

waiting for his appearing, will be made ready for him, like the wise virgins who trimmed their lamps and went out to meet the bridegroom. This, I am persuaded, will be accomplished, not by noisy agitation or party organization, but silently, by the leading of God's providence. Already the humble, earnest men, of whom I spoke as mourning over the desolation around them, are beginning to ask the Lord what He would have them do. In His own time He will answer their cry. Meanwhile, the last thought in my heart would be to engage them in controversy or precipitate any action. Towards you, as one of them, I need not say I cherish an affection which would not be increased if I saw you occupying a position similar to our own, though I confess I would rejoice at it on your account, and because I believe our common Lord would therein be glorified.

Yours, in that blessed hope,

JAMES INGLIS.

#### REMARKS.

The preceding is the first of a series of letters addressed to Dr. Fyfer, and recently published in a pamphlet of 46 pages, entitled the "*Living Temple*". While reading the letters, especially the one now presented to the readers of the *Tribune*, one regret was continually recurring with painful intensity, extorting the wish, O that Mr. Inglis had attained his present views of the "*Living Temple*" ten years ago! O that they had controlled his tongue and pen when he first became a resident of Canada, and assumed the editorship of the "*Pioneer*"! Then might have been averted the ruin of the Montreal College, the downfall of the "*Register*", and an overwhelming amount of painful laceration which has then violent partizanship, inflicted on hearts that should not have been made to bleed—hearts of noble men that throbbed with the sympathies of "*the higher life*," of which Mr. Inglis now speaks, so appropriately. O that those who are now perpetuating, in Canada, the party policy the Rev. Mr. Inglis has now abandoned with disgust, would learn therefrom the necessity, of reviewing the grounds of their sectarian exclusiveness.

#### AN INFIDEL BLACKSMITH.

##### SCENE I. THE PASTOR'S STUDY.

'Have you conversed with our infidel and scoffing friend, Mr. R——, on the subject of religion, today?' said the venerable pastor to Mr. B——, an aged neighbor.

I have, and at great length, but was unable to make the least impression upon his mind. You know that he is a man of extensive reading, and is master of all the ablest infidel writers. He regards the fortress in which he has intrenched himself as impregnable. You know his ready wit, and when he finds he cannot talk you down, he will laugh you down. I can say no more to him. He made my errand the butt of ridicule for the whole company.'

'Then you consider his case hopeless?'

'I do, indeed. I believe him to be given over of God to believe a lie; and I expect to see him fill up his cup of iniquity to the very brim without repentance, and die a hardened and self-ruined man.'

'Shall nothing, and can nothing, more be done for him?' and the pastor arose, and walked the floor of his study, under the influence of deep agitation.

It was now a solemn time in the congregation. The preaching of the pastor, for many Sabbaths had been full of earnestness and power. The Church was greatly quickened. The spirit of prayer prevailed. Many were inquiring what they should do to be saved. Many, too, were rejoicing in hope, and the whole community were moved, as with silent, but mighty impulse.

But unmoved, unconcerned, stood the infidel, amid the many changes of heart and mind in those around him, proud of his position and confident in his strength, and able, as he believed himself to be, to resist every influence, human and divine, which might be brought to bear upon him. The pastor has often been repulsed. As a last resort he had requested his able and skillful neighbor, a lawyer of piety and talents to visit Mr. R——, and endeavour to convince him. But it was like attempting to reason with the tempest, or soothe the volcano.

##### SCENE II. THE CHRISTIAN'S CLOSET.

There was a fire blazing upon the hearth in that little room. The wind was howling without; the snow was whirled in eddies, and was swept with violence against the casement. It was a cold night in January. In that secret and retired chamber, where none but God could hear, was poured out a voice from a burdened soul. The aged Christian was upon his knees. His bosom heaved with emotion. His soul was in agony. That voice of prayer was continued at intervals through the livelong night. In that room was a wrestling like that of Jacob. There was prevailing like that of Israel. It was a pleading with the Most High for an unwonted display of his power and grace, with the confidence that nothing was too hard for the Almighty. It was a night of prayer, of entreaty, of importunity. It was prayer as a man would pray for the life of a friend, who was on the eve of execution.

##### SCENE III. THE PRAYER MEETING.

The meeting was still and solemn as eternity. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. It was a cheerful evening, and the astrals threw their mellow light over the dense assembly. Now the voice of one and another ascends in prayer, and such prayer is seldom heard except in the time of genuine revivals of religion.—The silent tear steals down many a cheek.—The almost inaudible sigh escapes from many a bosom. An intense interest rests on every countenance, and one voice of prayer is the voice of all. One after another arises, and tells the listening company what 'the Lord has done for his soul.'—There stands Mr. R——, once the infidel, now the humble believer in Jesus. He is clothed in a new spirit. His face shines as did the face of Moses when he had seen God face to face. He is a new creature in Christ Jesus.

'I stand,' said Mr. R——, 'to tell you the story of my conversion.' His lips trembled slightly as he spoke, and his bosom heaved with suppressed emotion. 'I am a brand plucked out of the burning. The change in me is an astonishment to myself; and all brought about by the grace of God, and that *unanswerable argument*. It was a cold morning in January, and I had just begun my labour the anvil in my shop, when I looked out and saw Mr. B—— approaching. He dismounted quickly, and entered. As he drew near, I saw he was agitated. His look was full of earnestness. His eyes were bedimmed with tears. He took me by the hand. His breast heaved with emotion, and with indescribable tenderness he said, 'Mr. R——, I am greatly concerned for your soul's salvation,' and he burst into tears. He stood with my hand grasped in his. He struggled to regain self-possession. He often essayed to speak, but not a word could he utter; and finding that he could say no more, he turned, went out of the shop, got on to his horse, and rode slowly away.

'Greatly concerned for my salvation,' said I audibly, and stood and forgot to bring my hammer down. There I stood with it upraised—'greatly con-