

seventh to their fourteenth year;" and if resistance be offered, the services of the police are put in requisition. We have before us the whole of this excellent and judicious plan, which, however, is too long for present insertion. The children are progressively educated, and, consequently, the state of society in that country is equal, if not superior, to any other in Europe: simply because they are an educated people.

We sincerely hope the people of our adopted country will from henceforth become more alive to the intrinsic value and indispensable necessity of education—that our commissioners and superintendents will watch, with jealous care and zeal, the development of the mental faculties of the rising generation—and that Canada will no longer be proverbial for ignorance.

We have a cheering prospect before us, and all we want is a steady and experienced pilot to guide us clear of the errors of past years. As an incentive, too, let us bear in mind that education is the main-spring of national prosperity, and that a colony which is not advancing in intellectual and moral improvement, is, in effect, retrograding: for past time cannot be redeemed, and prejudice is liable to take deeper root. But we feel assured that the public mind is aroused from the indifference which has too long prevailed, and from that imbecility which has hitherto been the bane of this country.—*Com.*

For the Christian Mirror.

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

NO. II.—INVISIBLE AGENCY.

INNUMERABLE channels are continually open to receive the suggestions of invisible agents; they are most undoubtedly the remote cause of thought. There are three other intermediate but passive agents—the past, the present, and the future; together with a thousand circumstances, commonly attributed by the thoughtless to chance, but really the ordination of a divine and inscrutable Providence. These aforementioned divisions of time are the only correct ones by which human actions can be measured. The past warns, and ought to guide us: the present is fully occupied by thoughts, words, or actions, which will redound eventually either to our everlasting contempt and confusion, or to our eternal felicity; and the future allures us onward. Rather, these are secondary causes. The fact that the mind is capable of holding invisible communion, is an incontrovertible and stupendous internal evidence of Divine Revelation and a future state; and the more frequently the mind does so, in the contemplation of the superior interests of eternity, the more exalted and refined and averse to evil it becomes—the more distinct and perceptible the lines of principle appear, illuminated by unerring Power from on high. This is proved not by the wildness of enthusiasm, or an over-wrought imagination, but by the commonplace experience of the everyday sincere and upright Christian, because the agency of evil spirits are thus counteracted.

The soul is able to expand herself upon the past—to conjure up scenes that occurred centuries ago—and to receive as facts the very chance of probability; the natural consequences are produced according to the peculiar temperament of the mind; and not unfrequently we rise from the study of such subjects better informed, and more firmly resolved to chalk out a different path of conduct for ourselves in future. So far so good. But a little time elapses, and invisible agency annuls our determination. The waves of hell, driven over the garden of intellect, sweep away all our good intentions, and the road we had surveyed, scarcely now retains a saving mark.

If spirits were not acquainted with, and capable of exerting their agency upon the moral organisation, how comes it that evil thoughts we would often gladly banish, disagreeably intrude themselves at the most unseasonable hours? This can be accounted for in no other way but by admitting our position.

How far this interferes with the responsibility of man, we shall show hereafter. These are the aliens and strangers to which we have before alluded, and they cannot possibly become ours, consequently guiltless, until we encourage and adopt them as such. The very fact that the mind is sufficiently powerful to admit them as equal participants, detracts not one iota from the responsibility of man. Reason scrutinizes every thought with nicety and precision, sends them to the bar of conscience, and, with undeviating, unerring rectitude, she passes her verdict of safe or unsafe on each: and thus are we totally "without excuse." Then passion prompts, and perhaps a sinfully indulged inclination points the way—blinds the judgment—overpowers the intellectual check which ought always to be kept tightly reined, and involves the subject in crime and guilt; and so, every evil thought presented to the animal propensities either by Satan or his emissaries, becomes more and more powerful, and less able to endure resistance.

There are only two kinds of thought—those which are absolutely sinful, and consequently hurtful, and those of an exactly opposite nature; there can be no such thing as indifference in the matter—they must be all put into one or other of these scales. The moment the mind becomes the acknowledged receptacle of any thought, we become responsible for it; and it must be clearly evident to any one, that if we are accountable for our actions, we must be for our thoughts—without one, the other could never exist.

Even in sleep, when it might be supposed that the invisible world exercises the most potent influence during any of the various periods of human life, we will prove that even while the mind is partially delirious, man is somewhat accountable still for the very visions of the night season, and that he possesses a forensic control over the energies. If the intellectual powers have been exercised in the performance of benevolent actions—if our day has been spent in the faithful discharge of our duty towards God and man, in accordance with the golden rule—which is now, alas! substituted by the iron one of self-interest—surely our dreams will not be dismal and dreary, but rather savour pleasantly of the reminiscences of the by-gone day. If, on the contrary, the animal propensities have had unlicensed and unrestrained sway—heedful of nothing but the gratification of our own injurious inclinations, bought at the expense of love to God and man—in what state of preparation will the mind be to receive the effusions of those invisible agents which continually assail the soul. The brain is the only tangible medium of ceaseless intercourse between the two worlds. But the spirit that acts upon it, and the spirit or spirits with whom it communicates, are two different things. How, and in what manner, and wherefore this is effected—what proportion of independence can be assumed by each respectively—what the secret springs are—remain an incomprehensible, and, therefore, an undefinable mystery. Why such a mode was, and still continues to be, adopted by the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness nor the shadow of a turning, is his prerogative, into which we durst not enquire—but, doubtless, will one day be revealed to our astonished and enlarged faculties, when mortality shall put on immortality.

What extent of communication man, in his primeval state of innocence, might have enjoyed with the vital cloud of consciousness surrounding the Deity, is forbidden ground of speculation; but that it did exist, we have the warrant of Scripture to confirm. I believe, too, even now, that every human being has his guardian angel administering to his spiritual wants—often forewarning him of evil in different ways—aiding the fallen-sullied light of conscience—exerting their kindly and providential influences on the mind—and the more so, as we yield ourselves up to their admonishing voice in the affairs of life. Of course, these are to be considered as secondary agents, which the all-merciful Creator is pleased to employ as ministering spirits; but too often counteracted, however, by our own obstinacy—and sometimes so despised and neglected, that at last some minds seem self-mortgaged, as it were, to the world of evil spirits: a state fraught, indeed, with the most tremendous results—

awful in the extreme to contemplate; and the end of which is past human comprehension.

Montreal, June, 1842.

OVERBURY.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

REV. GEO. SCOTT'S PERSECUTION.

MUCH sympathy has been felt in this country for our beloved brother Scott, since the report was received that he has been suffering persecution for righteousness sake, in Stockholm. The following letter has been put into our hands by Rev. Mr. Kirk, to whom it was addressed by Mr. Scott, and we regret that circumstances have delayed its publication until this time. It will be read with painful interest.—*Eds. of Observer.*

STOCKHOLM, April 5, 1842.

My very dear Brother,—Your affectionate farewell is still sounding in my ears, notwithstanding the many conflicting sounds which have been heard since the evening we stood together on the platform of the Tabernacle. You may conceive, my conduct in not writing sooner, is sadly at variance with the above profession: but when you know all, you will more than forgive me—you will induce my many kind friends to forgive me too.

But now to the reasons for my long silence.

On safely reaching London in October last, I found a letter from my dear wife, enclosing a copy of a newspaper from New York, purporting to give a faithful report of my address at Dr. Spencer's church, Brooklyn, but the most grossly vulgar and misrepresented account that the vilest hatred of truth, and bitterest malice, could in brief space draw up. The Editors, meanwhile, rejoiced at the discovery, (they have always opposed all my proceedings,) and promised me a warm reception, if I "dared to return," which they appeared to doubt. My arrival in November was the signal for a simultaneous attack on the part of three journals, who had a little before espoused the side of Strauss's "Leben Jesu," and sought to undermine the faith once delivered to the saints. The attack, I venture to say, for virulence, falsity, continuance, and wicked reviling, is unparalleled in the history of newspaper literature. I repelled, by publishing a concentration of the strongest things I had said in any part of America, that the Swedish people might know the worst; and that "a word in season," much needed, and which under ordinary circumstances it would not have been easy to issue forth, might be circulated. The papers referred to fell over this truth, and being in the condition described (1 Cor. ii. 13,) they of course could not understand the motive for or manner of my proceedings. And as national vanity is peculiarly strong here, and spirituality very weak, many buoyed up on the fame of Charles XII, Gustavus Adolphus, &c., the attack took amazingly. I became an object of general contempt, and could, in my humble measure, apply Ps. xxii. 7. When general prejudice was sufficiently excited by the papers referred to, a caricature, purporting to unfold the secret machinations of the Methodist preacher, came out: and as such things are new and rare here, this produced its effect on a large class of this religiously ignorant, and generally light-minded people. Shortly afterwards a popular theatre manager brought out a piece called "The Jesuit," in which the hero is guilty of the most abominable crimes; and by his almost unrivalled power of mimicry, so personated the obnoxious individual, that the correctness of the representation called forth the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowded audiences; and they left, carrying with them the impression that the person thus traduced was guilty in the manner represented. Meanwhile, the chapel was crowded service after service, and I opened it for preaching or lecturing every night, to make the most of the excitement, God giving me all the while unprecedented liberty and power in declaring his truth. Our annoyances were many; and attacks were again and again threatened on the chapel, or house, or myself, the vile abuse of the leading papers still continuing—but nothing decidedly serious took place till Palm Sunday last, the 20th March. The crowd was usually large, and I had scarcely begun my sermon when a disturbance commenced which necessitated me to pause, and request quietness; shortly afterwards, however, the noise, stamping, huzzains, whistling, squeaking, &c., &c., became so dreadful, that after repeated attempts to proceed, I was compelled to desist: