

While I was under the law, and its devouring flame scorched and tormented my guilty conscience and filled me with horrors which no language can possibly express;—when my views of God, of judgment, and eternity, were such that deprived me of rest, and filled me with nightly agony;—when my apprehension of certain future misery, without intermission and without end, not only sunk my spirits, but caused me to tremble upon my bed till I have been bathed in my own sweat;—nay, when I have expected that the vengeance of insulted majesty would instantly seize me and send me quickly down into the deep and dismal gulf of eternal despair,—the love and the power of sin both reigned in my desperately wicked heart: and although I sometimes, in the act of gratifying my unlawful desires, have expected the lightning down of Jehovah's arm, with all the furious indignation of his wrath, upon my guilty head,—I have, in the hardness and stubbornness of my impenitent heart, and with a kind of desperate madness, persisted in the fulfilment of my horrid purpose. The love and power of sin were still predominant!!

But when, in the midst of all this terror and dread, hardness and obstinacy, desperate rebellion and nefarious conduct, the kindness and love of God our Saviour towards man were manifested to my understanding in the light of the glorious gospel, and shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, a most amazing change instantly ensued. The horrors of my affrighted mind, and the anguish of my tormented conscience ceased;—the peace of God flowed freely into my soul, and my heart rejoiced in God my Saviour;—the love of sin was dethroned, and its dominion taken away;—the haunts of dissipation were forsaken, not only as ruinous, but disgusting;—former associates were shunned, as both dangerous and unsuitable;—sin, both internal and external, was abhorred;—the time past sufficed for me to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, and to have walked according to the course of this world;—former beloved pursuits were all cheerfully relinquished;—and the language of my heart was, "What have I to do any more with idols?" My longing soul panted, and blessed be my God, it still pants, after the most complete conformity to the beautiful image of my immaculate Redeemer, and the utmost enjoyment of his love, that a creature can possibly possess. I feel that I was not formed for earth nor sin, nor can I live on things so vile. My soul often cries, "Woe is me that I sojourn in Meshech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar;" so far from him whom my soul loveth. My God has made the beauties of his Son my soul's eternal food; nor do I think it possible for me to be satisfied until I wake with his likeness, and behold him as he is, in all his loveliness and glory, in the world invisible and eternal, and feast upon his infinite fulness.

—*Letter to a friend by Job Hurron.*

LORD ASHLEY ON POPEYISM.

From the New York Recorder.

The English papers are filled with reports of meetings on the Roman Catholic assumption of power in establishing the new hierarchy in England. Occasion has been taken in almost all quarters to rebuke the Puseyites for their Papal tendencies and hypocrisy in remaining members of the English Church, and receiving its revenues, while they promulgate Romanist doctrines. The following is from a speech of Lord Ashley. After giving some attention to the Roman aspects of the matter, he turns to the discussion of the state of things in the Church itself:—

But enough of the outside mischief; let us turn our eyes to that which is within—from Popery in flower to Popery in the bud—from the open enemy to the concealed traitor—from the menace that is hurled at our Church to the doctrine that is preached from our pulpit—from the foreign assailant to the foes that are of a man's household. What has invited this aggression? What has induced the Court of Rome (so wily, cautious, and penetrating) to

throw aside the sheath and openly attack the Capitol? One may say one thing, and one another. One may say the encouragement given by successive administrations to Papal pride or Papal endowments, the precedents the annuities, the marks of honour; all, no doubt, have had their share, and no one more deeply deplored them than myself; yet they are all secondary causes, and this is not the place nor the time to discuss them. But what are they to the great and master temptation—the manifest tendency in many of our clergy, in faith and practice, to the faith and practice of the Church of Rome; the erroneous perversion to that unscriptural creed, the adoption of rites, ceremonies, and language fitted only to a Papish meridian? need I enumerate them? You know them well; and when to this they add the teaching of false and heretical doctrines, when they add the practice of auricular confession—the most monstrous perhaps of all the monstrous practices of the Roman system—who can wonder that the appetite of the Pope was whetted, that his eyes were blinded, and that he believed his time was come for once more subjecting this Protestant land to his odious domination? Now we insist on these details, not only because they are histrionic arrangements adapted only to the theatre, and impeding all worship in spirit and in truth; but because they are the symptoms of a deep-seated corruption of faith and doctrine, enticing and intended to entice the people from the simplicity of the gospel, and leading them to submit to the sacerdotal forgery of a sacrificing priesthood, and the necessary and inevitable train of abominable superstitions. Here is your daily, hourly, imminent peril. It is for the sons of the Church to protest against these enormities in all their length and breadth. What else can be done? Do not some of the bishops tell you they are powerless; that they speak, exhort, command, but the rebellious Tractarians will not obey? Have they not nearly all declared the extent of this festering mischief? What other course can we take to obtain a general and united expression of feeling? The laity love their church, its decency, its simplicity of truth, its gospel character, and they will maintain it in all its efficacy. But that church must continue to be scriptural. If it change its character, and cease to be such, why then they will lie under the same duties, and they will entertain the same feelings as their fore-fathers, when disregarding every thing but the confession of the truth and the honour of Almighty God, they broke at all hazards from the unscriptural and unholy church of Rome. I speak here for myself—I doubt not I speak the sentiments of thousands in this realm—that if we be driven to this necessity (which God in his mercy avert), I had rather worship with Lydia on the banks of the river than with a hundred surpliced priests in the temple of St. Barnabas. This, then, is our course. We propose to invoke the aid of Her Majesty to investigate these evils, and do by way of remedy, whatever the law enables her to do. We ask no more. It is a simple and safe proposition—simple, because we seek only what is warranted by precedent; and safe because we keep within our existing laws, and combine in one common movement the jarring and discontented efforts of many who are labouring for an effective reform; and in addressing our Royal Mistress, we will say that by God's grace, we will not abate one jot or tittle of what our fore-fathers won at the glorious Reformation—that we bless his Holy name for those his servants, the immortal martyrs, who departed this life in his faith and fear; that we accept the work they have transmitted to us; that, while others flee to the Virgin for aid, we will betake ourselves to none but Christ—remembering the dying and almost inspired words of Bishop Latimer, that noble servant of the Lord, "Be of good cheer Master Ridley, for we have to day lighted such a candle in England as, by God's blessing, shall never be put out."

My principal method of defeating heresy, is by establishing the truth.—*Newton.*

MARRIED.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. E. Ryerson, pastor of the Regular Baptist Church, St. Catharines, Mr. Lewis H. Bessy, to Miss Charity Havens, daughter of Richard Havens, Esq., all of Grantham.

On the 9th instant by the same, Mr. Wm. Havens to Miss Julia S. Bessy, daughter of—Bessy Esq.

By the Rev. Thomas L. Davidson, in Brantford, on New-Years day, Mr. Jacob Saylor, of Waterford, to Miss Mary B. aly, of Windham.

By the same, in Brantford, on the 9th of January, Mr. Jas. R. Monroe, to Miss Catherine Mulholland, both of Brantford Township.

By the same in Brantford, on the 12th of January, Mr. Benjamin Farris, to Miss Susan Laupman, both of the Township of Burford.

On the 25th Dec., by the Rev. W. Leech, Geo. Batman, to Helen Harn, both of Norwich, C. W.

By the same, on the 1st Jan., Mr. Alex. Grant, to Arnilla Massacre, both of Townsend.

DIED.

On Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 13th, at 3 o'clock, George Riches, of Cincinnati, aged about 35 years.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Flour, per bbl. 15s a 20s; Wheat, per bush. 4s a 4s 2d; Barley, 2s 10d a 3s 3d; Rye, 2s 3d a 2s 6d; Oats, 1s 2d a 1s 5d; Potatoes, 2s a 2s 6d; Beef, per 100 lbs, 15s a 20s; Pork, 17s 6d a 23s 9d; Fresh Butter, per lb, 7½d a 10d; Lard, 3½d a 4½d; Apples, per bush. 1s 3d a 2s 6d; Hay, per ton, 50s a 65s.

NOTICES.

☞ A large number of extra copies of this and the first No., have been struck off, in order that parties, hereafter subscribing, may have the paper from its commencement.

☞ Brother Ryerson, of St. Catharines, has remitted \$10, with the following names:—John R. Cook, J. Dolbeer, W. C. Hopkins, J. Berryman, Wm. Gibbons, Thos. Morrison, Geo. H. Denison, J. E. Ryerson, W. H. Carter. There are here only nine Subscribers, so that the remittance is 5s. over. It is probable some name has been omitted.

☞ All remittance, on account of the *Observer*, will be acknowledged in the next number.

TO EDITORS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Exchange papers must be post-paid to the lines, else they will not reach us. Those of our cotemporaries, to whom we send this No. of our paper, and who cannot afford us an exchange, will please forward their bills with their papers, and we will satisfy their demand immediately.

JUST PUBLISHED,

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Toronto, February 1, 1851.

THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER:

A RELIGIOUS MONTHLY JOURNAL,

Published at Toronto, by A. T. McCORD and JAMES PYPER, at *One Dollar* a-year, payable invariably in advance.

JAMES PYPER,

Pastor of the Bond Street Baptist Church, *Editor.*

Printed by CARTER & THOMAS, Book and Job Printers, 45, Yonge Street, Toronto.