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THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. VIII.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1861.

No. 2.

THE VOICE OF THE COMET.

The mysterious guest of night, that suddenly visited our sky a few weeks ago, and continued for a brief season to unfurl the broad pennon of glory on which we gazed, has not flashed and faded without leaving some impressions on intelligent minds. There are voices that utter great truths for God, from the depths and from the heights of the material universe. Preachers whose wide and impressive influence is not only for God, but of God. There are signs in the heavens. God's bow in the clouds is a divine smile, to re-assure a trembling world of mercy and peace. This we know on the blessed authority of divine revelation. We have no such sure word of testimony regarding those strangers of heaven, of the class to which our late visitor belongs. Hence superstition in the past has been startled at the appearance of comets, reading in their light announcements of pestilence, death and war. The advancing light of science connected with an intelligent understanding of God's holy word, will enable us to learn some heaven-born lessons, from the same celestial visitors which of yore prognosticated woe.

The unexpected appearance of the Comet may teach us to watch and pray, lest coming suddenly the Lord find us unprepared. Mystery and surprise, we judge, have been more than usually connected with the appearance of the comet of 1861. These features are to be found connected with the manifestation of the Son of God. In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh. Death is often at the door when he is supposed to be far off. The unexpected summons from this life may come before the soul has accepted mercy; and may we not view every startling and sudden event as foreshadowing the midnight cry, Behold, the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him. The call to watchfulness over the interests of the soul is strong and loud." "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." A distinguished preacher has glowingly described the descent of the Creator, the Judge, from heaven—"Look at that point far away in the ethereal region, where the gradually lessening form of our Saviour disappeared from the gaze of his disciples when he ascended to heaven. In that point see an uncommon, but faint and undefined brightness, just beginning to appear. It has caught the roving eye of yon careless gazer, and excited his curiosity. He points it out to a second and a third. A little circle soon collects, and various are the conjectures which they form respecting it. Similar circles are formed, and similar conjectures made in a thousand

different parts of the world ; but conjecture is soon to give place to certainty—awful, appalling, overwhelming certainty. While they gaze, the appearance which excited their curiosity rapidly approaches, and still more rapidly brightens. Some begin to suspect what it may prove, but no one dares to give utterance to his suspicions. Meanwhile the light of the sun begins to fade before a brightness superior to his own. Thousands see their shadows cast in a new direction, and thousands of hitherto careless eyes look up at once to discover the cause. Full clearly they see it, and now new hopes and fears begin to agitate their breasts. The afflicted and persecuted servants of Christ begin to hope that the predicted long-expected day of their deliverance has arrived. The wicked, the careless, the unbelieving, begin to fear that the Bible is about to prove no idle tale; and now fiery shapes moving like streams of lightning, begin to appear indistinctly amidst the bright dazzling cloud which comes rushing down as on the wings of a whirlwind. At length it reaches its destined place. It pauses, then suddenly unfolding, discloses at once a great white throne, where sits, starry resplendent, in all the glory of the Godhead, the man Christ Jesus. Every eye sees him. Every heart knows him." Thus the eye of imagination has kindled in view of the great day. Is it too much for us to ask the reader, if, when his eye caught amid the evening shadows, the "pure pellucid beam" of the recent comet, its front of fire had portended dire judgments to the world, what would have proved his confidence, in what was placed his safety? "But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape. But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."

The voice of the Comet says, how glorious is the dominion of God. We feel that there is a tendency in men to be attracted by objects that are showy, are unusual, rather than by those that are steady and constantly enjoyed. The glories of the heavens every night sing in our heedless ear, "the hand that made us is divine." If only once in a generation, or in a hundred years, the matchless beauty of celestial scenery was disclosed, then the event would be watched for and recorded with deep interest. Since, however, this volume is ever open, many hardly read its lines; yet when a fresh illustration vivid and striking appears, the effect can hardly be resisted. How strikingly, then, has this shred of glory from the vesture of the Almighty, of which we write, borne to our hearts the greatness of God's dominion! His is an arm full of power. The most erratic bodies are guided by his hand. Far out into the depths of a vast infinitude his presence controls. Whither shall I flee from thy presence? Plowing the boundless skies leads to no spot beyond the ken of his Omniscient eye. He fills heaven and earth. In calm dignity the works of God speak his praise. Great and marvellous are all thy works, Lord God Almighty. Look at the Sun marching on its glorious way. How silently the Moon steps amid the splendour of the bespangled vault of heaven! Glory has looked down through the pavement of heaven expressing calmly, silently, and powerfully, the majesty of the Almighty. The pyrotechnics of heaven lead us to cry—"Great God! how infinite art thou! What worthless worms are we!"

Further, *the Comet comes to tell us of the supremacy of law in the universe of God.* As a dread traveller through the regions of immensity, however

eccentric its course, there are laws by which that course is regulated. In crossing the orbit of the earth and other worlds, the danger which philosophy may suggest, is controled by the high and fixed will of Him who sitteth on the circle of the heavens. Law and a Lawgiver are clearly seen in the movements of heavenly bodies. Since, then, the material universe is evidently arranged and kept in order by the laws of God, how much more must there be law presiding over the universe of mind. Sublime as are the scenes of the material universe, what are they without a beholder? Matter is excelled by spirit. The soul of man is of more value than a world. But as law abides throughout the government of Jehovah, where can redemption be found for guilty man? An answer has been given to the question in the Gospel of Christ. The Star of Bethlehem heralded the coming of a Saviour for guilty men, and shone on the lowly birth-place of the Prince of Life. The news of salvation beamed from heaven. One star differeth from another star in glory, yet not one of the stars of heaven would we wish to see extinguished: they are all God's lamps shining on the page of his moral government. In God's light we shall see light.

May our readers lives near to God in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, and thus escape the doom of those who are wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

DEPUTATION TO THE COLONIAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We regret to learn that the important pastoral relationships of our beloved brother, the Rev. H. Wilkes, D.D., render it not desirable that he should leave at present on the deputation to England. Our esteemed brother, the Rev. F. H. Marling, however, proceeds (*D. V.*) by the *Great Eastern*, which sails early in August from Quebec. May God give the winds and waves charge concerning our brother, prosper him in his mission, and bring him again in peace. Will the churches remember him at the throne of grace?

CONGREGATIONALISM: WHAT ARE OUR DISTINCTIVE PRINCIPLES? WHY DO WE HOLD THEM? WHAT IS OUR DUTY IN REGARD TO THEM? AND SPECIAL ENCOURAGEMENTS.

ADDRESS OF THE RETIRING CHAIRMAN, REV. DR. LILLIE.

(Concluded from page 7.)

In answer to the question, why we hold them and attach to them the importance we do, we reply,

1. *That we feel bound to accept and maintain them on account of their Scriptural authority.*

Not merely do we find our principles, as we believe, in the New Testament, which is the book of the kingdom; but they comprise, in our view, the sum, and form the only natural expression of its teaching on the points embraced in them.

To suppose the Church's Head to have left us without guidance, in one form or another, on matters so nearly affecting our interests and those of truth as the administration of the laws of His kingdom, would be to hold Him to have departed very widely from the course it has pleased Him to pursue in

everything else relating to both. Hence we must hold ourselves excused from believing without proof that he has actually done so.

There are two ways in which instruction might be communicated on the points in question, by means, namely, of specific verbal direction, or of authoritative example. In the acknowledged absence of the former, the fair presumption is that we must have been supplied with the latter.

The substantial sameness, amid circumstantial variation, of the general character, condition, and wants of the Church, would seem to justify the expectation that institutions adapted to one age will be found suited, except in very special cases, to every other. So far as we can discover, not a word has fallen from any one of the New Testament writers to countenance the notion that the ecclesiastical arrangements of the Apostolic age were designed to be temporary. For these various reasons we, therefore, consider ourselves shut up to the duty of accepting them as intentional precedents, which it behoves us to follow loyally and generously. To say the least, even were it proven that we had been left entirely free in the matter, a decent respect might be expected so to predispose us in favour of arrangements having an origin so venerable, as to make us shrink from discarding them without a fair trial.

If in the deference we feel ourselves called on to pay to Scripture we are to be held as acting amiss, the palliation must, at least, be allowed us of sinning in good company, in that, to wit, of the best members of the Church of all times, of whom such deference has been one of the most marked and distinguishing characteristics. Inasmuch, moreover, as our fault, supposing us in error, consists rather in an over development of self-distrust than in a presumptuous self-confidence, we may not unreasonably cherish the hope of being forgiven by those who deem themselves under obligation to differ from us. But,

2. *The fact that the principles above stated commend themselves to our judgments and consciences as preëminently fitted to secure the ends for which the Church of Christ exists, constitutes an additional reason for our adoption of them, and attachment to them.*

Though not entitled to demand as a condition of compliance with anything required by our Lord, that we should be able either to appreciate its adaptation to the accomplishment of its revealed design, or to comprehend the mode of its operation in that accomplishment, the simple fact of its being His good pleasure binding us imperatively thereto—the supplying us, in any case in which it may seem good to Him so to do, with the opportunity of satisfaction in relation to these, has a tendency, constituted as our minds are, to give to our obedience an exulting joyousness, which it is a privilege to feel, and of which the exhibition will be admitted to be comely, even should it add nothing to its moral value. Thus He has acted in the instance with which we are dealing. His ordinances commend themselves to our intelligence by their simplicity, and their easiness of being carried out where justice is done them; to our gratitude by the measure in which they promote our edification and minister to our happiness; and to our best and noblest hopes, through means of the training which their observance affords for other and still higher services, with the meetness they aid in imparting for bliss inexpressible and abiding. We feel consequently constrained to accord them our heartiest concurrence, our warmest admiration and love, our most earnest support.

One reason more remains to be added for our attachment to our principles, namely,

3. *The evidence which a wide and long-continued experience has afforded of their value.*

During the best period of the Church's history—the times of the Apostles and their immediate successors — their power and excellence were shewn by their fruits. From that time to this it has been the same wherever justice has been done them. England and America both stand indebted to them for not a little of what is best in their characters and institutions; though their healthful action may have been, doubtless was impeded by the imperfections, from which even renewed humanity is not always free, attaching to those by whom they were advocated. At this moment they are in both rendering a service which is entitling them to respect, and securing it for them from the more intelligent and candid of every name. Here, and in the other Colonies of the Empire, they are contributing, in fair proportion to the numbers and means of those who hold them, to the general well-being and advancement.

The duty under which we lie in relation to our principles, in the circumstances in which it has pleased God to place us, now claims our notice.

On this point we remark it becomes us,

1. *To govern our practice rigidly by them.*

Their whole value lies in their practical tendency; and hence is dependent for its realization on their being fairly, strictly, and invariably carried out. Respect for our consistency binds us to the same course, it being impossible to reconcile with reason at once the assertion and the contravening of any set of notions. So, and especially does justice to our principles themselves and to the objects for which we profess to value them. Those by whom we are surrounded will take their idea of them, less or more, from our action and its results. By faultiness in the one, or michievousness in the other, prejudice will naturally be excited against them. To these sources must, we fear, be attributed the strongest objections urged against them, especially the hostile feeling with which they may have been, or may at this moment be regarded. It is in the house of their friends they have received their severest wounds. Here only, in fact, have they any thing serious to dread. Be it our fixed determination that, God helping us, we will allow ourselves in no course, whatever the temptation by which we may be assailed, which may supply to any one an argument against them; but that we will, on the contrary, make it, in every instance, our study and endeavour to recommend them to all to whom we may be, or may become known, by the habitual meekness of our temper, and generousness of our spirit, and wisdom of our procedure; by our spirituality, and holiness, and readiness to every good work, and activity in it—in one word, by the exhibition of whatever is pure, or lovely, or of good report—the fruits and evidences of the indwelling and the working of the Holy Ghost within us.

It becomes us further:

2. *To take care that those of whom God has given us special charge, should be instructed in our principles, and be imbued, as far as possible, with a love for them.*

We allude here to our people and the members of our families. These two classes form the natural sources of supply for our churches; and from them, as a matter of fact, the mass of their members come. What these make them, the churches must hence, to a large extent, be.

It is solely by the faithful and intelligent carrying out of our principles they can be made of service to the community. But we are entitled to look for their wise and efficient administration to those alone who understand and love them, and for knowledge of them and attachment to them to such only as are instructed in them.

On these points, not less than others, the parties of whom we speak have a claim on us for instruction; because our commission includes indoctrination into the whole will of Christ, while they have either voluntarily placed themselves under our teaching, or been divinely placed under it through the fact of connection with our households.

Possibly these remarks may be made altogether unnecessary by your conscientious attention to the duty they are meant to enforce. Should it be otherwise, we would beg of you, with all respect, to suffer the word of exhortation.

It is our duty finally:

3. *To endeavour to secure, by all such means as are honorable, a hold for our principles upon the country's mind.*

By this we mean, not its exclusive possession, but such an access to it and influence over it as may aid in the forming of its character, the development of its capabilities, the guidance of its conduct, and the fulfilment of its destiny. Patriotism calls on us to do what in us lies, in order to these results. So do fidelity to our Master and the vindication of our own sincerity. By suffering any fair opportunity for their introduction to pass unimproved, we at the same time betray our trust and shame ourselves. I would not, of course, be understood, nor will you understand me, as counselling their substitution in the place of Christ, and his work, and the salvation he has thereby effected for the guilty and the perishing. To these, constituting, as they do, the grand wants of men, who are universally sinners, the pre-eminence must ever be given. Its relation and subserviency to these is, in truth, what gives its worth to everything which has any. Confessedly secondary as they are, the matters of which we speak have still their importance. The character even of sacredness which belongs to Christ, belongs in measure to them, in consequence of their coming from him and of their bearing on the working and the results of his institutions.

The imperativeness of the obligation resting on us in relation to our principles must, we conceive, be admitted to be greatly increased by the very favourable circumstances in which we are called on to labour.

The Master has given us, we remark,

1. *A worthy sphere on which to operate.*

The extent, character, position, relations, and past history of Canada, unite in justifying the expectation of its being, at no distant day, the home of a large population. Looking at the elements of which that population is likely to be composed, is now, in fact, in course of being composed, and the institutions, so favourable to the growth of whatever is most generous and manly, under which it has the prospect of developing itself, a high place and an influential career among the nations of this new world may fairly be anticipated for it. Having thus for the field of our operations an empire—an empire, moreover, in by far the most favourable period of its history, in so far as opportunity of usefulness is concerned, namely, the time of the establishment of its institutions and the formation of its character—we may cherish the hope of exerting, if we acquit ourselves like men, an influence alike bene-

ficial and enduring. In such a prospect, how much is there to awaken earnestness, to inspire vigour, to sustain under difficulty, to give—in connection with the thought that He who has appointed us our work is, and will be with us—assurance of triumph.

Moreover,

2. *The door into this wide and influential sphere stands entirely open before us.*

Wherever we feel our labour called for, we may go, without the necessity of asking consent from any quarter. No power in the land, whatever its disposition, can bar against our entrance a single spot. In the eye of the law we stand on a perfect equality with those among whom we dwell; and have, within those just limits which I trust we shall never be found attempting to transgress, the fullest freedom of action secured to us by its whole power. The fault is, consequently, our own, if any region requiring our aid, and which it is in our power to take up, be left unoccupied. In the selection of fields we owe it to our Master, our brethren of other evangelical denominations, and ourselves, to act on generous principles; but the fact that, subject to that condition, which I should regret to see violated in any instance or under any temptation, we enjoy such access to a territory so vast and of such a character, involves us in a responsibility equally solemn and weighty.

We remark,

3. *That in the case of not a few of those towards whom we enjoy this access, the new circumstances in which they find themselves placed, prepare them to give to our teaching a less biassed attention than they might otherwise have been disposed to accord.*

Less or more, we are all liable to be influenced by prepossessions. Inasmuch as these may be on the side of truth, as well as error, and may thus conduce to our grasping it with a firmer and more tenacious hold than might otherwise have been taken of it, their operation cannot be regarded as an un-mixed evil. When, however, the most liberal allowance has been made for what may perhaps without much impropriety be called their beneficial action, a large residuum of mischief must, we fear, be acknowledged to remain. They take far too often the character of prejudices, or have in them a large infusion of that element; and in this form act as obstructions to truth. It may be questionable how far, with the human mind and the general condition of society what they are, the hope can be rationally indulged of being ever raised entirely above them. Still, a difference may be expected to be made by circumstances, both in their measure and their power. A difference of this sort these do make. In this respect we cannot help thinking ourselves favorably situated. Brought, as new comers into the country necessarily are, into contact with forms of thinking to which they have been unaccustomed, the question is apt to suggest itself, supposing them gifted with a moderate stock of intelligence, whether, after all, they may not be less exclusively in the possession of truth than they have been wont to think themselves. Prepared thus, the respect engendered by the friendly offices of familiar, it may be frequent and affectionate association, with the recognised equality in the eye of the law elsewhere adverted to, gives truth a better chance with them than it might otherwise have had. In so far, then, as we believe ourselves to have that on our side, we may expect to profit by such a state of things. Already we have done so in a measure eminently fitted to encourage us.

We remark,

4. *That the measure in which the general intelligence of our community qualifies them for the appreciation of our principles, greatly increases our chances of influence with them.*

It is in so far only as these principles are true and beneficial that they can claim any right to acceptance. Believing them to be both the one and the other, we entertain no fear in relation to them, provided only a fair hearing be given them. This is the whole we ask for them; and this the characteristic of our people just named, their intelligence, to wit, leads us confidently to anticipate. The school and the college are teaching them to think, and fostering in them a disposition so to do,—of which we shall reap the fruit by-and-bye, unless by our negligence or folly we deprive ourselves of it.

We remark,

5. *That we enjoy an important advantage in the coincidence of spirit which exists between our principles and our country's institutions.*

One of the objections, if we should not rather say the objection most frequently urged and most strenuously pressed against them—the measure, to wit, in which they place the power in the hands of the people—can hardly help being thus deprived of some of its force. Those who are trusted so largely with the management of their own affairs in civil matters are not unlikely to have the desire arise to be treated like men in matters ecclesiastical also. Deference to the will of Christ might dispose them to submit to disability, if persuaded it was His pleasure they should do so—may have this effect so long as such persuasion, if existing, succeeds in maintaining itself; but let the fact that that will is on their side instead of being against them—that the liberty which they covet is their birthright, purchased for them by the blood of the cross, come to be recognized, we shall have ourselves to blame if they hold themselves aloof from us.

In closing, I would add that, in my opinion, our experience thus far in the country is full of encouragement. God has done great things for us, for which we owe him the most grateful acknowledgment, and by which we should be incited to increased diligence and zeal. Let it be our grand endeavour, pursued with an earnestness growing as the time we can hope to work for it shortens, to be instrumental in leading sinners to Christ, in building up believers in their most holy faith, in establishing the kingdom of God in a rebellious world, and of preparing the ransomed for glory and conducting them to it; then, whether the hopes we cherish in other respects fail or be realized, we may, though humbly, yet with a joyous confidence anticipate our reward in the approving welcome of the Master, when our time of service here is over, and in the “honour” reserved for those, and pledged to them, who “turn many to righteousness.”

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

We inadvertently allowed the “Retrospect” to go to press last month with only the bare announcement of the meeting of the COLONIAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY. We had no intention of cutting off this important Society with so meagre notice, although our space is but limited; we therefore give a brief sketch of the meeting this month. The chair was occupied by Thomas

Barnes, Esq. From the Report we learn "That there are now more than 160 Congregational ministers faithfully preaching the Gospel of Christ in Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Vancouver's Island, in British America; in the Cape of Good Hope, and Port Natal, in South Africa; in New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Western Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, in Australasia. The greater part of these brethren were introduced to their work by the instrumentality of this Society, having been sent direct from Britain, or trained for the ministry in the Colonies."

With reference to Vancouver's Island and the "Negro Pew" difficulty, the Committee say: "No restriction is placed on the colored races, but all are permitted to occupy any places they may find vacant during public worship. It is with sincere pleasure the Committee are able to state that the cause is progressing most satisfactorily in the city of Victoria, encouraging the hope that, as population increases, the congregation will continue to advance, and that the time is not far distant when a flourishing self-sustained Independent Church will be permanently established."

The income for the year amounts to £6,703 12s. 1d., and the expenditure to £6,268 3s. 11d. Dr. Patton, of New York, and Dr. Tomkins, of Nova Scotia, were among the speakers, as also the Rev. F. Binney, who occupies to a great extent the position of father to the Colonial Missionary Society.

Most of our readers will know that the bill for the abolition of Church Rates was lost on the motion for third reading in the House of Commons by the casting vote of the Speaker. The diminished majority on the second reading had induced some fear as to the result, and although there was disappointment it was not so great as under other circumstances might have been felt. Of course this is a defeat, and our friends at home acknowledge it as such; but there are considerations which lessen the regret, and strengthen the confidence of future success. There is great reason to suppose that to a considerable extent it was just the result of a political move on the part of certain members who had an object to gain, and thought that this would help them to it;—of all the members in the house the Irish are the least reliable. Further, there is no more probability that it would have passed the Lords this session than last, and there is, therefore, actually no time lost; and we suppose that a general election is not far distant, when there is every appearance of this being made a test question, and no one receiving liberal votes who will not pledge himself to vote for the total and unconditional abolition of Church Rates. That this check will not damp the ardour of the men who are engaged in the work we may be sure from past experience of their indomitable perseverance: we are as confident as if the bill was already passed, that the days of this obnoxious impost are numbered, and are very few.

A report was current lately in England that the Pope was dead. This proved to be untrue; but there is no doubt that the Pontiff is in a very precarious state, and may any day pass away into the eternal world. There is every indication that Pius IX. will be the last of the Popes who will exercise temporal power, and that his successor will, *volens volens*, be alone a spiritual prince. It is said that Napoleon and Baron Ricasoli—the successor of Cavour—are quite prepared for this, and have determined, conjointly, to declare the secular dominion of the Pope at an end. Such a course would

be one more step towards a satisfactory settlement of the Italian difficulty: it would remove one more centre of reaction and obstacle to progress, and greatly help forward the consolidation of the new kingdom. We do not think that either of the men are deficient in the courage for making such a change; we only hope that no wretched, crooked state policy may prevent them carrying out the programme

Noticeable among the events of the week is the opening of the New Congregational College at Plymouth, an edifice which has cost more than £6,500. The whole of this amount has been raised by the voluntary zeal of the friends of the college, and we would call the attention of those Churchmen who are so ready to distrust the liberality of their own denomination, to the fact that a debt of £1,400 on the college was cleared in one day by the Nonconformists of the west of England.—*Nonconformist*, 26th June.

THE NEW SULTAN OF TURKEY.—The first act of the new Sultan is of a hopeful nature. Instead of confirming the prevalent impression that he is a bigoted Mussulman, the proclamation put forth on his accession announces his intention to introduce great reforms in favour of all his subjects, without distinction of religion, while he will pursue the foreign policy of his predecessor. Should these promises be fulfilled, the reign of Abul Aziz may be more prosperous than that of his deceased brother, giving more contentment to his subjects, and (if he be a man of stronger nerve than Abul Medjid) affording less inducement to foreign powers to interfere mischievously in the affairs of his empire. The most pressing want of the Porte just now is the spirit of economy in constant exercise. A partial change in the Turkish Ministry is expected.

THE QUEEN has heartily and practically responded to the desire of those journeymen in the fish, poultry, meat, vegetable, and ice trades at the west end of the town, who have lately formed an association to abolish Sunday trading. For the future no provision of any kind is to be brought into the Palace on the Lord's day. No doubt the royal example will be generally imitated by the nobility and higher classes.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.—The Funds of the several Missionary Societies exhibited considerable difference. Their position, respectively, as compared with last year is as follows;—

	Increase.	Decrease.
Church Missionary Society.....	—	£14,447
Wesleyan.....	£673	—
London.....	—	8,543
Baptist.....	9..	—

It must be remembered that we have included special funds in this statement, and that a decline in some of these may sometimes result in a large gross decrease, without the steady current of a wonted liberality being checked, or the great work retarded to the extent which might, at first, seem inevitable. The comparison, it will be noticed, is between one year and another. We subjoin the gross sum received from all sources by each society during last year:—

Church Missionary Society.....	£149,182
Wesleyan.....	140,678
London.....	85,363
Baptist.....	30,468

Total..... £405,691

—*Evangelical Christendom.*

THE NESTORIANS.—A remarkable spirit of liberality has been recently manifested among the Nestorians, a sum of £200 having been collected in a short time in various villages for the extension of the Gospel, and the women having parted even with many of their ornaments to assist in the good work. The Bulgarians are not cowed by the severe measures of the Greek Patriarch, but fresh movements continue for separation from the Greek Church. A small section will not have anything to do with the proposed submission to the Pope. An excellent field presents itself for diligent evangelical work, in the dissemination of suitable tracts written for the emergency.—*News of the Churches.*

The Fourth General Conference of Evangelical Christians of all Countries, is to be held at Geneva in September next. Though the meeting will be under the general direction of the Geneva Committee of the Evangelical Alliance, their invitation is not restricted to members of the Alliance, but is extended to all Evangelical Christians. The terms of this invitation are as follows:—"Nor do we only invite the members of the Evangelical Alliance, but Christians of every nation, language, and Church, who are one with us by faith in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the living and true God. Scattered though we are throughout so many different lands and denominations, there exists between us a great spiritual unity which it would be to us a delight and a benefit to enjoy, and to show forth in our approaching meetings. To this end two things are essential: first, constant prayers that the Lord will be in our midst, and enable us, by his Spirit, to be of a truth one body; and secondly, great watchfulness over ourselves, in order that we may abide, notwithstanding some minor points of difference, in the spirit of humility, concord, and love."

The meeting will open on Monday, the second day of September, and will continue nearly a fortnight.

We have received a private letter from Genoa, dated June 23rd, announcing the death of Pius IX. The writer says:

"*The Pope is dead!* The people here say they will not have any other. I never saw a better opening for the introduction of the Protestant Religion than there is in this city.

"The people are opposed to the priests, and want to get rid of them. Of one hundred churches in this city more than fifty are closed. There are two Presbyterian churches here, and I learn that they are well attended. A good Protestant missionary is needed very much."

Our correspondent, from whose letter we have given the above extract, believed in common with the citizens of Genoa, that the news of the Pope's death was authentic. But the rumor afterwards proved premature. The Pope is not yet dead, but very sick. His present disease is an abscess in the right leg, affecting his whole system. But he has for years been in enfeebled health. The Pontiff, now that the sultan is no more, is the "Sick Man of Europe."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THEATRE SUNDAY SERVICES.—A most interesting meeting in connexion with these services was held on Friday evening last at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Aldersgate-street. In accordance with an invitation which had been issued by the committee, eighty of the working men who had assisted as stewards during the past winter, in the proper conduct of the large assemblages which have been brought together in the Sunday afternoons and evenings, with twenty of their wives, sat down together to a social tea. At the conclusion of the very ample repast which had been provided, the company adjourned to the theatre of the institution, when, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, the committee invited the stewards to express their views in respect to the benefits of these services, and also as to the desirableness of re-opening the four theatres which had been engaged by the committee for a third course of services. Among numerous other testimonies borne to the value of the services the following may

be given:—One of the stewards stated that for twenty-two years he had been a deist, and except for marriages, he had never entered a place of public worship. He had heard the gospel for the first time in Sadler's Wells Theatre. He is now a member of a Christian church, and in the open air and in his private house preaches the truth he had once despised. Another steward told of a man who had alone brought to the Pavilion Theatre eighteen to twenty families who had never been in the habit of attending a place of worship. A policeman testified to one of the stewards, that he had gone into the gallery of the Pavillion on one occasion, and there he saw a number of low thieves and loose women, and the rest seemed to be made up of the "swel" order, and yet all were most orderly and attentive. This policeman has been twenty-three years in the City force. The unanimous opinion of the stewards seemed to be that the service should be renewed for another series, as, although many of those who had attended the theatre services were now attending church and chapel, yet the great bulk of them were still reluctant to do so. "You might as well have written over that church door," said a working man to one of the stewards, "No working man admitted here!" The universal feeling prevalent among the poor being, that they are only "in the way" of the richer folk who frequent such places. We have been given to understand that the committee purpose, during next winter, to make appeal to the Christian public to enable them to erect circuses or tents, in such parts of the metropolis where suitable buildings cannot be had. During last winter 165 services were held, attended by 267,700 people, and, with the exception of about £50, the whole of the expenses have been met.—*Record.*

Official.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE.

RECEIPTS SINCE JUNE 29 (FOR 1860-1).

Per Dr. Lillie:—

Sarnia	\$26 50
London	8 25
Southwold.....	22 00
Stratford.....	13 00
Guelph.....	28 50
Eden Mills.....	5 50

Per Rev. W. F. Clarke:

Guelph (additional).....	\$3 00
Eden Mills (additional).....	1 00

Zion Chapel, Toronto:

Rev. T. S. Ellerby.....	\$4 00	Mr. W. W. Copp.....	\$2 00
Alderman Nasmith.....	4 00	Mr. H. J. Clark.....	1 00
Mr. Joseph Robinson.....	4 00	Mr. W. C. Ashdown.....	1 00
Mr. John Snarr.....	5 00	Dr. Simpson.....	1 00
Mr. John Boyd.....	5 00	Mr. J. S. Howard.....	4 00
Rev. A. Wickson, LL.D.....	4 00	Mr. John Adams.....	1 00
Mr. J. Rordans.....	2 00	Mr. J. A. Dawson.....	1 00
A Friend.....	2 00	A Friend.....	1 00
Mr. Geo. Snarr.....	1 00	A Friend... ..	1 00
Mr. John Wickson	2 00	Mr. W. H. Rodden.....	2 00
Mrs. Nichol.....	1 50	Mr. Patrick Freeland.....	12 00
Mrs. Webb.....	2 00	Mr. A. Christie (1860)....	2 00

SESSION OF 1861-2.

The next Session will commence (*D. V.*) on Wednesday, October 16th.

SECRETARYSHIP.

From August 1st to December 1st, the Secretary's duties will be performed by Rev. Dr. Wickson and Patrick Freeland, Esq. *All remittances to be sent to Mr. Freeland.*

F. H. MARLING,

Toronto, July 26, 1861.

Secretary.

THE DEPUTATION TO GREAT BRITAIN.

The readers of the *Canadian Independent* generally, will learn with much disappointment and regret, that by a unanimous vote of "Zion Church," Montreal, it is decided that the Rev. Dr. Wilkes cannot be spared at present, for the service to which he was called by the Union, at its last Annual Meeting. The disappointment is somewhat counterbalanced by the encouraging fact, that the unusual accessions to his congregation of late, render his presence specially requisite. Moreover, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastoral settlement over his present beloved charge, would occur during his absence, were he to fulfil the appointment of the Union; which would involve no small deprivation, both on his own part, and that of his attached flock.

Under these circumstances, we are fortunate in having appointed a co-delegate, and one so well suited to the delicate and responsible service. The Second Church, Toronto, has cordially relinquished its claim upon its beloved pastor, for the time requisite for the fulfilment of this important commission: and with great liberality has assumed the entire expense of supplying the pulpit, besides contributing handsomely towards the incidental travelling expenses of our Delegate.

According to present plans, Rev. Mr. Marling will set sail in the *Great Eastern* on the 6th August, leaving Toronto on the 30th instant. Let the churches and pastors give themselves continually to prayer for our beloved brother, that he may be enabled to render our Missionary work much service by his personal conference with the Colonial Society's Committee, and awaken increased interest throughout the churches of Great Britain, in the goodly vine planted by them in this Province. Let us specially commend his flock, during his absence, to the faithful watch and care of the Great Shepherd, and seek that their temporary deprivation, so cheerfully borne for the sake of the churches, may be abundantly compensated to them, both during their beloved Pastor's absence, by the special manifestation of the Spirit's presence in their midst, and by his safe restoration to them in due time, with renewed life and energy, in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.

Any friends who have not sent in their intended contribution towards the expense of this deputation, will confer an esteemed favour by inclosing the same, without delay, to the undersigned, at Paris, C.W.

EDWARD EBBS,

Paris, 18th July, 1861.

Secretary-Treasurer, C. U. of C.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR BROTHER,—Will you oblige me by allowing in your Magazine an acknowledgement, with my sincere thanks, of the handsome donation of about \$55 from friends in *Erin*, through Mr. Fielding and Miss Lucinda Anderson; and of \$50 from "Members of the *Eden Mills* Congregational Church and others," through Mr. James Wilson; also of about \$15 from young friends in *Eramosa*, "mostly unconnected with the church," presented through Miss Eva Hindley.

I would likewise state that my Post Office address for a few months will be
TORONTO.

Yours, &c.,

E. BARKER.

July 20th, 1861.

Review.

LECTURES ON THE BOOK OF PROVERBS. By the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D.; Edited by his Son, the Rev. J. S. Wardlaw, A.M. Vols. II. & III. New York: Fullarton, Macnab & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

These volumes complete the Author's Exposition of the Book of Proverbs. Our examination of them fully convinces us of their high value. The fame of Wardlaw will suffer no abatement by their publication. A master's hand is seen in the logical arrangement of material; while the true spirit of the pastor that rightly divides the word of truth, is constantly apparent. As a full and exhaustive practical exposition of the Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, these volumes have our most hearty recommendation.

To convey an important lesson, needed in Canada, as elsewhere, we place before our readers an extract on Proverbs xxiii. 4 & 5. Premising that those who obtain the lectures for themselves will find many passages of greater power, as this is only a specimen of the ordinary style and spirit of the work.

"'Labour not to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom.' '*Labour not to be rich.*' What a startling interdict, this! What an immense proportion of the world's toil, and especially in such a community as our own, does it bring under condemnation and proscription! Were all the labour directed to this forbidden end to cease, how little would be left!—what a sudden stagnation would there be of the turmoil of busy activity with which we are daily surrounded! What are the great majority of men about, in our city and in our country? What keeps them all astir? What is the prevailing impulse of all the incessant bustle and eager competition of our teeming population? Are not all, with a wider or a narrower estimate of what riches mean, 'labouring to be rich?' The love of fame has been called the universal passion. Is not the love of money quite as much, if not more, entitled to the designation? Yes: and many a time does the *wisdom* of the world set itself to the defence of the world's toil and the world's aim, alleging many plausible and some more than plausible things in its pleadings. 'Riches,' say they, 'keep a man and his family from dependence. Riches enable a man to enjoy many comforts that are in themselves lawful and desirable. Riches procure a man distinction and influence in society. By this and other means, riches put it in a man's power to do good: Why should we not labour to be rich?' It is all true, and the plea is in part quite legitimate. Yet Solomon, by the Spirit, with the

authority, and in the kindness of God, enjoins, 'Labour not to be rich.' His meaning evidently is, that the acquisition of worldly wealth must not be a man's *primary* aim—that which chiefly occupies his desires, his thoughts, his schemes, his time and his toil, to the neglect of concerns of incomparably higher importance; and to a forgetfulness of the amount of temptation and of danger to these higher concerns, which success in his pursuit brings with it, so as to preclude serious inquiry about the grand problem—the most momentous by infinite degrees, that can occupy the mind of man—*how an eternity of being may be to him an eternity of well being.*

" 'Cease from thine own wisdom' may be considered as regarding both the *object of pursuit*, and the *manner of pursuing it*. The object, considered as the main end of life, is infinitely unworthy of a reasonable being; and the manner in which the pursuit of it is carried on, is characterized by a disregard of God that is the very essence of impiety. All this is true, even on the supposition that the result of the labour were *certain acquisition*, and the riches, when acquired, a *sure possession*—sure for life and for posterity. But (verse 5), 'Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? For riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away, as an eagle toward heaven.' How emphatically strong this language! 'Upon that which is not!' So precarious are the riches when obtained, that they are hardly allowed the attribute of *existence*—'that which is not.' How beautifully the air-bubble glitters in rainbow hues, as it floats on the stream or mounts into the atmosphere!—but in a moment it bursts, and is gone. Solomon here uses a different figure:—'For riches verily make themselves wings; they fly away, as an eagle toward heaven.' Such was the experience of the wise man's times: surely I need not say in that degree it has been the experience of our own. How frequently, and how affectingly in many cases, has it been exemplified! Sometimes the wings grow gradually. Their begun and advancing growth is perceived by the owner, and the result dreaded, when others know nothing of it, and are fancying all secure. His eyes are sleepless with solicitude, amidst the envy of the ignorant around him. At other times, the event is as unanticipated by the possessor as it is by others. The wings are the product of a moment, and the flight unexpected and sudden. A single unlooked-for contingency in providence, and all is gone!—the accumulation of half a lifetime vanished in an hour! A change in the commercial tariff of a foreign state; a sudden fall in the markets; a single unsuccessful speculation, from which additional thousands were expected; the bankruptcy of some house that was esteemed of established and unshaken credit—a hundred causes may, one or other, occasion the sudden annihilation of property and prospects. The very '*labouring*' to be rich, the very *eagerness* after the object, the '*hasting*' to its attainment, is not unfrequently the very means of bringing all to nothing.

" 'Wilt thou,' then, 'set thine eyes upon that which is not?' To set the eyes upon it, is to set the heart upon it. The fixing of the gaze on any object, is the expression of *fond desire*. The original word contains the idea of *special avidity*. Nothing can be more unwise, not only because we *may* lose the object of desire, how largely soever acquired, even while we are here, but because we *must* part with it very soon at the longest. Riches *may* leave us; we *must* leave riches. How simple, yet how conclusive the consideration—'We brought nothing into this world; and it is certain we can carry nothing out.' (1 Tim. 6, 7.) And then, how solemn, but how little thought of, the lesson which follows:—'They that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.' "

LOVELL'S GENERAL GEOGRAPHY, for the use of Schools; with numerous Maps, Illustrations, and brief Tabular views. By J. George Hodgins, LL.B. Montreal: John Lovell. Toronto: R. & A. Miller.

Highly creditable to Canadian enterprise. It contains a vast amount of information suitable to a "General Geography;" while it has no rival in the detailed and accurate knowledge it affords of the extent and resources of the British American Provinces.

News of the Churches.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

The controversy respecting the teaching of Professor Whittaker, the Provost of Trinity College, is exciting great attention among the members of the Church of England in this province. On this question the Synod of the Huron Diocese passed the following resolution :—

“Moved by the Rev. Dr. Caulfield, and seconded by J. Colquhoun, Esq. :—

“Whereas at our last annual meeting the matter of Trinity College was brought before this Synod, and whereas representatives from this Diocese have been appointed by His Lordship the Bishop to take their seats in the College Council—

“Resolved, therefore, that while we deeply sympathize with His Lordship in the difficult position in which he has been placed, and desire to thank him for the stand which he has taken on this subject, we earnestly hope that such steps will now be taken by the University as shall make it an institution in which the Church at large can place its confidence, and thus become the source to which the Canadian Church in future years will chiefly look for the supply of its ministers.’ Carried.”

But at the late meeting of the Synod of the Diocese of Toronto, the following resolution was moved by the Rev. Dr. Beaven, and seconded by J. W. Gamble, Esq., and carried by a vote of 50 to 14; 17 did not vote :—

“That the Synod desires to express its deep sympathy with our venerable Bishop in his late trials and difficulties in consequence of the imputations cast upon the teachings of Trinity College, and with the Rev. Provost, as the exponent of that teaching, and declares its continued confidence in the College and its administration.”

MASSACHUSETTS.

The General Association of Massachusetts met at Ware Village, June 22. In the churches there had been a net loss of 291 members: present number, 76,000.

There was an earnest discussion on the question, How to improve Preaching. In all the discussions, reports from foreign bodies, &c., the five minute rule was rigidly enforced. Resolutions on the state of the country, were adopted as follows :—

Whereas, Our nation is at the present time in a war for the suppression of treason and rebellion against the Government of the United States :—

Resolved, That we, the General Association of Massachusetts, devoutly recognize and acknowledge our dependence upon the God of our fathers for the success of our arms and the establishment of the laws.

Resolved, That we cordially approve the vigorous measures of the Government for the maintenance of the Constitution, and that we are ready to devote our property, our influence, and, if need be, our lives in its vindication and support.

Resolved, That while we earnestly desire the speedy return of peace to our divided country, we deprecate any concession or compromise which shall not secure the loyalty and obedience to the Federal Government of all the States of the Union, or which shall be inconsistent with the nationality of freedom.

Resolved, That believing the institution of Slavery to have been the fruitful source of the great trouble now upon us, we cannot but pray and hope that the present war may be overruled by Divine Providence for the ultimate removal of human bondage from our land.

The *Narrative* reports revivals of religion in Ashland, Billerica, Canton, Clinton, Chatham, South Abingdon, Amherst, Falmouth, Haydenville, Taunton, East Longmeadow, Orleans, Royalston, Seekonk, Walpole, South Wilbraham, and Westport. In yet other towns some degree of saving influence is reported.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF MAINE.

The annual meeting of the General Conference of Maine was held at Brunswick, June 25—7.

Much of the time was occupied in the free discussion of important topics pertaining to Christian duty and effort, relating to the condition and prosperity of the Churches connected with the Conference.

Among these topics was, "The duty of cultivating spirituality, especially in the present crisis of affairs." Another was, "The duty to sustain our Benevolent Societies, and not allow them to suffer in these times of peril."

The subject of Home Missions, in connection with the annual report of the Maine Missionary Society, elicited much interest and called forth earnest appeals.

At the morning prayer meetings the large church was nearly filled. Every heart was warm, every exhortation earnest, every prayer seemed to be uttered in confiding trust, and in humble waiting upon God. It was good to be there. Special interest was manifested in behalf of the young men in the college, many of whom were present.—*N. Y. Observer.*

DIVISIVE ACTION IN THE SOUTH.

The Presbytery of Memphis, Tennessee, have unanimously adopted an ordinance of Secession from the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterian Church of the United States, and it is said that the Presbyteries of the other Rebel States will take action.

In Virginia the following circular is being distributed among the Presbyteries, and is reported as rapidly obtaining signatures:

Whereas, The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, Old School, with which we have heretofore been in cordial connection, has, by the vote of a large majority of its members, as reported, sustained the Government of the United States in waging one of the most unchristian, criminal, and atrocious wars of modern times, upon the free and sovereign States known as the Confederate States of America, thereby violating the first principles of our holy religion, in its injunction of "Peace on earth, and good will to men," and in its prohibition of aggressive war upon any people struggling for their independence and liberties—

Therefore, The Ministers and Elders of the Churches in said Confederate States are hereby invited to assemble in advisory Convention, in such ratio of representation as may seem to them advisable, at Richmond, Va., on the 24th of July next, to advise and recommend measures to ascertain the sense of the Presbyterians in regard to the formation of a General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the Confederate States of America.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.—THE LAST CALL.

Three weeks more, and the receipts of the American Board for the year 1861 will be closed. One hundred thousand dollars must be received in this short time to meet the *minimum* expenses of the year. And as much as the receipts in these few weeks fall short of that sum, so much will the Board then be in debt.

And what then? Suspension, demolition and disaster in the work! In *whose* work, and under whose eye and banner? *His*—before whom the Christian world bows, and by whom this world was redeemed, and is to be saved, and judged.

But why this? Some churches this year give *nothing*! Other churches give *less* than formerly! Still other churches give less than is their *duty*. So of individuals. The failure is here; the responsibility—here.

And the help, under God, must come from these. I am forced, then, to say, as in the sight of the cross and the throne, to those who have done *nothing*, or *less* than usual, or less than *duty*,—save this terrible sacrifice by a prompt and generous sacrifice of your own! Let not the mission fields be scourged by retrenchment,—or disgraced by surrender and retreat! Come up to the help of the *Lord* in the day of battles! Let not his body bleed afresh by your hands in those beautiful fields afar off; nor the *vine* of his last tender love and care weep and

perish there. Come in these last weeks; come quickly—with relief. Your great Captain calls you, and will note down the gift, or the blank.

If any have done their *whole* duty, I would say,—desist, stay, do no more! Let the *bearing* come, the cross-bearing, on the Cyrenian—after Christ.

W. W.

THE BIBLE IN RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia is giving the Bible to the mass of his people in their own language. This is another of the great movements by which he aims to bless the Empire, and signalize his reign.

The ukase which he found in force prohibiting the printing of the Bible in the *Russ* language (that of the Serfs and common people), has been repealed; and the Holy Synod of the National Greek Church is now publishing the Scriptures in a revised Russ translation. The Books—beginning with the New Testament—are published separately as fast as they can be got ready.

A young Russian lady, lately writing to a friend in England, gives a gratifying account of the circulation of the Bible in Russia. She says that she was driving in one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg, where there is always a crowd. All at once she saw a table spread on the Trottoir, and upon it a quantity of Bibles, New Testaments, and tracts. The colporteur was an aged, and very kind-looking man. Some people were buying. Until now never was a colporteur seen there, especially not in the streets, and it was a rejoicing sight. "Of late," she adds, "I have remarked little boys selling tracts. It has been observed that in Germany, where at every watering-place there are colporteurs, the most Bibles are bought by Russians. This I have heard asserted by a great many persons. In general, there is, particularly now, a great demand for Bibles and Testaments. Our new Russian version of the New Testament has undergone within one year two or three editions, each of many thousand impressions. This is such a rejoicing thing! This summer I believe the Epistles and the Revelation will be added to the four Gospels and the Acts. So the New Testament will be complete in good Russ. Then they will proceed with the translation of the whole Bible."

CONTINUED GOOD NEWS FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Tidings continue to come of the work of God's power and grace on different parts of the Sandwich Islands. The latest intelligence is from Rev. W. P. Alexander, who writes from Wailuku as follows:—

"I have been much encouraged in my labors during the past five months. Our people so long indifferent, have been aroused to the concerns of eternity, and a wonderful change has been wrought. Some of the wildest scapegraces in the land have been converted, and are now earnest co laborers in bringing others to Christ. Meetings are held once or twice a day, in eight or ten different places in my field; and they are well attended. Some of the more mature Christians spend much of their time in going from house to house, to warn sinners to repent and seek the Lord. They go up the ravines, and reach many who are inaccessible to me. On the Sabbath my congregation is very large; sometimes hundreds are unable to get into the house, and our house is 50 by 80. Many who had long lived in sin in the church unknown to their brethren, have come forward and confessed, and begged the prayers of the church. I have encountered some tendency to extravagance; some whose business would not allow them to attend the daily meetings, set up meetings for prayer and conference in the evening, and kept them up sometimes the whole night; and the good women have been so moved, at times, that they have taken part as exhorters. But by watchful care, I have been able to control these and other extravagancies, so that our meetings have generally been as orderly as with you in Boston. I trust the work will spread, till all our churches shall be refreshed."

HAWAIIAN MISSION TO THE MARQUESAS.

This Mission from natives of the Sandwich Islands to the natives of the Marquesian Islands is one of the wonders of the age. Rev. Titus Coan, whose church

at Hilo contributes liberally to support their Marquesian mission, and who himself lately visited the Marquesian Islands to encourage and aid the Mission, says in a letter just received :—

“We feel greatly encouraged in our mission to the Marquesas. It has been honored of God, and its present state and prospects call for gratitude, courage, and patient labor.

“It is not a little marvellous that, after repeated trials of English, French and American missionaries during the last sixty-three years, and when all, except a few pirates had abandoned the place, as hopeless, a few Hawaiian teachers should have gained access to the savages, secured their confidence, brought many under Christian instruction, and led numbers, as we trust, to the Lamb of God. My visit to that mission field last spring filled me with gratitude to God, and with hope for Hawaiian missionaries. Through faith and patience they will, they do, inherit the promises.”

Rills from the Fountains of Israel.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—No. 6.

1 JOHN v. 7, 8.—“*There are Three that bear record in heaven,*” &c.

THE CROSS, AND THE WITNESSES.—BY THE REV. JOHN WOOD, BRANTFORD, C.W.

Christian's stay with the Interpreter greatly cheered and stimulated him; so he sets out on his journey again, with eagerness, and runs up the heavenly way, though not without difficulty because of the load on his back. He has not yet got rid of that, for the burden of sin is not to be removed by any amount of instruction in divine things, but only by a believing, appropriating view of Christ crucified. We do not mean by this that instruction in divine truth in such cases is unimportant. On the contrary it is all important, for “faith cometh by *hearing*.” What we mean is, that no amount of knowledge will, of itself, remove the burden of sin; faith alone will do that.

It is possible, however, for a man to exercise faith in Christ, and still, for a time, to be but *partially relieved* of his burden. One may have saving faith, and yet not have an *assurance* of faith. We may *hope* and yet not *certainly know*, that we are accepted in the Beloved. Thus it was with Christian at this stage in his pilgrimage. He was *safe*, for “the highway up which he was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation;” but he was not yet without his doubts.

The time of deliverance was, however, at hand. Soon “he came to a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream (says Bunyan), that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back * * * into the sepulchre, and I saw it no more.” He now believes and realizes that that cross was endured by the Just, *on his account*, and that God can, by that means, justify *him*, though a sinner; and resting in the promise and grace of God for his salvation, he now has peace. He has more; “his mourning is turned into dancing,” and “the shadow of death into morning.” For a while he stands, a tumult of emotion within him, wondering at the power of the cross; but presently, godly sorrow succeeds to delight and wonder, and the waters of penitence, and joy, and love mingle as they flow down his cheeks together.

There are several things about this description that stamp it as the experience of one who knew the grace of God in truth.

First, Christian's amazement at the power of the cross. Who, that has ever experienced the joys of pardon through the blood of Christ, does not remember

the wonder that possessed him as he contemplated the *perfect adaptedness* of the divine plan of salvation to his case,—the *simplicity* of it,—his own *stupidity*, and *wickedness*, in not seeing and embracing it before,—and most of all, the grace and love that executed it! It is so unlike man, and yet so like all we know of the nature and character of God! All forms of religion of merely human origin, assume, as their very foundation, the possibility of salvation on the ground of personal merit; and hence, they prescribe to the distressed and guilty soul the *doing*, or *suffering* of something that shall be considered as an equivalent for the wrong done. Their founders have thought of God as one altogether like themselves, and have taught, accordingly, that pardon can be obtained only by offering to Him a price sufficient to purchase it;—in other words, that man is to be his own saviour. The Gospel, however, teaches us that it is “not of works,”—that it springs from the *disinterested love of God, who blesses and enriches, hoping for nothing again*. It is *this*, that, more than any other thing about the Gospel, confounds and perplexes the anxious sinner. He cannot believe that the infinitely happy and holy God, offended and outraged, forsaken, rejected, and blasphemed by worms of the dust whom he might justly crush in a moment,—that this God should so love sinful men, as to give up his Son Jesus to death, in their stead, and should, at such an inconceivable sacrifice to himself, procure and offer them pardon, renewal, sonship, and eternal life, “without money and without price,”—absolutely unmerited by them in any way,—it is *this*, we repeat, that confounds the anxious enquirer, and that astonishes him when he is led to believe it. Like Naaman of old, he would willingly “do *some great thing*” to purchase salvation; but to believe that God means to *give* it him, the moment he looks to him in faith, he cannot! No man ever did believe that, until the Holy Spirit convinced him that such is the divine plan, and that there is no salvation in any other.

Christian has just now come to the full realization of the great fact of his being a pardoned and saved soul, through the efficacy of the atonement which that cross presents to his view. No wonder that that cross so transfixed his gaze, and affected his heart, that he looked at it, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks!

But why those tears on an occasion so joyful? Were they tears of gratitude and love? Partly so, undoubtedly; but there were also other emotions excited by the sight of the cross besides those just named. Bunyan refers us to Zech. xii. 10, for an explanation of his meaning,—“they shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for an only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one is in bitterness for his first-born.”

This is another of the marks of a genuine experience of divine grace. The deepest and truest repentance,—that which most humbles the soul, so that it abhors sin, and itself for committing it,—*flows from the sight of the cross*. It is when we see our sins in the light of God’s mercies, and view in contrast his loving-kindness and our guilt and ingratitude, that they become “exceeding sinful.” There is, undoubtedly, a kind of repentance that *precedes* faith,—a change of mind, or purpose, as the Greek word usually so translated signifies. Christian had so repented *before* he came in sight of the cross; he had wept over his sins, he had trembled as he reflected on them, he had turned from them. But it was *conscience* formerly that was chiefly affected,—he *feared* God; now it is his *heart* that is affected with the thought of them,—he *loves* God, and hence hates evil,—that which rendered necessary the sufferings and death of Jesus for his salvation. He had never seen them in this light before, and he is so overpowered by the sight, that, like Peter, under the loving, yet reproachful look of the Master whom he had denied, “he wept bitterly.” Thus differently does the *true* repentance operate from the *false*; the former weeps most *after* the sin has been forgiven; the latter weeps *only in the presence of danger*.

Here, then, Christian stands entranced, wondering if e’er such love and sorrow met before; and while he stands looking and weeping, “three Shining Ones came to him, and saluted him with, Peace be with thee.” The first said to him, “Thy sins be forgiven thee;” the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed

him with change of raiment; and the third set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll, with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and preserve it that he might give it in at the celestial gate. These Three Shining Ones are undoubtedly intended to represent the "Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost." The allegory very properly exhibits them all as separately, and yet together, taking part in the pardon and salvation of the sinner. The Father pardons and justifies; the Son removes the defilement of sin, and clothes us with his righteousness; and the Holy Spirit seals us unto eternal life, and witnesses with our spirits that we are born of God. The only points needing any explanation here, are the sealing, and the giving of the roll. The former indicates the fact that "the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself," and has so marked him, by his transforming power and grace, that *all men shall know* that he is the Lord's. The latter is the evidence presented by the Holy Spirit *to the believer himself*, of his acceptance with God. These evidences are not equally present, and manifest at all times; but the entire absence of either of them, will not only mar a man's peace, and destroy his usefulness, but may well be taken as an indication that he has "neither part nor lot in the matter." Let such a man "examine himself, whether he be in the faith;" nay, let every one that hears me "prove himself;" and never rest satisfied until the world shall see the signs of grace in his *life*, and until he shall recognize them in his *spirit*.

THE HEAVENLY BAPTISM.—BY THE REV. T. L. CUYLER.

Do we not need at this juncture a new baptism upon our Churches? This kindling inspiration from on high must be given us; we cannot create it, any more than we can create the air we breathe, or the power to inhale it. This baptism cometh only from God; it is the fervent love of Jesus aroused and kept alive by the Holy Spirit.

False fire is cheaply obtained; and like all cheap things is totally worthless. There is an enthusiasm awakened by the eloquence of the pulpit, or the manifestoes of some striking leader of opinion; there is a heat engendered by the humming wheels of mere external activities. In times of high religious excitement certain men catch fire from others, and, for a little while, blaze up into bursts of enthusiasm; but when the *bitumen* has all burned out of them, they die down suddenly into suffocating smoke and darkness. Such false flames the Holy Ghost never enkindled. They are born of animal passion, or of the contagion of fanaticism.

But when God warms a converted heart, it is with LOVE TO JESUS as the igniting principle. Itself a "fire in the bones," it interpenetrates the whole man. And until the man is thus permeated with love of Christ, he is totally useless. He may be equipped with the rarest intellectual powers, and his sensibilities tempered to the finest issues; his native affections may be of the most ardent, and his impulses of the most generous; his memory may be ballasted with the most orthodox creeds and catechisms, and yet he shall be as useless for God's service, as is the *Adriatic* useless while lashed up to one of our wharves. The machinery is there—fitted, grooved, and interlocked by all the cunning of the machinist. But the engine sleeps.

At a given moment the engineer strikes a little match at the furnace-door. Forthwith a roaring sound goes off under the boiler; live coals begin to sift down through iron gratings; imprisoned steam soon hisses out of joints and rivets; piston-rods begin to play; and, like an impatient hound in the leash, the giant steamer strains on her cables and paws the foaming water to be off! The magnificent herald of the deep only waited for her baptism of fire.

That little igniting match will prove to be an overmatch for head-seas, and raging hurricanes. So was it at Pentecost. All the varied power, and energy, and good purpose of the young Church at Jerusalem waited for the celestial inspiration. It was but of little account that Peter was swift of speech—that James was sagacious—or that John was lion-hearted and devout. They lacked yet the

power from on high. And this came down in the baptism of fire. We do not wonder at the prompt and glorious result. We do not wonder that as soon as the first apostolic sermon came in contact with the listening multitude—that as soon as the fervid peroration reached its climax in “*repent and be baptized!*” no less than three thousand souls are brought down in contrition before the cross of Christ.

Is not the want of this very baptism, the crying want of the Church at this moment? Cannot such a baptism be obtained? To both these questions, we need not fear to answer, **YES!** The baptism is indispensable. It is likewise possible. Not indeed in miraculous and astounding forms, as at Pentecost. Nor are these essential. The Gospel of Jesus spoken out with fearless fidelity—lived out with radiant power, and attended with the Holy Ghost—this is what the perishing world is waiting for. An ignition that shall set every Christian tongue in motion, that shall bring every Christian arm into play, that shall thaw open every purse congealed by selfishness, that shall develop the latent power that now lies hidden (if we may use the phrase) in the *coal-bunkers* of the Church; is not this the great need of our time?

With intellectual resources, with the religious machinery of colleges, seminaries, boards, institutions, and agencies, the Church is well supplied. There is an abundance of wheels. Let us have but the *living spirit within the wheels!* Only let the love of Jesus descend as a baptism into the bosom of God’s people, and every man becomes in his measure, an apostle. The sluggish get astir; the slow of tongue become eloquent. The humble mechanic becomes a Harlan Page, in his shop, or his Sunday-school. Plain, plodding pastors preach like Whitfields. Filled with the Holy Ghost, the unlettered young convert has power to plead with sinners. The gift of tongues is descending. Those who once could not pray, now love to pray. Truths once preached to sleeping congregations, now fix every ear and eye on the pulpit. If you would learn what such a baptism is to an individual church, take a single feature of it—its *prayer-meeting*. In a lifeless church the prayer-meeting is a perfect refrigerator. A few reluctant people creep in there, simply to be congealed. They come cold; they go away colder.

How different with a prayer-circle that is fired with the love of Christ, under the baptism of the Spirit. Sinners may draw back from such gatherings, lest they should there be awakened to contrition. But when there, they cannot go to sleep. They cannot look upon the proceedings as lifeless mummery. They may rebel, and brace themselves against the atmospheric pressure of the subduing scene, but they *feel*, and cannot help feeling. No place is so searching, so heart-thrilling to a sinner as a room of prayer that is penetrated by the Holy Ghost. An eloquent discourse may, in a certain measure, draw off the auditor to the tone, the gesture, the striking rhetoric; but a fervid prayer-meeting is like a furnace kindled about him; it is simple gospel heat; he can do nothing but *melt*.

Nor is it only the impenitent who is melting. Christian hearts thaw out, and drip into outflowing tears and sobs of contrition. Tongues are unloosed; eyes moisten; the great deep of emotion is broken up. How they sing! How the old thrilling revival-airs roll out; and with what volume and vehemence they come down on the inspiring chorus—

“The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!”

How well they speak too! How they come to the point! No one is wordy or diffuse; they have something to say, and they say it. They obtain utterance out of full hearts; their speech is seasoned with salt divine. As for discords, and old festering feuds, and family quarrels, and litigations, they are consumed like chaff in the newly kindled flame of holy love! The Church becomes a practical unity, with one Lord, one faith, one blessed purpose, and one baptism of the Holy Ghost! It is hard to terminate such love-feasts of the brotherhood of Jesus; the people will linger in the sweet summer atmosphere of the house of prayer, and are loath to leave the hallowed spot.

O for this blessed baptism! Though the flame of love be accompanied by the flame of trial, let it come. If it consume away our dross and chaff of worldliness, all the better. So that we get the inspiration, we can bear the trial. Let the blessed flame descend; for no other power can save myriads from the flames of hell.

The Fragment Basket.

HAVE YOU ENEMIES?—Go straight on, and don't mind them. If they get in your way walk round them regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself and speaks what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air. They keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark: "They are sparks which if you do not blow will go out themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavouring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds which were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

SWEET OLD AGE.—God sometimes gives to man a guileless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow, without sign of decay. This is that sought-for land of Beulah, where they who have travelled manfully the Christian way abide awhile, to show the world a perfect manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armour, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family or neighbourhood that numbers among it one of those not yet ascended saints!

KEEPING THE HEART.—The hearts of believers are like gardens, wherein there are not only flowers, but weeds also; and as the former must be watered and cherished, so the latter must be crushed and nipped. If nothing but dews and showers of promises fall upon the heart, though they seem to tend to the cherishing of their graces, yet the weeds of corruption will be apt to grow up with them, and in the end to choke them, unless they are nipped and blasted by the severity of threatenings.—*Owen*.

THE SHIP OF MORALITY.—The ship of morality draws too much water ever to ride into the harbour of salvation. No one ever was, or ever will be, able to enter with her.—*Beecher*.

The most proper way is, for us to stop where the Revelation of God stops; and not to be wise above what is written; but to leave the secrets of God as mysteries too far above us to examine, or to sound their depth.—*Bishop Burnet*.

A generous, virtuous man, lives not to the world, but to his own conscience; he, as the planets above, steers a course contrary to that of the world.—*Bacon*.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue; a heart full of grace is better than a head full of notions; a man may be a great scholar, and yet be a great sinner.

He was justly accounted a skilful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practised every day by the world.—*Bishop Latimer*.

Poetry.

HUMILITY.

O! learn that it is only by the lowly
 The paths of peace are trod;
 If thou wouldst keep thy garments white and holy,
 Walk humbly with thy God.

The man with earthly wisdom high uplifted
 Is in God's sight a fool;
 But he in heavenly truth most deeply gifted,
 Sits lowest in Christ's school.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated
 As his abiding rest;
 And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited,
 When kings had no such guest.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain,
 Falls in the valleys free;
 Bright verdure fringes the small desert-fountain,
 But barren sand the sea.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth,
 Which charms the general wood,
 But in the violet low, whose sweetness telleth
 Its unseen neighbourhood.

The censer swung by the proud hand of merit,
 Fumes with a fire abhorr'd;
 But faith's two mites, dropp'd covertly, inherit
 A blessing from the Lord.

Round lowliness a gentle radiance hovers,
 A sweet, unconscious grace,
 Which, even in shrinking, evermore discovers
 The brightness on its face.

Where God abides, Contentment is and Honour,
 Such guerdon Meekness knows;
 His peace within her, and his smile upon her,
 Her saintly way she goes.

Through the strait gate of life she passes, stooping,
 With sandals on her feet;
 And pure-eyed graces, with link'd palms, come trooping,
 Their sister fair to greet.

The angels bend their eyes upon her goings,
 And guard her from annoy;
 Heaven fills her quiet heart with overflowings
 Of calm celestial joy.

The Saviour loves her, for she wears the vesture
 With which He walked on earth,
 And through her childlike glance, and step, and gesture,
 He knows her heavenly birth.

He now beholds this seal of glory graven
 On all whom He redeems,
 And in His own bright city, crystal-paven,
 On every brow it gleams.

The white-robed saints, the throne-steps singing under,
 Their state all meckly wear;
 Their pauseless praise wells up from hearts which wonder
 That ever they came there.

Family Reading.

PATSY AND THE SQUIRE.

Patsy O'Blane was a poor ragged boy, living on a wild Irish moor. He folded the sheep, stacked the peat, and dug the potatoes, without hat or shoes, for he owned neither. He also cooked the food, and swept the clay floor, while his father herded the cattle of the squire, who owned all the lands and cottages around them. Theirs was a poor dwelling, with its one only window, and with the thatch falling from the roof; but it was *home*, and therefore dear to them.

Dan O'Blane owned one book, the Bible, which he and little Patsy dearly loved, for it had raised them from the dust to be 'kings and priests unto God.'

One evening, as Patsy sat at the door, with his pet lamb at his side, and his Bible on his knee, awaiting the return of his father, he heard the loud voice of the blunt but good-natured squire.

'Pat, my boy,' he shouted, 'leave that great book for priests and bishops to read, and go hunting with O'Rooke's boys.'

'Please, yer honour,' said Patsy, 'I'm forbid o' my father to go wid them same at all, for they takes the name o' God in vain.'

'But you can go hunting with them without swearing,' said the gentleman.

'Ah, sir, I know it's not easy to go into the fire without being burned,' replied the boy.

'Well my good fellow what do you find in that great book? With all my learning, I don't understand half of it,' said the squire.

'And now, yer honour, doesn't yer own word show how thrue this book is?' asked Pat; for it says, "He hath hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes?" There's ye, sir, as rich as the king, and as wise as a bishop, ye aren't *sure* that it's God's word at all; and here's us, as poor as my lamb Betty, and not much wiser, we belaves every word o' it, and takes it into our heart, and makes it our mate and our drink. So, after all, begging yer pardon, we is richer nor ye. Only last night, when ye and yer company was feasting and singing at the Hall, father said he was amazed at the grace of God that made him and ye to differ. This poor cabin was a little heaven, sir, yesterday, when some o' the poor people left the foolish mass to hear father read how Jesus came to preach the Gospel to the poor, and to open heaven to them.'

'Don't you think Dan would change places with me, boy, soul and body?' asked the squire, smiling.

'What, sir, sell heaven, where mother and the baby is, and give up Christ? Och, no, sir; ye haven't gold enough to buy the new heart out o' Dan O'Blane,' answered the boy, folding the Bible to his breast.

'How can these things be!' exclaimed the squire.

'Ye mind me, yer honour, o' the ruler o' the Jews, who crept to Jesus like a thafe by night. He too asked, "How can these things be?" when Jesus told him, "Ye must be born again,"' said Patsy.

'How can you prove, boy, that a man is *born again*, as you call the change you talk about?' asked the squire.

'Jesus didn't try to prove it to the ruler, sir, nor will I to ye. If ye see a man walking on the highway, ye don't bid him stop and prove to ye that he was ever born, for ye knows he was, or he would'nt be there alive,' replied Patsy. 'So when ye see one like father, once dead insin, now alive and walking in the road to heaven, you may know he's born again widout him proving it to ye, sir.'

The scoffer's smile faded from the lip of the gentleman, as he stood before this poor child, who evidently pitied him. 'Pat,' he said, 'there was a time when I wanted this same faith myself. I had nothing to ask for *here*, but I knew I could not carry my treasures to eternity; so I wanted something beyond. I asked God for this new heart, and He didn't hear my prayer, as your father said He would.'

'Och, sir, but ye asked amiss—all from selfishness! Ye war rich now, and wanted to be so for ever. But ye warn't rich at heart, because ye had sinned

against God; yer soul didn't cry out to have *Him* glorified, whatever became o' ye! Likes enough, ye went to God feeling that ye was Squire Phelan and no mean man; and that it was great condescension in ye to seek His face. But ye'll niver find the Lord so, sir, said the boy.

'How did you go to Him, Pat?' asked the squire.

'Meself is it, sir? Like the poor, miserable, sinful child that I was. "I'm evil altogether," I said, "and as ignorant as a beast before Thee; ignorant of all that's hooly, but wise enough in what is unhooly. I sin in ten thousand ways, and has no claim on God's pity. If He send my soul to hell," I said "He'll do only right; but it's to heaven I wants to go, where Jesus is, and where there's no sin. If ye take me, Lord, it must be just as I am, for I can niver make meself a whit better."'

'Patsy, my boy,' said the squire, 'you talk like a bishop; but, after all, you are only a poor herd's boy, and may be mistaken in this matter. What would you do then?'

'Och, sir, that *cannot* be, for I have the word o' God Himself, and that can niver fail,' replied the boy.

'But you may mistake the meaning of the words on which you build your faith,' suggested the gentleman.

'Och, your worship, when it is so plain, how could any one help comprehending it?' asked the boy. 'Sure, doesn't it say just here—and Patsy turned the leaves rapidly over till he came to the place he sought—"a wayfaring man, though a fool"—and I'm not so bad as that yet—"need not err therein?"'

'And how did you bring your mind to believe this, first, boy?' asked the squire.

'Sure, I didn't *bring my mind* at all, sir. I just read the words o' Jesus, and belaved them! I was lost, and He found me and bid me follow Him; and so I did, and that's all I can tell about it.'

'And you feel quite sure you have a new heart, do you?' asked the gentleman.

'I feel it's not at all the same heart that used to beat in my bosom, sir. When I had the ould heart, sir, I hated every body as war better off nor meself. When I'd be trudging, cold and hungry, through the bog, I'd often see your illigant young sons, and the heir o' Sir Robert, mounted on their fine horses; then the ould heart in me would speak out almost aloud, "Bad luck to the proud young spalpeens! Why warn't I born the gentleman, and themselves digging, ankle deep, in the bog, or herding the cattle?" And once I mind me I looked after them as they dashed down the hill, wishing the royal grey would *cess* your heir, sir, over his head, and bring his pride down,' added the boy.

'I never new, Patsy, that there was so much malice in your heart,' exclaimed the squire.

'Och, sir, and it's not all claned out intirely yet,' answered the boy. 'But I gives it no rest, for I'll niver shelter an inimy o' Jesus *here* in peace;' and the poor boy smote his breast.

'And how do you feel towards my brave boys now, Patsy?' asked the squire.

'How do I feel *now*, is it? Och, sir, but I love the very sound o' the hoofs that brings them finent me. I cries out, "Lord, love the jewels! Give them every blessing Thou hast to give below, but don't be putting them off with earthly good; give them Thy grace now; and after this a mansion better than the Hall, one that will be eternal in the heavens." 'Deed, sir, I loves the whole world now, and I'm just the happiest lad in all Kerry. I don't envy the young Prince nor onybody else, but mind my cattle wid a heart full o' blessed thoughts. And, sir, if yer go to Jesus like the poor needy sinner ye are, *not like Squire Phelan*, he'll take ye too for His own, and then ye'll know what the new heart is like.'

J. D. C.

THE WORM AT THE ROOT.

A young sapling, slender, fair, to the eye perfect and promising, stood in a nursery of peaches by the side of full-grown, fruit-bearing trees. It looked upon the downy, gold, and crimson peaches ripening above it in the autumn sun with

a longing eye, and dreamed of the day when it should be thus loaded with fruit, admired and praised by all.

"Ah, well," it murmured—and the breeze rippling through the leaves brought the sound to my ears—"patience! One or two seasons more and I shall be grafted, and then in spring I shall blush with sweet blossoms, and in autumn glow with tempting fruit. I hardly know how to wait!"

The spring returned and the trees again assumed their leaves and flowers, rejoicing together in the wind and sunshine. At length, about midsummer the owner of the nursery visited it with his gardener. Examining all the trees, he presently stopped before the young sapling—

"But see here," said he, "this tree does not look healthy; it is turning yellow; what is the matter?"

"Ah, I'm afraid there's a worm at its root," replied the gardener. "I ought to have noticed it before; I might have saved it; but it's too late now! It is a pity, for it was growing finely."

"Very well, remove it. We need its room for something else."

Accordingly, before long, the gardener came with his spade and dug up the young tree; and, as he had supposed, among the roots was a great white canker worm, fattening on the minute and tender rootlets, the very life of the tree. He then threw it, with some others in the same condition, into a heap of rubbish, where its leaves, shrunken and dried, were soon rustling mournfully in the wind. At length he set fire to the whole brush-heap, and of the aspiring young sapling nothing remained but dull, gray ashes.

A boy came from his sport to watch the fire, whose crackling and roaring he had heard. Straight and tall, healthy and intelligent, he looked like a boy one would like to stand and talk with, to hear his quick replies and see his eyes sparkle with pleasant curiosity. His father will tell you he is the brightest child of his family, a most promising lad. He expects to see him live to enjoy the ample property he has gathered for him, to hold high places of honor, praise, and trust among his fellow-men, and to be the pride and stay of his age.

But there is a side of this lad's character his father has never yet seen (fathers are so often blind where they most need the keenest sight); an unfavorable side, a deplorable side. There is a worm at the root of it, eating out its life. He is untrue. Falsehood is familiar to his lips—petty falsehood principally, though he is not a stranger to glaring, open lies—he tells a tale with a false coloring, leads astray by a wrong emphasis, he denies in such a way that he can say he did not deny;—though yet so young he has travelled all the winding, dark, underground paths of untruth and deceit.

The gardener who stands by him now has seen the diseased spot in his character for a long time; so have the other servants and his companions. Only his parents cannot see it; the hand that might heal him is unconscious that he needs it. But honest David, the gardener, will now and then speak a warning word. The fire burned down, and the lad stood kicking about the ashes with the toe of his boot.

"I've been burning up some young peach-trees," said David.

"Peach-trees! What for?"

"They had the canker-worm among them, and would die soon. So we dug them up and burned them."

"What is the canker-worm?"

"It's a large white worm that feeds on all the young roots, and so ruins the tree. What would you say if some one should tell you that when you are a man you will be cast out of honest society, just as these trees have been cast out of the nursery?"

"Me! I shouldn't believe it. I guess my father is rich enough to put me into good and honest society."

"Yes; but he can't keep you there unless you're fit to stay. If the worm that's preying on you now still goes on, there'll be nothing good left in you when you are grown to be a man. Men will see that you are corrupt and dishonest,

and soon you will be only fit to be trodden under foot as you tread on these ashes. The boy that tells lies has got a canker-worm in his heart. He'd better look to it betimes, or by-and-by in disgrace and poverty he'll rue the day he let slip the chance of getting cured. I've seen life, my lad; mind if I'm not a true prophet!"

"Dont trouble yourself to prophesy about me; I'm not afraid!" said the boy, walking away.

Was David a true prophet? Most certainly he was, if these words of the Bible are true: "The transgressor shall be rooted out; and he that speaketh lies shall perish."

THAT LITTLE HAND.

"He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters."

Black and blue eyes opened wide with wonder in the bright faces of the children who had gathered lovingly around old Mr. Elden, as he slowly spoke those words.

"What does he mean, Elsie?" whispered Jane Lee to her cousin. "We asked him for a story, and you know he always had one ready. I hope he isn't going to preach a sermon!"

"Wait, Jenny; we shall see."

"This text," continued Mr. Elden, "always reminds me of an incident of my childhood. When I was a little boy, I had a pleasant company of schoolmates, and we used to enjoy our sports together, just as you children now do. At the lower part of the village where we lived, was a river and a bridge across it. We often went there to play, and many times have I stood a long while trying to see the fish as they swam below.

"One day we were playing on the bridge, and one of our number, who had mounted the railing, was watching something in the water, when he suddenly slipped, lost his hold and fell. We heard his cry, and the splash as he struck the water. We ran to the side of the bridge and looked over. The waters had closed above him, he had sunk so quickly, and bubbles were rising where he went down. We were too young to know exactly what to do, and too much frightened even to shout for help. The little fellow rose once more to the surface, struggling for life, but could only give us a beseeching look, when with arms uplifted, as if imploring help, he sunk again.

"We were still speechless with horror; but a kind man had noticed our movements from a short distance, and suspecting what had happened, was hastening towards us. He reached the bridge. Nothing was in sight but one little hand above the water, and that was fast disappearing. We had recovered our voices, and pointing at it we cried eagerly, 'There's his hand! Oh, there's his hand!'

"That outstretched hand! I seem to see it now—I shall never forget how it looked at me. But our friend waited not a moment. As that hand went out of sight he plunged into the river, and soon brought the drowning boy to the shore. He looked earnestly into the pale face of our playmate as he held him in his arms, and in a tone of voice that sent a thrill of joy through all our hearts, he said—'Saved!' Then turning to the rest of us, he added—'Boys, I know you will never forget that little sinking hand. Remember when it comes into your minds, that we are all sinking into a colder and darker place than this river, unless we have asked One to save, who alone can do it. This boy will soon recover now, and be able to say that I took him from the river. It is my prayer that he and every one of you may be able to say of another, better Friend, as you think of the dark waters of sin, in which all who do not love Christ are sinking—"He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters."

"Dear little friends," said Mr. Elden, closing his story, "I trust the prayer of that good man for me has been answered. Will you remember *that little hand*, and the lesson it taught us? Jesus is ready to take hold of those little hands of yours, as you lift them up imploringly from the depths of sin and evil in this world, and he will bring you at last—not to the shore of such a river—but to the 'Shining Shore.' Will you ask him to do it?"—*Child at Home.*

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

Perhaps he *has passed!* He has been speaking to some, and they did not know him. He has been dealing with some, and they did not recognize him. And now he is *past!* Well, but he is still within hearing; will you not run after him yet? Perhaps he is looking back, taking a last look, to see if no one will apply to him. Perhaps he is listening to hear if there is no one even now crying after him, "Jesus thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Dear children, if you don't cry to him *now*, you may be too late. Don't say *to-morrow*, for he says, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." He may before then be quite out of the way. Many will wish that Jesus of Nazareth had never passed by. If we do not take him as our Saviour, it will be worse for us than if he had never come near us.

"O sick at soul! O blind at heart!
Why lift ye not *your* cry?
Since He who hath all power to save,
To-day is passing by!"

My dear children, this may be with many of you the deciding time for eternity. That is the reason why Christ is so earnest with *you*, and why you should be so earnest with *Him*. He says, "Seek ye the Lord, *while he may be found*, call ye upon him *while he is near*;" which is the same thing as saying, Go to Him when he is passing by. Don't think, "He'll never mind *me*; he'll take no notice of *me*." Nay, but see how he noticed a poor blind beggar; and will He, after that, pass over *you*? Will he not care for *you*? The present is a time to seek him for yourselves, and to get others to seek with you. Tell your parents that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. Tell your brothers and sisters; write to your friends the good news that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. Plead with them, and plead with Jesus for them. Bring them to him in the only way you can—in *prayer*; and who can tell what the end may be? Let us seek great things. None can ever ask too much.

About twelve or fifteen years ago you might have seen, drifting out from an English sea-port, a fishing boat, the *Rescue*, with neither pilot nor oarsman, its sole occupants six little children, between five and nine years of age. It was amusement at first, but soon the tide carried them out, and there they were on the wide sea, with a dark sky above them, and not a soul near to hear their cries! When morning came a sailor saw them; there they lay like little birds in a nest, clasped in each other's arms, fast asleep down in the bottom of the boat. You may fancy how glad he was to save them. But what a scene on shore!—men searching every nook and corner, mothers wailing, boats pushing off. What fear, and grief, and anxiety, during that long, dreary night! When the morning dawns a vessel is seen approaching with the missing boat behind. Every eye is turned towards it, every heart beats quick; no child is to be seen, and every mother fears the worst, till at length the truth is told—is seen, and the cry is heard through all the gathered crowd, "THEY'RE ALL SAFE! THEY'RE ALL SAFE!" O to have seen these mothers then, as they clasped their little ones to their bosom, and wept over them tears of joy; and to have heard weather-beaten seamen sobbing like children for very gladness, and the whole town rejoicing as from street to street, and from house to house, the tidings flew, "They're all safe!" Beloved young friends, we often feel and fear for you as they did for their missing little ones; sometimes we can only hope, and weep, and pray. But O! what a burst of joy would break from parents, and teachers, and ministers, and all the godly, if we could say of our children, "*They're all safe!*"—safe in the arms of Jesus! In the midst of a godless world they're all safe; in the midst of temptation, and trial, and sorrow, they're all safe; in the midst of sickness and death, they're all safe; standing by the lifeless body, looking on the little coffin, giving a last kiss to the pale, cold brow, weeping beside the little grave, amid our very tears we could still thank God as we whispered the words, "They're all safe! they're all safe!" And why should it not be? Why should we not seek it when Jesus is passing by? Why should we be content with anything less, when, like the oil in the widow's cruse, the

blessing might continue till we had to say, "There is not a vessel more?" O! I think if regarding all our children we could say it, we might take up the words of old Simeon, as having got our heart's wish, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" Then, in taking farewell, we might say, "Farewell: we'll meet again!"

Jesus Christ is passing by,
Sinner, lift to him thine eye;
As the precious moments flee,
Cry, "Be merciful to me."

Jesus Christ is passing by,
Will he always be so nigh?
Now is the accepted day,
Seek for healing while you may.

Fearst thou he will not hear?
Art thou bidden to forbear?
Let no obstacle defeat;
Yet more earnestly entreat.

Lo! he stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of me?"
Rise, and tell him all thy need;
Rise, he calleth thee indeed.

"Lord, I would thy mercy see!
Lord, reveal thy love to me!
Let it penetrate my soul,
All my heart and life control."

O, how sweet! the touch of power
Comes—it is salvation's hour;
Jesus gives from guilt release,—
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace."

—"*The Golden Fountain*," by Rev. J. H. Wilson.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God, and of his special care, than anything else I possess."

"I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks, which, in sun or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the wood to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters at every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and, in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass, and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so he took up his axe, and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through, and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms.

"That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left me on his death-bed. I keep it with care. It tell's me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust him for ever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love in my threescore years and ten, but somehow this speaks most to my heart. It is the oldest, and perhaps the most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine."

What say you, my dear young readers? Is not this an instance of delivering mercy on the part of our gracious God. And this God is the same kind Being who gave you life, and has watched over and cared for you until now. Do you love and put your trust in him? Look over your past lives, and think of the many times he has watched over you and delivered you in times of danger. When sick, and your parents thought you would die, he has spared your life, and restored you to health; and in various other ways has he shown his love and care. Yes, his love is great, for he so loved the world as to give his only beloved Son to die, so that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life. **Ch!** children, love him with all your hearts, and in your youthful days devote your lives to his service.—*Child's Companion.*

Obituary.

REV. D. MURDOCH, D.D.

On the morning of Thursday, June 13th, 1861 at the Parsonage on William-street, Elmira, N. Y., Rev. David Murdoch, D. D., aged 60 years, fell asleep in Jesus.

In the death of Dr. Murdoch not only his family and his church but the community has met with an irreparable loss. He had already lived a long and useful life, but until just now he has seemed to be in the full vigour of manhood, when suddenly and by his first sickness he has fallen.

Dr. Murdoch was born at Bonhill, near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1800. His father, as he was fond of saying, was a stone mason, but what are called "advantages" were of small account to him, and by that indomitable energy which has characterized him through life he succeeded in obtaining a thorough and accomplished education at the University of Glasgow.

He studied theology under the celebrated Dr. Wardlaw, between whom and himself a life-long intimacy and correspondence continued. In his youth he caught the inspiration of his own eloquence from the preaching of Edward Irving and Dr. Chalmers.

Dr. Murdoch commenced his professional labors at Cambusland, celebrated in Whitfield's history. In 1832 he came to Canada, where he labored humbly but faithfully in the cause of his Master, as a Congregational Minister, till 1837, when he removed to the States, where he formed new ecclesiastical relations.

He was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Ballston, Saratoga county, from 1837 to 1841, when he became pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church of Catskill. Here the majestic scenery of river and mountain awoke early memories, and though foreign born his heart ever after was alike native to the Highlands and the Catskills. Here he laid the scene of his late book, "*The Dutch Dominion of the Catskills.*"

In June, 1851, he became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Elmira. In December last he became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Elmira, which at its organization is said in point of numbers to have been the second church in the Presbytery.

This church was about erecting a new house of worship, and had just completed for their much loved pastor a beautiful parsonage with energetic and loving hands on the "Sunnyside." To-day it awaits his coming.

Dr. Murdoch was emphatically a *man of the people.* He was always overworked.

In the pulpit, in the lecture room, on the platform, he was always pre-eminent and always in demand. The people, the "publicans and sinners" respected him and loved him. He was the pastor of those who had no church. He was always at the bedside of the dying pauper. He was a genial companion, cheering the social party by his unrivalled wit—winning by his intelligence, powers of conversation and address, a way to the hearts of all—and readiest of all men to weep with those that wept.

He was blest with a ready and most tenacious memory, was a great reader, a profound scholar in the sciences,—always surprising his hearers by the resources of his learning,—and always grandly leading and not lagging in the progress of the age. In addition to the work published last fall, he has in a finished condition, it is said, a work on "The Diversions of Ministers, by the Clerk of a Ministers Club." It is known that the clergymen of Elmira hold weekly meetings on Monday mornings for consultation, mutual criticism and social intercourse. These meetings suggested the book. It is to be hoped that it may be soon given to the public. Dr. Murdoch was eminently successful as an essayist. His magazine articles display a high degree of literary talent. Who that has read it can forget the power and beauty of the article in the *Presbyterian Review* on Canning and Chalmers.

As a preacher, Dr. Murdoch had few equals. He was logical, appealing to the reason of his hearer, inviting him to a manly and fair argument, with a peculiar tact in getting an opponent or doubter to listen, and then overwhelming him with hard arguments and acknowledged truths made to cut like steel, illustrated, applied and enforced by all the resources of his pathos and great learning. His pulpit sermons were arguments replete and rich with instructive truths and all the power of effective eloquence, but his lectures to his church upon Wednesday evenings, always delivered extempore, were so full of Scripture (for the Bible he knew almost by heart) and so full of Christ and of the lessons of religious experience, illustrated with such power and impressed with such irresistible but simple eloquence, that in the lecture room he was without a peer.

He was unostentatious, unwearied and remarkably successful in his labors. The records of the Geneva Synod show his church, the First Presbyterian Church in Elmira, to have been during his pastorate the most successful and prosperous church (in point of additions by profession) in the Synod.

To his more intimate friends, who knew of his faithful and unobserved labors in visiting from house to house among the poor, of his tenderly fatherly care over the young of his flock, of his lively interest in the success of the Young Men's Christian Association, and of that zeal which bent his great energies entirely to his work, he appeared the true and model pastor.

During the great revival of 1857, when the eight o'clock morning prayer meeting was kept up for nearly or quite a year, through summer and winter, those Christians whose slumbers were disturbed on cold winter mornings by the solemn bell at eight o'clock, did not know that the fires were made for those meetings and the bell rung every morning by a white haired pastor nearly sixty years of age. The success of those meetings when souls flocked to Christ as clouds and as doves to their windows, was attributable by the blessing of God to the persistent labors of Dr. MURDOCH. At the ingathering he shall bring his sheaves with him.

It was said by Goethe that "the man brought up beneath the vine is not like the man reared beneath the oak," Dr. MURDOCH's character partook of the peculiarities of his nation. He had a resolution and persistence which, by God's blessing, have saved many souls,—a faith which wrestled till the dawn of day. He was born and reared beneath the shadow of Ben Lomond, and he had an *oaken* heart for Justice, for God and the Right. That great stout heart is still, but it is one of those

"That rule our spirits from their urns."

The good he has done endures, and many years to come, if his spirit visit us, it will whisper the words of the dying Webster—"I STILL LIVE."—*Elmira paper.*