

views, and that you will hesitate before you again dare to deal the bolts of almighty vengeance with that unscrupulous hand you have presumed to do. I will not follow you in all you say, nor is it needed; the whole burthen of the song is, dissent from the Church of England is sin, and therefore dissenters are to be avoided as sinners; however apparently good their character, we must not make them our friends or our companions, or be with them for our own pleasure—and this from a son of William Wilberforce, who, under the delusion of apostolical succession, seems almost to be persuaded that his words, coming to us with the authority of an Apostle, are almost, if not entirely, as the words of Christ!

“What, I again ask, is there in Christianity, to hinder my having one mind with the pious dissenter, or one mouth to join with him in mutual prayer, although our views as to church government and the public services of the sanctuary may be altogether opposite? Even if it is denied, though on what authority I know not, that he is my brother, he is at least as much my neighbour as the Samaritan to the Jew. And what is my duty to him as such? To love him as myself, let me see a man devoting his time, his talents, his abundance (if possessing it,) to the service of God, living in purity and holiness, exercising constant self-denial for the good of others, trusting, however, not on the straw or stubble of self-denial, or benevolence, but on the sole and simple merits of his Saviour for acceptance with God; is not such a man my brother; and am I not to love him as myself, to be his companion, his associate, his friend, to take sweet counsel together, as to our future hopes?”

The circulation of Mr. Turner's Tract, which throughout expresses sentiments such as those we have extracted, would at this juncture be likely to do much good. A most momentous crisis in the affairs of the Church of England is visibly and rapidly approaching.—“The principles you advocate”—says Mr. Turner to Mr. Wilberforce in conclusion,—“the principles you advocate are ensuring, I believe, the downfall of our church: not the Church of Christ, for that all hell combined shall never overthrow, but the Church of England.”—If that sad consummation is to be averted, it must be, to a considerable extent, by the Divine blessing on the adoption and bold assertion on the part of the evangelical Clergy, of such principles as are inculcated in this Tract.

HORSE-RACING.—We have always regarded this practice as most demoralising in its tendency and effects, to say nothing of the cruelty practised upon that noble animal, the horse. A celebrated writer very justly remarks respecting this disgraceful practice,—“Let us observe the notorious lying that is always joined with it; the various kinds of over-reaching and cheating! the horrid oaths and curses that constantly accompany it, where-with the name of our Lord God, blessed for ever is, blasphemed. When or where was this diversion ever known without these dreadful consequences? Who was ever one day present at one of these entertainments, without being himself a witness to one of these? And surely these alone, had we no other ill consequences to charge upon this diversion, are enough, till a way is found to purge it from them, to make both God and all wise men to abhor it.” We have noticed with much regret that Sir Charles Metcalfe has been induced to sanction this practice, by appointing “the Queen's plate,” to be run for in this city this summer. We copy the following remarks on the subject from the last *Temperance Advocate*, and fully agree with the sentiments contained therein:—

“**HORSE RACES.**—We have seen with much regret a paragraph paraded in the newspapers to the effect that Sir CHARLES METCALFE had, at the request of the Turf Club, and doubtless in the discharge of what he deemed official duty, appointed the Queen's plate to be run for at Montreal next summer; thus making it one of his first public acts to sanction Horse Races.

“We presume that in doing this the Governor General, for whose character we have long enter-

tained high respect, did not know that in Canada at least, races are perfect fairs of vice and dissipation, that there are probably more drunkenness and gambling in three days of races, than in three months of ordinary times; that these occasions seldom or never pass without hurrying two or three singularly unprepared victims to the grave; that they are a sort of saturnalia for the intemperate, licentious and profane—where the scum and offscouring of society collect from all quarters and glory in their shame; that inasmuch as they tempt multitudes of the young in the paths of destruction, they are the terror of ministers, parents, and guardians. That, in a word, they are harvest days of Satan, and almost the only parties who profit by them are his agents the rumseller, the gambler, &c.

“We know it is asserted that Races improve the breed of horses, and consequently benefit agriculture; but even admitting this statement, it is no reason why they should deteriorate the breed of men by encouraging drunkenness and licentiousness. We have the authority, however, of enlightened practical agriculturists for saying that there is no foundation for the assertion, because the peculiar qualifications requisite for race horses are not only unnecessary but absolutely hurtful in horses devoted to other purposes, and that if a tithe of the money spent in races were given as premiums for the best draught horses, roadsters, &c., the breeds which are really useful would be improved incalculably more than by the present mode.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW THEORY ON THE ORIGIN OF WHITE AND BLACK MEN.

The following is from a conversation by Rev. George Brown, a Methodist missionary in Western Africa, with old king Yardoo, the first king of the Goulah nation. The journal from which the extract is taken is exceedingly interesting, and shows that a wide and effectual door is opened for the introduction of the gospel into Western Africa.

“The old man listened with the deepest interest, even with tears in his eyes. And as soon as he had got the palaver (the missionary's talk) he exclaimed, Thank God! Then, said he, man can make any thing but this life; and that God made. And now, said he, I will tell you how God made man. First he came down in the morning, and worked all day making white men in America, and gave them plenty of good sense. Then he came along in the dark, about midnight, and made us countrymen all black, and because he wanted to get home before breakfast, he never waited to give us any sense at all, but told us for to make war, raise rice and cassada, eat dumbboy and pepper, and that is all. But, said he, I have been telling my people a long time that God would get up soon and give us sense like Americans. And said he, This is that thing, one which I have dreamed and thought of a long time. And putting his hands to his grey head, he exclaimed, O my head! my head! I done look him how.”

THE MIND AND THE HEART.

It is a very instructive fact, that under the highest efforts of reason in other matters, the human mind has been satisfied with the most childish and absurd notions on the subject of religion. The men who erected the pyramids, and left behind them those architectural monuments which still excite the admiration of the world, cherished with all their intellectual grandeur the most puerile and degrading notions on the subject of religion. Think of the men who planned and erected the pyramids worshipping cats and onions!

The Phenicians, who claimed the glory of the invention of letters, “and the knowledge of military and naval arts,” were accustomed when attacked by enemies, to chain the images of their gods to their altars that they might not abandon their city! The men who had in their hands the letters and commerce of the world, worshipped with chains, lest they should run away through fear! The statesmen, and orators, and poets of ancient Rome, are even now read in the highest schools of Christendom; but think of Cicero and Tacitus and Augustus Caesar looking into the entrails of sheep, or watching the flight of birds, to propitiate the gods, or predict the result of a military campaign! This contrast between the

mind and the heart becomes more striking when we look at distinguished individuals. Plutarch thought that our souls were made out of the moon and would therefore return to it. This elegant and discriminating writer of ancient biography, gravely tells us “that some think the inhabitants of the moon hang by the head to it, or like Ixion, are tied fast to it, that its motions may not shake them from it, and it ought not to seem surprising that a lion fell out of it into the Peloponessus.” Even the wise Plato thought the stars required and received nourishment. Seneca was of the same opinion, who says, “hence it is that so many stars are maintained; as eager for their pasture as they are hard worked both by day and night.”

This contrast between the mind and the heart is certainly one of the most striking anomalies in human nature. Do we not behold the same anomaly at the present day? Does men's knowledge of religious things keep pace with their general improvement? How often are the most penetrating genius and the largest acquisitions associated with religious opinions that are grossly incorrect and miserable low. What a practical comment is here given us upon the inspired declaration, “They did not like to retain God in their knowledge.”

EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF RECOGNITION IN A TIGER.

ONE day last week a singular circumstance occurred in Wombwell's Menagerie, corroborative of retentive memory said to be possessed by this most vicious of the forest tribe, the tiger. A sailor who had been strolling round the exhibition, loitering here and there to admire and identify some of the animals with those he had seen in far distant climes, was attracted by the strange noise made by a tiger, who seemed irritated beyond endurance. Jack, somewhat alarmed, sought the keeper to inquire the cause of so singular a display of feeling, which, he remarked, became more hoisterous the nearer he approached the animal; the keeper replied, that the behaviour of the tiger indicated that he was vastly pleased or annoyed; upon this the sailor again approached the den, and after gazing at the tiger for a few minutes, during which the animal became frantic with seeming rage, lashing his tail against his sides and giving utterance to the most frightful howlings, discovered the tiger to be the same animal brought to England under the special care of the weather-beaten tar. It now became Jack's turn to be delighted, as it appeared the tiger was in thus recognising an old friend, and, after making repeated applications to be permitted to enter the den for the purpose, as he said, of shaking a fist with the beautiful animal, he was suffered so to do: the iron door was opened and in jumped Jack to the delight of himself and striped friend, and the astonishment of the lookers-on. The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction, and when the honest tar left the den the anguish of the animal appeared almost insupportable.—*Davenport Independence.*

FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.—The ties of earthly friendship are not of an enduring and sacred character. They receive their chief strength from convenience & self-interest, and when these are not served, they are easily sundered. There is an utter heartlessness in most of those associations, in which worldly men form themselves for the pursuit of business and pleasure, and amidst many professions of esteem, selfishness is still the ruling motive. The best test of friendship is to be in a situation to need its kind offices. Let poverty overtake the rich man, and how many then are found eagerly pressing towards him to tender their services? Who then remember their former professions of esteem and attachment? Few escape the impulse of the many to hide themselves from a stricken brother. The purses which would have been promptly opened to serve him when he needed nothing, are now closed against the relief of his real wants. Is this the friendship of the world? Then how absurd to seek it at the expense of the divine favor with which it is at enmity! Surely those should be selected as our chosen companions, who act from a sense of religious responsibility; and who love their neighbors because it is the commandment of God. Yet even this is not to be relied on. The characters of the best men are imperfect in this