

in Chicago the other day, "I have to-day seen a new thing in Illinois. I have four Irishmen at work for me, and this morning I offered each of them a glass of whiskey and they every one refused."

**THE FOREST AND THE INDIAN.**—"The white man wars upon all that is native here," said an old Indian. "Upon the forests and the red men. The one he destroys with the steel, the other with the burning fire of the accursed whiskey. He has made great havoc with us both, and we shall pass away together."

## The Harbinger.

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The preliminary "address to our readers" supersedes any further reference to the design of this publication, and the spirit which we trust will animate its pages. In all our original articles, we shall endeavour to "speak the truth in love," and no other articles shall find insertion but such as harmonize with the dictates of charity, the demands of Christian faithfulness and the desires of an enlightened and well directed zeal.

**THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.**—Nothing can be more consistent, more congenial with the spirit and tendency of our holy religion, than that Christians should habitually indulge and exercise the disposition to do good. If they have aught of the mind of Him, whose name they bear, they will not,—cannot be the apathetic witnesses of evils which they have the power either to alleviate or remove. If they have undergone that spiritual change which is essential to true religion, they will be morally incapable of resisting the appeals which in so many forms and from so many quarters, are perpetually made to their sympathy and succour. They will not be satisfied with the barren and unfruitful acknowledgment that misery exists, and that it is a good and laudable undertaking to aim at its relief. They will not be contented with the cheap and easy contribution of sentimental lamentation over an existing evil, and of good wishes for the success of those who are actively engaged in its counteraction or correction. They will not,—cannot turn away from the spectacle of human wretchedness, from the sound of human woe,

with the cold and callous inquiry of the primeval fratricide, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Such hardihood of heart, such impassive and imperturbable selfishness of spirit, however it might suit the Stoic, is ill consistent with the name of Christian, and utterly alien and abhorrent from the tendency of our most holy faith.

It is the peculiar excellence, the pre-eminent glory of the religion of Christ, the proof at once of its Divine origin and its adaptation to the moral exigencies and actual circumstances of mankind, that it instrumentally inspires the sentiments which it inculcates, and supplies, not only maxims to regulate the decisions of the judgment, but motives also to subjugate and sway the desires of the heart. It at once informs and excites, directs and stimulates, and whilst it demands, inclines us to, the docile and reverent reception of its heavenly instructions. When Christianity has established her spiritual empire, obedience is the result not only of faith but of feeling,—not only of the intellectual perception or persuasion of what is just and right, but a desire and a disposition to conform to its requisitions. He who is benevolent, only because it is *right* to be so, may have discerned somewhat of the wisdom, but has yet to feel the power of Christianity. This furnishes not only a light to guide and a law to govern its genuine disciples, but 'spirit and life' wherewith to animate the otherwise dead and dormant sensibilities of the human soul, and bring into harmonious combination the dictates of the understanding and the desires of the heart. The philanthropic Christian is urged to the discharge of incumbent obligation—not so much by the stern command of an authority which he dares not resist, as by the strong though silent operation of feelings, which he would not, even if he could repress. His benevolence, in short, is not constrained but spontaneous, not the forced artificial product of an uncongenial soil, but the free and natural fruit of those seeds which the hand of Divine mercy has sown in the renovated heart, and which blessed by the beams of the son of righteousness and the influences of the spirit, spring up in simple majesty, fair as the lily of the valley, and fragrant as the rose of Sharon.

It is a matter of just and legitimate congratulation, that what, in former ages, might have been considered only as a theoretic exposition of the spirit and tendency of our holy religion, is in our own age, a fair representation of ex-