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COME HOME.

Come home.
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home.

Come home.
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in gladness but to brighten thine;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied dove;
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
It is not home without thee; the lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou wert wont to be;
In every echo of returning feet
In vain we list for what should herald thee.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring
Watched every germ a full-blown flow'ret rear,
Saw o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou wert not here.
Brother, come home.

Come home.
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Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody.
Brother, come home.

Protest of Bishop Potter & Co.

The following is the protest issued recently by Bishop Potter and a portion of the clergy of his diocese.—Following it will be found Bishop Hopkins' reply in rejoinder, in the form of a letter, addressed to Bishop Potter:

"The subscribers deeply regret that the fact of the extensive circulation through this diocese of a letter by 'John Henry Hopkins, Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont,' in defence of Southern slavery, compels them to make this public protest. It is not their province to mix in any political canvass. But as ministers of Christ, in the Protestant Ep scopal Church, it becomes them to deny any complicity or sympathy with such a defence.

"This attempt to apologize not only for slavery in the abstract, but to advocate it as it exists in the cotton States, and in States which sell men and women in the open market as their staple product, is in their judgment, unworthy of any servant of Jesus Christ. As an effort to sustain, on Bible principles, the States in rebellion against the Government, in the wicked attempt to establish by force of arms a tyranny under the name of a republic, whose 'corner stone' shall be the perpetual bondage of the African, it challenges their indignant rebrobation.

"Philadelphia, September, 1863."

Signed by Bishop Potter, and the Episcopal clergy, generally, of Philadelphia.

A WARNING AGAINST Infidelity in the Church.

PASTORAL LETTER
OF THE
RIGHT REV. BISHOP HOPKINS,
Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

To the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and the Seceding Clergy of Philadelphia

I have seen, with great amazement, a protest against my letter on the "Bible View of Slavery," signed by you and a long list of clergy, in which you condemn it as "*unworthy of any servant of Jesus Christ,*" as "an effort to sustain, on Bible principles, the States in rebellion against the Government in the wicked attempt to establish by force of arms, a tyranny in the name of a Republic, whose corner stone shall be the perpetual bondage of the African," and as such you say that it challenges your "*indignant reprobation.*"

Now my Right Reverend brother, I am sorry to be obliged to charge you, not only with a gross insult against your senior, but with the more serious offence of a false accusation. My letter was first published in January, 1861, more than three months before the war began, at a time when no one could anticipate the form of Government which the Southern States should adopt, or the course which Congress might take in reference to their secession. And when I consented to its publication, I did not suppose that it would be used in the service of any political party, although I had no right to complain, if it were so used, because the letter, once published, became public property But in its present form there is nothing whatever in it which bears on the question of "rebellion," or of the "perpetual bondage of the African," or of "tyranny under the name of a Republic," of which slavery should be the "corner stone." On the contrary, I referred, on the last page, to my lecture published in Buffalo in 1850, and to my book called "The American Citizen," published in New York in 1857, where "I set forth the same views on the subject of slavery, adding, however, a plan for its gradual abolition, whenever the South should consent, and the strength of the Government could aid in its accomplishment."—

"Sooner or later," I added, "I believe that some measure of that character must be adopted. But it belongs to the slave States themselves to take the lead in such a movement And meanwhile their legal rights and their natural feelings must be respected, if we would hope for unity and peace."

With these facts before your eyes, I am totally at a loss to imagine how even the extravagance of party zeal could frame against me so bitter a denunciation. The whole object of my letter was to prove, from the Bible, that in the relation of master and slave there was necessarily no sin whatever. The sin, if there was any, lay in the treatment of the slave, and not in the relation itself. Of course, it was liable to abuse, as all human relations must be. But while it was certain that thousands of our Christian brethren who held slaves were treating them with kindness and justice, according to the Apostle's rule, and earnestly laboring to improve the comforts and ameliorate the hardships of the institution, I held it to be a cruel and absurd charge to accuse them as sinners against the Divine law, when they were only doing what the Word of God allowed, under the Constitution and established code of their country.

I do not know whether your band of indignant reprobationists ever saw my book, published in 1846, but you read it, because I sent you a copy and I have a letter of acknowledgment, in which, while you dissented from some of my conclusions, you did it with the courtesy of a Christian gentleman. In that letter there is nothing said about my opinions being "unworthy of any servant of Jesus Christ," and nothing of "indignant reprobation." But, *tempora mutantua, et nos mutamur in illis.*

Yes! the times are indeed sadly changed, and you are changed accordingly. For many years you have met in brotherly council with these Southern slaveholders. You invited them to the hospitalities of your house, and paid them especial deference. The new light of Eastern Abolitionism had not yet risen within our Church, and if you then thought as you now think, you took excellent care that no man amongst your Southern friends should know it. Moreover, your favorite Theological Seminary, only three years ago, was the Virginia school at Alexandria, raised to great prosperity by Bishop Meade—a slaveholder—and I am sure that nothing at variance with my Bible view of slavery was ever taught in that institution. Yes! we may well say of you, as of many others, *quantum mutatus ab illo!* How changed is the Bishop of Pennsylvania in three years from his former course of conservatism, peace and Scriptural consistency!

But the Word of God has not changed; the doctrine of the Apostles has not changed; the Constitution of our country has not changed; the great standards of religious truth and real civic loyalty remain just as they were: and I remain along with them, notwithstanding this bitter and unjust assault from you and your clergy. I do not intend to imitate your late style of vituperation, for I trust that I have learned, even when I am reviled, not to revile again. I respect the good opinion of your clergy, and I am not aware that I have done anything to forfeit it. I respect your office, your talents, your personal character, and the wisdom and success with which, for many years, your Episcopate has been conducted. But I do not respect your departure from the old and well settled rule of the Church, and from the Apostolic law of Christian fairness and courtesy. I do not believe in the modern discovery of those Eastern philanthropists who deny the divinity of our Redeemer, and attach no importance to the Bible except as it may suit themselves. I do not believe that the venerated founders of our American Church were ignorant of the Scriptures and blind to the principles of Gospel morality. I do not believe that Washington and his compatriots, who framed our Constitution with such express provisions for the rights of slaveholders, were tyrants and despots, sinners against the law of God and the feelings of humanity. But I do believe in the teachings of the inspired Apostles, and in the Holy Catholic (or universal) Church which you and your clergy al o believe. I *know* that the doctrine of that Church was clear and unanimous on the *lawfulness* of slavery for eighteen centuries together; and on that point I regard your "protest" and "indignant reprobation" as the idle wind that passes by.

I wish you, therefore, to be advised that I shall publish, within a few months, if a gracious Providence should spare my life and faculties, a full demonstration of the truth "wherein I stand." And I shall prove in that book, by the most unquestionable authorities, that slaves and slaveholders were in the Church from the beginning; that slavery was was held to be consistent with Christianity by the Fathers and Councils, and by all Protestant divines and commentators up to the very close of the last century, and that this fact was universal among all Churches and sects throughout the Christian world. I shall contend that our Church, which maintains the primitive rule of catholic consent and abjures all novelties, is bound, by her very Constitution, to hold fast that only safe and enduring rule, or abandon her Apostolic claims, and descend to the level of those who are "driven about by every wind of doctrine."—And I shall print your "indignant reprobation," with its list of names, in the preface to my book, so that if I cannot give you fame, at least, do my part to give you notoriety.

That the nineteenth century is a century of vast improvement and wonderful discovery in the arts and sciences I grant as willingly as any man. But in religious truth or reverence for the Bible, the age in which we live is prolific in daring and impious innovation. We have seen professedly Christian communities divided and subdivided on every side.—We have seen the rise and spread of Universalism, Millerism, Pantheism, Mormonism and Spiritualism. We have seen even our venerable Mother Church of England sorely agitated by the contagious fever of change, on the one hand towards superstition, and on the other towards infidel rationalism And we have heard the increasing clamor against the Bible, sometimes from the devotees of geological speculation, sometimes from the bold deniers of miracles and prophecy; and, not least upon the list, from the loud tongued apostles of anti slavery. We have marked the orators which cry "Down with the Bible, if it maintains the lawfulness of slavery." We have marveled at the senatorial eloquence which proclaimed that "it was high time to have an anti slavery God and an anti slavery Bible." We have heard the Constitution of our country denounced as "a covenant with death and hell." We have heard the boasted determination that the Union shall never be restored until its provisions for the protection of slavery are utterly abolished And what is the result of all this philanthropy?—The fearful judgment of God has descended to chastise these multiplied acts of rebellion against His divine government, and what the final catastrophe shall be is only known to Him who seeth the end from the beginning.

After forty years spent in the ministry, more than thirty of which have been passed in the office of a Bishop, I can look back with humble thankfulness to the Giver of all good for this, at least, that all my best labors have been directed to the preservation of the Church from the inroads of doctrinal i. novation. At my ordination I promised "so to administer the DOCTRINE and sacraments and discipline of Christ, as the Lord hath commanded and *as this Church has received the same*"—and certain it is that "this Church" had not received the modern doctrine of ultra Abolitionism at that time as I trust she never will receive it, because it is contrary to the Sacred Scriptures. I also promised "with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away from the Church all *erroneous and strange doctrines* contrary to God's Word," and I made those promises in the true sense which the venerable Bishop White, my Ordainer, attached to them—I believed then as he believed, that our Southern brethren committed no sin in having slaves, and that they were men of as much piety as any minister in our communion. I believed, as he believed, that the plain precepts and practice of the Apostles sanctioned the institution, although, as a matter of *expediency*, the time might come when the South would prefer, as the North had done, to employ free labor. Those promises I have kept faithfully to this day—and if, when I am drawing near to the end of my career, I am to be condemned and villified by you and your clergy, because I still maintain them to the utmost of my slender ability, be assured, my Right Reverend Brother, that I shall regret the fact much more on your account than on my own.

In conclusion, I have only to say that I feel no resentment for the grossly insulting style of your manifesto. The stability and unity of the Church of God are the only interests which I desire to secure and I am too old in experience to be much moved by the occasional excesses of human infirmity.

JOHN H. HOPKINS,
Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont.
Burlington, Vt, Oct. 5, 1863

THE DEACON'S BULL.

Deacon Jesepu Jones, of Litchfield, was a fine specimen of the old style, sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading vanity, which was his farm, and his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of state troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and though he had failed in the technical application of the term, "to smell powder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spir it, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain, always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of "deacon."

This warlike spirit the deacon could never conquer, even though he had been frequently rebuked by the good dominie for showing so much of the church militant in his daily bearing, and could find no greater delight, when he could obtain an audience, than in reciting the days of his captaincy and telling bloodless tales of "when I was out in '13 and '14."

Among the deacon's fine stock was a bull, a splended animal, which, for size, strength and beauty, excited the envy and admiration of the farmers of the whole country. So much was the deacon's bull praised, that very soon its owner began to believe that he possessed the most wonderful animal that had ever existed, and to boast accordingly. From morning till night, nothing could be heard in the neighborhood of Litchfield but praises of the deacon's bull, and estimations of his value. At last to such a pitch did this estimation reach that the deacon not content with bearing the palm from every cattle raiser in the county, sought, like Alexander, fresh words to conquer, and offered his bull to the competition of the entire country. To do this properly, Deacon Jones issued a handbill setting forth in glowing lines the qualities of his bull, its size, age, weight, and color, leading off with a challenge to an one possessing an animal of like size and age, to bring it forward, and vanquish the deacon's bull in a fair fight for one hundred dollars.—Here it was that the old warlike spirit peeped forth, and the deacon, instead of offering to match his bull for any of those qualities that go toward making good beef, proffered the challenge for its fighting quality.

These handbills were scattered far and wide, until one, by the aid of a peripactic pedler, found its way to the hands of a noted breeder of stock in the western part of the State, who determined on accepting the challenge on behalf of a fine young animal of his own, and making an attempt to fob the deacon's hundred dollars. Accordingly, he started with his bull for the deacon's, but by some delays on the road he did not reach his destination until late on Saturday afternoon, where, upon his stating his errand, he was warmly welcomed by the deacon and honest praise bestowed upon the splendid animal he had brought with him. It was too late that evening for the trial, and the bull was accordingly driven into the rich pasture to recruit after the journey, and his owner made free of the deacon's home.

The next day being the Sabbath, the family all set forth to church, the Bishop White, my Ordainer, attached to them—I believed then as he believed, that our Southern brethren committed no sin in having slaves, and that they were men of as much piety as any minister in our communion. I believed, as he believed, that the plain precepts and practice of the Apostles sanctioned the institution, although, as a matter of *expediency*, the time might come when the South would prefer, as the North had done, to employ free labor. Those promises I have kept faithfully to this day—and if, when I am drawing near to the end of my career, I am to be condemned and villified by you and your clergy, because I still maintain them to the utmost of my slender ability, be assured, my Right Reverend Brother, that I shall regret the fact much more on your account than on my own.

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The next day being the Sabbath, the deacon surrendering his place in the family pew to the stranger, and staying home under the plea of not feeling very well. After they were all gone, the deacon to aid in dismissing the thought of the two bulls, and of the coming fight on the morrow, got down the family bible and read a chapter; but still the bulls would mix themselves with the texts and wander away with his thought. At last the deacon could stand it no longer; and, putting on his hat, out he went to take just one look at the fierce monster that was on the morrow to carry away the laurels from his bull, and the hundred dollars, or leave him the happy victor. There he stood in the centre of the field, coal black, and shaking his fierce, shaggy head in defiance. The deacon gazed in admiration, and then the thought crept into his brain that to-morrow was a long time to wait, and that as there was nobody to see and no one to tell tales, he might as well give the bulls just one little turn at each other, that he might be better able to judge, and that if the contest waxed too warm he could drive off his own animal without trouble. No sooner thought than done, and the deacon stealthily let down the bars that led into the field and proceeded to drive in his bull, but the stranger bull in an instant saw the entrance open, and without delay rushed through and in quicker time than it takes to relate, tackled the deacon's bull. The fight was terrible, and the deacon delighted. For a while he forgot his Sabbath breaking in the keen enjoyment of the fight, and the belief that his bull would be the victor, but at length the stranger began to have the best of it, and the deacon fearing the utter defeat of his favorite, took a hand in the fight himself. He tore a rail from the fence, and rushed at the black bull, punching and pushing him in the rear, and striving to drive him back to his pasture. This attack, instead of attaining its object, only increased the animal's rage, until, with one fierce lunge, he laid his antagonist on the ground, pierced him through the chest with one thrust of his sharp horns, and laid him dead in an instant. No sooner had he finished his work in front, than, like a good soldier, he made for the enemy in his rear, and the deacon made for the opening in the fence with the bellowing monster close at his heels. Away they went, deacon and bull, straight for the house, the first puffing and blowing under his fearful speed, the last pawing and bellowing in a manner to strike terror into firmer hearts than that of the deacon.—It was a terrible race but the deacon won it by a few yards, just slamming the door of the house in the face of the bull, and rushing to the kitchen for safety. In a moment he heard with terror the blows of the monster's head upon the door; a second thump and down it went, admitting him to the hall. The door of the parlor stoop open, and upon the wall opposite was a large mirror, the pride of the deacon's wife and daughters, and the choice piece of their household goods. The bull did not waste time, but seeing his image in this glass, made one rush, scattering the glass in minute particles, and shaking the house with the crash.

By this time the deacon began to recover his wind and his presence of mind, and to think of a loaded gun hanging over the mantel in the kitchen. Rendered desperate, he clutched the weapon and rushed to the door of the parlor—The bull spied him instantly and made a rush, his last, for almost running the muzzle of the gun into his head, the deacon fired, and a dead bull blocked up the hall, deluging the floor with its blood, just as the family presented themselves at the door on their return from church.

The consternation of all can be imagined, and the deacon had nothing for it but to make a clean breast and confess his Sabbath breaking, pay the stranger for his bull, hand over the hundred dollars, make beef of the two carcasses, and good resolutions about bull fighting for the future.

A little three-year-old, says an exchange, a child of a neighbor of ours ran away from home, and came over to our house about eight o'clock in the evening, while her mother had gone to the well for a pail of water. Rather surprised at seeing her out at so late an hour, we asked her:

"Are you not afraid to come so far from home in the night?"

"Oh! no, sir," replied the confiding little thing, "*I've got on mother's hood!*

Nearly every evil has its compensation. If a man has but one foot he never treads on his own toes.

Life's Duties.

It must undoubted be the design of our gracious God that all this toil for the supply of our physical necessities—this incessant occupation amid the things that perish—shall be no obstruction, but rather a help to our spiritual life. The weight of a clock seems a heavy drag on the delicate movements of its machinery; but, so far from arresting or impeding those movements, it is indispensable to their steadiness, balance, accuracy. There must be some analagous action of what seems the clog and drag weight of wordly work on the finer movements of man's spiritual being. The planets in the heavens have a two-fold motion—in their orbits and on their axis; the one motion not interfering, but carrying on simultaneously, and in perfect harmony, with the other; so must it be that man's two-fold activities round the heavenly and the earthly center disturb not nor jar with, each other. He who diligently discharges the duties of the earthly, may not less sedulously—nay, at the same moment, fulfil those of the heavenly sphere; at once "diligent in business," and "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—*Caird.*

How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men boldly in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence toward God or man. There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation undischarged, this fills the heart with satisfaction, and the immortal soul with strength.

A country youth came to town to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last, a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be all undone. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

When you hear one of the blatant Abolitionists boasting of his Jackson Democracy, just put the following sentiment from that old hero and patriot, Gen Jackson, before his eyes, and then ask him if he is a Jackson Democrat: "Sir, the Abolition party is a *disloyal* organization. Its pretended love for freedom means nothing more or less than *civil war and a dissolution of the Union.* Honest men of all parties should unite to expose their intentions and arrest their progress."

Coleridge, the poet and phylosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out:

"Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?"

"Sir," replied the knight of the napkin, "we dines at six."

He who takes a glass of water may well feel joyous, for he swallows what has, in its various forms, made more melody upon the earth than the greatest musician that ever lived.

A QUESTION.—Did you ever know a man too poor to take a paper, that did not spend one dollar a week upon rum and tobacco?

Young ladies should certainly be subject to the conscription—because they are accustomed to "*bare arms*"

The height of politeness is passing around upon the opposite side of a lady when walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

A young gentleman says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "*No*ing by half.

Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

"I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush." "The fact is husband, I was born to blush unseen."

When should a slovenly young man deserve to remain ever green? When he pines to become spruce.

What letter is that which is perilous to young ladies?—The letter O, because it is sure to be in love.

"What do you think of my wound doctor? Is it deep?"—"Very probable."

"Where is the East?" inquired a tutor one day, of a very little pupil. "Where the morning comes from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

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