosure of what had passed, internally and externally, over and about the table where he opens and writes his letters, composes his editorials, and confers with all comers. One after another should arise and relate the history of his battle as an editor with the uneditorial world of mankind. They should all narrate, with judicial accuracy, conscientious probity, and charming simplicity, all the varying fortunes that had come to them in course of that battle—or, shall I say, series of battles—that war which rages without intermission all the years in and years out of an editor's term in office.

What say you, my brother, is it not battling that you feel yourself doing, as you sit there from morning till evening, and perhaps from evening till almost morning again? If it is no battle that you fight, it is no editing that you do. For, if you edit within the range of your subscribers' opinions, you will just as certainly edit yourself out of their good graces as if you go counter to their opinions, or lay your pen across their prejudices. I find that for every one who cries, 'Stop my paper,' on account of his being crossed in opinion, there is one who stops it because in his opinion it has no opinion. If we express an opinion, ten to one it is contrary to that of our opinionative subscriber. If we abstain from expressing an opinion, we are arraigned on the charge of shirking, by our opinionative subscriber. Murmuring is unavoidable, if we express any opinions but those in which all our subscribers concur; and dissatisfaction is inevitable, if we pronounce opinions concerning which our subscribers disagree.

And this is true not only of opinions in the lump, but it is equally true of opinions in the detail. That is to say, the stop-my-paper subscribers are quite as quickly riled by our differing with them to the extent of a shade, as by our disagreeing with them to the extent of a gross quantity. These who differ in opinion slightly are more vindictive, I believe, than those who are divided in opinion by a great gulf.

You have been struck with the very great variety and diversity of opinions expressed by our opinionative subscribers, with respect to the management of the paper, of which they constitute themselves a kind of 'prudential committee.' They do not agree as touching any one thing. What is one subscriber's meat is another subscriber's poison. One persists in turning out of your columns what another insists shall stay in. One declares there should be more of what another affirms there should be none of. The man who wants more family reading is balanced by the man who says, Those who like that department should subscribe for a paper which has no department but that. The man who votes for less politics is cancelled by the man who argues that less politics means wrong politics. The clamor for more religion is neutralized by the clamor that more religion means more cant, and we have more than enough of that now. Those who scent heresy, and 'give tongue' to their suspicions, are met on the editor's table by those who cry, Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees; it is hypocrisy. Orthodoxy in religion means heterodoxy in politics! When letter meets letter, then comes the tug of war—this war I speak of between the editor and the uneditorial world of mankind.

In response to an opinion on a disputed question you receive five letters patting you on the back and five letters poking you in the ribs, and you lean back in your chair with the consolation of having, as the last resort, the casting vote. Letters come of the sore head sort. Their complaints amount to this—somebody's communication breathing its last in the basket. Letters come of the swell-head sort. Their complaints amount to this—jealousy. Letters come of the short-horned sort. Their complaints amount to this—their temper is as bad as their orthography, and their writers' ignorance of what is best for them is only equalled by their ignorance of what they want. * * * * * * * *

And so the conflict goes on from year's end to years' end. The editor has to 'watch and fight and pray,' if any man in the world has to. He spends the days in strategy, if not in open battle, as he disposes of the epistolary manœuvres of the multifarious and multiversant adversary, while at night his sleep is troubled with dreams of raids by squads of irate subscribers. So long as the number of those who know how to edit a journal is as great as the number of those who subscribe for it, this conflict will go on between the editor and the subscribers, But I have hope. The stop-my-paper party is diminishing. The editor's mission is rising continually in the public estimation. His embarrassments are gradually coming to be understood. His harassing work is becoming better and better appreciated. The forbearance he needs will not be so grudgingly given presently.—KEYNOTE, *in N. Y. Ex. and Chron.*

Influence of Music.

The thoughts, which follow, on the influence of music are taken from a charming volume, entitled *Counsel and Cheer for the Battle of Life*, written by the Rev. Dr. Blaikie, recently issued by a London publisher:

"Happily it does not require a highly-cultivated taste, it does not even need a musical ear, to be able to find a certain enjoyment in music. Men like John Foster, who had no ear and scientific acquaintance with music, have often found it exquisitely pleasing. Certain it is that, of the minor solaces of toil, nothing is more generally popular, or more effectual, when properly used, in keeping up or restoring the tone of the system. The servant-girl who hums a tune as she sweeps the floor or washes the dishes, the ploughman who whistles a favorite air to cheer the monotony of the plough, the carpenter who makes his plane go to the music of a popular song, are all deriving benefit from the refreshing power of music. It was, perhaps, the highest triumph of this restorative faculty that attended the harp of David, when it dispelled the awful depression of King Saul, and for a time restored his prostrated faculties to the vigor of his better days. Similar instances of the reviving power of music are scattered over history; as, for example, in the case of Philip V., of Spain, whose energies, utterly prostrated and paralyzed, were restored to vigor by the stratagem of his courtiers, who, sending for a celebrated musician, contrived that, in the apartment next to the King's, he should sing some of his most popular songs, which he did with such effect that the King sprang from his lethargy, summoned the artist into his presence, loaded him with thanks, and presently returned to the duties of his office.

"The restorative power of music being so great, it is just what might be expected that in our great centres of industry, where toil is heaviest and most exhausting, musical entertainment should hold a prominent place among recreations. There seems to be something in its sweet strains peculiarly adapted to repair some part at least of the exhaustion caused by close application to work or business. It is peculiarly an evening enjoyment, not only because in the early part of the day most persons are otherwise engaged, but because it is naturally adapted to follow labor rather than go before it, to recruit rather than contribute strength. It is a touching thing, as one walks along a street in a large town of an evening, and passes a house where the piano or the organ, with the accompaniment of the human voice, is sending forth its eloquence, to find a wayfarer or two loitering at this corner and at that, unwilling to lose the chance that has come in their way of gratifying the hunger for music which a long day's work has whetted into unusual keenness.

"The grievous pity is, that musical entertainments are often—happily not always—so conducted as not only to neutralize the good effect of music, but to become pernicious in a high degree. The excitement with which it is often connected, the drinking, the rollicking, the excited dancing, the heavy atmosphere, and the late hours contribute to exhaust the mind and body far more than the music goes to revive them. It will be a happy day not only when, by musical instruction becoming universal in schools, the taste for music shall be more highly and more generally cultivated, and the power of producing it more widely diffused, but when its whole surroundings shall in every case be in harmony with itself, when full scope shall be given it for producing its proper effect, and when it shall be gratefully recognized everywhere as one of the means provided by Divine Wisdom for recruiting exhausted energies, and keeping up a buoyant youthful feeling through the hardest struggles of life."

Old Knapsacks.

The following beautiful extract is from a letter of "a woman in Washington," to the New York Independent:

I saw a pile of knapsacks the other evening at the cottage on Fourth street; knapsacks and haversacks left behind for safe keeping by the boys who went to the front and never came back. The eloquence of these wormeaten and moulded bags can not be written. Here was a piece of stony bread uneaten, the little paper of coffee, the smoked tin cup in which it had been boiled so often over the hasty fire on the eve of battle. There was the letter, sealed, directed and never sent; for the soldiers could not always get a stamp. Here a letter half written, commencing, "Dear Wife: How I want to see you,"—"Dear Mother: My time is nearly out." The rusty pen, just as it was lain down on the half filled sheet by the gallant and loving hand which hoped soon to finish it. Here tinted with red, white and blue, were photographs of of the favorite Generals, and photographs of the dear ones at home. Here were letters of heart-breaking love, and loyalty to duty and holy faith and cheer, written at home, and here was the Testament given him by the woman he loved best, soiled and worn.

For the American soldier, if he rarely reads it, still would carry his Testament as a dear talisman to save him from harm. Here were those mementoes of the brave, living, loving life gone out. They never came back! The mourners at home do not all know where they fell, or whether they were buried. To one unfamiliar with the soldier's life, these relics might mean little. To me they mean all love, all suffering, all heroism. I look on them, and again seem to see the long lines of marching men file past, dust-covered and warm, on their way to battle. I see the roads of Virginia simmering in the white heat, lined with exhausted men lying down to sleep and to die, after the last defeat; hear the cry of the wounded, the moan of the dying; see the half filled grave, the unburied dead.—All the awful reality of war comes back. So too do knightly days and dauntless men. Peace walks amid the May-time flowers, and already our soldiers seem almost forgotten. Days of war and deeds of valor seen like dreams gone by.

A Judicious Wife.

A judicious wife is always snipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that ar growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find means of preventing your doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to woman. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel—no touching all the posts in walking along the streets—no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man; for the corners are rounded off—the little shoots are pruned away—in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when their husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady; they are the wholesome though painted shears, snipping off little growths of self-conceit.

Character—Reputation.

Character and reputation, although often confounded, are, in strictness of speech, distinct from each other. The former, when applied to an individual, denotes the qualities that he possesses—what he is in himself; the latter, the qualities which he is supposed to possess, or what he is reputed to be, whether correctly or not, by others. A man may possess an excellent character, but through misapprehension or misrepresentation on the part of others he may have, for the time being at least, a bad reputation. On the other hand, a man may have a very bad character, but by concealing his bad qualities, he may acquire, and for a time maintain, a good reputation.

But few men are estimated according to their real worth. Some men have a far better reputation than their true characters will justify; others are not esteemed so highly as their real merits would warrant. This arises in part from our ignorance of men's real characters, and in part from different estimates we place upon men's characters when they are known. In ignorance of a man's real character we may esteem him more, or less highly than he deserves. With a knowledge of his character we will esteem him according to the estimate which we place upon the qualities which he possesses. What one highly esteems, another will disapprove, so that a man's reputation never fixes the standard of his real worth, or determines his true character.

Most men are more anxious about their reputation than they are about their character.—They do not care so much what they are in