The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

Vo. 2. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, January 12, 1861. No. 28.

The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

Is issued every Saturday from Haszard'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.]

Thy Comforts.

I journey through a desert drear and wild;
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,
Of him on whom I lean—my strength, my stay;—
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of his love!—the root of every grace,
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place;
The emblem of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of his sojourn in this vale of tears!—
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering, and of patient grace,
I love again, and yet again, to trace.

Thoughts of his glory!—on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its end, yet healing rays;
Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye

Thoughts of his coming! for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
The dawn drawn nigh, the midnight shadows flee,—
And what a glorious will that advent be!

Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet—
Of him on whom I lean—my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

From the New York Independent.

Thanksgiving Sermon.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Concluded from our last.]

1. Shall we, then, obliterate from our statute-books every law for liberty? Shall we rub down and efface every clear and distinctive advantage to liberty? Shall we assume that one is just as good as the other—slavery and freedom? Are we to go over for the sake of peace to the South, and give up our arguments and our convictions, and our moral influence, and our whole soul and body of teaching and instruction? It is required of us, deliberately.

I have read with no small interest the recent speech of Mr Caleb Cushing at Newburyport, and I can understand in it nothing but this: that for having entertained clear, firm convictions on the subject of human rights, for having spoken them into institutions, for having corroborated them by laws, and for having maintained them by votes, the North is all to blame, and that now there is but one way of reconciliation and peace—namely, silently to yield up our convictions. The car of slavery has been set in motion, and all men are called to worship this Juggernaut: and, that victims may not be wanting, Caleb sets the example—is already down in the dust before the wheels! "Because thou hast done this, ... upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life," (Gen. iii. 14.)

This course is not to be thought of a moment as a practical course, whatever it may be theoretically considered. As a matter of fact, you know, and I know, and everybody knows, that there will be no change in the convictions of the North. We have reaped too bountifully from the seed we have sown to change. Our method of moral and political tillage will be the same as heretofore.

2. Shall we then compromise? We are told that Satan appears under two forms: that when he has a good fair field, he is out like a lion, roaring and seeking whom he may devour; but that when he can do nothing more in this way, he is a serpent, and sneaks in the grass. And so, it is slavery open, bold, roaring, aggressive, or it is slavery sneaking in the grass, and calling itself compromise. It is the same devil under both names.

If by compromise is only meant forbearance, kindness, well-wishing, conciliation, fidelity to agreements, a concession in *things*, not principles; why, then we believe in compromise—only that is not compromise, interpreted by the facts of our past history. We honestly wish no harm to the South; we honestly wish them all benefit. We wish no harm to their commerce; none to their manufactures; none to their husbandry; none to their schools and colleges; none to their churches and families; none to their citizens, that are bone of our bone and blood of our blood, and that are in many eminent respects united to us in a common historic glory. We are far from wishing them diminution or feebleness; so far from it, we most heartily and sincerely, and with much more earnestness than they reciprocate, we wish them riddance of their trouble. We neither envy nor covet their territory. We are not jealous of their honors. I would that they were doubled, and double purified. All that belongs to the South; all that with the most lenient construction was put in the original bond, shall be here. Her own institutions were made inviolate in the respective states infected. The basis of representation in the South was made broader than in the North, and property, as well as citizens, sends representatives to Washington. We will not complain. The common revenue and the common force of the nation protect them against intestine revolt. Let it be so. The Constitution gives them liberty to retake their fugitive slaves wherever they can find them. Very well. Let them. But when the Congress goes beyond the Constitution, and demands, on penalty, that citizens of free states shall help, and render back the flying slave, we give a blunt and unequivocal refusal. We are determined to break any law that commands us to enslave or re-enslave a man, and we are willing to take the penalty. But that was not in the original bond. That is a parasitic egg, laid in the Constitution by corrupt legislation.

We do not ask to molest her in the enjoyment of her own institutions. But we will not be made constables to slavery, to run and catch, to serve writs, and return prisoners. No political hand shall rob her. We will defend her coast; we will guard her inland border from all vexations from without; and in good faith, in earnest friendship, in fealty to the Constitution and in fellowship with the states, we will, and with growing earnestness to the end, fulfill every just duty, every honorable agreement, and every generous act, within the limits of truth and honor; and that, and no more—no more, though the heaven's fall—no more, if states unclasp their hands—no more, if they raise up violence against us—no more!

We have gone to the end. There is no need of compromise in this matter, then. It is a plain, simple matter. It is never mystified except when bad men have bad ends to accomplish, and bring up a mist over it.

Let us look things right in the face, then, and speak some plain truths. We are approaching times when men will not hear what they will listen to now; so let us drop the seed beforehand.

1. The leaders of these men who are the chief fomenters of troubles in the South cannot in any wise be met by compromise. They dread as much as we hate it. What do these men that lie really at the bottom of this conspiracy mean? Nothing more or less than this: Southern empire for slavery, and the reopening of the slave-trade as a means by which it shall be fed. Free commerce and enslaved work is their motto. They will not yet say it aloud. But that is the whispered secret of men in Carolina, and men outside of Carolina. Their secret purpose is to sweep Westward like night, and involve in the cloud of their darkness all Central America, and then make Africa empty into Central America, thus changing the moral geography of the globe. That is what they want. And do you suppose any compromise will settle that design, or turn it aside, when they have made you go down on your knees, and they stand laughing while you cry with fear because you have been scorned and juggled into a blind helping of their monstrous wickedness?

They mean slavery. They mean an Empire of Slavery. They don't any longer talk of the evil of slavery. It is a virtue, a religion. It is justice and Divine economy. Slaves are missionaries. Slave-ships bring heathen to plantation Christianity. They imagine unobstructed greatness when servile hands shall whiten the plains from the Atlantic to the Pacific with cotton. Carolina despises compromise. She means no such thing as liberty. She does not believe in the word. It is rubbed out. It is gone from her constitution and from her Bible. Its spirit is departed from legislature and church.

And do you think, poor simple peeping sparrow, that you can build your poor moss and hair nest of compromise on the face of the perpendicular cliff, that towers a thousand feet high, with the blackness of storms sweeping round its top, and the thunder of a turbulent ocean breaking upon its base—and God, more terrible than either, high above them, meaning Justice and Retribution!

2. But in so far as those states are concerned that are contiguous to Carolina, and do not mean these things, compromise can never reach, nor even any longer mollify the causes of complaint; for I hold that the causes are inherent in them, not in us. And they are endless. If you cure one, another will spring up in its place. You cannot compromise with them except by giving up your own belief, your own principles, and your own honor. Moral apostasy is the only basis on which you can build a compromise that will satisfy the South!

No compromise will do good that does not go back to the nature of things, and change moral qualities. To be of any use, compromise must make the slaves contented; slavery, economical; slave states as prosperous as free states. Compromises must shut the mouth of free speech, or it will send the shafts of truth vibrating into the midst of slavery. Compromise must cure the intolerance of the plantation, the essential tyranny of slave-owners. It must make evil as prosperous as good, enforced drudgery as fruitful as free labor.

What compromise can there be between sickness and health? Between violence and peace? Between speech for liberty and speech for despotism? There may be peace between opposites—but no harmony, no compromise. If the South is fixed in her servile institutions, the North must be equally firm in her principles of liberty.

You cannot prevent in the present state of this land, the departure of the children of oppression. You might as well attempt to prevent the tides of the Atlantic ocean. You might as well attempt to prevent vegetation in the tropics. Till the heavens be no more, and its orbs cease to draw, men will aspire, and will follow aspiration. There is too much light in the North, and even in the darkness of the plantation, to keep men in slavery. When one man gains his freedom, twenty men will know it, and will do what he did to gain theirs. Every hour there will be men who will take their life in their hands and risk all for liberty. It is of no use to tell the South that it shall not be so. It is of no use to whisper to them, and say, "Your trouble shall cease; we will fix this matter to your satisfaction." God never made brick or trowel by which to patch up that hole. By night and by day, slaves will flee away and escape.

Compromise is a most pernicious sham. To send compromises to the South would be like sending painted bombs into the camp of an enemy, which, though harmless in appearance, should blow up and destroy them. Suppose you tell the people there that when their fugitives come North they shall be surrendered! Will you not please to catch them first? You know you cannot. There are five hundred men that run through the Northern states where there is one that stops or is turned back. They know it, you know it, and so do I. The radical nature of the feelings of the North is such that they will lubricate the black man's foot and trip the hunter. If the managers of parties, the heads of conservative committees, say to the South, "Be patient with us a little longer; do not punish us yet; let down the rod and the frown; spare us for a short season, and we will see that your slaves are returned to you," do you suppose there will be a fulfillment of the promise? You know there will not. I know there will not. I would die myself, cheerfully and easily, before a man should be taken out of my hands when I had the power to give him liberty, and the hound was after him for his blood. I would stand as an altar of expiation between slavery and liberty, knowing that, through my example, a million men would live. A heroic deed, in which one yields up his life for others, is his Calvary. It was the hanging of Christ on that hill-top that made it the highest mountain on the globe. Let a man do a right thing with such earnestness that he counts his life of little value, and his example becomes omnipotent. Therefore it is said that the blood of the saints is the seed of the church. There is no such seed planted in this world, as good blood.

I see that my words are being reported; and as free speech may get into Charleston, some men there may see what I say; and let me say this to my Southern brethren: We mean to observe the Constitution, and keep every compact into which we have entered. There are men that would deceive you. They are your enemies and ours alike. They would tell lies to you, but we will not stand up and indorse them. I tell you that as long as there are these free states; as long as there are hills in which men can hide, and valleys through which they can travel; as long as there is a loaf in the cabin, and water in the cruse; as long as there is blood in the veins, and humanity in the heart—so long the fugitive will not want for sympathy and help to escape!

I say, again, that we are bound as men of truth and conscience to look this matter in the face, and ask, "Is there any benefit to be expected from compromises?" My friends, we are not reasoning about a matter of which we have had no experience. From the beginning we have been living on compromises. Now there is a history, and we can make scientific inductions from facts, and know the results of certain courses. Do you suppose that if, knowing what you know now, you had sat in the original Convention to frame the Constitution, you would have made compromises? Persons say, "Are you wiser than your fathers?" Yes! A man that is not wiser than his father, ought not to have had such a father, if his father was wise! Our fathers, when they laid the foundations of that structure, did the best that the wisdom of that time would enable them to do; and they were wise men—much wiser, doubtless, relative to their time, than we are relative to ours. But, nevertheless, we may know now, better than they did then, what their wisest course would have been. When Carolina refused to come into the confederacy except on the ground of certain favors in respect to slavery, then was the time to have said to her, "Stay out."

I remember once to have seceded from my father's house. I was put outside the door because I would not say my catechism, and made believe that I was asleep. It was cold and rainy, and they were eating supper inside; and I did not stay out, seceded, a great while before I repented, and was glad to get in to catechism, and supper, and a warm fire! After Carolina has seceded, and staid out a little while, I think she will be willing to come back and say the catechism, even if every article of it is liberty!

Do you suppose that when Carolina infamously said, "I will not come in unless you will give me leave to traffic in slaves from 1790 till 1808,"—do you suppose that then it was wise for our fathers to give her what she demanded? I do not blame them; they acted up to the best light they had; but if we, knowing the facts that we know now, had done what they did, we should have been accursed.

When, later, the compromise of 1850 was set on foot, there were not wanting, as there are not wanting now, men who lifted up their voices in favor of compromise; and I think that very few who saw the effects of compromise at that time, believe it to be a cure. They promised finality. They gave us the end, to be sure, but it was the butt end of the club. They took renewed courage, and with a strong arm of injustice destroyed a compromise still anterior to theirs—namely, the Missouri Compromise—a wickedness only paralleled by that which destroyed it. It ought not to have been made; but after it was made, it should have been removed for purposes of liberty, and not for purposes of oppression. We sold our birthright for a mess of pottage, and then they stole the pottage too!

We have had, then, a long experience of the virtues and merits of compromise; and what has been the result, except growing demands, growing impudence, growing wickedness, and growing dissatisfaction, until at last excitements that used to come once in twenty years, began to come at every ten, and now once in four years, and you cannot elect a President strictly according to constitutional methods, without having this nation imperiled, banks shaken, stores overturned, panics created, and citizens terrified. You have come to that state in which the whole nation is turmoiled, and agitated, and driven hither and thither, on account of the evil effects of compromise. And now come these doctors, plethoric as if they never made a mistake, cool-headed, calm, and with pockets full of medicine, every package of which is labeled "compromise." Dr Sangrado had but two remedies, and no matter what the disease was, he invariably prescribed emetic and bleeding. Dr Sangrado in our day is better off than Dr Sangrado of old; for he has but one remedy—compromise—which he invariably prescribes, no matter what the disease may be. And the patients die—as they ought to, for taking such medicine.

It is asked, "Then what shall we do? We should speak the truth about our feelings, and about our intentions. The North should have nothing to do with half-way measures or half-way men. A whole man is good if he is imperfect; but a half-way man has no place in heaven, he has no place in hell, and he is not wanted on earth! We do not want half-way measures, or half-way men. We want true men, who will say to the South: "The North loves liberty, and will have it. We will not aggress on you. Keep your institutions within your own bounds: we will not hinder you. We will not take advantage to destroy, or one whit to abate, your fair political prerogatives. You have already gained advantages of us. These we will allow you to hold. You shall have the Constitution intact, and its full benefit. The full might and power of public sentiment in the North shall guarantee to you everything that history and the Constitution give you. But if you ask us to augment the area of slavery; to go operate with you in cursing new territory; if you ask us to make the air of the North favorable for a slave's breath, we will not do it! We love liberty as much as you love slavery, and we shall stand by our rights with all the vigor with which we mean to stand by justice toward you."

In short, the North cannot love slavery or cease to love liberty; she cannot conceal her sentiments or restrain their moral power; she cannot prevent the irritating contrast between free states and slave states; she cannot prevent the growing intelligence of slaves, nor their love of liberty, nor their disposition to seek it, nor the sympathy that every generous soul must feel, nor the human and irresistible wish that they may succeed; we cannot sympathize with the hounds that hunt them, nor with the miscreants employed to witness against them, nor with the disgraced Federal officers that are bribed with double fees to convict them: the North cannot either permit her own citizens—colored men, Christians, honest and industrious, and many of them voters a thousand times better fitted for the franchise than the ignorant hordes of imported white men that have cheated their way against law and morals to the exercise of the vote—to be subject to seizure as slaves under the odious and ruthless provisions of an insulting Fugitive-Slave Law, without providing for them state-protection; we will not assist in inflicting upon free territory an evil which we abhor, and which we believe to be the greatest blight that can curse a people; we will not accept the new-fangled and modern doctrine that slavery is national and universal instead of the doctrine of our fathers of the Revolution and of the Federal Constitution, who regarded slavery as local, existing not in the right of a national law, but only by force of special law; certainly we will not apostatize from the faith of our fathers only for the sake of committing disgraceful crimes against liberty!

Let not the South listen to any man who pretends that the North will look kindly or compromisingly upon slavery. In every other respect we may be depended upon for all sympathy, aid, and comfort. In this thing we shall give the strictest and most literal obedience to those constitutional requirements which we hate while we obey, and beyond bare and meager duty we will not go a step.

Now, can any man believe that peace can come by *compromise?* It is a delusive hope. It is a desperate shift of cowardice. It will begin in deceit and end in anger. Compromises are only procrastinations of an inevitable settlement with the added burden of accumulated interest. Our political managers only renew the note with compound interest, and roll the debt over, and over, until the interest exceeds the principal. It is time for a *settlement*. We may as well have it now as ever. We shall never be better prepared. It will never be so easy as now. It would have been easier ten years ago, and yet easier ten years before that. Like an ulcer, this evil eats deeper every day. Unless soon cauterized or in some way excised, it will touch the vitals, and then the patient dies!

The supreme fear of Northern cities is pecuniary. But even for money's sake, there should be a settlement that will stay settled. Compromises bury troubles, but cannot keep down their ghosts. They rise, and walk, and haunt, and gibber. We must bury our evils without resurrection. Let come what will—secession, disunion, revolted states, and a ragamuffin empire of bankrupt states, confederated in the name of liberty for oppression, or whatever other monstrosity malignant fortune may have in store—nothing can be worse than this endless recurring threat and fear—this arrogant dragooning of the South—this mercantile cringing in the North. Every interest cries out for Rest. It scarcely matters how low we begin. We have a recuperative enterprise, a fertile industry, a wealth of resources, which will soon replace any waste. Let the gates of a permanent settlement be set up in bleak and barren granite, and we will speedily cover them with the evergreen ivy of our industry. But perpetual uncertainty is destructive of all business. That is not a settlement that only hides, that adjourns, that trumps up a compromise against the known feelings of both parties, and which must inevitably fall to pieces as soon as the hands that make it are taken off. Shall every quadrennial election take place in the full fury of Southern threats? Is the plantation whip to control our ballot boxes? Shall Northern sentiment express itself by constitutional means, at the peril of punishment? Must panic follow elections? and bankruptcy follow every expression of liberty? And what are the precious advantages which the North reaps, which makes it worth her while to undergo such ignominy and such penalty?

Every advantage that can be reckoned belongs to the North. Ours is the population. Ours is free labor. Ours is a common people not ashamed of labor, and able to make Work a badge of honor. Ours is popular intelligence, competitive industry, ingenious and enterprising. We put the whole realm and wealth of Freedom and Civilization against Slavery and Barbarism, and ask what have we to fear? If secession and separation must come—which God forbid!—which can best bear it, freedom or slavery?

The North must accept its own principles and take the consequences. Manliness demands this—Honor demands it. But if we will not heed worthier motives, still Interest demands it. And, if even this is not strong enough for commercial pusillanimity, then Necessity, inevitable and irresistible, will drive and scourge us to it!

When night is on the deep, when the headlands are obscured by the darkness, and when storm is in the air, that man who undertakes to steer by looking over the side of the ship, over the bow, or over the stern, or by looking at the clouds or his own fears, is a fool. There is a silent needle in the binnacle, which points like the finger of God, telling the mariner which way to steer, and enabling him to outride the storm, and reach the harbor in safety. And what the compass is to navigation, that is moral principle in political affairs. Whatever the issue may be, we have but one thing to do, and that is to look where the compass of God points, and steer that way. You need not fear shipwreck when God is the pilot.

The latter-day glory is already dawning. God is calling to the nations. The long oppressed are arousing. The despotic thrones are growing feeble. It is an age of liberty. The trumpet is sounding in all the world, and one nation after another is moving to the joyful sound, and God is mustering the great army of liberty under his banners! In this day, shall America be found laggard? While despotisms are putting off the garments of oppression, shall she pluck them up and put them on? While France and Italy, Germany and Russia, are advancing toward the dawn, shall we recede toward midnight?

In this grand procession of nations with faces lightened by liberty, shall we be wanting? While they advance toward a brighter day, shall we, with faces furid with oppression, slide downward toward the pit which gapes for injustice and crime?

Let every good man arouse and speak the truth for liberty. Let us have an invincible courage for liberty. Let us have moderation in passions, zeal in moral sentiments, a spirit of conciliation and concession in mere material interests, but unmovable firmness for principles; and—foremost of all political principles—for Liberty!

Persecution in Spain.

The Scottish Reformation Society has prepared the folowing memorial, which will be presented by deputation at the Foreign Office this week to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. We understand that the Rev. Dr. Begg and Mr Badenoch proceed to London as a deputation to join the deputations from the Protestant Alliance and the Evangelical Alliance:—

MEMORIAL OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION SOCIETY.

Humbly Sheweth,—That your memorialists have learned with deep pain that flagrant and repeated acts of intolerance and persecution have of late been committed in Spain:

That, in particular, M. Matameros has been arrested and cast into prison by the Governor of Barcelona: his house and papers searched, and his family left destitute: That when brought before the tribunal of that city, the charge brought against him related to his religion; and that because he professed to believe in the doctrines of God, according to the sacred Scriptures, and renounced the dogmas and practice of the Church of Rome, he was again cast into prison; and being summoned by the Council of Granada, is forced to travel 700 miles on foot bound with a gang of criminals, sharing in their disgrace, in every town and village through which he shall have to pass, and though delicate in health, will have to undergo this long journey, exposed to cold, and to the wretched prisons of Spanish villages by the way.

That your memorialists submit, it is the duty of Great Britain to use her great influence in behalf of those who are persecuted for conscience' sake, and especially if such persecution is perpetrated by a Government in friendly relations with the Government of Britain, and above all, in the case of such a country as Spain, which has derived so many benefits from that relation.

That your memorialists embrace the present opportunity of thanking your Lordship for the many efforts of philanthropy put forth by you on behalf of the oppressed and your memorialists trust that the same noble efforts will be made on behalf of Matamoros and others, now suffering persecution in Spain.

And your memorialists beg to submit that these are the views entertained by the Christian people of Scotland.

Signed in name and on behalf of the Scottish Reformation Society,

HENRY CRAIGIE, Chairman.
G. R. BADENOCH, Secretary.

Nov. 30, 1860.

The Duke and the Canadian Orangemen

The following extract we clip from a lecture delivered by the Rev. W. Grant, Incumbent of Reach, Uxbridge and Scugog, on the 5th November.

"In connection with these principles which I have enunciated, I may make a few remarks upon the unpleasantness which occurred at Kingston on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's intended visit to that city. As I am here to give you a Lecture upon the subjects connected with this Day, I may give my decided conviction that the wickedness of the attempt on the part of the Duke of Newcastle to compromise the great principles of the English Constitution, the basis of the English Throne, was only equalled by the childishness of the manner in which he attempted to conciliate the Romanists of Canada. The Prince visited Romish Institutions in Lower Canada. He could not have been injured if he had acknowledged the attentions of those whose chief boast it is to uphold the sovereignty of his family. He ought indeed to have been proud to walk bareheaded under the representation of William, Prince of Orange who having fought the Battle of the Boyne, has secured the title of Prince of Wales to its present possessor. I was sorry to read the letter of the Mayor of Toronto—tamely submissive as it was—I never supposed that this free and independent country could produce anything like that I much admired the manly, and, may say orthodox, letter of the Mayor of Kingston. It ought to be written in letters of gold in every Orange Lodge in the world.

In some unaccountable way the Duke seems to have mistaken his position altogether, in his anxiety to serve the cause of Rome. And yet he must have known that in reference to these very matters, the present Ministry and Government of Great Britian have decided that other parts of the Empire are not to be governed by the same laws as Ireland. What is law in Ireland is not law in Canada—God forbid it ever should be—and except in some questions connected with Imperial policy, Canada makes her own laws, subject to no dictation from a Colonial Secretary; not even subject to the Imperial Government, but to the Crown of England only. Here Orangeism is part and parcel of the Government of the country, it is brought more or less into the feelings of great masses of the people, and the Province would become essentially changed in its character were the Order ever to decline.

But Orangemen are told that it becomes them to be loyal to the House of Brunswick, inasmuch as they profess. And when a Duke happens to bring over here a member of that House, whom we all desire to honor, that Orangemen especially are bound to submit to anything the said Duke may please to dictate. Now in the first place, that is not the way I read the word loyalty. If Orangemen are bound to be loyal to the House of Brunswick, they are bound far more to be loyal to the great principles which placed the House of Brunswick on the Throne of the British Empire. Why does Queen Victoria now sway the sceptre of the nation? Not because she is in order of succession the rightful heir to the Throne, but because she has sworn to uphold every principle that belongs to Orangeism. Her Throne is based on Orange principles, and its existence depends entirely upon their success. Nor can the Prince of Wales himself ever become King of Great Britain and Ireland, unless he also swears fealty to every principle of your Order. Away, then, with all this idle talk, this utter misconception of the meaning and objects of our loyalty, when an apostatizing Duke bids you lay aside the emblems of all the loyalty a British subject can ever possess. I say that the arch of William III. with its Orange emblems shone forth nobly and well among the architectural decorations of Kingston. The Flag that waved its "No Surrender" against the blue vault of a Kingston sky, with the dark waters of the lovely Lake Ontario in the distance, fluttered gloriously and well, while a Prince of Wales and an English Duke looked anxiously on, and hurled their threats upon those brave and loyal men. I can only say that I am sorry for their acuteness or rather for their honesty. Perhaps they were asleep. But if not, did they see the Duke conduct the Prince under the tricolor flag of France in a British colony, while the Orange emblems of loyalty were denounced as obnoxious to him? And did no thought of impeaching the Duke of high treason cross their sagacious minds? But transfer the scene of action to Great Britain—and remember that the Prince was here as the immediate representative of the Queen and under the direction of the Duke of Newcastle. And let the Queen of England only receive Romish prelates in the City of London, dressed in their robes and ornamented with the decorations of their religion, which have for centuries been obnoxious to the great mass of the British people;—and then, perhaps, an end of the tragedy would show whether England saw nothing which the most sensitive Protestant could object to in the course she had been recommended to pursue. Let the Sovereign of England visit and receive addresses from Romish Convents and Universities, while she refuses the same privileges to her Protestant subjects, on whom Her Throne rests for its sole support, and the combined voice of the Empire, from the Highlands of Scotland to the beautiful valleys of New Zealand, from further India to Vancouver's Island, would declare, in language not to be misunderstood, that the Sovereign of England must not for one moment pander to the wishes of Rome. I know that Queen Victoria (God bless her) is absolutely incapable of such conduct; she better understands where the foundations of her Throne are laid. Nor would the Prince of Wales have adopted the course he did, had he not been under the entire control of a Romanizing Duke. Had he done so on his own responsibility, it would require no very sagacious prophet to foretell that Albert Edward must change his line of policy before he can occupy the Throne of the British Empire.

The special correspondent of the *Times* newspaper has given a very garbled statement of the Kingston difficulty. He clearly knows as little of that as he does of other Canadian affairs; and the people of this magnificent Province need trouble themselves very little about his version of the matter. Whether the Duke's conduct will be repudiated by his Colleagues at home remains to be seen. We are told that he cared nothing about Canadian demonstrations. But those who say so know little of the sensitiveness of public men in England to public opinion. It would have been no mean triumph to the Duke of Newcastle if he could have returned home with the satisfaction that he had created no unpleasantness here, and had left no feeling behind him.

I think you ought to let the English people at home know that Orangeism and Protestantism are not empty ideas in this land of freedom, that they form one great principle which is brought into the essence of Upper Canadian policy and action. That your Society is not a paltry sect, an obscure party; but that as an organization it forms the backbone of this great country, just as much as Agricultural is the great source of its wealth; that you number from 150,000 to 170,000 men; and that there are tens of thousands here who are not members of your society yet they sympathise with your proceedings, they go with you heart and soul—they feel your insults as their own,—and as occasion may require they will never be backward in contending for your privileges as good citizens of this great country.

Treasury.

Jesus the Security to God and Man.

The double nature of the God-man, Christ Jesus, gives security to both parties, for the fulfilment of all that is necessary, on either side, for peace. While, as man, He can give security to God on our behalf—as the eternal Word, equal with the Father, He gives security to us for God.

The highest pledge that can be taken of a monarch, for the observance of a treaty, is when a member of his family, his own child, is retained by those concerned, as a hostage. So, when God would assure man of the "immutability of his counsel" of peace He gave his only begotten Son to be one of them, to be retained, as it were, in their own nature, a pledge that He will make good all his word. O the wonderous depths of divine love that are treasured up in the person of Christ.

View him, again, as man: as such He was qualified to render for us all that is needed to win justice itself to the side of mercy, and make it glorious in God to admit a hell-deserving sinner, without plea or merit of any kind but in Christ, to perfect favour, and friendly fellowship with himself. Hence, when Jesus came into the world, the angelic choir pronounced, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men." Hence the cheering assurance of the apostle, "We have *boldness* to enter into the holiest *by the blood of Jesus.*"

Through him, God and sinners may be at one again. He is that ladder which Jacob saw, set upon earth in his human nature, and reaching to heaven in his divine nature: and God stands above it and communes with his creatures at the foot of it; and angels pass and repass upon it, ministering for the heirs of salvation: a beautiful emblem, signifying renewed intercourse of God and men, earth and heaven, in a way of peace, through the person of a Mediator.—*Francis Goode.*

The Vastness, Majesty, and Glory of the Love of God.

There is in this love of God a vastness, a majesty, a glory that can fill the faith of sinners and replenish the hope of believers, and then deluge their souls with an overwhelming flood of admiration.

There is in this treasury of love divine more than enough for all the uses of human salvation; a surplus that cannot be counted remains to manifest the immense riches of the Sovereign himself.

In this river of life the trembling penitent drinks peace and joy, and the friend believer is refreshed with the waters of hope and glory; but there still remains an unfathomable depth in which the assured saints may bathe his soul, plunging freely and exercising fully all the energies and faculties of a divine nature.

Here may he be lost to self, but not to God, in a love