

rich line of road, three public edifices arrest the vision, on account of their magnitude and proximity. You see the barracks on your left, the home of the soldier, if home he can be said to have; beyond that the massive Romish temple, with its crouching tower and narrow windows, fit emblem of the system to which it points; reminding one of the priest in the picture, on one side of the pillar, in the dark confessional, with his jealous countenance, and the broken-down penitent on the other, with covered face and weary heart, unfolding past errors.

There is but little light in Rome, and no wonder, though the Pope years ago, because of his profusion of candles, objected to the introduction of gas into the Italian city enthroned on the seven hills. Onward still and you behold the Church of England; holding her head erect, surmounted with the flag-staff, with her chime of bells, and long-tried liturgy. Other places of worship may be found in London, but at this point of vision, you only notice St. Andrews, which was wont to make a considerable figure in town architecture, but which is now eclipsed by the mighty shadows of England and Rome.

In the Baptist Church, York-street, we heard last week several Temperance addresses, by a celebrated champion of the cause. After solemn prayer by the Rev. John Scott, on the evening of the 13th May, our orator proceeded, and gave a powerful analysis of some celebrated characters as also of their writings. Scotia's favourite bard was well handled, and a few master-strokes given of Thomas Moore, of the Emerald Isle, who lately departed this life. The subject for the evening was the effects of intoxicating drinks on men of high literary and intellectual standing, and nobly did John Campbell, as he loves to call himself, redeem the pledge which had been given in the advertisement. It is sad to think that the London town-council, have already disannulled the excellent resolution on this point, to which we referred in a former number of the *Record*. States and nations, if you desire prosperity, arise in your corporate majesty, and work manfully the Maine Engine! and you ministers, and members of the Church of the living God!! throw the weight of your whole influence into the scale. We noticed our friend Mr. Boyd, of this Church, taking notes; and we hope that he will continue to enlighten the town on this important matter.

This is a remarkable age; there is but a step, as one might say, between the Temperance meeting and the Presbytery room, and from the Presbytery room back to the Temperance meeting again. We will now take our reader by the hand, and introduce him to St. Andrew's Session-room; it is but reasonable that he should see something of the interior, as well as of the exterior of London.

We notice some new faces, and as we do, we thank God, and take courage; we see one for examination that he may be recommended to the Synod, as a proper candidate for license to preach. We see another undergoing trials for ordination. There was much business to be done at the meeting of the Presbytery. One could heartily wish that some paltry case had got fewer details, for at a late or rather at an early hour, flesh and blood threaten to break down, even in the midst of good work and sensible talk. One of our most perplexing cases, was to understand from what quarter or quarters, we were to expect a favourable breeze, for waiting something good to our empty treasury, for Home Missions. A word to the wise will be sufficient. Those who have done something this year already, will need to do something still, during the current year; and those who have done nothing, what shall we say to you? nothing but just this, It is now high time to awake out of sleep. Let all our congregations and mission-stations seriously consider this matter; let the latter do so especially, as they receive the immediate benefit. We have read of a female in humble life, who devised and executed nobly toward the support of a Christian Mission in one

of the sections of the visible Church. It was her occupation to wash clothes for others, and she accumulated rain-water to such an extent, that she could sell pailfuls of it to her companions, engaged in the same occupation, till she secured several dollars, and handed them over to one of the Directors of the Mission. The name was asked, she did not give it, but she said "If you will have a name, call it Rain from Heaven." God has lately been giving rain for renewing the face of the natural world, and lovely is the verdure which has already succeeded the sterility of winter. But this disciple had rain from heaven in her soul, there is reason to believe, as well as rain from heaven in her pail, and the disciple of Christ, should still give a cup of cold water to forward the noblest of causes.

"O God, thou to thine heritage,
Didst send a plenteous rain,
Whereby thou, when it weary was,
Didst it refresh again."

Shall 400,000,000 of dollars, according to computation, be expended in heathen China yearly, on their Church-buildings and worship of the dead, and will we be backward in giving a far less sum for a Christian Mission?

Mr. Editor, you appeared in this part of the country with a tartan-plaid on, in the course of last January, giving as a reason, that it might be accepted by the Gaelic people for your want of their language. If you would republish "The Young Pedlar of Covrivoilin" which may be found in a volume entitled "Principles and Practice, or Stories for Young People," printed by Oliphant & Son, Edinburgh, or in Volume X. of the Church of England Magazine, it would please us English-speaking people, it would be like putting on the tartan-plaid to the Gaelic people, and perhaps would induce some to support more liberally our Home Mission. W.

[FOR THE RECORD.]

THE LATE COLONEL FORDYCE.

In the April number of the *Record*, there is an obituary notice, of the late Colonel Fordyce, who has fallen a victim in that protracted and sanguinary war in Kaffirland. In it, the late lamented Colonel is represented, and truly we believe, as a Christian, and a gentleman, of no ordinary kind. We rejoice, that there are some such men, who, by their redeeming influence, rescue in some degree, the British army from the charge of utter ungodliness. But it appears to us, that the gallant colonel, entirely mistook his profession in choosing that of arms. Not, that we suppose, he was unfitted for leading on the armies of England's sons, to battle and to victory, but that we believe he must have felt a sad and sickening sensation on account of the inconsistency of his course, as an humble disciple of the Prince of Peace, amidst rioting and revelling in scenes of carnage, blood, and death. Oh, how the shrieks of the wounded, and the groans of the dying must have sunk into his soul; for the Christian contemplating with complacency the din of battle and all the other horrors of war, is an anomaly no where to be found in all the wide universe of God. Deceived by the false glow of National honor, which time and custom have rendered attractive, and grand, such men are led to engage in war, to consecrate those bright and brilliant talents to the work of destruction, to hurl millions of impenitent, unpardoned sinners into eternity, which ought to have been exclusively employed in leading them to the foot of the cross, that they might stand at last at the bar of God, not guilty, and condemned, but sanctified and saved; their hands not reeking with the blood of brethren slain, but washed in the blood of the Lamb. The opinion of the world, even the Christian world, seems to us to be woefully perverted in this matter. We bring no charge against Colonel Fordyce, other than we bring against all who engage in, or by their con-

duct either positively or negatively approve of war. Were we inclined to be censorious, we should rather bring a charge of great unfaithfulness, and of gross perversion of talent, and of influence, against those men who, clothed in the insignia of peace, and having the gospel, the glad tidings of peace to proclaim, the messengers of Him whose advent to earth to die for sin, was ushered in with the proclamation of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good-will towards men," yet use their influence on the side of destruction and death, by throwing a halo of glory around the ravages sin has made, and employing the magic of their pen to write the praise of those "who in gory battle fell."

It is right that the virtues of the noble dead should be recorded, but it is wrong to speak of them alone and pass on, without a single reflection, or the expression of one feeling of regret, that such sublime traits of character, such splendid qualities of mind, should ever have been employed in the fell work of destroying the handiwork of God.

We are aware much has been said, and can be said in the advocacy of war. Nor are we among those who repudiate it, under every circumstance. We believe there are occasions, when not only are we authorized by the law of Christ to take up arms, but when dastardly to decline it would be sin. To refuse to defend our altars, and our homes, recklessly to permit ourselves to be butchered by the ruthless invading foe, unresistingly to stand by and contemplate the violation and murder of our defenceless wives and children, would be to stamp craven on our brows, and deny that we are men. But the case is different far, when, instead of merely acting on the defensive and fighting for our religion, our liberty and lives, we become the aggressors, and carry the war into other lands. Paley, if we recollect aright, divides all wars into two classes, defensive and offensive; the former he says is just, the latter unjust; with this view we are inclined to coincide, and therefore affirm that all aggressive wars are unjust, and consequently sinful. It becomes then a serious question. Can the Christian man be so conformed to the world, that he can engage in an unjust war? Can he proceed with clean hands, and a pure heart, to the land of the death-doomed, carrying along the appliances of war, to exterminate its inhabitants, devastate its fair fields, and lay waste its busy marts? And even though victory crown his brow with the laurel wreath, can he go exultingly and happily away, after contemplating the homes of his victims laid low; their towns smoking and smouldering in ashes, their bodies lying putrid in the sun, and their blood crying to heaven for vengeance? Many long years have gone by since England was called upon to wage a defensive war, and yet she has been, and is warring still. No wonder that God in his hot displeasure should tell her of his wrath, in delivering up to death on African and Indian battle-fields, the bravest and noblest of her sons. That war has been made instrumental in extending our dominions, in increasing our commerce, and even in opening up and preparing the way for the preaching of the gospel, we freely grant, for God can make, as he often has done, the wrath of men to praise Him, but to make that an apology for war, is to advocate doing evil that good may come—it is the Jesuit doctrine that "the end sanctifies the means." Jesus Christ never commissioned his followers to preach the gospel by means of cannon-balls and grape-shot—never told them that in order to humanize and civilize and Christianize a barbarous people, it was necessary to exterminate them—never taught them that to advance his cause, and kingdom, they must become slayers of men, and steel their hearts against all such appeals as the groans and cries, the streaming blood, and the ebbing life of the unbelievers. No, the religion of Christ, is a religion of love, yea, He Himself is love, most assuredly he has no delight in either the temporal or eternal death of sinners. But so infatuated,