

“The thoughts of this people are not the thoughts of a civilized race,” exclaimed Casimir Perier, in Guizot’s “Memoirs;” “their imaginations are those of a savage tribe!” Their thoughts and imaginations will never, never, never be different until they shall become subject to the purging, chastening, solemnizing influences of the Christian Sabbath. Not otherwise can they acquire a reverence for and allegiance to the Great Invisible, or that humble, self-denying, self-disciplining faith which enables man to ‘erect himself above himself,’ and to act in constant view of eternal truths and immortal destinies. Not otherwise can they ever obtain that moderation and prudence, that earnest seeking after the truth and right, that habit of acting in reference to settled maxims of conduct, which alone qualify man for freedom.”

We profoundly believe that there is no institution under the sun, Divine or human, that is so absolutely indispensable to a free people as a day set apart for retirement from the whirl of pleasure, and for sober attention to the higher aspirations of the heart and soul. The man who saps this institution is a traitor to his country; he is sapping the very strongest pillar of the State. He is taking the very surest means to assimilate us with the masses of Europe, and to involve us in the same degraded destiny. Sundays, for self-indulgence, may suffice for slaves; but freemen must have Sabbaths for the worship of God.

RICHARD CAMERON.

Picture to yourself this noble and majestic youth with blooming countenance and eagle eye, standing on some huge rock uplifted in the wilderness. Ten thousand people are grouped around him: the aged, with the women and children, seated near this pulpit of nature’s handiwork; the men of middle age and the stalwart youths of the surrounding hamlets composing the outer circle, many of them with their hands on their swords, or their trusty guns slung by their side; and on each neighbouring heights may be seen the solitary figure of the watchman, intently gazing in all directions for the approach of the troopers, who are now kept garrisoned in every district, and who night and day are on the prowl to catch some poor outlawed Covenanter, or surprise some conventicle in the depths of the hills. It is a Sabbath in May. The great wild moor stretches out to a kind of infinity, blending at last with the serene blue sky. How sublime and peaceful the moment! even in this age of violence and oppression,—of the dungeon, the rack, the scaffold, and murder in cold blood in the fields. Heaven smiles on the “Remnant.” All is hushed and reverent attention. The word is precious. There are but three men now in Scotland who will venture their all to preach to the people, free from the claims of despotism, and asserting the independence of man’s spirit and man’s creed from all State control. These are, faithful old Cargill, weary-footed, prophetic old Peden, and the youthful Cameron, who now stands before us. The psalm has been sung, and the echoes of the myriad voices have died on the moorland breeze. The prayer has been offered, the earnest wrestlings with Heaven of men who before sunset may themselves be an offering for their religion. The preacher rises. He eyes for a moment in silence that vast multitude, gathered from all parts of the west. Always serious, always inspired with elevated feeling, there is in his manner more than the usual solemnity. There is a mysterious look, full of mingled emotion, of tenderness, sorrow, weariness, longing for rest, and the presentiment of Paul, “I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.” Yes! he knows that his days are numbered; and but a few more suns, the heather-sod shall be his bed of death. A strange, almost unearthly sympathy is visible, stirring those assembled thousands to the very depths of their being. Rousing himself from the reverie which had passed over him, the preacher announces his text, “*Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life.*” He commences by expounding the words: he enters into a plain and forcible illustration of the various doctrines which lie imbedded in the text. Yet there is manifestly something weighing upon his mind, a vehement desire to throw aside