THE PROTECTOR

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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The Protector and Christian Witness,

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THE PROTESTANT'S TRUST.

I need no other plea
With which to approach my God,
Than his own mercy, boundless, free
Through Christ on man bestowed—
A Father's love, a Father's care
Receives and answers every prayer.

I need no other priest
Than my High Priest above—
His intercession ne'er has ceased
Since first I knew His love—
Through that my faith shall never fail
Even when passing death's dark vale.

I need no human ear
In which to pour my prayer;
My great High Priest is ever near,
On Him I cast my care—
To Him, Him only, I confess,
Who can alone absolve and bless.

I need no works, by me
Wrought with laborious care,
To form a meritorious plea
Why I Heaven's bliss should share.
Christ's finished work, through boundless grace,
Has there secured my dwelling-place.

I need no prayers to saints,
Beads, relics, martyr's shrines—
Hardships 'neath which the spirit faints,
Yet, still sore burdened, pines;
Christ's service yields my soul delight,
Easy His yoke, His burden light.

I need no other book
To guide my steps to Heaven
Than that on which I daily look,
By God's own Spirit given;
And this, when He illumes our eyes,
"Unto salvation makes us wise."

I need no holy oil
To anoint my lips in death;
No priestly power my guilt to assoil,
And aid my parting breath;
Long since those words bade fear to cease,
"Thy faith hath saved thee—go in peace."

I need no priestly mass,
No purgatorial fires,
My soul to anneal, my guilt to efface,
When this brief life expires—
Christ died my eternal life to win—
His blood has cleansed me from all sin.

I need no human prop
In that last awful strife;
Christ is my refuge—Christ my hope,
My way, my truth, my life!
On His own promise I rely,
He that believeth ne'er shall die.

THE EASTERN ENGLISH EMPIRE.

Great Britain has been startled, and with good reason, by the dangers which threaten her rule in the East Indies, and her press is discussing the necessity of a thorough reform, both in her civil and military administration in that quarter. The attempt, however, to connect the recent revolt of the native army with the operations of Christian Missions meets with no favor from the leading religious papers, but is exposed as idle in fact as it is impious in its origin. "It has been," says one, "a matter of reproach that our Indian rulers have confounded toleration with the encouragement of heathen abominations. The Word of God has said, 'Cursed be they who trust in graven images,' and although we may not be able to put down idolatry by force, we must take care not to involve ourselves in the anathema which attaches to the practice. If we are chargeable with guilt in the matter, it is with shutting out the light of the glorious Gospel lest it should give offence to the natives. It may be that the Brahmins are mixed up with the revolt; but if so, it is but the death-struggle of an expiring superstition, availing itself of the neglect and ignorance of successive governors."

The attention of Parliament has also been called to the abject condition of the Ryot population in Bengal, as truthfully depicted in a memorial from the missionaries of various denominations, presented to the last session. Abundant evidence was adduced to prove that the helpless Hindoos are the victims of a system of grinding tyranny.

Sir Erskine Perry, who, when holding a judicial post in India, was by no means remarkable for his interest in the labors of the missionaries, and who took care, on rising, to notify to the House that he "had no connection with Exeter Hall," bore the strongest and most unsuspicious testimony to the truth of the representations made by the missionaries, and to the peculiar opportunities they enjoy of acquiring accurate information. He showed, also, that the descriptions of the missionaries had been confirmed by the representations of the important body of indigo-planters. Instead of alarming the religious prejudices of the native population, as Mr. Vernon Smith and Lord Ellenborough would have Parliament believe, the missionaries have proved themselves the only tried and trusted friends of the oppressed ryots. In regard to the assertion of Lord Ellenborough, an old Indian, writing to the *Times*, (as quoted in another column,) declares that "far from their (the natives) having any feelings of bitterness towards the Company's Government on account of their supposed interference with their religious opinions and customs, their chief source of wonder is that so just and enlightened a body can be so indifferent, not to say opposed, to the spread of their own religion, as not, by their own confession, to allow Christianity even fair play."

As it regards the army, it will be found it is asserted that profligacy, not piety, in the officers has contributed to these wretched results. Discipline, in any true sense of the word, cannot be maintained anywhere, especially among heathen soldiers, by officers whose moral habits and unsoldierlike conduct render them contemptible in the eyes even of these Pagans.

Look at your "Pardon."—God writes upon thy pardon "*Free;*" it has cost thee nothing, "Being justified *freely* by his grace." "Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money, neither hast thou filled me with the fat of thy sacrifices; but thou hast made me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities." But "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.

God writes upon thy pardon "*Full*" as well as "free;" the pardon extends to *all the sins thou hast ever committed* "By him, all that believe are justified from *all things*." Thou art acquitted not from one only, but from all. Thou hast a pardon, free without price, full without exception.

And then it is *final*, without revocation; the pardoned soul never comes into condemnation. Thy iniquities are removed from thee "as far as the east is from the west." As these two opposite points can never meet, so the pardoned soul and its pardoned sins can never more meet unto condemnation.

Last of all, God writes upon thy pardon another word as sweet as any of the rest, and that is "*Sure.*" It is a standing mercy, never to be recalled or annulled. The challenge is sent to earth and hell, men and devils: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." Now, the laboring conscience, that rolled and tossed upon the waves of a thousand fears, may drop anchor, and ride quiet in the pacific sea of a *pardoned state.—Flavel's Gospel Feast.*

INDIA.

Three centuries before the Christian era, the armies of Alexander penetrated the Punjaub, or the region of the Three Rivers, and made known to Europe the splendor of India, the land of "barbaric pearl and gold." In the eleventh century its trade was ruled by Constantinople: then came the Italians, who ousted the Turks; then the Portuguese; next the French; and, last of all, the English, when Cavendish and Raymond opened the door to a Joint Stock Company, placed under the direction of a Committee of fifteen. We are told by Macaulay that the Honorable Company was incorporated by England's greatest queen, on the last day of the sixteenth century; and on the 2d of May, 1601, a small trading fleet sailed from Torbay, under the command of one James Lancaster, who arrived at Sumatra, and there dropped his anchor. In this manner the commerce with the East commenced, and from this small beginning it has gradually grown to the wonderful power which it now represents. In 1612 we find the traders at Surat, protected by James I., and in 1688 Bombay was ceded to the Company by Charles II. In 1707 Calcutta became a presidency; but it was in 1798 that the rival companies then trading to the East combined under the name of the United East India Company. The first foothold acquired from a native king arose from the skill of the doctor of a merchantman in saving the life of a beautiful princess.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Clive, called the Napoleon of the East, rose from the station of a clerk to be the founder of the British Empire in India. When he commenced his career as commander he was about the same age as Napoleon when chief of the grand army of Italy; and although comparatively inexperienced in military affairs, yet his genius won for him a succession of victories that astonished the world. He was emphatically the man of the time. The Nabob of Arcot was the first to encounter him—he to whom Burke has given a deathless fame. It was at this period that Hallibarton began to form and drill the Sepoys into soldiers, and from the little band of troops then called into exercise, has sprung up an Indian army, now numbering 275,000 native soldiers. Clive came back to England full of riches and honor, but being disappointed of a seat in Parliament, he returned to India, the Honorable Company appointing him to the governorship of Fort St. David. Then came the Battle of Plassey, to revenge the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Sixty thousand men of the Bengal nabob were broken like a reed, and Clive immortalized his name by the loss of only twenty-two men. He revisited England leaving all quiet behind him, and again returned to India, to end, by his own hand, a life the burdens of which, he thought, were rendered intolerable by the persevering slanders of his enemies.

Lord Clive was succeeded by Warren Hastings, another remarkable man, whose genius, however, was rather administrative than military. He arrived in Bengal in 1750, and, like Clive, commenced his career as a writer, and by his energy and ability steadily ascended the ladder of fame. All that he did bore the impress of superiority. Whether sending dispatches in quills formed into ear-rings, to elude detection when his life was in danger, or ruling the destinies of India, with an exhausted treasury, or defending himself against a nine years' persecution, he evinced the signet of a great mind. Clive and Hastings were the greatest Governors-general of India; and while Lord Cornwallis was allowing the empire of the West to slip out of his grasp, Hastings was preserving the empire of the East. The one lost America, the other saved the Carnatic to England.

To Hastings succeeded Lord Cornwallis, who evinced both generalship and governorship, but in 1793, after six years' hard fighting with Tippoo Saib, he made way for Sir John Shore, who was suddenly converted into an Irish peer, by the title of Lord Teignmouth. This peer does not seem to have distinguished himself, when the Company appointed Lord Mornington the elder brother of the Iron Duke. He was a personage imbued with something of the spirit of Clive and Hastings; but he, in his turn, gave place to Sir George Barlow, who was succeeded by a better man in Lord Minto. This is he whose reign of power was noted for naval exploits. He took Java from the French, and was successful against the Isle of France; but at Macao, and Bocca Tigris he signally failed.

In 1813, the Marquis of Hastings became the next Governor-general of India, who, following in the path of his illustrious predecessor of the same name, squeezed the Treasury of Oude to supply the means of liquidating the Company's debt. He distinguished himself by disorganizing, and dispersing the immense bandit hordes of Pindarees, who for years had plundered, and robbed, and spread terror and devastation wherever their horsemen charged. After him came Earl Amherst, who successfully carried on the Burmah war, when, in 1833, Lord Auckland was appointed to the helm of affairs. He held it till 1841, after having engaged in the fatal Affghan campaign, in which disgrace succeeded disgrace to such a degree as even to astonish the natives. All the horrors of Indian warfare were experienced during this brief campaign. Twenty-six thousand human beings perished in the cowardly affair of the passes, to the eternal dishonor of those who failed to show themselves worthy of their official position.

The next Governor-general was Lord Ellenborough, who took office in 1842, and by his able management during the Affghan campaign, won laurels from the army as well as from those who officially held the reins of power. Even the Duke of Wellington eulogized him among the peers: but his lofty individuality and authoritative language offended the dignity of the Court of Directors, who displayed their exorbitant power by recalling him in direct opposition to the wishes of the Government. After him came Sir Henry Hardinge, the late Commander in-Chief, whose activity and energy made him both friends and foes. His administration was marked by several reforms. He modified the duty on salt, and abolished Lord Bentinck's order of flogging, and with such supporters as Sir Charles Napier, Sir Hugh Gough, and Sir Harry Smith, he conquered the Punjaub, compelling the Sikhs to surrender their swords and bow to the authority of Great Britain. In 1848 he was succeeded by Lord Dalhousie, who, as soon as he arrived at Government House, plunged into war. The battle-field of Chillianwallah is still red with the blood of the sons of England. During his reign four kingdoms were annexed to the empire—the Punjaub, in 1849; Burmah, in 1852; Nagpore, in 1854; and last, though not least, Oude, a few days before he left India for England. Under his auspices, too, were introduced the two greatest inventions of the present century—the telegraph and the railroad. Lord Canning has succeeded him, but upon his administration it is still too early to enter.—*Abridged from the London Standard.*

The Female Temper.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female, than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it; it is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling upon the heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of the whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold, and captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life retains all its power.

Spare Moments: A Hint to Husbands.—As all bonnets take, it is admitted, five minutes to put on, and as in practice it is found that most of them require considerable more than that time, "husbands-in-waiting" will do well to follow the example of the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, who finding that his wife always kept him waiting a quarter of an hour after the dinner bell rung, resolved to devote the time to writing a book on jurisprudence, and putting the project in execution, in course of time produced a work in four quarto volumes.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE STRONGEST ARGUMENT.

"Well," says Andy, "I'll now bring forward the strongest argument of all against your rule of faith, and your way of using it. You allow every one to read the Bible, and to use their private judgment on it; and what's the consequence? You've no unity; you're broken up into sects and divisions. You've Methodists, and Presbyterians, and Independents, and Scotch Church, and English Church, and Baptists, all professing to hold the same rule of faith, and yet all differing from each other. But, on the other hand, look at our Church, and there you'll see true unity. As Dr. Milner says, 'you may question the Catholic from Ireland, or from India, or from any part of the world, and you'll find them all professing the same faith.'" "Well," says the reader, "I must tell you in the first place, (I.) that the mere fact of men being united in their religion is no proof that their religion is true; for there may be union in error, as well as union in truth. The Jews, for instance, were very united when they seized our Lord, and cried, 'Away with Him, away with Him, crucify him;' and even to the present day they are more united on matters of religion than ever Roman Catholics were. You may speak to an English Jew, or an African Jew, or a Spanish Jew, and you'll find that they all profess the same faith. They've union, but it's union in error. Then, again, look at the Mahometans. In whatever part of the world you meet one, ask him his faith, you'll receive the same answer—'There is one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet.' They, too, have unity, but it is unity in error. Thus you see that the mere fact of men being united in religion is no proof that their religion is true. And, in the next place, (II.) the union that exists in your Church is not a rational union, for, in some cases, it proceeds from ignorance. You know that all cats are alike in the dark, and so are all doctrines alike to those who cannot give a reason for any doctrine. They say that they believe what the Church believes, and that the Church believes what they believe. Now, this is a kind of unity, I allow, and for want of a better, Dr. Milner is very proud of it; but it isn't the sort of union that should bind reasonable beings together. Others, again, are united because they're afraid to be otherwise. They must show, at least, an outward unity, or they'd suffer persecution. They know well that the priest would be down on them if they showed any signs of leaving the Church of Rome. This, too, produces a kind of unity; but it does not spring from love of their religion, but from fear of the priests.' "Troth," says Jerry, "we're like the Tipperary volunteers. My father (the heavens be his bed!) was going the road one day, when he met a lot of men trudging along, and a heap of police around them. 'Why, then, boys,' says he, 'who are you at all?' 'We're Tipperary volunteers,' says one of them, showing his wrists with the handcuffs on, 'and we're going to Botany Bay for the good of our country.' "And," says Jerry, "whenever I see a poor fellow going to mass, that I know would rather be going to Church, and pretending to be a Catholic, when in heart he's a Protestant, I says to myself, 'there's a Tipperary volunteer.'" "True for you," says the reader, "there's many a poor Irishman in that state; and by dint of fear a kind of unity is kept up, but its not the unity for my money. And, again," (III.) says the reader, "this union is only on the outside. You've your divisions as well as we; but we show our differences, while you're afraid to show them. Just look at the doctrine of infallibility, that your whole religion depends on, and see how you're divided about it. Some of you say that it is in the Church; but that you can't tell exactly where. Some of you say that it's in a General Council. Some of you say that its in a Pope and Council; while some of you say that its in the Pope himself. Speak to the Irish priest, and the French priest, and the Italian priest, and you'll find that they differ on this important point. "And," says he, "it is not long since this difference was seen, even in our own little village. You remember when the Redemptorist fathers went preaching through the country, how they taught quite opposite to the old parish priests on this point." "And then," says he, "you're not united about the Immaculate Conception. Remember how Humphrey said plainly, before the whole meeting, that he did'nt believe that doctrine, and that he was'nt bound to believe it, as it was'nt decreed by a general council, and there are thousands of Roman Catholics in Ireland of the same opinion; and if you spoke to the French priest, and an Italian priest, on this subject, you'd see how they differed. I could bring forward other instances, but these are sufficient to show that, with all your talk, you're very far from unity on some important points. Again," says the reader, (IV.) "Protestants have a unity of their own; take, for instance, the various denominations that you mentioned a while ago, and speak to them about religion, and you'll find that though differing on small points they agree on the important points. Ask them that question, which is the most important of all, How is a sinner to be saved? and they'll all give you the same answer. Ask them how hell is to be avoided and heaven gained, how sin is to be blotted out and righteousness obtained, and you'll find true unity in their answers; they may not give you the same form of words, but they'll give you the same Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. And," says he, "this unity is more valuable than your's, for it's the unity of freemen. A Protestant need not remain a Protestant longer than he wishes, and if he sees fit to change his religion he'll receive neither persecution nor insult; he need'nt fear being cursed or put out to work; he need answer for it to none but God and his conscience; he's not a Tipperary volunteer. So that when I look at the two kinds of unity, I'd rather have an ounce of Protestant unity than a pound of Romish unity, for the Protestant is free; but I'll leave it to yourselves, boys, whether you're free." "Troth," says Jerry, "We've the kind of freedom that old Phelim, the schoolmaster, gives the gossoons. The master sent me down for him the other day, before he went he locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. 'Why then,' says I, 'would'nt you give the creatures their freedom while you're away?' 'Freedom, indeed,' says he, 'haven't they the height of freedom inside, barring that they can't get out; and in like manner we've the height of freedom to stay in the Church, but no freedom to quit it.'" "By this and by that," says Andy, "it's enough to make a dog strike his father, to be listening to you; cock you up with freedom, indeed; it's too much freedom you have, and if the priest took my advice, he'd curse you with bell, book, and candle, and that's the freedom I'd give you." "Troth," says the reader, "that's true Romish freedom; but give me Protestant freedom, after all. But to go on with my argument: (V.) we do not find that perfect unity was ever attained in religion, any more than in other matters. The early Christian Church did not possess exact agreement upon every point, and yet if ever there was a time when we might have expected perfect unity it was then. The inspired Apostles were living and teaching, and still we find from Scripture that there were divisions then, just as there are now, and the reason is plain. God did not make two men's minds exactly alike, and, therefore, they will not take exactly the same view of any subject; they will probably agree on the leading points, but will differ on many minor points. Take the case of twelve jurymen; they will probably agree as to the main fact, whether the prisoner is guilty or not guilty, but will differ on a thousand little circumstances connected with the trial. This rational unity exists among Protestants (as you may see by reading their several confessions of faith), and is all that can be required of rational men. Your church, however, cannot have this kind of unity, because her doctrines, not being scriptural, cannot stand the test of reason, and if she allowed her people to use their judgment, they would soon see this and reject them. She then aims at another kind of unity, which proceeds from a blind, unreasoning submission to her commands. If your Church tells you that black is white, you must believe her; you're not to exercise your judgment on the matter, but to take it on her word. Now, this state of mind can only be brought about by forbidding the liberty of reasoning on matters of religion, and therefore it is that your Church is so much afraid of private judgment. But," says he, "boys, I'll leave it to yourselves whether that is likely to be a reasonable religion which is so much afraid of rational inquiry; if it could stand the judgment of intelligent men do you think it would be so much afraid of private judgment?" and with that he left us for the night.

THE SUCCESSFUL SPECULATOR.

It happened one day that two gentlemen stepped into the same compartment of a railway train just as it was about to start from Greenwich to London. The one was a minister of the Gospel, the other a merchant of considerable standing. There were none in that compartment but themselves. They were strangers to each other, and they took their seats on opposite sides.

The merchant held in his hand a circular, which, having perused with evident uneasiness, he thrust, with an impatient glance, into his pocket, struck his thigh, and exclaimed, "Well, that is enough to drive any one mad." His fellow-traveller looked at him with concern, and kindly said, "I trust sir, nothing serious has occurred to disturb you." "Serious enough, sir, I assure you," replied the other. Drawing the paper from his pocket, he asked him to read it and judge for himself. The minister ran his eye over the page, which he soon discovered to be nothing more than a printed statement of the prices of stock, for that day, in the London market. Supposing, from the unwonted agitation displayed by the other, that he must have met with some pecuniary loss from some stock-jobbing speculation, he returned the paper, with the remark, that he supposed that those who meddled with these matters must lay their account with having their fingers burnt sometimes. "Oh," the merchant replied, "you mistake the thing entirely. I have lost nothing; but the truth is, I purchased, some time ago, at 16. I sold a few days ago at 43, and now I find from that circular that if I had waited till to-day, I might have got 46! That's the thing that vexes me so much." Really, you must excuse me," said the clergyman, with a smile, "if I express myself totally unable to sympathise with you in your distress. My impression is, that you should reckon yourself a very lucky man in having already secured such a handsome profit; for instead of rising to 43, the stock might have fallen to zero; what then?" "All very true," rejoined the other, "but how am I to meet my friends at the Exchange? They will all know how the matter stands, and there will be such bantering on my want of foresight; besides, you see, had I only waited, as some of them advised, I might have been some hundreds richer now than I am."

Having, by this time, a pretty accurate idea of the singular case thus unexpectedly presented to him, the minister endeavored, in a few words, to awaken his companion to a sense of the folly of allowing himself to be so easily discomposed, and of the unspeakable advantage of true religion as a means of balancing the mind, and causing it to rise superior to all the vicissitudes of business. At the same time he ventured to ask if he was in the habit of attending public worship. "Yes, indeed," was his frank reply, "I go to ——— church as regularly as I go to London Exchange; but I can't say that I get much good, for the world rushes on me like the flowing tide, and my mind becomes distracted with thoughts about this, and thoughts about that, so that the best sermons are, in a great measure, thrown away on me, I fear. Not that I need to vex myself about wordly matters, for I have been more successful than many. I am at present in the receipt of, on an average, about $100 a-day. Sometimes there seems to be no end to rolling up, rolling up—every succeeding day more prosperous than another. But, the mischief is, the more I make, the more miserable, somehow, I become. My friends see that, and they advise me to wind up and be done, but that's not such an easy matter for a man so long accustomed as I have been to the routine of active business. Why, sir, in business, *business* is the only essence of my existence. It seems absolutely necessary to my life, and yet, alas! strange to say, it is proving the only bane of it. I am becoming its veriest drudge, and its most abject slave, and how I am to rid myself of it is more than I can tell. While thus pouring out his feelings the unhappy man was painfully excited—so much so, indeed, as to awaken in his hearer serious apprehensions as to the state of his mind.

Moved with pity, Mr. ——— anxiously sought to improve the opportunity the few remaining minutes of the journey afforded for appealing with all fidelity to his conscience on the subject of his spiritual welfare, showing the impossibility of serving God and Mammon, and directing him to seek peace without delay in the bosom of him who said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

While thus engaged, the train arrived at the London station, and the travellers, after exchanging mutual regards, separated, and went on their way, never, perhaps, to meet again, until summoned to appear before the great white throne.

What a lesson is furnished by the case of this poor Mammon-worshipper, of the restlessness of the human mind, and the insufficiency of the greatest wordly prosperity to impart solid and abiding satisfaction! What a humiliating illustration of the tendency of our fallen nature to yield its neck to the degrading and enslaving yoke of the gold of this world, and of the truth of the apostolic saying, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." The time was when this merchant was very probably no more dependent on mercantile routine, and the excitements of the Exchange, than any other man; but, by giving himself up so exclusively, as he seems to have done, to business as the grand end of life, he came to make it his god, his lord, and his master; and so completely was he under its spell, that even though convinced of the desirableness of casting it off, and employing his mind in some other object, he found himself totally unable to do so. He hugged the chains which Mammon had flung around him—voluntarily "pierced himself through with many sorrows;" like the moth, which persists in precipitating itself into the flame, with his eye fully open to the consequences, continued to expose himself most unnecessarily to the influx of cares and anxieties which were eating like a canker into his very soul, unsettling his intellect, depriving him of the comfortable use of the fruits of his industry, and utterly unfitting him to meet the last enemy and appear before his Judge. O what folly thus to sell the soul for that which is the root of all evil, and which, when obtained only cheats and mocks the possessor. How wise and appropriate the prayer, "Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, 'Who is the Lord?' or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."—*British Messenger.*

Encouragement to Godly Wives with Unbelieving Husbands.—On conversing, some time ago, with a relative of my own who lately experienced a saving change, I found that the means to which he ascribed that experience, was the cheerful, godly, Christian conduct of his wife, during a time of temporal adversity through which they passed. They fell in a moment from plenty to dependence upon friends. He tried to retrieve his position, but every effort failed, and he was overwhelmed and sickened by repeated disappointments, but his wife was strong in faith, giving glory to God. Her conduct, so different from his own, rendered him thoughtful—and by the grace of God, his trials were blessed, to humble him—and he turned to that God who had been pleading with him, by adversity, to forsake his worldliness; he sought mercy through Jesus Christ, and obtained it, *though fifty five years of age.* After he had been brought to Jesus and brought to submit patiently to the Lord's will, the tide of affairs turned in their favor, and they have now regained their position of comfort and respectability. To all in like circumstances "the Spirit speaketh on this wise:" "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, and he shall exalt you in due time: casting all your care upon him for he careth for you."—*British Messenger.*

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

The ancestors of a noble Scottish Duke were of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and the family continued so until a comparatively recent period. The following curious anecdote is related of the last surviving head of the family, and the circumstance is believed by many to have been chiefly instrumental in bringing about a change in his religious opinions. The nobleman in question possessed very extensive estates in the northern part of Scotland, the management of which was intrusted chiefly to the care of various stewards, or as they are there called, factors; notwithstanding which, he resided upon them personally the greater part of his time, and was considered on all hands as a liberal gentleman, and a kind landlord. A tenant of his, who, indeed may be called a sort of a retainer, as his forefathers had lived during several generations on the land, unfortunately, through inadvertance and ignorance, broke one of the covenants of his task or lease, of no importance in itself, yet sufficient to intitle the landlord to eject the occupant. Upon being informed of the mischief he had committed, and of the fatal consequence that might ensue to himself and family, he repaired to one of the "factors," and, without attempting to palliate the offense, save that it was unconsciously done, he begged the steward's good office at the castle, that he might have the lease renewed at a small fine. The steward, either rigorous in his duty, or having another to serve, declined to interfere, and bade the poor man prepare to abide the issue of his indiscretion.

Sorely dismayed, but not in utter dispare, he tried another and another factor, but still received the same kind of answer. Half frantic at his ill success, but determined not to yield his fate, whilst there was the least glimmering of hope, he resolved at length to apply personally to the noble peer. He repaired to the castle, humbly requested an audience, which was kindly granted. The poor man told his honest tale, without a gloss, or an attempt to excuse; he merely urged that he was poor, and with a large family; that the clause was one of which he did not even know the existance, that he had besought in vain the favor from the factors, of its being represented to their principal; and that to be turned out from the place where he was born, with all his family would be utter ruin to them, and heart-breaking to himself. The benevolent nobleman rejoiced the desponding farmer's heart by informing him that he should remain, and should sustain no injury; and being struck with the shrewdness of some of his remarks, he directed that he should receive refreshments, after which he wished to have some farther conversation with him.

With renovated spirits, he rejoined his landlord again who being curious to draw out the sentiments of his poor but shrewd old man, showed him all parts of the castle, within and without. Among other places, they went into his chapel, which was beautifully enriched with windows of stained glass, and other ornaments usual in Popish churches. Upon the farmer's asking what were the figures in the paintings and on the widows he was informed that they represented the blessed saints and martyrs of the Church. "A weel," said the farmer, "and what for, an't please your lordship, are sae money o' them put i' a place."

The peer replied, "that they were intented to quicken the spirit of devotion in religious breasts, and that they were intercessors at the throne of Divine grace for sinners on earth who appealed through them."

The honest Scotchman sighed and shook his head; which the nobleman perceiving, demanded what moved him.

"Ah my gude lord," he replied, "it does na belang to the likes o' me to meddle or mak in sic like matters."

Being however urged at length, the man replied, "A weel my lord, I canna but think that a' the saunts i, your lordship's chapel, are, sae to speak, a wee like your awn factors—I got nae gude fra nane o' them; but a blessed help when I came to the fountain head an' if it please your lordship, I canna but think that there's a muckle chance o' a gracious reply fra the Lord above himself, as ye'll get thro' a the saunts i' the calendar.

The noble peer it is said was so struck with the opposite remark, that he immediately turned his thoughts seriously to the examination of the faith he was professing, which ended in the renunciation of its tenets, and adopting the principles of the Reformed.

"I NEVER LEAVE MY OWN CHURCH."

There are many who are "swift" enough to "hear," but they are not satisfied with hearing their own pastor, whom they have chosen, and whom Providence has appointed to be over them in the Lord, and to watch for *their* souls. They often allow him to make his preparation and spend his breath for them in vain. They go to hear him, indeed, when there is no other attraction, elsewhere; but they have itching ears, and heap to themselves teachers; and when there is a new preacher at ———, or a favorite one at ———, or a baptism at ———, or a confirmation at ———, they are sure to be there, instead of at home. They, perhaps, make it a point to go to their own church *once on Sunday*, but at other times they seem to consider it optional with themselves to go or not, as it suits their convenience or inclination. They forget that their ministers have rightful *claims* and natural *feelings*, both of which are violated by them, however inadvertently. If they could once be pastors themselves, they would see this matter in a different light. They would see that it is a matter of *duty* and of *courtesy* for them to be present at every service which their pastor takes the time and trouble to hold, to hear every sermon that he desires to address to them. They should reflect that, if it is right and kind for *one* to be absent, it is so for all the congregation; and what would be the consequence if every one was to leave his own church, and go after every novel attraction? How discouraging, how mortifying, how injurious to their minister! How natural the supposition, often originating in this very cause, that they are tired of him! They may say that they can hear him at any time; but they may never again hear what he has to say to them on this or that occasion, and which, perhaps, if not selected for, was peculiarly adapted to their benefit. They may be profited by a stranger; but is it so likely, when the bow is drawn at a venture? Do they not, in fact, have as many opportunities of hearing others as they ought to desire, without leaving their own church? Would it be a great sacrifice if, on some particular occasion, they should deny themselves, out of regard to the claims and wishes of their own pastor? Could any gratification compensate them for the reflection that they have discouraged his efforts, and thwarted his plans, as far as they could do so, by their irregular attendance upon his public services? The "first rate hearer," when tempted to turn his back upon his own shepherd, has the ready answer, "I never leave my own church." The pastor is in no uncertainty; he knows his sheep, and is known of them. Not without great cause and necessity will such an one leave him to *preach to his empty seats.—Protestant Churchman.*

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS

Who is lovely? It is that little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along—who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty—who never scowls, never contends, never teases her mates, nor seeks in any other way to diminish, but always to increase their happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds and precious stones, as you pass along the streets? But these are the true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy.

If you do this, you will be sure to be loved. Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little girl why it was that everybody loved her. "I know not," she replied, "unless it be that I love everybody." This is the true secret of being loved. "He that hath friends," says Solomon, "must show himself friendly." Love begets love. If you love others, they cannot help loving you. So, then, do not put on a scowl, and fretfully complain that nobody loves you, or that such or such a one does not like you. If nobody loves you, it is your own fault. Either you do not make yourself lovely by a sweet, winning temper, and kind, winning ways, or you do not love those of whom you complain.—*Anecdotes of Girls.*