

Both of the Septuagint Old, and of the Greek New Testament, written but little more than 300 years after Christ. This precious document was placed in the royal library at St. James's. Mr. Patrick Young, the learned keeper of the King's library at that time, examined the volume, and discovered the first epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, with part of another, at the end of the New Testament. This, then, is the copy which we now possess, written, in all probability, not much more than 200 years after the composing of the original; and which is found to harmonize with all the patristic quotations from the epistle.

The letter is certainly a very pious production, and does not contain anything which indicates that its author was very corrupt, either in doctrine or in practice. But it is manifestly an uninspired composition, and contains some mere nonsense;

Even the earliest and purest fragment of the writings of uninspired ministers who lived in the apostolic age, contains a sufficient quantity of trash to prove that tradition is a deceitful guide. The uninspired Clement, though a fellow-laborer of the apostle Paul, cannot be taken as an authority in religion.

Let the reader ponder the following grave attempt made by Clement to prove the doctrine of the resurrection, from the ancient fable of the Phoenix.

"Let us consider that wonderful type of the resurrection, which is seen in the eastern countries, that is to say, in Arabia. There is a certain bird called a Phoenix, of which there is never but one at a time, and that lives 500 years!! And when the time of its dissolution draws near that it must die, it makes itself a nest of frankincense, and myrrh, and other spices, into which, when its time is fulfilled, it enters and dies; but its flesh putrifying, breeds a certain worm, which, being nourished with the juice of the dead bird, brings forth feathers; and when it is grown to a perfect state, it takes up the nest in which the bones of its parent lie, and carries it from Arabia into Egypt, to a city called Heliopolis; and flying in open day, in the sight of all men, lays it upon the altar of the sun, and so returns from whence it came! The priests then search into the records of time, and find that it returned precisely at the end of 500 years.—And shall we think it to be any great and strange thing for the Lord of all to raise up those that religiously serve him, in the assurance of a good faith, when even by a bird he shews us the greatness of his power to fulfil his promise? For he says," &c., &c. (Epistle.)

Now if this be a sample of the very earliest apostolical tradition, the writer must confess he feels no great inclination to bow his neck to its yoke. He remembers to have heard the late lamented Dr. Carson once say in his own Hibernian style, "As for the FATHERS, I put so much value upon their teaching, that I would not ask them what o'clock it is."—*Prim. Ch. Mag.*

Rev. J. A. James' Conversion.

If the present lecturer, says Rev. J. A. James, has a right to consider himself a real Christian—if he has been of any service to his fellow creatures, and has attained to any usefulness in the church of Christ, he owes it in the way of means and instrumentality to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with him, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene, so unostentatious and yet so unconcealed, roused his slumbering conscience, sent an arrow to his heart: for though I had been religiously educated I had restrained prayer, and cast off the fear of God; my conversion to God followed, and soon afterwards my entrance upon College studies for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, with all its multitudinous events; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amidst the splendor of heaven and through the ages of eternity.

REPENTANCE.—It is a common error, and the greater and more mischievous for being so common, to believe that repentance best becomes and most concerns dying men. Indeed, what is necessary every hour of our life is necessary in the hour of death too, and as long as he lives he will have need of repentance, and therefore it is necessary in the hour of death too; but he who hath constantly exercised himself in it in his health and vigour, will do it with less pain in his sickness and weakness; and he who hath practised it all his life, will do it with more ease and less perplexity in the hour of his death: as he who hath diligently cast up every page of a large account, will better be able to state the whole sum upon a little warning in the last leaf, than he can do who must look over every one of them.

AN INDIAN'S THEOLOGY.—A white man and an Indian were both brought under conviction for sin about the same time. The Indian, whose conviction was pungent, soon found joy and peace in believing—while the white man continued in darkness and distress for a long time. Seeing the Indian one day, who enjoyed the sweet consolations of religion, "Why (says the white man) should there be such a difference? Why has God forgiven your sins, while I go mourning?—I have done all that I can do, but find no comfort."—Suppose (says the Indian) there come along a great

prince. He holds out to you a suit of clothes, and says, 'Here, take these, and welcome!' You look around, feel ashamed, and say, 'No, my clothes pretty good yet; they do little longer, thank you, sir.' Then the prince, rather angry, says, 'Here, san, take the suit.' I look; my old blanket all rags, cold, and dirty. 'Thank you, thank you, kind sir!' Poor Indian now be warm and happy!"

Original Poetry.

Lines on the Death of a Fair Boy.

Where is my darling with the laughing eye,
The downie cheek haloed with rosy light,
And the bright sunny curls that cloud-like lie,
Clustering around a brow as clear and bright
As summer's balmyest day? And where the sound
Joyous and clear, of the young reveller's glee,
Bursting from out his heart; and where the bound
Of his free steps in boyhood's bravery.

Where, where, is he?

Ah! lies he there! woe me, that eye is dim,
And on that cheek is fever's flush, and there,
With restless clutch, feebly those fingers slim
Wander amongst the dank and tangled hair.
The sound of joy is silenced now, and lone
His mother sits and watches earnestly;
But, save a sigh-like breath or weary moan,
No sound she hears. Where is his chaunt of glee?
Can that be he?

Hush in this presence! For, on airy wing,
An angel hovereth o'er him, and doth seem
To hang well pleased, and eye all fluttering
His own fair image in some mirror stream.
Hush! For he smiles and beckons graciously,
Whispering like summer winds in forest leaves—
"Brother," he murmurs, "earth's no home for thee.
"Where sinful man his web of sorrow weaves,
"And pining grieves.

"Come, brother, stay not in this world of woe,
"Earth will deceive thee with its hopes to win—
"Write its deep wrinkles on thy sunny brow,
"And taint thee with its poison breath of sin.
"Come to our land of light my gentle boy,
"Come to thy Friend, the Lamb, amid the throne,
"Don the white robe, and strike the harp of joy."
Fond mother watch no more—thy child hath gone!
Our boy hath gone!

Evangelical Progress.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

The influence of French interference in the affairs of Italy and the Popes' consent to be restored temporal sovereignty by the bayonets of France, and the adherents of the papal superstitions, we have anticipated in former commentaries on passing events. It may have been feared by some of our readers, that the wish was father to the thought, and that we have been too sanguine in our confidence, that he who brings good out of evil, would turn this unjust and hypocritical crusade against liberty to the furtherance of spiritual emancipation. Father Ventura the most eloquent of Roman Priests—the chosen eulogist of O'Connell, will be regarded as a more disinterested observer on this point; and we observe that his fears go farther than our hopes. In a letter written during the bombardment, the Father says:—
"The cannon now working destruction in the walls of Rome, is as steadily destroying the Catholic faith in the hearts of the Romans. I have already told you what fearful impression the 'Confetti di Pio V. Vano mandati a suoi figli' have produced upon the Roman people; what hatred they have excited against the priests. But all this is nothing to the rage which the sight of French bombs has awakened against the Catholic religion."

He excuses the Pope as the dupe of the wicked and imbecile men who surround him at Gaeta, but remarks that the people at large do not know how to make such excuses. They see in it all only Pius IX. and they conclude that reason and charity are banished from the heart of him whom they have worshipped as the father of the faithful. Referring to the Pope's letter, he exclaims "what impudence!" and states that it fills the hearts of the people with fury against the Pope, Cardinals, and Priests *en masse*.

"They will neither confess, nor communicate, nor assist at the mass, nor hear the word of God. One cannot now preach at Rome for the want of hearers. No one wishes anything at the hands of a priest, or anything priestly."

The following he gives as the prevailing sentiments of the youth of Rome and all men of intelligence:—

"The Pope means to reign over us by force. He claims for the church, that is for the priests, the sovereignty, which belongs only to the people, and he believes, he says indeed, that it is his duty to act thus, because we are Catholics, and because Rome is the center of Catholicism. Very well! what is to hinder us, then, from becoming Protestant if necessary, and then what political right can he have over us?—For is it not horrible to think of, that because we are Catholics, and sons of the Church, we must be mastered by the Church, abjure our rights, receive from the liberality of the priests as a concession, what is due in justice, and condemned to the lot of the miserable of people!"

Contemplating the probability of the success of Gen. Oudinot, he concludes:—

"It is impossible that the Pope may enter Rome bearing a sword instead of the cross, preceded by soldiers, as if Rome were Mecca, and the Gospel the Koran. But he will never reign again over the hearts of the Romans. In this respect his reign is destroyed, finished forever. He will be Pope but to a small number of the faithful. They will practise no more the Roman Catholic religion, so great will be their hatred of the priesthood. Our preaching will be of no effect. It will be impossible for us to cause the Catholic church to be loved, or even tolerated by a people who will have been taught to hate and despise it in a chief imposed upon them by force, and in a clergy dependent upon this chief. It will be impossible for us to persuade them that the Catholic religion is the mother, the instructress, the guardian of the liberty of the people, and the guarantee of their happiness."

The news of the last steamer affords abundant confirmation indirectly of these views, and it becomes manifest every hour, regarding the reign of this superstition in Europe, that that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to perish.

Amid the gratitude which the downfall of anti-christian power awakens, we must not forget the grave responsibility which these events devolve on the Christian Churches. The destruction of papal influence is one thing,—the advancement of Christian influence is another. The emancipation of men's minds from priestly thralldom is one thing,—the conversion of men's hearts to God is another. The former French bayonets and the counsels of the ungodly may accomplish. The latter demands a faithful, fervent, praying church for its agents, the sword of the spirit for its instrument, the mighty power of God as its great cause. Now, whilst every-thing without the church is favorable to the advancement of the work of salvation, it is much to be feared that the internal state of the church is not equally promising. Nay, why mince the matter; the church displays nothing like the alacrity and zeal, the earnestness and faith which such an exigency demands. We sit by as spectators when we ought to be girding up the loins of our minds, and pressing on as actors. Our Bible and Missionary societies are voting hundreds of dollars for Italy and Germany, and we congratulate ourselves on the Christian liberality and enterprise of the age. When we ought to be bending our hearts with intense interest to a crisis of human history; and with tears and strong cries pleading for the perishing nations, now vacillating between a dark superstition, and a darker atheism. Where are the faithful watchmen who seem even to discover the signs of the times? Where are the hearts sensitively alive to the promise and the peril of our circumstances? Where the listening ears strained to hear God's call in his providence?

Pioneer Sketches by the Way.

No. 4.

BY J. CRELLIN.

What last I wrote, it was surrounded by circumstances highly favorable to the general interests of the denomination, although local influences presented a more unfavorable aspect. Several brethren, deserving of esteem, living in the place from whence I mailed my last, were there suffering under misguided and high handed measures; measures which had assailed the independence, and degraded the dignity of the Church. Hastening away, I visited Paris and received a cordial welcome from Bro. Cleghorn and his lady. The church in Paris, still continues to enjoy refreshing visitations from on high, and its pastor has had the pleasure of leading many converted souls in the footsteps of Him who said "Suffer it to be so now for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."—In the family of the worthy president of the Union, I met with that kind of reception which Burns has immortalized as a highland welcome.

The next day I had a spice of true Canadian hospitality at Bro. C. Kitchen's, Dumfries, who assured me of his efforts to further the especial object of my visit.

Bro. Clutton, of Dundas, was rejoicing in the tender mercies of the Head of the church. Lately he had been permitted to mark with heartfelt gratitude the progress of a good work which had reached even to the bosom of his own family, embracing as the subject of divine grace, his son Joseph, who with three others, all promising young men, have been buried with Christ in Baptism." I next visited Hamilton, and Toronto, and had occasion to remark with what cool indifference the presence of the pestilence appeared to be regarded by the people. Truly man is depraved, dead to holiness, blind to interest.—And if any one feature may with propriety be regarded as predominant, it is that of carelessness. When this scourge first visited our land "men's hearts failed them of fear," and many souls insincere of purpose, for the while played hypocrite, imposing even on themselves. But now it may be said, "and they gnawed their tongues for pain, and blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains and sores, and died not of their deeds." The haunts of vice are not now forsaken. The drunkards laugh less loud, nor fear the giddy to jeopard their health in the pestiferous atmosphere of the

theatre. The semi-infidelity of Byron, painted in crimson, and varnished o'er with thought, would appear to have daguerreotyped itself upon the age. The sighings of faith, and the struggles of scepticism hovering over society, amalgamated, married—Breathing out its sentiment, even in its folly sublime:—

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star
Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge
How little do we know that which we are,
How less what we may be. The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on and bears afar
Our bubbles: as the old burst, new emerge
Lashed from the foam of ages, while the waves
Of Empires heave but as some passing waves."
Carried like the straw down the stream; drifting rudderless to eternity!!

Free Church Mission in Calcutta.

According to the late accounts from India the mission of the Free Church of Scotland in Calcutta is in a very prosperous condition. There were, in the different seminaries attached to the mission in or near that city, about 1700 native youths, of different ages from six to twenty, receiving a course of Christian and general instruction, from the lowest rudiments to the highest branches in theology and philosophy, literature and science.

These 1700 are independent of female day-scholars, under instruction by the wife of one of the missionaries, and of girls in Miss Laing's orphan asylum.—Twelve of these orphan girls, in the course of eight months, gave credible evidence of a saving conversion. Of a portion of them it is said, "for months they manifested deep heart-concern for their sins of word and deed, but specially, of heart sins. At times they sobbed and wept bitterly under strong convictions of sin, its guilt and danger." Their accounts of sin, of faith and hope, were so satisfactory to the missionaries, that they could not refuse to baptize them.

In the course of the past year also, a native church has been commenced in connection with this mission; and a congregation of Hindoos now regularly assemble to call on the name of the Lord in their own tongue. A deep impression seems to have been made on the native Hindoos by the conversion of one of their number, Dinonath Adhya, a studious and reflective young man, who had, after long and close attention to the subject, renounced idolatry and been received into the church of Christ. The native press, convinced of the impossibility of putting down the missions either by violence, threats, or rival institutions, is now proposing such a modification of Hinduism as will make the return of the converted to idolatry easy and simple.

In view of these facts, and of "the entire drift and tendencies of things in India," it is believed that the day of the spiritual emancipation of that vast peninsula is rapidly approaching.

Baptismal Regeneration.

The recently appointed Archbishop of York, has come out very decidedly in opposition to the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration. At his primary visitation held at Thirsk, he says:—

"You are not called upon to take it as a rule of the Church, that all who are baptized, are spiritually regenerated. No such doctrine is taught by the Articles, and you are not to force upon them a construction they will not admit. The service is the language of Martin Luther, and the words are intended only to be expressive of hope and charity."

This language of the Archbishop gives great offence of course to the Puseyites; and the *Oxford Herald* indulges its bad humor against His Grace in the following language.

"There is a considerable party of those who profess themselves members of the Established Church, whose unhappy lot it seems to be, continually to remind us of the faults and imperfections of the Church system. As surely as a transient gleam appears, to cheer for a few brief moments, the hearts of Churchmen, leading them to hope that the "good time" is near at hand, so surely do these worthies make their appearance like a dark cloud on the ecclesiastical horizon, and painfully remind us that it is within the bounds of possibility that our last state should be worse than the first. It is doubtless highly advantageous to be guarded against undue elation; but this perpetual *memento mori* is enough to drive one into a galloping consumption. It is not enough that we have the Romanists on one side, and the Dissenters on the other, continually reminding us of our flaws and imperfections, but we must needs have the kind assistance of His Grace, the Archbishop of York, for fear we should for a moment forget that there is no doctrine under the sun, however heterodox, which a Bishop may not hold, but openly proclaim as the truth.

"The matter lies in a nut-shell. If the doctrine of the English Church is represented by His Grace, she is undoubtedly at variance, on a fundamental point of faith, with the rest of Christendom: if, on the other hand, the heterodoxy is not in the English Church, but in her *Primate!* then, the conclusion is also obvious. Such are some of the consequences of the nomination to Bishoprics being in the hands of the First Lord of the Treasury, for whose creed, or shade of opinion, there is not the slightest guaranty in the world. Can we wonder that the Romanists re-baptize the perverts from the English Church, on the ground that our views on Baptism are so strange, that