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AND PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL RECORDER.

"Speaking the Truth in Love."

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NO. XII.

LORD TEACH US TO PRAY.

Kneeling in the cloister'd temple,
By the sacred altar's side,
Hushing every earthly feeling,
Stemming Passion's rushing tide;
Abject, wretched, seeking mercy,
Dimly knowing what to say;
Gracious Lord, look down in pity,
Teach me, Saviour, how to pray.

When the tide of Grief is surging,
In a fierce, resistless swell,
When amidst earth's choral music,
Chimes some dear one's passing bell;
Oh! when graves are yawning widely,
For the loved that might not stray,
Anguish'd, sobbing, widely weeping,
Teach me, Saviour, how to pray.

How but in this close communion,
Could my spirit find its God?
Is there any other pathway
Which the feet of saints have trod?
This is the golden gate of heaven—
Realms that shine in lustrous day,
This the sinner's ark of safety,
Teach me, Saviour, how to pray.

When heaven's pure cerulean
Gem-like, shone the holy star,
Eastern magi, Christ adoring,
Came with precious gifts afar;
Thus by prayer we're safely guided,
Heavenward, by its steady ray,
Thus to reach the blessing promised,
Teach me, Saviour, how to pray.

Lead me by thy Holy Spirit
To this crystal fount divine,
Worldly cisterns all are broken,
They can slake no thirst of mine;
Prayer, the only cooling fountain
Running free from earthly clay;
As I drink this stream of mercy,
Teach me, Saviour, how to pray.

Then when earth is quickly fleeting,
And a heaves near in view,
Teach my lips celestial music,
Such as Christ and angels knew.
Thus to tread the vale of shadows,
Fearless up to endless day,
Give me faith that springs from praying,
Teach me, Saviour, how to pray.

APPEAL ON THE CIRCULATION OF "THE LEISURE HOUR" AND "THE SUNDAY AT HOME."

"Of what use is it to tell your child that he is not to read that book, unless you supply him with one which he may read? Read he will, and his mind will prey upon garbage, if you do not provide him with wholesome nutriment."

So spake a judicious friend to a father who was severely rebuking his son for perusing a worthless periodical.

Said he not wisely?
Many of us remember that, in our boyhood days, we seized with avidity upon "Fairy Tales," and the "Seven Champions of Christendom." Our parents forbade the books, without putting into our hands any substitute calculated to interest the imagination and improve the heart. They recommended books fit rather for the school and study, than for the long summer evening or the winter fireside. Had they supplied our needs, the prohibited books would have been flung away; as it was, we too often read them in secret, and the secrecy added to their charms.

What a weary day at times was Sunday! Our elders delighted in religious works, and supposed that we must do the same; but to us they were a burden and a sorrow. Our great refuge was the "Pilgrim's Progress," or the combat of David and Goliath, or the more terrific visions of the Apocalypse; though it must be confessed we sometimes snatched a stolen peep into the concealed favourites of the week day. Few works then existed of a religious character and tendency, adapted to a young mind not as yet imbued with religious principle. Had such been provided, Sunday might have been as pleasant as it was irksome, by serious guileless of a lively illustration, catechisms recited without intelligence, and dry denominational magazines, whose editors seemed to forget the existence of youth.

It must be remembered that large classes of adults are mere children in all that relates to reading. Unaccustomed to serious and continued reflection, and wearied in mind through prolonged bodily exertion, they can only be attracted by compositions at once simple, vivacious, and exciting. Mammon has discovered the secret, and has supplied a large number of penny periodicals, some of which, in addition to these qualifications, are, unhappily, vicious.

If we would save the people in youth and age from productions tending only to elicit and confirm the natural depravity of man, we must provide them with periodicals which will at the same time interest and improve them.

Impressed by this conviction, the Committee of the Religious Tract Society commenced the *Leisure Hour*, and subsequently the *Sunday at Home*. The one was designed to counteract the influence of the worthless periodicals, and the other to make the hours of the Lord's day spent at home useful and agreeable, as those who passed in the sanctuary.

The Committee have reason to be thankful to the Giver of all wisdom, that thus far their efforts have been attended with no small degree of success. The circulation of the *Leisure Hour* leads to the conclusion that it is superseding inferior journals; while its presence has had an alternative effect upon the whole class, in which a visible improvement may be observed.

The *Sunday at Home* is a welcome visitor, which drives away many an afternoon slumber, makes the day pleasant for the servant and the child, and helps even the advanced Christian to spend more profitably the hours during which the still embodied spirit seeks to flutter to the earth. Stimulated by this success, it is the desire of the

Committee to render these periodicals still more efficient.

During the coming year the *Leisure Hour* will contain a tale of deep interest, entitled, "The Englishman in Russia, during the epoch of Catherine II," when the Crimea was annexed to the barbaric empire. Through the medium of fiction, accurate information will be conveyed concerning the history, manners, customs, and religion of a people of whom little is known, but who appear destined by Providence to play some distinguished part in the world's changes. Papers on the colonies and independencies of Britain will be prepared, with special reference to our fellow citizens who may contemplate emigration. The "Sketcher in London" will contribute a lively series on scenes and manners in the metropolis; many parts of which are an unknown land in its own inhabitants, as well as to our friends in the country. The application of science to everyday life will interest our more intelligent mechanics; and nothing will be omitted that can make the periodical acceptable to the class whose profit it is especially intended to promote.

The *Sunday at Home* it is more difficult to adapt to its proper end. It can only be written by religious men; but it frequently happens that religious men, who write with point, vivacity, and ease on secular topics, degenerate into a wearisome tameness when they attempt the religious. The great aim must be to secure the vivacity without frivolity, and seriousness without dullness. For this purpose, the subjects are designed to be varied, and the papers short. The *Sunday at Home* will contain, during the coming year, a second series of "The Pocket Bible," a series on "Life's Last Hours," biographical sketches from the pages of inspiration, and the records of the church, to teach by example; lively descriptions of the localities of the Bible—its mountains, rivers, lakes, cities, with their historical associations; notices of the present condition, and probable future destinies, of the Jewish people; brief and pointed extracts from the fathers and martyrs of the English church, whereby they shall instruct the present generation in the great principles of the Christian verity; anecdotes connected with and illustrative of particular texts, which may aid to impress them on the memory; selections from sacred poetry; and whatever else may further its design of creating an interest in religion in the minds of those who may not as yet be under its divine influence.

The Committee are increasingly conscious that whatever efforts they may make to improve these periodicals, their enlarged circulation can only be secured by the active co-operation of Christian and philanthropic men.

The penny papers, which pander to the evil passions of our nature, have their best patron in the depravity of the heart. Periodicals designed to produce moral and religious impressions must be recommended from without.

Clergymen! Ministers of the Holy One! preachers of the everlasting gospel! are not the minds which pursue the *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home* in a more prepared state to receive your instructions than those which revel in baseness? Our desire is to help you in your Master's work; will you aid us in spreading these unpretending instructors through your parishes and congregations?

Sunday-school Superintendents and Teachers! how have you to bewail the destruction of your influence by the things read, and seen, and heard at home? Will you see to it, that the parents, and elder brothers and sisters of your charge, shall possess themselves of these friendly helps to righteousness? If you will but exert yourselves, they may be spread in hundreds of thousands through the land.

City Missionaries and Tract Distributors! These are pioneers, which may secure an easier access for your more serious appeals to the consciences and hearts of the visited. Wisdom therefore urges their employment.

Proprietors of Schools! to whom pious parents have intrusted their children for education, who desire to discharge your duty with fidelity, and return them home imbued with sound principles of conduct. You know how evil spreads like wildfire from heart to heart of the young. You find it difficult to keep the Sunday at home from being desecrated, and you long for some healthy recreation for the mind. These publications are offered for your assistance; will you use them?

Employers of young Men! they serve you well. They are your "hands"—the instruments by which you realize your wealth. Remember, they have heads and hearts; will you help us in our effort to promote their mental, moral and religious improvement?

Master Manufacturers! whose interests are so deeply involved in the intelligence, sobriety, and good feeling of your workmen, will you assist in disseminating these stimulants to industry, temperance, and truth, through your warehouses and workshops?

Chaplains of hospitals, whether military or general! these periodicals were amongst the most prized of the works which interested our convalescent soldiers abroad. They may help you in your arduous task of bringing Divine truth to bear on the brave and wounded defenders of their country's liberties, or the pining sufferers from ordinary disease.

Parents! Christian parents! we appeal to you, who long for the moral purity and spiritual life of your children. How often do you weep in secret before God, when you witness the outbreakings of the old nature. Here are works calculated to interest and improve the mind during the leisure hours of every day, and to make the sabbath the best of all the seven. Will you not provide them?

The Committee can have no personal interest in issuing this summons to their help. Their efforts are made for the glory of the Lord, and for the highest good of man, whom the Lord loves. They are made in his strength, and in humble reliance

upon his promise. Come, then, and aid us to drive away every ill publication from our hearths and homes, by introducing the good.

"It will Come in Time."

A lady who had been for some time under the clandestine tuition of a popish Bishop declared that her chief difficulty in joining the Romish communion arose from the impossibility she felt in reconciling her conscience to the worshipping of a woman in heaven. "Then," replied the Bishop, "that need not delay your profession, for it will come in time." Accordingly, it did come in a much shorter time than the convert had reckoned on, for no sooner had she sworn to believe whatever doctrine the Church infallibly taught, than she found that this oath included Mariolatry, image worship, and every other unchristian superstition of Romanism. So it has been in the case of Levi Silliman Ives, and of every other convert. In 1843, he assisted, in St. Stephen's Church, in the ordination of Mr. Carey, the Romanizer, and in 1853 he bows himself down at the feet of the Pontiff, and suspends in St. Peter's the proofs of his having made a total shipwreck of a pure faith. Thus, in every case, the end is seen from the beginning. "IT WILL COME IN TIME." It is a "facilis decessus," or a "Longum iter," but, in either case a beaten path, and no steps backward. The Protestant traveller, as he reads this inscription on the wall, and looks at "the cross and seal, and ring" encircled by it, will not need more than one or two reminiscences to encourage him to steadfastness in the faith, and to go on his way rejoicing. When Hooper stood at the stake, a table was placed before him, with his pardon on it, signed and ready, if he would only relinquish Bible truths; but he expired a willing martyr; and many a Protestant has welcomed death in the spirit of the Vendees, whose war-cry was: "Our Lord died for us; let us die for him."—*Protestant Churchman*.

Hobbies.

There is nothing that a manager of a newspaper finds it more difficult to deal with than the hobbies of his friends. Most men have some hobby on which they trot, canter, or gallop, with more or less energy and perseverance, as the case may be; and of course editors being very much like other men, have theirs upon which they exercise themselves with more or less judgment, often at the expense of the readers' patience. But, as if this were not a sufficient affliction, every paper has numerous friends and supporters, some of whom think themselves entitled to the use of its columns for their particular hobby, without any reference to the effect it would have on the general character of the paper. Sometimes these friends take the trouble to write lengthy communications upon their favourite subject, but generally they wish the editor not merely to give the space for the desired topic, but to do the writing also, although he may have a dozen of subjects which he deems of more urgent importance waiting for admission without being able to find room. Were these subjects of which men are apt to make hobbies, non-controversial, there would be less difficulty in giving occasional insertion to articles upon them, even to the exclusion of what might perhaps, be deemed more important; but very generally the hobby questions are just those, concerning which, the insertion of one article would lead to a flood of replies and rejoinders, *pro* and *con* which, if all inserted, would seriously interfere with the general interest and usefulness of the paper.

We know that some minds call out loudly for "free discussion," this being their hobby, and if any subject, however unimportant, uninteresting, or abstract, which they may point out is declined, they immediately cry out that free discussion is stifled. But we have long thought that the character and success of a paper depends as much on what is kept out as what is put in; and whilst we go for the freedom of discussion in the largest sense, we think a part of it is for each individual to decide for himself what he will discuss and what he will not. A newspaper has only a limited space to fill, and as it is quite evident that the portion of its space which is filled with one thing cannot contain another, it is of great importance that it should be filled with the best and most important articles and subjects that can be selected.—*Montreal Witness*.

What has it Done.

The *American Messenger*, for January, gives the following answer to the question, what has the American Tract Society done? No other institution in the world can make a more comprehensive and magnificent record of its work:

The Tract Society has done an important work by selecting, revising, or originating more than two thousand distinct publications, including four hundred books, in eleven languages, for home circulation; besides three thousand publications, of which more than three hundred are volumes, approved for circulation, in one hundred and twenty-two languages and dialects, abroad. It is far easier to imagine or discover some possible defect in the results of all this labor, than it is to conceive of the amount of industry and fidelity involved in the gratuitous labours of Milnor and Alexander, and Edwards, and their surviving associates, or to do a better work than they have done. The seal of divine approbation, solemnly and graciously accorded to the incomparable series of books and tracts thus given to the world, is the best and only reward the committee have sought.

The Tract Society is believed to have done a good work in the publication and wide circulation of cheap evangelical newspapers, for youth and adults. Our hearts long for joy as we think of the monthly visits of 200,000 *Messengers* of peace and salvation, and 300,000 genial, loving *Children's Papers*, to as many abodes.

The Tract Society has done a commendable work in its immense gratuitous issues of books and tracts for the destitute, through home and foreign missionaries of all denominations; through seamen's and Bethel chaplains; on the ships and steamers of all nations coming to our ports; in the humane and criminal institutions, and by all approved channels,

through which the minds of men may be reached with saving truth. Almost a thousand million pages, amounting to half a million of dollars, have thus gone forth "without money and without price;" and the annual grants of publications now average not far from \$50,000. If they were doubled, they would not exceed the necessities of the case.

The Tract Society has introduced the invaluable system of tract visitation, or the systematic employment of individual talent and influence in seeking out and supplying the destitute, especially in large towns and cities, with the means of grace in oral and printed forms; and, at least ten thousand Christians, male and female, in co-operation with an efficient corps of tract missionaries, are carrying forward their humble ministry of mercy.

The Tract Society has set on foot a system of colportage, which has grown, under the smiles of heaven, into one of the most comprehensive and far-reaching agencies for aggressive evangelisation of modern times. The whole country is embraced in the arrangements for the economical and efficient prosecution of the enterprise in its varied details; experienced superintendents co-operate with the executive departments in all the great commercial centres; and a numerous band of competent and self-sacrificing colporters are seeking to carry to "every creature" within our borders the knowledge of a crucified Redeemer, whether he be Protestant or Papal, native or foreign born, white or black, bond or free.

Mr. Dickens and Little Dorrit.

The few pages that have as yet appeared of Mr. Dickens' last work, (*Little Dorrit*), are destined, we fear, to seal, finally, the decree that will consign the latter writings of that capable but much misguided writer to those same regions in which are confined the novels of Fielding, and the dramas of Congreve, of Wycherly, and of Foote. There must be a quarantine for literary as well as physical infection; and, if the infection cannot be purged, the detention should be permanent. Nor can we see how Mr. Dickens' books differ, in their final relations, from those works upon whose positive and unredeemed grossness, public judgment, has definitely pronounced. The latter, it is true, assault virtue itself; but the former, ridicule the only system by which vice can be combated. In Mr. Dickens' eye, if there is an idea which seems to be made particularly contemptible, it is that of a special Providence which rules the world. While he pictures godless benevolence in the most attractive of all lights, the whole force of his fine genius and all the delicacy of his subtle pen, are exhausted to make odious or absurd those who profess to believe in anything else than that they are gods unto themselves. In the great portrait gallery of human character which he has constructed, there are many sketches of respectable and benevolent men, but they are all of them made irreligious; and at the same time there are some of religious men,—or at least Mr. Dickens tells us there are such,—but they are universally hypocrites or fools. His clergymen are all "Shepherds," or "Chadbands" and of a class which, among English gentlemen, as well as among those of this country, we should think to so acute an observer would not have entirely escaped observation,—that of the refined and gentle Christian lady who, in the circle of home, and in that society upon which the radiation of home strikes, exhibits, in its full and sweet maturity, the unobtrusive grace of an open and brave Christian profession,—of this class, perhaps of all others the most important in the estimate of the sagacious economist, as it certainly is in the eye of the true moralist, the only representative he can find in, in the absurd and really most irreligious Mrs. Jellyby, who lets her own home go to ruin while she is caring for the *Borio-gha* Missions. And now, when in the first pages of Mr. Dickens' last book we find that he passes from the world of making *Christians* odious to that of making *Christianity* so—when all the resources of his intellect are exhausted to make *Sunday*, as a day of rest and worship, ridiculous and abhorrent, we feel that it is necessary for those who hold Christianity dear, to unite, at least, to fix a definite character to works which, if they are to be received and read in families, should at least have attached to them the same caution with which avowedly infidel works are accompanied. Their pictures of religious life and doctrine, it should be definitely understood, are utterly loathed and repudiated by religious men; and while it is best that in this as in all others attempts to attack the truth, the attack should be met with argument and in meekness, it is now right that Mr. Dickens should be formally passed over from the ranks of nominal friends of Christianity to those of her open assailants. It is by this understanding of his position alone that the mischief of his assaults can be averted.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

Bloody and Deceitful Men shall not Live out Half their Days.

In the ruin of the house of Valois, who sat on the throne of France, this is strikingly exhibited. The following extract from Sir James Stephens' lectures attests it:—"The house of Valois was now extinct. More bloody and deceitful men had not lived out half their days. Henry II. perished in the prime of life by the lance of Montgomery. His eldest son, Francis II., did not complete his nineteenth year. The unhappy Charles IX., his second son, had not reached the age of twenty-four when he died in strange and fearful torments. At the same early period, the Duke of Alençon, the fourth son of Henry, fell a victim to intemperance. Henry, III., his only other son, was assassinated in his thirty-eight year. Francis of Guise met the same fate while in the full vigor of his manhood; and Henry of Guise had not accomplished his thirty-seventh year when he also was struck down by the daggers of hired assassins. It was not without an intelligence and an awful purpose that retributive Providence thus openly rebuked the persecutors of their brethren; and yet, the condemnation which impartial history must pronounce on all the later sovereigns of the house of Valois, may, perhaps, be justly mitigated by the belief that the

madness of their predecessor, Charles VI., was, to some extent, hereditary in his race. It is a welcome escape from conclusions hardly otherwise to be avoided, but which the reverence due to our common humanity must make every one anxious to avoid."—Vol. ii. p. 141.

Again of Henry IV., who apostatized from the Reformation which he had sworn to uphold, and who became the enemy of those he had vowed to defend, Sir J. Stephens writes that this act transmitted the crown, indeed, to seven in succession of the posterity of Henry; but of them one died on the scaffold, three were deposed by insurrections of their subjects, one has left a name pursued by unmitigated and undying infamy, and another lived and died in a monastic melancholy, the feeble slave of his own minister. The grandson of Henry, Louis XIV., amid the splendors which surrounded him, may appear to have been a brilliant exception from the dark fatality which waited on the other sovereigns of the house of Bourbon; but even he, by the licentiousness of his personal habits, by the arbitrary system of his government, by his iniquitous wars, and by his remorseless persecutions, paved the downward path to the ruin of his name, of his dynasty, and of his race. If any prophetic voice could have disclosed to Henry the events really depending on his purchase of his crown by apostasy, would that purchase have been made? If he had sought for guidance in the sacred book which was the corner-stone of the faith he abandoned, would it not have reminded him that, "the lip of truth shall be established forever, but that a lying tongue is but for a moment?"

VALUE OF BIOGRAPHY.—The lives of men of science have one peculiar advantage, and they often show the importance of little things in producing great result. Smeaton drew his principle of constructing a light-house from noticing the trunk of a tree to be diminished from a curve to a cylinder. Rembrandt's marvellous system of splendour and shade was suggested by accidental gleams of light and shade in his father's mill. White of Selborne, carrying about in his rides and walks a list of birds to be investigated, and Newton turning an old box into a water-clock, or the yard of a house into a sundial, are examples of those habits of patient observation, which scientific biography attractively recommends. Biography will also often serve to cheer merit when its hopes are drooping. It leads down a gallery of portraits, and gives the comforting or warning history of each.—It shows Jackson working on his father's shop-board, and cherishing a love of art by an occasional visit to Castle Howard; Richardson, a printer's apprentice, stealing an hour from sleep to improve his mind, and scrupulously buying his own candle, that his master might not be defrauded; or the Chinese scholar, Morrison laboring at his trade of a last and boot maker, and keeping his lamp from blowing out with a volume of Matthew Henry's Commentary.

Think not that because you admire the gilded skies, that your hearts are necessarily drawn closer to Him who sitteth upon the throne of heaven; that because you gaze with delight on the painted petals of a flower, you love Him more who is emphatically the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Lily of the Valley." It is possible, very possible, to have a heart overflowing with sensibility and joy when contemplating the gifts of God, without feeling one particle of love to God, and to His Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ.

DISPUTING WITH SATAN.—An old and excellent writer gives the following valuable advice:—"If you would not be foiled by temptation, do not enter into a dispute with Satan.—When Eve began to argue the case with the serpent, the serpent was too hard for her; the devil, by his logic, disputed her out of paradise. Satan can mince sin, make it small, and varnish it over, and make it look like virtue. Satan is too subtle a sophist to hold an argument with him. Dispute not, but fight. If you enter into a parley with Satan, you give him half the victory." The reason is obvious, for we cannot parley with Satan without giving up principle; and wherever we allow ourselves to debate the question, whether we will do wrong, it is almost certain that we shall yield. Principle being abandoned, there is little else to guide, but evil passions, which strongly prompt to sin.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Keep as much as possible in the grand and common road of life; patent educations or habits seldom succeed. Depend upon it, men set more value on the cultivated minds than on the accomplishments of women, which they are rarely able to appreciate. It is a common error, but it is an error, that literature unites women for the every-day business of life. It is not so with men. You see those of the most cultivated minds constantly devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society, but then they must use it with discretion; if the stocking is blue, the petticoat must be long, as my friend Jeffrey says; the want of this has furnished food for ridicule in all ages.—*Stdney Smith*.

THE RELIGION OF PAYING DEBTS.—Men may sophisticate as they please; they can never make it right—and all the bankrupt laws in the universe cannot make it right—for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in this neglect as clear and deserving of church discipline as in stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that, in the sight of all honest men, he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man "deal justly," it is not worth having.

COURAGE, MOTHERS.—Newton sinned away his early advantages, and became an abandoned prodigal; but the texts and hymns his mother had fixed in his mind in his infancy and childhood, were never effaced, and finally fastened him to the Cross. Cecil tells us that, in the days of his vanity, though he withstood so many pious endeavors, he never could resist his mother's tears. Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, in his narrative of intercourse with Bellingham, the assassin, says he could make him feel nothing till he mentioned his mother,—and then he broke into a flood of tears. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—*Vermont Chronicle*.

A HUMBLE HOME.—Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—*Rev. Charles Hamilton*.