

Church of Christ. They are members not partially or in a qualified sense, but absolutely. They have been born within the pale of the visible Church and occupy thus a most interesting and very different position from the children of parents who are without. "This does not," however, "imply that they are therefore to perform functions or enjoy privileges in the Church, proper only to riper years and intelligent piety." But it does imply that they are entitled to every privilege of receiving christian recognition, instruction, government, instruction and guidance, and bound to every office of obedience and love to Christ and his people, which are appropriate to their age and circumstances, as members of the Church. Children are none the less members of civil society, entitled to its care and protection and bound to serve it loyally, according to their circumstances, though not as yet qualified to vote or eligible to office." Nothing less than this, it is evident, is taught in the standards of the Church with respect to the position of the children of believing parents.

To many of your readers, perhaps, this statement of what these standards teach on this subject, acquainted with them as they are, will appear a work of supererogation. But we are persuaded there are many parents and office-bearers who have not sufficiently thought of this subject, and its bearings on the interests of Christ's kingdom; or it may be, have no clear and decided views respecting it, and should this communication be the means of directing the attention of any towards it, and hence to care for the lambs, in accordance with the true relation they sustain to the flock of the Great and Good Shepherd, it will gratify,

Yours truly,

W.

Kingston, March 17, 1857.

MISSIONS AND THEIR MALIGNERS. No. I.

The *Westminster Review* tells us of the amiable manners, of the innocent pleasures, and of the harmless pursuits of the Heathen, — and that it would be better to leave them as they are.

The missionary in his esteem has but thrown a withering blight on the peaceful Paradise scenes, amid which they roamed in all the nobility of unfettered nature.

Yes, truly, it is better for the Hindoo mother to plunge the knife into the bosom of her smiling babe, or dash it beneath the Ganges wave, far better for the Hindoo child to carry his parent whose locks are silvered, and cheeks furrowed, and limbs totter, to the banks of the sacred river, that life's last sands may run out beneath the beams of a broiling sun, or in the jaws of the voracious crocodile, far better that the Hindoo husband should grind his own crouching wife beneath his heel; or the Hindoo wife throw herself on the blazing pit by the corpse of her husband. These are but innocent pastimes.

It is far better that the Samoese should bow to an owl, or an eel, or an ape; or that the Feejee should cook his captives and eat them, far better that the Indian should wield his tomahawk and number his scalps, far better that the Hottentot should grovel like a beast, to make superficial philosophers put him down as ranking nearest, in the scale of development, to a baboon. Where are the philanthropy and the humanity—not to speak of the reason and common sense,—in which the men, who prate thus, pride themselves so much. Had the Missionary done no more than make the knife drop from the hands of the Hindoo mother, and snatch the tomahawk from the grasp of the Indian warrior, and place woman by man's side, under his arm, and near his heart, instead of at his feet; had he done no more than

quench the fires of the suttee, and pull down the smoking ovens of the Cannibal Islands, he should be hailed by those would be philanthropists as a benefactor to his species.

But civilization must go first. Civilize, civilize, civilize, cries the Infidel, and many who would repudiate the title, join in with him.

This was not the principle of Jesus. How run the standing orders of the Captain of Salvation. "Go preach the Gospel to every creature." He knew well how that gospel could adapt itself to the Esquimaux and the eternal snows of Labrador, and the Ethiopian amid the scorching sands of Africa.

This was not the principle of the Apostles. Where they went they determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.—The cross was their weapon, a weapon not carnal, but which proved mighty through God to the pulling down of Satan's strongholds.—The lever of the cross they knew could lift the most sunken. With it, from the horrible pit and from amid the miry clay, they raised them up together and made them sit together in heavenly places.

And who have been the great civilizers?—Have they not just been those who sought to christianize? Our Fathers—who were they? Painted savages. And, wherefore, from an origin so remote, has sprung an empire so glorious—the Goshen of light—the Asylum of the oppressed—the Home of the free? Civilization with all its attendant benefits came in the same rude vessel that bore to the shores of Fatherland, the missionary of the cross.—Wherever the missionary moves, he brings civilization with him. It is the gospel that enlightens and expands the intellect, that purifies and refines the taste—that stirs into energetic and ingenious action the sluggish powers of our nature,—that elevates in the social scale—and promotes that development of the inner man, which can alone fit it for the reception of the arts, and give free course to the march of industry and invention. Look at those islands which stud the surface of the mighty Pacific. A few years ago they were Aceldamas and Golgothas—strewn with the skulls and soaked with the blood of slaughtered victims. Why have so many of them been turned into Edens? Why do we witness agriculture, architecture, and every industrial occupation steadily progressing? We look for an explanation to men cast in the John William's mould, who have combined the mechanic with the missionary.

And what has been done by the very men who talk so much about civilization to promote among the heathen the cause they profess to have at heart? Let them point to these societies, agents, and contributions. Let them describe their self-denying sacrifices. Let them bring forth the trophies of their conquests.—Oh! it is easy for comfortable houses and cushioned chairs to deal forth denunciations against missions, and sneers at missionaries; but it is not so easy to imitate those devoted men and women of whom the world is not worthy, in sundering the tenderest ties, and enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ,—is not so easy to be in "labors more abundant, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft, in journeying often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils by the Heathen, in perils in the wilderness."

They who have to pass through such an ordeal, have nothing to fear from paper pellets soaked in vinegar, and smelling of brimstone, showered from behind a desk in a snug London study.

Their maligners are to be pitied "who whet their tongue like a sword, and bend their bows to shoot their arrows even bitter words; that they may shoot in secret at the perfect." Innocuous are their assaults. "But God shall

shoot at them with an arrow—suddenly shall they be wounded. All that see them shall flee away, and all men shall fear and declare the work of the Lord, for they shall wisely consider of his doing."

R. F. B.

KNOX'S COLLEGE MUSEUM.

[FOR THE RECORD.]

Mr. Editor,—

Shortly after the opening of the first session of Knox's College, which was held in the new buildings, an article appeared in the *Record*, containing a very graphic description of that event and of the scene where it took place. In the latter, your correspondent alluded in a very affecting manner to the miserable end to which the Museum had come. But, sir, what I am now about to state regarding it, is of a more cheering nature.

For some time past, three young *Layards* have been at work. By their exertions the Museum has at length been unbarrelled and now once more stands forth fully to view.

Perhaps a short description of it may not be unsuitable for your periodical, and may serve as a hint to our friends to add to our stock, which is far from being as extensive as that of the merchant who is said to have boasted that he had everything, and far more. With your permission then, I shall for a short time, in imagination, conduct your readers through Knox's College Museum.

The room is directly above the Divinity Hall. Leaving our walking-sticks or umbrellas at the entrance, (in compliance with the regulations,) we proceed. The first thing which strikes our eye is a large table, on the centre of which is placed a pyramid surmounted by a model of the ear of Juggernaut, brought from India. On the steps of which the pyramid is composed, and around the base, is arranged a fine collection of shells comprising a beautiful specimen of the *Nautilus Pompilius* and several elegant species of the *Geneta Cypræa*, *Conus*, *Oliva*, *Pecten*, *Murex*, *Cusis*, *Harpa*, with others, "too numerous to mention." For the greater part of these, the College owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Esson, who, in this, as well as in other ways, has shewn that it still has a place in her thoughts.

This collection is, of itself, worth a visit to the Museum. If the visitor has a taste for conchology, he will find it a rich treat. But, whether he has or not, he cannot fail to admire the varied patterns of form and color here exhibited, and which present a beautiful argument from natural theology, for the being as well as the wisdom and goodness of God. The pleasure with which he views these specimens of the Creator's works will be unspeakably heightened if he can say, "He who made them is my reconciled Father."

On the same table with the shells are two cases of British Butterflies, and one of sea fern, which form another feature of attraction in the Museum.

Let us now turn to the northern wall. The upper part of it is appropriated to the Portrait Gallery. See yonder, in the first row of pictures, is the likeness of the late Professor Rintoul, then that of the celebrated Scotch man, Buchanan, then Calvin, Chalmers, and the late Professor Gale. In the second row are the portraits of Dr. Willis, then of Dr. Cooke, the late Professor Esson, Henderson the Scottish Reformer, and lastly, of Dr. Hetherington. The third row (which extends round three sides of the room) is a collection of finely preserved botanical specimens, the gift of one of the students. That picture underneath, which is several feet in length, probably represents a Chinese festival. From the correctness of drawing in the figures, as well as of the