

has, in our opinion, added to the scene, and looks grander and more sublime, if possible than ever.—*Niagara Falls Iris*, Dec. 14.

Communications.

SOLENNITY OF PROFESSING CHRIST.

An Address delivered to Young Converts on their being received into the fellowship of the Church.

BY THE REV. R. BOYD, LONDON, C.W.

There are events in the history of every immortal mind, which can never be obliterated from memory's page. Time may roll on, solemn and silent as the moving of stars, and, in its progress, wipe from our recollection the commoner incidents of every-day life; but these events remain untouched by the ravages of time. These remembrances may be of a painful character; and the man may make desperate and almost frantic efforts to pluck from his soul the unwelcome intruder; he may plunge into the vortex of sinful pleasures; he may try to engross his mind with perplexities of business, and the fretting cares of life; he may seek to cheer his soul with the delights of select friendship, and the sweets of domestic affection; he may gratify his intellect amid the beauties of science, and improve his taste with the flowers of literature; but he can no where find a charm potent enough to destroy the memory of the events which torment him. Even when the spirit stands on the boundary-line which separates time from eternity, and the spirit world, with its awful grandeur, is breaking upon its view, these events in its history, will, according to their character, stand before it like a demon of wrath, or an angel of mercy, to blast with despair, or to exult with joy.

Dear Friends, the events which occurred in your history, last Lord's day, when, by baptism, you made a public profession of faith in Jesus, is an event of this kind. In all future time it will be remembered with joy or anguish, according as you are faithful or unfaithful to the solemn profession you then made. Should you reach yonder bright world of joy, when all that is pure becomes for ever permanent, you will remember it there; and should you make shipwreck of your faith, and become a castaway, it would be remembered in hell with bitterest anguish. We have no doubts upon the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints; but, doubtless, there are many in the world of woe, who, like you, were baptized amid solemn awe, and in the presence of assembled multitudes. Like you, some kind pastor once took them by the hand, and welcomed them to the fellowship of the warm and loving hearts of the faithful. They sat down frequently at the table of Christ's love, and in the social meeting often lifted their voices to warn sinners of that perdition amid which they now dwell. The pastor, whose heart once rejoiced over them, has rested from his labours on earth. The arm that once grasped the sword of the spirit with such energy, is nerveless in death; and as he looks around amid the glorified throng, he sees many to be his crown of rejoicing, but

alas! he finds many awaiting, whose beginning was as hopeful as any of those who now crowd around him to welcome him to the abodes of purity and bliss. Let this thought rouse you to constant watchfulness. "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

Let me intreat you to be diligent in your attendance upon the means of grace. Make your attendance in the House of God, and in the social prayer-meeting, the result of exalted principle. The religion of many is that merely of exalted feeling. You can depend upon them to teach a class in the Sabbath School, or to fill their place in the prayer-meeting, as long as they feel well; but when the thermometer of their feelings gets down to Zero, though hell burns as fiercely as ever, and heaven invites as tenderly as ever, and souls are as precious as ever,—they relax their efforts, and leave a perishing world to take care of itself. Their religion is not the healthy glow of steady principle, but rather like a *spiritual ague*—sometimes burning in a consuming fever, and sometimes shivering with cold. It is the destructive fury of the mountain-torrent, formed by heavy and occasional rains, rather than the steady, onward roll of the majestic river. Be it yours, my dear friends, to delight in the meetings of the saints, whatever may be the state of your feelings. A time will come when you shall not be able to meet with God's people—when sickness shall invade your frame, and lay you upon a bed of pain—when the Lord's morning shall arrive, and "the sound of the church-going bell shall break upon your ear,"—when you shall see others going to the house of prayer, and you still a lonely prisoner in your sick-chamber, then the remembrance of neglected privileges will prey upon your conscience with vulturous appetite.

As members of a Christian Church, seek to be active workers in the Lord's vineyard; and be not ashamed to call Jesus—that prince of martyrs—your immortal Lord. Seek to get above "the fear of man, which brings a snare," and stand forth boldly on every proper occasion, in the defence of truth. Continue to cherish unshaken confidence in the power of truth. Truth, in the hands of the Captain of your salvation, is omnipotent. Give it full scope, and it will conquer the world. Truth may be shunned or evaded, but it cannot be vanquished. Men may shackle it—they may imprison it—they may heap lies upon it, and hide it—they may for a time bury it amid the rankest errors, and the most unseemly and unshapen evils; but loose its shackles; give it room for operation, and it will arise fresh and immortal, and dispel into non-existence everything around it that wants the Divine impress of holiness. It says nothing against the power of truth that error is sometimes so prevalent, that the latter seems to triumph over the former. As well might we deny the power of God, because there are many living in the world who neither acknowledge nor bend to that power. As well might we argue against the pervading nature of light, because there are many dungeons in the world that have never been visited by a single ray. When we darken our houses, by shutting our doors and

window-blinds, is this held as evidence that light is less powerful than darkness? I am afraid that there are many professing Christians in the present day who have little confidence in the power of truth, or in the over-ruling providence of God; for they will not breathe a syllable against popular error, till they have measured and ascertained to a nicety, the length and breadth of consequences, and how far they may safely venture without giving offence. But why are men so much afraid of consequences now? Oh, that like Noah, and Daniel, and Paul, they would but do their duty, and trust the Almighty with results! Why should we suspect God's fidelity? Why should we act as if he were a being who sees no distinction between right and wrong, and who is ever ready to abandon the course of truth and holiness, which he has sworn to maintain? Why act as if he were in the habit of breaking his word, and leaving, in their trying moments, those who speak truth and work righteousness.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES.

☞ The Rev. Thos. L. Davidson, having resigned the pastoral charge of the First and Second Regular Baptist Churches in Murkham, in favor of an unanimous call from the Regular Baptist Church, Brantford, C.W., requests his friends and correspondents to address him, Brantford, C.W.

☞ The Advisory Agency of the Baptist Home Mission Society will meet at Hamilton, on Wednesday, the 8th instant, at 11 o'clock, A.M.

SERMONS ON BAPTISM.—A review of the Rev. Mr. Roaf's "Two Sermons on Baptism," by the Rev. James Pyper, is in the press, and will shortly be published in pamphlet form. The arguments reviewed, are such as are common in every quarter,—the Review, therefore, has more than a local interest. Churches can be supplied with them, at the rate of four dollars per hundred, or twenty-five for one dollar.

MARRIED.

In Brantford, C.W., on Christmas, 25th ult., by the Rev. Thos. L. Davidson, Pastor of the Regular Baptist Church, Mr. Thomas Rycroft, to Miss Mary Midgley, both of the t'p of Brantford.

By the same, on the 25th ult., at the manse, Mr. Allan Purdy, to Miss Jane Fish, both of the town of Brantford.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Flour, (Farmers) per bbl. 15s to 18s 9d; do., (Millers) 18s 9d to 21s; Wheat, per bush., 3s to 3s 8d; Barley, per bush., 2s 6d to 3s 1d; Rye, per bush., 2s 3d to 2s 6d; Oats, per bush., 1s to 1s 2d; Potatoes, per bush., 1s 3d to 3s; Beef, per 100 lbs., 10s to 17s 6d; Pork, per 100 lbs., 15s to 20s; Fresh Butter, per lb. 6½d to 9d; Firkin do, 6d to 7d; Cheese, per lb. 3½ to 5d; Eggs, per doz., 10d; Apples, per bush., 1s 3d to 2s 6d; Hay, per ton, 40s to 55s.

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