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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BY

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GOD A STRONG TOWER.

God, *our own God*, is a strong tower,
A present help in time of need,
Our hiding-place, our shield, our power,
Our hope and trust, a friend indeed.
Behold the enemy,
O how enraged is he!
Much cunning and great might
Most dreadful make his spite;
On earth his equal is not found.

Man's boasted strength is weakness here,
Our reason's powers contend in vain;
But One to save us shall appear,
By whom the victory we gain.
And dost thou ask his name?
'Tis Jesus Christ—the same
Known Lord of hosts to be,
There is no God but He,
And by his blood we overcome.

Yea, if the world with devils swarm'd,
In fiery ranks and fierce array,
We fear them not; by faith we're arm'd
With Christ we're sure to win the day.
Thus Satan we defy,
Nor dread his tyranny;
The great Accuser's cast,
His tempting power is past,
And all God's saints shall shout for joy.

Foes cannot shake the word of truth,
No thanks to them—'tis left unmov'd;
Our Captain has the dew of youth,
And gives his Spirit, blest and lov'd.
Doth man bereave of life—
Of goods, fame, child, and wife:
Nought—less than nought—he gains,
Our Father's word remains;
The kingdom is our heritage.

—*Luther*, 1530.

Rev. C. Chiniquy's Address,

AT THE TRICENTENARY CELEBRATION IN EDINBURGH, ON THE 17TH AUGUST.

Mr. Chiniquy, who was received with loud and prolonged cheers, said—I was born a Roman Catholic, and my parents belonged to that persuasion. I was ordained a priest of the Church of Rome in 1833; and until God's hand opened my eyes in a very marvellous way, I was a sincere Roman Catholic priest,—so sincere, that I cannot tell the day that I was not ready to give every drop of my blood for my Church. Now, if there is any one here who expects I am to say a word which may be regarded as abuse against my Roman Catholic friends, he will be much disappointed. (Applause.) I do consider it a great misfortune to be born in a Church which teaches nothing almost but errors; but it is not a crime. There are in the Church of Rome many millions of sincere and respectable men—(hear, hear)—and we must surely pray the Lord to send them his light; but we cannot go further; we must not abuse them. After having been ordained a priest, I, in the providence of God, was chosen in my country to preach the temperance cause, and God followed my labors with a great blessing; so much so, that after ten years, not less than 200,000 French Canadians took the pledge of temperance from my hands. (Cheers.) I was then in Canada, where I was born; and I was appointed by the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States to visit a great number of my countrymen who had emigrated from Canada to the States. Going, as I did, from one place to another in the States, I was not a little surprised to find that not less than 150,000 French Canadians had left their native country to live in that great Republic; and I was truly sorry to see that the greatest part of them were in deadly danger of losing the Roman Catholic faith, from their being scattered among the Protestants, and from there being so many denominations of Protestants, who were trying to convert them to their religious views, and to bring them into what I then called the Protestant net. (Laughter.) On going back to Canada, I brought this before the bishops, and said it would be a good and glorious thing to select some priest who would gather all these French Canadian Roman Catholics, bring them to the great prairies, and make a people of them. You see how great was my zeal for my Church, and I was chosen to execute the plan I proposed; and in the year 1851 I went to the great western countries of the United States. I made a selection of a fine place that was then a wilderness, and which would contain about 100,000 or 200,000 people. Then I invited my countrymen, scattered in the States, and all in Canada who had any intention to emigrate, to repair to this spot, and there were not less than 12,000 who came and settled around me in Illinois. You see how that the ways of God are not the ways of men; for I was working to keep up these dear countrymen of mine in a false Church; but God had brought me there for other purposes. But before going any further at present, I must tell you what occurred to me in my younger days, which, you will see, had a most important bearing on my future course. I used to read the Holy Scriptures. My father had been educated to be a priest, but had changed his views before his ordination. He had received a Bible, and this he retained. Well, in the place where my father was settled there was no school; and my mother, who was my first teacher, taught me to read in the Holy Bible which belonged to my father. I may here say, that I had always a great taste and pleasure in reading that Holy Book. (Cheers.) My father was the only man in the parish who had a Bible, except the priest; and it so happened that one evening some neighbors came into our house, and I read some chapters to them out of the Old Testament. They thought it was a great crime for them to have heard these things from the Bible; and they went to the priest, and confessed what they had heard. He thereupon inquired from whom they had heard it, and he was told where. The good priest came to my father's house the day after, and I must tell you that I was much frightened at his visit. I was then young, and had a great idea of the power of the priest; and when I saw him I ran to the corner of the room. (A laugh.) After the first compliments were over, he said to my father,—"Mr Chiniquy, you have a Bible here;" and on being informed that he had, the priest said,—"But don't you know that it is forbidden you to keep a Bible in the French language, and are only allowed to keep one in the Latin or Greek tongue?" The priest then told my father that he had come to get that Bible from him. My father, who was a quick-tempered Frenchman—(laughter and applause)—rose up, and, without answering a single word, began to pace the room; and I remember that his lips were pale, and that the priest was surprised at his silence. After some time, my father turned to the priest, and only said,—"Do you know the door by which you came here?" (Cheers and laughter.) The good priest thought he did, and took my father's counsel, for he went out. I then ran to my father, took him round the neck, kissed him, and thanked him because he had kept the Bible. In these Protestant countries the Roman Catholics have the privilege of reading the Bible; and if you speak to some good Roman Catholic friend, and tell him that he is forbidden to read the Scriptures, he will immediately tell you that you do not know his religion, and that Protestants are always calumniating his Church. He will perhaps further tell you that he has a copy of the Bible in his house,—a Douay version,—and that it is sold in the shops. Your Roman Catholic friend will look upon this as a great privilege; but to whom do Roman Catholics owe that privilege? Is it to their own Church? Not at all. (Hear, hear.) They owe the privilege of having a Bible in their house to those Protestant countries in which they live—(cheers)—because if they were in Rome they would be put in a cell for having the Bible. If the Church of Rome permits the reading of the Scriptures in Protestant countries, it is not because she likes her people to have it, but because she cannot help it. The light is so near the eye of the Roman Catholic in those countries, that the priests cannot entirely shut it out from him. (Cheers.) The Roman Catholics in this country, in England, and in the United States, have the privilege of reading the Scriptures, but with the condition that they must not interpret them according to their conscience or intelligence. The good priest who permits the Roman Catholic to read the Bible, says to him, "What is the use of your reading that book, for there is so much mystery in it that it cannot be understood by every one? It is a book so full of difficult things, that you see that all the poor Protestants who have it are fighting about it, and know not what to believe; see how they are contradicting each other; now, if you read it, you will get no more light than before; it is much better for you to leave it to the Church, and to look for your salvation in that Church which is an infallible authority, and which will guide you in all your ways." That book is a mysterious book, and the good priest has told men that many more have been lost by reading that book than have been saved. The consequence is, that even where Roman Catholics have a Bible you will find very few, you will not find a single one, who has read it from beginning to end. It is just as if he proceeds to one of those good ladies who are anxious to go and see the scenery of Scotland, or England, or Ireland, or France. Well, after some talk, the good father says, "My dear child, ought you not to be obedient? and why do you wish to go from your father's house?" She, however, persists in her desire; and the father then says, "I don't like to keep you a prisoner; but before you start, remember that the world is full of danger, and there are many things which, if you see or hear, will corrupt your heart. Now, I fear that so much, that you must my dear daughter, before leaving promise me that you will shut your ears and eyes, and trust to what you are told by some one who will take care of you." (cheers.) The young lady [illegible] probably answer, "If I cannot see with my eyes [illegible] with my ears, what is the use of my going [illegible] all?" and she will rather remain at home. So [illegible] the Roman Catholic, even if he is allowed to have a Bible, and to read it; but if he is forbidden to peruse it with the eyes, and understanding, and conscience, which God has given him, and if he is only to receive everything from the eyes and ears of his church—(cheers)—that is the reason why, in the Church of Rome, the Scriptures cannot possibly be read with any profit or pleasure. God be thanked that was not the case with me when I was an ordained priest! for I never could understand why the Scriptures should be taken away from the people; and when preaching to my countrymen for twenty years, I have sometimes given twenty or thirty New Testaments to them. As I have already told you, I always loved my dear Bible; and when about twenty years ago reading the holy fathers, I found many differences between the doctrines of the holy fathers and those of my Church; and the more I read the Scriptures, the more I suspected that everything was not right in my church. But every time that it came into my mind that my Church was not the Church of Christ, I went to my knees; but this thought ever came back, that it was forbidden me to suspect anything wrong in my Church. The voice of God would come twenty times a day to me and say, don't you see that your Church follows the laws of men, and not the laws of God? but then I had to go and confess, and to ask God's pardon for having heard His voice; and I was bidden by my Church to regard the voice of God as that of the enemy. However, when I was at Illinois, studying the Scriptures with much attention, I, and some twelve thousand of my dear countrymen had some discussion with the Bishop of Chicago. After two years I publicly protested against what I considered was a great iniquity. It was a thing done by the Bishop, and which I considered to be against the laws of God and of man. The result of this was, that we were all to be excommunicated. The weather happened to be very warm; and the priests who were appointed to perform this ceremony were thirsty on the way, and drank some water of a very bad quality, and which had the extraordinary effect that it affected their legs and tongues—(loud laughter)—and they could not be understood by the people. No attention was paid to the excommunication; and it gave great scandal to the Church of Rome to find that the people still continued to worship in the chapel. We remained a year in that position; and during that period the Bishops of the United States wrote many letters against us, and I invariably answered them. I sent all my letters to the Pope, with only these words,—Holy Father, take and read. (Laughter.) I don't know what the Pope has done with these documents; but this I know, that after a year of burning discussion between the Bishop of Chicago and us, the Pope invited the Bishop to go to Rome, where he silenced him and took the bishopric from his hands. (Laughter and cheers.) He got what we call a bishopric in the moon. (Renewed laughter and cheers.) Another bishop was sent to Illinois, and we regarded this as a great victory. The name of the second bishop was Smith, and he had a great reputation for piety, learning, and prudence. He expected that we would go to our knees and make our submission. By this time we were not Protestants and we were not Romanists, but we did not know where to go. We were now reading the Scriptures more and more, and every evening we had meetings in the chapel and in other parts of the colony for meditating upon the Scriptures. The more we studied the Scriptures, the more did light come upon us, and the more did the Church of Rome fall in our esteem. The grand vicar met me one day, and asked me why we did not make our peace with the Bishop. I said I did not see what peace we had to make. I at last said I would make my submission, and I wrote down, "My Lord, we are determined to submit ourselves to your authority, according to the laws of God and the peace of the gospel," and handed that to the grand vicar. The Bishop, to my surprise, received me very kindly, and, after reading my submission, threw himself into my arms, pressed me to his bosom, and shed tears. I said I was happy I could remain in communion with the Church without going against my conscience. We made peace, the Bishop signed it, and proclaimed the fever, and burned much powder in consequence that day. During all this time God was leading us by a way we knew not of, and made use of a Bishop of Rome to forward his holy work. Ten days after this I received a letter from the bishop, inviting me to come and see him. On calling upon him, he asked me if I had the letter; and on my answering in the affirmative, he said, would you please show it me? I did so, when he immediately took it to the stove and threw it into the fire. I was so much surprised at this act, that I was almost paralyzed at his impudence; but I ran to the stove and tried to get the letter, but was too late. I then turned to the Bishop, and said,—"My Lord, what authority have you to take from my hands a document which is mine, and destroy it without my permission?" (Loud cheers.) "Well," he said, "don't you know that I am your superior, and as my superior, I have no answer to give you. (Laughter.) I then told him—"Sir, you are my superior; you are a great bishop; but there is a great God, in heaven, who is above you, and that great God has granted me rights which I will never give up till the last day of my life." [Cheers.] Now, in the presence of that great God I do protest against your iniquity." "Well," said he, "do you come here to give me a lecture?" [A laugh.] "Not at all, my Lord; but I want to know why you have called me to insult me in such a way." "I called you here because you deceived me the other day." "How?" "You gave me an act of submission which is not an act of submission." "But you read it and accepted it." "Oh yes; but you knew better; you are a well instructed man; and you knew it was not an act of submission." I cannot tell you what came to my mind at that moment; it was like a light on those words which had been spoken to me in the recess of my room for some time when alone—when quite alone—so often telling me that the Church of Rome had submitted to the laws of men, but not to the laws of God; and these words, which I had always rejected as coming from the enemy of my soul, were fast coming as sure as the truth, and that truth not told me from the lips of a Protestant or enemy of the Church of Rome, but from that very Church herself. "Well," I said to the Bishop, "would you please to express yourself more clearly?" "Well," said he, "you have written here that you submit yourself to my authority, according to the law of God and of the gospel. What does that mean?" "It means that I only submitted according to the laws of God and of the gospel." "Don't you know that the priest must submit to the Bishop without any condition? You must make another act of submission, and must take away those words 'regarding the laws of God and the gospel,' and instead of them, say will you submit yourself to my authority without any condition, and promise to do anything I bid you?" [Laughter.] I then rose to my feet; and told him, "My Lord, this is not an act of submission you require from me; it is an act of adoration; I refuse to do it—[loud cheers]—I refuse to you that act of submission; and I refuse it to the Bishop of Rome. [Renewed cheers.] There is one God in heaven, whom I will obey without condition; and to whom I am ready to say I will do anything He bids me; but I refuse to you again, and to the Pope, to make that submission which you require of me." [Cheers.] With the Bishop was the President of the Jesuits in Chicago; and they were both surprised at my answer. They became very pale, and the Bishop answered very politely, Mr Chiniquy, if it be so, you can't be any more a Roman Catholic priest. Well, said I, "Almighty God be blessed for ever," and I left him. [Loud cheers.] I went to a room which I occupied in a hotel, and locked the door behind me, and fell on my knees, and began to consider what I had done in obeying the voice of my conscience. I had cut myself off from the Church of Rome, the Church of my heart, the Church for which I had fought all my life, and for which till that day I would have shed my blood. I had renounced the Church of my mother, and my dear father, the Church of my countrymen, the Church of friends, to obey the voice of my conscience. But I did not regret what I had done. But I did not know what to do. I was determined not to go back, and I was in the dark where to go. Then it came to my mind that I had to prepare for a deadly conflict with the Church of Rome—that the bishops and the priests would be against me to put me down, and try to take away my honor, and reputation, and probably my life. Then I was alone, and had to fight alone. I had no friends around me in the Church of Rome; for they were bound by their consciences to turn against me, and to strike me down. I had no friends among the Protestants, because I had fought against them all my days, and I was friendless and alone. It was too much for me, and I began to cry and weep bitterly, and then I prayed to God. Then it came into my mind that I had my dear New Testament in my pocket, which had been my friend during so many years, and it perhaps would throw some light upon me. I opened my dear gospel book, but I could not read anything for tears. After a time I opened it again, and it was the 7th chapter of 1st Corinthians, the 23rd verse,—"Ye are bought with a price; be ye not the slaves of men." I was so much surprised that this passage came up, that the book fell from my hands on the floor. And then, my friends, I was surrounded by a light,—a beautiful light, but not like the light of the sun; and through that light I saw the way of salvation. Then for the first time I understood the mystery of the Cross of Christ; but then it came to my mind at the same time that I had fought against the Lord, that I had preached a false system of religion, and that I had been a tool of men, and that I had enslaved the consciences of my dear countrymen. Then I began to see my great iniquities, to think of them as if they were unpardonable, and to feel them crushing me like a mountain. I saw that I was lost, and I feared that it was impossible that I could be saved. I prayed to the Saviour, and then,—it is a great mystery to me,—I felt as if Christ had been with me, and as if he had been pressing me to his heart; and I heard his sweet voice saying, I have died for thy sins; come and believe in Me; make My word the light of thy feet and the lamp of thy path, and I will make thee clean, and take away all thy iniquity. I felt that Christ had answered my prayer, that the mountains of my iniquity were gone, and I gave myself entirely and exclusively to Christ. I felt quite as a new man,—strong as a lion—and I didn't care for Pope, or bishop, or priest. [Applause.] I felt so happy that I had found the way of salvation, that my heart was overflowing with joy. I paid my bill to the hotel-keeper, and then went away to my colony. I was told that my people would turn me out, and would not receive me; but I said there is surely room enough for me somewhere in the world. The Bishop wrote to my countrymen that I was excommunicated because I had refused to obey his authority without condition, but they knew it. I arrived in the colony on a Sunday morning. My people were all at the chapel door, and they asked me,—What's the news? I have no news to tell you here, but come into the church. I didn't put on my priestly ornaments, but went into the pulpit dressed as I am,—as a layman. They were all surprised, and I told them,—My dear countrymen, I don't come here to pray with you, because it may happen that you cannot unite in prayer with me now. I have broken for ever with the authority of the Pope and bishops of the Church of Rome. I have taken this step because I can't remain in my conscience longer, but I don't want you to follow me. You must not follow me, but you must follow Christ and the Word of God. If you think that I have done wrong, and if you think it is better for you to remain in the Church of Rome, do so; and if you think it is better not to have me any longer to preach to you, and if you wish me to go away for what I have done, then I am ready to do so, and tell me so by rising up. Not one moved—they all remained quiet in their seats. I felt much surprised, and told them that I thought they were acting only to please me, but that it would be a great iniquity to do so. I said, you must please only your God, who is now looking down upon you; but it may happen that the Spirit of God has come down here as it came down upon my poor soul. I will put you this question in another shape. I then told them, if you think it is better to follow the Word of God than the word of man; if you think it is better to submit to Christ than to submit to man; if you think, dear countrymen, that it is better to be the children, servants, and followers of Christ, than to be submitted, as we have been all our lives, to the bishops of the Church of Rome; if you wish me to remain among you, and to read the Scriptures, and to serve and praise the Lord, then you have only to tell me, and I am your man. They all rose up, without one exception. [Applause.] Then we began to sing the songs of Zion for the first time; and then I saw a thing which I don't think has been seen since the days of Pentecost. That whole multitude of people, about a thousand persons, became as happy as if they had been drunk,—the men with hands pressing the young men to their breasts, and mothers shaking hands with their daughters, and praising the Lord because they had been made free by the Word of God. They felt that they were happy in the way of light and in the way of salvation,—just as men feel who have been in dark dungeons all their life or for many years, when suddenly their dungeons are opened, and they see the light, and breathe the pure air which God has granted to man; or as men feel who are blind, and whose eyes are opened to see the light. They felt so happy, that they were almost out of themselves. I have no doubt the angels were singing over this, but it made a great scandal in the Church of Rome. More than two thousand men had left that Church, with their priest at their head, who was well known both in Canada and in the States. They punished the old Bishop by removing him, and appointed another of the name of Duggan, who had a great reputation for piety and prudence. His first act was to write a letter to me, to say that he was coming to recover his stray sheep, and to bring them back to the Church. I read that letter to my people from the pulpit, and I told them, next Thursday the Bishop is coming among you to try to prove that I have deceived you, and that the Bible is a soul-destroying book, and that out of the Church of Rome there is no salvation. I told them they must be all up to hear him, and that not one,—not even the sick,—must be absent; and that if the Bishop proved to them that I was a deceiver, that the book was a soul-destroying book, and that there was no salvation out of the Church of Rome, they must make their peace with him. Thursday arrived, and an immense multitude of people came out. I had erected a platform, that the bishop might be seen and heard by every one. The bishop came at the appointed hour, and was surrounded by a great number of priests in rich carriages. Just at the moment he was coming near the chapel, I hoisted a flag of the stars and stripes, which had a voice to the bishop, and said, "Sir, the days of darkness are gone, and the days of light and freedom are come—(cheers)—and are shining upon that flag. You are not coming into a land of the inquisition, but among a free people, who owe no authority to Pope or Bishop." He understood that voice, and turned very pale when he saw it. The grand vicar, who was beside him, said to the people, "Kneel down! this is the bishop, he will give you his blessing;" but nobody moved. [Cheers.] The vicar said, in a louder voice, "Kneel down, this is the bishop, he will bless you," when a voice came from the crowd, "Don't you know that we will never bend our knees except before God," and thousands of voices answered Amen to that. [Loud cheers.] The Bishop went up to the platform, and I followed him as closely as possible. He then gave his sermon, but he failed entirely to prove anything that he had promised. It was clear that he had failed. At the end of half an hour he said to the people, being evidently vexed, "French Canadians, I see that you don't pay attention and respect to my authority, as I had a right to expect; and in the name of God, who is hearing me, I ask you, who will regulate you in the ways of God, if you reject my authority?" His request was followed by a solemn silence. After a few moments a voice cried out in answer, "We reject your authority for ever. We have nothing to guide us now but the Word of God, as we find it in our Bible—[loud cheers]—Mr Bishop, it is better for you to go away, never to come back again; and thousands answered Amen to that also. [Cheers.] The evening is so far advanced that I cannot tell you the remainder of what I have to say, but I hope to have an opportunity of doing so. Mr Chiniquy concluded his address amid hearty applause, by asking the meeting to give their prayers freely for his French Canadian brethren.—*Witness.*

From the New York Observer.

Kirwan's Letters from Europe.

CHRISTIAN LABORS IN LONDON.

London, July, 1860.

We have been very deeply impressed with the kind, and the amount of labor put forth in this great city for the purpose of leavening it with the Gospel, and of meeting the moral wants of every grade and class of its people. The ordinary means of grace are substantially the same everywhere, and the instincts of religious hearts to do good to all men, as they have opportunity, are substantially the same, though they may differ in the form they may assume, and in the power of their acting. And our subject in the present letter is a brief statement of the means, ordinary and peculiar, here used for the instruction and reformation of the people.

And, first of all, comes the ministry. As to the positive ability of the English pulpit, we have but little to say. We have heard but few sermons, though we have seen very many excellent ministers. As a rule, we think the British pulpit not up to the American in point, power, or learning. Nor do the stars of the English pulpit shine any brighter than do the stars of our own. There is not here a great preacher, in any denomination, for whom we cannot bring out an equally great one at home. But we think the simple Gospel is less mystified here than with us. There is less logic, far less metaphysics, but there is more simplicity of statement, and a more earnest pressing of truth on the hearer. There are many dull and lifeless ministers; many mere formalists, but there are very many zealous for God and for the salvation of men. In the established church all testify to the rapid decline of Puseyism. A gentleman from Oxford told us that there was scarcely a man there, under thirty years of age, who did not repudiate it. High Churchism is going in the same direction, whilst there are yet bishops, priests, and deacons, who think more of the forms of the Church, than of the "forms of sound words." "Broad Church" is the advancing party now, deeply to the regret of such men as Cannon Miller, who regard it with great dread, as neological. And there is a very rapid increase of truly evangelical men who are outgrowing the little jackets of the Lord Bishops of Exeter and Oxford, and who preach the Gospel with the noble spirit of Chalmers, Whitefield, and Wesley. And the churches of these are crowded, when the churches where the services are intoned, and mock popery is performed, are very much deserted, save by women, to whom such things seem adapted! Yet it is true in London that the most popular and able preachers are not in the establishment. With all its gorgeous churches and vast endowments, it has but few men to be compared with Cumming, and Hamilton, and Spurgeon, and Martin, and Brock, and Puncheon. And it is a matter of great thankfulness, that the most popular ministers here are those who preach the Gospel with the greatest fidelity. And taking Britain together, probably at no time since the Reformation, was the ministry of the churches more evangelical, spiritual, consecrated, more united, or less free from error and nonsense, than at the present day.

Again, the lay element of the churches here is very active in all the ways of doing good. As with ourselves, there are, no doubt, multitudes of mere professors of religion here; but with these the mere stranger and sojourner is not likely to meet in any of the walks of benevolence. Minding earthly things, they are out in their pursuits; but those with whom it was our privilege to meet, seemed to make the service of God and man the rule and law of their life. And with these we met in every walk of life, from the Earl of Shaftsbury down to the girl, fourteen years of age, who, in the church of Baptist Noel, was heard directing a girl of like age to rest her soul then, and there, upon Jesus. And among the most active and devoted christians of London are many, male and female, wearing the highest title, and bearing the names of the noblest families in the realm. Permit a brief specification of some of the many ways in which the lay element of the churches here is seeking to advance the Kingdom of God.

And first, "The Young Men's Christian Association." This is a noble Society, efficiently conducted, with its admirably appointed and arranged building in Aldersgate street. Its primary object is to prosecute a mission to "Commercial young men;" it is a union of christian men, engaged in the various departments of business, pledged to one another to seek the conversion of their companions, at the desk, the counter, or the ware-room. Its attention is directed to three points:—(1) the conversion of young men; (2) the improvement of their condition and habits; and (3) the elevation of the tone of commercial morality, and the regulation of business transactions by the Word of God. And nobly and successfully does it prosecute its object. The evidences of its usefulness may be found here in every walk of commercial life; and it may well be considered the parent of all similar associations, in the isles and continents of our world, now such a power for good in the guidance of young men. On the 6th of May we attended its annual breakfast, given at its own rooms, where Mr Spurgeon, and Mr Stuart, president of a sister Association in Philadelphia, made admirable speeches. That of Mr Spurgeon, on commercial morality, was telling and full of genius. He is as simple and natural in private, as he is impressive in public. We have more recently attended its Bible class on Sabbath afternoon, where we found a very large room crowded with young men, met for the study of the Word of God, under the supervision of its efficient Secretary, Mr Shipton. It was one of the most impressive and promising services we ever witnessed. As they came, many of them, from a distance, tea was served at the close of the meeting, that they might repair to their respective churches and Sabbath evening duties, without being under the necessity of going home. And we learn that the members of this Association, as clerks, book-keepers, and salesmen, are at a premium here, in every department of commercial life. Long may this Association be prospered in its blessed mission; and everywhere may its example be copied and imitated.

There has been a fear expressed by some excellent people and ministers among ourselves, that these associations may work evil in some directions,—in weaning their members from their own churches,—in leading them to depreciate the ordinary means of grace, and to place most value on efforts made *outside* the