

man of science will often attribute his unwearied, persevering energies to philanthropic feelings; while, in fact, the serpent of selfishness is at the root of them all. And there are not a few instances, where men calling themselves Christians pursue a noble, heroic, and fearless course of conduct, rather for the advancement of their selfish interests, and the glory of a name, than for the Divine honour, and the Saviour's praise.

Selfishness, too often, moves the springs of friendship: and it is here that the "many-headed monster" finds ready access. O, how often has the flattering commendation, the fulsome praise, the winning smile, been attributed to sincere affection; when, in truth, selfishness, in all its ignoble train, has moved the heart, and influenced the conduct. The young man has reason to question, may detest, any form of friendship which panders to his foolish and high-minded thoughts, flatters his heart, and pours adulation into his ear; such conduct betrays selfishness in its essence, and ignorance in its most injurious form. He is the *real friend* who will detect this malignant foe, and faithfully expose it. He is the *sincere companion* who will root up the weeds of folly, and affectionately tell his brother his faults. Oh, think not, my readers, that he is *less a friend* who pulls down at a blow your lofty "castle-building," and erects on their rubbish the foundation of right principles, just thoughts of yourself, and humble views of your position in the sight of a holy, Divine Being, whose law is equity, and whose government is founded on the pillars of truth.

With a sincere desire, my dear fellow-labourers, for your welfare as teachers of the rising generation, and to correct this principle of selfishness, common to us all, I beg your attention to its opposite characteristic, in the life of Jesus Christ. Yes, he was a *disinterested Friend*. Selfishness, the bane of society, the antagonist of every good word and work, never entered his soul: "My meat and drink," said he, on a memorable occasion, "is to do my Father's will, and to finish his work." His whole life was a breathing, moving, all-impelling principle of real benevolence. He thought, and they were thoughts of disinterested regard and intense affection. He breathed, and it was the breath of real, undeviating kindness. He acted, and his whole actions tell of sincere love, and unwearied devotedness. Tell me not of maternal solicitude, of paternal affection, of sisterly kindness, of brotherly love, of earthly friendships, in all their glowing and romantic colours. "Herein is love"—here is the highest stretch of disinterested friendship—"not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and gave himself for us." Come with me, my friends, to the streets of Jerusalem,

"Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

Observe the practical operation of the disinterested friendship of your Redeemer, in the healing of the sick, sympathising with the wretched, instructing the ignorant, and saving the lost. Come with me to the garden of Gethsemane, the hill of Calvary, the ignominious death, the dreary tomb, and there behold friendship the world never saw before, which it shall never see again. "Herein is love." "I have a baptism to be baptised with," said this disinterested Friend on another occasion, "and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." His eye reached forward with a holy ardour to the consummation of his work. His soul was enlarged:—his zeal was a consuming fire, which burned intensely in every movement of his history, in every lesson he taught, in every office he performed, and became brighter and brighter as it progressed to its close—"how am I straitened until it be accomplished."

"Oh! never, never canst thou know
What then for thee the Saviour bore;
The pangs of that mysterious woe,
That wrung his frame at every pore—
The weight that pressed upon his brow,
The fervour of his bosom's core.
Yes, man for man per chance may brave
The horrors of the yawning grave,
And friend for friend, or child for sire,
Undaunted and unmoved expire,
From love—or piety—or pride:—
But *who can die as Jesus died!*"

My dear fellow-labourers, allow me, affectionately, to ask you, *what think you of this friendship, disinterested and noble as it was?* O let it be a model for your *élan* imitation. Let your every act of instruction be associated with the character of a *disinterested friend*, to the children of your charge. Tell me, is it your meat and drink to do your Master's work? Are you fired with holy zeal, a vehement, burning desire for the salvation of the young committed to your hands? Contemplate yet closer the disinterested friendship of your Saviour. Imbibe his spirit: imitate him in this lovely feature of his character, and be assured that then "your labours shall not be in vain." O that we may breathe daily, earnest, wrestling, continuous prayer for this delightful spirit, and under the influence of this noble example, sow beside all waters, rejoicing that we shall in due time reap an abundant harvest.

JUNIAS.

M'Gill Street, Montreal, Feb. 1, 1843.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1842—CHINA.

THE aspect of the world has undergone some important changes within the last year. Among them all, the most striking, and probably the most influential on the condition of man in future years, is the opening of China to European commerce & enterprise, and to the religious influences of Christendom. The English papers, on the reception of the news, were filled with expressions of confident hope in the immediate and long continued impulse that would be given, by the event, to the industry of the whole British Empire. Manufactures of all kinds would resume their wonted life and vigor, trade would revive, the poor would find ready employment and adequate pay, idle capital would be brought into use; and instead of a general cry of want, distress and ruin from all quarters, there would be heard the cheerful hum of busy and successful industry.

Of the moral and religious results of this memorable event, we can hardly speak. We know that the policy of England for a quarter of a century past, has favored the spread of Christianity wherever her influence is felt. There is no reason to apprehend any reverse of that policy. And, although the particulars of the Treaty are not known, and the extent to which citizens of other countries may have access to the population of China, cannot with absolute certainty be predicted, there is yet, for all the purposes of Christian activity, sufficient ground to regard the empire as open and free to religious equally with commercial activity and enterprise. Three Hundred Millions of human beings brought within reach of the missionary's voice in a moment! Certainly, for practical purposes, we may speak of all those millions—that one-third of the human race—as accessible at this moment. There is not the least probability that the messengers of the Saviour's love will penetrate China so fast as it will be freely open. The laborers lag behind the whitening harvest. The master—who rules among the nations—prepares the open way faster than his servants are ready to enter it.

Nor can it be told what the results of these events upon the religious state of the Chinese people—upon their attachment to their old religious system, and their feelings towards a change, may be. But Christian faith must regard the developments of Providence as designed to subserve the purposes of mercy; and it is our part to cherish and act upon that faith in the present instance. We must look upon the whole as the work of God, which shall certainly attain its end, an end that can be no other, in the ultimate result, than that for which Christ Jesus came into the world. From a providential development of such magnitude and grandeur—one which may mark and give in its name to the age—ought we not to expect vast results in regard to the religious state of mankind?

In this aspect of it, therefore, the opening of China is an event of unspeakable importance, and we have reason to watch the results as likely to be among the grandest of those that shall combine to usher in the day when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord. What Christian would willingly pass the two or three years to come without the China news, and the news of movements the world over in regard to China! Let it be remembered that God is thus moving, His wonders to perform,

and these overturnings among the nations assume an interest and a grandeur that, while they quicken and elevate the thoughts, fill the believing soul with awe and wonder.—*Vt. Chronicle.*

ANECDOTE OF A TRAVELLER.—The following amusing anecdote is told of Burckhardt, a famous traveller in Africa:—

Burckhardt sailed from England early in 1809, and arrived at Malta in safety. Here he equipped himself in the style of an Oriental, assuming the character of an Indian Mohammedan merchant, and sailed for Acre, whence he hoped to be able to reach Tripoli in Syria, or Latakia. After being twice duped by the captains of the little trading vessels with whom he engaged a passage, by their telling him, when he was fairly embarked, that they were not going to the place which they had represented, he reached the coast of Syria, at Suedieh. Having bargained with the muleteers for the transport of himself and his baggage to Aleppo, he was beginning to load the mules when he received a message from the aga, or Turkish governor of the place, requesting to see him. Our traveller found this dignitary smoking his pipe in a miserable room, and pulling off his slippers he sat down before him. After having partaken of a cup of coffee Burckhardt asked his highness what he wanted. The aga answered by making a sign with his thumb and fore-finger, like a person counting money; at the same time inquiring particularly what was contained in the chest of which our traveller's baggage was composed. Burckhardt, who had among them several packets for the British consul at Aleppo, told him that he did not know, but he thought there was a sort of Frank or European drink (beer,) and some eatables, which he had brought from Malta for the consul. Not to be thus eluded, the aga sent one of his people to examine the contents. The messenger tasted the beer, and found it abominably bitter, and as a sample of the eatables, he carried a potato, which he took out of one of the barrels, to his master. The aga tasted the raw potato, and instantly spitting it out again, exclaimed loudly against the Franks' stomach, which could bear such food. After this sample he did not care to investigate further, and exacting a fine of ten piastres, he allowed Burckhardt to proceed.—*Merry's Museum.*

BENEFIT OF A SINGLE TRACT.—In attempting to cross a river in America, Dr. Coke missed the ford, and got into deep water, but by catching hold of a bough, reached dry land in safety. After drying his clothes in the sun, he met a man who directed him to the nearest village, telling him to inquire for a good lady's house, where he received all the kindness and attention she could show him. The next morning the Doctor took leave of his kind hostess, and proceeded on his journey. After a lapse of five years he happened to be in America again. As he was on his way to one of the provincial conferences, in company with about thirty other persons, a young man requested the favour of being allowed to converse with him; and asking him if he recollected being in such a part of America about five years ago, he replied in the affirmative. "And do you recollect, sir, in attempting to cross the river, being nearly drowned?" "I remember it quite well." "And do you recollect going to the house of a widow lady at such a village?" "I remember it well," said the Doctor, "and never shall I forget the kindness which she showed me." "And do you remember, when you left, leaving a tract at that lady's house?" "I do not recollect that," said the doctor, "but it is very possible I might do so." "Yes, sir," said the young man, "you did leave there a tract, which that lady read, and the Lord blessed the reading of it to the conversion of her soul; it was also the means of the conversion of several of her children and neighbours, and there is now in that village a little flourishing society." The tears of the good Doctor showed something of the feelings of his heart. The young man resumed, "I have not, sir, quite told you all. I am one of that lady's children, and owe my conversion to God to the gracious influence with which He accompanied the reading of that tract to my mind, and I am now, Dr. Coke, on my way to conference to be proposed as a travelling preacher."—*Rep. T. S.*

DIED.—At Napierville, on the 2d January, after a short illness, at the protracted age of 76 years, Mr. James Delmige.

(See last page.)