

In the evening of one of the worst days of December our Agent put up at an inn, his clothes wet through from the rain which had poured down incessantly throughout the day, and bespattered with mud from the cart-ruts and bogs, in which he had sunk almost up to his knees. This inn, where he purposed staying for the night, was the only one in the large village, and appeared to be very much frequented, for the public room was filled, not only with travellers, but also with the inhabitants of the place. The conversation carried on was very animated, and, in some of the groups assembled, it partook very much of the nature of a dispute. The Colporteur, having dried himself as well as he was able (for it should be remarked that our poor friend had so well stocked his knapsack with books, in order to be well supplied for the fair to which he was going to, that he had not even left a corner for a blouse by way of change), seated himself in an unoccupied corner by the stove which heated the apartment. He did not require much time to be fully acquainted with the purport of the conversation. The parties present criticised the decrees of various Prefects, who, in certain departments, had ordered a number of cafés and wine-shops to be closed. Some few among them, who consisted of those more advanced in years, justified what had been done, whilst the others exclaimed against it as an arbitrary proceeding, and interlarded their denunciations of it with many very imprudent expressions. For a long time no attention was paid to the arrival of the stranger—the Colporteur; but one of them at length, no doubt rendered somewhat uneasy from his silence, and taking him, perhaps, for an agent of police, asked of him what was his opinion on the subject. Our friend replied, that, without being a friend to arbitrary proceedings, he was not more so to cafés and wine-shops. Scarcely had he uttered these words than his interrogator addressed him with such vehemence that he attracted the attention of all the persons present, who at once formed a circle, in the midst of which were our friend and his aggressors. Our friend, without being in the least disconcerted, elevated his thoughts to the Lord, beseeching Him to assist him in the circumstances in which he was placed. And this assistance was afforded; for in all openness of spirit, and with much warmth of heart, he was able to make a profession of his faith, and to address a serious appeal to his auditors. These at first listened to him in silence; they even appeared greatly interested whilst he was telling them about his calling; but when, at the close of his address, he began to make an application of what he had said, when “he reasoned with them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come”—murmurs arose on all sides, and he was told to be silent. There were even several persons who were so enraged, that the Colporteur began to think that they purposed proceeding to violence with them. Matters were in this state, when all at once a voice was heard from the other end of the room, exclaiming, “Do not touch that good man: I take him under my protection. What he has said has been well spoken, and those who are putting themselves in a passion with him will soon regret it, if they will only listen to me.” The whole of the company at once hurried to the quarter of the room whence the voice proceeded. They found the speaker to be a tall man well stricken in years, whose hair, beard, and moustachios were all white, and whose outward appearance betokened him to be still in the possession of health and strength. “Yes,” continued the old man, after the company had formed themselves into a circle around him, “this good man has told you things which are true, even as truth is true, for he has taken them from the Book of God.” “The Book of God! the Book of God!” they exclaimed with a laugh; “what is it? where is it? what does it say?” “I have already told you,” rejoined the Colporteur. “I sell it, and I have my knapsack full of

copies.” “And it has apparently fallen down into your hands from the skies,” they replied, bursting into a loud laugh. “Stop!” exclaimed the old man, advancing to the middle of the circle: “Stop; no jokes, if you please, on such a subject.” “But who are you to harangue us in this style?” “Who am I, do you ask? Well, I’ll tell you. I am an old trooper—old and very old; for, shortly, four times twenty years will have passed over my head. I am an old man of the Republic No. 1, and since then I have seen some of all sorts. If you could count the marks of balls and sabre-cuts which abound here,” striking his arms and his breast, “you would assuredly ask yourselves how it has happened that I am still here; and were I to detail to you the series of battles in which I got them all, you would be astonished. But enough of myself, as such: let us come back to the Book of God. This book I have read more than once; and I always feel as if reading it for the first time, and as if it became always more interesting. Oh, how unfortunate you are not to be acquainted with it!” “Stop, stop!” exclaimed the spokesman of the assembly; “all that is very well for the aged, who are about to leave for the other world; but as for us men of the present day, we want something else: what we require is to become learned in politics.” “Foolish fellow, and foolish fellows all of you,” replied the old man; “you do but bewilder yourselves with your politics; instead of striving to learn how you ought to enjoy your rights as good citizens, you play your parts so badly, that you lose whatever might be useful to you.” “But what politics do you then profess?” “Those of my God.” “The politics of God! but what are they?” “Mercy and love. Yes, I assure you that when one is acquainted with the ways of God, by means of His word, we soon find out that all He does for us is nothing but love and mercy: no deception, no vagueness, as with the politics of man.” “With such language you will run no risk of becoming a martyr for liberty.” “Your grand speeches are all very well; but listen to me. I also once spoke after this fashion, and my republican heroes of the first were martyrs whom I adored almost to fanaticism. But once more listen to me, my friends, there is but one martyr to the cause of liberty worthy of our adoration and homage.” “His name, His name!” exclaimed several. “Jesus Christ.” “You are jesting at our expense.” “Certainly not: I am not playing with you: Judge for yourselves.” The old man thereupon took out of the pocket of his blouse a New Testament, which evidently had been much used, and read therefrom various passages concerning the expiatory death of the Saviour, the freedom from condemnation procured by His death, and the glorious liberty of the children of God.

INDUCTION OF MR. ALEXANDER AT UNION AND NORVAL.

On Wednesday last, the Presbytery of Toronto met at Norval and Union, Esquimaux, for the purpose of installing the Rev. Joseph Alexander, an ordained minister from Ireland, into the pastoral charge of these united congregations. At eleven o’clock, A. M., the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Toronto, preached at Norval, and thereafter adjourned the Presbytery to Union Church, five miles distant, where, at two P. M., a large congregation assembled. Mr. McLachlan, of Acton and Boston, preached a most excellent and suitable sermon, from Phil. iii. 8: after which Dr. Burns narrated the steps which had been taken in supplying the vacancy, and the congregation having given a hearty and unanimous response to the appeal made to them, in regard to the call to their young pastor, the questions were proposed to Mr.

Alexander, and suitable answers having been given by him, he was solemnly inducted by prayer into the pastoral charge, and the right hand of fellowship given him by the ministers and elders present. Dr. Burns then addressed the minister, and Mr. Holmes, of Chinguacousy, the people, on their respective duties, and the whole service was closed with prayer by Mr. Nisbet, of Oakville. The meeting at Union occupied nearly four hours, and the whole service was solemn and impressive. At the close Mr. A. received the right hand of fellowship from the people at large. This settlement promises to be highly satisfactory to all parties.

The Presbytery held an ordinary meeting after the installation services were over. Mr. Urc, of Streetsville, having been appointed to visit Vaughan congregation, on the Sabbath previous, a written report from that gentleman was given in, from which it appeared that he had preached according to appointment, and had also preached and held a congregational meeting, on the Monday after. The result of the conference was, a recommendation, on his part, to grant the prayer of the petition which had been presented for the moderating in a call in favor of the Rev. Alexander Cameron of Glengarry; and to this the Presbytery assented, naming Mr. Harris to preach at Vaughan on the first Sabbath of May, and announce a meeting for the moderation of the call to be held in the same place on Monday, May 17th, at 12 o’clock.

The Presbytery appointed the next ordinary meeting to be held at Kingston, on Wednesday, 9th June, at ten o’clock, within the precincts of Chalmers’ church in that city, when it was expected that various matters of public interest would be in readiness for the Synod, which meets on the same day at eleven o’clock.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STRICTURES ON THE PRESENT METHOD OF TEACHING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, AND SUGGESTIONS FOR ITS IMPROVEMENT. By the Rev. Henry Esson, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Knox’s College, Toronto, 1852.

This pamphlet is another proof of the great industry of its author, and of his devotedness to the cause of education. The suggestions which are made by the learned Professor, seem well worthy of serious consideration. They appear to be based upon the philosophy of common sense, and we cannot doubt that the adoption of them, to a greater or less extent, would result in a more intellectual character being imparted to our school system, so far as regards initiation in the principles of language and grammar, and the giving to young persons a command of the resources of our vernacular English, as a medium of the communication of thought.

The object of the publication may be best understood from the following extract:—

“That language may have its perfect work, it must be the faithful interpreter of nature. That it may be the faithful interpreter of nature, it must accommodate itself to her order, and its system must correspond with hers. It must represent all her parts, properties, phenomena and laws, in their just order and connection, and be, as much as possible, the perfect counterpart of the subject which it represents. Does not common sense