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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

OCTOBER, 1864.

NOW that the year is drawing to a close we do not think it out of place to say something of ourselves, our past, our present, and our future. *The Presbyterian* was established in 1847, seventeen years ago. Its success, in a pecuniary point of view, was not encouraging, nor was there that interest shewn in its prosperity which might have been expected. There were a few who sent information, contributed articles, and, in various ways, tried to help the undertaking, but only a few. It was a forced plant, and for many years existed by means of assistance from friends of the Church in Montreal. Yet its objects might have warranted a belief that such a publication would succeed. Every minister and the various sessions might have been expected to act as agents to promote the circulation of the only publication in Canada which would give *any information whatever* regarding the transactions of our Church. Besides, the subscriptions were not well paid, a large list of arrears was on the books, and the Committee were heavily in debt to the publisher. A determined system of *dunning* was therefore begun and successfully carried on. Nearly three years ago a change was made in the general arrangement of the work, its contents were more varied in their character than they had formerly been, its size was largely increased, shape altered, and price doubled. These alterations, together with the systematic collection of the subscriptions, have been so far successful that all debts have been paid off and a balance remained to be applied to aid schemes connected with our Church. From this source accordingly, the Lay Association had last year the pleasure of handing over to

The French Mission.....	\$400 00
Point St. Charles Mission.....	400 00
Bursary Scheme, Queen's College.	100 00

Being a total of.....\$900 00

It will thus be seen that not only does

every subscriber receive full value for this money, not only is an opportunity afforded to the different members of our Church for communicating with each other, not only have we a means of diffusing information through all our congregations of the working of the various schemes, and missionary operations of our own and other Churches, at home and abroad, but this has been done to the direct pecuniary benefit of the schemes from the publication itself. This result has, in some measure, been brought about by the efforts of those who have obtained the names of subscribers, and assisted in various ways. To them the thanks of the Church are justly due, and the Committee would gratefully acknowledge how much they have done to lighten their labours.

Having, then, overcome the difficulties of the past, we feel encouraged by our present position to look forward with confidence to the future. We have, it is true, a large list of subscribers, but, we venture to say, a very little exertion on the part of one or two in each congregation, would increase the circulation fourfold. We are anxious, if it is in our power, to add to the usefulness of *The Presbyterian*,—to make it, from month to month, a welcome visitor to every Presbyterian's house in Canada: we will endeavour, while maintaining our own distinctive principles, to do so without bitterness, and in a broad and liberal spirit to record what other denominations of Christians are doing in Christ's cause,—to call attention to subjects which, though not perhaps immediately bearing on Church work, have yet a direct influence upon the well being of the community: we wish, in short, to make it a family magazine, one to be looked for by young and old, one that may be read with peculiar interest by the Presbyterian, with pleasure by every Christian. To do this as it ought to be done, we must have the co-operation of our friends, not merely in getting subscription-

lists filled, although that is very essential, but by sending communications of interest, original papers, either on religious or other topics suited for our pages, written in as pleasing a style as possible, not *dreich*, we have not much space at command if we are to give variety. Sabbath school superintendents and teachers might surely write occasionally on their own department: the backwoodsman might give his experiences of a bush life: the city man of his labours among the poor: the conveners of the various schemes might, now and then, give some account of what difficulties or encouragements they meet with in their labours. And if, with one heart and mind, we determine to make *The Presbyterian* what it should be, there is little doubt we shall succeed.

A PROPER system for registering births, marriages, and deaths, is much wanted in the Province. We are astonished that those on whom the burden is thrown, should have so long submitted in silence, to perform onerous duties for which they receive no remuneration, and the non-fulfilment, or negligent performance of which renders them liable in heavy penalties. All clergymen or priests are compelled by statute to keep registers of the baptisms and marriages at which they have officiated, and of the funerals at which they have attended in their official capacity. In Lower Canada, these registers and duplicates must be paid for out of the Church funds, and considerable trouble has to be incurred to have them authenticated by the Judge of the Superior Court. In Upper Canada, no provision is made for more than one register, which must be sent at the beginning of each year to the officer pointed out by the act. In Lower Canada the clergyman is bound to give a copy of any entry in the register to any one demanding it, *without fee*, and for each and every infraction of the statute, he is liable to a penalty of from eight to eighty dollars, besides running the risk of having an action of damages brought against him. In Upper Canada, neglect or refusal to comply with the requirements of the act is a misdemeanour, and punishable as such.

Passing over the injustice of throwing upon a class of men, who are not, in general, too well paid, duties and obligations which they have no right to be called upon to perform at all, far less to do so gratuitously, we would ask seriously what possible good can be derived from returns which

must, of necessity, be of a most imperfect character. For observe, it is not the births which are to be registered, but the baptisms. True, there is a provision made for registering births in Upper Canada, but that is only where there is no clergyman resident within reasonable distance of a settlement. If a clergyman is to be found within such reasonable distance, it would seem as if the birth need not be registered, but only the baptism, which, however, may never take place! Again, it is not the deaths but the funerals which are to be registered, and of course, no clergyman can be bound to record a funeral at which he has not officiated. It appears as if our legislators thought it would not look well to be without a system of registration, since other countries had one; but, overcome by the effort of legislative wisdom, they could go no further, and did not seem to know that the information wanted must be full and complete, to be of the slightest use. The value of a proper system will point out in another article. The defects of the present one are patent to all. Take up the census, and glance at the names of the various religious bodies, and it will be apparent to the most unreflecting, that if the returns are made only in cases in which the services of ministers of religion are called in, they must be quite fallacious. Yet on these we must depend for our vital statistics. Is it not the fact, that many young, middle aged and old men are baptised, whose parents were Baptists? Does their birth in the return date from their baptism? How are the children of those of *no religion* registered? Have the Mennonites and Tunkers (whatever these names may mean) any form of baptism? Apply similar questions to the other two points on which information is supposed to be obtained, and no one will have any hesitation in making up his mind, that not only are the requirements of the present registration law an injustice, but that its results are a farce.

A Society for the sanctification of the Lord's Day has been lately formed at Geneva, in Switzerland, on a basis which may be worth consideration by the friends of the Sabbath here. It is an endeavour to extend the organization beyond those who regard the sanctification of the Sabbath in its highest aspect, and to include in it those who look at it as a merely temporal benefit. In pursuance of this object the Committee determined to address them

selves successively to all the various classes of persons among whom the Sabbath is more or less revered, and to engage them to form among themselves special Committees to examine the abuses and investigate the special remedies to be employed in each business. The watchmakers and jewellers, the most important trades in Geneva, were, first addressed, the masters were each personally visited, and at a general meeting called by the special Committee a series of resolutions was passed by which those present pledged themselves to respect the Sabbath themselves, have it respected by their workmen, and that they should continue to study all means of promoting the work.

The other tradesmen were visited in a similar manner, and although some opposition, promoted, it is said, by the government, was manifested, yet, in the end, a series of resolutions analagous to those passed by the watchmakers and jewellers was adopted with alacrity. The correspondent of *Christian Work* from which we have condensed the above, adds "Let us obtain, in anyway soever, a day of rest, and we shall have laid a foundation for the religious influence of this day. Perhaps there may have been many failures in works of this kind consequent on the attempt to perform a purely religious work."

Here, notwithstanding the unceasing efforts made by Christians of every denomination, a lamentable desecration of the Sabbath still exists. Might we not take a hint from our Swiss brethren, extend our basis, and at the same time, concentrate the efforts now weakened because divided.

IF misrepresentations have been made, by either friend or opponent, of the position of our Church in the Eastern Townships, we would simply counsel our Sherbrooke correspondent to let facts speak. We do not think it would tend to good to insert his letter. He must remember that there are

foolish men connected with every church whose zeal without knowledge only hurts the cause they advocate. The writer in the organ of the other Presbyterian body, signing himself J. McK., appears to be one of these. His apparent satisfaction at the "dying out," as he terms it, of one of our charges in that district of the Province (which is untrue), says little for his possession of the spirit which ought to actuate Christian men. It is another instance of the breaking out of the unrenewed nature which led the yet untaught disciple to say "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him, *because he followeth not with us.*" We trust the adherents of our church everywhere will shew a different disposition.

LAST month we called attention to a proposal for endowing a Memorial Professorship in Queen's University to the merits of its late Principal. We direct attention to a letter from Professor Murray, which will be found in the present number. We trust it will be seriously considered and acted upon.

WE are glad to see by an acknowledgment from the librarian of Queen's College, that so large an addition has been made to the library by gifts from friends throughout the Province and elsewhere. Every adherent of our Church must feel gratified at every addition to the means of improvement placed within reach of the students in that institution. Might we venture to throw out a hint to any who may be anxious to see the University Library placed on a proper footing and who would desire to assist. A large number of rare and valuable works can, at present, owing to the depreciation of American currency, be had for a mere trifle, which at other times could be bought only at a great expense. Were those who are desirous to benefit the library to place in the hands of the Trustees even a small sum for this purpose, much good would be the result.

News of our Church.

COMMISSION OF SYNOD.—We beg to remind the members that the Commission of Synod will meet in St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, on Thursday, the 3rd November, at noon.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—A meeting of the Trustees of Queen's University was held ac-

ording to adjournment, in the Senate Chamber of Queen's College, on the 31st of August last. Letters were read from the Rev. William Snodgrass, and the Rev. John H. Mackerras, accepting their appointments to the offices of Principal and Interim Professor of Classical Literature respectively. Mr. Snodgrass being

present, subscribed the declaration required of Trustees, and took his seat as a member of the Board, agreeably to the provisions of the Royal Charter. The meeting adjourned until the 5th of October at half past two o'clock P. M. On that day the Principal will be installed, and, it is expected, will open the ensuing session with a public address in the Convocation Hall. The classes in Arts and Medicine commence on the following day, when all intending students are required to be present.

A Queen's College Boy.—Mr. Frank Harkness, a Queen's College Boy, has just passed his competitive examination in London, for the Indian Civil service. When it is remembered that there were two hundred and seventy—if we remember the numbers—and of whom only forty passed, his success is very gratifying. Mr. Harkness stands sixth on the list in point of proficiency.—*Kingston News.*

Donations to the Library.—The Curators of the Library of Queen's University have the pleasure of acknowledging, with thanks, the receipt of the following donations since the close of last Session:—From Her Majesty the Queen, through His Excellency the Governor General: "The Principal Speeches and Addresses of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort," 1 vol. From Doctor H. Yates, 33 vols. From University of Toronto: "Meteorological Observations," 3 vols. From Government of Canada: "Census Returns," 1 vol. From United States Government: "Patent Office Reports," 2 vols. From Synod: "Acts and Proceedings," 2 vols. From Mrs. (Dr.) McGill, Montreal, comprising valuable works on Theology, the Classics, and a variety of other subjects, 310 vols. From A. Drummond, Esq., London, C.W., 10 vols.; also 15 valuable Pamphlets. From John Lovell, Esq., Montreal: 6 vols., besides several Pamphlets. From McGill College: "Calendar for 1864-5," 1 vol. From late Principal Leitch: 4 vols.

GEORGE PORTEOUS, *Librarian.*

Kingston, September 13th, 1864.

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.—A *pro re nata* meeting was held in St. Andrew's church, on the 24th August, at which was read a letter from the Rev. William Snodgrass, demitting his charge of St. Paul's, Montreal, in consequence of his appointment to the Principalship of Queen's University and College. The Presbytery appointed the Rev. W. Darrach of St. Matthew's, Montreal, to preach in St. Paul's, on Sabbath following, and cited the congregation to appear for their interests at an adjourned meeting of Presbytery on the 2nd ult. The Presbytery met again on the day last mentioned, when the citation was returned duly served, and Messrs. A. Ferguson and A. B. Stewart appeared on behalf of the congregation, and laid upon the table a resolution passed unanimously, at a meeting of the congregation of St. Paul's, held in their church on the 29th August, in the following terms:—"That whilst deeply regretting the severance of a connexion which has subsisted between the Rev. William Snodgrass and the congregation of St. Paul's church, as pastor and people, for a period of

nearly eight years—a severance occasioned by his appointment to, and acceptance of, the Principalship of Queen's University and College, Kingston—although the separation is to them a painful one, this congregation cannot but acquiesce in his acceptance of a position so exalted, and one for which his talents so eminently qualify him, and in which he can be so useful to the Church at large." The members present, and the parties appearing for the congregation having expressed their views, Mr. Snodgrass addressed the Court. The Presbytery then accepted the demission of Mr. Snodgrass, released him from his charge, and made an appointment for proclaiming his church vacant, on the first Sabbath of October, Mr. Snodgrass undertaking the supply of the pulpit in the meantime, and being authorized to moderate in the Session, and perform whatever ministerial acts may be necessary. The Presbytery further resolved to record their appreciation of the talents and acquirements of Mr. Snodgrass, of his ability and success in the discharge of arduous duties, and of the great interest always taken by him in any work specially bearing upon the prosperity of the Church, their congratulations on his being called to the high and honourable position of Principal of Queen's University and College, Kingston; their wishes that he and his family may have much happiness in his new sphere, and their prayer that his labours in training candidates for the ministry may be eminently blessed, as also their deep sympathy with his congregation on account of the vacancy caused by his removal.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.—A meeting of the Congregation was held on Monday evening the 12th September to consider what steps should be taken to fill up the vacancy caused by the translation of the Rev. William Snodgrass to Kingston. A committee was appointed to act with the managers in this matter. We are informed that the Committee so chosen have elected William Darling, Esq., Chairman, and W. R. Croil, Esq., Secretary.

FRENCH MISSION.—At the last monthly meeting of the Montreal Ladies' Auxiliary N. Geoffroy, Missionary, presented an interesting report of his labours during the last two months. We learn that he has visited 196 families, 16 of them being Protestant, and these last he visited nearly every week, reading, praying, and conversing with them on the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. He has distributed some copies of the Scriptures which, he says, he has placed in good hands. The effect of the truth is manifest already. One woman has, by diligent perusal of God's word, seen the errors of Romanism. She comes now to our Church, listening attentively with an earnest desire for more light. He mentions the case of another woman, a Catholic, whom he had been visiting for some time while she was sick. At first she had no desire to see him, and said she knew as much about the way of salvation as he did. He spoke to her, however, of Christ and him crucified. A few days ago he heard she was dying, and called to see her. She then wanted some

one to converse with her. He went to her bedside, and began to speak to her about Jesus and the way of salvation. This caused murmurs and displeasure on the part of some Catholics who were present. Finding it prudent to leave, he shook hands with her, and spoke a few words of consolation, telling her to trust in the Saviour with all her heart, and assuring her that if she believed in Jesus and put all her hope in him he would take her to be with him in glory after death. Having asked her to pray to God and put all her trust in him she answered three times. "Yes, I can and will trust in him." Having once more endeavoured to point out to her the way to the Saviour, as much as the circumstances would permit, he left. She died the same evening, exclaiming, "He is coming, He is coming."

Mr. Geoffroy has opened a station for public worship at Cote St. Paul, in the neighbourhood of Montreal, where there is a small group of Protestants, and where he intends having a fortnightly service. Many persons, both Catholic and Protestant, visit him from the stations in the country where he formerly laboured, and he regrets that his means do not allow him to receive them as hospitably as he would like. But he says, "My heavenly Master never turned away any of those who came to him—neither can I turn any away—I must endeavour to follow his footsteps."

THE LATE ARCHIBALD PETRIE, ESQUIRE.—There have lived comparatively few men whose death can justly claim any other memorial than the tribute of a passing record. As belonging however, to their number must be mentioned the subject of this obituary notice.

Well known and respected in the very highest degree by all classes of the community, Archibald Petrie, Esq., lived a life of eminent usefulness and unostentatious piety. For over a quarter of a century did he adorn the township of Cumberland, C. W., as her most prominent benefactor. On the 25th day of August last he departed this life at his residence, St. Leonards, which is beautifully situated on the southern bank of the River Ottawa—leaving in the community such a void as only the removal of himself could have created.

Mr. Petrie was born in the parish of Holm Kirkwall, Scotland, in the year of our Lord, 1790. Having in early life enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, he entered the Royal navy as midshipman, and in due time he was promoted to the rank of paymaster. On retiring from active service, he emigrated to Canada, and, forthwith settled, about thirty years ago, in the township of Cumberland, then a complete wilderness. Soon afterwards he married a daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Wilgress, of Lachine, who, with a family of six, survives him to mourn over their sad bereavement. Being naturally of an energetic temperament, and of great force of character, he could not fail to exert a strong influence on all who came within the sphere of his acquaintance. During the troubles through which Canada was called to pass about this period, Mr. Petrie attested the sincerity of his loyalty, by promptly placing his services at the com-

mand of his adopted country; and at the time of his death, we understand, he held a commission as Colonel in the militia.

The goodness of his heart and his keen discernment soon inspired all classes of the community with an implicit confidence, so that, for a long series of years, he was the general referee to all around him, in all matters touching their social and material well-being. The wisdom and forbearance which he invariably manifested in the discharge of his magisterial functions, the tact which he displayed in dealing with the tangled difficulties of municipal affairs, and the thorough, business-like manner in which he conducted, as secretary, the operations of the Agricultural Association, cannot soon be forgotten. The several offices which he filled may indeed find successors, yet, nevertheless, his loss will be long and severely felt.

Mr. Petrie was induced to act for some time as representative in Parliament of the County of Russell, but finding in political contention little that was congenial to his tastes, he soon after returned to the quiet enjoyment of domestic happiness.

It is not, however, in the secular walks of life that the deceased has left the widest blank, but in the Church militant. Animated by a warm and intelligent attachment to the Church of Scotland as a branch of the Church of Christ, he was, doubtless, on his first arrival in Cumberland deeply affected by the spiritual destitution of the inhabitants. Accordingly he devoted himself with characteristic earnestness to the securing of the means of grace, without which no people can be pronounced truly prosperous. This object seemed henceforth to be the grand end and aim of his life. His influence, pecuniary, intellectual, and moral, was steadily put forth in this direction in the face of many obstacles and much discouragement. Nor were his endeavours regulated by merely local considerations, but he cheerfully extended his influence likewise to Buckingham, C. E., a township immediately opposite on the north side of the river, where he was the main instrument, in the hands of an overruling Providence, in establishing Presbyterianism. Having been spared to a good old age, he was privileged to witness a very great change in the condition of those among whom his lot had been cast. Gradually the river was superseded as the settlers' highway of travel, by convenient and well-constructed roads. Schools in process of time were multiplied, and churches planted. And we are perhaps not far wide of the truth, when we avow our belief, that the two handsome churches—the one in Cumberland, and the other in the village of Buckingham, wherein large and devoted congregations of Presbyterians in connection with the Church of Scotland now worship from Sabbath to Sabbath, may, in a sense, be regarded as monuments of the munificence, untiring earnestness and well-directed zeal of Archibald Petrie.

For the long period of twenty years, had he served as an elder in the church in Cumberland, and but a few days before his death, he had been re-elected for the nineteenth time, to

represent the United Sessions of Buckingham and Cumberland in the higher church courts for the current year. His fellow-worshippers will, on the Sabbath day, much miss his familiar form, his happy countenance, and his well known voice as leader of their song of praise.

Although full of days, he retained to the last the most healthful vigour both of body and mind. And now that he is gone from among us, we feel as those with whom he has often taken sweet counsel, that we could ill spare one in whom, while he lived, none could fail to recognize the Christian—"the highest style of man." His end was peace; and, in testimony of departed worth, his mortal remains were accompanied to the "house appointed for all living," by the largest funeral procession ever witnessed in the township of Cumberland.

The writer, who has but recently been ordained over the flock of which the deceased was a member, had fondly anticipated much pleasure and profit in his pastorate from intercourse with him—from the mature judgment, from the wise and willing counsel of this *good* man. But God had decreed it otherwise; and assuredly it is not matter for regret that our dearest friends drop off from communion with the church below, to join the church triumphant in Heaven.

Let us earnestly hope that the mantle of the departed may fall on many left behind him, who, with the same unaffected piety, and ardent attachment to our beloved Zion, may endeavour to advance the cause he had so much at heart.

Buckingham, Sept. 8, 1864.

Correspondence.

To the Editor.

THE MEMORIAL CHAIR IN QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

SIR,—I beg permission to draw the attention of your readers once more to a proposal which you have already brought before them in your last number. I believe it essential to the attainment of what is proposed, that its claims should be clearly brought before those who are able to carry it out; but I believe at the same time that it only requires its claims to be fairly weighed in order to ensure its complete success. The proposal to which I refer, is to establish a new chair in Queen's University, to be named after the late Principal Leitch; and the following suggestions, though by no means intended to embrace all the claims of that proposal, may at least commend it to those who can contribute towards its accomplishment.

Apart altogether from the propriety of retaining in Queen's University some worthy memorial of the late Principal, it ought not to be overlooked that the endowment of a new chair must be of such benefit to the University itself, that this proposal may deservedly claim the support of all who take any interest in the welfare of that institution. Now in speaking of that institution it should not be, though I fear it is, necessary to remind the readers of the Presbyterian, that it was founded under the auspices and for the purposes of the Scottish Church, and that it is the only University on this continent which may be regarded as representing peculiarly the intellectual life of Scotland. Of course the intellectual life of other countries would continue to work in the educational

system of Canada, even though everything that is peculiar in the mental character of Scotchmen were withdrawn; but is any one prepared to say that the *perferendum ingenium Scotorum*, which was at one time so eagerly sought after in the educational institutions of the Old World, is of no value among the influences which are to educate the people of Canada into all that we hope them to be? Perhaps no country, in proportion to its population, has sent forth so great a number of men as have gone out from Scotland to teach in the highest departments of learning among different nations; for there is scarcely a University in Europe, whose philosophical chairs have not been at one time occupied by Scotchmen. Now the centre which will naturally gather around it all the higher educational influences of the Scottish mind in Canada, and from which these will radiate into the general life of the Province, must be the University which has been established among us as the representative of Scotland; but to enable that institution to be all that Scotchmen should wish to see it, it must receive from them that generous support without which all academical activity must of necessity be cramped, if not entirely paralysed.

It is not however, as the representative of Scotland merely, that our University claims special support from Scotchmen; for having been founded under the auspices of our church, it is in a peculiar manner associated with Scottish Presbyterianism. The form which the religious life has assumed in some countries may not be regarded as indissolubly woven into the general life of the people; but it would be

as impossible to understand the history of Scotland apart from its Presbyterianism, as to make that of the Jews intelligible without taking their divine mission into view. "The Scotch national character," says Thomas Carlyle, "originates in many circumstances; first of all in the Saxon stuff there was to work on; but next, and beyond all else except that, in the Presbyterian Gospel of John Knox." This consideration suggests much, on which I have no time to dwell here, with regard to the present condition of Presbyterianism in Canada, and the manner in which too many Presbyterians among us are acting at the present day; but I cannot help appealing to your readers, whether they think that the religious life of Scotchmen in general can ever be dissociated from Presbyterianism,—whether they do not rather feel that Presbyterianism ought to be elevated into one of the most influential forces which are to work in nurturing that race of men who shall form the future of Canada. The influence, however, of any religious community, both in its extent and in its character, must depend, in a much larger measure than is commonly supposed, on the influence which its clergy are able to exert among educated men; and that again must of course depend on the means which the candidates for the ministry possess, of obtaining such an education as will keep them abreast of the intelligence of their time. Now the establishment of a new chair in the theological faculty of our College will operate in more ways than one towards elevating the standard of education among our clergy; for not only will it provide a more thorough training before they enter the work of the ministry, but, by

holding forth an additional academical situation to which they may aspire, it will help to incite them to the study of theology as a science, while they are engaged in the practical duties of their profession.

I might, as a further motive for contributing towards the proposed endowment, urge the necessity of another chair in order to place the theological faculty on an efficient footing; but the fact is, that several additional chairs are required before our University can be regarded as thoroughly equipped, and many other considerations might be adduced to support the claims of the present proposal. I can further refer here only to the very appropriate suggestion, that the new chair should be associated with the name of the late Principal Leitch, as a memorial of his connection with the University; and to those who were interested in the plans by which he was striving to raise our College and Church to the position which they ought to occupy in the Province, to those who feel that his career among us, surrounded as it was with so much to awaken our pity and regret, deserves to be commemorated by some worthy monument, I am certain that this suggestion will appear to be most opportune.

I shall be delighted if these remarks succeed in drawing the attention of any of our people to the proposal which they are intended to advocate; and I shall indeed be disappointed if a scheme, which might be carried out at so little sacrifice, should fail from want of that spirit which we may reasonably expect to meet with in Scotchmen and in Presbyterians.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN C. MURRAY.

Queen's College, 15th Sept., 1864.

Articles Communicated.

LIFE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

PART II.

It is very difficult to fix with any degree of accuracy the chronology of the early annals of Paul's apostleship. We do not know exactly at what time he left Jerusalem for Tarsus, nor how long he remained there; but if we may receive the narrative of the Acts as preserving a strict order, events of very great importance to the church had taken place during his absence in Cilicia. "A great door and effect-

ual" had been opened to the Gentile world in the reception by the Apostle Peter of Cornelius and his household, to the privileges of Christian disciples. But the conversion of Cornelius was a type and symbol of a general movement, for it was almost immediately succeeded by intelligence that a similar change was operating much more widely in other places. Some Hellenistic Jews, "men of Cyprus and Cyrene," who had received Christianity, visited Antioch and had spoken to Greeks of Jesus, and the Divine Spirit so blessed the word spoken,

that "a great number believed and turned unto the Lord." On the tidings of these things reaching the church at Jerusalem, Barnabas was sent on a special mission to Antioch. In his hand the work grew, and many were added to the church. He felt the need of assistance, and remembering the zeal and energy of Paul, he went himself to Tarsus to seek him.

We do not know how our Apostle had been engaged since he had retired from Jerusalem, but we cannot suppose that he had been idle, and we may well believe that some of those Christian kinsmen, whose names are handed down to us, were, through his influence, now gathered into the church of Christ. Tarsus may have been only the centre of his labours, and it is very probable that some of those churches which are afterwards mentioned as in Syria and Cilicia were founded at this time. Saul was no doubt engaged in some such work when Barnabas came to seek him: he did not delay however to return with him to Antioch, to assist in building up the church there.

Antioch, once the capital of the Greek kings of Syria, and then the residence of the Roman governors of the province, was situated on the river Orontes, about fifteen miles from its mouth; it was a city of commercial importance, as the valley of the Orontes formed one of those passes through which the products of the open country behind Lebanon were conveyed to the seaboard, while it had large communications with the trade of the Mediterranean through its harbour Seleucia. It was adorned with magnificent temples, and colonnades, and beautiful gardens, and was attractive to both Greeks and Romans, from its pleasant situation and delightful climate, and it became noted as the eastern centre of Greek fashion and Roman luxury. The readers of Gibbon may remember his portraiture of the dissolute character of its inhabitants, and of the licentious attractions of the grove of Daphnae, which was a short distance from the city.

And in this heathen city, the first Gentile church was founded, and the disciples of Christ were first called Christians. The people of Antioch were noted for their scurrilous wit, and their invention of names of derision, and it cannot be doubted that the name Christian was adopted as a term of ridicule and contempt, however it may since have become associated with glory and honour. In this city Paul and his companion laboured for a whole year

with some success, and only left it to carry relief from the disciples in Antioch to the brethren who dwelt in Judea. That the famine predicted by Agabus did actually prevail, we gather from Josephus; but a calamity more severe about the same time fell upon the church, for Herod the king "killed James the brother of John with the sword," and Peter was cast into prison, and would doubtless have suffered the same fate had not Herod himself died.

The occasion and circumstances of the king's death are related by the author of the Acts, and by the Jewish historian, and this coincidence in their narratives affords us one of those dates by which we are enabled to fix approximately the period of some of the events in the life of our Apostle. Herod died on the 6th of August, in the year 44, and it was at the close of this same year, or in the beginning of 45, that Barnabas and Saul came to Jerusalem with the offering from the disciples of Antioch, and they apparently found Peter released from his imprisonment. They did not linger long in Jerusalem, but returned to Antioch, accompanied by another helper, "John whose surname was Mark." The church in that city must have been now assuming the proportions and form of an organized body; but Antioch was peculiarly connected with other countries, both Greek and Roman, and the church, actuated with the principles of Christian love, as well as in the fulfilling of the Divine command, seems to have been desirous of extending the Christian movement. In accordance with an injunction through the Holy Ghost, Barnabas and Saul were set apart for the missionary work. A fast was appointed, prayers were offered, and having laid their hands on them they sent them away.

The island of Cyprus, which lay but a short distance from the Syrian coast, and was the home of Barnabas, was the first point of their destination. Here there were a large number of Jews, and though the mission was chiefly to the Gentiles, Barnabas and Saul always first addressed themselves to the Jews, and the Synagogues. They visited the two principal cities of the island, Salamis and Paphos, which though situated at opposite extremities, and about one hundred miles apart, were yet connected by a good Roman road, so that the apostles would have little difficulty in accomplishing the journey. Paphos was the residence of a Roman proconsul, which office was then filled by Sergius Paulus, who had apparently come under the

influence of Jewish teaching. On learning of the arrival of the Apostles he had sent for them, "and desired to hear the word of God." At that period, which was characterised by the low state of religion and philosophy, and a strong inclination to the occult sciences of the East, fanatical impostors had acquired great influence in very many places; one of these a Jew "Elymas the Sorcerer, had attached himself to Sergius Paulus," and when Barnabas and Saul visited Paphos, attempted to dissuade the pro-consul from the faith, but was struck with miraculous blindness by Saul. This miracle, and the teaching of the Apostles, seem to have had a happy effect on the mind of the pro-consul, and he yielded to the evidence of the truth. A very peculiar change now marks the narrative of the Acts, for the name Paul is substituted for Saul, and he henceforth takes the precedence of Barnabas, but we are left to conjecture the cause of the change of name, as to whether it was a mark of respect for his distinguished convert Sergius Paulus, or was the Gentile form of the Hebrew Saul, which the Apostle adopted on the occasion of this his first missionary journey to the Gentiles. This last supposition seems to us the most reasonable, though Jerome and Augustine among the ancients, and Olshausen, Meyer, and Ewald among later writers hold the other view. The city of Paphos is situated on the western coast of the island, and no doubt the Apostles soon found a ship in port ready to sail for some town in Pamphylia which lay almost over against them, and having embarked they crossed to Perga.

INDIA AND OUR JUVENILE MISSION.

The history of the conquest and occupation of India, by the British, has no parallel in the annals of the world. The birth of a power so vast, its first gradual growth, its frequent earlier reverses, its sudden advance under Clive, the nature of its government, the distance from whence its operations were conducted, and the obscurity of those from whom all orders emanated,—may yet give rise to graver and more serious objections as to its reality, than any we have yet seen brought against the truth of the Gospel narratives. Establishing themselves by permission of the native princes, in a humble mud factory, on the site now occupied by Calcutta, "the city of palaces," the East India Company, through their mercantile agents, carried on a trading business in every part of Bengal, to which they

could obtain admission. Gradually increasing their business, and employing a force of armed men to defend their property from petty predatory attacks, they became at last of so much importance as to render their aid valuable to one or other of the native rulers in the continual little wars in which these were engaged. Territory and increased power were thus gained, until, alarmed at their growing importance, an attempt, which almost proved successful, was made to drive them out of the country. But, fortunately for British supremacy, there was an absence of all concentrated power and regular government, the Mahomedan and Hindoo powers had broken their forces against one another, and, although in 1720, the French had appeared as rivals on the same field, the company was able to stand its ground. The French first led the way in brilliant political success, yet, having little aptitude for trade, and their efforts consequently not being backed by equal resources, nor by the same support from the mother country, that mastery, which at one time, in all human probability, would have been theirs, slipped from their grasp, and now, with the exception of one or two comparatively small and unimportant stations, more important politically than commercially, they have no footing in India. Mainly to the successes of Lord Clive, may be traced the existence of British Empire in India. Having taken possession of the productive provinces of Bengal, Bahar and Orissa, these formed at once the base of military operations and the source of revenue to maintain present, and extend future conquests. It is improbable that from either south or west could a way to empire have been forced, but the provinces we have named were inhabited by an industrious, but unwarlike population, ruled over by a race of usurpers, weak, debauched, and tyrannical. Mr. George Campbell, in his *Modern India and its Government*, published in 1852, estimates the extent of territory then held by the East India Company at 626,176 square miles, with a population of 101,062,916, all acquired and administered without imposing any charge on the national treasury. Subsequent annexation has largely added to this estimate. In 1833 the monopoly came to an end by the non-renewal of the company's commercial charter, and finally the double and complex form of government which had existed for many years ceased at the time of the mutiny, the whole territory under British dominion passed immediately to the Crown, and its affairs are now administered by a department of the Imperial government.

But our purpose now is more particularly to consider the policy of the Indian government as affecting the spread of Christian truth. And looking at its history from this, we find a painful contrast to the view presented from the other side. Viewed in one aspect, we find our countrymen pressing forward, meeting, it is true, with reverses, many of them apparently fatal, but still advancing, until from the position of humble suppliants for a spot of ground on which to erect a storehouse, they have at last become the lords and masters of nearly two hundred million subjects. Viewed in another aspect, we see them yielding to the influence of the heathen around them, and forsaking the God of their youth, and despising every monition of conscience, plunging into every form of licentiousness, their greater powers of intellect only inciting them to greater excesses. Nor is this wonderful. Sent when young, away from every restraining influence, and exposed to the temptations arising from their position as superiors among a fawning, supple, sensual and degraded race, the policy the East India Company pursued, seemed designed to prevent them from ever looking beyond the present life! Missionaries were rigidly excluded from its territories, lest a word should be spoken distasteful to its idolatrous subjects; its servants, civil and military, were prohibited, under pain of dismissal, from tampering with the religious belief of the natives: no Christian church was built, but temples, mosques, the shrines of idols, and the roads used by the pilgrims who resorted to them, were taken in charge, beautified, repaired and kept up, and, in cases in which the funds belonging to the temples, &c., were not sufficient, grants were made from the public treasury, so that we are assured by credible evidence, Hinduism is externally in a much more flourishing condition now than it was a hundred years ago. The whole details connected with temple worship, engaging of priests, &c., were directed by government officials, and by their hands every salary was paid. In Madras presidency in 1842 the amount for idol worship passing through the hands of these officials was £130,000 sterling. Nay, deeper and deeper still, it became the practice for one of the British officials to head the annual procession of Juggernaut, waving his hat in the air and shouting, "Victory to Juggernaut." All this was done to conciliate the natives, with what effect let the great motiny tell.

But the clouds began to break in the east, and the dawn of truth arose.

A few Christian officers, rather than submit to violate their consciences by appearing with their troops to do honor to idolatry, determined to send in their resignation. Among others Sir Peregrine Maitland, Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Presidency, gave up £15,000 a year, and withdrew from an honorable and lucrative position at the call of duty. These were some of the first acts which, after the lapse of several years, led to the dissolution of all connection between the government and idolatry.

The narrow and exclusive policy of the East India Company with reference to European colonization has been frequently censured. Yet we would not wish they had acted otherwise. Their object was to hinder men, untrammelled by connection with the company, from becoming rivals in trade, and from forming and expressing opinions as to their proceedings. But, in a way not contemplated, this course has kept up the *prestige* of our name, has caused a constant influx of new blood, for no man ever thought when going to India of making it his home, and has thus kept the ruling class there from degradation. Deceit, falsehood, perjury, licentiousness, and impurity are deep seated in the hearts and openly shewn in the lives of the natives, and it would have been impossible for the children of colonists to have escaped corruption. Perjury is a business, and in law suits where large sums are at stake, the evidence of a European would be bought at almost any price. A gentleman, long in India, has told us that the only man born of European parents, whom he ever knew so to disgrace himself was one born and reared in India. Well educated and following a liberal profession, his sense of honour and honesty had sunk to the level of the heathen among whom he was nursed. It is not for the health of the body only that the children of European parents are sent from India while yet infants. There are health resorts there suitable to the constitution of Europeans; but worse than bodily sickness or debility, the foul leprosy of the soul attacks them there. Kind, warm-hearted and affectionate, the Ayah or native nurse loves her infant charge dearly, and shows him among her friends with more than a parent's pride. Moral death is the result. Unclean words, obscene acts, petty thefts followed by falsehood, cheating and cunningly concealing it from their masters while boasting of it among their fellows, every art of trickery,—all those impurities which flow from the worship of gods whose every attribute is impurity, are imbibed by the child. Without some change in the

method of bringing up the children, we dread the system of colonization now being introduced. How can this change be effected? It is not probable that the colonists would engage European nurses, even if a sufficient number could be obtained. The Ayahs would still be employed, and to raise up a class of native Christians, to convert the women of India and fit them for their duty, must be our endeavour. They, more than the parents, have the moulding of the infant mind. If their hearts are right towards God, how great a step is gained.

And this is part of the task upon which the Juvenile Mission of our church has entered. Weak and contemptible in the eyes of men as the effort may seem as opposed to the work to be done, who can say what good it may not accomplish? These few poor orphans brought up in Christian light, show but a feeble glimmer in the spiritual darkness which everywhere surrounds them, only making the darkness visible. Without standing, without caste,

poor and despised, what can we ever hope to gain by their means? In cleaning engines cotton waste is used and then thrown aside. But saturated with oil, it lies neglected, and unthought of, till, bursting into a blaze, it may spread conflagration and ruin on every side. And, filled with the unction of the Holy Spirit, our Indian orphans, neglected and overlooked by the great and powerful, may be carrying on a work which will one day burst forth into a blaze, not to burn up and destroy, but to illuminate and cheer, to bring forth light out of darkness, to make manifest to the poor, benighted heathen that road which leads to life eternal. God grant it may be so.

Can we not also do something to forward the work? At least when our prayers ascend on high, shall there not float up with them to the throne of the Eternal one petition for a blessing to descend on the labours of those engaged in the work carried on in our Indian Orphanage. B.

Notices and Reviews.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: By Robert Browning. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1864.

It may be laid down, as a general rule, that a true poet never, all at once, wins the heart of his countryman. It may happen that a poem, struck out red hot from the passion of the hour, may so fall in with the ruling thought of the nation, that one morning the author may rise up to find himself famous. But this is the exception. Such sudden popularity, like the quick growing willow, is apt to be short lived. The true poet is more like our own maple tree. Summer and winter must come and go, and, when the time of maturity arrives with its cold nights of trial, and its warm, brief, glimpses of sunshine, when the iron has entered and pierced through the outer husk of life,—then, and not till then, do we look for the rich treasury of sweetness stored up in the heart of him whose fame is to endure. And, with all his faults, we believe Robert Browning to be a true poet. His works have crept slowly into public favour. His thoughts, deep, and shewing a keen and subtle insight into the workings of human nature, require, at times, a more careful study to detect their truth and beauty than the majority of readers think they have leisure for. Often, too, his thoughts are obscure, sometimes even un-

intelligible. Was it not "Sordello" that led Jerrold to fear his mind was giving way. We may tell the story as we remember it. Jerrold, who was in ill health from over study, had been sent to the sea side, with orders from his medical adviser to give up reading for a time. During his wife's absence one day he picked up "Sordello." On her return she found him much agitated; he thrust the book into her hand asking her to read it. After a little, she looked up, and said, "Why! this is gibberish." With a sigh of relief Jerrold said, "Then I am not mad." There is nothing like this in the work now before us. Even those of the poems which, at first sight, seem to be a vain stringing of words together, will, like one of Turner's grand pictures, reveal a world of beauty on a closer examination. And often, just below the surface, if we have patience to look for it, may be found a mine of thought, subtle analogies, touches of true tenderness. Can our readers not feel the depth of sorrow for the dead, tenderness for the living, ruth for the flowers, sympathy for the young hearts yet loving and hoping that pervade his

MAY AND DEATH.

I wish that when you died last May,
Charles, there had died along with you
Three parts of spring's delightful things;
Ay, and, for me, the fourth part too.

A foolish thought, and worse, perhaps!
 There must be many a pair of friends
 Who, arm in arm, deserve the warm
 Moon-births and the long evening-ends.

So, for their sakes, be May still May!
 Let their new time, as mine of old,
 Do all it did for me: I bid
 Sweet sighs and sounds throng manifold.

Only, one little sight, one plant,
 Woods have in May, that starts up green,
 Save a whole streak which, so to speak,
 Is spring's blood, spilt its leaves between,—

That, they might spare; a certain wood
 Might miss the plant; their loss were small:
 But I,—whene'er the leaf grows there,
 It's drops come from my heart,—that's all.

We extract, and we have done, a beautiful idea from the few verses

ON THE CLIFF.

And the rock lay flat
 As an anvil's face:
 No iron like that!
 Baked dry; of a weed, of a shell, no trace:
 Sunshine outside, but ice at the core,
 Death's altar by the lone shore.

* * * * *

On the rock, they scorch
 Like a drop of fire
 From a brandished torch,
 Fell two red fans of a butterfly:
 No turf, no rock, in their ugly stead,
 See, wonderful blue and red!

Is it not so
 With the minds of men?
 The level and low,
 The burnt and bare in themselves; but then
 With such a blue and red grace, not theirs,
 Love settling unawares:

The longer poems will not yield extracts.
 They must be pondered over as a whole.
 Robert Browning will take his place among
 those whose works will not perish with this
 generation.

CANADA MEDICAL JOURNAL AND MONTHLY
 RECORD OF MEDICAL AND SURGICAL
 SCIENCE. Montreal, edited by G.
 E. Fenwick, M.D., and F. W. Campbell,
 M.D., L.R.C.P.L.: John Lovell, printer.

This periodical, of which we have received the first three numbers, made its appearance in July last. Its design is to supply to medical practitioners the means of publishing their observations on important cases, and thus of advancing the cause of medical science, which is the cause of humanity in general. A periodical having such an object in view is deserving of a special welcome, provided its character be in keeping with its views. We are much pleased with the editorial management, and

wish it all success. Even the general reader, who cares to spend three dollars per annum upon it, will glean much useful information from its pages. We cheerfully place it on the list of our exchanges.

THE NORTHERN KINGDOM. By a Colonist. Dawson Brothers: Montreal.

This is a neatly got up *brochure* of eighteen pages, containing some considerations on the future of the British North American Colonies. While believing that the writer exaggerates the influence of such men as Goldwin Smith, who is voluminous, rather than luminous, yet we feel that their influence, whatever it may be, is evil and may some day lead to bad results. The style of a *Colonist* is easy, his arguments well put, and many of his conclusions worthy of serious consideration.

STATUTES OF CANADA, 1864.

We have received the Statutes of Canada for 1864, the result of the last session of Parliament. Notwithstanding the unfortunate position of the two great political parties throughout almost the whole of the period during which the House sat, a large number of useful measures have become law. A very important change has been made in the duties of the Audit Department. Heretofore it has been the practice to audit the accounts *after* payment, now, that must be done *before*. The financial year which formerly ended on the 31st of December, is now to end on the last day of June, so that before the appropriation for one year is exhausted, another has been voted. We trust these changes will save us from hearing many of those accusations which have done so much to lower the name of our public men both at home and abroad. An Act respecting insolvency, long desired by the mercantile community, has at last become law; and a crowd of private bills, chiefly Acts of Incorporation for mining Companies, have found a place in the Statute Book. A short act, giving powers to congregations, to appoint successors to Trustees on Church property, will remove some of the inconveniences of which some of our people have had to complain.

SERIALS.—We have received *Chambers' Journal* for August, which it is almost superfluous to praise. *Good Words* for September; a very readable number. Oswald Cray seems to be drawing to a close, and the interest is well sustained. The interesting

sketches from Italy are continued; this number being illustrated with great spirit. In general we cannot give this magazine much credit for its fine art department. "At the sepulchre" is a wretched specimen of how the new plan of drawing from

wooden models works. *Sunday at Home*, all that could be desired. *Good News*, the *Home and Foreign Record of the Canada Presbyterian Church*, the *Canadian Independent*, and various other publications are received.

The Churches and their Missions.

SCOTLAND.—The Reverend Thomas Wilson, Minister of Haggs, has recently died at an early age. A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* pays a high tribute to his worth as a successful labourer in God's vineyard, and as one who would assuredly have risen to eminence in the Church of Scotland. He was trained under the Ministry of the late Dr. Muir of St. James. After being licensed he was appointed assistant to the Reverend Mr. Brown of Rutherglen, whence he went to Haggs, where he laboured up to the date of his death on the 30th August last.

The Joint Committee on Union of the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches held a meeting a few days ago. In accordance with the resolutions passed at their respective Synods, deputations of the English Presbyterians and of the Reformed Presbyterians (known in Scotland as the Cameronians) attended the meeting, and expressed their wish to enter into arrangements for a general union of all the churches. The presence of those deputations was hailed with great pleasure by the original committee. The members then proceeded to the consideration of the various points submitted to them. It will be remembered that at their former meeting differences prevailed respecting the powers of the civil magistrate in matters of religion. It was, therefore, with much pleasure they found, after a full and free interchange of opinion, that no difference whatever prevailed on those doctrines which constitute the marrow of Christianity—those on the fall of man, on sin and its punishment—on God's covenant with man, and on Christ as the Mediator between God and man. The committee then adjourned till November next.—*Evangelical Christendom*.

Dr. Duff, the eminent Missionary, has been recalled from India by the unanimous voice of the church to which he belongs to assume the duties of Convener of the Committee on Missions. His first public appearance in Scotland, since his return, took place on the 10th of August. From the *Edinburgh Daily News* we learn that he then delivered a long and eloquent speech, some points in which we briefly indicate. Referring first, very touchingly, to the many blanks made among his friends since he had last been in Scotland, he expressed his regret that he could not have ended his life in God's service in India. To take him from that scene of his labours was like tearing up by the roots by the force of a tornado an old tree that had grown and spread in one spot for years. But it was God's will, and he designed to teach

us, by painful processes of this kind, the great lesson of how little he needs any man or any man's work. He sketched the History of the Foreign Missionary Movement in the Church of Scotland before, and in the Free Church since, the separation, urging Christians to remember that Missions must grow or perish, and that those especially to the heathen require year after year a constantly increasing expenditure. If not prepared for this, then Christians must cease to pray for the extension, expansion, and increase of Christ's kingdom. As shewing the necessity for bringing Missionary subjects prominently forward, he spoke of the day on which by request he had gone to the new College to address the Students in Theology on his favorite topic. Many then came forward to offer their services: most of them were accepted, and two of them, at least, had gone to their rest in the field of their labours. Many interesting details of the position of Presbyterians in South Africa were laid before the meeting. And, shewing that not one of the Presbyterian bodies is, separately, strong enough to form an independent Church there, he exhorted to Union in that region. It was impressed on his mind as an absolute necessity, so that all Presbyterians who held by the grand standard of the Westminster Confession of Faith might join together, and let minor distinctions go. Abroad they all felt that there were simply two extremes to be avoided, indiscriminate rigidity, and indiscriminate laxity; holding out the right hand of fellowship to all who hold Christ as the head, and have his image upon them on the one side, and utterly repudiating on the other the false liberalism which would seem to wink at essential error. In South Africa the great majority of the ministers of the Dutch Church are sound and orthodox to the core. Many of them are Scotchmen, which may in part account for it. Whatever the reason the fact was as he had stated. Referring to the trial of Bishop Colenso at Cape Town he said that if the volume of addresses delivered on the occasion by the dignitaries of the Church of England were to come into the hands of Presbyterian Ministers they would astonish them by their soundness, largeness of view, and their strength of orthodoxy on the great fundamental points of the Christian faith. The impression left on his mind by the trial of Bishop Colenso, at which he was present, his intense feeling was that here have been the foundations of our Christian faith assailed by this unhappy man. If these are gone we are all gone together. It would be like striking down the pillars of the temple, like blotting the sun out of the solar system. And therefore

he felt that all true Christian men should rally round those who, cut off from the great world of Christendom are, in South Africa, maintaining the great truth of God on its ancient foundations. With regard to the general question of Missions he saw no ground for discouragement; God will remove the oceans of difficulties and mountains of impossibilities which may seem to be in the way and then shall be realised that bright and glorious consummation of the sighings and longings and aspirations and desires of the Church militant throughout all ages of time, and in all regions of the world.

ENGLAND.—An idea may be formed of the spirit and liberality of Wesleyan Methodists, from the statistics of new chapels. Since the Conference of 1863, 273 cases have passed the committee; 124 chapels, costing £26,662; 36 organs, (horror of Scotch Presbytery!) £5,992; other cases £8,418, making a total of £205,900 (\$1,029,500,) an increase of 34 chapels and £72,741. The entire cost of all the erections and enlargements completed during the year was £133,771. During the last ten years, debts of chapels amounting to more than half a million sterling have been paid off! Add to this, the jubilee fund which is far on to two hundred thousand pounds (£189,285,) collected this year. If our Presbyterianism were half so animated or so concentrated, what a force it would be! We envy not our Wesleyan brethren their wonderful success, but they read us a lesson that should make us hang down our heads in shame, and lift them up again suddenly and eagerly to a noble rivalry.

AUSTRALIA.—The renewed attempt of the representatives of the Presbyterian churches to expedite the consummation of the long-sought-union, has awakened varied feelings, and has met with some obstruction. In *Evangelical Christendom* for February, the union is spoken of as already consummated in regard to the more important sections of the denomination. But, in fact, the work has not as yet gone beyond this, that the synods corresponding with the Established and Free Churches of Scotland respectively, and the United Presbyterian congregation, have agreed to unite on terms to which the majority in each of these bodies have assented. But before the synods and congregation act on the recommendations of the Conference, and make the promised union a fact, two questions present themselves for decision, about which the parties to the pending negotiation are not sufficiently unanimous to go forward. These questions are: (1) Shall the Synod of New South Wales and the isolated Presbyterians be now invited to join in the Conference, to which many think they ought to have been called at the outset? And (2), Shall the conditions embodied in the Basis be so modified as without abandoning any principle already recognised in the negotiations, to remove obstacles out of the way of some sensitive Free Church Highlanders? We are very anxious to avoid one sorrowful result of Presbyterian union in the sister colony of Victoria—the repulsion of two small parties of conscientious brethren, whose continued iso-

lation mars to some degree the joy and strength of the union. No definite official steps can now be taken here until November, when the synods again meet. We hope the delay may serve to forward the attainment of a comprehensive and cordial union that will last till the Millennium.—*Evangelical Christendom*.

INDIA.—A retrospect of twenty-one years' labour in Tinnevely, by the Rev. J. T. Tucker, of the Church Missionary Society, brings out the following facts. During that period he has received from heathenism and Romanism 3,100 souls; he has witnessed the voluntary destruction by the worshippers of upwards of forty devil temples, with all their idols; and he has established sixty schools, and built sixty-six churches of various dimensions. There have been, of late, some discouragement, arising from cases of immorality, and from the refusal to submit to church discipline; and from a revival, among some of the people, of heathenish practices, traceable to the prophecy that a certain demigod is coming to destroy the English Government, and restore Hindooism in its integrity. But while this is the state of things in some places, generally speaking the people were never so disposed to listen to the preaching of the Gospel. The increasing liberality of the native Christians is regarded as the most encouraging feature in the work. "In almost every village where I have held a missionary meeting," writes Mr. Tucker, "there has been a goodly increase in the collections."—*Ibid*.

FRANCE.—I have already mentioned to your readers the schism which broke out in our old Protestant Bible Society. The majority of the committee belonged to the *rationalist* or *liberal* party. These gentlemen violently attacked our ancient and venerable versions of the Scriptures. They pretended that they were filled with contradictions and faults of language. To remedy this, they proposed to circulate a translation made at Geneva, in 1835—a work inspired by the spirit of Socinianism, or Unitarianism, which is now dominant in the city of Calvin. This is not all. The same members of the committee have announced a new version of the books of Scripture, the translation of which has been entrusted to young, unknown men. Thus, the Holy Word of God, designed to quicken our souls and to edify our families in connexion with the domestic altar, is given up to the caprice and arbitrary interpretation of the first comer!

It is evident that men of piety and serious purpose could not co-operate in such undertakings. They gave in their resignation, and established a new institution, the name of which is the *Bible Society of France*. The first two rules deserve to be given at length:—

"1. The Bible Society of France is founded on belief in the Divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and in their infallible authority in matters of religion.

"2. The French versions circulated by the society are, for the present, those of Ostervald and Martin, without the Apocrypha. If, however, the majority of the churches demand other faithful versions, these may be distributed by the society."

There are here, as you see, two important things: first, an explicit profession of belief in the inspiration and authority of the Bible; and, secondly, an engagement to distribute only authorised versions, or *faithful* translations, which may be asked for by the majority of the churches. These are valuable pledges to the Protestants of France. We have no difficulty in admitting that our French versions might be better; but wise precautions must be taken lest, under the pretext of amending existing translations, the Word of God should be mutilated.

We have now, therefore, *three* Bible Societies—the old Protestant Bible Society, which is managed by the Rationalists; the new Bible Society of France, which belongs also to the National Church, but is under the guarantee of a vigilant orthodoxy; and the French and Foreign Bible Society, established by the members of the Dissenting or Independent Churches. This multiplying of similar institutions, perhaps, offers some inconveniences, but it has also certain advantages. The Bible will be circulated the more abundantly in our country, and this is a cheering fact.—*Evangelical Christendom.*

The French Wesleyan Methodist Conference met at Nîmes in the latter part of June. It was presided over by Pastor Hocart, who is to represent the French Methodists at the British Conference this year. The reports presented were, as a whole, encouraging. Souls have submitted to Christ, and are rejoicing in Him, in most of the stations. A gracious influence has been experienced in some of the schools. Some small towns seem moved with a sense of spiritual need, and the chapels are besieged. In others, the Lord's-day is beginning to be properly observed. A new chapel was opened by the President of the Conference at Vigan, in the Cévennes, on June the 26th, and was filled to overflowing on the occasion. Another chapel has been erected in Champagne, on a piece of ground formerly occupied by a convent, and not far from the spot where stood the castle of the Duke of Guise, who ordered the massacre of Vassy. Still more recently, last Sunday, a new Wesleyan chapel was opened at Thernes, having removed from rather an obscure part into a populous neighbourhood, where souls are already seeking the truth. As usual, members of all other Evangelical churches were present to join fraternally in asking for a blessing on the work.—*Ibid.*

GERMANY.—The most important ecclesiastical event of the moment, in Germany, is the meeting of the General Synod of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches at Vienna. The fact alone of this official assembly is highly significant in regard to the progress of religious liberty in Austria. While the Protestants of France have been, for more than a century, deprived of their synodal assemblies, and ask for them again of the actual Government in vain; while even in Prussia we are still taking the first very timid steps which are to conduct to this great result, here are the two Protestant confessions of Austria, who see their

delegates officially assembled, freely to deliberate upon the interests of their churches. A deputation of the members of the assembly, having at its head its president, Dr. Franz, has been graciously received by the Emperor, and has conveyed to him the expression of the gratitude of the Protestants of the empire for the Patent of 1861, by which their rights and liberties were recognised. The monarch replied: "I rejoice extremely to see the General Synods assembled at Vienna, and it is my earnest desire to see the Protestants of the empire in full possession of their rights and liberties." The deputation was no less well received by the Minister for Worship. A fact equally significant is, that on May 29, the Synodal Assembly attended in a body at a grand religious solemnity celebrated at Vienna, to commemorate the tercentenary anniversary of the death of Calvin. The principal labours of the Synod naturally have for their object the bringing into practical operation the provisions of the Imperial Patent, which has assured them of their rights, and which hitherto, it must be said, has scarcely existed except on paper—thanks to the obstinate opposition of the Catholic clergy. The Synod was divided into sections or particular committees to regulate the relations of the Protestant churches with the Government, with the Catholic Church, and with regard to its internal administration, &c.—*Ibid.*

Hanover supplies us with another example of the incessant progress which the ecclesiastical movement makes towards the realisation of the presbyterial and synodal principle, which gives the people a large part in the government of the Church, hitherto entirely administered by the State. The Hanover Chamber of Deputies has sanctioned the new ecclesiastical constitution, elaborated by a constituent synod, after the violent agitations with which I have sometimes occupied your readers. Here, then, once more, is a German State wherein has been accomplished that ecclesiastical revolution to which the Grand Duchy of Baden opened the way, and which is now equally in course of preparation in Hesse, in Saxony, in Prussia, and elsewhere.—*Ibid.*

TURKEY.—For several months it has been currently reported among all the nationalities in Constantinople that 40,000 Mohammedans had become Protestants, and had petitioned the Government to be set off as a separate community, and provided with the Mosque Sultan Baiyazid to worship in. This rumour has caused much excitement, and many Turks have visited the missionaries to inquire about Protestantism, and about this strange report. We have sought in all directions to discover the origin or foundation of it. It is certainly untrue in its current form; but it is said that a number of Mohammedans—perhaps several thousand—have petitioned the Porte for a reformation in the Mohammedan faith. It is understood that they wish to go back to the simplicity of the Koran, which is now practically forgotten by Mohammedans, and displaced by innumerable traditions.—*Ibid.*

Articles Selected.

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN.

One Christmas night we were seated round the blazing fire, with old grandfather in the leathern chair that my father had bought for him when he had at last consented to stay on shore, and give up his most gracious Majesty's service—a service he had so long and faithfully followed. It was but natural that we children should beg a story on this particular evening, and that grandfather should be the more willing to oblige us. Although we had heard the same stories over and over again, each time they were told they were received with as much delight as if for the first time; nay, the older they were, the more welcome.

'What shall it be to-night, lads?' said my grandfather, his thoughts already far away to scenes of his past life, quite forgetting that the greater portion of his audience were females; but for the moment he was back among the group, beside the capstan, in the quiet evening watches. 'Shall it be about the elephants in the Ingees, or the polar bears in the Arctic seas, or the taking of the French cruiser, or shall it be about the Little Captain?'

'O yes, grandfather, let it be that one,' was the general voice; and, after due preparation, our grandfather began in the following manner:—

'Well my lads, it's but right that, after that edifying discourse the parson gave us to-day, we should have something solemn, belike. Besides, I've noticed that you youngsters like best to hear about craft of your own age; so I'll just tell you about the Little Captain—or, as was his proper name, Mr. Charles Harvey, youngest midshipman aboard his Majesty's sloop-o'-war —. Silence then, fore and aft, messmates all.

'A very few days before Christmas, in the year 18—, sailing orders were received for the Mozambique station; for what purpose, you may suppose, we men before the mast knew nothing of whatever. But this we knew, that we thought it very hard to be sent away at that time of year, more especially as we had been expecting to spend Christmas ashore; so that, of course, there was a good deal of grumbling, till the final orders were given, "All hands up anchor!" and we left old England once more.

'The wind for some days had been blowing stiff and cold, reminding us that the snow would most likely be lying round our homes on Christmas night, making the fire burn all the brighter, and friends draw closer to it, with a kindly word or two, mayhap, of those who were absent. I was busy fixing some spare rope, a day or two after we sailed, when I heard a voice, close to me, saying—

"So you sail with us again, old ship?"

"Ay, ay, sir," says I; "I'm glad to see you looking so well, sir. You see, Mr. Charley, I soon weary ashore."

"But I don't think you look particularly pleased at our sailing orders, to judge by your

grim face? Why, old ship, I think, for my part it's glorious to be out at sea once more."

'It was like a picture to see "The Little Captain," as we called him, standing with his arms akimbo, looking so smart and manly. There was nothing mean or cowardly about Mr. Charley. No, my lads; for all his face was so fair and young, he was the making of a true sailor, every inch of him. He had run away from his home, some weeks after his mother's death when he was barely ten years old, determined to be a sailor; but his father brought him back. To wean him, like, from the sea, his father was advised to send him as an apprentice in a merchantman; but no hardships would daunt the little captain; everything came quite naturally to him, as if it was just part of the duty. Before he joined our ship he had been twice to India, and back, and had seen more real sailor life than the oldest young gentleman on board. But before I tell you of this Christmas trip to the Mozambique station, I must tell you how I became acquainted with Mr. Charley. It was a little more than a twelvemonth before that we were carrying on, under press of sail, for Jamaica. It was Sunday, by the log; but little difference was made aboard, as we carried no chaplain; and the captain, though a good sort of man in his way, seldom troubled himself to read the service. It was my watch on deck; and as I passed backwards and forwards, I noticed one of the young gentlemen was seated on the booms, under the long-boat, screened from the heat by a studding-sail that was hung there to dry. He was reading out of a little book, and seemed to take great pleasure in it. I had seen the boy before, and had taken a sort of fancy to him he had such a pleasant way and such a ready smile; and though his face was tanned already with the sun, and his hands looked as if they had smelt tar, yet you could see the roughing he had passed through had not rubbed off his natural gentleness. But, as I said before, he was a brave one, although he had a womanish look about his face that I never could quite make out. I saw that the other young gentlemen sneered at him for something; but, for all that, they seemed to like him too. However, I soon found out what it was they despised him for. Not long after I had noticed the young reefer under the long-boat, I heard some half-dozen of the young gentlemen whispering together about him.

"I say," said one, "isn't it a pity that such a good sort of a fellow as Charley is should be quite spoiled? I've heard my uncle say—and he was as gallant a captain as ever stepped—that nothing destroyed a sailor so much as reading good books."

'I had sailed my first voyage with this same young gentleman's uncle, and could have told his nephew that a worse man never walked a deck. He hardly ever spoke without cursing and swearing, and he treated his men as if they were dogs.

"Yes, Cuthbert," I heard another say

"you're right; and I, for one, think that Charley's books, Bible and all, should be chucked overboard. I'm sure he will thank us in the end for saving him from being a stupid, hypocritical fellow."

"But, Bryce, you won't get Charley to give up his books so easily as you think. He's a game one is Charley, I can tell you; and I think it would be mean to take them from him. I vote we try to talk him out of them first; then, if he won't give them up, make him choose their company or ours; and if he won't consent, why, then, let us cut him."

"To this they all agreed, and in a body came up to where Mr. Charley was sitting.

"I say, Charley," said Mr. Cuthbert, coming close up beside him in a sneaking sort of way, "it's a pity a fellow like you should read those books; none of us read them, and why should you do it? No need to stuff your book so hastily into your breast, either; I don't suppose you thought I wanted the loan of it."

"No, Cuthbert, I did not think you wanted it; but I've met with some people before now who would have liked very well to destroy my book; so I'm always on my guard, for fear of enemies. Forewarned is forearmed, you know," and Mr. Charley smiled pleasantly.

"It must be a very precious book," said Bryce with a sneer; "what's its name, pray?"

"It's the Bible, Bryce, the best book in the world; and it is precious to me, for it was my mother's. She gave it to me a short time before she died"—and carefully he pulled it out of its hiding-place; and I saw that the tears stood thick in his eyes while he looked at it.

"Well, I never saw such a milksop of a fellow," said Mr. Bryce with a great horse-laugh; "just look at him; why, I declare he's crying like a great school girl! He a sailor, indeed! I suppose his mother was a whining, groaning, hypocritical Methodist!"

"At all events, his father is a parson," said Mr. Cuthbert, joining in the laugh.

"I'll tell you what it is, Bryce," said Mr. Charley, springing to his feet, his eye shining as bright as an eagle's, "I've taken hard knocks before now for reading my Bible, and I'll take them again, if need be; but nothing shall stop me. As for the things you've said of my mother, they do her no harm—she is beyond that now; else I should have shown you I can give as hard blows as I can take."

"Without waiting for an answer, he went aft, leaving the young gentlemen as dumb as dogs. But they were nothing at heart but bullies; and I have found that craft like them generally turn out downright cowards. The reason we called Mr. Charley "The Little Captain," was because we thought him like one, and because he knew so well how work should be done ship-shape. When he had an order to give, he would hold up his head smartly, and point his hand exactly like the captain, just as if he could not help it—making us touch our hats as carefully as we did to the skipper himself, and give a far readier Ay, ay, sir, than to any one else.

"With everybody Mr. Charley was a favourite, excepting the third lieutenant and the half-dozen young gentlemen. The third lieutenant being a coarse-grained, sour-tempered sort of

a fellow, took a spite against him, for no other reason than just because every one else liked him. He winked at the persecutions the poor little fellow had to bear from his messmates, thereby making them use greater liberties than they'd have dared to do otherwise.

"Why don't you up fist, and give one or other of 'em a good pummelling, sir?" said I one day, when Cuthbert and Bryce had been tormenting him.

"No, no, Bill," said the little fellow, setting his teeth firmly together, "I shan't strike them if I can help it. Let them say what they like of me, they never can make me the mean things they say I am; and you know, Bill, the Bible says, 'When men revile thee, revile not again;' and, 'Vengeance is Mine, I will repay.' So, even when I hear them speaking against God's book, I dare not strike, though my fingers tingle to do it: if I did, I would be putting myself in God's place."

"But you must not think, my lads, that because Master Charley loved his Bible he was melancholy or dull; not a bit of him. The wasn't a merrier, lighter heart aboard, or one that enjoyed fun more; and a nimbler one at exercises or running up the rigging, you would not have found anywhere. Mr. Charley had a dauntless heart within him; and I believe he would have stood firmly at the cannon's mouth, proud to be doing his duty. But in other things he was brave too; ay, in some things that required more courage than fighting for his country. For if he heard any swearing, or knew of any ill-natured trick to be played, he spoke up boldly, telling his mind like a man; and, strange to say, he seldom got a surly answer for his pains. He would step up to a fellow, with a strange, earnest look in his face, and taking hold of his hand, while messmates paused to listen, he would say, "No true man swears; no brave man should do it. I am sure you would like to be a true man, and have God smiling down upon you out of the sky, instead of frowning in anger." It was when he spoke of good things that his face had the womanish look in it—or rather, what an angel's face might be; and when he asked a fellow to promise not to swear again, with those eyes looking so fearlessly into his, in spite of himself he was compelled to say, "Ay, sir, you may trust me."

"I said to him one day, when we were up in the round-top, "Mr. Charley, I'd like if you would tell me how you got over being afraid to speak about your Bible, and read it before sailors; for in merchantmen, and craft of that sort, they look down on a messmate for being religious; and as for being bookish inclined, why, when I was young, sir, it warn't the fashion afloat, sir."

"Well, Bill," says he, "I'll tell you how it was; I had to suffer a good deal I can tell you, for both the mate and sailors were a rough set; and the captain, though a kind-hearted man, was seldom sober. The mate used to mast-head me for the slightest mistake; and once, in a dreadful storm—the first I had been in—I was so frightened I could not help praying aloud to God to spare us. The mate heard me, and, with a kick, he ordered me to go out upon the star-board whisker, to make fast a loose rope that

was thrashing about in the gale. Oh, Bill," said the little fellow, shuddering as he thought of it, "it was dreadful to be out there alone, the ship at the very moment just going down into a heavy sea, that swelled up about the bows, and fairly caught me before I got inboard, making me cling on desperately for life; and then choking with the salt brine, scrambling in, not knowing how. Instead of stopping me from praying, as the mate wanted to do, it made me the more determined not to give in; for I felt that dreadful night, that the words were true that had rung in my ears, 'Fear not, I am with thee;' and if I had God to protect me, I need never fear, as my father had taught me. Well, Bill," says he, "the captain fell ill, and he thought he was dying—and he was terribly afraid to die; for he had turned his back against God so long, that he thought there could be no mercy's how him now. The carpenter told him that I had a Bible, and that perhaps I might be able to pray, as I was the son of a parson. Well, he sent for me, and he made me read and pray for him, and I did it as well as I could. God helped me to remember what my father and mother had taught me about Jesus; and I think he was happy to die at last, trusting in Him. Now, I have often thought that, had I turned from God because I got a few cuffs and kicks, I could never have been allowed to help the captain, or been saved myself that dreadful storm. The thing that has kept me right, Bill, is the thought that God sees me and cares for me: and if I neglect Him, I never will get to heaven to live with Jesus, and be beside my mother and father again."

"I have noticed that folks think sailors are a set of rough cross-grained fellows, cruel to those under them, and surly to those set over them. It may be so in some ships, and I have seen something of it, mayhap; but this I can say, that, let a boy be firm and brave like Master Charley, and he will soon have every man aboard his friend. But there are few boys like him, lads. To my eye, he seemed too good to live in this world, he was so different from any boy I ever met with."

"I must now tell you what happened to us at the Mozambique station. I was telling you what Master Charley was saying the first time I saw he was aboard. Well, as he was turning to leave me, I whispered to him, "Is the book all safe yet, sir?" It was strange what a fancy I had taken to Master Charley's Bible. Often up in the round-rop he would read it to any of the men that liked to listen, explaining as he went along like any parson; and somehow the Bible stories seemed far more beautiful when read by him."

"Oh yes, Bill, you might have been sure it was safe," says Master Charley, pulling it out of his breast. "It's all ready for you to hear the first time we are aloft together; and I've got a present of the Pilgrim's Progress, that I will read, too, if you like, Bill."

"But at that moment up comes the third lieutenant, and his eye falling upon Master Charley's Bible, he roared out to him—

"Well, you sneaking son of a Methody parson, are you at your whining again? teaching he skulkers a new trick, eh? Go and attend o your duty, sir; d'yo hear? and don't let me

catch you with a book in your hand all the cruise, else I'll chuck them overboard."

Master Charley walked away, holding his hand pressed tightly upon the place where his Bible lay. but he never uttered a word.

On Christmas-day we were in the Bay of Biscay: the wind had been blowing from the nor-east, but changed to nor-west towards the afternoon. Often as I had been in these quarters, I never saw such a sea; the waves ran mountains high, while every moment we expected the ship would be shivered to pieces; her timbers creaked and groaned most fearfully.

"All hands reef topsails," shouted the first lieutenant through the trumpet; and each man hurried up the rigging, finding it no easy matter in such a squall. But, bad as I felt it to be myself, what was my astonishment, when reaching the edge of the maintop, to see the Little Captain hanging, all out of breath, to the futtock shrouds! The wind at that moment burst against the ship with a tearing, hissing sound, whirling the little fellow from the rigging before I could reach him; making me feel for the first time in my life dizzy, and as if I had lost my sea legs altogether.

"I expected, on coming down, to find Mr Charley dead; but his life must have been a charmed one, for he was only hurt, and that not very badly; his fall had been broken by some part of the rigging, and his own quickness in catching hold of a rope. He was just being carried away to the sick-bay when I saw him; the moon, peeping out for a moment, shone clear upon his pale face, and his hands clasped together as if he were praying. Our good ship stood the gale bravely, which fortunately did not last longer than the next morning. Master Charley was soon able to be about again, but there was a change upon him. He never joined with the young gentlemen in their larks, but would sit by himself reading, or looking over the ship's side at the sea. He never neglected his duty when it was his watch; his face was as cheerful as it had ever been; every one could see that his heart was in his work. This quietness, I can tell you, did not make him better friends with his messmates, especially with Guthbert and Bryce; but patiently he bore their taunts, often making them ashamed, as I could see, with the quiet word of reproof as he passed on."

"Well, at last we reached the Mozambique, nothing particular happening, but the speaking with a homeward-bound East Indiaman, and sighting some small craft. For some weeks it was dreary work enough, not even a slaver to chase to keep up our spirits. Mr. Charley was happy though, as I could see; and he tried hard to make me as happy as himself, by reading his Bible and his Pilgrim's Progress."

"Bill," says he one night to me, as he sat watching the stars, "isn't it a wonder that sailors, of all men, are so careless about their souls, and are so ashamed to read their Bibles, and wouldn't be caught saying their prayers for anything, when God is so near to them? I'll tell you what I often think, Bill, that God is nearer to sailors than to any other sort of men, for they are so much alone on the great sea, they seem to lie in the very palm of His

hand. It is a fancy, Bill, I know, but I often think of it. Then to think how close to eternity they are! Why, Bill, a fall from the rigging, a hidden rock, a leak, a fire breaking out, might send them there in a moment! Of course those things might happen at home, but there's less chance of escape at sea."

"That is the way he would often speak to me and I saw that his fall from the rigging had made him think more about death, and things of this sort. Well, as I was saying, nothing very exciting had happened since we had anchored in the Mozambique Channel, until one day about the beginning of February some of the men were allowed to go on shore. Although they did not like the look of the natives much, they were glad of the change. In the afternoon watch a small boat came alongside, and a slippery-looking Portuguese stepped on deck, and asked to see one of the officers. Mr. Brooks, the third lieutenant, came to him and asked what he wanted, and was told that some of the natives had risen up against our liberty men, had bound them, and they were now prisoners in a grog-shop near the shore. One of the boats was at once piped away, and her crew, armed with cutlasses and revolvers in their belts, were soon ready; I happened to be one of them, and I found that Master Charley was to steer her. Away we went laughing and joking at our good fortune in being sent on this expedition, while Master Charley was glowing all over with spirits and good will to the work.

"Well, it was pretty dark when we reached the shore, and we didn't see that a sentry had been placed where our captured boat was moored.

"Who goes there?" shouted out the fellow, in a foreign tongue.

"The Little Captain could speak the language, which was Spanish, and he told him we were from his Majesty's ship—, and that all we wanted was our men; for you see the first lieutenant said there was to be no bloodshed, if possible. Instead of answering, the fellow pulls a pistol out, and aims it at Mr. Charley's head. My mate, Joe Millar, was as sharp; for before he could draw the trigger, Joe fixed him and shot him dead. On we all rushed to free our men, easily finding out the whereabouts by the noise they were making and the crowd of darkies at the door. With our drawn cutlasses we charged down upon them making them fly like frightened sheep. Our men were soon set free, but not so easily managed, as they had been drinking bad brandy, and were more like demons than men. We knew that we must decamp at once, for the niggers would return, and in greater numbers.

"When we were trying to get the men down to the boats, we were attacked by a whole bevy of darkies, hooting and yelling, swarming round us like a hive of bees; we had to fight for our lives every inch of the way to the boats. The boats were pushed off at last—the men, as far as we knew all right—when I heard Joe Millar cry out from the other boat—

"Is Mr. Charley there?"

"No Joe," I screamed back, "I thought he was with you; we must save the Little Captain, my lads."

Not a man drunk or sober, but answered

quite readily, "Ay, ay." I had seen him not many yards from the shore, his pistol in one hand, his dirk in the other, fighting as manfully as any of us. I steered my way for the place as cautiously as I could, the other men going the opposite way to draw off the niggers. Well, my lads, I found him, but badly wounded. I lifted him up, and carried him as fast as I could to the boat, the men coming quickly back at my whistle. I held him in my arms all the way, for he moaned dreadfully when I tried to lay him down. My heart was sore for him, children, and I never knew till then how much I liked him. For the first time since I was a boy I prayed to God to spare him; and the hot tears would roll out of my eyes when I thought he would die.

"When we got on board, he was carried to the spare cabin, and the surgeon sent for. It was found that he had been shot in three places, two shots in the arm and one in the chest. The balls were extracted from the arm, but the other wound the surgeon could do nothing for. The next morning the first lieutenant sent me orders that I was to go to Mr. Charley, as he had taken a notion to have me with him, and that I was to remain as long as he wanted me.

"You may fancy lads, I was not long in obeying the orders; and slipping up to the Little Captain's hammock. I stood waiting for him to open his eyes. His face was very pale, but calm and contented like. I was told he had borne the extracting of the balls like the brave boy he was, hardly making a sound; the very men that held him looking as if they felt more than he did. In a few minutes he opened his eyes and looked at me.

"Is that you Bill?" he said, his voice so low that I scarcely could make him out.

"Yes, sir," said I; "could I do anything for you, sir?"

"At first he said, "Not just now, Bill, my head aches so, but don't leave me, please; I like you very much, Bill, and I want you to be near me when I die."

"Oh, sir, you mustn't speak that way; come cheer up, sir; you're young, you know, and where there's life there's hope."

"Bill, you know I am dying; I see by your face you do," he said quietly, looking straight into my eyes, and reading my very soul. "But I am very happy, Bill, for I shall be with Jesus. The only thing that vexes me is that there will be no sea there; and, oh, I love the sea, and the thought of some day being a great admiral; but in heaven there will be such glorious things that the sea will not be missed. And, Bill, of all the admirals and captains that ever lived, who so great and noble as the captain of our great salvation, Jesus Christ? I don't think I shall ever tire of looking at Him, if I am allowed to get to heaven."

"Why, sir, there's no fear of your not getting there, else there's a poor look-out for the likes of us chaps left behind."

"Don't say that, Bill," the tears standing in his eyes: "you know I had a good mother, who taught me to love Jesus, and to love my Bible, and you had not; but the strange thing is, that knowing what Jesus did for me so well, I should love Him so little. Bill, will you to read me the twenty-third psalm?"

"When I was done reading I found he was asleep, and I sat down with his little Bible in my hand, and read over and over again what was written on the first page: "To my darling boy, Charles Harvey, from his mother. May the Lord bless and keep my son unspotted from the world." At the bottom of the page there were some texts of Scripture, but I forget what they were. The surgeon came in while he was asleep and looked at him, but shook his head. "Poor little fellow," said he, "your time here is short."

"Oh, sir, are you sure he'll die? can nothing save him? he's such a fine little fellow, sir. I could tell dozens of brave things I have seen him do last voyage; and a messmate of mine, who sailed with him to India before that, sir, could tell you more."

"I don't doubt it, Bill, my man, but there's no hope; he may linger through the night, and even the next day, but no longer, I fear. It was strange that Mr. Blacket should send such a small reefer on such an expedition."

"I've heard that Mr. Cuthbert was sick below, sir; and it being Mr. Harvey's watch on deck, and as brave as any on board, it was no great wonder he was sent."

"That Cuthbert is a greedy coward, Bill; he was sick through nothing else but over-eating. And to think that this poor boy is to die for his sneaking illness! I'll hate the sight of the rascal."

The surgeon had been speaking rather loud in his heat, so the noise wakened Mr. Charley. He started up bewildered and scared like, as if he did not know exactly where he was. The surgeon asked him how he felt now, and soothed him over a little.

"Where's Bill,?" I heard him say; "don't send Bill away, sir."

"No, no, my boy; Bill shall stay beside you as much as you like," said the surgeon, and I saw that a tear was in his eye as he said it. Then he asked if there was anything he could do for him—any letter or message to be written to his parents.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Charley, "my mother and father are both dead; but I should like if some one would write to Aunt Mary, and tell her that I was very happy. Bill," he said, turning to me, "I have seen my mother in my sleep, and oh! such beautiful angels, too; they were beckoning for me to come to them, but something kept me back from following, and just as I was getting a peep straight into heaven I woke. Mr. Thompson," said he to the surgeon, "could I see the captain? Do you think he would come and see me before I die?"

The surgeon went away, and returned in a few minutes, followed by the captain. As soon as he reached the hammock, Mr. Charley stretched out his hand. "Good-bye, sir," said he, "I'm going on another voyage, and to sail under a different Captain."

"I hope, my boy, that you'll get round yet," said the captain in a husky voice.

"Thank you, sir, but God wants me to die; if I had lived longer, perhaps I should have loved the sea too well, and God less. No, sir, it's better that I should go now." Then he told the captain what he wanted done with his property. Two rings of his mother's, his clothes,

and dirk were to be sent to his aunt, the only relation he had. A ring of his father's he gave to the captain, his chain to the surgeon, and his watch was to go to the minister of the place he came from. "Bill is to get my Pilgrim's Progress, sir," he said, looking at me with a smile, "and he'll like it best, for it's full of pictures;" and taking his little Bible out of his breast, he whispered, "Would Mr. Brooks take this, sir, do you think, if I gave it to him myself?"

"Certainly, my boy; why should he refuse it?" for you see the captain did not know that Mr. Charley was no favourite with the third lieutenant.

"But sir," said Mr. Charley, looking straight up into the captain's face, "will you do me this favour: when you read the service over me, will you tell the men and my messmates that I loved them all, and never bore a grudge to any on board—Cuthbert and Bryce too, sir; and that I died happy? Tell them they must meet me in heaven when they die too."

It was a strange sight to see that young boy lying there so composed and calm, with no fear of death before him, but just as if he was going out of the ship into another, while we men were hardly able to speak.

Mr. Brooks had been sent for, and came in looking rather sheepish like, I thought, as well he might. But when he heard what the boy wanted with him, he fairly broke down, and cried like a baby. "No sir, I cannot take it," said he, covering his face with his hand. "After the way I have treated the boy, it's too much to ask me."

Mr. Charley raised himself up in his hammock, though it pained him to do it, and taking Mr. Brooks by the hand, he said, "You wouldn't like to vex me now Mr. Brooks; you will take my Bible just to please me, I knew you didn't mean to be unkind to me, sir, but you will read this for my sake; it will make you a good man, Mr. Brooks, as well as a good sailor."

He lay down tired out with speaking, and the surgeon said he must be kept quiet. All through the night he wandered in his sleep, but his thoughts were pleasant. He was back beside his mother's knee, saying his prayers to her, and walking through lanes and fields with his father. In the morning there was a change, and we saw that death was drawing near. A few minutes before he died he opened his eyes and said "Good-bye, Bill, good-bye; there they come, the chariots and horses. I'm going, Bill, good-bye." With a beautiful smile playing round his lips, he passed away beyond the skies.

The next day the captain could hardly read the burial service for the choking in his throat, and many a man had to turn away when he was telling of the message he had sent to them. You might have heard a pin drop when the order was given, and the "Little Captain" was slipped down into the deep blue sea that he loved so well. My heart was sad for many a day after, and it's sore even now when I think of him; but I'm trying to steer my course for that heaven where he is safely anchored; and not only me, for I've heard as how Mr. Brooks, our third lieutenant became a changed man, all through reading the "Little Captain's" Bible. So you see, my lads, what a good example even

a little boy can show, and that bravery and the true love for God and His Book meets with its own reward.'

ANIMAL LIFE IN LONDON.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO FRIENDS.

IN THE HOUSE.

Some time ago my old Friend Frank Wilson sent me an invitation to come and spend a few days with him at his house in London. We had been very intimate at school, and afterwards at college; but for the last few years had seen little or nothing of each other. I was engaged in business in a country town, and he was reading law in London; so we rarely met. Our "consolation had been in epistolary correspondence," as *Punch* has it; but as the dearest friendship is apt to starve if it has nothing better than letters to subsist on, we felt we must plan a meeting somehow. Hence my visit to London.

On the first evening, when the ladies and servants had gone to bed, Frank said to me, "I have not given up my old habit of smoking, Ned, so if you will come down into the kitchen with me, we can have a jolly long talk. I know you never mind how late you go to bed." So down we went, and chatted about this and that in our old, familiar way.

All at once, without a word, up jumped Frank, and began a series of hops round the kitchen, stooping down after each to pick something up. In a minute or two he returned to the fire, with an exulting smile upon his countenance, and, holding out his hand, said, "I've killed 'em."

"Killed what?"

"Black beetles. This house swarms with them. Whenever I come down here I do my best to extirpate them; but my efforts don't seem to diminish their numbers."

"You should not kill black beetles, as you call them," said I; "they are of use."

"If to eat up everything that comes in their way is to be 'of use,' they are certainly the most useful of creatures."

"Why, they eat a certain animal that no land-lady will ever own to so much as knowing the existence of. They eat bugs!"

This was a new light to Frank. "Bless me, you don't say so!" he said at last. "I tell you what," turning round and facing me, "you must tell me something about animals and insects; I want to know their habits, and, as it is your hobby, you will be able to tell me all about them. Let us begin with the black beetles."

"You must not call them by that name," said I; "they are not beetles at all."

"Not beetles! he ejaculated. "What are they then?"

"You may call them cockroaches, if you like," I answered; "but they are not beetles. Look here," and I picked up a smashed specimen from the earth. "Beetles are differently made. These black cases which cover the wings, and which are called the *elytra*, overlap. Besides, cockroaches never change their form from the day they leave the egg until they die,

except by their gradually gaining wings; whilst beetles, on the contrary, are in the first instance cylindrical grubs, then chrysalids, and, finally, perfect insects."

"I once found a white cockroach," said Frank.

"Very likely," I answered. "Cockroaches have three stages of existence, after leaving the egg, like all other insects. In the grub or larval stage they are very pale, almost white, and have no wings or wing-cases; in the chrysalis or pupal stage they are darker, and possess these appendages in a very rudimentary condition; but in the final or perfect stage, are black, and have their wings and wing-cases thoroughly-developed; it is in this stage only that they can be called mature cockroaches."

"Really!" exclaimed Frank. "This is all new to me."

"Now," I said to him, "you will be able to appreciate better the difference between a cockroach and a beetle. The former runs about during the chrysalis state, and lives and eats as usual; whereas the latter is fastened up in a tough cocoon, and neither moves nor eats after it becomes a chrysalis until it arrives at the final and perfect stage of its existence."

"Are cockroaches natives of Britain?" inquired my friend.

"No," I replied; they are natives of South America, and have been unintentionally imported into England, like many other insects, of which I may instance the bed bug we were speaking of, as a notable example. There are twelve or more species occasionally found in Britain—all foreigners—but the one which is most generally known is the common cockroach, *Blatta Orientalis*. The name *Blatta* (from a Greek word, meaning 'to do harm,') was given to them from their destructive properties. Can you tell me what is the difference between a bug and a beetle?"

"Well, no; I cannot exactly," confessed my friend. Then, after a minute's thought, he added, as a bright idea seemed to strike him, "They have no wings."

"What have no wings?" I asked.

"Why, bugs, of course," he replied.

"Ah! there you are mistaken. It is only the common bed bug that has no wings; all the others have not only those organs, but wing-cases as well," I replied; "but there is this difference: the wing-cases of bugs are not of the same consistency throughout; that is to say, one half is leathery, and the other transparent; hence their scientific name, *Hemiptera*, or half-winged insects. Tradition tells us that they were not known in London before the days of good Queen Bess. They have inhabited Europe, though, for a number of centuries, according to the ancient Greek writers. They are, naturally, vegetarians; indeed, we have a great number of field bugs in England at the present time. Many of them are very pretty; but they all have that odious smell which people find so disagreeable in the household species."

"But they are never caterpillars, are they?"

"Well," I replied, "not exactly caterpillars, but they, like all other true insects, pass through four stages:—1, the egg; 2, the larva, in which state they are named caterpillars; 3, the pupa, maggots, &c.; and, 4, the imago. In the case

of the butterfly, whose changes of form (metamorphoses) are best known, these various stages of existence are called by more popular names. Thus the larva is the caterpillar, the pupa the chrysalis, and the imago the perfect insect. These changes in bugs are similar to those which we observed in the cockroaches; that is, the wings are absent in the grub state, rudimentary in the chrysalis state, and only fully developed in the imago or perfect insect; in fact, earwigs, cockroaches, locusts, crickets, grasshoppers, and bugs, are all alike in this respect. They all have legs and jaws in the chrysalis state."

At this moment a cricket leaped upon the hearth, and my friend, with a rapid movement of the hand, caught up the little insect, and began examining it all over. The cricket, however, not relishing the position in which it was placed, gave a strong pull at its imprisoned leg, and fell on the floor, leaving that member in its captor's grasp.

"Poor thing!" said Frank, really concerned; "I had no idea what it would do. I will kill it outright." But he sought in vain for the wounded insect, which had dragged itself away.

"I believe," said I to him, "that crickets have the power of replacing lost members, like crabs, if that will console you for what has happened."

"What a wonderful leg it is!" broke in my friend, who was surveying the member in question. "Its owner could not have valued it very highly, as he parted with it so readily. But just look at these spurs; and what a thigh!"

"Yes," I replied; "you may always tell the habits of insects from their legs. A short, thick leg proves the creature to be sluggish; a long, slender one implies that it runs; a very weak leg is evidence that the insect flies; but a stout thigh, with strong spurs, and a slender but powerful lower joint, belongs only to those species that leap."

"There is a clothes-moth!" exclaimed Frank, as I concluded; and he darted towards the window, but soon returned, bringing a small, speckled, brown moth, which he had killed on the blind.

"That is not a clothes-moth," I said.

"Not a clothes-moth? Why, you will tell me next that my name is not Frank Wilson!"

I laughed. "No, that is *not* a clothes-moth; it is *Entrosis fenestrella*, so called, I suppose, from its partiality to windows. You may tell it by its grey head. Its caterpillar feeds on waste substances, and not upon clothes."

"Well, I never said that its caterpillar did feed upon clothes," argued Frank. "I said the moth did."

"But," I answered, "moths do not eat clothes in the moth state—only when they are caterpillars."

"Moths—do—not—eat—clothes?" gasped my friend, slowly pronouncing every word separately, and staring at me as if I was mad; "why, man, it is an established fact!"

But I assured him that it was the caterpillars that ate the clothes, and not the moths. Yet it was not until I had produced my pocket-lens, and showed him the insect's mouth, that he would believe me.

"Ah!" he said at length, "I understand now; moths have no jaws; and caterpillars have."

I nodded in acquiescence. "Well, you will remember henceforth that this little grey-headed moth is perfectly harmless, and doubtless useful in clearing away the refuse of your house."

"How troublesome the gnats are!" exclaimed Frank; "they buzz, and buzz, until it makes one quite savage—the nasty things! I wonder whether it is their mode of conversing with each other?"

"The sound comes from the friction of their wings," I replied.

"Oh!" said he, "I thought it came from their throat. Have not insects a voice?"

"None," I returned; "none whatever—unless you like to call this a voice. It has been stated that some of the larger moths have been heard to squeak when injured; but I never heard them do so. As to their being nasty things, they do certainly sting disagreeably; but it is very pleasant, on a fine summer's evening, to hear their shrill notes among the trees, as it is a sort of intimation of fine weather, or, at least, that the fine weather will continue."

"Gnats live in the water, when they are grubs, or larvæ, as you call them; do they not?"

"Yes," I replied. "The female gnat lays her eggs in the form of a raft, on the surface of the water; and the grub is aquatic all its life. It is a hideous-looking creature, with a most complex tail; but I could not describe it to you without the aid of a diagram; and you know I am no draughtsman."

"What a sting they have!" said Frank.

"Not a sting, but a trunk, or proboscis, which is very minute. In the mouth there is a regular parcel of lancets, that can be shot out and drawn in at the animal's pleasure. They are three in number, sharpened at the end, and barbed like darts. They are contained in a sheath or tube that is also sharpened and barbed like the lancets which it contains. As soon as the wound has been inflicted, and the blood begins to flow, the gnat withdraws the lancets, but leaves the sheath in the flesh, and sucks up the blood through it. This admirably constructed apparatus, therefore, serves the two purposes of lancet and siphon."

"What a dreadful instrument!" exclaimed my friend. "It is quite as bad as a sting, if it is not one. Do you know, the other day, I thought that something in the garden was on fire? but I found that what I took for smoke was nothing more or less than a swarm of gnats."

"Just so," I replied. "Gnats often rise into the air in such numbers as to have the resemblance of smoke. Thus, in 1736, a large cloud of them rising from Salisbury Cathedral caused the inhabitants to believe that the edifice was on fire. The same occurrence took place in 1812, at a town in Silesia; and in the following year at Norwich Cathedral."

"The mosquito is a sort of gnat, is it not?" enquired Frank.

"Yes," I replied, "and a very troublesome sort too. How thankful we ought to be that we have no mosquitoes here!"

"We ought, indeed. A relation of mine, who was in the Crimea, was nearly tortured to death by them. He gave me such an account of them! But we have plenty of troublesome creatures here, in a small way, as, for instance, the flies. There are some hundreds on the ceiling now; and though I provide the most tempting, saucers of treacle for them, they won't be caught."

"Flies are, in some respects—their feet, for instance—the most wonderful of creatures. The foot of the fly is something like that of the cat. It has two curved claws, and two large pads to protect them, whilst these two pads are covered with a number of hairs, each terminating in an expansion, moistened by a fluid exuding from the extremity, and affording the means by which the fly firmly attaches itself to the object on which it is walking. Here, take my pocket lens; it will not show you the hairs and expansions, but it will enable you to see the pads, and the hooked claws."

"It is certainly very curious," said Frank. "I had no idea that the foot of the fly was so beautiful a construction; but it shows most indubitably the wisdom and power of the Creator, by which he has formed such a variety of creatures, and has adapted every one, no matter how small, or how apparently insignificant, to the peculiar conditions by which it is surrounded."

"Well might an entomologist say," I added, "as Hamlet says, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

"Exactly. But, hark! what is that?"

I listened attentively for a moment, and heard a small ticking, which proceeded from the window. "It is only the death-watch," I said.

"Only what?" exclaimed my friend, starting up in alarm. "Only what, did you say?"

"The death-watch. It is a small beetle, very common in houses. You need not be alarmed." (I suddenly remembered that my friend was exceedingly superstitious.)

"The death-watch!" said he, solemnly; "the death-watch! surely it cannot be that!"

"Oh, yes, it is," I replied. "Why, what should make you think it is not one? Don't be alarmed. The legend about the death-watch beetle being a forewarner of coming death is all nonsense. The noise you hear is nothing more nor less than the conversation between two beetles."

"Conversation between two beetles!" said he. "Do you wish to gull me? or are you mad?" "Neither," said I. "I am in sober earnest, and mean what I say."

"But you have just told me that no insect has a voice; how can they, then, hold a conversation?"

"Very easily," I replied. "Dumb people have no voice, and yet they can converse together on their fingers. These beetles are also dumb; and as they have no fingers, they converse with their feet: that is to say, when one beetle wishes to apprise another of his close proximity, he stamps with his foot, and if the other hears it, it stamps in return, and so the conversation goes on until they meet."

"Upon my word, that beats everything," said he, laughing at the idea.

"Well, all I beg of you is, not to believe any foolish superstitious tales of this nature. I wonder that a person of your acquirements could credit such absurdities."

"Yes, I agree with you," said my friend, "but we must conclude our conversation this evening, as the clock has just struck twelve, and it is time for bed."

And so we parted for the night.

WITH THE BUDDHISTS.

I purpose taking my readers with me to visit one of the finest Buddhist temples within reach of Shanghai. It is about forty miles distant, and as there are no highways, we hire a boat and set sail. While we are on our way, it may be useful to explain what Buddhism is, in order that we may the more intelligently comprehend what we may hear and see.

It originated in India, about B. C. 700. The founder of the sect was Shaka-muni. He was the son of the king of Meggaddha, now called Be-har. When he was born, it is said that "he stood upright, then walked seven steps, and pointing to heaven with the one hand, and to earth with the other, exclaimed, 'There is none but myself, above or below, that ought to be worshipped.' At seventeen years of age he married three wives, and at the age of nineteen he forsook them all, and all earthly cares, and went into the wilderness and lived there. At the age of thirty, he professed himself fully inspired, and began to propagate his doctrines and to work miracles. At first his teaching was good, and he embodied the substance of his exhortations in these five commandments: I. Not to kill animals. II. Not to steal. III. Forbidding all impurity. IV. Against lying. And V. Not to drink wine. He also taught that "people ought to do good deeds, build bridges, repair highways, erect temples, use the priests well, and that thus they would expiate their sins." Afterwards, he proclaimed that he was *Buddha*, the incarnation of intelligence, and propounded a system of philosophy in which the elements of many other systems, which have appeared in Germany of late years, are to be found. He is said to have had 80,000 disciples. Of these, ten, conjointly, published no fewer than 5,000 volumes, in which his doctrines are explained, and innumerable miracles narrated. And at last he was re-absorbed into *Buddha* at the age of seventy-nine. His teaching assumes two forms—the exoteric, or outward, for the vulgar; and the esoteric, or deeper lore, for the learned; and a very few words more will suffice to enable any one to comprehend the gist of his system.

Buddha means "clear light," hence "intelligence." This intelligence flows forth, and fills every mind, as light does every eye. It is the supreme power in the universe. Hence every one ought to worship it. But how are men to conceive of it? Is it personal or impersonal? Is it something or nothing? It is impersonal. It is thought. It is one, yet multiform. You can conceive of it, they say, as the immovable past, the actual present, and the dread future; and hence they have erected the three great images, which I will point out to you, and

which are found in all their temples; viz., THE PAST BUDDHA, THE PRESENT BUDDHA, and THE COMING BUDDHA; and very characteristically, you will observe that it is only the coming Buddha which is worshipped.

Again, Buddha may be conceived as multi-form. He is in every man, and most where we find great men; and men given to good deeds are called Buddhas.

Buddha is also, in some sense, in every animal. What meaneth that imperfect intelligence—those half-human, half-brutal faculties, which appear so strangely in the lower animals? They are human spirits in a state of degradation, is the reply. They are signs of what you may become, if you follow any unlawful propensity. Hence the prohibition, on the part of the Buddhists, against taking animal life; and hence the superstitious care which is taken of animals which are placed within the precincts of their temples or ponds; and hence, also, the doctrine of transmigration of souls. They believe that only a certain definite amount of intelligence was created at first, and subdivided into a fixed number of creatures; and that no additional souls have been created since, but that they have been perpetually going through a series of transmigrations. They say that men and brutes only differ from one another as hail, and snow, and ice, and water differ, that they are the same substantially, yet may be resolved into one another at any time; so that a man may be a lion to-morrow, a fish the next day, or a worm the day following, and so on.

Buddhism is thus, in one light, Atheism—acknowledging no God at all; and in another light Pantheism—maintaining that everything is a part of God, that my readers and the beasts of the field are all portions of deity. Oh, the folly and the pride of the human intellect!

But such abstraction cannot satisfy the common mind. It demands something real, and, alas, too frequently, something visible and tangible. Accordingly, the Buddhists in Thibet have invented a theory of a living incarnate Buddha. They believe that intelligence personifies itself, and in a concentrated manner bursts into human form. Buddha is supposed by them to dwell in a man who is styled the Lama. This man is kept in a temple in a state of entire inactivity. He is the lord of the universe, and is worshipped by the priests with the utmost devotion. When he dies, his spirit is supposed to enter the body of a child. The priests perform many absurd incantations, and at last fix upon some infant and then proceed to the house, and hail it as the lama, and carry it off to their temple, and set it up and worship it as the incarnate lord of the universe. But Thibetians are not the only people who may be called Buddhistic deists. The priests in other countries have invented lords many, and gods many, for the masses. Buddha is too far removed from the conception and the wants of common men. Hence they have invented a class of gods called Pooza, in China. The word Pooza, means pity, compassion; and they are supposed to be more accessible and more considerate to the infirmities of the poor. The chief among the Pooza are the gods of the western heaven, and Kwan Yin, the goddess of mercy; and these are placed in the temples of

Buddha, as well as have temples erected to themselves.

These remarks may help to explain some things which have puzzled those who have read a little about Buddhism. Some writers have called it a system of Atheism, some a system of Pantheism, some a system of Deism, and others have looked upon it as only a system of idolatry. The fact is, it assumes all these phases, and appears this system or that in accordance with the light in which it is viewed. Atheism in China and Japan, it is Pantheism in India and Ceylon; Deism in Thibet and Tartary; a mixture of each in Burmah; and idolatry wherever it prevails, for the sake of the common people.

But how did Buddhism enter China? In a very remarkable manner. Since the time of Confucius, there had been a tradition floating among the Chinese that "in the west the true teacher was to arrive." Consequently, they were always looking to the west for some great man to explain to them the way of truth. Moreover, they were thoroughly tired of the negative system of Confucius. Persuaded by him that it was irrational to think that they could have any duties toward a Being, of whose existence they were not even sure; and that all their duties pertained to the right discharge of the various relationships of life, they had tried long to quench the religious instinct within them. But it was mastering them; they were feeling that they *must worship something*; they were looking around them, and many were falling into great superstitions. At this juncture, the Emperor Siang-ti (who reigned about 60 A.D.) had a dream in which a person appeared to him, and told him to send to the west, and he would get a knowledge of the true religion. This dream made such a powerful impression upon his mind, that he at once sent ambassadors in search of the true way. They travelled as far as India. Here they met with some intelligent Buddhist priests. These priests explained their faith to them, and flattered them into the belief that theirs was the very religion they sought. The ambassadors believed them. Arrangements were speedily made. Certain priests were appointed to accompany them home. They took some images and their sacred books. They were well received by the emperor. The system was established, and it spread with most amazing rapidity throughout the empire. The people just flew to it as thirsty cattle to a stream in the desert. Their religious nature was absolutely starving; and, hence, when they saw the Buddhist's idols and imposing ritual, they said, "here are our gods," and they fell down and worshipped them.

These things are not mere invention, but *historical facts*: for the dream and its consequences are all found recorded in the Chinese histories, and can be perfectly relied on. And this religious revolution is most instructive. It shows us how impossible it is for secularist notions—like the system of Confucius—to satisfy the human heart. It must have something to worship. And were the irrational dogmas of the secularists to prevail over any large portion of men, they would be infallibly the first to fall into any specious system of idolatry that might present itself.

But we are arrived. Having disembarked amid a gazing crowd, and wended our way through the busy streets, we reach the northern suburbs. There stands the temple. It crowns that beautiful hill. You see it peeping through the trees. We reach the foot of the hill, and enter a small gateway. Inside were balsams, and cockscombs, and flowers of many kinds, growing in great profusion—for the priests often display great taste in their gardens. Our way lay by a zig-zag path up the hill, and a pleasant path it was. It was shaded every now and then by the foliage of trees, and enlivened by beautiful flowering shrubs. There were springs, too, of clear and cool water; and everything was pleasing; only the thought of the idolatry within and around filled the heart with sadness.—*Sunday at Home.*

COMING AND GOING.

Sunshine and shadow come and go alternately, or with mingled influence chequer the scenes of life. The first coming of a child into the household is more than the advent of an angel. A divine messenger might more surprise us, might play upon our wonder and fear, or give food for reflection by his message.

But a child comes from as mysterious and strange a land as the unknown sky. Every day the little thing fills us with questions and wonders of thought. One child is a whole population. What is it? what will it become? how shall we rear it? what is it doing to us and within us? These thoughts come and go, in light and shadow, in hope and fear, in gladness or sorrow, with footfalls as numerous as if a whole host, and not one little babe, were the subject of them. But of the coming of these little ones poets and parents have written abundantly.

What about their going? When they go out to return no more, we believe that the door of the Father's house has opened, and that they are safely at home. We weep. But it is not that they are gone—but that we are left. We weep—not because they are inside of the gate—but because we are on the outside, and the door is shut.

But there are other goings besides these upward and heavenly ones. Children grow up. Nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now! His foot is in the field, his hand upon the sword. There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made it is like a raveling stocking, stitch by stitch gives way, till all are gone. The house has not a child in it. There is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell-mell—it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls, or strings, left scattered about. Things are neat enough now.

There is no delay of breakfast for sleepy folks. There is no longer any task before you lie down of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bedclothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no ribs to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to

be washed, or collars to be arranged! There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! Oh for some children's noise!

What used to ail us, that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors? We wish our neighbours would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A house without children? It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers: a vine and no grapes; a brook with no water gurgling and rushing in its channel. We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear child-life at work with all its varieties.

During the secular days, this is enough marked. But it is Sunday that puts our homes to proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hand on their heads. They seem to recognise the greater and the lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious trill of children in it. But Sunday comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure and too little care.

Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?

All summer long the great fall-breasted tree has covered his branches by numberless leaves, and whirled them in the wind for music, and covered the little birds from sight that sung and builded within. It was green, and strong, and musical. At length a single leaf hangs in the tree with a brilliant colour. You look at it and sigh, "It is the first that I have seen this summer; there will now be more such." To-morrow it falls. Others ripen and follow. Ere long the tree grows thin. Every wind lifts many of them, and hands them down to the ground. Every day there is less sound in the tree; every day more of rustling leaves along the fences. At length, after a rain, and a windy buffeting, the tree holds out its barren arms, and there are nowhere leaves upon them! Wait, O tree! There are buds and leaves yet. Only between thee and them is sleep—burial—resurrection. Winter is come, but so also is spring coming.—*H. W. Beecher.*

ON THE ESSENTIAL AND ACCESSORY ELEMENTS OF PREACHING.

We should never forget that, as religion, to use the words of Schleiermacher, is not a thing of knowing only, or a thing of doing, but of feeling and of affection, it is with that inmost sanctuary of the soul also that the Christian preacher has mainly to do. His main business is not to extend theological science,—to sound the foundations of speculative truth,—but to feed the springs of Christian life. He is there, not to philosophise or theorise, but to plead and persuade, to waken consciences, to kindle hearts, to nourish moral feeling, to stimulate and sustain holy action. His message, there-

fore, is not alone or mainly to the reason, or the judgment, or the æsthetic tastes, but to the soul,—to those spiritual instincts and infinite wants and longings lying deep down at the centre of our being, which it is the business of religion at once to evoke and satisfy. . . . That reason and intellectual gifts generally have an important function in the work of the pulpit, is of course beyond question. That function is at once negative and positive. They contribute, on the one hand, to preserve the substance of the Divine message pure, by rejecting all admixture of crude opinion and morbid feeling: and on the other, to illuminate it, and set it forth with original force, freshness, and beauty. The intellectual charm which choice words, fine thoughts, vivid illustrations, keen glances into the hearts of men and things, and those deep, pregnant utterances of wisdom which reveal the fruit though not the processes of philosophy, impart to any discourse, whether religious or otherwise, is assuredly not to be made light of as an ally, if not the principal agent, in the work of the pulpit. Still intellectual power is one thing, and spiritual power is another. Let them, by all means, and as far as possible, be combined, but let not the one be substituted for the other. Nor are we disposed to assent to the demand now often made on the Christian preacher in these days, to eschew all doctrinal statements, and confine himself to the practical concernment of human duty and common life, or at least to aim rather at the embodiment of a certain Christianised tone of thought and feeling, than the inculcation of any definite Christian system. If, indeed, by doctrinal preaching is meant the mere mechanical reproduction of other men's definitions and forms of thought,—raw and wretched morsels of unmastered, undigested catechism or creed, the dead tradition of a controversial and dogmatic orthodoxy, rather than the living faith of the heart,—we can scarcely have too little of it, and the best friends of the pulpit will mournfully confess that we have by far too much. But if doctrinal preaching in the true sense be, as surely it is, the clear and earnest declaration of God's message to sinful men, or in the words of a pre-eminently doctrinal book, of "what we are to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man," the declaration of this by men who believe it, and because they believe it "therefore speak," it is difficult to see how we can have too much of it: we can scarcely indeed conceive a proper Christian discourse without it.—*North British Review*.

IMPROVE EVERY-DAY INCIDENTS.

A teacher may often make a deep impression on his class by improving spiritually little every-day occurrences, which the observing eye will gather up in even the most quiet community. The great art consists in applying them forcibly to appropriate Scriptural instruction. By this means the mind is more deeply interested, and the instruction is implanted oftentimes for life. It requires forethought and careful study to do this acceptably, but the results are worth the effort. When Dr. Chalmers was professor at St. Andrews, he was accustomed to meet on Sunday evening a little

class composed of the poorest, most neglected children he could gather together. And yet this great man says that to meet this little circle, he prepared himself as thoroughly and carefully as to meet his class at the University. Perhaps eternity will reveal as great results of his labours among those children as in his higher walks of usefulness.

Do not reject things because they are ordinary, common. Human life is made up of commonplace incidents. Therefore, as religion, to be of any real use, must enter into the details of life, a teacher must use such common things as instruments.

The most ordinary events may be made the basis of very profitable instruction if the teacher will only prepare for it. Real living occurrences impress children far more than abstract truth. The sudden death of a scholar whom all have known, is a more powerful preacher on the uncertainty of life than any Scriptural text you could produce. The skilful teacher will seek to impress such a lesson, and point it with appropriate passages from the Bible. A few words sometimes will bring home eternal truth with great power to the mind.

A distinguished clergyman was standing before a glowing molten furnace, gazing thoughtfully into its fierce, fiery depths. "My friend," he said seriously to a workman standing by, "what does that remind you of?" The words sank deeply into the man's mind, and however busy he might be, there was that terrible preacher of eternal wrath just before him. He could not shake it off, and it brought him at length to cry out for mercy, and to find it in the blood of a Saviour.

A teacher one day met one of his scholars at the fountain which supplied the village with water. It was a full, rushing stream, pouring out in a crystal flood from the limestone hill that rose behind the hamlet. The teacher put the question to the little girl—a question you will think obvious enough—"My child, have you ever drank from the Great Fountain?" Those few words never left her until they brought her indeed to the fountain of life.

Consider our Lord's mode of teaching on some of the occasions when he uttered his most striking lessons. The lilies that bloomed in the meadows of Palestine, the vines that grew along the hill sides, the fig-trees in the valleys, the husbandman going forth to his daily work of tillage, were sights familiar to all that heard him, and were in all probability then visible before their eyes.

The law of mental association is so strong that it almost always happens that when two things have been seen together once, the sight of the one recalls the second to the memory. So if in connection with a spring, a street, or any familiar thing, you have succeeded in pointing a particular lesson, it will never be forgotten.

'A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.'

Amongst the many pleasant villa-like residences near Hampstead Heath, none was more conspicuous for its air of cheerful neatness than that of Mr. Dice, an attorney in a good practice in the city.

The view from the house was charming. In front, the eye never wearied of looking at the wide expanse of heath, peopled, in the summer evenings, by crowds eager to leave behind them for a while the pent-up atmosphere of London, and breathe for a little the fresh air. Then, from the back windows was seen the garden—not of great dimensions, to be sure, but tastefully laid out, and bright with all the flowers of the season; and when Mr. Dice returned from business, as he ostendid, weary and exhausted, he always found a cheerful welcome in his suburban home.

Six years before, he had brought to that house his girl-bride—half afraid lest, in the many solitary hours she would require to pass whilst he was engaged in business, she would pine for the friends she had left in her Scottish home. But he need have had no such fear. Maria Dice, fond of her friends, and happy as she had been in the home of her childhood, was not one needlessly to pine for them, after she had united herself to one whom she loved. His interests became hers, his home the one she cared for. Time never hung heavy on her hands. Household duties were engaged in; the poor sought out, visited, and comforted; and the hour of her husband's return found her ever ready, with her brightest looks, to welcome him. A year after their marriage a baby-daughter was born, and Maria felt her cup of bliss was full.

On the May evening we write of, when little Julia (still an only child) was five years old, Mrs Dice sat alone in her cheerful drawing-room, busy at work. Out of doors all looked very bright. The garden was radiant with bloom; the golden laburnums drooped their heavily-laden branches till they touched the ground; and every tree and bush were bursting into leaf. Mrs Dice looked troubled as some painful thought oppressed her; but the look of vexation vanished as the door opened, and little Julia entered, looking somewhat disconsolate, holding up her little frock with a most perplexed expression.

‘Oh, mamma’ she said, ‘only see! what a big, big hole! What will nurse say? Will you please mend it? I could not help it. Last night it was quite little—so tiny, you could hardly see it; but to-day it has just gone on getting bigger and bigger, till now—only look, mamma! what shall I do?’

Mrs Dice looked up, half amused at the doleful tone of the child.

‘Ah! Julia,’ she said, ‘why did you not give it to me or nurse last night, when the hole was small? Then it would have been easy to mend; now, I doubt it is impossible. Julia, you must learn the proverb, “A stitch in time saves nine.”’

‘But, mamma, last night it was so very tiny you could hardly see it.’

‘The more reason for a stitch to have put it to rights, and hindered it from getting bigger. Just like little faults, Julia, they lead to bigger ones. Yes,’ she said—but the words were more addressed to herself than the child—‘truly I have seen an instance to-day of what a fault, apparently trivial to begin with, may lead to, if allowed to remain uncorrected.’ Then, seeing the child's eyes intently fixed on

her, she continued, ‘Yes, dear, I'll try what I can do: only another time bring the hole to me when it is quite small; and when you can mend yourself, never forget, “A stitch in time saves nine.”’

After Julia was in bed, and while Mrs Dice was busy at work at the torn frock, she told her husband the following story:—

‘Edward,’ she began, ‘do you remember Major and Mrs Grove, who lived at Elm House within a few miles of my father's, and how passionately fond they were of their only daughter, Ada?’

Yes, Edward remembered them quite well; and Ada was a pretty, pleasant girl too: what of them?

‘Well, Ada (now Mrs Archibald) called here to-day; and, poor thing, I pitied her so, she was in such distress about the death of a young girl, the daughter of the foreman at Elm House. Ada has been much to blame in the matter, and bitterly does she reproach herself for it now, when it is too late.

‘All her life, Ada's great fault has been that of putting off a present duty. I have heard my mother say, that when Ada was asked to do any message when a child, her answer was, “O yes, I will by-and-bye.” Sometimes it was done, sometimes forgotten. Once my mother remonstrated with Mrs Grove upon allowing her child to contract the bad habit of procrastination; but Mrs Grove's reply was, “Well, perhaps it is a bad habit, but still it is a very small one; time enough to check it when it leads to any harm.” But the time never came, and the habit went on increasing.

‘At school it was the same story—Time enough. Send Ada to prepare that lesson at night. Night came; she was tired; to-morrow would do as well. The consequence was, that the lesson remained unlearned.

‘When she grew up, it was still the same thing. A necessary visit was put off and off, till offence was given; then Ada (who was really a lovable girl) sought forgiveness so pleasantly, blamed herself so fully, that her reconciliation was soon made; but the habit remained unbroken. Last year she married a gentleman of fortune, a Mr Archibald, and went abroad for some months—till, about six weeks ago, they came to settle in London.

‘Immediately on their arrival, Ada received a letter from her mother, begging her to go at once and find out about a young girl, called Margaret Jure, who had been for some months in a shop, the name and address of which were sent. This girl had at first written regularly to her parents; but for some weeks they had heard nothing of her, although they had written begging her to write. Knowing Ada's besetting fault, Mrs. Grove urged her to go at once and find out about the girl, and so relieve the minds of her parents, who were very anxious to learn the cause of her silence.

‘Ada read the letter; said to herself that she would; immediately to the shop and ask about Margaret Jure, whom she had known from her childhood—a well brought up, respectable girl.

Alas for Ada's resolution. She *did* intend to go, but something came in the way, and to-morrow would do as well. Days passed on. A

month had elapsed, and Margaret Jure was forgotten; till another letter from Mrs. Grove sent Ada off, in a fit of penitence, to the shop of D—and Co. Her inquiries after the girl were coldly answered: "Yes, Margaret Jure had been a needlewoman in that shop, but had left three months before. Her eyesight was not good enough to do the fine work required, and therefore they had parted with her. They knew nothing against her, and had no doubt, as she had not gone home, that she had procured another situation. They could, however, direct the lady to the place where she had lodged; possibly she was there still."

'Ada drove there. She asked, "Does Margaret Jure lodge here?" Her heart sunk at the answer: "She did, ma'am; but she had left about a month ago, and I know nothing about her now. She left because she was too poor to pay her lodgings; and you know, ma'am, we can't keep people who don't pay. She could get no situation; so, what could she do?"'

Only a month ago! Ah! had Ada gone when she first received her mother's letter, how much misery she might have saved the poor girl and herself! What bitter remorse!

'Days passed, and no clue could be found of Margaret. At last, half desperate, the latter came to London to seek his child. He traced her from one place to another: the same story: increasing poverty seemed to have driven her from place to place; yet all spoke well of the girl.

'At last she was found, but oh! Edward, how Ada cried as she told me she was dead: Want and fatigue had brought on a fever, which, in a few short days, cut her off in a mean lodging-house, the mistress of which took compassion on the houseless girl, and took her in. A letter to her mother told all. She had failed in getting work, and pride had hindered her from returning to her home, and letting it be known she was not fit for her situation. Had there been but one friendly hand near, to be stretched out to comfort her, she might have been saved. And "oh," Ada said, "but for my procrastination, I would have been in time. And even her father blames me; for I saw it in his looks, though he dared not put it in words! Oh, surely, I have got a lesson for life! Now, poor Margaret, I feel as if I were her murderer!"'

'Is it not sad, Edward? I said all I could to comfort her; but yet I felt she was sorely to be blamed. Her fault seemed small at first, and yet what it has led to! Just like this frock I am mending. Julia says the hole in it was quite tiny at first, and just went on getting bigger and bigger, till now the frock is quite spoiled. Oh! in more things than frocks the proverb of "A stitch in times saves nine" holds true, does it not?"'

Edward sympathized with his wife in her distress for her friend, and spoke strongly of the lesson which her story read to every one—to beware of the beginnings of evil; to check a bad habit at the first, whilst it is still small, and can be prevented from increasing. 'Yes, Maria,' he said, 'to take the simile of little Julia's torn frock, it is with little sins like the little hole, "A stitch in times saves nine."'

Dear readers, beware of the beginnings of

sin. They may seem unimportant at first, but, if uncorrected, they may lead to your eternal ruin. Watch and pray against not only what seem great sins, but against those also which, however small they may at first appear, yet, like the little cloud seen by the prophet—small at first as a man's hand—may, like it, increase so rapidly as to stand as a thick cloud between you and your God. Remember the declaration and the prayer of the sweet Psalmist, and make them your own: 'Who can understand his errors? cleanse Thou me from secret faults.'—*Christian Treasury*.

THE GLORY OF THE PINES.

Magnificent! nay, sometimes, almost terrible! Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine is serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever, without awe, stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pine, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it, upright, fixed, spectral, as troops not knowing each other, dumb for ever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them, those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them; fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride; unnumbered unconquerable.—*Ruskin*.

WONDERS OF THE DEEP.—In certain parts of the Arctic Ocean the water is opaque, and of a deep green hue. Scoresby found that this was owing to the presence of excessively numerous microscopic *medusa*. He computes that within the compass of two square miles, supposing these creatures to extend to the depth of 250 fathoms (which, however, is scarcely probable), there would be congregated together a number which 80,000 persons, counting incessantly from the creation till now, would not have enumerated, though they worked at the rate of a million a-week! Yet it is calculated that the area occupied by this "green water" in the Greenland sea is not less than 20,000 square miles. What a union of the small and the great is here!—*Gosse*.

THE JOY OF RELATIONSHIP.—How different were Jacob's feelings when his sons returned the second time from Egypt, to what they were when they came back the first time! When he first heard of 'the man,' and his strange but liberal conduct, he wondered, and was thankful; but when he heard the unexpected tidings, 'Joseph, thy son, is yet alive,' his feelings were most overwhelming. Just as much difference is there in the feelings of different persons while hearing about Christ in heaven. To those who are not related to Jesus the news possesses little interest; but when the sinner knows Him

as his Friend and Beloved, what joy, wonder, and hope fills the soul!—*Christian Treasury.*

STUDY THE BEAUTIFUL.—Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest; the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that every one should study, by all methods, to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments; it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they be new. For this reason one ought every day at least, to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words.—*Goethe.*

GREAT EVENTS ARISE FROM LITTLE CAUSES.—A tract brought in a pedlar's pack to the door of Richard Baxter's father was blessed to the good of the son. The 'Saint's Rest,' written by Richard Baxter, was instrumental in bringing Doddridge to rejoice in Christ as his Saviour. The 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,' written by Doddridge, led to Wilberforce's reception of the Gospel. Wilberforce's 'Practical View' was blessed to the spiritual welfare of Legh Richmond. Legh Richmond's 'Dairyman's Daughter' is said to have been the means, by the Holy Spirit's influence, of creating in the mind of the Emperor Alexander that reverence for Divine things which marked the latter days of the Emperor's life; and thousands of men in humbler stations have rejoiced in God their Saviour in consequence of the perusal of the 'Dairyman's Daughter.' Who is able to compute the amount of spiritual good conferred upon the world by the writings and the teachings of Baxter, Doddridge, Wilberforce, and Legh Richmond?—and this vast aggregate of good may be traced to one little tract, accompanied by the Divine blessing.—*H. and F. Record.*

For the Young.

THE FIRE-FLY.

One warm summer evening, Mrs. Howlett was sitting upon the verandah with her children, watching the crimson light in the west as it brightened and then faded slowly away before the coming night.

Little Freddy, who had been for a long time unusually quiet, suddenly started up, exclaiming—

"There mamma, I know it is. I can see it now."

"See what dear? What are you thinking about?"

"The spark, mamma. There must be a fire somewhere, for I saw a spark go right over the honeysuckle. There it is again. Don't you see it Ettie?"

"Oh! that isn't a spark," said his sister; "that's a fire-fly. Did you never see one before?"

"A fire-fly! Is it a fly? I am going to catch it. Will it burn, mamma?"

"No, dear; but you cannot catch it. It's gone now."

"Yes I can, mamma. I'll hunt it. There it is again, by that tree. Ettie, come and help me," and away he went over the lawn.

The tiny spark flew away from him, but he followed it hither and thither, up and down, sometimes falling over things which came in his way; and once when it hid in a rose-bush, he rushed manfully after it, but there were thorns among the roses which tore his little hands, and he cried out with pain.

"Freddy, dear," said his mother, "come away. You cannot catch the foolish little thing. You only hurt yourself. I wouldn't try."

But Freddy would not give up.

"Yes I can, mamma," said he; "I caught a butterfly this morning, and this is so bright I can see it anywhere. Oh! there it is," and away he went again, forgetting the scratches and the bruises as he continued the chase. Sometimes the insect was away above his head, and again it would be hid in the long grass at his feet, or it would shine out from behind the hedge. Still on he went, encountering more thorns and getting more falls; but he was a brave little fellow, and did not stop to cry. At last he was successful. The little hands closed over the glowing spark, and with the joyful exclamation, "Oh! I've got it; I've caught it now, mamma!" he came breathlessly up, carefully holding his new-found treasure.

"Take care, Freddy," said his sister; "if you hold it so tight you will kill it. Bring it in to the light, and let us see what it is. Are you sure you have the fire-fly?"

"Yes I am. I saw it go into my hands. I know I've got it."

Slowly the little hands unclosed before the eager eyes which were searching between them. He did not speak for a moment, and then he said, "Oh mamma!" but his tone was changed.

"Well, dear?"

He came up to her slowly, and in a grieved tone replied, "It was only a little brown bug, and I threw it away," and a sob followed the words.

"My poor little Freddy, did you get disappointed after all your trouble, and was it 'only a little brown bug' after all? Well, I wouldn't cry about it, dear," and the mother's arms closed around the little fellow, and her lips touched his flushed forehead.

"See there are more of them now, all over by the hedge and the summer-house. How much brighter they look now it has grown dark. They are all 'little bugs,' Freddy, and they only shine when they are flying."

An hour later the mother was standing at the window beside her eldest boy, a youth of whom she might well be proud. Yet beneath all his noble qualities there lurked an eager desire for fame, for the world's applause, an ambition which sometimes caused the mother's heart to tremble.

"Harry, dear," said she, placing her hand caressingly upon his shoulder, "do you know what Freddy's chase after the fire-fly reminds me of?"

"What, mother?"

"There are a great many things in this world which are like fire-flies. They are most beautiful and glowing when just beyond the reach. One of the most brightest of these is fame; and there is many a poor soul with eyes blinded by its glitter, who considers no labour too arduous and no path too rugged which will lead him to it. And should he gain it at last, possession

would take away the brightness, and with the disappointment he would have left, like poor little Freddy, only the scars made by thorns and brambles which he had encountered in the chase. My boy, believe me, there is nothing bright and enduring but heaven, the inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Sabbath Readings.

For the Presbyterian.

SOWING IN HOPE.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Working and waiting still,
Scattering the seed from morn till eventide,
No harvest blessing comes with joy to fill
Our bosom's yearning void.

We watch with weary eyes,
For early shower and later rain; alas!
The barren earth as iron seems; the skies,
A firmament of brass.

Yet must we not give way
To weakening doubts, but trusting in the Lord,
That we shall reap in due time, if we stay
Our hopes upon His word.

In the approaching years,
Some seedling struggling through the clods of earth,
Watered with sighs and prayers in dimming tears,
May spring to glorious birth,

And in our presence grow,
To cheer us with the master's favoring smile;
Reaping, with thankful hearts, while still below,
The first fruits of our toil.

Or if our work should end,
The busy feet be still, the lips be mute,
Ere we have reaped, some others God will send,
To gather in the fruit.

Then let us faithful prove,
Sowing with lavish hand the precious grain,
Assured that if we sow in faith and love,
Our work shall not be vain.

C. S. C.

THE ROOT OUT OF DRY GROUND.

"For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness: and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him."—*Isaiah liii. 2.*

You have seen in waste places roots protruding out of dry ground, the roots almost as dry as the ground itself, serving no purpose apparently but to make the careless passer-by to stumble. Such roots, and the

sprouts which sometimes spring from them, are the most unattractive of all growths, and for practical purposes the most useless. Strange emblem this, given us by prophecy, of the Son of God! Strange emblem of him who was the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely. But we may be sure that it is significant and true.

There is a somewhat similar prophecy in the 11th chapter of *Isaiah*:—"There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots."

The royal house of Jesse and David had fallen into decay long before the Christ was born. But the stem of Jesse was still in the ground, not uprooted nor destroyed, and out of the roots thus preserved by Divine providence, that branch sprang forth in the person of Jesus, by which the royal house was raised to more than royal honour. In this respect the Christ was a root or sprout growing out of a dry ground.

But the manner in which the words of the 53rd chapter are used, seems to point rather to what was consequent on Christ's lowly, though royal birth, than to that lowly and royal birth itself—namely, the estimate which the Jewish people formed of him in consequence of his lowly appearance. "He shall grow up as a root out of a dry ground." The idea suggested is twofold. He shall grow up *without any present attractiveness or beauty*, and he shall grow up *without any apparent likelihood of ever becoming great or fruitful*.

I. The Christ was to grow up without any present beauty or attractiveness to the eyes of the people. "As a root out of a dry ground." Could anything be less attractive, less beautiful than such a root? How different from the tree that is planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, and whose leaf never withereth! From the shrivelled, withered sprout that meets us in the desert path the eye turns away distressed and unsatisfied. On the rich foliage and fruit of the shrub

or tree which grows well tended and well watered, the eye rests with never-ceasing delight. Jesus of Nazareth was as the former of these, not the latter, to the generation amid which he grew up. They turned away from him as they would from a dry root which obstructed their path, or a sprout growing in some desert place. They saw no beauty in him why they should desire him.

Let him speak as never man spoke, with a Divine profoundness, a Divine authority, a Divine love, such as might have startled them into the belief that verily God had come down among men, and they turned away saying, "Whence hath this man this wisdom? Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joses and of Juda and Simon? And are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him." Mark vi. 2, 3.

Let him admit into his presence a poor woman who had been a sinner, and whose tears are the only language in which she can express her penitence—let him not break that bruised reed nor quench that smoking flax, but speak words of comfort to the broken heart, and those around him cannot understand the state of mind which at once hates sin and compassionates the sinner; and their only solution of what they witness is,—“This man, if he was a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner.” Luke vii. 39.

Let him cast out devils from the bodies of afflicted men and women, and drive them away from earth to their own place in the deep of hell, and with a perverseness that bade defiance to all reason, they said, “This man casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils.”

Even when he performed his crowning miracle, and raised from the dead a man who had lain in the grave four days, they were not conciliated nor drawn to him. The human tenderness which wept with the sisters while they stood by their brother's grave, the prophetic wisdom which opened by that grave fountains of consolation whence eighteen centuries of mourners have drawn, but which they have not exhausted, the Divine power which brought back the departed spirit from the other world, and warmed the dead body into life to receive it—all failed to convince and win his enemies. They were only exasperated and inflamed with a deathlier purpose.

Not indeed that all were thus blinded. There were a few who understood what

flesh and blood had not revealed to them, that this was indeed the Christ, the Son of the living God. They saw the beauty of his character, their hearts were thrilled by the music of his voice, and although they were often bewildered by aspects of his mission which they did not understand, they clave to him and trusted that it was he who should redeem Israel. But these aspects of his mission which bewildered the spiritually enlightened, utterly confounded the mass of the people, and formed the stumbling-block over which they fell to their ruin. There was beauty in Christ. There was attractiveness in him. He was not a root out of a dry ground. The rose of Sharon might not compare with him for beauty. The lily of the valley was no sufficient emblem of his humble grace. As the citron tree with its rich foliage and richer fruit among the trees of the wood, so was Christ among the sons of men; and much more. He was the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. But the Jews were blinded—blinded by an utter worldliness which would not appreciate the most Godlike gift unless it ministered to a worldly purpose—blinded by false conceptions of the Messiah's reign, a reign which they would have to be established on the ruins of Cæsar's throne, and to wield Cæsar's sceptre—blinded by a love of sin which shrank from his pure presence and pure character with intense aversion. The Jews were blind, and failed to see a beauty which wrapt heaven in astonishment.

II. The second idea in our text seems to be—He shall grow up without any apparent probability or likelihood of ever becoming great or fruitful. What so unattractive, we have said, as a root out of a dry ground? What so unlikely, we now say, ever to become great and fruitful? Judge according to the appearance, and that root, or if you prefer it, that sprout growing out of a small and hidden root, will never come to any strength, or height, or usefulness.

Look at the man Jesus Christ. The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but he has not where to lay his head. That wayfaring man of grief whom you might have met in the streets of Jerusalem and on the roads of Samaria and Galilee, wearied with his journeys, is now King of kings and Lord of lords. Just because of all that he did and suffered in his humiliation, God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name that is above

every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue should confess that he is Lord of all. He who was insulted on earth with the purple of a mock royalty, is now exalted on the throne of heaven, and he will return to judge this world where he was despised and rejected.

Again look, at what we call the religion of Jesus Christ, how small and feeble its beginnings, how unlikely, even as a root out of dry ground, ever to become great and notable. One hundred and twenty persons assembling in an obscure upper chamber, with no leaders but eleven men of their own humble order, unlettered and private persons—what could these accomplish, with the wealth, and learning, and power of the world against them? The church was but a very tender plant, and seemed incapable of outliving the storm, which the powers of darkness raised around it again and again. The onlooker could predict for it nothing but speedy destruction. But, contrary to all human probabilities, it lived and grew, till it became a mighty tree, under whose branches myriads of men have sought shelter, and of whose fruit they have partaken to their soul's life and joy.

Looking at the matter still more closely, what could be so unlikely as that the shameful death endured on the accursed tree should become a fountain of life to the world? The idea of good educed from evil was familiar to men; pain turned into pleasure, and the bitter into sweet, disappointment overruled to promote the end which it seemed to frustrate—such ideas were familiar to observant and thoughtful men. But eye had not seen nor ear heard, nor had it entered into the heart of man to conceive, that life should give itself to die to bring death back to life; that the worst death which human hands could inflict, the most painful and ignominious which human sufferer could endure, should be the ground and source of eternal life to sinners. Believers in Jesus of Nazareth as the Son of God, could cling to the hope that notwithstanding his death he was the Son of God. But that not in spite of his death, but by means of it, he should save the world, and fill heaven with the saved, was, even to believers in him, such an improbability that it never entered their thoughts. And yet this is the truth. He died that we might live, and through his death a multitude which no man can number are already in possession of eternal life.

We see now what was meant when it

was foretold that the Saviour, that wondrous person who was to divide the spoil with the strong, and by whose knowledge many were to be justified, should grow up in the presence of and in the judgment of the Jewish nation as a tender plant and as a root out of a dry ground. He was unattractive to their blind eyes, even as such a root is to the traveller. And of his ever becoming great and mighty there was as little apparent probability as that a feeble, shrivelled sapling in a desert place should ever become a fruitful and wide-spreading tree.

But it is our joy to know that in both respects the judgment formed of him was not in accordance with truth. And now we preach Christ unto you, the wisdom of God and the power of God to the salvation of the lost. We call you away from your pleasures and your ambitions, your toils, your merchandise, your studies, your gains, to contemplate the Son of God, to see his Divine beauty, to adore his Divine majesty, and to cast yourselves on his Divine mercy. If you have eyes to see, we ask you to look on the face of the Son of man, and confess that there you see the brightness of the divine glory. If you have ears to hear, we ask you to listen, and you will hear a still small voice of love and tender compassion which will make you feel that it is the voice of God. If you have a heart to sorrow or to joy, we ask you to study the reason of that death which was endured on the cross of Calvary, and you will find that he who suffered it could have saved himself if he had only chosen to let this world be lost.

For love of us he bled,
For love of us he died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And pierced his sacred side."
—Sunday at Home.

"WAIT, CHRISTIAN, WAIT!"

"Wait till it is a little darker, and then you'll see the stars."

Till deeper shadows lie upon thy spirit:
Wait till some dearer member of thy household
band—

Perchance thy loved companion—
Depart to join those gone before, [weil,
And then a Father's hand will draw aside the
'And thou wilt see the stars!'

And wait, thou man of hoary hairs!
Thy heart is weary, and thy step is slow;
Shades of life's evening darken round thy path,
And still thou'rt waiting till thy summons
come.

Wait till the skies a little darker grow,
'And thou shalt see the stars!'