

ing all their aid to the movement. "The concession of Lord Palmerston," says the *Catholic Standard*, "is utterly indefensible, and deeply to be regretted. The whole principle of religious persecution is involved in it." "Government," it says again, "has violated its duty in yielding to this senseless clamour, raised by a comparatively few fanatics and interested persons. . . . No doubt there will be inconveniences in retracing steps and betraying vacillation, but even these are less injurious than this unwise restriction upon the innocent recreation of the people,—this obsequiousness to the senseless prejudices of a faction who would turn a holy and joyful Christian festival into a day of gloomy and demoralising dullness." Meetings of these combined parties are now being held in all the districts of London, and addresses are being presented to the government for the restoration of the military bands. Sir Benjamin Hall has himself appeared at several of their meetings, and has expressed himself in no measured terms.

It cannot therefore be concealed that we are still in the midst of a most important struggle. If in this matter the voice of the religious public be overcome, if the bands be restored and the parks be again converted into places of public amusement on Sunday, Sir Benjamin Hall, flushed with success, will probably push his victory to the utmost, and many of our towns may be visited with similar methods of desecration. An inroad will have been made upon the British Sabbath such as has not been before attempted since the Revolution. Such a result can be avoided only by a watchful and united opposition on the part of our churches, and by earnest prayer to God to grant his blessing upon the means employed.—*News of the Churches.*

THE DEW-DROP.

In a far-off fairy land, where everything that was joyous and lovely possessed an innate power peculiar to itself, a beautiful Dew-drop first became conscious of its being. Its resting-place was the bud of a sweetly-scented rose, one of the smallest white Scotch, so that the gemmy drop, though a brilliant ornament, seemed a burden too weighty for the delicate petal of the flower to bear; but there it rested, and for a while seemed contented with its gay, shining, ornamental existence. But by degrees it allowed a feeling of dissatisfaction to arise, and it was thus overheard to lament the uselessness and vanity of its little life; "Here am I born to be beautiful,—that is all: I can do no good to anybody. Even were our lady Fairy Queen to place me in her crown, the sun's first rising beams would rob her of her treasure." While the Dew-drop was thus fostering discontent, a fair young girl was seen to linger at the spot. Her face was pale; her eyes told of frequent tears and sleepless nights. Some heavy burden was on her heart; it might be a first grief, a first parting, or a cruel blow from one too fondly loved, that lay so heavy there; but there she lingered, and with her eyes fastened on the flower, she drank in a lesson of hope and of peace. "My God, forgive me," she cried; "I mistrusted thy strength. This delicate flower even has its burden to bear, and it serves but to beautify and refresh it; so grant that this trial may bring out new graces to thy honour, may lead me to drink afresh at the Fountain of living water; so shall my burden be as this Dew-drop, a gem to wear, a source of refreshing to my parched soul. I must have this rose-bud," she added, stooping forward to pluck it; but though it was most carefully handled, the Dew-drop fell into a very narrow stream, which, hid from sight, was winding its way beneath the hedge-row. It was some moments ere the Dew-drop recovered from its fall, or could recognise its own identity amid the throng of kindred associates. The change was a marvellous one. For some time it tried to keep to itself, but in vain; it fitted in so nicely with its fellows, it

could but follow on with the running stream. "What are we doing?" at length it asked one of its companions. "We are fertilising these beautiful meadows," was the reply, "see how fresh and green they are, ours is merry work. Come, no grumbling here. only do your part, and you will be happy enough." And soon the Dew-drop's tiny voice was heard mingling with the river's rill, while its glittering beauty sparkled more brightly as it lent and received brightness. By the time the sun had warmed the stream, a group of children were on its banks, and soon were bathing their youthful limbs in the invigorating water; and as the drop passed over the rosy cheek of a merry laughing boy, and left a tinge more rosy still behind, it felt, that, tiny as it was, it was of some use in the world.

By noon the Dew-drop had entered on a wider course, and it was beginning to wonder what was the next work to be done; when a huge black object seemed to be drawing near with giant strides, and threatening to overburden the clear limpid stream.

"Why should we bear all this weight?" said the Dew-drop; "surely this is not our work?" But onward the vessel came, and, as the mighty burden cut smoothly through the water, the tiny Drop felt it no slight honour to aid in bearing such vast machinery upon its homeward course. As the day waned, the river's current had neared the neighbouring ocean; and, as the tide rolled on, and as the briny waves claimed kindred with the fresher rills that flowed into their embrace, the Dew-drop resolved never more (whatever might be its destiny) to be discontented with its lot, and deem itself a useless, though a brilliant burden.

Reader, are you adorned with beauty and graced by elegant accomplishments? Remember, these gifts are responsibilities to be answered for; shine not for yourself, but shine into some lonely forlorn heart, that needs a cheering beam, a kindly word to aid it on its way. Are you satisfying your conscience with foolish regrets that you are too feeble, too insignificant to do good to anybody, that there is no sphere of work open to you? Oh, as you value present real enjoyment, and as you hope for the commendation of your Saviour Judge at the Great Day, come down speedily from your cold marble pedestal of selfishness, and prove yourself a living, acting being amid the living and dying around you! Are there no waste fields of ignorance and vice to be refreshed by your tiny Drop of intelligence? no young hearts which, through your instrumentality, might be led to wash in the Fountain of living water and be clean? There is many a care-worn widow, many an orphan babe, in whose case a kind hand of assistance stretched out, though it could not remove the burden, might adjust it more to the comfort of the bearer. And do you say, "This is not my work; every heart knows its own bitterness without meddling with others' concerns?" Surely if this be the reply you give to sorrow's pleadings, you are guilty "of taking away from the words" of that Book which says, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—*Excelsior.*

SCATTERING YET INCREASING.

The believer in Jesus is the universal benefactor, and it is by such free giving of his free receiving that he not only enriches the world, but that he obtains grace for grace, and augments the strength, the beauty, and the happiness of his own soul. By such scattering he increases.

What we are about to state is not urged so much as a direct motive to Christian love and liberality. Even as a motive it is legitimate, but with a real Christian there are motives of stronger force, and more constant operation. We rather invite attention to that admirable law in the Divine economy which renders good done

to the community a gain to the doer; and which, even when the actuating motive is altogether unselfish, makes the result so rich in personal blessing. And surely it is a striking testimony to the Divine benevolence, that God has so arranged the world that every generous impulse does as much for the giver as the receiver, whilst a man is never so happy as when wholly intent on the happiness of others.

Reading over a printed but unpublished memorial of a dear friend, whose face we never saw in the flesh, but who gave tens of thousands to colleges, hospitals, and various charities, we found several entries like the following—"Jan. 1, 1859. I adopted the practice ten years ago of spending my income. My outgoes since the 1st of January, 1842, have been upwards of four hundred thousand dollars; and my property on the first of this year is as great as on Jan. 1, 1842. The more I give, the more I have." Again, "Jan. 1, 1852. The outgoes for all objects since Jan. 1, 1842 (ten years), have been 604,000 dollars, more than five sixths of which have been applied in making other people happy." Here is an example of reproductive provision.—"The more I give, the more I get;" scattering, yet increasing.—*Excelsior.*

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