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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

NOVEMBER, 1868.



WE have a word to say about Sunday Schools and Sunday School Conventions. A correspondent has furnished us with a synopsis of the proceedings of the convention lately held at St. Catherines, Ontario. As for the rest, we ourselves witnessed what was said and done at the previous four held in Canada; and the fact of attendance at them shows that there was no prepossession against them. A fair trial was accorded them, so that any remarks we offer are to be attributed neither to ignorance nor prejudice. The convictions now to be expressed are the result of calm observation and earnest reflection.

In the first place we object to the spirit of arrogance, if we may be allowed the term, which has characterized the self-elected and self-constituted champions of the Sunday School at these conventions. They assume to represent the cause at large, as if they were the only workers in this enterprise, overlooking the fact that wherever in these provinces there is a Protestant congregation there is also a Sunday school, and some congregations have several schools in connection with them. Now the Church of England in Canada has not been represented in these conventions, and our own church barely so; and although a few ministers and laymen of the Canada Presbyterian Church have countenanced them, yet that church as a whole has taken very little interest in them. In these circumstances, for the few workers in the Sunday school cause who attend these conventions to affect to monopolize all the skill and all the zeal in the interests of the religious instruction of the young, as they have been accustomed to do, reminds one very forcibly of the "three tailors of Tooley Street." We have no objection that individual workers in the cause

shall meet annually to compare notes, and stimulate each other; but we do object to the tone of their deliverances, which have often reflected upon those who did not recognize this voluntary association as if they deserved the fate of Meroz as enemies of Sunday schools.

We object also to one at least of the functions they set themselves, that is, of collecting Sunday school statistics. It is presumed that every Christian denomination in the land collects annually statistics of its own Sunday schools, so that if these conventions are desirous of knowing how many schools there are in the land, and how many teachers, and what progress is making in the cause, it would be very easy for them to apply to the conveners of such statistical committees in each denomination, whose names are readily accessible. But this does not suit the ambitious views of the convention, which wishes to obtain a recognition for itself by addressing every Sunday school directly, and then inferring that all that report to it acknowledge its legitimacy to legislate on Sunday school questions; and by setting forth a certain number of schools belonging to different denominations, without hinting that there are others not reported, it seems as if they would force those denominations who for the most part deny the right of any self-constituted body to decide grave questions relative to the religious instruction of the young, to make complete returns to the convention in order to keep their true position in the eyes of the public, and so it could assume to speak in the name of all Sunday schools in the country.

We object also to the manner of parading before these conventions gentlemen invited from the United States. Personally such men as Pardee, Bolton and Duryea are admirable gentlemen, good men and true, as well as great enthusiasts in regard to the highest interests of the young; but it is

scarcely to be expected that they know the wants of our Canadian schools better than those who have had largely to do with them, and nothing could be more offensive than to ask clergymen and Sunday school teachers of long experience to go to these conventions to be lectured to by strangers to the country and its needs. Now this has been habitually done. The system which these strangers have generally exhibited has been entirely unsuited to the circumstances of 99 out of every 100 of our schools. It might be adopted in Montreal, Toronto, and a few other places where facilities for obtaining apparatus and teaching assistance can be procured; but the great thing is to make the most of our materials in country districts and small towns and villages. The conventions have done little towards solving the difficulties to be encountered in our schools, such as the best way of getting the assistance of male teachers, and of retaining the interest of older boys in the work of the schools. The circulars calling the conventions have generally led those invited to believe that discussion would take place on certain points materially affecting the prosperity of Sunday schools; but an opportunity has never been afforded to those attending to let themselves be heard on such topics, owing to the monopoly of the time by long and often windy addresses by strangers. Perhaps as conventions are peculiarly American "institutions," those in our country who are admirers of the ways of our neighbours may think that these annual gatherings are too good opportunities of assimilating our views and feelings to those of the American people to be lost, and hence the platform of the convention is made the means of disseminating Yankee sentiments; but if this is the wish of the wire-pullers they should honestly confess it, and not bring Christian people together under false pretences. As for us we do not desire that American views of things should prevail in this country. The people of the United States do everything in crowds—this seems to be the natural outgrowth of republicanism—they live only in public. Now this is contrary to the British tendency. It is in the family that the task of governing Great Britain is accomplished. The family is in the land of our fathers, the basis on which religion as well as politics is made to rest. The people of the United States, like the French people of 1789, have no individuality; they only live for the republic. British government is on the other hand Abrahamic rather than Robespierrian.

The Sunday school system of the Americans is shaped by the same social tendency that moulds their other institutions. The home training is ignored; their teachers proceed upon the assumption that all the religious training the young obtain is gained in the Sunday school. Hence they exalt it into a position of individual importance such as has never been accorded it in our country. But that these conventions are begetting the same tendency in Canada is evident from the fact that one of the subjects discussed at the late one was "the relation of the Church to the Sabbath School." This beats the arrogance of the presumptuous Englishman who wrote, "I and my King." It is as if men should talk of the relation of the sun to the earth, of the parent to the child, or of the body to the foot. We protest against raising up the Sunday school into a position of distinction and individuality like this. It is nothing if it is not in connection with and in subordination to the Church. And we wonder that clergymen could sit quietly and listen to the pretensions set up for it to be independent of the Church. No pastor is justified in abdicating his right to guard the instruction of the young any more than that of the old, he should look upon the young as an integral part of the Church, and if he cannot personally superintend their religious instruction, he should be at least responsible for the doing of it by others, and so have the appointment of his own delegates. The only circumstances in which the principle prevailing in the convention in regard to the appointment of teachers would be proper, would be in the case of Union schools, like that of the Five Points, New York, intended to operate upon those children who are not connected with any Church. A voluntary society combining to rescue the children of vicious parents, has a right to govern itself as it chooses. And for schools of this description the system of the Americans, *as they are styled*, is admirably suited, and the mode of proceeding exhibited by their representatives at Canadian conventions, with object-lessons and blackboards, could not be surpassed—facilities for obtaining all the necessary apparatus, and for procuring workmen of the right stamp in places like New York, being very great.

This leads to the remark, that we take exception to the principle running through all these normal systems of training: the idea of duty on the part of the young to

put forth an effort to acquire religious knowledge is overlooked in large measure, if not wholly ignored. Everything has to be done on the part of the teachers to attract the scholars to the school and to beguile them into the acquisition of Bible truth. Now, as was said before, this would be necessary in the case of children outside the pale of the Church, whose parents are supposed to care nothing for the souls of their offspring; but surely the aid of the parents ought to be invoked when this can be done to press upon their children the duty of preparing their Sunday school lessons. This we say, not because we would have teachers less anxious to make their classes attractive to their pupils; but because we see it must lead to serious consequences if everything must be made pleasant to the young, and the idea of duty be lost sight of. Now this principle marks a difference between our social condition and that of the people of the United States. For instance, we have heard the laugh raised against the well tried plan of imparting religious instruction to the young in our Church and country through the medium of the catechism, because it is unintelligible in some parts to the children; but all we have to answer is that when the new mode of teaching has given as good an account of itself as the old has, by the general consent of mankind, done in Scotland, then it will be time to sneer at the latter.

We acknowledge that those Sunday school teachers who are able to attend these convocations, receive very useful hints, and are greatly encouraged and stimulated by the spirit of enthusiasm often displayed at them. But the same good would be accomplished by smaller gatherings, say of those belonging to each denomination by itself. The last three conventions have been altogether too large, and hence they have been, as all large democratic bodies are, easily controlled by a clique. We may be perhaps thought illiberal in making this suggestion, as if wishing to fortify sectarianism, and break one of the few points of contact between evangelical Christians of all shades of opinion. If we were persuaded that those meeting in these assemblies came there deliberately to cultivate charity rather than to press their own views and procure influence for their sects, we would not offer such a suggestion. But it is quite evident that to some, their peculiarities are all in all, and they have offensively thrust them before the convention repeatedly. Better far not meet with people of other

creeds at all, than to meet them and be disgusted with them. Denominational conventions would accomplish all the good without the accompanying evil. This we know would not meet the views, however, of certain minor religious bodies which always contrive to be prominent in all mixed religious associations, and to obtain office from them if anything is to be made by it. Not having liberality of mind to merge themselves into the larger and more influential denominations altogether, the more ambitious of them seek compensation for the narrow sphere in which their own religious community keeps them, by exhibiting themselves occasionally upon the larger theatre of these religious assemblies.



MISSIONS to India are of comparatively recent growth and even yet their importance is scarcely realized. Two pamphlets now before us,* give us a lively idea of what has been done, and the inadequacy of the efforts yet put forth to rescue India from its bondage to idolatry. In company with Dr. Watson, Dr. Macleod proceeded to India to visit the Church of Scotland's Mission there. At the last General Assembly, Dr. Macleod delivered an eloquent address setting forth the results of that mission. The Foreign Missions Committee of the Church requested Dr. Macleod to correct and publish the speech, but as it was delivered extempore from brief notes, the speaker took advantage of a few weeks' rest, ordered by his medical advisers, to write out the address now before us, following the same line of thought and argument as the speech, but expressing more fully his views on India missions. As the pamphlet contains a hundred pages, it cannot be expected we can do more at present than touch upon a few of the points contained in it, but we shall endeavour to make room for copious extracts in future numbers.

The principal object of the mission was to obtain information, and in the short

* News of Female Missions in connection with the Church of Scotland. Edinburgh: Thomas Paton.

Address on India Missions by Norman Macleod, D.D. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

time at the disposal of the deputacion this appears to have been done thoroughly. The information was sought for from all sources, and the friendly intercourse they had with natives and Europeans is spoken of in the highest terms. Passing over these sources we come to some of the difficulties attending such a mission as that to India. It has a population of 180,000,000, varying from the most savage to the most cultivated, having various religious beliefs, and languages differing as much as Gaelic and Italian. It is within the memory of living men that the work of evangelization has been systematically begun, having to contend with indifference and sometimes positive opposition of professing Christians. Ignorance of the languages, and paucity of labourers, interposed difficulties of an almost insuperable nature. In India there are about 500 missionaries. There are in Scotland and England 36,000 ordained Protestant ministers, with vast agencies in Sabbath Schools, Bible Readers, &c. Place the whole of these in the Presidency of Bengal alone, leaving the rest of India destitute, and there would still remain in that one Presidency a surplus population of fourteen millions without a missionary. Then there are the peculiar characteristics of the natives to deal with, the difficulties of convincing them of the truth of Christianity even after the falsehoods of their own creed have been demonstrated; the acuteness of the native intellect, which is assisted by the doubts, objections and opposition of European philosophers of the Westminster school of thinking, easily accessible to the educated Hindoos, and affecting them most injuriously, and not least are the regardless lives and conduct of so-called Christians. These interpose what might almost be thought insuperable obstacles to the spread of the Gospel in that land. Notwithstanding these great changes in public opinion have taken place, the most revolting of their practices have been abolished, and it is acknowledged, intellectually, that the Christian religion is superior to Brahminism, the educated either becoming Atheists or Deists or else attempting to explain away its tenets as mere types and symbols of higher truths concealed from the common mind. So great have been these difficulties that it is no wonder men's hearts failed at the sight of the task before them and were ready to give up the undertaking as hopeless. But a great change has been brought about by the

inducements held out to the young natives to qualify themselves by education for Government situations. To attain these the passing of a University examination is necessary, and right missionaries can, by the use of the mission school, secure a steady assemblage of from 500 to 1,000 pupils representing the very life of Hindoo society. These are not mere boys, such as would be present at an elementary school, but young men like the students in our colleges, and to them there is not a mere secular education imparted. A thorough knowledge of the Bible forms a part of their training, all that can in the meantime be done to gain for truth an entrance into the heart. Part of the work of these schools is to raise up a native ministry, but there are still serious obstacles to the success of this, although some progress has been made. One of the great obstacles, as is pointed out by Dr. Macleod, in the conclusion, being the lower status of the native, as compared with the European missionary, which is felt as a grievance. In spite of these, the different mission schools of India have raised up from among the converts a most intelligent, educated and respected body of native ministry, whose worth is acknowledged even by the unconverted natives.

The practical conclusions drawn by Dr. Macleod and supported with much eloquence are: that the educational institutions should be supported and kept in thorough working order; that a special missionary should be attached to each institution; that the mission should be extended, and that a retiring allowance should be provided for each missionary. To provide for these things being done, he recommends, earnest convictions, money and men, and of the latter Dr. Macleod minutely describes the kind. the work to be done and the encouragement, namely, the remarkable receptivity of the Hindoo to the influences of personal character. Objections are met and combated, and earnest pleadings are made for the cause, the support of which is urged for the sake of the Church, for the sake of our common Christianity, and for the sake of India, and the speech is wound up with a burst of eloquence, a heartfelt assurance that there shall be a resurrection in God's own time, of these dry bones of a dead system.

The other (News of Female Missions), contains extracts of reports to show what is doing by the labourers in the Orphanage Scheme, a holy and interesting work, in

which, we thank God, Canada takes her share. There is not, there cannot be, brilliant successes to record, but there is a quiet leavening going on, a preparation for a greater work, even in the day of small things. The report conveys much encouragement to the friends of the scheme here.



We believe the friends of a diffused, as against a centralized, Collegiate education in the Province of Ontario are on the alert, and have their plans well laid for a united and determined effort to obtain from the Legislature, at its present session, a continuance of public support to their superior Academic Institutions. We think it probable that the constitutional right of petitioning will be very generally exercised. This at least suggests itself to us as being a highly proper course, and if adopted, we hope our readers will avail themselves of

the opportunity they shall have of letting their voices be heard in favour of those educational establishments by which the country has been so largely benefited. There should be, if possible, a petition from every municipality. We have reason to know that the attempt made last session to stop the voting of supplies to these Institutions has evoked a decided feeling in their favour. As an illustration, we notice what has happened in the election of a representative in room of the late Sir Henry Smith. There were two candidates. One of them belongs to a church which professes to be hostile to the policy of giving state aid to denominational Colleges. The other belongs to the Wesleyan Church, which is deeply interested in Victoria College. The former, in his address, devoted a paragraph to an emphatic approval of the policy hitherto acted upon. The latter was more reserved, and he lost the election by several hundreds of votes. This being the first election since the discussion of last winter, is a very significant indication of the feeling that prevails.

News of our Church.

PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO—This Presbytery met according to appointment, at Hillsburgh, on the 8th September, for the purpose of ordaining Mr. Donald Strachan, preacher of the Gospel, to the pastoral charge of the Erin congregation. The members of Presbytery present on the occasion, were, the Rev. Dr. Barclay of Toronto, Rev. W. E. Mackay of Orangerille, Rev. James Carmichael of King, and Rev. William Hamilton of Caledonia, with Mr. A. MacMurchy, Elder.

Mr. Mackay preached, and presided in the ordination services, and the Minister elect was, in due form and with the customary ceremonies, inducted to the charge. Suitable exhortations were thereafter addressed to the Minister, and to the congregation by Mr. Hamilton and also by Mr. Carmichael in *Gaelic*.

Mr. Strachan received a most cordial welcome from the people—which must be all the more gratifying that they have long known him and have had ample experience of his ministerial gifts, as he has for several years resided among them, and laboured as a Catechist and Missionary during the intervals of his college sessions.

Special interest attaches to this settlement from the fact that Mr. Strachan is the first minister ordained over this congregation. Its members are chiefly natives of the Highlands of Scotland or the descendants of Highlanders. They cherish a warm attachment to the Church of their fathers, to which they have steadfastly adhered, notwithstanding their long comparative destitution of regular ordinances in connection with her. And now in their prosperity they are duly responsive to the claims which she has upon her children in this land.

As early as the year 1841, they had the presence among them of the late John MacMurchy, of Eldon, who spent some time in Missionary labour among them, and after his own settlement in the following year at West Gwillimbury, and thereafter during his incumbency at Eldon, he paid frequent visits to Erin, preaching as occasion offered to the adherents of our Church there in their favourite vernacular, baptizing their children, and encouraging them in various ways, thus keeping up their attachment to the Church of their fathers.

Several other Ministers also visited Erin and preached there by appointment of Presbytery; among these may be named Mr. Lewis of Mono, and Mr. Carmichael of King. It may here be stated to the credit of the people of Erin, that more recently they engaged a Catechist to labour among them regularly during the summer months—a student of Theology, whose salary for that service they provided, year by year, without aid from the Missionary Fund of the Presbytery. During the last few summers Mr. Strachan laboured in this field, and with great acceptance. And now that he enjoys the full status of an ordained Minister, it is to be hoped that under the Divine blessing his labours among them will be greatly prospered. Already they speak of erecting a new and substantial Church, of brick or stone, and altogether there are few districts of the country where the prospects are more encouraging for the cause of our Church.

Mr. Strachan, as some of our readers will recollect, commenced his studies at Queen's College for the ministry, after he had reached

manhood—a special dispensation having been granted in his favour by the Synod, respecting the order of his attendance at the undergraduate classes. It is satisfactory to find that this concession has not been injurious, but has been instrumental in placing at the service of the Church the sanctified talents of one who had given proof of his qualifications, otherwise, for the sacred office. Long may he labour with much acceptance among an attached people.

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.—This reverend court held a meeting *pro re nata* in St. Andrew's Church, on the 6th ult., for the purpose of taking measures to liquidate a claim against the church property at St. Eustache. Mr. Paton was appointed to preach there on the 18th ult., and provide for the election of new trustees, in order to secure the succession, and make other necessary arrangements towards saving the property of the Church.

Mr. Laing, a graduate of McGill College, appeared before the Presbytery and was examined according to the laws of the Church, preparatory to his entering the Divinity Hall, Edinburgh, with the view to prosecuting his studies for the ministry in Canada. His examination was sustained.

THE PRESBYTERY OF GLENGARRY.—At a *pro re nata* meeting of this Presbytery, held at St. John's Church, Cornwall, on the 21st inst., it was unanimously agreed to grant moderation in a call in favour of the Rev. Neil McNeish, M.A., to become the assistant and successor to the Rev. Dr. Urquhart, who has, for the space of forty years, faithfully and acceptably discharged the duties of a pastor. The Rev. Mr. Lohead was appointed to preach and preside in the moderation on the 25th instant.

THE FOLLOWING PRESBYTERIES WILL MEET AT THE TIMES AND PLACES SEVERALLY MENTIONED:—Presbytery of Montreal, at Montreal, in St. Andrew's Church, on Tuesday the 3rd inst., at 12, noon; presbytery of Glengarry, at Cornwall, on Wednesday the 4th inst.; Presbytery of Kingston, on the 4th inst.; presbytery of Victoria, at Lindsay, on Tuesday the 3rd inst.

ST. GABRIEL CHURCH, MONTREAL.—The Annual Missionary meeting of this congregation was held in the Church on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. the 7th, Rev. Mr. Campbell in the chair. The attendance was fair, the interest felt by the congregation in the first year's experiment of monthly collections according to the schedule system being great.

The annual report read was of a nature to encourage such congregations as have not adopted this system to lose no time in doing so, especially weak and humble congregations, that are incapable of a great effort. In the case of wealthier ones perhaps a single canvass during the year would be as prudent an arrangement as monthly collections, although the result would not be as great even in this case. But what has been accomplished for objects outside their own congregational work by the members and adherents of a new, struggling, barely self-sustaining congregation like St. Gabriel's, demonstrates very clearly the soundness of the Synod's judgment in affirming that

if every congregation in the Synod adopted the schedule system, as the Synod has recommended, ample funds would be forthcoming to meet all the necessities of the Church.

The report shewed that the sum of \$312.68c. had been raised by the congregation in monthly subscriptions obtained through the agency of lady-collectors. Of this amount \$158.93c. was designated by subscribers for specified objects, and the balance of \$158.75c. was disbursed by the executive committee to the various claims brought before them according as these seemed most pressing and deserving. The usual quarterly collections for the schemes of the Church had been taken up in addition, and were probably not diminished by the fact of monthly subscriptions taken up. The contributions were mostly small, none of them exceeding \$1.50 per month, while the majority of them did not exceed 25 cents.

The congregation was for the purposes of the society divided into seven districts, and these yielded as follows:

District No. 1, per Miss Johnston,	\$68.15
District No. 2, per Misses McQueen and Sleeth,	33.93
District No. 3, per Misses Wilson and Turner,	44.75
District No. 4, per Misses McCubbin and Tait,	51.25
District No. 5, per Misses Bertram and M. Munro,	35.11
District No. 6, per Miss McKenzie, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Hood,	51.15
District No. 7, per Miss McLachlan, Mrs. Stewart and Miss Munro,	28.00

The following distribution was made of the funds collected:

To the Presbytery's Missionary Fund,	\$79.89
To the Synod's Home Mission Fund,	77.38
To the Widows' and Orphans' Fund,	70.55
To the French Mission Fund,	26.63
To the Bursary Fund,	4.59
To the Sherbrooke Church Building fund,	30.00
To the Sunday School Association Fund,	10.00
and the balance towards defraying printing and stationery.	

The following resolutions were afterwards unanimously carried:

1. Moved by Mr. H. Munro, second by Mr. W. Darling, sen.:

That the report now read be adopted, and that the Trustees of the Church be asked to print it with their annual statement, in order to its wide circulation among the members and adherents of the congregation.

2. Moved by Mr. Geo. Cruikshank, seconded by Mr. W. Darling, sen.

That the thanks of the Association be awarded to the office-bearers for their attention to their duties, and especially to the lady collectors for their zealous and efficient services during the past year.

3. Moved by Mr. A. Bertram, seconded by Mr. W. Patton:

That the following be the office-bearers of the Association for the ensuing year: President, Rev. R. Campbell; Vice-Presidents, H. Munro and A. B. Stewart; Treasurer, George Cruikshank; Secretary, John McPhail; Com-

mittee, A. Bertram, D. Brymner, W. Darling, sen., J. Duncan, W. L. Haldimand, W. Hood, J. Lillie, W. McCubbin, W. Patton, James Robertson, D. Sleeth, and Thos. Watson; Collectors, Misses Johnston and Irvine; Mrs. William Hood; Mrs. Campbell and Miss Maggie Patton; Misses McCubbin and Tait; Misses Bertram and Maggie Munro; Mrs. Hood and Mrs. McRobie.

4. Moved by Mr. Laing, Missionary in Griffintown, seconded by Mr. A. B. Stuart:

That the principles on which this association is founded and its practical working are worthy of the hearty support of the congregation.

The Rev. Mr. Caie, of St. Stephen's Church, Portland, N.B., was the recipient of a valuable pulpit gown, at the hands of a lady of his congregation, who accompanied it with the earnest wish that he might be long spared to wear it in the service of his great Master. The gown is a beautiful piece of workmanship. It was made in Edinburgh, and is of the heaviest and richest corded silk, and is finely finished, in the latest and most convenient pattern. We are sure that all Mr. Caie's friends will echo the pious wish of the generous donor.

A PRAISEWORTHY ACT.—During the excessively warm weather last summer, the congregation of Brockville gave their young minister five weeks leave of absence, and undertook the supply of his pulpit, and paid all expenses connected with it. This was a most considerate and generous act. While showing the high estimation in which they hold their minister, it is a most commendable example to all other congregations. There is no class of men who need *holidays* more than ministers, and there is no class, we believe, who have fewer than they. Clerks, merchants, lawyers, school teachers, and professors are off for the summer months, while the minister, who has more brain and muscle work than any of them, has to drudge and slave on. He does this either through fear of offending his people, and suffering at the hands of rival denominations, or from an old womanish feeling that if he is absent from his charge for a week everything will go wrong. Now, we hold that this is a great mistake, both for the interest of the minister and the congregation. Let him go to the seaside and luxuriate, let him go to our beautiful inland lakes and fish, let him go to the backwoods and shoot, let him go anywhere in the world to get out of the rut, and break for a time the stereotyped tenor of his life, and we will guarantee that he will come back a better preacher, a better Christian, and a truer man. We are glad, therefore, that the congregation of Brockville have acted in this sensible and generous way with their minister, and we hope that other congregations in our Church will do likewise with their hard-worked and often overtaxed ministers.

BURNING OF MANSE AT BEECHRIDGE.—We regret to record the destruction, by fire, of the manse of Beechridge, on Sunday morning, the 18th ult. The origin of the fire is unknown. A considerable part of the furniture was saved, and the congregation have already begun to build.

THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS.—The right wing and headquarters of this gallant regiment returned to Montreal on the 7th of October from Point Levi, where they had been all summer at work upon the fortifications erecting there. On Sunday the 11th ult. at 9 a.m., they with other Presbyterians in the garrison attended worship in the military Chapel, the old Trinity Church, Gosford Street. It is pleasant to be able to record that the military authorities have conceded in this matter to the Church of Scotland chaplain, and to the Presbyterians in the service, a right which they have before claimed, but which has hitherto been denied them, of occupying the military Chapel part of the Lord's day. The Chapel is rented by the authorities for \$900, and there was no reason why the Church of England Chaplain and the adherents of that Church in the garrison, should have the exclusive use of it. The energetic efforts of the Chaplain, Mr. Fraser, have been crowned with success, and he has earned the gratitude of the Church at large for maintaining the rights of our Church as equal to those of the Church of England. General Bisset has conceded what General Russell refused.

IN MEMORIAM.

Died, at his residence, Charlottenburgh, on the 23rd of September last, Farquhar B. McLennan, Esq., in the 73rd year of his age. The deceased was ordained to the office of the Eldership in the Church of Williamstown in the year 1833, in which office he continued till the day of his death; he was elected by the Session for some years past, to represent them in the Presbytery of Glengarry and Synod of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland. Mr. McLennan was a man of integrity and talent, exemplary in walk and in his attendance on the ordinances of the gospel, yet unpretending in religion, without hypocrisy; he took pleasure in being present at the superior courts of the Church. No longer with us, our hope is that he has entered on that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

OPENING OF SESSION.—The twenty-seventh Session was opened on the 7th ult. The Principal presided. Having offered prayer and made a few observations, he called upon Professor Mowat to deliver the opening address. The subject of the address, the importance of the study of Moral Science, was discussed in a very able and eloquent manner.

SCHOLARSHIPS.—The following Scholarships were gained at the Matriculation Examinations:

FIRST YEAR.

1. *Watkins*—Hiram Augustus Calvin, Garden Island.
2. *Campbell*.—*Archibald Patterson Knight, Renfrew.
3. *Leitch Memorial*—James Cormack, Kingston.
4. *Mowat*.—*Malcolm McGillivray, Collingwood.
5. *Hardy*.—Thomas Hendry, Kingston.

SECOND YEAR.

1. Faculty—Frederick Welch, Kingston.
2. Trustees—Edwin Hamilton Dickson, Kingston.
3. St. Andrew's University—Robert John Craig, Kingston.

THIRD YEAR.

1. Cataraqui—Thomas H. McGuire, Kingston.
2. Kingston—Ebenezer D. McLaren, Komoka.
*With the honour of having gained two Scholarships.

INSTALLATION.—Nathan F. Dupuis, M.A., was installed to the Professorship of Chemistry and Natural History on the 16th October, University day, with the usual formalities. Professor Williamson, in the unavoidable absence of the Principal, presided on the occasion.

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY.—W. Henderson, Esq., Toronto, 2 vols. ; Mrs. Ramsay, Montreal, 2 vols. ; United States Patent Office, 3 vols. ; J. Bawden, Esq., Kingston, 18 vols. ; The Duke of Argyll, copy of his "Reign of Law" ; Professor Milligan, Aberdeen, Scotland, copy of his work, "The Decalogue and the Lord's Day" ; Rev. M. Nicholson, Edinburgh, Scotland, copy of his work, "Rest in Jesus" ; Messrs. Sprott and Leishman, Editors of "The Book of Common Order, and of the Westminster Directory," copy of that publication.

PAST AND PRESENT IN NOVA SCOTIA.

When, in the year 1852, five young ministers, the Rev. Messrs. Maclean, McKay, Sprott, Snodgrass, and Pollok, moved by numerous appeals, resolved to labour in this Province, our church, having passed through a very trying ordeal, was still in a state of great dilapidation. Of our Zion it might have been said: "All her people sigh, they seek bread." Upon the majority of our congregations had fallen times such as were graphically described by Amos of old: "I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor of thirst for water, but of hearing the word of the Lord." For ten years some nine or ten congregations had been vacant. Though much had been done to cheer the hearts of the people—though deputations of able men, men of evangelical power, men breathing a spirit of charity towards all denominations, men whose very presence and character killed a host of malignant calumnies that had poisoned the air for years, and blackened the fair fame of one of the noblest reform churches of the earth, and the mother of not a few ungrateful children, had given encouragement to the people; and though the late noble-hearted MacGillivray, whose name will never fade from the hearts and memories of those who truly love our Zion, had watched over the footsteps of the flock in many a journey, through many a storm and on many a weary hot day; when alone he broke the sacramental bread on the green carpet of earth and beside the clear streams of this beautiful land—yet many things past and existing were of a discouraging nature. The Synod that ten years before had twenty-four ministers, had now only five. The Synod of New Brunswick had six. Of course the Synods were only a name, as they did not meet

for business. There was not a scheme in existence for any purpose whatever, and indeed there does not seem to have been any schemes of active benevolence in the Synod even previous to the secession of 1843. A lay association had been started among the laity, which had a skeleton existence, and which was meant more for keeping the church together than any special purpose of a religious nature. There were only two congregations in the Presbytery of Halifax—St. Matthew's, which was somewhat languid, and St. Andrew's, which was very much decayed. There was no minister in P. E. Island; and Belfast, a large congregation, had enjoyed no regular services since the much regretted departure of the greatly beloved Mr. MacLennan. Mr. Macnair, who had been in Charlottetown, had returned home in May, to make a *viva voce* statement before the General Assembly.

Now what is our present condition? I shall not detail the history of the last fifteen years, with which we are quite familiar.—There have been great discouragements. The ministerial staff has been several times increased and again reduced. Other four came with me to the Province, of whom only one remains here. In the two Synods about twenty, new ministers have come and gone in that time. I shall not give a detailed narrative, but results. The Synod of Nova Scotia met for the first time since the secession, in 1854, and since that time there has been a most marked progress.

A Young Men's Scheme was started at a meeting held at McLennan's Brook; to which the subscriptions used, in its early years, to be very large. For the first few years of its existence subscription lists were obtained from our leading congregations, amounting to about \$100 each. Since then it has been sustained by collections on Sabbath day.—But sustained it has been with more or less vigour up to the present time. The idea from which it sprang was the propriety of educating natives for the ministerial supply, and giving them the advantages of a home university; an idea which has been the starting point of our success. This scheme has been the means of accomplishing a great deal, and it is hoped that in one shape or other it will never be allowed to die. We may have a university in this country, but every church and every country requires bursaries for the assistance of those who, in pursuing their studies, have much to spend and are not in a position to earn means of support. If Christian parents, who give their children to a non-lucrative work, make sacrifices, the people of the church should share them. While by this scheme about fourteen young men have been assisted in their education, upwards of £1000 have from first to last been collected. The Synod of New Brunswick, imitating our example, instituted a similar plan, and have educated six or seven. Upon the whole then, the projectors of this scheme have no reason to be disappointed, but valuable results have been obtained.

Another sign of advancement has been the maintenance since Jan. 1855 of a periodical, which has rendered valuable aid to religion and church order during thirteen eventful years. The *Record* was projected by the late

Mr. Martin and George Sprott, now minister of the Chapel of Garioch, Scotland, its first editors; and the first Number was issued with Mr. Harper's and my own assistance in the winter of 1855 in Halifax. The venture was considerable, as our numbers being small, a very large subscription list was not to be looked for. Such a paper is quite indispensable for reports, accounts and statements affecting the whole Church. The Church machinery could not have been maintained without such an advertising medium. But this is the lowest view; for it is even more necessary that a friendly advocate should appear before the public and the Church and advocate our cause in the open court of public opinion.

Another evidence of improvement is the continued support of home mission schemes, such as the Synod Fund, the Home Mission proper, the Lay Association and the Home Missionary Association in the Presbytery of Halifax. By these, exclusive of efforts of a similar nature in the Synod of New Brunswick, it is estimated that during the period in question, a sum of about £3,000, exclusive of the enormous grants of the Colonial Committee, has been raised and expended upon our Home Missions. The Church has thereby shown a proper spirit and given evidence of genuine piety in her members by the strong coming forward to support the weak.

Another triumphant proof of Church energy has been the success of the Dalhousie College Scheme. Five years ago it was resolved to endow one professorship in Dalhousie College and give our people a share in the higher education of the country. Six thousand pounds were required, as the professor had to be paid during the three or four years required for the realization of such a sum. And there was not a member of our Church who did not feel afraid of the attempt, and by far the majority predicted failure. Not more than half of our people have entered with any degree of vigour into the measure. But what is the result? We have had our professor for four years, one of the most efficient in the province. We have a share in one of the most respectable universities in British North America, established on a most liberal basis, and the endowment wants only one hundred pounds of completion, to contribute which you will be invited in a few weeks in a public collection, which must be easy over the whole Church. Practically, we may consider the end gained.

In estimating our progress we cannot omit mentioning what has been attempted in Foreign Mission work, to which every Church of Christ is solemnly called by the very terms of her commission: "Go teach all nations." An overture was introduced into the Synod assembled in Halifax, during the summer of 1861, requesting the Church to take up this very important matter. The movement was prompted no doubt by the zeal and success of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia in maintaining a mission in the New Hebrides, which has been the most important of any mission maintained by any Church in this Dominion. Some were opposed to the undertaking of a Foreign Mission, because we were not a self-sustaining church and many doubted our ability. However, an appeal

was made to the congregations to ascertain what support would be given if such a mission were established, and the result dissipated every fear. It was found that we might rely upon three or four hundred pounds a year—a sum which may be augmented to five hundred at least since our union with New Brunswick. Our Church was quickened a good deal in this important matter by Dr. Geddie during his visit in 1865; and with his advice the New Hebrides was selected as the future field of operations, and in the meantime the Dr. engaged to distribute a portion of our funds in the employment of catechists. Now we have the satisfaction of reporting that one of our ministers has offered to become our first foreign missionary, with commendable zeal and self-denial resigning his charge and all the treasured enjoyment of his home and native land, and exchanging for these residence among savages in a very remote and not very healthy country. Mr. Goodwill presents many features of character fitting him for the work, and if we had ourselves been called to make the selection, we would probably have fixed upon him, who by his own act without conferring with flesh and blood has come forward so manfully and modestly to the help of the Lord. The past delay has been advantageous rather than otherwise, as it has furnished us from annual collections with an accumulated fund of about five hundred pounds, sufficient to meet the outlay necessary in the beginning of such a mission, and has given time to get through some heavy undertakings, such as Dalhousie College and the erection of a large number of new Churches, ere entering on a matter requiring constant funds. Mr. Goodwill may probably resign his charge next month and go to the States to study medicine for a time—then visit the Churches next summer and leave in the autumn of 1869. What the result may be it is not for us to forecast. Whether it may succeed soon or not, it is good and right, and is a fulfilment of duty. The spiritual gift that saves souls through the word is one of the works of God which we do not know but we have our part to do. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that." It is in the gospel vineyard as in the labours of science and human discovery, one often sows and another reaps, but the labourers are encouraged by the promise that the final success is certain and the reward is sure. Looking at the whole scheme past and present, both in its inception, its delays and its present issue, it is fraught with much encouragement and ought to secure our sympathy, our support, our prayers.

The last encouraging feature which I shall mention is the number of new churches erected in the last fifteen years. Almost every congregation in our connection in Nova Scotia worshipped fifteen years ago in old churches, many of them unfit for use, most of them insufficient in size, and all of them far in the rear of the prevailing taste and advancement of the country. No sooner did our people feel their hopes revive of having once more a well organized church in the land, than they were moved with the zeal of David in thankfully reviewing his prosperity, when he said: "See now I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of the Lord dwelleth

eth in curtains." Accordingly during this comparatively short period, neat and comfortable churches in harmony with the improved taste have been erected all over our bounds—fifteen within the bounds of the Presbytery of Pictou, namely, at Pugwash, Wallace, River John, Pictou, Salt Springs, Gairloch, West Branch, East Branch, New Glasgow, Albion Mines, MacLennan's Mountain, Sutherland's River, Barney's River, and Broad Cove—three within the bounds of the Presbytery of Prince Edward Island, namely, at St. Peter's Road, Brackley Point and Dog River—three within the bounds of the Presbytery of Halifax—namely, St. Matthews, Musquodoboit and Truro. In that part of the bounds of the Presbytery of Pictou, which includes Cape Breton, three new churches are now in course of erection; namely, at Canso, River Inhabitant and Baddeck, so that adding these to the list, we have in all twenty-four churches erected during the last fifteen years in a Christian denomination, which has just that number of congregations. All these with the exceptions mentioned are furnished and some of them have been expensive. After a careful calculation I have set down the expenditure upon this item alone as £31,000. It must be added that, with the exception of two, all these churches are out of debt: a result which in so short a time, could in many cases only have been obtained by incredible effort. Observe also that these calculations are exclusive of repairs and additions.

In this review another item of expenditure cannot be wholly overlooked. During that period no less than thirteen manse have been built, and in many cases glebes purchased, the whole amounting to about £7,000, which added to the former sum makes a total of £38,000, laid out upon church property. I may add that the excellent churches belonging to the followers of the late Mr. Macdonald have many of them been raised in that time. They amount in all, it is believed, to fourteen. During the same period I am aware of three churches having been erected in the Synod of New Brunswick at a cost of £6,000. I do not know of any more, nor of any manses or glebes having been provided during that time in that Synod. Not being so well versed in the affairs of the Synod of New Brunswick I cannot be so particular. The remark formerly made about the churches is equally applicable to the manses. I do not think that there is debt on any of them. These statistics are very remarkable and without a parallel in the religious history of this Province. No religious body has done as much in the same time; because no religious body has been so circumstanced as to have it all to do in so short a space of time, owing to previous disorganization. But my remark is none the less true. Our people had it to do, and they have done it. I need only allude to the establishment of a Synod fund for synodical expenses.

At the beginning of the last fifteen years, we had in Nova Scotia old churches or none, no manses but two, no Synod, no Presbytery, no ministers but four, no schemes, no college, little or no money collected, and everywhere large congregations without ordinances, and a whole generation growing up without church

habits. At this, the other end of this period, we have a large Synod with subordinate courts, twenty ministers, or, with the New Brunswick Synod, thirty ministers; a Synod Fund, a Home Mission Scheme, a Lay Association in Pictou, with a similar society in Halifax, a Young Men's Scheme, a college and the commencement of a Foreign Mission, with twenty-seven new churches in Nova Scotia and three in New Brunswick, and thirteen new manses in Nova Scotia, all involving an outlay of £58,000 or £60,000 for all purposes during that period; and all effected in a lapse of fifteen years, and that while we had many troubles and discouragements, and were several times brought very low with constantly recurring vacancies, throwing much additional trouble upon the presbyteries and settled clergy.

From this review let our people learn, (1) thankfulness to God for his wonderful goodness, (2) patience under trials, such patience as may teach us not to fret under affliction but labour and wait, (3) faith by which we may be able to trust in God, that if we do our part he will, in his own time and way, do his (5) an idea of our true policy for the future. The Foreign Mission will engage our attention after this in addition to the home field. The two Synods receive about £1000 a year from the Colonial Committee, which could easily be made the half by means of Lay Associations worked as they ought to be, and as they have never been hitherto. Lastly, education for our future ministers in the country, must be kept in view,—three points, namely, Home Missions, Foreign Mission and Education: These are important considerations for the future advisers and labourers in the vineyard of our church.

ALLAN POLLOCK.

FRENCH MISSION FUND.

Ottawa, per Wm. Hamilton, Esq.	\$23.00
Quebec, per Rev. John Cook, D.D.	50.00
Brockville, per George Hamilton, Esq.	20.00
Lancaster, per Rev. Thomas McPherson.	12.00
St. Paul's Church, Montreal, per Rev. John Jenkins.....	114.91

\$224.91

ARCI. FERGUSON, Treasurer.

Montreal, 20th October, 1868.

SYNOD'S SCHOLARSHIP AND BURSARY SCHEME.

Middleville and Dalhousie, per Rev. D. J. McLean. #12	
Kingston, Ontario, 20th October, 1868.	

JOHN PATON, Treasurer.

HOME MISSION FUND.

Kingston, per William Ireland, Esq.	\$75.00
Brantham, per Rev. F. P. Sym.	16.00
St. Gabriel's, Montreal, per Rev. R. Campbell. .	57.45
Waterdown and Nelson, per Henry Edmison. . .	8.00
Quebec, per N. Nelson Ross, Esq.	100.00
Laprairie, per Rev. John Barr.	2.00
Valcartier, per Rev. David Shanks.	2.50
Fergus per A. D. Fordyce, Esq.	11.54

\$274.49

JAMES CROLL, Secretary.

Oct. 18, 1868.

Note.—The special effort made last year for the Home Mission Fund, enabled the Temporaries' Board to continue the usual allowances to all the Ministers on the Roll of Synod, and left a balance of about \$1500.

applicable to the payments falling due on 31st December next, but, as our ordinary revenue has been permanently decreased by more than \$4000, it is evident that the last named payments can only be fully met by

the continual exercise of liberality on the part of all our congregations. Many of them are large and wealthy, will they not devise liberal things? Some are weak and poor, will they not do what they can?

Notices and Reviews.

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON AND OF HIS SON, ROBERT STEPHENSON, &c.—

By SAMUEL SMILES. New York: Harper Bros; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Contrary to the usual experience, the preface to this edition reads like a romance, and any one who unwittingly passes it over will have missed more than he is aware of. Ten years ago, as the preface states, when the Life in its original form appeared, there were 18,000 miles of railway opened in Europe; there are now upwards of 50,000 miles. Great Britain, which had then expended £3,000,000 in twenty-five years, has in the last ten years laid out £2,000,000 additional. The continental nations have proceeded with equal rapidity. In India all the lines have been constructed since then. Canada was but beginning, now there are 2,200 miles in active operation. Australia and the Cape of Good Hope have not been behind, while the United States possess about 50,000 miles of railway. The preface gives a very interesting account of the first regulations for traffic, much of the information being rather amusing. To give an idea of the present traffic, it may be stated that in 1866, 274,293,678 passengers were carried by day tickets in Great Britain alone, and it is estimated that 39,405,600 additional were carried by periodical tickets or 313,699,268, a number it would take twenty years to count, taking them at the rate of one a second for twelve hours a day. The amount of mineral and merchandise traffic was in like proportion. To pass from the preface, over which we could linger for some time, the work itself opens with three introductory chapters on early Schemers and Projectors, Early Locomotive Models, the Cornish Locomotive and Memoir of Trevithic. Into the history of Stephenson's life and doings, we do not propose in the meantime to enter, but if any boy or man is feeling that he has to contend with difficulties, let him study George Stephenson's Life, its earnestness of purpose, its simplicity and true bravery, joined with so kindly a nature, his unflinching determination to make himself the master of the most adverse circumstances, his

patient persistence in the face of the most bitter opposition, and what is often worse to bear, of the most bitter sneering of men of science. To Canadians the short sketch of the progress of railways in Canada, and the building of the Victoria Bridge, the first suggestion for which came as the work states from the Hon. John Young, will be read with interest, more particularly as this was the last work on which Robert Stephenson was engaged, he having died two months before it was completed. We give the work our hearty praise, and our best wishes for its large circulation.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.—By Edmund Spenser. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Messrs Appleton have projected and neatly completed under the name of the "Globe Edition" a series of the poets, including Dante, Tasso, Butler, Scott, Milton, Cowper, &c.. Spenser was one of the poets of the Elizabethan age, whose "Faerie Queen," in spite of the difficulties attendant on a form of the English language unfamiliar to us now, has held its place and is recognized as one of the classics. The edition now before us is neatly got up, clearly printed, well bound, and of convenient shape and size.

THE HUGUENOTS.—By SAMUEL SMILES. New York: Harper Bros; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The well known author of "Self Help" has given us in this volume an admirable work on the Huguenots, beginning with their rise and tracing their history down to the French Revolution. The title page gives by no means a full idea of the whole history contained in the volume, as in addition to the narrative of their settlements, churches and industries in England and Ireland, there is a vast amount of other information bearing on this persecuted sect, to which to outward appearance may be traced the supremacy of Britain. Not the least interesting chapter is the one on the French Revolution, that horrid saturnalia of blood, when France, shorn of all that had sustained its strength, and given

to it an element of regeneration, sunk into the dead level of bigotry and atheism. There were but two classes then, the nobles and those who ministered to their luxuries, and the starving populace. All the enterprising and industrious middle classes who give stability to a state had been swept away, and when the masses rose it was like the tiger loosened and ravaging for blood; with none to resist its madness and delirium. The whole volume is marked with the characteristics of the author's best style, and cannot fail to afford instruction to the student and interest of a healthful kind to every reader.

NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY.—Edited by William Smith, LL.D. New York:

Harper Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Under the modest title of Student's History, Messrs. Harper Bros. have published a series of very excellent works, of which the one before us by Dr. Smith will be found exceedingly useful. To those who have often been at a loss to connect the close of the Prophetic with the opening of the Gospel dispensation, the introduction will be acceptable. The volume is divided into three books. The first giving the connection of the Old and New Testament Histories, and secular history of the Jews to the destruction of Jerusalem, embracing the period between B.C. 400 and A.D. 70; the second, the History of Jesus Christ, or the Revelation of the Gospel; and the third, the History of the Apostles; or the Founding of the Christian Church. There are copious notes and appendices. The maps are clear and distinct, and the numerous illustrations add much to the beauty of the work.

THE PRESBYTERIAN HISTORICAL ALMANAC for 1867.—By Joseph M. Wilson. Philadelphia: Joseph M. Wilson.

The volume for 1867 has been somewhat late of reaching us this year, and a press of other matter has compelled us to leave it unnoticed for a month or two. The present is the ninth volume of this highly interesting work. Intended to embrace all the various bodies into which the Presbyterian Church has been divided in Scotland, Canada and the United States, it has been conducted with care and conscientious regard to accuracy, and forms an admirable book of reference. As might naturally be expected, the proceedings of the Churches of the United States occupy the largest

space in the volume, which contains 531 pages, including memoirs of deceased ministers, decisions on various questions brought before the Church Courts, the question of an adequate support of the ministry, and the necessity of supplying manses to the pastor of each congregation. Much useful information will be found stored up in the nine volumes now published, which has been rescued from the oblivion into which it would otherwise have fallen, from having been only published in the ephemeral columns of the daily newspapers. The nine volumes may safely be recommended as a complete history of the doings of the Presbyterian Churches, as far as falls within the scope of the author's design.

VIOLET KEITH; An Autobiography.—By Mrs. Ross. Montreal: John Lovell.

Mrs. Ross, the authoress of the present work, is well known in Montreal for her attainments, and by her contributions to periodical literature. She therefore comes before the public, not as an untried novice, who might plead inexperience in bar of the severe judgment of the critic and as a plea for merciful consideration. There are, therefore, certain slips which should be pointed out, into which Scotch people are apt to fall—and although we do not know Mrs. Ross personally, there is evidence in her work to show she is a countrywoman—which should be corrected; a tendency when two pronouns are brought together to forget that if one takes the objective, so should the other, as for instance, "He told him and I." There are some blunders of the same kind which could easily be avoided if care were taken, and it is a pity it should not, for Mrs. Ross possesses a smooth, easy and flowing style, lingering occasionally, it is true, and so interrupting the onward progress of the tale, but not so much so as to become tedious, and very probably the fault is not even noticed, except by those whose business it is to criticise. The events in the volume are understood to have really happened, although, of course, so altered as not to give pain to individuals. Violet Keith and her brother Willie, left orphans at an early age, are educated, as they suppose, at their uncle's expense. In due course of time Violet obtains the situation of a governess, from which she is driven by the insane violence of the master of the house, and ultimately comes to Canada, as a governess in a convent. This part of the work is the one which will be read with most

interest here, and may help to enable parents to realise, to some small extent, the danger to which those expose their children who, for the sake of so-called accomplishments, entrust their education to the care of the nuns. The attraction which the supposed unworldly life and peaceful occupations of the inmates of conventual establishments has over some minds is, it is well known, very great. The real frivolity, the petty jealousies, the trifling occupations and the absence of a truly religious feeling, which pervade the nunneries, are portrayed with a reality that must convince every

one of the truth of the descriptions. Yet there is no exaggeration or caricature. The characters of the individuals introduced are well drawn. Mrs. Livingstone, the old pious Scotchwoman, is too real to have been drawn from imagination, and her Scotch sayings are Scotch, not merely English expressions and turns of thought translated into a tongue foreign to them and to which they are unused. As a Canadian authoress, Mrs. Ross has claims upon Canadians for a fair hearing, but independent of this the autobiography of "Violet Keith" is sure to win its way.

The Churches and their Missions.

CANADA CONVENTION OF SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

This convention was held at St. Catharines, on the 6th, 7th and 8th October, and was largely attended, there being over 500 delegates present from various sections of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. The chair was taken on Tuesday afternoon, by the retiring president, Rev. F. H. Marling, when Mr. D. W. Beadle, of St. Catharines, was unanimously elected president for the present year.

It held two sessions on Tuesday, and three on both Wednesday and Thursday, the sittings being from 9 A. M. until noon, from 2 to 5 P. M. and from 7 to 10 P. M. The sessions were invariably opened and closed with praise and prayer, and were open to the public, of whom large numbers were always present, especially at the evening sessions, when the accommodating powers of the large and commodious Wesleyan Methodist Church were tasked to the very utmost.

The subjects discussed were:—"The relation and duties of the Church to the Sabbath School," introduced by the Rev. Mr. Sutherland.

"Sabbath School entertainments, their proper character and limits," introduced by the Rev. John Wood.

"How may we secure a deeper religious feeling in our Sabbath Schools," introduced by Rev. Bishop Richardson.

"Sabbath School missionary work, and the best method to interest children in missions," introduced by Rev. Dr. Caldicott.

"How may the influence of parents and guardians be best enlisted in the Sabbath School cause," introduced by Rev. Mr. Cocker.

"The training of teachers and preparation of lesson," introduced by Rev. M. Cochrane.

"Sunday School Reform," by the Rev. J. H. Vincent.

The Rev. Dr. Duryea of Brooklyn, in an exceedingly able and interesting manner, gave an example on Wednesday afternoon of conducting a teachers meeting, and on Thursday of conducting a Bible class, at the close of both of which he was warmly applauded.

The Rev. J. H. Vincent also very effectively gave an example of his mode of teaching an Infant Class.

On Thursday afternoon the convention adjourned to the drill shed, where a general meeting of Sabbath Scholars was held, and interesting addresses delivered by the Rev. Dr. Duryea, Rev. Mr. Vincent, Rev. Dr. Ormiston and others.

The Rev. W. Millard, the general Secretary, in his report announced the number of schools, reporting to this convention as 3,092, with 26,056 teachers and 188,542 scholars; of this number the Church of Scotland reports 98 schools, 981 teachers and 8,398 scholars.

The convention meets again next year at Belleville.

SCOTLAND:—At a breakfast given to Dr. McCosh, late of Belfast, who leaves immediately to take the important office of president of the far-famed Princeton College, United States, over which Jonathan Edwards and many other well-known divines have presided, he said:—

"I am called to go to a great country, which should acknowledge its inferiority to our country only in this, that one is the mother and the other is the daughter: where there is an intelligence among the common people such as I have not found in any other land; and it will there be my business to labour to bring the two nations, and especially the churches of the two nations, to a thorough understanding and a close friendship in supporting the cause of Christ throughout the world. That people have certainly shown no jealousy of foreigners in inviting me to occupy the most important sphere which they could place at my disposal. I am called to preside over a college which is second to none in the United States, which has trained several of the presidents of the country, which a few years ago had one-fifth of the whole senate of the United States as its graduates and which has reared some of the greatest lawyers in the country, and some of the best ministers and missionaries in the world. I go to this sphere at a most important time, when there is the prospect of the union of a number of Presbyterian churches favourably disposed towards the college, in all, of 5,000 Presbyterian congregations (in the end, I hope, of 6,000), to constitute by far the largest Presbyterian church in the world, and embracing with-

in it much of the intelligence and social influence of the country."

Dr. McCosh's loss will be deeply felt, but he will undoubtedly aim at uniting the Presbyterians of Britain and America, as far as possible—a work of no small importance.

OLD GRYFNARS.—The Town Council of Edinburgh having purposely allowed the right of presentation to lapse, the Presbytery to whom it fell to fill up the vacancy, almost unanimously agreed present Mr. Wallace according to the wish of the congregation.

PRESBYTERY OF GLASGOW.—Special meeting of this Presbytery—Dr. Park, Moderator. The Clerk (Dr. Smith) read a call from the congregation of the united parishes of Liff and Benrie to the Rev. W. F. Stevenson, of Rutherglen. Mr. Andrew Fleming and Mr. John McLean appeared for the kirk-session, and Mr. John Bennet for the congregation of Rutherglen, and represented that it was the unanimous desire of the congregation that Mr. Stevenson should remain among them. His five years' connection with the parish had been productive of very great good; the schemes of the Church had been largely augmented, the Sabbath school attendance greatly increased, and the wants of the poor very fully attended to. Mr. Stevenson said he should have preferred that the Presbytery had decided the case for him: but as he was expected to indicate his own mind on the matter, he would say that as he had reason to believe the kirk-session and congregation were unanimous in the desire that he should stay in his present charge, he felt it would be incurring a grave responsibility were he to resist their wishes, and in these circumstances, he had decided to decline the call. On the motion of Mr. Brownhill, seconded by Mr. Scott, and supported by Dr. Smith, the Presbytery unanimously agreed to proceed no further in the case, and the clerk was instructed to intimate this decision to the Presbytery of Dundee. The Rev. T. B. W. Niven was afterwards inducted to the Tron Church and parish.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.—The official report of the discussion on Hon. Mr. Flynn's bill is now before the public. It fully justifies the brief synopsis of the debate given in our last, and confirms our views of the nature and intention of the bill. We may say at once that it was no secret that Roman Catholic dignitaries constantly haunted the lobbies of the House for the last three weeks of the session,—that every member was carefully canvassed, and every influence used to secure support. During the discussion one of the dignitaries referred to occupied a seat, by the Speaker's leave, in the place usually assigned to members of the Upper House. From this point of observation he eagerly watched the fray. We do not complain of the Speaker's courtesy, unusual as was the exercise of it; we mention the circumstance to show how purely ecclesiastical and Roman the authorship of the bill. Mr. Flynn was simply the spokesman of Archbishop Connolly and Dr. Cameron, and these gentlemen were acting under orders from Rome. We have no right to blame the gentlemen we have named. They were discharging very earnestly and adroitly what they regarded as their duty, and they met with far

greater success than we had imagined to be possible in our Nova Scotia Parliament. If skillful lobbying and clever canvassing ever deserved success, it was deserved in this instance.

Knowing well that the name "Separate Schools" had become odious to the people of Nova Scotia, the term *Separate* was discarded and *Distinct* introduced in its place. This ruse was well calculated to blind some eyes, but the Attorney-General induced Mr. Flynn to explain it, and it turned out by their own confession that Separate Schools and Distinct Schools meant one and the same thing.

It now remains for the country to determine whether our taxes are to go to pay for Separate Schools or for efficient Common Schools free to all. If no steps are taken by the friends of Common Schools, then they may be certain that the next session will witness the establishment of the sectarian system upon the ruins of our Common Schools.

It is clear as noon-day that if Separate Schools are granted to Roman Catholics they cannot be refused to Episcopalians, Wesleyans baptists, and Presbyterians. In most of our towns and villages there exist three or four denominations. Are we prepared to establish "Distinct" Schools for each and all of these? The proposal is too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. Presbyterians being the most numerous body in the Province would probably suffer least by the change. But they do not seek it. They ask only for Common Schools, to be paid for by all and to be free to all. If any people are too good, bad, proud, or humble to be satisfied with the ordinary institutions of the country, they can help themselves at their own expense without any act of Parliament. With all respect, we do not think Roman Catholic children too good to associate with our own, and we know that it will be greatly to the benefit of all parties and sects that they should freely associate in the "sunny days of childhood."—*Halifax Presbyterian*.

REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS.

SYNOPSIS OF ITS RECOMMENDATIONS.

The London *Telegraph* of the 21st ult. says:

At last the long expected report of the Royal Commission on the Irish Church has been issued, and we are enabled to judge how many of the abuses admitted to exist within that institution would be modified by its own supporters. Rumour, which has been for several reasons specially busy about the probable tenor of a document so important, has on the whole correctly anticipated the conclusions. After a long and evidently exhaustive inquiry, the Commissioners concur in making a large number of recommendations affecting the positions of the temporalities, and the discipline of the Church. The principal changes are to be a consolidation and a reduction of the dioceses, and suppression of certain dignities and dignitaries, and a rearrangement of benefices. The machinery to carry out these changes is sought in the existing Board of Ecclesiastical Commissioners, which will receive an improved constitution and enlarged powers. Of the twelve united dioceses—two archbishoprics and ten bishoprics

—four dioceses, those of Meath, Kilmore, Cashel, and Killaloe, would be consolidated with others; Meath being united to Dublin, Killaloe being divided between Limerick and Tuam, Cashel between Limerick and Ossory, and Kilmore between Armagh and Tuam. A majority of the Commissioners consider that a single archbishop is sufficient for the Church, and that Armagh should be maintained as the Archiepiscopal Diocese, Dublin being reduced to a bishopric enjoying precedence over all the other Episcopal sees. The incomes proposed are—for the primatial see of Armagh, £6,000 a year; for Dublin, £5,000 a year if maintained as an archbishopric, £4,500 if transformed into a bishopric; and for every other bishopric £3,000 a year, with an addition of £500 annually to such prelates as attend Parliament. The corporations of Deans and Chapters, now thirty in number, are to be dissolved, with the exception of eight—those of Armagh, Down, Kerry, Tuam, Kilkenny, Limerick, Cork, and St. Patrick's, Dublin. The twelve minor corporations of vicars-choral and minor canons, whose object is the maintenance of choral services, would also be suppressed. The property of all cathedral corporations would be transferred to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to form a common fund for cathedral uses. The number of archdeacons, at present thirty-three, being considered excessive, the retention of two for each diocese is suggested as a fair complement. The duty of rearranging benefices would be imposed upon the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, with power to suspend any benefice in which the Church population is less than forty—the revenues of which are thereupon to vest in the Commissioners, and to raise the *ad valorem* tax in all livings of above £300 a year, where the Church population does not amount to 100 in number. Out of the funds and property thus acquired, and the revenue, amounting to £113,000 a year, already administered by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Church purposes, provision is to be made for the suitable augmentation of benefices which are inadequately endowed; but a wide discretion is to be given to the Commissioners in dealing with such cases. Proposals are submitted for defraying the expenses of ecclesiastical courts and registries, repaying building loans, leasing lands which belong to parochial clergy, empowering landowners to redeem the rent-charge liability, preventing ecclesiastical persons from alienating or encumbering their official incomes, and conferring on the bishops more summary powers of enforcing residence. The Board of Ecclesiastical Commissioners is to receive a larger infusion of the lay element, with the addition of two paid members nominated, one by the Crown, and the other by the Lord Primate.

ENGLAND:—Dr. Vaughan, the well known vicar of Doncaster, has been expressing his convictions on the subject of the future of the Church of England in language that has excited much attention. In a recent sermon he said:—

'So rapid has been the course of events in late years, and exceptionally so in this last year of all, that Church people, he felt sure, must prepare themselves for a speedy, a scarce-

ly gradual, demolition of all that had been distinctive in their national position. An eminent man, an excellent bishop, who had been laid in his grave two days before, had been wont to say, 'If I live ten years I shall be the last Bishop of Peterborough.'

It was more than probable, Dr. Vaughan said, that some of his younger hearers that evening might live not only to see what was called the Church of England thrown altogether upon voluntary offerings for its maintenance—in which case some of them might remember in old age the first collection made in their parish church for the repairs of its fabric, and the expenses of its services—but also that day when it would at least be an open, and, perhaps a doubtful question to whom should belong the churches themselves, and the glebe-houses; whether, indeed, there should be left to the Church of England, as we might still fondly call it, any vestige of the legal standing which had made her hitherto the calm shelter of her own children, the admiring wonder of foreigners, and the mark of obloquy or envy—as the case might be—to thousands of her domestic enemies. I am far from regarding this prospect (he said), be it far or near, with unmixed alarm or dismay. I have never believed that the 'Establishment,' as such, was Christ's Church in England, or that the withdrawal of the favour of the state would be putting out in our communion of the Divine Shekinah. It is not so much for the Church that I fear, for I firmly believe Christ's words, 'Lo, I am with you always;' but I do fear a little for the state when it ceases to have religion. I do fear something for the average tone of the religion in our cottages and in our palaces when there is no longer one form of worship which has upon it the stamp of pedigree and custom, when it is an evenly-balanced question with every man, and with every family, whither shall I go this Lord's day for God's worship—whither, or whether any whither? I fear that there will be more and more in many houses of a cold indifferent scepticism, a careless education, and a godless life. I fear that more and more may reach old age ignorant of the Saviour, and go to their graves without any sense and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life. For the church itself I fear not. In so far as the Church of England so called has had Christ in her and God with her, she is indestructible and immortal. In so far as she has trusted in outward advantage, and suffered herself in her priests or in her people to become sluggish, lukewarm, contemptuous, or virtually persecuting, so far let a change into adversity—God grant—reform her.'

Dr. Vaughan's fears may prove to have more foundation than supposed by many, if the reckless innovations which are becoming so common cannot or will not be checked. Nothing has ever equalled the boldness of the past month. At the Harvest Festival at St. James the Great, Haydock, the following offerings were presented to the priest at the altar:—A pig's head, decked out with flowers, corn, and berries; a large pat of butter, stamped with a lamb; a loaf of bread with A. M. + D. D. on the crust, two smaller pats of butter, several white and blue wax candles for use on the al-

tar, richly ornamented white silk chasuble, stole, and maniple; a loaf of bread stamped +, another loaf of bread, a splendid bouquet of flowers, a special offering in money, twelve fresh eggs in moss baskets. The processional hymn given out was "Pilgrims of the Night."

A number of other Harvest Thanksgiving services of an extravagant character, utterly opposed to the practice of the Church of England since the Reformation, have taken place. A clergyman writes from Brighton of the Rev. M. Purchas having appeared with outstretched wings. "Father Ignatius" and his monks have been appearing in numerous churches in the garb of their order. But perhaps worst of all, in All Saints' Church, Lambeth, on the eve of the day celebrated as the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, a long procession, thoroughly Romish, was formed, and a hymn sung to the Virgin, in which the following blasphemies were repeated:—

"Ave! Lady, full of grace,
Mother of salvation!
This her natal-day, who came,
Sun of Justice bringing,
Praise her work and love her name,
Render'g God thanksgiving.

"Fairest Pearl of Time's broad sea,
Brightest Star of even,
More and better love we Thee,
Queen of Earth and Heaven!
Lead Thou to Thy Son and God,
Drear the way before us;
He Himself that path hath trod,
And His Love is o'er us.

"Intercede, when sin is strong,
Christ thy voice is heeding:"

If the bishops have no power to hinder such thorough Romanism as this, Dr. Vaughan's prophecies are too likely to be fulfilled. "A layman" writes to the *Times*, urging that some authoritative court of laymen as well as clergy should be established to control departures from the doctrines and order of the church. In the present position, it would be probably impossible to carry any such measure. But the Church of England needs men of wisdom, and decision, and comprehensive measures, if she is to be preserved from the utter confusion which the Ritualists—many of them, it is likely, disguised Romanists—are introducing.

SYRIA:—There was a general examination of all the British-Syrian schools during the month of July. That of the normal training school occupied the three days of the 7th, 8th, and 9th July, and excited great interest among the natives. On the last day there were above 1,180 visitors, among whom were the pasha of Beirut, the mufti, and many other Moslems, and also his excellency Franco Pasha, the new governor general of the Lebanon. The examination was in Arabic, English and French, in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, grammar, history, geography, arithmetic,

the piano, singing, &c, while the modest self-possessed manner of the girls gave much satisfaction. The mufti, in a long address, said, "With the schools has begun the regeneration of Syria." Indeed the Moslems were so pleased that they begged Mrs. Thompson to have a special private examination for the benefit of the Mahomedan ladies, which was accordingly arranged for the following Thursday. The premises were cleared of all the men, two black eunuchs were stationed at the gate to keep guard. The ladies arrived, closely shrouded in white sheets, or izars, which, on laying aside, disclosed the richest diamond ornaments. They sat for three hours listening with the greatest interest, and were very unwilling to leave at the appointed time. They were charmed to see and hear their children and young relatives, and several expressed a desire to come here as boarders, provided we had private rooms.

"Since I was in Beirut eight years ago I have not witnessed anything like what I have now seen here in regard to the growth of education and the spread of knowledge. Therefore, my admiration is great in regard to what I have seen in this useful school, touching the success of the daughters of Syria in languages, sciences, morality, by the care of the honourable head, Mrs. Bowen Thompson. Therefore I offer to her my hearty thanks for the care she has taken to spread education in the right direction—teaching the children of all sects without distinction; and I have been pleased in that I have seen them brought up in unity and love: and as these young girls must one day be mothers, they will, without doubt, impart to their children these same good principles. Hence unity and civilization will become general, under the shadow of the rule of his majesty the sultan.

"I feel especially obliged to Mrs. Thompson for her desire to teach Arabic education in Arabic, which is their native language. I know this school will be very valuable to Syria, and I congratulate Beirut for having it.

(Signed) "NCSRI FRANCO.

"Governor General of the Lebanon

"July 14, 1868."

The Blind School was commenced in February last by a brother-in-law of Mrs. Thompson, who was deeply affected by the forlorn condition of the blind, who are very numerous in Syria. A small room was hired, and the master of our boy's school charged each of his pupils to bring one blind person, so that a goodly number was soon collected.

There are about twenty-seven pupils, and a similar school has been opened at Damascus, where Mr. Mott proposes to introduce the Scriptures in Hebrew for the benefit of the blind Jews. The examination of the blind school excited the greatest interest and astonishment, and many eyes were filled with tears.

The Girl's School at Damascus, which was commenced at the urgent petition of a large number of Jews, Greeks, Turks, and even some Roman Catholics, was opened in May, in a small hired house. On the 10th of June Mrs. Thompson writes:—"The school already numbers above fifty children of the most respectable families, Jews and Greeks. The former:

preponderate. Our house and our forces will not enable us to take more than sixty, and indeed this is ample for the commencement. The Jewish community is the most alive to the necessity of shaking off the lethargy of ages. Every morning several Jewish ladies make their appearance, sometimes at sunrise, bringing their daughters with them; and they lament their own inability to profit by these advantages. One of these mothers made many inquiries as to our religious views—pictures, images, saints, &c.—and finished by saying, 'If your school here is to be like that at Beriut, I promise you twenty children of my own connections: and, indeed,' she added, 'you may have all our Jewish children.' Several Turkish gentlemen also have asked me whether I would receive the Mahomedan girls, and were delighted when assured it was open to all.'

CAR FESTIVALS OF JUGGERNAUT AND SERAMPORE.

The season in Bengal has been exceptional. Rain somewhat sooner than usual, and falling in such torrents that, in a fortnight, we had nearly half the supply that is usually received during the four months of the monsoon. *In-geminant Austri densissimus imber*. This weather has been succeeded by bright sunshine and intense steamy heat. This is good for the crops, but it is unpleasant and unhealthy.

But, whether it be rain or sunshine, the pilgrimage to the great temple of Jagannath (Juggernaut), in Orissa, seems to be little affected. The crowd at Pooree seems to be as great as ever: so much so, that the government recently issued a proclamation that all the accommodation was taken up, and that no more pilgrims could safely go on. "Too late," says the *Hindoo Patriot*: "why has government delayed till the eleventh hour?" Perhaps the criticism is just. At all events a somewhat bolder policy in reference to pilgrimages would receive the hearty support of a large portion of the native press. The action of government should be both earlier and more decided. Where it now advises, it should command. To allow overcrowding at Pooree is to allow a fearful amount of evil and of suffering. For one thing, cholera is certain to break out; it always does on such occasions. The public papers, moreover, tell us that a sudden inundation of the Rup-narayan river has swept away five hundred of these poor wayfarers. Unspeakable are the woes connected with the visit to this "Lord of the world." I find respectable men in Calcutta are in the greatest alarm, as the festival approaches, lest their female relatives be decoyed away by the wretched *Pundas*, who go proclaiming the glory of Jagannath, and the merit of visiting his shrine. The women may be robbed, and worse; they may never come back—multitudes never do; and, altogether, this hideous pilgrimage is felt by many of the better informed to be an unmitigated curse. But the mass, and especially the women—remain as of old, "mad upon their idols." The men, however, and even enlightened men, are largely to blame. The gross ignorance of the women is chargeable on them.

And then, the seclusion in which the females are generally kept makes them long for such an escape as a journey to Pooree affords. The caged bird will fly away whenever the prison door is open; and who need wonder if it never come back.

The *Rath-jatra* (car festival) is not confined to Pooree. I went up to see it at Serampore, where it is celebrated with considerable pomp. A few years ago several men were crushed to death under the wheels of the idol's car: whether by accident or design it was impossible to say. The government, since then, has redoubled its vigilance, and some English policemen were in the thickest of the crowd. There is just this evil connected with the arrangement. The natives may believe their presence to be an evidence that government sanctions all that is done. Still, one could not recommend that they be withdrawn.

I need not trouble you with a minute description of a ceremony, singularly meaningless and with no very distinctive features. There were two enormous tower-like cars, fifty feet high, I should judge, each resting on four and twenty wheels; and when the idol and his two companions had been hoisted up to the highest tier, the enormous ropes were pulled by hundreds of rabble—certainly no respectably-dressed man put his hand to the rope—and with a sound like growly thunder, the small wheels slowly revolved, and the huge machine moved on, amid shouts of *Hurree bol, Hurree bol*. Hymns were sung in praise of the idol, by companies here and there. There was some dancing, also, though not much.

Were I to judge from what I saw, I should think that the glory of the Jagannath, in this part of India, is on the wane. Deep earnestness, or religious excitement, such as I have often seen, both among Hindus and Mussulmans, I could not trace at all. The singers sang with little spirit; the dancers laughed as they capered about, and I thought they were quizzing each other's movements. I conversed with a good many people (the noise was too great to allow of preaching), but they rather hung their heads, after a few remarks and questions in reference to their god. Several agents from various societies—both Europeans and natives—were present, distributing tracts: and these were eagerly taken.

One thing saddened me a good deal. I met several educated young men from Calcutta, whom I knew to be active members of a literary society here. They were so far taking part in the ceremonies: and one of them had composed one of the hymns sung that day in praise of Jagannath. I tried to show them that this was wrong; but my arguments did not convince. "Some of you poets," said they, "write hymns in celebration of the gods of Greece and Rome, without believing in them: why may not we do so in praise of Jagannath, though we have lost all faith in him?" When they found that the analogy broke down, they pleaded that as the owner of the car was a special friend, and had sent them a special invitation, they could not refuse to come; politeness compelled attendance.

Now, this is one of the most melancholy characteristics of Calcutta, that, although a

vast number of the higher and middle ranks have discarded all belief in Hinduism, not one in ten, nor one in twenty, will bear witness against it. They say that things will right themselves in time; meanwhile, they comply with idolatrous observances, whenever their omission would expose them to remark on the part of their relatives and friends. All honour, then, to those who come out and are separate, joining the Church of Christ. Honour, also, to those—chiefly members of the Brahma Samaj,—who act up to their light, and refuse to countenance idolatrous rites. Very sharp are the criticisms which I hear passed by many educated natives on the leaders of the Brahma Samaj, but the latter, at all events, are speaking out and to some extent acting out, their convictions. The abominations in which they have ceased to believe, they publicly denounce; and freely take the consequences. Therefore do I honour them, notwithstanding their shortcomings.—*Christian Work.*

JEWISH MISSION.

ABYSSINIA.

We present our readers this month with the first part of Mr. Staiger's report of his labours and sufferings in Abyssinia, which, we doubt not, will be perused by all of them with the deepest sympathy, and, we trust, will lead many of them to take a greater interest in the missionaries, and in the cause for which they have suffered so much and so patiently.

REPORT OF W. STAIGER TO THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

"In trying to give a report of our last trials and experiences, I cannot begin but with the expression of the Psalmist (ix. 1,) 'I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all Thy marvellous works.' The Lord has done great things, whereof we are glad. He has turned our captivity; He has delivered us out of the lion's den; indeed, I am like them that dream. He has done for me things which I never thought to be possible. There is no doubt our final release is the consequence of the earnest prayers and supplications of many of His children; and we cannot but humble ourselves before the throne of grace and thank Him for all his mercies which he has bestowed upon us.

"It is already more than six years since Mr. Brandeis and myself went to Abyssinia, in order to proclaim the blessed Gospel of our Lord amongst the Jews or Falashas there. We had apparently, though a heavy task—united with great and manifold difficulties—yet a hopeful and promising work before us. We had soon overcome the greatest difficulties of the language, and began our work at Darna with the trust in God, to whose help and succour we entirely adhered. We found open doors and open hearts amongst the Falashas, and the Lord blessed our work beyond all expectations. We scarcely spent a year amongst them when 23 inquirers came to us for instruction, really anxious to find the way of salvation. We visited the Falashas in their villages, and they came to us to our house, where we had the most interesting conversations with them. Every Sunday

afternoon we had divine service in the Amharic language, which was for the most part well attended by Falashas as well as by Christians. We had schools at different places, all prospering and greatly promising, when the first stroke came upon us like a flash of lightning from the clear firmament. Although we were not without some anticipation that a thunderstorm would sooner or later come upon us, still, when it came, so suddenly and so terribly, it found us quite unprepared. We were quite mistaken in the King, as we never thought him capable of what he has done. I myself would never have believed that he would ill-treat the person of a European; but only too soon had we to learn that neither the native nor the stranger was sacred in his eyes. Mr. Stern, missionary of the London Jewish Society, was cruelly ill-treated, after some papers of Mr. Stern's, Mr. Rosenthal's, and Mr. Flad's were found, which spoke not very favourably of his cruelty; and besides, as he was never a great friend of the mission and missionaries in general, he used the opportunity, and chained us too, no doubt, merely for the purpose of putting a stop to our work, the progress of which created suspicion and hatred in him. We were brought to Gondar in chains; all our property was confiscated and our books and papers strictly examined whether they contained anything unfavourable to him; but when he found no evidence against us, we were set free again, and even allowed to continue our mission amongst the Falashas. We went back to our station, which we had to remove from Darna to Genda by especial order of the King. We had scarcely arrived there, and made arrangements to rebuild our houses at Genda, when another order of the King came, which summoned me to come at once to Gondar to the camp. I was rather courteously received by the King; but a few days afterwards, when Consul Cameron asked leave from the King to go down to Massowah, according to the memorandum he had received from the Government, he was at once put in chains, and we who were with him in the camp also, because we were looked at as enjoying British protection. Our prison was a tent within an enclosure, and surrounded, especially during the night, by about 200 soldiers. We were two and two chained together to a soldier, and in this position we had to remain for one month, when, by the intercession of our brethren and friends who were in the King's service and in favour, we were released; whilst the Consul Cameron, Messrs. Stern, and Rosenthal, and those who were in Consul Cameron's service, remained in chains. We were sent by order of the King to Gaffat, and ordered to remain there until the differences between the King and the British Government were settled. Thereby our mission was stopped and actually destroyed, as no Falashas live in Bagemeder, in to which province Gaffat lies. We had of course to obey that command, as the King could never bear hear remonstrances or objections. We remained there for more than two years, and spent our time chiefly in instructing the children of the Europeans and Abyssinians living at Gaffat. At the same time we visited those of our proselytes who followed us from Dembea. We had during our stay at Gaffat six of them baptised;

the rest were scattered and driven about when Dembea, in which province Darna was lying, was plundered and destroyed by the King. Some of them joined the Jews at Onara, whither they fled; others died from starvation, to which they were exposed by the havoc the King and his army committed there. By-and-by we became more and more convinced that our expectations, which we, at the beginning of our trials, still entertained regarding our mission and situation, were hopeless for the present, and asked, therefore, Mr. Rassam, when he came to Abyssinia in the year 1866—sent by her Majesty the Queen, in order to release Consul Cameron and the other prisoners—to speak to the King in our behalf, that we might be allowed to leave Abyssinia. Mr. Rassam, according to our wishes, asked the King to allow us to depart from Abyssinia together with the other prisoners, to which he willingly consented. We therefore joined them at Korata, where we had to stay a few weeks, together with the embassy, until we got permission from the King himself to depart. This happened on the 13th of April, 1866, when we were formally dismissed; even a kind of an escort was given to us, who had to bring us in safety to the frontier. Everything seemed to us right, and we flattered ourselves with the idea that the King most probably was rather glad to get out of the dangerous net in which he had entangled himself. We had not the slightest anticipation that all the kindness and friendliness which he showed to us in words as well as in deeds were only a pretence, and the introduction to the most cunning treachery, which only a reckless and worthless African despot is able to execute. After we were dismissed by the King, we started from Korata on the road to Matama on the morning of April the 13th; whilst Mr. Rassam, Mr. Prideaux, and Dr. Blanc, together with the King's workmen, were summoned to come to Segie, where he pretended he would personally take leave of the embassy. The latter no sooner arrived there than they were arrested in the most brutal manner for not having brought us to him before we left, in order that he might have given us a proof of his being reconciled. We were scarcely two hours away from Karota when we were directed to some houses in order to rest there. The King's officer who was with us, told, in order to remove all suspicion, that we should have to stay there for the night, and that we had made such a small march because it was the first day, as the Abyssinians do not like to travel far the first day, if they start for a long journey. Even then we were still without suspicion, when at once we were summoned to a house in order to hear a letter from the King, which they said, had just arrived. When we came into the house, it was a dark black hole, and we at once knew what the King's news were. We were placed in a circle, and a soldier behind every one, who were ordered at once to take hold of us. In the darkest place of the very dark house we recognized a person sitting upon an alga (bedstead). It was an officer, the bearer of the King's letter, but not just arrived, as it was said, but two days before we started from Karata, with the letter in his pocket. After he had given some secret orders he at length moved to read the unhappy epistle. It

was directed to the officer of our escort, and its contents were the following: 'I am angry with Mr. Rassam because he wanted to take out of my country those people with whom I was angry before we were reconciled: seize them and bring them to me.' So we were put in chains again and brought back to Segie to the King's camp. Before we arrived there, however, we had to stay one night at Korata. There we were put in a house where they had first to remove four sick persons before we found place. Besides, the house was filled with red pepper—a quantity of which they had just burnt for certain purposes, and the smoke of which was insupportable. The ladies and the children began to cry, but there was no remedy, as we were prisoners and could not leave the room, so we had just to remain until the smoke disappeared. From there we were conveyed the next day to Segie by means of small boats made of bulrushes, which are used on the Zana Lake. In about six hours we crossed the lake, as it is not very broad at that place. When we arrived at Segie we were brought within a fence, which had been made for the very purpose some weeks before, to be a prison for the Europeans. All our luggage was brought before the King, and before his eyes all was searched through, and the most valuable things—viz., money, gold and silver ornaments and curiosities, which we intended to take to Europe—he took away and distributed amongst his soldiers; the rest of our property was restored to us. When our boxes were brought before him, and he saw all we had, he was rather dissatisfied and disappointed that he obtained so little loot. He said, 'These missionaries are all beggars; they have nothing but books.' He seems to have forgotten that he had plundered us already two times before—once at Darna and once at Gondar. He was more pleased with the booty he made with Mr. Rassam, Dr. Blanc, and Mr. Prideaux. He promised to give back again the money, which he, however, never fulfilled. Mr. Rassam was kind enough to restore to us the money which the King took; so our loss at that time was not so considerable as it was before and afterwards. The day after our arrival at Segie we were brought before a large assembly, the King being plaintiff and chief justice at the same time. Our affair was brought before them. Consul Cameron was charged for not having brought an answer to his letter which he sent by him to Her Majesty the Queen, &c.; Messrs. Stern and Roser that, that they had abused him. Against us he said he had nothing, but we were found with the others; 'besides, it is my opinion,' he said, 'that all white people are bad. Of course that was reason enough to chain them.' The King then proved again that he was a descendant of Solomon and Menelek, whom the Abyssinians say was a son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; thereby he wanted to prove that he was not the son of a poor woman, as Mr. Stern said in his book, but rather the son of the wisest and mightiest king who ever lived. Of course he found very little contradiction in that, as no one dared say it was not so, else he would have had to pay for it with his life; and so he remained the undisputed descendant of Solomon although even his flatterers and admirers got in-

to confusion when they read the genealogy, and found it impossible to carry the linedown to him. But here it was just as our German proverb says, 'Wo Gewalt Recht hat, hat Recht keine Gewalt.' The verdict was passed that he was right and we were wrong; and so we were sent back to our prison, after Captain Cameron and Mons. Bardel were released from their chains."

PUBLIC AID TO COLLEGES.

The following letter appears in the *Hamilton Spectator*.

HAMILTON, October 18, 1868.

To the Editor of the *Spectator*.

SIR,—Though the Government last Parliament enunciated a new course of action with reference to Colleges, we can hardly conceive it possible that all public aid is to be withdrawn from those institutions. Surely the Ministry will strive in some degree to rule the country for the country's good. And in government, as in other things, the lamp of experience is a valuable light upon our pathway. What would have been our condition to-day if we had always been shut up to Toronto University, in the various stages of its development, and the various phases of its career? Would the country have had one-third of its present number of educated men? Verily not. We can readily enough hear the cry, "Oh! these other institutions have flooded the country with fourth or possibly half-made graduates; but we do the thorough work at Toronto." The success of the sons of the various Colleges in their respective spheres of labour, and the honours won by them at home and abroad, must answer this boastful assertion of superiority. It is likely University College misses the grand end of education in some men, as well as the other Colleges. And of this there can be no doubt, that the country is at least as much indebted to the others as to that in Toronto. The estimate and wishes of the people are readily enough seen, in the fact that in the face of all the inducements of the Toronto Scholarships, the other Colleges get something to do; aye, educate the great majority of the young men of the country. Now if the people demand aid for all these Colleges, upon an impartial system, why should they not have it? What can create a right in such a matter quicker than the demand of the people? Why bring in the question of denominational or non-denominational at all? What has that to do with the matter? If the people demand a law aiding all Colleges of a certain standard, upon an impartial basis, why should they not have it? Who is above the whole country in this matter? Is the city of Toronto? Verily you would think so. Is the keeping of Toronto University as it is of more value than the educational interests of this rising Province? Verily you would think so. Could we not have a law that would be equal and just to all? And then, having such a law, would a man be outlawed because he was a Presbyterian or a Roman Catholic? Would a College be outlawed with regard to it because it was Wesleyan or Episcopalian? The duty of the Government, it seems to your humble correspondent, is plain enough. Surely the whole Province should not be ruled

in the interest of one city or of one University. Give us fair play. Whether we have a system of one bona-fide University for the whole country—which we now by no means have—or of several co-ordinate Universities, let there be a liberal measure for the support of the Colleges that the Government standard can allow, and that are doing the work of education for the people.

ONTARIO.

PRAYER THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

From the 3d to the 10th of January, 1869, a week of prayer is besought, under the authority of the Evangelical Alliance, over the whole world. The following is the evangelical edict with the signatures attached;—

BLOVED BRETHREN IN CHRIST OF EVERY LAND—In prospect of the coming New Year and mindful of the great blessings graciously vouchsafed by God, in answer to the united supplications of His people, the Evangelical Alliance cordially renew their invitation to Christians throughout the world to observe a Week of Prayer in January next.

Very gratifying reports have been received of the observance of this annual week of prayer in different distant countries, still there is reason to know that in many towns and cities of our own and foreign lands Christians have not in this way been brought into sympathy with the universal Church of Christ. The Evangelical Alliance, therefore, desirous of manifesting the union of all true Christians, and of extending the benefits which in various ways have attended these annual assemblies for united prayer, affectionately call upon the children of God everywhere to take counsel and to make arrangements for observing it in their respective localities. The Alliance feel assured that thereby the hearts of Christians will be refreshed and the hands of those brethren strengthened who in other places at home and abroad plead before God for the gifts of His grace and the outstretching of his arm to bless His church and convert a perishing world.

Fellow Christians! Let us, with one accord, if spared to see the commencement of a new year, encircle the world with our faithful, fervent and united prayers. Let us then gather around the throne of our Heavenly Father, forgetful of our differences of language, nation, and ecclesiastical system. Let us plead in the name of our one Lord Redeemer and Intercessor, for blessings which the circumstances of our times show to be most needful, urgent and important.

If two of you agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

The following topics, among others, are suggested as suitable for exhortation and intercession on the successive days of meeting:—

SUNDAY, JAN. 3.—Sermons—Subject: The intercession of the "High Priest over the House of God" the motive and model of united prayer. Heb. x. 19-22.

MONDAY, JAN. 4.—Confession of Sin, and Thanksgiving for special and general mercies during the past year to nations, churches and families.

TUESDAY, Jan. 5.—Nations: for their temporal and spiritual prosperity; edifying intercourse and the maintenance of peace; for increased openings for the Gospel; for the removal of social evils; for the better observance of the Lord's Day, and for kings and all in authority.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 6.—Families: for children of Christian parents; for a blessing on home influence; for all seminaries of Christian learning—universities, colleges and schools; for Sunday schools and private instruction; for our youth abroad: and for a blessing on Christian literature.

THURSDAY, Jan. 7.—The Church: for more knowledge of God's Work and increase of spiritual life; for sound and faithful preaching adapted to rich and poor; growing love to Christ; a more earnest love to Christians of varied name and of all nations, and for the sending forth of more labourers into the harvest.

FRIDAY, Jan. 8.—Missions: for the conversion of the heathen and Mohammedans; for the growth of missionary zeal; for the removal of hindrances to preaching the Gospel among all nations; for recent converts, and for all who are suffering persecution for the truth.

SATURDAY, Jan. 9.—General: for the conversion of Israel; for circulation of the Holy Scriptures; for Christian and philanthropic societies, and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Christians and Christian churches throughout the world.

SUNDAY, Jan. 10.—Sermons—Subject: the duty of the Christian Church in relation to the religious wants of the world.

A. G. BURROWS,
JAMES DAVIS,
HERMANN SCHMETTAU, Ph. D.,
Secretaries of the British Branch of the Evangelical Alliance.

WILLIAM E. DODGE,
H. B. SMITH, D.D.,
President and Chairman of Executive Committee of the American Branch.

GUILLAUME MONOD,
GEORGE FISCH, D.D.,
President and Secretary of the French Branch.

HERMANN MESSNER,
Secretary of the German Branch.
LEONARD ANET,
CLEMENT DE FAYE,
President and Secretary of the Brussels Committee.

VAN WASENAERQ VAN CATWIJCK
J. W. VAN LOON,
M. COHEN STUART,
President, Vice President and Secretary of Dutch Conference Committee of the Evangelical Alliance.

A. CAPADOSE, M.D.,
President of the Netherland Protestant Society.
J. ADRIEN NAVILLE,
T. MEYLAN,
President and Vice President of the Geneva Committee.

JOHANN C. BERGER,
Secretary of the Swedish Branch.
FRELING MIDLINGEN,
EDWIN E. BLISS,
Chairman and Secretary of the Turkish Branch.

Articles Selected.

ALDA'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS. IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.



AT the foot of the Mount Pirchiriano, some three kilometres' distance from Susa, there stood, two centuries ago, the finest water-mill in Piedmont, belonging to one Jean Iserau, a wealthy man, who loved himself first, his daughter Verena second, and his neighbours according to the grist they brought to his mill.

His father had been a wealthy miller before him, and left his business and his riches to his only son. As long as the oldest inhabitants in the valley could recollect, there had not been a single day that the mill had been idle, or the wheel ceased its labour. The sound of the mill-stream had become more familiar than the song of birds, and the face of Jean Iserau was as well known as the face of the sun itself.

The miller was neither a fanatic nor a bigot in his own religion. The heretic's corn must be ground, as well as that of the monks above, in the grim monastery on the summit of the mountain. And this bleak afternoon, in January, 1655, the miller stood gloomy and abstracted at the door of his house, as one Garcino, a rich

tanner from Turin, poured into his ears the unwelcome tidings, that an edict had suddenly been promulgated in the town, requiring all Protestants to remove within three days, on pain of death, from the chief valleys of Piedmont.

This news did not please Jean Iserau. The heretics were honest and true in their dealings with him, and paid him well. At least one-fifth of his yearly profits must fall with their fall. He was a far-sighted man, too, this miller, and he could foresee a struggle bloody and long, war and all its attendant horrors, and not the least in his eyes, the destruction of property and lands, and laying waste of young corn-fields.

"What wilt thou do with thy brave son-in-law-to-be?" asked Garcino, as his eye rested with a newly-quickenened interest on the figure of a girl seated on a hewn chestnut-tree, opposite the mill-wheel, but who had remained so wholly absorbed in the perusal of her book, she had not noticed his arrival. "Which will David give up, think you, his religion or his love?"

"Tut, tut, man! you have an eye yourself on the main chance," laughed the miller, uneasily. "Things may not be so bad, after all, as you would wish me to believe. David is an honest lad. I do not believe they would hurt one hair of his head, even if they had the power. Why,

the monks themselves above in the monastery have been anxious to bring about this match;" and the miller pointed upward to the gloomy building on the overhanging cliffs.

"Ay, ay, I dare say; men snare foxes often, when it is unsafe to kill them in broad daylight."

"Thou hast the cunning of the fox thyself, Garcino," replied the miller, angrily, and turned away into his mill.

Garcino moved down the garden-path towards the spot where Verena still remained seated, wholly intent upon her book. His face was angry and dark, too, as the miller's; but he put on a smiling countenance as he approached nearer.

"Good evening, Verena."

The girl started up, screamed slightly, and dropped the book upon the grass.

"Ah! you frightened me, Garcino; you should not have stolen upon me thus." She stooped and picked up the fallen book, pushing aside the hand that would have assisted her, then reseated herself distantly, and resumed her reading.

"You are cold this evening, Verena."

"Yes; the air is growing chilly." She drew her crimson shawl carelessly over her shoulder, but did not look up.

"I mean that your manner is cold."

"I cannot help it if it is," she replied, with something of the impatience of a worried child, who is interrupted in its favourite amusement. "If you have anything particular to say to me, cannot you say it at once and have done?"

"I have something particular to tell you, Verena, and a question which I would ask you."

"Not the old question," she answered, with an almost deprecating sincerity; then suddenly perceiving, as she looked up, a kind of gloomy triumph lurking in Garcino's manner, she continued with more excitement,— "Tell me quickly what you have to say. If your news and your question are to prove disagreeable to me, which I guess from your manner they are, the sooner they are heard and answered the better."

"Good—you shall have neither my news nor my question, my haughty young damsel," replied Garcino, with a sudden burst of anger. "You will learn them from dearer lips than mine, no doubt, before the day is over: but the news will be none the sweeter." And Garcino passed out through the garden-gate into the road.

For a few moments after his departure, Verena remained abstracted in thought, with her eyes fixed on a crimson gash in the grey sky, which looked as if a bloody sword had ripped it open; then she turned to her book again, and resumed the narrative which had previously entranced her imaginative mind.

Meantime the rift in the sky became wider and broader; and the sunset glow deepened on all around her. When next the girl looked up from her book, with a blush of triumphant joy over its conclusion, the distant Alps seemed to have caught her rosy enthusiasm. The naked stems of the chestnut-trees were like pillars of ruddy gold, and the mill-wheel revolving in tawny grandeur opposite, seemed to cast at her feet votive offerings of rubies and garnets.

"Oh! would that I could excel even St. Alda, the beautiful St. Alda, in purity and faith!" cried Verena, with a zealous clasping of the hands. "Would that God might choose me out as a favoured servant and saint!" She would have cast herself upon her knees in her enthusiasm, but that there was again a step upon the garden-pathway. This time a well-known step, and looking round, Verena saw David Barolo, her betrothed, coming towards her up the vine-walk.

An almost imperceptible shadow of pain and hesitation crossed her face for a moment, and then laying her book on the grass beside her, she rose to meet him.

But it was no shadow of pain which clouded David's face this evening, as taking both Verena's hands in his he drew her to him. It was the very substance of pain itself, the very essence of suffering, which darkened everything around him, and made this meeting with his best-beloved a martyrdom in itself. There was hesitation on his face, too, but the hesitation only of a manly heart, which shrinks from inflicting the pain it feels itself on one weaker or less able to endure it.

"Verena," he said, drawing her arm in his, and leading her towards the same spot where she had been previously seated: "let us sit down here and talk for a while before we go into the house."

"Yes, David," she replied, with a quick sympathy, "we will sit down here, and I will talk and you must rest, for you look pale and tired."

"I am tired of life, Verena, and of its many crosses," he replied, gloomily; "and yet," he added, after a pause, "we read that the good soldier must endure to the end."

"Why, you are not going to turn soldier, are you?" asked Verena, with emotion, striving to guess also at the cause of his sudden discomfiture.

"No, my dearest, I was only quoting a text from the good old Book, the best Book, Verena, that ever was written—the best and truest, because it was written by God himself."

Verena was silent: she was generally silent when David spoke of this book—which was a seal one to her; but she tried to look the sympathy she felt for his evident distress.

"Oh, Verena!" he cried, passionately, as if his grief had burst loose from the constraint he had hitherto maintained; and rare tears rushed into his eyes. "Do not look at me so sorrowfully; why does God visit with his harshest trials those who love him best? why were we not reared in the same faith—baptised into the one Church, that we might be blessed and happy in it now together?"

Verena trembled at this sudden and fierce appeal; and her face became as white as the hand which rested still in David's grasp. At length she answered, hesitatingly—

"If I knew what troubled you, David, I could answer you better; if it is the difference in our faith, is not the Church always open to receive those who wish to enter it?"

David looked away as Verena spoke; he was ashamed of the tears which clouded his eyes, and yet which could not blot out the pleading purity of her expression.

"You are the most innocent Eve that ever

sought to ruin man," he said, with a curious gentleness of voice. "But, Verena, though at this moment it is difficult to feel it, I know that my faith is even stronger within me than the love I have for you. It is the proof alone which can test its true value; and that proof I must give to my God this evening, when I say farewell to you *for ever*."

"For ever, David!—no, not for ever! Why, David, what have I done? what have I ever said?"

Here Verena's question ended in a solemn sob.

"You have said nothing my love—my heart's darling. It is the decree of Fate—the decree of the government—and I must accept it also as the decree of my God. An edict has been published in the town, and all over the country this morning, that within three days every Protestant, of whatever rank or degree, must quit his home and lands, and retire over the Alps, into certain valleys appointed as places of safety, from the sword and vengeance which in all districts are to follow him, even to death."

"They will not—they cannot carry such an edict into effect: they have not the power!" cried Verena, indignantly.

"They have the power, and the will, and the determination. The government, for the hundredth time, is bent on our destruction and extermination. Why otherwise have they chosen a time when the valleys are flooded with waters and the snow lies thickly on the hills? why else do they hunt us into a poor patch of country already overburdened? I tell you, Verena, your kind heart will bleed yet for the sufferings of our Protestant martyrs; and this parting of ours must not be for once, but for ever!"

David's voice had trembled so, he could scarcely bring his explanation to a conclusion; but now, the moan of pain which burst from the lips of his betrothed, filled him with a sense of shame for his own weakness.

"David—David!" she cried, piteously, "it is my fault—this sudden separation is my fault. Day and night have I not prayed to my God that I might love him always better than any one else—better even than you, my David. I prayed not an hour ago that he would make me a chosen saint and servant; and now, he whom alone I could love better is taken suddenly from me."

Verena could get no further. She leaned her head against David's shoulder, while with her hand she nervously plucked the bark from the stem of the fallen tree on which she was seated.

"Hush, my Verena! we must not blame God for too quickly or too slowly answering our prayers. Some day, though long deferred, he may answer the prayer of my heart also."

"What is that prayer, David?"

"That the time may come, however distant, when your eyes, my Verena, shall be opened to the truth; and that casting yourself on Christ, and his sacrifice alone, you may throw off the false yoke that now oppresses you, and that we may become one in heart, and hope, and love. I have brought with me this evening a parting gift, Verena, which for my sake you must accept and value."

He drew a Testament from the pocket of his jerkin, and placed it in her hand.

"It is sin," moaned Verena, shudderingly, withdrawing her fingers from its cover.

"God knows, if it were sin, I would not ask you to touch it."

"I dare not."

"For my sake," pleaded David, hoarsely; "even for my sake. It is God's own book, it is truth itself."

At this moment there was a splash, and sudden circles of water broke the quiet repose of the mill-dam. Verena looked up, and became aware of Garcino's face peering above the garden-wall.

"He has seen me, David. I dare not—I dare not touch it!"

David looked up also, and recognised him who, for Verena's sake, he dreaded most in the world. He instantly resumed possession of the Testament he had offered to her. He was no coward, but he dared not risk by his own gift a life more precious to him than his own. Before, however, he replaced the volume in his jerkin, he tore a few pages from its cover, and folding them up, held them tightly in the palm of his closed hand.

Verena meantime had raised her own favourite book from the grass, where it had lain so long unnoticed, and looking up at David, she urged timidly that though she might not accept his gift, he would accept one from her, even this precious volume of "The Lives and Miracles of the Saints," her most treasured possession.

"May I not also pray for your conversion, my beloved?" she said, in a voice almost below a whisper, fearing she might cause more pain.

David smiled as he took the book from her hand—a kind, but incredulous smile. He saw the fear with which she had proffered it, and turned over a few of its pages, where strange woodcuts illustrated the wonderful miracles and stories which it related.

David stopped as he came to one which represented a girl throwing herself headlong from the summit of a precipitous rock.

"There—there!" cried Verena, excitedly, stopping his hand with hers, lest he should turn farther; "that is the story I read this evening—the story of the beautiful St. Alda, who, committing herself to the care of the blessed Virgin, threw herself from an enormous height into the valley beneath, and came down unharmed. It was into this very valley, David—where the crucifix stands by our chapel-wall—from that very rock above our heads, she cast herself down. Oh, David, you could not read that story, and remain incredulous in the pity and protection extended to us by the blessed Mother of our Lord. Read that book, David, when I am far from you; and may she whose love and power it extols, turn your heart to accept the truth."

"And Pilate said unto him, What is truth?" murmured David, sorrowfully, as he looked into Verena's face. "Christ is truth, my Verena; 'there is none other name under heaven given amongst men, whereby we must be saved,' and pressing the pages torn from the Testament into the hand of his betrothed, he took his last farewell.

Verena watched his departure with a sick faintness, which rendered her steps uncertain

and slow; but presently she turned towards the house. The sunset glow still rested on the distant Alps, the trees, and the slowly-turning mill-wheel; but the thoughts within the young heart were changed. Fear now reigned paramount, and the pictures fancy but awhile ago had suggested, were changed also.

The distant hills were flushed with vengeance, the chestnut-stems were flaming stakes, and the wheel was the martyr's wheel, from which dropped goutts of blood into the gloomy tank beneath.

Verena placed the forbidden pages in her bosom, and going within the mill, sank like a stone upon the ground.

PART II.

The unhappy prediction of David Barolo came to pass; within a few weeks of their parting, a merciless persecution, unequalled in its cruelties, overtook the poor fugitives from the valleys, and Verena's kind heart had to bleed in silence for the sufferings of Protestant martyrs. Bigotry, like another Moloch, was lifted up in the land, and slew its hundreds; and in the quiet of Verena's country life these human sacrifices assumed an overpowering horror, affecting her spirits, and even the tone of her mind.

The early spring came round, with its budding leaves and opening blossoms, but Verena scarcely ever ventured outside the precincts of her father's garden: she fancied, foolishly, that she could hear in the valley the shrieks of flying women, or the wailing of mothers over their slaughtered children. She had worse fancies than these, but she dared not frame them to her mind lest her reason might slip from her hold.

Her sleep, too, was broken, and her rest was gone from her. Night after night, unable to find repose in her bed, she rose and paced her room, or sat by the window which overlooked the mill-dam, chilly and comfortless in the moonlight. Away, away, to the distant Alps, on whose cold slopes she knew there were motionless forms lying by the hundred. David's father she had heard (on whose knee she had sat so often and listened to his pleasant flow of genial words), was already numbered amongst the ghastly multitude. What must David have suffered ere he watched the spirit go out, whose calm, steady light had been his guide since childhood! Would not a bitter vindictiveness fill his breast against all her creed, which must in time extend even to herself? Then, turning from the window, Verena would cast herself upon her knees before the crucifix at the foot of her bed, and plead with an erring devotion for the suffering flock, which were being driven to and from amongst the mountains.

But day by day, instead of the persecution drawing to a close, their horrors increased. Verena heard how, in one small village among the hills, more than a hundred women and innocent children had been massacred.

Verena's spirit, pure, loving, and pitiful, but devotional even to fanaticism, was like a bird in a storm—the mere plaything of the wind. She could not listen to these recitals of wild cruelty and excess without shudderings of heart: but, on the other hand, she might not listen to the rebellious thoughts which arose in

her bosom against the authors and perpetrator of these cruelties. She drifted she knew not whither.

Her priests, too, and spiritual directors, who but a few months ago had sought to lure her lover to their fold, now denounced him and his religion in words so bitter and vengeful, that Verena, returning slowly from her confessional, felt that, if she would gain heaven, she must lay this deep love she felt for David, on the very threshold of her upward path.

She began to tremble now for her own power of endurance. Her mind as well as her body was growing weak. There were moments when she could scarcely trust her reason or her sight. When she sat in the garden for rest, the clouds overhead took strange and fanciful shapes, and of a stricken multitude, which filled her heart with gloomy suggestions. If she sought to read the words presented no meaning to her mind.

Once, with a strange impulse, she took the pages of the Testament David had given her from her bosom. She believed in tests; she would try if they could give her back her mental vigour: but no, they were meaningless as the rest. And was not this a sin—this gift of David's—a sin she was hiding in her bosom? She would test truth again; she would cast out this sin, this last relic of a forbidden love; never.

She crumpled up the pages and cast them into the mill-dam. Suddenly—yes, this time the test had triumphed—the words which when read a moment before carried no sense to the vacant mind, rose up now from the tank at her feet, and appeared as if printed in letters of fire on the water, "There is none other name underneath given among men whereby we must be saved, a text from the forbidden book, the last words uttered in her ear by David.

Verena pressed her hands over her eyes to shut out their meaning, but the words were written within on her eye-balls. She looked again down into the mill-dam: they were flaming there still. The illusion was so strong, she stooped and threw a stone into the water. At a sudden, the splash and the widening circles brought back the day of bitter parting, and Garcino's wily face gazing at her over the viadard-wail.

"Verena."

With a scream and sudden forward leap, she had almost precipitated herself into the mill-dam, for it was Garcino himself who touched her on the shoulder.

"What dost see in the water, Verena? I warrant there be fish in the stream, but none that will come with money in its mouth."

"What has brought thee here again, Garcino, with a foolish speech in thy mouth?" she asked, bitterly. "I want neither thee nor thy money. This is my father's garden—cannot I sit here unmolested?"

Without replying, he looked over her shoulder into the mill-dam, and his eye rested on the torn leaves she had dropped into the water.

"Belike you have lost a love-better, Barolo, no doubt, finds means still of addressing thee, and as he spoke he approached the place where the paper was caught in the sedge.

"Garcino," she cried, in hasty confusion, "come here. I would not have thee take way

words unkindly. I have not out of sorts to-day. Tell me, hast thou no news from the town?"

"Ay, you will give heed to my news to-day. Verena, hast thou considered my words? Thy heretic lover has forsaken thee; but, lo! I am here to protect thee and thy father."

"My father and I are above suspicion; we do not need thy aid," she said, sternly.

"I know not how that may be, Verena. I know I love thee."

"I am sorry," was all she replied, but she turned towards the door of her house.

"Verena, you are sorry! Have you no heart or pity?"

"No, I have none; I have neither heart nor pity," left she cried, passionately, waving him off. "My heart is long since dead, and pity has been murdered."

"Is it even so?" he muttered between his teeth. "The day may come when you may call on Garcino for aid, and he will reply, 'My pity is dead also!'"

The words fell upon Verena's ear with significance and presentiment. She felt inclined to turn and fly. At that moment the miller, who had overheard the voices in the garden, appeared in the doorway.

"Father, he threatens us!" she faltered.

"Dog of a tanner! what brings you skulking round my house and garden? If a maiden's refusal does not touch thy pride, must I hunt thee forth? One would think there were skins enough these days to dress to keep thee pretty busy."

"Miller, you shall answer for this. Take care, take care; I may have you ground yet in your own mill, or baked in your own oven. I have you in my power."

"Big words are not grinding-stones, nor can hot breath fire the oven," replied the miller, contemptuously, as he assisted his daughter within the mill.

But Garcino waited till he was out of sight, and stooping down, drew the torn leaves of the Testament to the edge of the mill-dam, and carried them away.

That evening, Verena sought peace early in a sleep which seemed to overpower her; but her mind was still feverish and restless, and broken images of danger and hurried flight oppressed her. Again she was anxiously seeking for something which she must find before it came into other hands. It was dear life to her to find it; she stretched out for it, muttering, "None other name given under heaven," and woke with a gasp. She then remembered the leaves of the Testament which she had left behind her, forgotten in her confusion and vexation.

"What have I done?" she cried. "Garcino saw it. We are lost!" She sprang from her bed, and hastily attiring herself, she lit a lantern and went down the staircase in trembling agitation, yet with a noiseless step, careful not to rouse her father.

She quickly opened the door leading into the garden, and a bright flood of moonlight smote her face and figure as she stood there, anxious and uncertain.

"I will not bring the lantern," she murmured, laying it softly on the bench within, then, half closing the door, she crossed over towards

the mill-dam. Everything was ghostly still save the black mill-wheel with its hoarse splash.

On hands and knees, she peered into the water and snatched at something white. It was only a handful of foam, and her heart sank within her. With hasty steps she traversed the bank backwards and forwards, searching in vain: there was no trace. Garcino had carried it off as a witness against them.

"It is a false witness," she said. "My father and I have no taint, and may the saints keep us from it."

She returned to the house and took up the lantern. Striving to be calm, she sat for a while on the bench, till the flame, heating the framework, burnt her tender hand, and the pain at length penetrated her reverie.

As she went up the stairs she paused at her father's door, and looked in softly. The old man was bound in healthy sleep, his white head resting on a brawny arm, the very picture of earthly security and dependence upon self.

"How weak and faithless I am," she murmured, "and he is passing brave and strong; yet I might be stronger and calmer than he, with a strength not my own."

She set down the lantern on the floor, and stealing to his bedside, sank upon her knees, and prayed fervently that God would bring her into the sweet haven of peace, and lead her among the ways of those blessed women whose lives were written on her brain.

She was for a long time absorbed, with her face buried in her hands, and might unconsciously have passed into sleep, when suddenly the room seemed illumined, and she saw a pale and fair maiden in white garments stand as it were on the brow of a cliff, which formed itself she knew not how beneath the rafters, and the figure beckoned to her, and smiled upon her, and the words seemed to come from a distance:

"Verena, bid thy father farewell, and come stand by me."

She gasped, stretched out her arms, and rose to her feet; but the room was dark, the light within the lantern had gone out, and her limbs were numbed with cold.

"Father, father!" she cried, laying her hand on her father's shoulder, "did you not see her?"

"Garcino, I have thee by the throat!" muttered the old man, in his half-broken sleep.

"Father, tell me, did you not see her? the blessed Saint Alda was in the room with us."

The miller sat up, but bewildered and cross that she should have disturbed his slumber, bid her return to her bed; "what did she there?"

Verena was too excited to reason with him: her imagination was in a state of ecstasy as she rose to her feet. She looked to see before her on the winding stair, like a guide and comfort, the vision which was but the idle creation of an overheated mind; but all was dark, except the glimmering of the moon through the cracks in the wooded casement.

Still in the same mood, she sat up in her bed, murmuring appeals to the saints for a continuance of their favours, and yearning yet trembling at the hope of beholding again the beautiful phantom on the cliff. At length she sank back into dreamless sleep, and when she awoke in the sunny morning all the events of that night—the splash of the cold water around her wrist,

the moon-lit garden, and the beckoning vision on the cliff—seemed all the baseless fabric of a dream.

When she rose, the household cares occupied her mind to the exclusion of fantasy; and then when her eye fell upon a withered flower which she had received a short time since from David—a flower out of bloom in the present month—her thoughts fell upon him, his love, and his low, olicitous voice, and above all his eternal farewell. There was fever in this theme, and it held her mind in the intervals of work during the day.

Her father, indeed, rallied her upon the disturbance of the night, and this gave her a shock of remembrance, rekindling her enthusiasm for a time. But it is hard for the impressions of the mind to contend with waking dangers and waking realities. "If this vision be sent from heaven," she said, "I shall see it again; if that invitation comes once more I shall obey its call. But let me not leave my father and my home for a dream," and Verena's eyes wandered off to the distant mountains.

"Verena, my girl, the sun is nearly down: go into the garden and call the night-miller. I doubt but the lazy loon is dapping for pike in the flood."

She had been sitting working by the old hearth, and her thoughts were away up the Alps. Her father's command was not unwelcome to her—to go out into the fresh air. It was the half hour before sunset, when all the land was warm and genial, and the heavy dews had spread the first faint haze over the fields. She crossed the garden quickly, and called the night-miller, who was making ready to return; and then, invited by the warmth, the freshness of the leaves, and the hum of the bees returning to their hive, she sat down upon the bank which skirted the north side of the garden, where the glare of the sunset was lost, and with nothing but cool streaming shadows and a deepening sky before her.

She knew not how long she was sitting there, but it seemed to her that a cliff had risen in the centre of the garden, where there was never a cliff before, and up against the sky a gleaming figure stood, and a voice came to her—

"Leave all earthly love, and come, stand by me."

"I will come!" she cried; "blessed St. Alda, I will come!"

It was a changed maiden who returned to the miller's house. Verena was silent and rapt during supper-time, and would eat nothing.

"Verena," said the miller, taking her hand, "this house has grown dull to thee, and well I wot the reason. He was a good lad, our David, and I should rue the day he came to harm. I wish him no worse luck, poor soul, than thee for a wife."

"I do not think of him," she said, with a strange vehemence. She paused for a few moments, and her hand trembled in his grasp. "Father," she said, "I have renounced for ever all earthly love. I have taken a vow, and I dare not break it. I must sleep to-night in the convent of St. Alda."

The miller dropped the little hand in astonishment. He expostulated, he reasoned with her, he argued even with tears in his eyes that he

would be a lonely, childless old man; that his riches, which for years he had been gathering, would turn to ashes in his hand.

No; in vain were his words: the call to be saint must be paramount to the love of father or home, or to the fulfilment of all filial duties.

But before the next evening had closed in, it seemed well to the miller that his daughter had found refuge for a time within the moss-grown walls of the convent, for in the afternoon a noisy crowd of surly men and soldiers, headed by Garcino, invaded the miller's house, garden, and mill, and demanded that Verena should appear before them, and give account for having had in her possession leaves from the forbidden book.

The miller stood up proudly before the vulgar crowd, and denied the charge: but Garcino drew the leaves of the Testament from beneath his cloak, and told how he had picked them, the evening before, out of the mill-dam: and again the soldiers, showing their warrant, demanded that his heretic daughter should be given up to them.

The miller then, looking fixedly into the triumphant and vengeful face of Garcino, gave them this answer:—

"I will prove now, in the presence of you all, that Garcino is a false liar, and that he has brought this accusation out of a mean revenge and for a base purpose. The heretic daughter of the old miller, Jean Iseran, refused the tanner's love yesterday, and to-day she has sought refuge within the walls of the convent of St. Alda, to take upon herself the vows of a nun.

Thus did the old miller, ignorant of previous circumstances, repel Garcino's accusation: and the tanner slunk away, shame stricken, from the reproaches of the crowd, who knew his motives well.

PART III.

Far bitterer even than the sufferings of Verena had been those of David Barolo, her betrothed. She had dreamt and wept over the recitals of cruel deeds, but he had witnessed them. The screams of agonised mothers and perishing babes had pierced his ears and heart, while only their sad echoes had vibrated in the valleys.

Surprised by their base pursuers, in the retreats which had been promised to them as cities of refuge, David, his father, and a few others had succeeded in making good their escape into the rocks and woods, hoping in a few days, by care and caution, to effect a still further escape across the frontier into that part of the opposite valley which belonged to France. But the hope as far as David was concerned, proved delusive. Like Moses of old, his aged father beheld in the distance the promised land of rest and freedom, but might not reach it. The rough gust of persecution which only fanned the fire of resolution in David's breast, blew out the old man's life. Like Moses, also, God buried him, in a pall of snow—snow which fell heavily all that night, and gave to many a poor fugitive a more merciful death than the sword, the stake, or the torture.

Once his father was gone, David no longer thought of flight: he turned his back on the promised land, and, with many another brave-hearted Christian, resolved to sell his life dearly

in the cause of his suffering brethren. Again and again, a mere handful of these courageous men repulsed the soldiers, as they strove to gain the ravines or heights which might lead them to fresh fields for butchery and carnage: and more than once, in these raids or open sorties, David's steps led him back in sight of the valley, nestled close under the old walls of Susa—the valley, with its spire, its vineyards, and its clustered cottages—and even within sight of the silver thread of water which, creeping over the hoary brow of Mount Pirciriano, fed the mill of Jean Iserau in the valley beneath.

There had been a few who, in the false calm which succeeded their retreat to the cities of refuge, had ventured back, encouraged by their false lords, to revisit their fields and possessions, and even, in some instances, to recommence the tillage of their lands, and repairing of their tenements. But David Barolo was not among these misguided few. He did not believe in the false encouragement held out by the lord of Lucerna, or the false toleration extended to the deputies of the suffering Vaudois. Added to this, deep down in his heart, and hidden from every eye save One, lay the stern resolution neither to tempt nor to endure temptation. Verena, the miller's daughter, best-beloved still of his heart, and wavering, perhaps, in the misery brought about by their cruel separation, must not by earthly love or blighted hopes be led to forsake her creed, erroneous as it might be. God's right hand, not his, and God's strength, must lead her forth out of darkness into light. And in this right hand and this strength David reposed with unflinching confidence.

Thus was formed David's fixed resolve not to revisit his lost home: but though God's right hand is all-powerful to protect and save, surely the flesh is weak.

David would not return to see again the haunts of his childhood—the vineyard-paths, or the sunny mill-garden: yet he thirsted for news of his betrothed, for some tidings of her health, her life, and her daily actions.

While the first panic and flight lasted he heard but little vague stories, and vaguer reports. She had been seen leaning over the vineyard-wall, gossiping with Garcino. He put such idle talking from him with a smile. She had fainted in the chapel when they cursed the heretics from the altar. Ah! this bore the stamp of truth: it was no smile of incredulity this time which shone on David's face. It was a smile of the sublimest pity gilded with precious hope.

But presently, in the midst of the bloodshed, and the flight, and the human havoc among the mountains, came more alarming tidings. Verena was ill, or strangely affected in her mind. She no longer walked pleasantly among the vineyards, but stood for hours in the mill-garden with dull eyes cast down upon the ground, heedless of those who traversed it for business, or of the rough jokes of passers-by: and at night, unable to find sleep, she had been seen to wander in the moonlight with vacant eye and preoccupied air by the side of the gloomy mill-dam.

A few days later came worse tidings still, and brought to David by no idle tongue, but by a friend long known and trusted. Verena had been accused by Garcino of heretic leanings.

Soldiers had invaded the quiet mill-garden, and a warrant had been signed for her apprehension. David's heart leaped up with a fierce feeling, which was neither hope nor despair, only to fall again into the coldest depths of a joyless life. The report had proved almost without foundation. Garcino's accusation had been repudiated; for Verena, giving up the world, with all its future joys or sorrows, had become a nun, and entered the convent of St. Alda.

She was dead to him now—his betrothed, his much-beloved—as dead as the countless multitudes martyred on the hill-side. This thought was frenzy, and exceeded in misery every other doubt which had been suggested to his mind.

David discovered now, when too late, how much he had counted upon seeing her again, upon her faith to him, her endurance, her quiet patience, her unmeasured love; he did not now, in the first bitter moment of his disappointment, reason out how a shaken religion, a narrowed mind, a broken heart, still ever seeking for a peace which the world could not bestow, had driven her into this false haven.

Sometimes he argued, foolishly, with himself—had he but returned before this last fatal step was taken, had he but risked one short hour's parley, what words of comfort, truth, and religious consolation he might have spoken! Now her ears, in this living death, were closed for ever against all truth!

Every little token she had ever given him in her girlish love, he looked at now, like a relic of one that was dead or lost. The plume of peacock's feathers she had fastened in his cap, the buckle she had bought for his belt out of her own earnings, and her most precious possession, which she had given him on the day of their parting, "The Lives and Miracles of the Saints:" and sitting aside under cover of a rock, David drew the book from the pocket of his jerkin, and tears fell on its leaves as he sought out with trembling fingers that last page, where with her gentle hand she had stayed his, while, with a kindling enthusiasm, she recounted to him the foolish tradition of the "Leap of the Beautiful St. Alda."

But by-and-by, stranger and more incredible news came from David's old home to rouse him from his lethargy and despair. They said Verena had become a saint, and worked many strange and wonderful miracles. No longer bound within the convent-walls, she was carried hither and thither in triumph. They said she saw visions, and dreamt strange dreams, and that the beautiful St. Alda was her patron.

This intelligence created in David a desire, which grew in a few short days to a fixed resolution—namely, to return to his home, and make one last, earnest appeal, and endeavour to wean Verena from the state of fanatical frenzy on which her fragile mind seemed evidently bordering. There would be a fearful danger to his own life, and a possible risk to hers, but might he not now, when all other outlets of hope seemed closed, utter one, if even a dying, appeal for the truth?

Late at night, disguised as a cragman, with shaven beard and lip, and armed only with a gun, which he took from the rigid hand of a dead soldier, whom he found cold and stiff among

the rocks, he began his perilous journey homeward.

Though the spring was well advanced, the snow lay thickly still on the unbeaten paths chosen out by David. The climbing was stiff and arduous for one whose strength had been brought to a low ebb by privation and hardships. But there was a fire in his heart which led him on to overcome all the dangers and difficulties in the path of this "forlorn hope."

The sun had just risen, blazing and gigantic in the east, when David reached the summit of the mountain which overlooked his native valley. The birds were singing among the sweet-smelling pines, and far away in the distance, under the brow of old Pirchiriano, the bells of the village chapel summoned the early few to matins.

Everything in the fresh morning air breathed, and smelt, and sounded like peace, plenty, and prosperity; yet darker in David's breast at every step grew a sudden unreasoning fear which had taken possession of his mind—a fear that Verena was in danger, that her life, precious and pure, was in peril, that he must hasten on to her rescue, or she must perish.

There were ghastly sights, too, now at every turn of the road, which told him plainly that peace had been murdered, and prosperity was a name of the past. Whole vineyards on the hill-side blackened and seamed with fire, ruined cottages, and the bodies of Christian martyrs still lying as food for the wolves and eagles.

As David descended into the more inhabited slopes of the mountain he became wary in his movements, for there were an unusual number astrig at this early hour, and pushing forward like himself in the direction of the town of Susa.

He was soon out upon the high road, bordered by chestnuts, now in full leaf, and here the travellers were more numerous still, and eager and excited in their demeanour. They joined themselves into companies of two and three, and argued and discussed as they hurried on. Stranger still, as they drew near the town they branched off also from the broad road, and took the way leading to his native village.

David's inexplicable fear increased with the air of mystery and excitement which was discernible on every face. As he approached the well-known vineyard-wall which bounded the miller's garden, the chapel-bell began to toll with dull, slow beats, like a funeral call, and between its throbs David paused and listened for the well-remembered sound of the rushing mill-stream: but this morning, black and grim in its distasteful idleness, the ponderous wheel stood still.

Not a few, also, among the crowd stopped and pointed across the vine trellises to the house of Jean Iserau, and David fancied he caught the words: "It was there she lived, poor girl!" or, "That is the miller's house, where St. Verena was born."

At a turn in the road, just where the garden-gate emerged upon the road, he came upon the well-known figure of an old man, leaning forward on the low wall, with his head sunk in his hands. It was Jean Iserau, the old miller himself.

David's heart yearned to stop and question

him, but to discover himself now in the presence of so many witnesses, were certain death.

By the chapel-gates the crowd was dense, but in the long strip of deep pasturage beneath the shadow of the rocks it was denser still. There was everywhere a heavy odour of incense, and the sound of priests chanting solemnly.

At a signal (it was the bell from the convent of St. Alda, on the hill-side) the chanting ceased: a deep hush fell upon the multitude, and every head among the crowd was raised upwards, while the faces of women grew white and those of men strangely stern.

"God help her! Is she not young and beautiful?" gasped a mother, with an infant in her arms.

"Ay, ay! a second St. Alda."

"They called her a heretic," muttered a third, with indignation.

"It may be they were not so far wrong," replied a fourth. "She calls this a test of the true faith."

A dread murmur passed through the crowd. David looked up with a shuddering prevision. On the summit of the cliff, between him and the sky, stood a slight, girlish figure, glorified in the morning light.

In the features upturned and raptured by her sublime illusion, he recognised Verena, his betrothed. There she stood, the victim of superstition and self-sacrifice to the faith founded on the sand.

With a sudden impulse of agony, David called to her: but his voice was drowned in the hum of admiration and applause. If his spirit could that moment have left his body, it would have joined her like a thought, and held her back from her impious attempt.

He saw her stretch out her hands and step to the very brow of the chiff. His senses swam, and he would fain have withdrawn his eyes, but they were fixed and fascinated. Then, like a snow-drift, which sun-touched, glides noiselessly over the edge of a precipitous rock, Verena dropped into the valley beneath.

The mob surged round David, and pushed him to and fro; then came a terrible silence, which seemed to freeze the blood in all veins: the silence was followed by a shudder and a groan; whispered words of horror ran round him through the crowd, and saturnine faces that mocked caught his eager eyes.

"Verily a would-be saint." "A fit punishment for arrogance." "There was something in the tanner's charge."

Such were the remarks bandied about, for men's hearts were callous in these days.

David's senses no longer failed him; a sudden strength was given to him, and he struggled through the crowd towards the base of the cliff.

There lay Verena—or what was lately she—a poor humbled form, motionless on the spot where she fell. The crowd were breaking up around her already, with harsh and unfeeling faces. They were under that merciless reaction which follows enthusiasm—each man angry with himself for his credulity.

It was strange how simultaneous was this reaction. The priests led the way, shaking their heads, and prophesying after the event. "This

girl was not of the quality that saints were made of." "They knew it all along." "She had heretic sympathies." "She was betrothed to a heretic." "No, no, not of such a type was the blessed St. Alda."

They melted away, that expectant crowd, and Verena was left all but alone. A few women, indeed, more curious or compassionate, approached the place, as they might have done had a poor straying lamb fallen from the cliff overhead. They raised her, but seeing no sign of life, they went mournfully away.

Meantime, David, who dared not approach till the people had all gone, lurked faithfully near. "At least," he murmured, "I shall close her poor eyes, and lay her body among her people." And at the word "body" he shuddered and pressed his clenched hand to his heart.

But there was another for whom the tragic scene seemed to have an equal attraction. Above the prostrate figure, and casting a shadow over it, stood Garcino, the tanner; he also raised Verena's head, and looked into her fixed eyes. But at this moment the white lips opened, and a voice, as it were, of one returning from the dead uttered these words—

"None other name given under heaven whereby I may be saved."

"Wretched heretic!" cried Garcino: "so

this is what remains of thee and thine insolence. Thy lot had been otherwise hadst thou not scorned me."

"Garcino, help me." Verena's eyes were fixed upon him in tardy recognition. "Carry me to my father's house in pity."

"My pity for thee is dead," said Garcino, turning and leaving her with a resolute step.

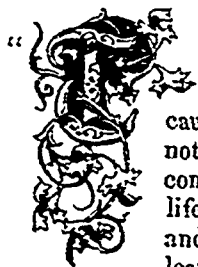
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Around the miller's dwelling for many weeks there was a sinister watch set. Men who were strangers to the place peered round the house as if searching for some one concealed within. None knew whether Verena were alive or dead. But one clear, frosty night a grove of flame sprang up from the old mill, and hissing timber fell into its waters. Corn was scarce in the country, and the burning mill with its precious store caused great excitement and confusion in the neighbourhood. The miller and his daughter were forgotten in the panic, and three fugitives, under cover of the smoke and consternation passed away and took their flight over the hills in safety. They were Jean Iserau, David, his future son-in-law, and Verena, his daughter. In her bosom was a clasped book the scattered Vaudois had learned to love: and its texts were written in her heart.

L. G.

Sabbath Readings.

CHRIST'S ANSWER TO THE LAWYER.



HIS answer completely turned the tables upon the lawyer. He was caught in his own trap; and not only so, but from his own confession was his heart and life condemned. How puny and insignificant all human learning and wit in comparison with the unfathomable mind of Divinity! Jesus obtained from the lawyer his understanding as to what constituted the substance of the law, and then told him to fulfil that and he would live for ever. His answer therefore was simply this: "Do your duty to God and man, and you shall inherit eternal life."

The prominent feature in this answer is its simplicity, and for practical importance this point is specially worthy of our consideration. In no age of the world has there been more necessity that the simple Gospel, in its power of native truth and divinity, should be proclaimed and commended to humanity. We do not mean to say that this is an irreligious age; on the contrary there is in a sense too much religion. This is the age emphatically of religious discussion and agitation. There

are more religious books published and read, more churches built, more money expended, more missionaries sent abroad now than in any previous portion of the world's history. This is the age of synods, of conventions, of religious activities of every description. Even in the halls of our legislature and in the councils of the mightiest governments of the earth, religious questions are among the most important topics of discussion and are the key to many of the political difficulties of the day. Religion now-a-days is a thoroughly respectable and fashionable thing. Men are not ashamed now, as they were two hundred years ago, to be called Christians: on the contrary, it is rather a disgrace to a man if he is not a member or adherent of some particular communion. The greatest stigma that can be attached to a man is to say of him, "Oh, he doesn't belong to any church." Such a man is looked upon as a pariah in society. Now in such a state of things as this the danger is that the Gospel in its simplicity will be undervalued; that which constitutes its saving point, nay, its crowning glory, will be overlooked and neglected. The world now-a-days is too religious for the Gospel, its requirements are too few and simple for its activity and zeal. "This do and live" is not now

sufficient for the craving heart of humanity. Hence there is a multiplication of ceremonies and rites, the introduction of rituals and chants, and new and cumbrous forms of church service. There is attention to everything that gratifies the eye and the ear, the gorgeous ceremonial, the priestly robes, the outward trappings and all the other glitter and tinsel of religion. We see this tendency of the present age bearing its natural fruit in the corruption of doctrine and practice, which has crept into our sister church of the Reformation, and in the semi-return to popery of such a large proportion of her members. We see it in her open performance and vindication of penances, auricular confession, prayers for the dead, establishment of nunneries, and the unduly magnifying of the clerical office and authority. That which is the great vitiating centre of Romanism, and the fruitful mother of much of her darkness and intolerance, viz., the exalting of the Church above the Gospel, making her authority more binding than that of the Bible, is now rapidly impregnating Episcopalianism, and in fact is practically avowed by many of its ministers. Some of the latter have even gone the length of refusing the simple title of ministers, ministers of men for Jesus Christ's sake, and arrogate to themselves the name and function of priests. We see this tendency even in our own beloved Church, in the additions which have lately been made, or attempted to be made, to our customary forms of Church service; those encroachments upon the simplicity of our public worship, which is the crowning glory of Presbyterianism. Now we hold that the antidote to this corrupting tendency of the present age, lies in the answer which our Lord gave to the lawyer. The latter is a type of the formal ritualistic, puseyite class of the present day. It is just his spirit, in a different phase, which is now vitiating religion. Now, the great power which we have to put forth in order to meet and overcome this, is the simple Gospel, in its purity of native truth and divinity. The more we have of this the less we will have of ceremonialism; and the experience of this and all ages proves that the more we have of ceremonialism,

the less we will have of the pure, undefiled religion of the Gospel. Just as the clouds and mists obscure the light and glory of the morning sun, so do the rites and ceremonies of men encloud and obscure the efficacy and real glory of the Gospel. The Gospel needeth not the inventions and additions of man in order to enhance its saving and sanctifying efficacy; on the contrary it is robbed of half its power and all its beauty by being robed in these wide flowing garments of human externalism.

It is said that a great painter once exerted his whole skill and power in drawing a picture of our Saviour; when finished it was a master-piece of artistic beauty; then, enclosed in a splendid frame, it was exposed to public view; two peasants passing by rivited their gaze solely on the frame, "Oh, what a beautiful frame," they exclaimed. The artist in disgust drew his brush through the picture, and painted no more. Thus when the Gospel is encircled with a framework of gorgeous ceremonialism and exuberant ritual, the attention of weak, perishing sinners, is distracted from it and fixed only on this showy externalism, which can no more nourish and save the soul, than the dry husks of corn can feed the body. The grace of God comes home to the sinner's heart with double power and efficacy when it flows direct from the Gospel fountain, unincumbered by human inventions and ornaments. The more direct the channel, the simpler the form of our approaches to divinity, the more free and copious will be the backflowings of his healing and saving grace into our souls.

Let us not therefore forget Christ's answer to the lawyer; let its spirit and practice actuate all our services of religion. Let us divest ourselves of any tincture of the insincere, unholy spirit of the lawyer, and with perfect hearts and minds let us come direct to the Gospel fountain and bathe in its healing waters; then our worship will be the genuine outpouring of a heart conscious of guilt and misery, and God in his mercy will make us the recipients of his saving and sanctifying grace here, and the joyful heirs of his glory hereafter.

Miscellaneous.

QUEEN ISABELLA'S CONFESSOR.

Sir George Bowyer vouches for the fact that Monsignor Claret, the confessor of Queen Isabella of Spain, is "a most exemplary ecclesiastic; that "his whole life is devoted to charity and piety," and that he is "universally venerated as a most devout and practical Christian."

Lady Herbert, the widow of the lamented Sidney Herbert, who, since she was left a widow has herself gone over to the Romish Church, adds her testimony, in her "Recollections of Spain," assuring us, that Monsignor Claret is "a man remarkable for his great personal holiness and ascetic life."

We accept these testimonies without any difficulty, and shall offer no resistance to the admission of M. Claret into the company of that small body of ecclesiastics who are exceptions to the general rule. The ordinary repute and general estimation of the Spanish clergy is, that they are not holy men,—that they are not even decently moral men. As to this fact, our readers may consult Blanco White, himself a Spanish priest, or Inglis, or Meyrick, or any other of a dozen travellers who have described the state of Spain within the last twenty years.

Monsignor Claret, however, is to be taken to be an exception to the general rule. According to Sir George Bowyer and Lady Herbert, he is a very saintly man. But this fact introduces, of necessity, a very awkward and difficult question.

This Queen is a "very religious" Queen. She is constantly in the habit of going to mass, and of communicating. But she cannot do this without first confessing and receiving absolution. She must have lived, then, for years, in the habit of daily sin, of the most flagrant kind; and in the habit of going day by day, to kneel before her confessor, and tell him, again and again, of her habitual transgression and then to receive from him a full and free absolution and pardon: so that she rose from her knees before him, a cleansed sinner, fit to go straight into the church, and receive into her lips the "tremendous and unbloody sacrifice." And all this horrible and wicked travesty of sacred things has been transacted day by day, for years past: and this Monsignor Claret has been the chief actor in it: and yet we are assured by Sir George Bowyer and Lady Herbert, that he is a "most holy," "most exemplary," and "most devout" man!

Now, these most frightful and revolting facts bring the whole Romish system before us; and, if we would understand the matter at all, we must find our way through a whole wilderness of very tangled questions. In fact, we have here what Romanists and Ritualists term the "sacramental system" brought to a practical test.

The broad fact, which stands in the view of all the world, is, that Queen Isabella has been living the life which Louis XIV. lived, and which many other sovereigns have lived; but which is made more than usually revolting in their cases, by the cloak of religion which is

cast over it. We have had, nominally, Protestant sovereigns who have lived no better lives than Isabella of Spain, but then we give them up to plain censure, and we say, that the less any talk of religion is heard in their cases, the better. The single point which offends us in the present instance is, the thrusting forward a dignified priest of the Roman Church, as having a part in all this immorality. The people of Spain have thrown down the statue of their Queen, and have dragged it through the streets. This was the verdict of common sense and of outraged national feeling. But if the people were substantially right, then the saintly Monsignor Claret must have been frightfully wrong. He has seen, for a dozen years past, the Queen sinning, constantly and perseveringly, and not repenting. He has seen her going on, unblushingly, in a reckless course of profligacy. And yet he has, in the full knowledge of all this, "confessed and absolved her, week by week, or even day by day: and has left her to believe the fatal lie, that he, a poor, weak, and sinning creature, could actually pardon and cancel all her sins. Others may call Monsignor Claret "a holy" and "deeply religious man," if they will; but we should be very unwilling to award him any such commendations.

It is not, however, of him, so much as of the system, that we complain. Without any doubt or hesitation, we say, that the Romish Church has flagrantly sinned in the case of Queen Isabella. Her moral offences were known to all men, yet her confessor could "shrive her," week by week, and even her "Holy Father the Pope" could stoop to send her a signal token of his approbation, the golden rose, blest by him, and held to confer peculiar privileges. Thus sanctioned and approved by the chief men in her Church, how was poor Isabella to imagine that she was, after all, a wretched offender against even the decencies of life, and an object of loathing to nineteen-twentieths of her own subjects?

Now, assuming for argument's sake that all this pious devoutness is really genuine, and not assumed to mask their real aims, is it not in conformity with all experience that Ultramontanism should choose agents of this kind to use as instruments and tools in carrying out its designs? Is it not notorious that the Jesuits, for instance, have been always careful to select, for some of their agents, persons whose simplicity and respectability placed them above suspicion, while their bigotry and enthusiasm rendered them the most useful of emissaries?

But Ultramontanism has already made itself so odious even at Naples and Vienna that it has been totally ejected in the one place, and its power broken in the other. The only places where it has lingered thus long are Rome—its natural seat and centre—and Madrid. But the Spanish people have awakened at length to the evils of the system, and in spite of the Pope, and the pious and immaculate Father Claret and his coadjutress the Bleeding Nun, and the myriads of clergy spread all over the country, have "pronounced against this bad Government and its authors, the Bourbon dynasty."

FOLLOW IN HIS TRAIN.*

And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.—Matt. x. 38.



THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain ;
 His blood-red banner streams afar,
 Who follows in his train ?
 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain ;
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave ;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on him to save.
 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong ;
 Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came ;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame :
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
 O God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train !

*From "Hymns for the Worship of God, selected and arranged for the use of congregations connected with the Church of Scotland."