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A BANK WORTH HAVING—THE FIRM BANK.

Bainbridge, Lancaster Co. Pa., March 23, 1842.

It is often heard in these hard times, that banks won't discount. We know a bank whose vault is well stored with the richest treasures, which is opened to all who are disposed to apply, and which through all pressure has been as ready to discount as in the most prosperous. Gentle reader!—if you are content to quit speculation, and willing simply, to call upon the Lord your Maker, you can and will be accommodated. This bank has a perpetual charter, and is known as the Bank of Zion.

I have a never failing bank,
A more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich,
How then can I be poor?

Should merchants fail of every rank,
And all the banks go smash—
Bring in your notes to Zion's bank,
You'll surely have your cash.

If we take the key of mercy's door and call upon the Lord, we shall be saved from our sins, their power in this world, and penalties in another. Some profess to submit to the dominions of our Lord, but have a name only to live, and are dead; some say they are his, and are not; who call him Lord, Lord, and do not the things which he says; but those alone who are the faithful sheep of his flock; who "hear his voice" and "follow" it, and who hear not the "voice of strangers" find that

This bank is full of precious notes,
All signed and sealed and free—
Though many doubting souls may say,
There is not one for me.

We read of one young man indeed,
Whose riches did abound;
But in the banker's book of grace,
This man could not be found.

The Leper had a little note—
"Lord if you will you can."
The banker cashed his little note,
And healed the sickly man.

But see the wretched dying thief,
Hung by the banker's side;
He said, "O Lord remember me,"
He got his cash and died!

Yours, &c. John M'Neil.
Gospel Publisher.

CHURCHES AND MINISTERS IN ENGLAND.

[From a Correspondent.]

Birmingham, England, July 10, 1849.

In the vicinity of Leicester, where my last epistle was dated, are many places celebrated in history. Among these are Bosworth Field, where the tyrant Richard was overthrown, and Bradgate Park, the birth-place of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. Two miles from the town are the ruins of Leicester Abbey, in many respects the most beautiful I have yet seen. Some of the walls and windows are in fine preservation, and completely covered with "the ivy green." The Abbey was built between the years 1140 and 1150, by Robert, second Earl of Leicester, who became one of the regular canons. It was once the glory of the town and neighborhood, and was visited frequently by the Kings of England.

Here Cardinal Wolsey died, on the 29th November, 1530, while on his journey to London, where he had been summoned by his master Henry the Eighth, who had stripped him of all his riches, dignities and power. He was so far gone when he reached the Abbey gate, that he was just able to thank the monks for their kindness, and say, he came to lay his bones among them. He died three days afterwards, surrounded by the monks, in whose hearing that memorable expression was uttered,—"If I had served my God as faithfully as I served the King, he would not thus have forsaken me in my old age." How many solemn lessons these few words contain!

BIRTH-PLACE OF ROBERT HALL.

Arnsby, the birth-place of Robert Hall, and the scene of his father's long and successful ministry, is a little more than eight miles south of Leicester. The village is small, but beautifully situated. Many of the houses are thatched, the walls mantled with ivy, and surrounded by beautiful little flower gardens.—A love for flowers seems to be a passion with the English. Even in the large manufacturing towns, in the dwellings of the laboring classes, you will find the windows filled with plants. The Baptist Chapel is a square brick building, looking very like a large country mansion. The parsonage is on one side of the church-yard, adjoining the remains of the old meeting-house where Robert Hall, of Arnsby, preached so many years. I found the pastor, the Rev. Joseph Davis, formerly of London, at home. Like all good bishops, Mr. D. is "given to hospitality," and my short visit was an exceedingly pleasant one. He was very kind in showing me every place in the vicinity of interest to the Baptist pilgrim; and his anecdotes and reminiscences lost none of their charm by their being related on the very spot. The old study, where the "Help to Zion's Travellers" was written, is used by brother Davis, and the walls are covered with a large and well selected collection of books. It was while walking in the passage near the door of this room, that Mr. Hall, senior, died. He is buried in the grave-yard behind the Chapel: "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people was added unto the Lord." The meeting-house now used is quite spacious, but rather singularly arranged, having two galleries, one opposite to, the other on the right hand side of, the pulpit. Below the pulpit is the old communion table, which has been used more than a hundred years. As Mr. Hall increased in age, he likewise increased in bulk: the communion table and pastor's seat either were fixtures, or else the idea of moving them apart did not occur; at any rate, the space between them became too strait for the pastor; so the hand-saw was called in, and a large semi-circular piece was cut out of the table for his accommodation. This piece has been restored, the succeeding pastors being less corpulent men. The church at Arnsby still adhere to scriptular or close communion. Nearly all the churches in any way famous in the history of the denomination, hold the same views. The church at Kettering, Andrew Fuller's, is an exception. I expected to visit Kettering while at Leicester, but was prevented.

AN ENGLISH CATHEDRAL.

I was much pleased with an excursion made to Lincoln, celebrated for its great Cathedral, next to York-minster, the finest Gothic structure in England. The Cathedral has a very imposing appearance, being built on a high hill overlooking the town. Around the doors is some very ancient quaint looking sculpture; among the figures are Adam and Eve, dressed up in old English costume, just biting the apple. The Cathedral is in the form of a double cross, 525 feet in length by 222 feet in breadth. The choir is fitted up very handsomely; it has a throne for the bishop, and elegantly carved seats for the prebends, singers, &c. About one hundred people, in addition to those who are paid for attending, might, with a tight squeeze be accommodated: yet more than $70,000 a year is spent in maintaining service (I should be sorry to call it public worship,) in the place, that is, $700 per hearer, supposing it was generally attended by one hundred persons, which is far from being the case.—This is one of the poor Cathedrals, too. What must it cost the rich ones? In one of the small chapels is a tomb, on which are two effigies of one of the Popish bishops of the place: one represents him as he appeared while in health; the other at the time of his death—a mere skeleton. He died in "the *pious* attempt" to abstain from food during the whole of Lent—40 days. There are many other monuments and tombs, with fulsome inscriptions, but they are of no particular interest.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

French Silk Weavers.

There are some classes of European poor, whose occupation gives them certain marked peculiarties, which merit a particular description. Such are the silk-weavers of Lyons.—Situated, as you are aware, in the midst of a fertile country, favourable to its production, and at the junction of two navigable rivers, this second city of France is the great emporium of the trade in silk. Unlike that of cotton or wool, its manufacture is carried on, in a domestic way, by master-workmen, each owning from two to half a dozen looms, worked, perhaps, by the wife, children, and apprentices, assisted by two or three journeymen, *(compagnons,)* all crowded, for the sake of economy, into two or three small apartments, the filthy home of the master. The unwrought silk and the patterns are furnished by the silk-merchants, *(fabricans,)* and the orders are executed by these head-workmen, or *chefs d'ateliers.*

In good times, by working from twelve to eighteen hours a day, the best journeyman can earn from thirty to near forty cents of our money; and food is so abundant, that he is boarded and lodged by the master for half a franc, or not quite ten cents, per day. They are an improvident race, however, and in times of distress, when work is scarce, they often suffer fearfully. Their privations, filthy habits, and constant toil in close apartments, give these silk-weavers a sickly, dwarfish appearance.

I never saw so many victims of scrofula and deformity together, as in a visit to a hospital in Lyons. It is stated that half the young men of the city are exempt from military service, on account of low stature or infirmity.

I have a vivid recollection of my first walk through those parts of the city inhabited by the silk-weavers. It was a gloomy day, presenting a vile compound of rain, smoke, and fog. Presently I became bewildered in a labyrinth of filthy streets, so narrow that, in clear weather, the sky must have been but a blue stripe above; the windows, each of which was probably the breathing aperture of a family, looked dismal as if the blessed sunlight had never strayed there; and the houses, so vast and high, had a dingy, dark hue, as if they were in mourning. Thin forms, with hollow cheeks, glided through the mist.—There is enough of sadness in the visages of the poor of smaller towns and open country, even while their features exhibit lingering traces of the freshness that shows that the air of heaven is not denied them; but the pale, corpse-like faces of the needy of manufacturing cities, the haggard expression that, at a glance, tells of want, vice, and herding in loathsome abodes, will often excite a deep shudder.—*Dr. Corson's Loiterings in Europe.*

The Ban of Croatia.

Recent events in Austria have made Joseph Von Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, a principal actor in the drama of European politics. A letter in the London Chronicle says—"I have had occasion often to converse with Jellachich. He is a man of the middle height, of a powerful and firmly knit frame, forty-nine years of age; in his youth of a delicate constitution, but now enjoying excellent health. His head is bald at the top, but encircled with a fringe of jet black hair. He has a high forehead, bushy eyebrows, a mild, clear, dark eye, an aquiline nose, a finely chiseled mouth, with an expression of great decision of character. He leaves the impression upon the observer of a man of mild but determined character, fully confident of his own powers. He has not one particle of pride about him, and one would scarcely look upon him as the leader of a wild race, or a man of high ambition.

His voice is soft; his education is entirely German; he speaks German as if it were his native tongue, and with the Austrian accent. He is a great admirer of the German language and literature, but his Sclavonic nationally scorns the German arrogance which disdains anything Sclave. He speaks the Hungarian, Croatian and Italian languages equally well. He is unmarried—does not possess, and does not care for riches, but is devoted to his nation. It was only last year that he was Colonel of a Granzier or frontier regiment, which was annihilated in an expidition on the Turkish frontier; he himself escaping almost miraculously in a shower of balls. The secret of his influence over the Croats is, that he is a Croat, and proud to be one, and all his energies are turned towards one object—to procure for his nation that position in Hungary which they claim. He speaks the dialect of the people—"It is the language of my beloved mother," he said to me one day, "and I am proud that I can speak it." Their Ban and their General, he converses with his Croats, and tells them things they never dreamt of—visions of honor and glory. It is no wonder that when he appears, every eye is turned upon him—that they listen, open-mouthed, to what he says; and that they are ready to follow him to Buda, Pesth, Vienna, or Milan.—When they see him, they shout their enthusiastic "*Zivio,*" (let him live,) and will follow him any where.

[We have received the following from an Italian who gathered these facts from letters just received from Italy.—*Ed. N. Y. Rec.*]

The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

The population of the Two Sicilies is devoured by three eminent powers, by the government, aristocracy, and clergy. The clergy comprises 27 Archbishops, 119 Bishops, 49 Abbeys, and 3,700 curates, total 3,895 individuals. The priests are in number 50,800, the monks 27,502, the nuns 28,000. This population is lodged in sixty convents, and thirty-four other establishments. There exist also a great many asylums where women are lodged, in their separate apartments; there is a class of nuns, a sort of *dillettanti* in occupation, who are dressed *ad libitum* and called *monache di casa.*

Some orders of monks have their peculiar department of life fixed. The Franciscan begs, the Caupauchin says mass in dwellings, the white Benedict meditates and prays, and the Barnabite says that he studies and teaches. Others are occupied chiefly with fine living. The Jesuit turns all to his own account, like a true follower of Loyola. He educates the King's children, and the offspring of all the aristocracy. The Jesuit possesses riches, and he augments his wealth by inducing his friends to will him their property.—Lately at Naples, a couple of rich men died, leaving to the order of the Jesuits forty millions of ducats. The relatives have offered opposition by going to law, but they will no