The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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

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The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

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I'LL WATCH FOR THEE.

I'll watch for thee up there,
Within the pearly gate,
I'll stand among the seraph band
Who at the portals wait.

And as the ransomed throng
With palms of victory come,
And pass the everlasting doors
To gain their heavenly home;

I'll mark with eagle eye
The radiant spirits blest,
And gladly welcome every saint
Into the promised rest.

But when thy soul is freed
From earthly toil and pain,
And wings its flight to enter in
With all the blood-washed train.

With bounding heart and hand
I'll sweep my golden lyre,
And rush to greet and welcome thee
To heaven's rejoicing choir.

Then will we sing the song
With blended voice above,
The song we used to sing on earth
Of Jesus' dying love.

We'll gather round the throne—
Our blest Redeemer's seat—
And cast the crowns he bought for us
Adoring at his feet!

And with ten thousand more,
All purchased with his blood,
We'll swell the echoing anthem strain
To Christ the Lamb of God!

Then wait and suffer on
A few more years below,
Sing yet awhile the songs of earth,
Though I from earth must go,

In heaven I'll wait for thee,
While then sat telling here,
My heart will still be joined to thine:
I'll watch for thee up there.

—*Cor. of N. Y. Observer.*

From the New York Observer.

Kirwan's Letters from Europe.

North Wales, July, 1860.

As we had a day of varied service before us, we left Bangor at an early hour, for the great Slate Quarry, at Bethesda, about six miles distant. Leaving the town by a road cut in the solid rock, and as smooth and clean as a floor, we soon entered the little village surrounding Penrhyn Castle, and in which, we were informed, its servitors mostly reside. The houses are built of stone, and slated; retired from the street; and were festooned with roses. It appeared, in the cloudless sunlight of the morning, a thing of beauty. It is said to be the pride of Lady Penrhyn, who awards a premium to the family which raises the most, and the most beautiful flowers. Soon the turrets of the castle itself, making a grand and imposing appearance, rose upon our view. The building stands upon an elevated height, and commands a charming view of the bay, of the sea, of Great Ormes Head, and of the mountains of Caernarvon. Nothing to be compared to it have we seen in Wales. Soon we reached the village of Bethesda, over which rose the mountain of slate, to see which was the object of our visit.

It rises about two thousand feet from the plain below. We drove up in our carriage as far as we could go; and then, leaving it, we walked up to the quarry and over it. There is here no underground toil, as where men work in mines, from which pure air and the light of heaven are excluded. The mountain is cut into ridges which rise in succession, like stairs, one above another, to the distance of a thousand feet. Everything is uncovered, and open to view. Upon all these ridges, or stairs, men are working in great numbers. One informed us there were twenty-seven hundred on the galleries before us, and in the sheds around us, in which the blocks of slate were split into plates and cut into shape. Looking up from below, the men on the higher ridges seemed like pigmies; and looking down from above, the men at the bottom seemed only as moving atoms!

The manner in which the quarry is worked is peculiar. Upon all the ridges or galleries we saw men busily drilling holes, with a rope tied round them and fastened to the rock. This was to preserve them, in case of stumbling or missing a step, from falling into the depths below. At eleven o'clock, a man on a bluff appeared with a flag in one hand and a horn in the other. He waved his flag, and then blew his horn loud and shrill, whose repeated echoes sounded all around. The men were prepared for blasting; and the sound of the horn was to order them to run to their shelter. To lay their fuse, and to seek a place of shelter, they are allowed five minutes. And during those minutes, the rapid movements of all the men, on all the galleries, is astonishing. The whole side of the mountain seems alive. In a minute they all disappear. The horn is again sounded; every fuse is fired; and instantly the mountain side seems like a battery from which a hundred guns are fired at once. The simultaneous explosion from all the galleries is grand and terrific! After five minutes more, the men come out from their shelter, and commence removing the masses of rocks thus heaved from the mountain.

And this scene is acted over several times each day.

At the same age, irreligion and immorality prevailed among the men of this great quarry, to a lamentable degree. A great many scarcely ever lived among them. But they were brought under the blessed influence of the revival now here in progress; and wonderful has been the gracious change wrought upon them. Sobriety, has supplanted intemperance; and prayer, profanity and the large majority of those now working upon those galleries have been made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

The huts of the workmen scattered over the quarry are very many, and of peculiar construction. Their walls are of stone, octagonal, and very low. Their roof is very strong, coming to a point in the centre, where there is a hole which serves as a chimney. There is a rough seat round the wall inside; and the fire, when kindled, is built in the centre, just under the hole in the roof. To enter these huts a tall man must go in on his hands and feet. To these the workmen resort for shelter when the blasting commences, and to eat their dinner meal. They club together, and each club has its own hut. In days not long past they were the scenes of gambling, intemperance, and profanity. Now the clubs resort to them as usual, for dinner; eat their meals as speedily as possible, and spend most of the hour of recess in prayer. In one of these huts we saw a thin rough, wooden box just under the roof. On taking it out and opening it, we found it contained a Welsh Bible. And it was placed in the box to preserve it from the damp and rain. When the meal is ended, that Bible is taken from the box; a portion of it is read, and three prayers are usually offered before the hour closes; and each member of the club takes his turn in reading and in prayer. And in fifty or more of these huts there is now a daily prayer meeting such as this! The clubs number from twelve to twenty each. Taking the lowest number there are six hundred, and taking the largest number there are one thousand men daily praying in these huts, to heaven, for the conversion of their fellow workmen, and for the conversion of the world to God! The spot in Britain which most deeply impressed us, and of which we have carried away the most vivid recollections, is the Slate Quarry near Bethesda!

The power of the revival here has not probably been surpassed in any other part of Wales. One says, writing from Bethesda: "Strange and wonderful sights are witnessed here. The chapels are lighted up every night from seven to eight, nine, ten, eleven and twelve o'clock, and sometimes to one or two in the morning. A great many persons, from the old man of fourscore to the child of six, have power with God. Truly this is the greatest outpouring of the Spirit, as a Spirit of life and power, ever experienced by our nation or country. It is granted to all, without exception, who use the key of fervent prayer; but it would seem as if the young people have the largest share. In them the revival throws its effects far into the future. Religion has become the great topic of the day."

We asked our guide, as we passed over these grounds, so hallowed by the presence of the Spirit, whether he was a subject of the revival. With a shake of the head, and a very solemn tone, he said, "No." On asking him again, why he did not submit to God during the revival, he quaintly replied, "Indeed I had a hard job to keep quit of it." Poor man! "A hard job to keep quit" of the Holy Spirit, sent of God to convict, convert, sanctify, and save! And so there are very many who find it a hard job to "keep quit" of the Holy Spirit, which would lead them into all truth! How fearful the power of the depravity which will induce us to fight against all the convictions of our minds, and all the strivings of the Spirit; and against every barrier which heaven places in our path; to force our way to eternal death!

Having a few hours to spare, we resolved to spend them in a visit to Beaumaris, now a fashionable watering place in summer. It is beautifully situated, near the edge of the bay, and commands one of the finest views in Wales. The castle, though dilapidated and ivy clad, is a fine old ruin. It was built by Edward the First, in order to keep in awe his Welsh subjects, and is reputed to be the scene of a deed of savage cruelty perpetrated by that monarch. The Welsh bards were greatly patriotic, and often, by their songs and singing, greatly excited their Saxon oppressors. Edward did not feel secure as long as these troubadours inflamed the ancestral pride of the Welsh; and inviting them to a feast in this castle, he ordered the murder of them all. It is memories like this that give a romantic interest to the old towers and castles which dot all the land; and as we passed through and around this noble ruin, we thought of the day when so much genius was extinguished! The blood of Welsh Homers bedewed the ground on which we trod

Beaumaris has largely shared in the work of revival. One writes: "The tabernacle of the congregation was filled with the glory of the Lord, so that every heart was filled with joy, and tears fell like the showers of June through the rays of the sun."

Kirwan.

The Voice of Prayer.

In the winter of 1849–50, a young clergyman, worn by toil and by the anxieties consequent on a special outpouring of the Spirit of God on the people of his charge, was compelled to discontinue for a time his accustomed labors. Having provided for his family as he best might, he went to one of our seaboard cities, and put himself in the hands of an eminent physician for medical treatment.

He took lodgings in a private boarding-house accommodating some forty boarders. His sister, Miss C—— joined him, for the purpose of watching over him and ministering to his necessities. They spent their days together in a private parlor, connecting by folding doors with another parlor which was occupied by a woman who was a scoffer.

Morning and evening, and at other hours of the day the brother and sister lifted their voices in prayer. Their tones were subdued, and the burden of their petitions was probably known only to themselves and to God; but their neighbor beyond the folding-doors gathered that prayer was offered, and that was quite enough to arouse her. She was very angry. She collected gay companions in her room, and told them that in the adjoining apartment a minister and his sister spent so small part of their time in prayer; and their mocking laughter rang out, peal on peal. The tidings ran through all the house.

In making all this stir, however, as is often the case, the adversary overshot himself, and the Spirit of God took the matter in hand. A manifest solemnity settled down on the whole company. Their mirth was hushed. Conversation flagged. A little later, a daughter of the host threw herself in the way of Miss C——, baffled in taste. She gave a particular account of the occurrences of the last two or three days, and then unburdened her heart. She had been a Universalist, but feared she had been deceived, she was now anxious to know the way of life. Miss C—— gave her appropriate counsel. A few hours elapsed, and another daughter of the host was found weeping under a sense of sin. Miss C—— had frequent interviews with the sisters, and pointed them to the Lamb of God, who alone has power to save.

Three weeks rolled away, when the clergyman, much improved in health, returned to his charge, and Miss C—— removed to another part of the city. But she kept up an acquaintance with the two sisters, and in a few weeks had satisfactory evidence that they both had given their hearts to the Saviour.

What a lesson is this on the value of prayer. What an encouragement to professed Christians to testify for Christ amid the whirl and emptiness of city life.

Again, what unexpected and oftimes mysterious ways God employs in accomplishing his purpose. That minister thought it a trying dispensation that he should be torn from his family, and separated from his flock in a season of religious awakening; but God saw that he had a testimony to give in a distant city. Two of his elect were to be gathered in; and the first link in the visible chain of influences by which they were to be drawn to Christ, was the minister's voice of prayer. Then the influence of woman was called in to carry on the work, Miss C—— was in the right place at the right time. God did not mistake. He never mistakes. Trials are mercies in disguise. In sickness and in health, at home and among strangers, the Christian may let his light shine. While we live we may, if we will, honor Christ.—*Am. Messenger.*

Our Relations with the Taipings.

Amoy, September 4, 1860.

Dear Sir,—Some months ago the Taiping insurrection seemed almost ready to die out, but of late we have been astonished by a rapid succession of victories, which have brought the country between Nankin and Shanghai (the richest part of China) under the sway of the Taiping kingdom. At the same time, the visit of missionaries to them, and the translation of their latest books, have thrown a flood of light on their internal condition. As all the China newspapers have been full of this subject, I doubt not that your columns have also contained abundant details. I doubt not that many of your readers have been giving thanks to God that Hung-jin, a member of a mission church of tried character, and well instructed in the Word, now sits, by the title of Kan-Wang, or Shield King, as the *second ruler* in the new kingdom; that by his example and his publications he has been infusing a new spirit of religious earnestness among these victorious multitudes, and recalling them to greater purity of faith and life. It would seem, indeed, that as their fortunes waned when the Eastern King (now dead) put forth his blasphemous pretensions, so now their rapid triumphs may be connected with the new impulse given to the religious life, the soul and heart of the movement.

These things, along with the invitations to missionaries, sent by two of their kings, and many other proofs of their friendliness to foreigners, had raised great hopes, which have received a painful check by the news of the sad collision at Shanghai between them and the allied forces. By the time this reaches you, you will probably have later news; my remarks apply only to the state of matters up to August 20, our latest date. But the policy indicated by that hostile collision, and by the contemptuous bearing of the Plenipotentiaries towards the Taipings, seems to augur a course of active hostility towards them. They still desire to be friendly towards us. They have *abundantly* proved this by their words and their *actions*. One of the last items of news was that they still contrived to convey proclamations into Shanghai announcing their friendliness to foreigners, and that some caught in this pacific action were slain by the French soldiers. We have treated them as robbers an pirates, the respectful communications from the sovereign rulers of a powerful kingdom have been returned unopened by the plenipotentiaries, and the messengers beheaded by the Imperialists, who could not hold the city an hour but for our protection. I would seek through you, to call on all who value civil and religious liberty, to call on our Government, to follow a policy of *non-intervention* between Imperialists and insurgents Can that be bad for Asia which is good for Europe? Shall we applaud the Tuscan who bursts the chain of an alien tyrant, and the Sicilian who disowns allegiance to a less alien oppressor; and shall we interfere to rivet the fetters of the Tartar on the eighteent provinces of China? It is vain to say that we only protect our own commerce. The repulse from Shanghai weakens the force and the prestige of the Taipings; and while we hold that city we shelter Imperial soldiers and mandarins, who will make it the base of operations to endeavour the recovery of what they have lost. Nay, more, we deprive the Taipings of their only good outlet for trade and inlet for the instruments of war, which the Imperialists obtain easily. Sardinia without Genoa, Tuscany without Leghorn, Egypt without Alexandria, or rather with these ports in an enemy's hand—such is the Taiping kingdom without Shanghai. Yet, again, whatever trade may remain, we actually assist our own enemies to obtain the customs. We have forbidden our subjects to assist in collecting the dues for the Government of China; and those who had been so acting have had to resign, under a warning [it is said] that it would now be treasonable to collect dues for a State with which we are at war; and yet at the same time we shed the blood of our countrymen to preserve to our enemies that very city where the most valuable customs have been levied.

We much fear that the French wish to pick a quarrel with the insurgents for the benefit of the Romish Church and the spread of French influence. Oh may British power never be prostituted to such purposes.

Non-intervention implies that where the Taipings have established their sway and come in contact with places accessible to us, we recognise them as sovereigns *de facto*, as indeed an independent kingdom, while we are at war with the Cabinet of Pekin; and after we obtain peace we may equally maintain friendly relations with the independent Court of Nankin, which now, for about ten years, has kept up its independence; which numbers its subjects [as far as we can learn] by tens of millions; which seems capable of developing an abundant trade in tea, silk, &c., and which possesses, to a large extent, community of faith with ourselves—acknowledging, at least, the Old and New Testaments as the supreme rule of faith.

The errors which remain in their creed and worship are not wonderful in those who have obtained so little light to illumine the darkness of ages. Let us pray earnestly to the God of all grace that our relations to the new Taiping kingdom may be such that our more abundant light may have that free entrance among them *which they themselves desire*, so that all the darkness may soon be dispelled.—*Cor. of Scottish Guardian.*

Treasury.

The Clearing of the Clouds.

There is nothing in what has befallen or befalls you, my friends, which justifies impatience or peevishness. God is inscrutable, but not wrong. Remember, if the cloud is over you, that there is a bright light always on the other side; also, that the time is coming, either in this world or the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fulness of God's light and wisdom poured round you. Everything which has befallen you, whatever sorrow your heart bleeds with, whatever pain you suffer, nothing is wanting but to see the light that actually exists, waiting to be revealed, and you will be satisfied. If your life is dark, then walk by faith, and God is pledged to keep you as safe as if you could understand everything. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

These things, however, I can say with no propriety to many. No such comforts or hopes belong to you that are living without God. You have nothing to expect from the revelation of the future. The cloud that you complain of will indeed be cleared away, and you will see that, in all your afflictions, severities, and losses, God was dealing with you righteously and kindly. You will be satisfied with God and with all that He has done for you; but alas! you will not be satisfied with yourself. That is more difficult, forever impossible! And I can conceive no pang more dreadful than to see, as you will, the cloud lifted from every dealing of God that you thought to be harsh, or unrighteous, and to feel that, as He is justified, you yourself are for ever condemned. You can no more accuse your birth, your capacity, your education, your health, your friends, your enemies, your temptations. You still had opportunities, convictions, calls of grace, and calls of blessing. You are judged according to that you had, and not according to that you had not. Your mouth is eternally shut, and God is eternally clear.—*Dr Bushnell.*

Self-Contemplation.

"If a man is to find life, he must find it elsewhere than in a deceitful and sterile view of himself"—Vinet.

If you will allow me for once to say what I think, you will find the greatest possible help in studying the character of Christ, not your own.

Read the gospels, to trace out—in every miracle, and word, and act, and touch, and in every step of the path He trod—what was his character, and how it developed itself; and I think, with the Spirit's help, you will forget *your* walk in thinking of *his*, and *your* emptiness in *his* fulness; and thus, by beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, you will be "changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit."

I do think that Satan hinders Christians more by discouraging them, with showing them their perpetual shortcomings and failures, and the sad want of conformity to Jesus, with all its sad results, than in any other way; and I cannot help feeling strongly, that in urging self-examination in the way so many good men do, they really aid the mischief. I like what M'Cheyne said, "For every look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ," only I would double and treble it, and almost say, "Never look at self at all."

I believe that it is when we are most occupied with Christ that we are most useful to others, however unconscious we may be of it, and however unconscious (as, of course, we shall be more than ever) of our unlikeness to him.

I cannot find a single instance in which, either in the gospels or epistles, Christians are taught, by example or by precept, to make a study of their own hearts. I cannot help thinking that inward experiences have far too much taken the place of the study of Christ and of the character of God, and that this accounts in a great measure for the low and despoding state of so many Christians. Do you not think that the constant study of his character would far more effectually teach us our depravity than poring into our own?—*A. L. Newton.*

Discipline of Life.

When God's chosen people passed from Egypt to Canaan, they endured many privations. In recounting God's dealings with them, Moses gives a reason for this. He says, God has thus lead you, "to try you and prove you." In accordance with this design, they were called to witness the marked displeasure of God against sin, and his love of holiness. Heavy judgments were sent upon the Egyptians, while they escaped. Each judgment made a dividing line between the friends and enemies of God.

Their deliverance was to be celebrated in future by a standing festival. But why was this long journey to the promised land? Why do they spend forty years in travelling a distance that could be performed in forty days? This also was to try them. They witnessed a display of the "Divine Majesty" amid "the thunders of Sinai." They were in the wilderness. Can they trust the power and goodness of God who has thus far sustained them? He does more than they expect. The heavens rain down manna, and the rock pours out waters. "The pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night," indicate the special presence of God for their protection. Every event was designed to develop and test their faith in God. Thus it is now. Has God given the Christian grace; He will try that grace. As silver is tried, until the refiner can see his own image reflected, so the Christian is sometimes tried in the furnace of affliction, until Christ can see the impress of *his character* reflected from a soul, once in darkness, but now in the light. The events of each day, whether prosperous or adverse, are so directed by God, that they will try the faith and test the character of the Christian.—*Rel. Herald.*

Confidence Towards God.

"We are the circumcision, who worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh."—Phil. iii 3.

It is not because of *character* that I, a sinner, can find favour in the eyes of God. Such is my character, even at its best, that I can found on it no plea of acceptance. I may labour hard to mend and meliorate it; yet after all, I find myself a sinner still; and being so, my character cannot justify me; nor can it in the very least contribute aught towards my justification.

I do not expect anything from God on account of what I am, or feel, or do. Granting that my character is a good one, still it is not so good as that God can show me favour on account of it. I must therefore set it aside. I cannot act upon it, or ask God to act upon it.

Yet, while my character, however good, cannot help me, still however bad it cannot hinder me, nor prevent my being received by God. What is good in me (if such there be) does not make me better that a sinner; and what is bad does not make me worse. So that, whatever I be, I must still meet God just as a sinner. And as such He is willing to meet me; as such He is willing to receive and bless me. The only condition He makes is, that I shall come to Him as I am; making no secret of my sins, nor pretending to be—what I am not, and never can be here—less than a sinner.—*Scotch paper.*

Temperance.

Annual Report of the G. W. P.

Of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Prince Edward Island, presented Oct. 30, 1860.

(Continued from our last.)

Let me glance again at one of the pressing claims of our noble cause. We want, what comes to us but too slowly, the aid of the friends of religion. Some of these we have with us, and they are our main strength and stay. But, alas! the many stand aloof. It is hard to say why; especially when they see the seductions of strong drink invading our churches, and not always sparing our ministers. Nor do they thus withhold their aid in ignorance of the facts and arguments in the case. Are any of them abettors of the evils against which we contend? Are they tainted, any of them, with the love of strong drink, though but in small potations? Or do they say of them defile themselves with its gains? Or, where neither the one nor the other is the case, is it that within their own immediate circle they do not witness the mischiefs which we would fain abate, and therefore do not realize them? Or is it that their religion is so ethereal and superfine, that it would be soiled and stained by contact with an enterprise low and earthly like ours? I do not answer these questions; but certain I am, that they who love men's souls are the only persons who can grapple aright with the evils that infest their bodies. It is becoming daily more manifest, that it must be by moral force rather than legal, that our final victories are to be achieved. Let me here introduce a paragraph from a speech delivered by Lord Brougham, at the last Annual Meeting of the "Social Science Association," held in Glasgow, Scotland; and let me add, in making this quotation, that his Lordship, in his green old age, is increasing the lustre of the honors which crown his head by his frequent and vigorous advocacy of the cause of temperance. "At our last Congress," says his Lordship, "great attention was paid to the important subject of temperance, and especially to the necessity of preparing public opinion for those repressive measures which experience daily proves more and more clearly to be required for lessening the consumption of spirituous liquors. The great source of pauperism and of crimes has hitherto only been attacked by palliatives; and although these have had a certain success, yet if there be any means not exposed to serious objections by which the evil may be extirpated, the gain to society would be incalculable. No measure of absolute repression can, of course, be recommended until the public mind has been not only prepared, but strongly inclined for it. But the proposal of the Grand Alliance well deserves a careful consideration,—the plan of enabling a certain proportion of the inhabitants in every district—a proportion considerably above the commercial majority—to give the magistrates authority for placing the district under a general repressive act, passed with such modifications as, according to the act's provisions, may be allowed in the peculiar local circumstances. A very extensive adhesion has been given to the proposal in the great districts of Manchester and Birmingham; and this, besides its intrinsic merits, will be quite sufficient to cause a searching examination by our departments, sanatory and of jurisprudence. That it deeply concerns both need not be added. But which of all our departments does it not most deeply concern? Remember the memorable expression of that great philanthropist, our eminent colleague the Recorder of Birmingham—'Whatever step I take,' says Mr Hill, 'and into whatever direction I may strike, the drink demon starts up before me and blocks the way.'" Yes! public opinion must, in any case, be educated in this matter; and then it will require a perpetual effort to keep it up at the right point, our main reliance for which must repose upon our religious men. See what wonders have sometimes been wrought where intemperance has been assaulted in an earnest religious spirit. Look, for instance, at the career of John B. Gough. And let me recall the achievements of Father Matthew. In three years,—that is from 1838 to 1841,—the consumption of ardent spirits in Ireland fell, in round numbers, from some 12,500,000 gallons to about 6,500,000. So stand the figures in official returns; which probably do not tell the whole truth. There has, doubtless, been a reaction in Ireland. Nevertheless we see what was done there for a time, by the mixing up of religious motives and agencies with the working of the Temperance cause. And I can not help thinking that, if Father Matthew's experiment were duly studied by religionists of every class, and repeated, as it might be, in harmony with our several modes of religious action, upon all whom we could reach, results of the most cheering kind might be anticipated. We wait, we long, we pray, to see our ministers and churches "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty" in our battle field. They will come at last. They are chargeable with a grievous omission while they hold off from our enterprise. Nor can we do our work, nor will their work be done aright, until they join us hand and heart, and at any cost, to drive the "drink demon" down to his own den.

And here I draw to a close. Yet, first, I beg to recommend an inquiry into the properties of a drink vulgarly known among us by the name of "Stretch 'em." Is it of such a character that it ought to be prohibited to our Order? Next, let me also recommend an inquiry,—What can we do, as an Order, towards a revival of the Temperance cause in the Island? Finally, representatives, let us see to it that we fall not out among ourselves. We cannot afford to quarrel. Let past divisions, therefore, be healed, and let us more than ever strive, by the help of Heaven, to exemplify, more largely than heretofore, our great cardinal graces—Love—Purity—and Fidelity.

John Davis, G. W. P.

Note (A.)

The language used in the report but faintly represents the facts in the case. The inhabitants of Dundas, (portions of Lots 54, and 55, which have recently assumed that name,) had resolved, at a public meeting, to use all "legal means to prevent the importation and sale of intoxicating drinks in their midst." This resolution the members of the "Flower of the Forest Division," situated in that neighborhood, sought to enforce. Thereupon the rum-drinkers, led on by a smuggling rum-seller, organized against that Division a regular system of annoyance. Among other things, they assaulted the house of one of the Sons, a magistrate before whom proceedings had been taken against two rum-sellers on account of illegal sales of their poison, and committed incredible outrages upon those whom they found there. They dragged about the mother of our Brother, by the hair of her head, striking