The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess, v. 21.

Vol. 2. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, September 29, 1860. No. 13.

The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

Is issued every Saturday from Hazzard's Printing Office, South Side Queen Square,

BY

DAVID LAIRD, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS:

Twelve Shillings if paid within the First quarter after being taken, or from the date of the last payment; Thirteen Shillings, if paid within the Second quarter; Fourteen Shillings, if paid within the Third quarter: after which, Fifteen Shillings will be charged.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. [To prevent disappointment, all advertisements should be sent to the Office before 3 o'clock on Friday.]

THE AUTUMN SACRIFICE.

Still bent the grain above the fields;
Still blushed the trees amid the sheaves,
As if o'errun with vines that dropped
Their crimson blossoms 'mid the leaves.

And over trees, and over grain,
Each hooded stalk a shaft of flame,
Still bent that soft, sweet autumn sky,
In whose white clouds we traced God's name.

Beneath that quiet sky, the sea
Had stilled its sad and stern unrest.
We seemed to hear the "Peace, be still!"
A "sea of glass" from east to west!

My sacrifice; and every tree,
I thought with sprinkled blood was red;
Those fields of grain, one mass of flame
By sacrificial altars fed.

Yet, Isaac-like, I saw no fire
To claim the heart's submitted all.
'Twas in the stillness of my soul
I heard the Mount Moriah call.

Strange sense, to feel that day by day
The soul ascends some altar stairs;—
Strange strength, to know and yet pass up,
Our only staff our trusting prayers.

* * * * *

Oh, Peace that sweetly followed pain!
O, Christ, that blessed that offered all!
For I the benediction heard,
Who heard the mountain's altar-call.

I little thought that, day by day,
My soul had climbed a Pisgah's side.
I caught the flash of golden gates
Across a waveless Jordan tide.

Why will we weep and moan aloud
When ashy clouds above are seen?
Blow not the flowers after rain,—
Wears not the earth its summer green?

How often have we found a cross
Whose heavy frame we scarcely bore,
When passed beneath and lifted up,
To be the frame of heaven's door!

From the Edinburgh Weekly Herald

Tricentenary of the Scottish Reformation

The proceedings connected with the celebration of the Tricentenary of the Reformation were opened on Tuesday, by a sermon delivered in the Free Church Assembly Hall. The preacher was the Rev Dr Guthrie. Long prior to the hour announced for the commencement of public worship, crowds were collected at the various entrances to the hall, the body of which was especially reserved for members. By twelve o'clock all the galleries were fully occupied, and the overflow was accomodated in the best manner possible in the lower part of the house. Nevertheless there continued a crowding and pushing on the stairs, the noise of which disagreeably interrupted the earlier part of the services—an interruption afterwards renewed in a different form, for over and over again throughout the sermon, as the preacher closed some high-wrought passage, the feelings of his auditors found vent in an irrepressible murmur of applause, which, despite all efforts to "hush" down the demonstration, broke out once or twice into a distinct cheer.

DR. GUTHRIE'S DISCOURE.

Dr Guthrie, accompanied by Principal Cunningham, entered the hall exactly at noon. The introductory part of the services consisted in singing the first four verses of the 44th Psalm, an appropriate and fervent prayer, the reading of the 8th chapter of John from the 31st to the 46th verses, and the singing of part of the 46th Psalm. The text was taken from the chapter read, and consisted of the words—"The truth shall make you free." In the prefatory portion of his discourse the preacher graphically sketched some of those natural objects which show that we tread the ruins of an older world. Man builds his house from ruins, warms it from ruins, lights it from ruins; and, moreover, he is himself a ruin. Not more surely does the student of physical science prove the existence of an older world beneath our feet, than the student of mental science, from a consideration of the elements of conscience, of intuitive beliefs, and of those ardent and wistful longings for another and future home which possess most of us, draw the conclusion that man himself was once other than he is, and than he shall yet be. One proof of this kind was connected with his text—the prevalent regard for truth and truthfulness. A lie is the basest thing a liar universally counts among the basest men, on earth. A regard for truth often survives even in the deepest degradation, for he had with his own sure hand thrust those justly counted among the most abandoned, in language of horrid energy, reproach a companion with a lie; and he believed that in prison cell and lonely solitude the thing that often most grieved a captive was the lie by which he had cozened a truthful man out of his property, or yet more foul, robbed a loving woman of her virtue. Judas consummated his sin by a lie, and one's indignation against the traitor changes into utter loathing, when the two-faced villian with oily tongue and smiling looks comes to betray his Master with a kiss. His iniquity culminated there. It was the blackest spot in all his guilt, and from that height of human sin he took his fearful leap into the hell ready to receive him. "Buy the truth," the wise man has said, "and sell it not." It was the only thing in all the world that men were urged to buy and never sell; and thus its preciousness was shown. All permanent popularity, or power, or fame, the finest [illegible] and the finest pictures—must all have this element of truth in them. In a poem or a picture it is not only, or chiefly, the beautiful language or the gorgeous coloring; that we admire; it is the truth. Those who praise them say they are so natural; that they are natural because true. To his mind the finest panegyric ever pronounced on "Burn's Cotter's Saturday night" was that spoken by a simple peasant girl, who, all unconscious of the praise her words implied, said—"I just think nothing of it, for I've seen the same thing a thousand times in my father's house." Truth—all truth—is indestructible; you cannot drown or burn it, though you may do so to those by whom it is proclaimed; and in this its immortality it confers immortality on others. Why or how does Newton's name survive? or Watt's? or Jenner's? Because they are associated with the imperishable truths their owners discovered; and thus they have secured a monument surpassing far in grandeur and nobility any that the wealth of Egypt's King could rear among all her ponderous pyramids. Truth is divine, and therefore it is indestructible; on the other hand, there is not a sin, a crime, a wrong, a bad thing in all the world, but what, sweeps away the dust and rubbish that may be found about it, and it will be found based upon a lie. Falsehood is the foundation of all evil. It brought evil into the world, for the devil told our first mother, as he has since told many of her daughters, that they may sin and not suffer. Tyranny is based upon a lie—the lie that kings have a divine right to reign, while subjects are under a divine obligation to obey. Slavery is based upon a lie—the lie that a man may rightfully have property in man and sell a brother. Persecution is based upon a lie—the lie that man is accountable to another for his belief. Intemperance is based upon a lie—the lie that intoxicants that stimulate are necessary to the health and happiness of man. Vice is based upon this lie—that she shall minister to my pleasure more than virtue. The lies that there is no mercy in God, or that He is all mercy—that it is either too early to repent or too late, have been the ruin of many souls. Our Lord called the devil the father of lies, as well He might. Falsehood is the secret of his power, and lies the roots wherever he builds it up. With cunning artifice he lures men to their destruction. Not showing the iron of his barb, but dressing it over with the gay and lively coloring of lies, he takes men for a prey and drags them down to hell. As the sword will not kill falsehood, our Lord confronts it with the only thing that will, when he says in the text, "The truth shall make you free." Coming then to the consideration and illustration of this saying, the preacher remarked that the truth was the parent both of spiritual and of secular freedom. First, as to spiritual freedom, there is (said he) a system of medicine—I pronounce not upon its value—which professes to cure diseases by the application of substances fitted to produce it. That, at least, was not the method of the Great Physician. He did not cast out Beelzebub by calling in other devils. He opposed to falsehood the truth; and as cold snow to the burning brow, or warmth to the man half frozen, or oil to the stormy billows, or water to the raging fire, so is the Gospel to everything bad and vile. By falsehood the world was ruined; by truth the world is to be redeemed. How? Many men think there is but little ill in sin, and so they continue in it. This is the devil's chain; but truth comes in and snaps it by showing sin as exceeding sinful, and sure to lead to ruin, unless it be fled from, and the mercy of God in Christ be savingly apprehended. Again some say God will not requite; but truth raises the curtain, and what does the astonished man see? An assembled world, a white throne, an awful judge, and himself a criminal at the bar. Thus the snare is broken and he escapes. Or some say God is merciful; he gave me my appetites; he placed me in circumstances of temptation; it were hard to deal with me strictly. Truth shows that God will neither tempt nor excuse any man, and exhibits the law coming in to take him by the throat, saying, "Pay me that thou owest." Or Satan may try the other tack, and where he cannot detain may strive to deter, urging, "You are too bad, your hope is lost you can't be saved;" and thus the poor soul, like Peter between the two soldiers, lies hid in darkness, and chained fast in affliction, till the truth, like that celestial angel who visited Peter's cell, strikes off his fetters, bids him arise and come away, and brings him into the liberty of the sons of God. The Gospel deposes the minister, as a minister, from the office of a priest, but it makes even the lowest saint both a king and a priest—crowning a beggar, and putting an ephod on the most ignorant; and the same Gospel, thus fraught with spiritual privilege, is to be the instrument for emancipating the world, for we must conquer by the Cross. After an allusion to how the truths of the Gospel had been debased and obscured prior to the Reformation, the preacher next proceeded to expatiate upon what we owe to the Reformers. They once more unfurled the Gospel standard, once more blew the Gospel trumpet. It was blown by Luther, it was blown by Calvin, it was blown long and loudly in this land by John Knox, and, even as it is represented in the Apocalypse will be the case when the great angel blows, so then were graves opened, and the dead rose—not dead bodies, but dead souls, to new light, and life, and liberty. Then religion like the eagle, renewed her age, and soared anew to the height of her first great achievements; and the christian men by whom this liberation was wrought, whose memories still cling to our city walls, some of whose heads were spiked upon our city gates, there to bleach in wind and sun, and to whom Scotland has never raised the monument she ought, call upon us as at this day to be followers of them in so far as they were followers of Christ. Taking up next the subject of truth as the parent of secular freedom, the preacher observed that he could fancy some devout Israelite during the progress of the wilderness journey, as he lay all night listening to the murmur of the rock-sprung stream, which followed them, looking upon the appearance of the cloud that by day screened them from the heat, and by night illuminated their encampment, and rightly judging that it was not only a sign of divine protection for the future, but an immediate blessing. So of faith now. The light that guides one to the land that is very far off, diffuses innumerable blessings about our very feet. Christianity is not all for the next world, but greatly for this. As Christ himself did in the narrow circle of His personal interviews, so has His religion done wherever it has touched. What land has it visited where it did not bring an innumerable troop of blessings in its train! This, surely, was intended to be the case; for the very same hand that opened the gates of paradise to all believers was often employed here in wiping the tear from the sorrow-stricken cheek, and binding up the broken heart—in such acts as giving back her only son to one who was a widow, or a brother to the arms of his loving sisters. Let not this aspect of christianity be forgotten, though the world is all too apt to forget it; behaving often as infants, who, knowing not what they owe a mother, rent the very breasts they hang upon. Christianity has blessed the world; and more, for on its account the world is spared—the tares being left till the wheat ripens. More particularly Christianity has given the world mental freedom. Not speaking of a Socrates or of a Solon, what was the condition of the masses before its advent, or throughout the dark ages during its eclipse? Read the old ballads and what pictures do they give of the condition of society? Men cared only for muscle—for brute force and brute bravery—and the sole object of woman's admiration was personal beauty, without one thought of mind. It was religion that opened to the multitude the realm of grand ideas and heart stirring thoughts. On the Sabbath a wheel was set in motion which continued its revolutions all through the week, till a fresh impetus was again administered. The eye that gazes upon the sun will not be dazzled by any lesser light; and men accustomed to think freely about the things of eternity will not long be restrained from thinking both freely and soundly about the things of time. A truly religious man will never be a bigot—that is, a man who doesn't think; nor a slave or coward—that is, a man who daren't think; nor a fool—that is, a man who can't think. "Thy testimonies make wise the simple." "In thy light shall we see light." "The truth shall make you free." Again, Christianity was the parent of social freedom—for the Bible contained principles which could no more consort with slavery than sin with prayer. What hath God said? "Let him hear that hath ears to hear." "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men that are upon the earth." "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." "Love thy neighbor as thyself." One would think that there could be nothing beyond that; but it is not so—for there comes another injunction. "Love one another as I have loved you." Now, said the preacher, I judge no man, but I should think that not even the devil has sophistry enough to obscure from any except those given over to believe a lie, the meaning that shines from these plain precepts, or to render them for one hour consistent with a system which requires and practices cruelty, oppression, adultery, seduction, and murder, and to which the indignant Wesley's appellation of the scum of all filth is not one whit too strong. To my mind it appears quite as plain that there is sin in slavery as that there is slavery in sin. Were I to see a man running for his liberty, not only should I open my door to him; but were I to do as I ought, instead of handing him back to the fetter, I should, in imitation of my Master's example, wash the feet that men had bound. Tell me not that the system is old. If it be old it is only thereby rendered the more horrible, as a corpse long dead becomes the more disgusting. Age is no excuse for evil; for murder is even older than slavery. Rocks, and trees, and ruins, and the human head do grow venerable by age; but sin—never. Tell me not that the victims of slavery have lost their rights. Lawyers say that the rights of the Crown can never be proscribed; and there are rights higher and older even than those of royalty—among them my birthright, that of manhood. Say not that the slave is of an inferior race. Grant it: I deny that it is so, alike as a philosopher, as a physiologist, and as a believer in Paul's inspiration—for the Christian man who goes against the plain letter of the Bible, if he does not do more damage than, yet surely plays into the hands of, the infidel—but grant the assertion, and I answer that I have yet to learn that it is right to tread on weakness. Is it a noble or magnanimous thing to insult a woman who cannot retaliate, rather than a brave stout man? No; weakness may excuse, but it can never justify wrong; and therefore Herod was the blacker murderer, because he sent out his soldiers to battle with women and to dye their swords in the blood of infants. On this subject I cannot, out of courtesy, or for any other reason, speak merely smooth things. There are who say you should be cautious, you should spare the feelings of others. I say I should be false to mine office were I not to speak the truth on this subject when it comes in my way, and that all who love Christianity, who love Protestantism, who would not willingly see a Papist trample despitefully on Knox's grave (could he find it) are bound to obey the injunction of the bearded prophet of old to "Cry aloud, and spare not," as I now do to the best of my ability, calling on all who profess reverence for God's truth to obey God's command, by undoing the heavy burdens, letting the oppressed go free, and studying who are their neighbors. Here the Rev. Dr. said he had cut out from an American paper that very morning some lines conveying an answer to the latter question. These he read. After describing the case of the poor, the sorrowful, the orphan, the last stanza was—

"Thy neighbor? see you toiling slave
Fettered in thought in limb,
Whose hopes lie all beyond the grave,
Go thou and ransom him."

The preacher finally instanced political freedom as also born of Christianity, observing that the slaveholder, the despot, and the Popish priest—a precious crew, and well worthy of each other's company—with that sense of self-instinct which so powerfully sharpens man's wits, all agreed in keeping the people in ignorance, that they might keep them in thraldom. Men said sometimes that they could not see this or that written in the Bible; but these people clearly showed by their conduct that they knew the condemnation of their several systems was written there. Liberty was born when Christ was born; for where anterior to Christianity, could they point out a nation that had a constitutional Government—where the privileges of citizenship were free to all of whatever caste or color—where the tribunals of justice dealt as impartially and righteously with the beggar as with the king,—and where, in very truth, society was a ladder up which he who had a strong arm, a good head, and a brave resolved heart, might climb his way almost to the topmost round. They told him of the glories of the Greek and Roman Republics. How many slaves had they? Did it lighten the weight of the chains on one of them to be told that he lived under a Republic? Under such a rule, what was that but to tell him that he was under many tyrants, not under one—that responsibility was therefore diminished, while oppression was multiplied—and that the monster to be beheaded was a hydra, and thus, speaking figuratively of course, the more difficult to deal with. Once he had heard the celebrated French philosopher Gay Lussac expatiating in the Sorbonne on the causes of Britain's greatness, and there he ultimately resolved into the fact that she has abundance of coal and iron lying in adjacent strata. That was all he knew about it. "Coal and iron!" would there ever have made Britain *Great* Britain—the mother of nations, the mistress of the seas, the home of liberty, the asylum of the oppressed, where Peace sits crowned with Plenty, and the Sovereign depends less on the swords of her armies than the hearts of her people? "Coal and iron!" what would they do for men without the mind to evoke them and their powers, a moral and religious education, a deep appreciation of the value of our liberties, and a firm resolution to defend them, so that except the sea no invader shall ever touch our shores? No; the Bible was the true source of our libertie. The Bible and the Shorter Catechism diffused among and studied by our people—these had toughened their intellects and set the wheels of their mind in motion. Liberty without the Bible must either be dead, or, what was as bad, delirious. Look at the man who attempts to govern a great country without a free Bible. Like one in a morass, he can only sustain himself by constantly shifting his position; like one on sinking ice, perpetual motion is his only safety. The French are in many respects a great, a clever, a brave, and gallant people; but without a free Bible they resemble a top that can only be kept up by continual revolution. Other nations envy Britain's fortune; let them seek Britain's faith; for there are but two ways of it—you must rule men either by the Bible or by the bayonet—through the fear of God or else through the fear of man. Patriotism is to be admired; but the Christian is the highest style of patriot. The tree of liberty is a noble plant; but those he had seen in Paris were withered—not one green leaf upon them, not one blessed fruit. O! that France would learn that if she would grow that tree it must be planted in a soil enriched by the waters of the sanctuary. So of Italy. He prayed that God might prosper the righteous cause; but sure he was it would be all in vain that the sword had been drawn and blood was shed like water, unless the soil thus roughly ploughed and richly manured received into it the seeds of truth. There had been no failure, and there are now no regrets, in our case. The Argyles and Guthries of former days, the men who died in the Grassmarket, Knox throughout his long life of suffering and endurance, the martyrs who sleep in the Greyfriars, and many others who lie on lonely moors with nothing to mark their graves but a rude sketch of a Bible and a sword, they did not toil and bleed in vain. Why? Simply because their principles of liberty were rooted deep down in the Word of God. Principles thus rooted had given us what we now enjoy, a country wherein there is a Sovereign but no slaves; authority, but no oppression; rulers, but no tyrants; liberty without license; religion without superstition; free trade, a free press, free justice, the right liberty—that is, the freedom to do what men ought, and not the wrong liberty—that is, the freedom to do what men will. The rev. Doctor concluded his discourse, of which the above is necessarily but a summary, almost in these words:—I hope this meeting will not part without paying a debt that has long been standing. We have in this city monuments to men of piety, men of literature, and men of science; but where is the monument to the biggest man that ever set his broad foot in Edinburgh, I mean John Knox? Why, we do not know where the man's ashes lie. But if I am asked where is he buried, I answer, in the heart of every Scotchman, not merely in the heart of the Free Churchman, or Established Churchman, or Episcopalian; but in every man's heart who loves religious freedom. Let us, before we close these meetings, take steps to raise a monument to the man who has, this day, made us an example of this grand and glorious truth, "he is a freeman whom the truth makes free."

The benediction having been pronounced, Dr Cunningham rose and moved the appointment of a large committee to make arrangement for the business of the meeting; as also that the Rev Sir H. Wellwood Moncrieff, Bart., the Rev Professor M'Michael, the Rev Dr Goold, the Rev Professor Gibson, Belfast, and the Rev Professor Lorimer, London, be appointed honorary secretaries; and Messrs. G. A. Badenoch, and J. M. Porteous, be appointed acting secretaries.

The meeting then adjourned till the evening.

From the New York Observer.

Kirwan's Letters from Europe.

LONDON LAY LABORS.

LONDON, July, 1860.

We are yet in London, and are seeking to give you a brief statement of some of the ways in which the *lay element* of churches here is seeking to advance the Kingdom of God.

We advert, next, to the efforts made to reclaim fallen woman. And half an hour's walk along any of the great throughfares of this city between ten and twelve o'clock at night, or later, would convince anybody of the vast need of such efforts! The streets swarm with the fallen, who with foreheads of marble and cheeks of brass, pursue their shameless life, without a blush. Woman, the richest blessing of God to man—lovelier than the rose, and more joyous than the lark, in the time of her innocence—is the vilest of her race when she abandons herself to sin. Modesty, truth, affection, die within her, and woman, who, in the days of her virtue, is a joy to man, which, like the moon, grows brighter when the sun of prosperity withdraws, becomes the curse of society when she gives herself up to prostitution. And of such women some say there are twenty thousand, and others eighty thousand in this city. The average of life of these poor creatures in ways of sin is about seven years, and they are said not generally to reach twenty-five years! Of course, a living christianity could not see such an army of human beings rushing along the broad way which leads to destruction, each a tempter of others to sin, without an effort to save some of them and to prevent their wasting ranks from being recruited.

Asylums for those disposed to leave the ways of sin, have been long ago provided by the philanthropic, but more active and direct means of saving them have been recently instituted. The large hall of a restaurant in Regent street, one of the most fashionable of the city, is secured. Once a week a prayer-meeting of the friends going out to the self-denying work is held at ten o'clock at night. At eleven o'clock, they go out from that prayer-meeting into the streets where the fallen resort in greatest numbers. They meet and stop them, and put a printed card of invitation to this hall into their hands. If they will go then, they conduct them to the place, and then go in search for more. In this way, by the hour of twelve, there may be one, two, or three hundred collected. They are seated at separate tables, and a cup of coffee, and bread and butter given to each. As far as possible, each is conversed with alone, when most thrilling narratives are often given, which reveal a brutality among those who pass for gentlemen in London not surpassed by that of the brutal followers of Nana Sahib, who cut to pieces the innocent women who fell into his hands at Cawnpore. We heard of narratives given there of deception, seduction, desertion, which prove that even in this Capital of Christendom, and high up in its aristocratic ranks, there are men, sensual, carnal, devilish, "filled with unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; who knowing the judgements of God, that they who commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

In company with some friends, we attended this midnight meeting, to which we found admission through the kindness of the Rev. Baptist Noel, one of its patrons. Everything was conducted with great seriousness and order. Some were in tears; some promised reformation; some would justify their course of life, but would confess, at last, its great sinfulness. Some were hardened beyond the reach of impression. The service ended by a brief address, and with prayer. These meetings have been greatly blessed to the rescuing of many. The Asylums prepared for them were all filled. Those engaged in this work and labor of love will have their reward, but it would seem to be a most hopeless task, for where one is rescued from the streets there are two who rush in to fill up her place. Yet eternity alone can reveal the amount of good thus done. In the day when Jesus shall make up his jewels, many rescued ones of this neglected class will shine among them; and, casting their crowns at his feet, will unite joyfully in the song, "Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

The Ragged School Union is also performing a great work here. Nor do we know of any humane or christian effort more entirely worthy of encouragement and prayer. About seventeen years ago, four or five pious men met in a dark back-room in Field Lane, to consider what could be done for the numberless forsaken, miserable, degraded children they saw wandering about the streets, the danger of "the infamous stain" upon the honor of London. With these men of prayer, and in that dark room, originated the Ragged School Union, whose operations are now known in all the earth, and which has been so remarkably blessed to the elevation of tens of thousands of children from the very lowest depths of degradation. It has already drawn around it the warm support of the great and the good, and its great usefulness has been acknowledged from the bench, and by Parliament.

This Ragged School Union, through its committees, and its connexions with associations, takes children and instructs them in the day-school, the Sabbath-school, the night-school; when necessary, it feeds them, and when prepared, it puts them out to learn some industrial pursuit. It collects the mothers of these children into meetings for religious and moral instruction, and their fathers also. It binds them out to trades; and forms them into shoe-black, and street-sweeping brigades; and sends them, often, to the English colonies in the East and in the West for the purpose of placing them beyond the reach of their immoral and degraded parents and companions. And the vast extent of the operations of this "Union" may be inferred from its last report, which states that there are under its care 199 Sunday-schools,—146 day-schools,—215 week evening-schools, with an average attendance of about 50,000 pupils. Its schools buildings are now 170,—its voluntary teachers are 2,690,—its paid teachers, 400,—its paid monitors, 380. And during the year, 1650 scholars were placed in situations. We visited the house at "The Seven Dials," and that at "Field Lane" more than once. We went through their "Night Refuges" for boys and girls,—and through their day-schools, and Sabbath-schools. We heard explanation as to different parts of their work, from the lips of those engaged in it; and heard the most thrilling narratives as to the success attending their labors; and as we left these congregations of children taken from the rookeries of London,—the very fermenting sinks of depravity,—the very seed plots of violence and crime,—we lifted our hearts in thankfulness to God that he has raised up so many in the higher walks of life, to care for the destitute wandering in the highways and hedges! and that, by his grace, he has led nearly three thousand persons, male and female, voluntarily to devote themselves to the teaching of the ignorant, the feeding of the hungry, and the clothing of the naked. Their reward will be ample, when the King shall say unto them "Verily, verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Of these ragged schools, the Earl of Shaftesbury is the great patron; and Judge Payne is the poet, who, on each anniversary, favors them with some verses adapted to the occassion. It was on one of these occasions he read the well-known lines:

"Gather them in from the lanes and the streets;
Gather them in from the dark retreats;
From the haunts of folly and dens of crime,
Gather them in, in their early prime;
Gather them in with a burning zeal;
Gather them in for their country's weal;
Gather them in with abundant store,
Garner'd in glory for ever more."

And on the last anniversary, one of the most cheering ever held, he spoke the following verses amid rapturous applause:—

The great *Exhibition of Fifty-one*
The works of all nations to us displayed,
And showed us how far the whole world had gone
In speeding the progress of art and trade;
But cure in the triumphs of Christian might,
For moral materials, skill, and tools,
There's nought that can rival this scene to-night
The *Great Exhibition of Ragged Schools!*

Prince Albert was head of the one that's past,
And will be the chief of the one to come:
But Shaftesbury's Earl is our first and last,
And here in his praise shall none be dumb.
He smiled on our cause when in numbers weak,
He smiles on it now when it thousands rules;
And none with a higher delight can speak
Of the *Great Exhibition of Ragged Schools!*

But change must come over both us and him,
Our bodies must lie in the silent grave;
Our strength will decay, and our eyes waxe dim,
But our souls shall ascend to the God who gave;
And then, in the fairest of heavenly bowers—
A blessing and boon for both wise and fools—
We'll think, as we bend in devotion's hours,
Of the *Great Exhibition of Ragged Schools!*

And while the sweet harps of the angels sound;
And song of the spirits made perfect swell,
Shall multitudes meet upon Glory's ground,
Of deeds in the body performed to tell;