

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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Devotion

An Hour with God.

One hour with thee, my God, when daylight breaks
Over a world thy guardian care has kept,
When the fresh soul from soothing slumber wakes,
To praise the love that watched me while I slept,
When with new strength my love is bounding free,
The first, best, sweetest hour I'll give to thee.

One hour with thee, when busy day begins
Her never-ceasing round of bustling cares,
When I must meet with toil, and pain, and sine,
And through them all thy cross again must bear,
O then, to arm me for the strife; to be
Faithful to death, I'll kneel, an hour to thee.

One hour with thee when mid the glorious sun
High in mid-heaven, and panting nature feels
Lifeless and overpowered, and man has done
For one short hour with urging life's swift
wheels,
In that deep pause my soul from care shall flee,
To make that hour of rest, one hour with thee.

One hour with thee when saddened twilight brings
Her soothing charm o' lawn and vale and grove
When there breathes up from all created things
The sweet exhaling sense of thy deep love;
And when its softening power descends on me,
My swelling heart shall spend an hour with thee.

One hour with thee, my God, when softly night
Climbs the high heaven with soft step and
slow,
When thy sweet stars, unutterably bright,
Are telling forth thy praise to men below;
O then, while far from earth my thoughts would
fly,
I'll spend in prayer one joyful hour with thee.

From the London Times.

Cromwell.

[The following is from a review of Carlyle's Cromwell, and Guizot's English Republic and Cromwell. Such language in the London Times illustrates the sure, though it may be tardy, triumph of justice in history.]

Few, even of Cromwell's personal enemies, would have denied that he was the first of English soldiers and the first of English statesmen. No one could doubt that by his arms, his policy, and his ardent patriotism, England has been raised to the summit of glory and of greatness. Yet he was scarcely laid in his tomb when his people suffered the dregs of humanity to profane his ashes; and for almost two centuries it has suffered the dregs of literature to defile his name. By the hearth and in the prison of the Puritan, reverence was still paid to his memory beneath the protection of whose mighty arm the poor and humble had worshipped God in peace. Milton's sonnet still spoke in strange and scandalous accents of

"Our chief of men, who through a cloud
No of war only, but denunciations rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plowed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies and his work pursued."
But generally hatred, slander, and ignorance, worked their will with Cromwell's fame. To the mass of his countrymen the worst act in his splendid life was his history, as the coarsest feature in his heroic countenance was his portrait. So far have abhorrence of fanaticism, hatred of military sway, and the memory of one dark deed, together with the merited abhorrence of Tory and the cowardly philosophy of Whig writers, availed to make the English nation unjust to the memory of its greatest man.

The fate of the Protector's reputation seemed sealed by the judgment of Hume, and afterwards of Mr. Hallam. Hume was above all things, a gentleman and an atheist; and Cromwell in his day was the enemy of both. As a historian he was averse to the trouble of reference, and by no means averse to telling falsehoods, provided they were told in the grand style. It may be safely said of the first two pages of his chapter on Cromwell every sentence contains an untruth. This he did with easy good nature, reposing on his sofa, and without the slightest shock to that moral philosophy which was an elegant handmaid to the pleasures of a gentleman. Mr. Hallam's censure is incomparably more grave. But Mr. Hallam addresses the letter of the constitution, and he has no sympathy for religious enthusiasm or irregular greatness. He hates Luther as well as Cromwell. He is even disposed to be comparatively kind to Napoleon, because Napoleon was always talking of his star, while Cromwell was always talking of his God.

Mr. Carlyle first effectually stemmed the tide of nonsense and injustice; and England owes him gratitude for so doing, though he has not failed to give us some splendid nonsense and some splendid injustice of his own. He writes with a directness, a force, and a power that cry that great men are divinites, and that to worship them is the one hope of salvation for mankind. If a character in history is very strong and very successful, he is perfect in wisdom and in goodness; and whoever doubts either is to be bludgeoned with hard names. The laws of morality were not made for heroes, nor the laws of candor and justice for their biographers. This theory is simply false. Great men of all kinds, from the author of *Hamlet* to the victor of Dunbar, are indeed, one of the highest gifts of Heaven; they ought to be judged by the spirit rather than by the letter of the law, and to overprize them is a generous error. But they are all of them palpably men—men often with only one gift, and always with many weaknesses and limited vision. Mr. Carlyle, who, as a hero-worshiper, treats his heroes as incarnations of eternal truth, is obliged as a sceptic to treat them all successively as the transient emanations of their time.

After the hero-worship of Mr. Carlyle comes the history of M. Guizot, who reaps the fruits of Mr. Carlyle's noble labor, and enjoys the light of his genius without his special hallucinations. M. Guizot has given us an admirable narrative, far more candid than any from an English pen. His moral judgment is rather Machiavellian. He talks of the designs of Providence as though he was as intimate with its counsels as with those of Louis Philippe; but he sometimes talks of human motives as though he had never known an honest man. He sees cajolery where a common mind sees nothing but kindness, and cunning where a common mind sees nothing but good sense. Cromwell desires that the effigy of his army may be put on the Dunbar medal instead of

his own. Whereupon we are told that "no great man ever carried so far the hypocrisy of modesty, or so easily sacrificed his vanity to his ambition." That Cromwell had any vanity to sacrifice—that he was not actuated by real magnanimity and a real desire to do justice to his soldiers, M. Guizot does not attempt to show. Does the French statesman think a bit of tinsel so great an object that nothing but the hope of a larger bit can induce a great man to forego it? How many effigies of himself did Cromwell cause to be made when he was Protector, and might safely have as much tinsel as he pleased?

The man who can read Cromwell's personal history and private letters—who can mark his conduct in the day of peril and in the hour of death—and still believe him to have been nothing but an ambitious hypocrite, must have lost all faith in human nature. Cromwell left a happy home at the age of 43, unconsumed by any powers in himself but those of a good farmer, to fight for liberty and gospel faith—he and his boy Oliver, whose loss went to his heart like a dagger, and whose memory fired his charge and saddened his victory at Marston Moor. His wife was exposed not only in every battle, but in every skirmish, for what he believed to be the cause of God; and his religion was the great source of his adamantine courage and his unwavering decision. The hope which it kindled shone in him "like a pillar of fire" when hope was extinct in all other men. It raised his heroism sometimes to Hebrew grandeur. What is the sun of Austerlitz to the morning of Dunbar?

How could a hypocrite have formed the Ironsides? It was said of those men, that they feared God, and that they feared nothing besides; and the first part of the saying was true as the last. They were not mere ranters and psalm-singers. They showed their practical religion by religiously abstaining from all military license, even in conquered cities. When they were disbanded, from the best of soldiers they became again the best of citizens, and peacefully did their duty to God and their State, while Jesuits, and trumpets, and infidel persecutors trampled on the Protector's ashes, and dishonoured the Protestant throne.

For the general cause of Protestantism he did more than any other man except Luther—not by publishing propagandist manifestoes, or threatening to subvert foreign Governments, or holding out promises of universal brotherhood, to be followed by universal perfidy and pillage; but by a course of policy at once energetic and discreet, which made all the world feel that the protection of Protestantism was the first object of the greatest of nations. Had he succeeded in founding a dynasty to carry out his traditions, the Edict of Nantes never could have been revoked, the hopes of freedom in Italy never could have been stifled, and Europe might have been Protestant at this hour. What has damned Cromwell's memory is, not that he betrayed his cause, but that he served his cause too well. Perhaps, if he had crushed the liberty for which his soldiers died, had married a Spanish Princess, and restored the Anglican hierarchy as a tool of his political domination, Churchmen and Tories would not have been found censorious or unkind.

In war Cromwell was the most merciful of soldiers; for in his campaigns he always sought decisive battle, and his battles were always soon ended by a decisive charge. When he commanded the carnage was small, the results immense, and few brave men died by misery, pestilence, or famine. His five great and decisive victories of Marston, Naseby, Preston, Dunbar, and Worcester, did not together cost near so many lives as the hideous and fruitless battles of Borodino. He treated war, not as a science in which he was to show his skill, but as an appeal to human fortitude, which, for the sake of humanity, was to be tried without delay. War, under him, was far less savage than under other commanders of that time. His men always spared the country, and almost always gave quarter even to those who gave no quarter to them. The storm of Tredagh was the single notable exception to his and their humanity. "That 'bit-terness' he justified on the ground that it had saved, as undoubtedly it did save, much effusion of blood in what would otherwise have been a long and desolating war. We must remember, too, that frightful atrocities had recently been committed by Roman Catholics upon Protestants both in Ireland and elsewhere. The blood of Tredagh was a drop in the ocean of O'Neill's massacre or the sack of Magdeburg. That any of the peaceful inhabitants of Drogheda were put to the sword is a confused calumny, which M. Guizot ought not to have repeated.

Cromwell's political genius is a hackneyed theme of literary praise, to which M. Guizot adds the attestation of a statesman. His reign is indeed the marvel of history. In every respect, from the way in which he conducted down to our postal communications, we still feel his beneficent energy and pay homage to his glorious shade. It was not his fault that much was left to be done by the Parliamentary reformers and law reformers of the present day. He established our diplomacy on the soundest basis; and his own bearing to foreign nations has been aped, but scarcely equalled. He dealt with the most different characters, from Mazarin to the Anabaptists, with equal and almost invariable success. And we must say, in spite of prejudice, that his administration was as upright as it was able. He steadily promoted merit in the public service without regard to his personal interests. He fixed a high property qualification for the suffrage, though his own popularity was chiefly among the lower orders. He put down the Levellers, most mercifully indeed, but firmly, without a moment's hesitation, though at great risks to his own person and influence; and thereby, perhaps, saved English society from a reign of terror. Considering the perils and anxieties with which he was beset, his power of concentration and self-command must have been such as have seldom been given to man. We must add to this that his public life began at an age when nothing but genius is young, and that he reigned for five years over a mutinous army and a rebellious people, with assassins constantly seeking his life, with his mother waiting for terror in his house, with enemies at the head of his armaments, and enemies at his council board. Such well might be the greatest man that the English race could produce in its most heroic, though its most saddest hour.

Cromwell's grandest visions, says M. Guizot were bounded by his practical good sense. No

higher praise can be given to a statesman. But his visions were limited also by his patriotism. He was not the man to undertake chimerical schemes of aggrandisement, and to squander oceans of blood and treasure, to gratify his own selfish and miserable pride. Through his ambition no English citizens put on mourning. After Worcester he was expected to put himself at the head of some great military enterprise by a nation which expected Armageddon and had not forgotten Cressy. But after Worcester he sheathed his sword for ever; he sought the empire of England on the sea, and gave the command and the glory into other, and those unfriendly hands. First since the great Edward he saw that our strength must rest, not on conquest abroad, but on the consolidation and union of the three kingdoms. We have ratified his West Indian expedition by retaining what he acquired, and even the foot on the continent which he sought at Dunkirk we may be almost said to have kept at Gibraltar. His quiet domestic court and his solemn but modest state were the true image of that policy of good sense, superior to vanity, which has been the mark of all our greatest statesmen, and most of all of him.

And therefore he died triumphant. His people are subdued under him. His design for restoring the constitutional monarchy was still advancing against obstacles which he never underrated and before which he never succumbed. Europe was at his feet. The tidings of Cadix and Teneriffe were in his ears and the laurels of Worcester were untarnished on his brow. He went down, as Mr. Carlyle says, like a summer sun, as gloriously and as calmly. The one cloud that hung over his setting was that of bereavement, not of failure, or of fear. It is true that he so guarded his life from Royalist and Prelatist assassins that no assassin ever approached his person; it is not true that the fear of assassination entered into his soul. But another "dagger" found its way. In the stormiest and most perilous moments of his life he had watched over the welfare and the religious progress of his children with anxious and unceasing care. He declared that nothing but the comfort which he found in the Bible had saved his life when he lost his eldest son. And his end was the crown, and in some sort, the reward of his affection; after so many terrible fields, and amid so many perils, he died of grief at Lady Claypole's death, and of illness brought on by watching by her side.

Jacob Nurley.

THE MAN WHO HAD SO MANY CALLS.

Brother Nurley was pursued, almost a persecuted man, according to his own showing. He was doing a nice little business, had a small family, and was getting on tolerably well in the world. On Sunday mornings he went to church, and sometimes, when he was not too tired or too busy, he went on a week day evening. But somehow the great plague of his life seemed to be that he had "so many calls." Now he did not mean calls on business, for those he was always ready; nor calls of creditors—for he was prompt in paying his debts—nor calls of social friendship, for he was a kind-hearted man. Still he was very often heard to complain that he had so many calls. Permit me to illustrate:

In January, a brother called upon him to solicit a donation for the poor of the city, many of whom, as he said, were suffering severely in the cold and inclement season. "Well, really," said Bro. Nurley, "I have a great many calls, but I suppose I must try to give you a little donation. If I was only able to answer all the appeals that are made for charity I should be very glad. But however, here is a half a dollar. That will do a little good, I hope."

In February, a sister called to say that they wanted to make up some clothing in the Dorcas Society for some poor children, that they might be able to attend the Sabbath school; and that she was trying to collect a little money to pay for materials. "Well, really, Mr. H., I have so many calls, everybody seems to know where I live, and they do not pass me by. It was only the other day I made a donation for the poor, and I believe I must be excused this time." And he politely bowed the good sister out.

In March, a brother called, who was soliciting funds to aid in the erection of a church in a very destitute part of the country. When he made known his errand, Bro. Nurley seemed to feel bad. "Well, now," said he, "the calls do come too thick. Why I just had a call to contribute something to a Dorcas Society. I can't give you any thing this time, Brother."

April was the time for collecting the contributions of the church for Foreign Missions, and Bro. Nurley was called upon to give something for this purpose. He gave a heavy sigh, and said, "I do have a great many calls. They come to me to give to the poor, and to Dorcas Societies, and to build new churches. Really I cannot give to every thing. And beside, I think we need to support Home Missions better than we do. Our own country is increasing so rapidly that it seems to me we ought to be doing more for its evangelization than for our Foreign Missions. You must excuse me, I believe I can't do any thing this year."

In May, the collectors for the Sunday school were taking their annual round, and of course called on Bro. Nurley. "Well, well," said he, lengthening out his visage, until chin and nose seemed to have started off in different directions, for a permanent separation. "Well, well, but I do have so many calls. I must stop somewhere. Indeed I can't do any thing for you this time." And the collector went away rather sorry that good Bro. Nurley had so many calls, and was compelled to give away so much money.

June brought out an application for the Bible Society, and Bro. Nurley drew on a face of enduring patience that seemed to say, "I cannot stop this thing, and what am I to do with all these disagreeable appeals." "No,"

said he, after a significant pause, "I cannot give any thing this time. I think I love the cause of Christ, but really the calls do come so very frequent, and I cannot give to every thing."

In July, there was a great fire, and many poor people were turned homeless into the streets. A great deal of sympathy was expressed for them by the benevolent, and a committee was appointed to collect contributions for their relief. Bro. Nurley was called upon. "Truly, I feel sorry for the poor suffering people," said he, with a lugubrious face, "but I am called upon so often to give to the poor, and to various objects of benevolence, that I must let this occasion go by."

August passed by without any special appeal, except the occasional calls of beggar children at the door; and sometimes, though not very often, Bro. Nurley would indulge the luxury of benevolence by giving a penny, not, however, without warning them not to come again.

In September, the Agent of the Tract and Publication Society came round, and after preaching in the church, gave Bro. Nurley a call. "I was very much interested in your discourse, yesterday," said Bro. Nurley. "I think your Society is a very good one, and doing a great deal of good, but upon my word, I have had so many calls this year, that I am getting almost tired of them. I believe I must beg you to excuse me this time."

In October, some of the members of the church became interested in procuring an outfit for a brother and sister who were going out to the Foreign Mission field, and Bro. Nurley received another call. "What," said he, "out begging again? Now it is too hard upon a poor man to have so many calls. I cannot give to every thing. This time you must go to those who are more able, or who are not called upon so often as I am."

November was the season for the annual contributions for Home Missions, and again poor Nurley was called upon. It did seem to him now as though it was too bad, and he rolled up his eyes and knit his brows, as if it were a righteous thing this time to be angry. "It is too much," said he bitterly, "that a man should be harassed and annoyed as I am. Every few days somebody is coming in for money. They seem to think I am made of money. I can't give any thing this time."

In December, a contribution was proposed for paying off the debt of the church. One of the Trustees, with his book in his hand, called on Bro. Nurley, and greeted him at once with "Well, Bro. Nurley, what shall we put you down for, toward extinguishing this annoying debt?"

The poor man felt that this system of persecution was beyond bearing. "I tell you what it is," said he, "I don't mean to stand this any longer."

"Stand what?"

"Why this constant system of begging! begging! begging! Almost every day, I am called on to give! give! give! I am wearied out with it. Here within a little while, I have had applications to give to Dorcas Societies, to the poor, for building churches, Foreign Missions, Sunday schools, Bible Societies, Tract Societies, Home Missions, Outfits, and I know not what beside, and now you come for something for a church debt."

"But Bro. Nurley is not the Lord giving you something every day? Are the calls more numerous than the gifts?"

"Oh! that has nothing to do with it?"

"Well, I think said the good Trustee, "it has a great deal to do with it. Surely, God has a claim upon a portion of what He so munificently bestows." He has said, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'"

"But now, dear brother, you seem to be vexed that you have had so many calls lately, let me ask you kindly, how much have you given the last year? How much has your benevolence cost you that you should seem so much vexed about it?"

This was a home thrust at Bro. Nurley, and he first turned red, and then white, and then drew down his brows, and turning rather petulently upon the inquirer, muttered a truth which he did not exactly mean to convey.

"What I give is nothing to no body!"

Moral. When any professed disciple of Christ complains that there are too many calls, just ask how much these numerous calls have cost in a year.—Baptist Memorial.

Rowland Hill and Lady Erskine.

Septimus Tustin, of Washington city, communicates the following anecdote respecting the eccentric Rowland Hill, which we believe has never before been in print:

On the occasion referred to, the celebrated Rowland Hill was preaching in the open air in that suburban portion of the city of London denominated Moorefields. An immense assemblage was present. His text was taken from the Song of Solomon, 1: 5, "I am black, but comely." The text he regarded as having application to the church, which, in the estimation of the world, was black—"black as the tents of Kedar," but in the estimation of her glorified head, comely—comely "as the curtains of Solomon." While discussing these themes with his accustomed earnestness, it so happened, in the providence of God, that Lady Anne Erskine, in an equipage corresponding with her high position in society, passed that way. Seeing the immense multitude, she asked one of her attendants the cause of that assemblage. She was informed that the renowned Rowland Hill was preaching to the people. Lady Anne replied she had often wished to hear that eccentric preacher, and she would avail herself of the present opportunity to gratify that cherished desire, and requested her chariot to place her carriage as near to the

preacher's stand as possible, so that she might hear every word that he uttered. Accordingly, in a few moments she found herself accommodated immediately in the rear of the temporary pulpit from which the speaker addressed the listening throng, that being the only unoccupied position within reach of his voice. The splendor of the equipage, and the sparkling appearance of the illustrious personage that occupied it, soon attracted the attention of many of the people from the sermon to the gorgeous accession which had just been made to the audience by the advent of Lady Anne. The observant eye of Rowland Hill soon detected this diversion, and his inventive mind at once suggested a hazardous but an effective remedy. Pausing in the discussion of his subject, and elevating his voice beyond its usual pitch, he exclaimed, "My brethren, I am now going to hold an auction or vendue, and I bespeak your attention for a few moments. I have here a lady and her equipage to expose to public sale; but the lady is the principal, and the only object, indeed, that I wish to dispose of at this present; and there are already three earnest bidders in the field. The first is the world. Well, and what will you give for her? I will give riches, honors, pleasure. That will not do. She is worth more than that; for she will live when the riches, honors, and pleasures of the world have passed away like a snow wreath beneath a vernal shower. You cannot have her. The next bidder is the devil. Well, and what will you give for her? I will give all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them." That will not do; for she will continue to exist when the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them have vanished like the shadows of the night before the orient beams! You cannot have her.

"But list! I hear the voice of another bidder; and who is that? Why, the Lord Jesus Christ. Well, what will you give for her? I will give grace here, and glory hereafter; an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Well! well! said the preacher—blessed Jesus, it is just as I expected; just the noble generosity which thou art wont to display. I will place her at your disposal. 'She is black, but comely,' and you shall be the purchaser. Let heaven and earth authenticate this transaction." And then turning to Lady Anne, who had listened to this bold and adventurous digression with the commingled emotions of wonder and alarm, the speaker, with inimitable address, exclaimed, "Madam! madam! do you object to this bargain? Remember, you are Jesus Christ's property, from this time henceforth and for evermore. Heaven and earth have attested the solemn and irreversible contract! Remember, you are the property of the Son of God. He died for your rescue and your purchase. Can you, will you, dare you object?"

The arrow thus sped at a venture, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, found its way to the heart of Lady Anne, and she was submissively led to the cross of the Messiah, that the hand which was pierced for our salvation might extract the barbed shaft, and heal the wound which had been so unexpectedly inflicted. She became subsequently identified, to a considerable extent, with Lady Huntingdon in her deeds of noble charity, and, having served her day and generation, she, like her illustrious associate, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Charge to a Newly Installed Editor.

The editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate, who is something of a wit in his way, in welcoming to the tripod one of his brethren who has lately been appointed editor of a religious paper, thus solemnly charges him as to the proper method of discharging his duties:

"Having been pleasantly associated with the debutant journalist in times past, and in view of his new sphere, we feel like taking over him after the impressive manner of our Presbyterian brethren at installations. The right hand of fellowship having been given, we proceed to 'deliver the charge.'"

"Firstly: If any be in this office by purpose, he is not by rights. No boy was ever brought up for an editor. No father ever thought, 'I will educate my son for an editor.' No aspiring young man ever said, 'I will be an editor.' It is an accidental succession. Now if you desired to be an editor, lived for it, saw it coming, calculated it a week before you found yourself one, you are not in the regular line. (This is to test your calling.)"

"Secondly: If you have any particular friend, go and embrace him for the last time. For when you refuse his advice 'how to make your paper more interesting,' or exercise the editorial discretion in declining an article that he said, in an N. B., 'you might do as you liked with, without the least offence,' he is off and ever after that offish. (Encouragement.)"

"Thirdly: Make to yourself friends of the Postmaster General and all the Postmasters in particular. (Reasons obvious.)"

"Fourthly: Do all the good you can and as little harm; for these will be your main chances."

"Fifthly: Put away that delusive notion that all honest people pay their debts.—(Exceptions.)"

"Sixthly: Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed; as you certainly will be if you expect an easy life or rich living. (Instance.)"

"Seventhly: Acquaint yourself early with those Agents who do nothing, and strike them off, and those patrons who consider that they do a favour by reading the paper, and

have nothing to do with them. Neither ever yet supported a paper, and the more such friends it had, the worse for it.

"Eighthly: Reject many of your own manuscripts as well as other people's."

"Ninthly: Never think you are done, or through when you are through. Begin again."

Finally, and to conclude: Look out for all things. Be prepared to go through thick and thin—especially through thin."

"Interesting to Ladies."

On taking up some fashionable newspapers a day or two since, my eye was arrested by the words, "Interesting to Ladies," as the heading of an inside column, and followed by a number of items, such as "Color and Dress," "Bonnets," "Jackets," "Beauty," "Marriage," "Belles of the Revolution," "Observations on Fashion and Dress," "Roses and Tulips."

Now no one can find fault with the gentlemanly editor who takes pains to procure such matter as will be "interesting" to his various class of readers. The "milk for babies," under the head of "Children at Home," and "Youth's Department," is eagerly devoured by the young people; and sincere thanks are due to the considerate editor who so arranges the subjects of his paper, that the "ladies," "children," and "lords of creation," may each know their place, without the trouble of stumbling upon some dull reading beyond the comprehension.

Nor can any deny that "Color and Dress," "Bonnets and Jackets," "Beauty and Marriage," are so many topics of vast interest, and to a few, the all engrossing themes of daily and nightly meditation. Perhaps the heading of this column might have escaped our notice, had we not returned to the first page of the paper, and there found, well-written articles, full of sensible information with regard to the great men of past ages; selections from history, poetry and biography, and much more that ought to be "interesting to ladies."

The "Ladies"—who are they? Dolls to be dressed and exhibited from day to day as patterns of taste and beauty? Children to be supplied with toys to keep them quiet in the absence of their lords and masters? Are they like the soulless Undine, the fair casidier without the jewels of the mind, that they must be fed with such weak dilutions of wit and knowledge suited to their weak imbecility? No, they are the mothers and wives of our great Republic, they from whom our future Statesmen, Orators, Writers, and noble merchant princes are to receive the ideas which stamp their destiny. They are endowed by nature with such power of loving, and gently, yet firmly influencing the young immortal minds, committed to their keeping, as belongs to them alone. Their work is done—a few brief years fit by, and while the mother is young and fair, and full of life and hope, her boys have learned from her lips truth and high aspirations which have made them men; or have been enervated and degraded to the low standard set before them, and go through life stunted dwarfs, when with proper nourishment they had become men of force.

They are the wives and constant companions of the guiding spirits of this age of progress; those who, whether engaged with books or trade, are by constant activity, ever receiving new ideas. While the wife is lavishing all her powers upon dress, ornament and style, the husband is by his business forced to know something; to read in his daily paper the history of the world, to supply his mind with general information, and thus learns to think.

If "the ladies" were wise, if they considered their own happiness, they would not permit such a wide difference between their subjects of thought and those of their most intimate companions.

An intelligent wife who can sympathise with her husband in his mental advancement, who can appreciate the book he reads, and understand his thoughts, possesses a power to charm, and make the fireside attractive, which will outlive even the bewitching influence of "Fashion," "Beauty," "Color," and "Dress." Without contending for "woman's rights" to vote, or preach, lecture or till the ground—is there not room for improvement? Ought all mental advancement to be put aside with the school book, and diplomas; and woman be left to devote the energies of her immortal mind to trifles? No—these things ought not to be so. May the time soon come when our histories, biographies, books of travel, foreign news, and Congressional doings will be labeled,

"Interesting to Ladies."
[N. Y. Evangelist]

EXPENSE OF WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school-house on every hill-side and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it—a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like an universal holocaust to heaven.—Rufus Stebbins.