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THE

# CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

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VOL. XI.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

No. 3.

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## THE TARES AND THE WHEAT.

It is not our purpose at present to offer any full exposition of this remarkable parable of our Lord, but as it has been pressed into the argument for indiscriminate admission of all persons making application to the Church for membership however destitute of the marks of the children of God, and retaining in that position characters of every description, we venture a few observations on it. When a show is made of Scriptural authority, it is well to sift the alleged proof. Nothing can be to our mind clearer than that this is an unwarranted use of the Word of God.

For, 1st. The declaration of Jesus is emphatic—"The field is the world." The interpretation from which we dissent would require, the field is the Church. Both the righteous and the wicked exist in the world, in ordinary avocations and pursuits they are mixed up, but this is no proof that every line of demarcation between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not, is to be obliterated.

Because, 2nd. The character of the individuals is neither dark nor doubtful, but clear, they are known as tares. Then appeared the tares also. Whence then hath it tares? The servants saw that it was a different grain, and judged rightly of its noxious qualities; consequently they were not hypocrites, who are alluded to. Of disguise with these characters there is none. In every Church there is more or less of impurity, and often a mingling of false professors; the question, however, is not the retention in communion of the hypocrite, who in the nature of hypocrisy is unknown, but of known characters who are the children of the devil. To take the view of the parable which we oppose would assist the devil in breaking down all power for good arising from the testimony of a living church. Surely to do the same work as that malignant foe is far from being an honour.

And, 3rd. The interpretation would be inconsistent with many other parts of Scripture. To wit, those that speak of the nature of a Church of Christ, and of the discipline of the house of God. In the Epistles those addressed are called saints—holy brethren—elect—faithful brethren in Christ Jesus. If these persons were known not to be so, there was manifestly deception practised. Again, they are called to holiness of conduct, but on what principle could religious communities, destitute of the feeblest element of religious life, listen to such exhortations? We have also passages that point out the duty of putting away evil persons. "If he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican." "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit with the power

of our Lord Jesus Christ, to deliver such an one unto Satan, for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."

In view of this it may be asked—what is meant then by both growing together until the harvest? We answer, the parable, in our apprehension, points out the manner in which the people of God must act toward the wicked while in this world. All attempts to root up and extirpate wickedness from the face of the earth are inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity. To evoke fire from heaven to consume the rejectors of Jesus is to act a part foreign to his religion; a spirit of universal toleration should characterize Christ's disciples. Such a system as that of the inquisition is condemned, while the propagation of the truth is not to be attempted with fire and sword, but by the preaching of the cross; leaving in the hands of the righteous Judge the grand public and final distinction which shall be made between the righteous and the wicked.

### CO-OPERATION.

Ministers and people have a joint responsibility in relation to the progress of the kingdom of God. The existence of office-bearers does not preclude working for Christ on the part of all who love Him. A call and settlement do not terminate the action of a church in connection with a pastor; these are only preliminary steps for much to follow that is of mutual interest. Necessarily there are defined objects in the appointment and maintenance of a ministry. The pastorate has its duties, toils, and rewards; yet these can never set aside the abiding responsibility of all the members of a church to do what in them lies to strengthen and expand the church of the living God. Co-operation will appear in many ways—based on mutual esteem and love, the union of pastor and people will be cemented by the avoidance of harsh remarks, by an effort to keep the minister free from care in temporal matters, by constant, mutual prayer, by a regular attendance on and appreciation of the means of grace. To these, at present, we make no direct reference, our aim being to point out how the very work that the one aims to perform is to be shared in by the rest. Minister and people should go hand in hand. Take the persons usually composing a congregation—godly men and women, backsliders, inquirers, and those who are careless or utterly unconcerned. There is much work for the minister in connection with each of these; yet believers may render much assistance in promoting the interest of Christ among them. This co-operation is of immense importance; it is a kind of evidence of the truth of what is preached in the pulpit, it multiplies the witnesses for God, it takes out the cold air of formalism from the services of the sanctuary, it tells of a living and a working church. The very end which the pastor toils to achieve is secured. With godly men and women there is a work of edification going on: now this is not best answered by the monopoly of religious comforts to one's self; it may be questioned whether there is any religion in selfishly panting after our own enjoyment, while the state of others excites no feeling, no prayer. The love of the brotherhood must have much to do in advancing true religion. How can that holy flame burn and glow when a cold officialism is left to do all? Thus room must be made for the communion of saints, meetings for conference and prayer must be maintained in a vigorous condition, expression of deep christian interest in each other must be given, and then success will crown the efforts of pastor and people.

Should there be those who have gone back from their profession, it is surely a high end to win them again to allegiance. In this the influence of a brother or a sister may be of first importance. Probably there has been occasion for the exercise of discipline, and this may have fallen too much to the hand of the pastor, since others may keep back, giving the appearance of prosecutor unfortunately to one whose hands should be held up in this as in all other departments of his work. Discipline, properly enforced, is felt to be punishment of all; nevertheless, too often remarks may be made and sympathy expressed tending to destroy all the moral influence of a church censure. From this it appears what wisdom and love is needed to have a right hold on the heart of one who has gone astray that he may be restored. We aver that it cannot be done without the co-operation of minister and people.

Happy the pastor who sees among the members of his flock marks of earnest desire to know the way of salvation. Delightful labour to win souls for Jesus. There may be, however, cases known to members of which the minister has no knowledge—are these to be neglected? Need we say that it would belie all the profession, however high, of an individual who would take no heed to instruct and save such. Many may be gathered in by the private conversation of godly men and women: remember the case of Bunyan, whose first impressions arose from listening to the talk on divine things of four pious women at a cottage door near Bedford. Farther, the case of the careless ought to weigh on the heart of every one that knows the value of salvation. It requires but little to dispel impressions. The unthinking remark, the thoughtless aspect of a follower of Christ may tend to rivet the chains of sin on those beginning to feel the iron entering the soul. So, then, in the work of God, the royal priesthood, the peculiar people, are to show forth the praises of Him who hath called them out of darkness into His marvellous light. A work of service waits the action of every individual bought with the blood of Jesus. Andrew Fuller has said, "The primitive churches were not mere assemblies of men who agreed to meet together once or twice a week, and to subscribe for the support of an accomplished man who should on these occasions deliver lectures on religion. They were men gathered out of the world by the preaching of the cross, and formed into a society for the promotion of Christ's kingdom in their own souls and in the world around them. It was not the concern of the ministers or elders only; the body of the people were interested in all that was done, and, according to their several abilities and stations, took part in it. Neither were they assemblies of heady, high-minded, contentious people, meeting together to argue on points of doctrine or discipline, and converting the worship of God into scenes of strife. They spoke the truth, but it was in love: they observed discipline, but like an army of chosen men, it was that they might attack the kingdom of Satan to greater advantage. Happy were it for our churches if we could come to a closer imitation of this model!"

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## BEFORE THE LOYALISTS.

### CHAPTER II.—FROM 1598 TO 1608

BY JAMES WOODROW, ST. JOHN, N.B.

In the same year that the little band of Independents organized themselves into a church in Southwark, a neighbor of theirs, a lawyer of some abilities, named Popham, was elevated to the office of Chief Justice of the King's

Bench of England. In his "Lives of the Chief Justices of England," Lord Campbell says that Popham was a huge, heavy, ugly man, who had been given to drinking and gambling, and notorious as a highway robber of Southwark, London. Instead of expiating his crimes on the gallows, he became somewhat famous as a hanging judge, especially hard on his former associates, the highwaymen, and on his persecuted neighbors, the God-fearing Puritans; against both of which classes he entertained an implacable hatred. Popham's name is associated in the mother country in connection with the signing of the death-warrant of that noble reformer Penry; and his name is also handed down to posterity as that of the judge who presided with scandalous injustice at the trial of "the man to whom both England and America were so greatly indebted," Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he condemned unjustly to a traitor's death. His judgments, it is said, were frequently given in favor of the highest bidder; and he would no doubt have been a worthy companion of the Jeffreys whose name is immortalized by Macaulay.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century London was infested with highwaymen, and Popham drew up a bill for the "punishment of rogues, vagabonds, &c.," which passed both Houses of Parliament in the year 1598, and became the law of the land. One section of this act provided that incorrigible rogues should be banished to such parts beyond the seas as shall by six or more of the Privy Council for that purpose be assigned.

For some years previous to the passage of this act all hopes of settling North America had been given up. Sir Walter Raleigh had made several unsuccessful attempts and had abandoned the enterprise. The plans of Popham, however, were allowed to remain in abeyance for several years, and a new expedition was projected by the Earl of Southampton, with the consent of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was not yet tried for treason. This expedition was commanded by Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, and Captain Bartholomew Gilbert, and landed at Elizabeth's Island, where the foundation of the first New England was laid in the year 1602. Captain Gosnold and fifteen or twenty of his companions remained on Elizabeth's Island, while Captain Gilbert returned to England in the *Concord* to get supplies. During the absence of the vessel Gosnold and his companions built a house and fortified it. On the return of the *Concord* with victuals and stores the supply was deemed insufficient, and the whole party returned to England. Through the exertions of Gosnold, an association was formed, in a year or two, to colonize some part of North America, and companies were chartered for the purpose.

The year that Gosnold and Gilbert return to England is an important year. Great events are transpiring. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth is sinking to her rest. She who had raised England to a dizzy height, goes down to an honored grave; and a new dynasty is to occupy the throne of England.

Scotland, which had been a separate kingdom from the time of Robert Bruce, gives a king to England, and becomes part of the British Empire.

Ireland, which, for a period of four hundred years, had struggled against every attempt at subjugation, at last sheathes the sword, and the O'Donnell and the O'Neill acknowledge the supremacy of the Stuart.

And in the year 1603, according to Macaulay, England sinks from its dizzy height to the position of a second-rate power. James begins his career by making peace with England's enemies; and not till the last year of his life could he be induced to strike one feeble blow in defence of his family and the Protestant religion.

In the year 1603 France is allowed leisure to direct her attention to America,

and Champlain sails on his expedition to the St. Lawrence, and establishes settlements. In the same year Monseur de Monts was appointed Governor-General of New France—a title very indefinite, as the French, under that name, claimed the greater part of North America. De Monts was a zealous and intelligent man, a Protestant, and had obtained permission for the free exercise of his religion, on condition of settling the country and disseminating the Roman Catholic religion among the savages. De Monts visited several places in New France, where he also established little colonies. Mr. J. Wingate Thornton, a historical writer, claims that to the French Huguenot belongs the noble record of the first Christian worship and the first Christian chapel in New England, at Neutral Island, Maine, where De Monts must have established a settlement. In 1604 De Monts visited the Baie Francaise (now called the Bay of Fundy), and on the 21st of June (or St. John's day) discovered the river Ouangoudy, to which he gave the name of the St. John. Supposing that it would lead to the Bay of Chaleur and Tadousac (the latter being a French settlement on the St. Lawrence) he sailed up the stream as far as the depth of water would permit.

At that time a portion of New France (now the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, and a part of the State of Maine, was called Cadie, the boundary being the St. Croix river, by which the Penobscot was once called by the French. In later days the boundary was fixed at the river now known as the St. Croix; and in course of time the name Cadie changed into Arcadia, Accadia, Aecadia, and L'Acadie.

The plan of Popham for settling British America is at length adopted. "England," we are told, "swarmed with people who had been soldiers, and who had never gotten any vocation," since King James made peace, and "who had infested the highways with their felonies." Under the celebrated navigator, Captain John Smith, a permanent settlement was effected at Jamestown, Virginia, principally of loose and vagrant people, who, according to Lord Delaware, would have been hanged or starved had they remained in England. Captain Smith wrote that his company was composed of vagabonds and convicts, and that it required great severity to keep them in subjection. In later years cargoes of young women were sent out to them and sold for wives, at the rate of 150 pounds of tobacco for each woman.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Lord Chief Justice Popham persuaded Sir John Gilbert to attempt the settlement of the northern part of the colony with the same class of people as were being got together to settle in Virginia. In August, 1607, a few months later than the landing of the colonists in Virginia, a settlement was founded near the Sagadahoc, in Maine, under the presidency of George Popham. These settlers, we are told, were little better than outlaws and desperadoes, and they committed great outrages upon the Indians, who at first received the white men as friends, but who, after a short while, became their implacable enemies.

A few months after the expedition sailed Sir John Popham died, and in the following February, George Popham, the president of the colony, ended his days in America. As soon as the ship in which they sailed came back from England with bountiful supplies of everything that was requisite, the colonists insisted on abandoning the enterprise, and returned with the vessel. And so fortunately ended the attempt to fasten upon the northern shores of America settlements of a penal character. There was a power above that of companies reserving the land for another class of settlers. The Maine Historical Society has collected a considerable amount of information in regard to the Popham

settlement; and in 1862 the following words were inscribed on a stone at Fort Popham:—"In memory of George Popham, who first from the shores of England founded a colony in New England, August, 1607. He brought into these wilds English laws and learning, and the faith and the church of Christ. He only of the colonists, and in his old age, died on the 5th of the following February, and was buried near this spot." (An interesting article on the Popham settlement, near the Sagadahoc, by Mr. John Wingate Thornton, was published in the *Congregational Quarterly* in April, 1863). On the abandonment of the Popham settlement, the French came to the place, but were afterwards attacked by an expedition from Virginia, and a number of the French taken prisoners.

The ill success of Popham's schemes discouraged Gorges and his associates, and for a time no further attempt was made to settle the northern portion of the British Possessions.

## Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

### EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The Eighteenth Annual Conference of the Evangelical Alliance was held in Edinburgh early in July. The Report stated that the memorial to the Czar of Russia on behalf of persecuted Baptists in Russia and Lucerne had been attended with success. The progress of the Gospel in Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, Turkey, Africa, and the Feejee Islands, was described by speakers of various countries and denominations; the best means of reaching the British heathen were fully discussed; Sabbath observance was earnestly advocated; and two able papers were read, by Dr. McCosh and Dr. Cairns, on "Modern Religious Errors."

The Congregational Union of South Australia held its Annual Meeting in Adelaide on the 27th April, about fifty members being present. Rev. W. Hareus, Chairman, delivered an address, in which our forms and usages, such as prayers and sermons, modes of admission, support of the ministry, &c., were discussed. The principal subject of discussion was *the proposed amalgamation of the Union and the Missionary Society*. It had been debated at several previous meetings. It was thought that a Constitution like those of County Associations in England would be more suitable than two distinct Societies. A minority opposing the amalgamation, and threatening schism, led to another postponement of the subject.

### THE RETURN OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A gallant and successful explorer has returned to his native shores to receive again the welcome which England always extends to those of her sons who imperil their lives in the cause of science and philanthropy. Dr. Livingstone does not reappear amongst us invested, as on the former occasion, with the charm of a mysterious novelty; nor has his second visit to Africa acquired for him the same lustre as that which surrounded the adventurous traveller who had crossed the continent from sea to sea, and made us intimately acquainted with the physical and ethnological characteristics of countries which had never been previously trodden by the white man, unless perhaps by the sordid slave-trader. He embarked on his first voyage probably with the loftiest hopes which could enter the breast of man. The approving plaudits of his countrymen were ringing in his

ears. urging him to renewed efforts, although he of all men the least needed the stimulus of popular applause. Difficulties which before stood like granite in his path no longer appeared to await him. He was no more to labour alone, or with but imperfect co-operation. As a British consul he carried with him the *prestige* of the great nation he represented. Slave-traders who cared nothing for the missionary might possibly stand in some awe of the representative of the English Government. Then the Oxford and Cambridge Mission, the establishment of which reflected so much honour on the two universities, provided him with colleagues whose mission it was to sow the seed of a Christian civilization in the lands which he would open up. Golden visions dazzled the imaginations of those who went and of the tens of thousands in these islands who sustained the enterprise by their offerings and followed it with their heartiest good wishes. All seemed fair and promising to the eye, but the reality was destined to be far otherwise. Bishop after bishop perished at the post of duty. Clergymen, whose academic renown gave them every hope of enjoying ease and distinction if their views of duty had been narrowed down to the limits of an English parish, fell victims to a climate which spares not the youngest or most vigorous constitution. To crown all, Dr. Livingstone lost his wife, the daughter of Moffatt, and his faithful companion through so many vicissitudes: and not long ago his own death was reported to have taken place by barbarous hands, although this happily proved to be a false rumour. Whatever there may be of real salubrity in those highland regions of Central Africa in which they laboured until the end came, it did not prevent many good men from falling who could be ill spared by their country and mankind. Then "the soul merchants" were busy with their diabolical arts. They saw that if once the nucleus of legitimate commerce could be established in the lands from which they had been accustomed to draw their supplies of human cattle—that if once those intertribal wars which feed the slave-markets on the coast could be stopped, and the inhabitants induced to grow cotton and engage in lawful trade, their infernal traffic, with all its hideous gains, would be swept away, and they compelled either to transfer their operations to some other part of the continent or to engage in that honest industry which above all things they abhor. Still, amid disease and death, and in spite of all failures and disappointments (not the least of which must have been the abolition of his consulate), Dr. Livingstone abated not one jot of heart or hope. He went steadily on with his work, and did it after his own manly and energetic fashion. In his little steamer, the *Lady Nyassa*, he continued to explore the inland lakes and streams of Africa, and to add new and valuable chapters to the history of geographical research. With the zeal of a Francis Xavier he combined the daring of a Sebastian Cabot, and made for himself a name which, honoured though it be in the present age, will only reach its acme of fame in that far-off time when the regenerated nations of Africa are able to appreciate his labours and to realize their noble fruits.—*Morning Star*.

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### CHRISTIANITY IN TURKEY.

The *Levant Herald* gives, as follows, the terms on which the missionary difficulty has been arranged:—The difference between the Porte and the Protestant missionaries has been arranged on a basis which, if not all that the latter could wish for, will perhaps, under the circumstances, be generally regarded as equitable and satisfactory. The book-stores and offices of the several societies have been reopened, and full liberty given to their agents to preach to all comers in their respective chapels and meeting-rooms—but not in the khans or other public places of Stamboul. The free sale of the Bible in book-stores is permitted, but not its colportage about the capital, nor either the sale or gratuitous distribution of controversial works attacking Mohammedanism. The native converts under arrest are, "for their own protection, and as a measure of precaution against popular excitement," to be temporarily removed from the capital to some English consular station in the provinces, the Porte engaging to provide for their families during their absence. Such, briefly detailed, are the terms of the settlement come to between the Government and Sir Henry Bulwer. The result is, of



course, a considerable curtailment of the latitude hitherto enjoyed by our clerical friends; and in certain influential circles in England it will, for this reason, undoubtedly provoke no friendly feeling toward the Porto. But there is more to be said both for and against the compromise—as the arrangement clearly is—than we are free to indicate. This, however, we may remark—that the exile of the native converts will be generally regarded as the least satisfactory feature of the settlement; at variance, as it apparently is, with the spirit of the firman of 1856, which abolished penalties of every sort and degree for religious profession. Of course we do not question the *bona fides* of the Porte in its alleged reason for their banishment; but others will be less just, and the act, therefore, is sure to be misinterpreted. If the edict of Gulhané had never been issued, nor the firman of Abdul Medjid been written, religious persecution would now-a-days be impossible; and all the less tolerant, therefore, is public opinion of even the very appearance of oppression for conscience's sake. On the other hand, it would be equally unfair to deny that the arrangements come to leave the missionaries a wide margin of liberty—quite as much, in fact, as public feeling and the police would accord to a body of proselytising mollahs crusading against Christianity at home amongst ourselves.

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THE BIBLEWOMAN'S HOLIDAY.—On the morning of Wednesday week, the 13th instant, a dozen vans, crowded with neatly-dressed women, started from the slums of London; not a few were the salutations given in parting, and many a hearty, "Fine day to ye, missus," as they left the purlieus of St. Giles's, came from the mouths of coarser girls and boys; another two hours more found them at the village of Leyton, which had been astir since early morning to receive them. The vans, with their 200 occupants, turned into the grounds of Mr. J. Gurney Barclay, where, as is the wont on such occasions, they were soon feasted with substantial and inviting cheer. This finished, they wandered through shrubby paths, and passed one by one in front of a bow window, from which an invalid lady distributed to each a shawl, and they then broke up into knots to enjoy the geranium beds and conservatories and fern-houses. Others formed themselves into little companies under the shadow of the large trees. During the afternoon many of those interested in their missions arrived, until the large park was thickly sprinkled with the brighter dresses of their lady-friends, among whom were nearly two hundred of their superintendents, those who really bear with them the heat and burden of their work, and meet continually in the mothers' classes those poor creatures whom they gather in from the lanes and the alleys to their quiet mission-rooms, whence is shed abroad a new and reforming influence, each lady having a special care of one Bible-woman, and rendering her all the daily aid and encouragement that an educated Christian can to a poorer sister. At five o'clock they were again regaled unsparingly with fruit and tea, and were allowed to digest it under the influence of short and pointed speeches from Lord Radstock and the Rev. Messrs. Wilson and Pennefather, as well as from the kind host. Speeches over, they passed through a hot-house, each to receive from their hostess a bunch of choice garden flowers, together with a growing plant a-piece, which will doubtless be petted for months to come in many a London court, where, if it does no other good, it will call back the bright remembrance of a happy day. Then each laden with their shawl, their nosegay, and their flower-pot, they started again in their vans for London, refreshed and strengthened for a new year's work. The pleasure of such a day, is a rich gift to tired workers. The influence of this "woman's work" is now spreading in its own silent way far beyond London, and we hear that the agency is beginning to prove itself remarkably adapted to the women of the east.—*Daily News*.

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## Official.

### THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

The Central Congregational Association of Canada West will hold its Annual Meeting in Bond-street Congregational Church, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 5th October, 1864. The session to open at 2 P.M.

The following brethren are appointed to bring in Essays:—Rev. T. Reikie, of Bowmanville, on "Plymouth Brethrenism;" Rev. T. S. Ellerby, of Toronto, on "Public Prayer;" Rev. F. H. Marling, of Toronto, on "The best mode of conducting Church Meetings."

The Annual Sermon will be preached in the evening by the Rev. H. Denny, of Alton, Caledon.

A Ministerial Session will be held the day previous Tuesday (October 4th), in the same place, to commence at 2 P.M.

J. UNSWORTH, *Sec.*

GEORGETOWN, August 10, 1864.

### THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

This Association of Congregational Ministers will meet (D.V.) at London, C. W., on Tuesday, 4th October, at 7½ P. M., when a Sermon will be preached by Rev. John Durrant, of Stratford: alternate, Rev. John Wood.

The following exercises were assigned for the next day's session, viz.:

Essay by Rev. J. Armour: Review by Rev. S. Snider; Sermon by Rev. R. Robinson; Exposition by Rev. A. McGill; Plans of Sermons by Rev. T. Pullar and Rev. C. P. Watson.

Brethren will please remember that unless they notify the Rev. C. P. Watson to the contrary, they are in honour bound to be present at the public services with his people on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

EDWARD EBBS, *Secretary*, W. A.

Paris, 24th August, 1864.

### ST. FRANCIS ASSOCIATION.

The Quarterly Meeting of the St. Francis Association of Congregational Ministers will be held at Fitch Bay, on Tuesday, 13th of September. Organise at 4 o'clock, P.M. Rev. A. Duff is appointed to preach the Association Sermon in the evening: Rev. E. J. Sherrill, alternate.

The following exercises were assigned:—

Rev. A. J. Parker—An Essay—Subject: "Perseverance of the Saints."  
 Rev. D. Dunkerly—Essay—Answering the question, "Why am I a Congregationalist?"  
 Rev. A. McDonald—Give an Exposition of Heb. x. 26-29."  
 Rev. D. C. Frink—Read "A Plan of a Sermon."  
 Rev. A. Duff—An Essay on 1 Pet. iii. 18-22.  
 Rev. J. Forsyth—Essay—"On the Work of the Holy Spirit."

There will also be Public Services during the time of the Meeting, as the Pastor, Rev. L. P. Adams, may direct. Meeting will close Thursday noon.

E. J. SHERBILL, *Scribe*.

## News of the Churches.

### BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The Rev. Henry Gill is doing good service in the Bible cause by his visitation as the Society's representative of the auxiliaries in British North America. The bonds of affection are drawn closer and the interest in this great and good cause is strengthened by intercourse of this character. Mr. Gill has already visited many of the Branch Bible Societies in Upper Canada, and will proceed to visit Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in the fall, returning to Lower Canada in the winter. We heartily wish him "God speed."

### BRANTFORD, C. W.—FIRE.

We have learned with extreme regret the sad disaster which has happened to our brother the Rev. J. Wood, of Brantford, and the people under his charge, in their loss by fire, on Sabbath 14th August, of their church edifice. The *Brant Expositor* says—

"On Sunday morning last, about 6 o'clock, the Congregational Church of this town, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. Wood, was discovered to be on fire. The alarm bell was rung, and the firemen and citizens generally, rushed to the scene of the conflagration. The most vigorous efforts were made to extinguish the flames, but without avail, and the edifice with all its furniture was destroyed in about two hours from the time the fire broke out. As there had been no fire used in or about the building for months previous, it was clear that the destruction of the building could not be the result of any kind of accident. It was believed, too, that it was the same hand that applied the torch to the church that kindled the numerous other fires we have had in the town during the last twelve or eighteen months."

An individual on whom suspicion fell has since confessed his guilt.

The same paper contains the following—

At a general meeting of the members and adherents of the Congregational Church, held on Monday morning, at nine o'clock, for the purpose of making temporary arrangements for public worship, and also for taking steps towards the erection of a new church edifice, the following very kind and generous offer was made by the Session and Managers of the Wellington street Canada Presbyterian Church:

Brantford, 14th August, 1864.

"To the Rev. J. Wood, and our brethren in Christ Jesus, the members and adherents of the Congregational Church in Brantford,—

"At a meeting of the Session and Managers of this Congregation held this p. m., to sympathise with you in the loss you this morning sustained in the destruction by fire of your place of worship, they did cheerfully and unanimously request that theirs might be put at your service. And as we at present, through the want of a fixed pastor, are in a position to make this offer, we trust that if accepted it will be to our mutual benefit.

"And should it please God to send us a pastor before you have again another place of worship completed, it need not then interfere with the usefulness and harmony of either congregation, but such arrangements could then be made as would be suitable to both.

'Further, our week-day or prayer-meetings, being both held on the same evening, the same offer is made in regard to them, that they be held jointly, and, in the absence of a minister with us, presided over by the Rev. Mr. Wood.

"It was further ordered, that the writer do wait upon Mr. Wood this afternoon, and, in the name of the Wellington street congregation of the Canada Presbyterian Church, as expressed through the Session and Managers, tender the same, which I hereby do as above.

"I am yours,  
 "In Christian fellowship,  
 "ADAM KER."

Whereupon, it was moved by Mr. James Wilkes, seconded by Mr. J. Woodyat, and,

*Resolved*,—That the warmest thanks of this church and congregation are due, and are hereby tendered, to the Session and Managers of the Wellington street Canada Presbyterian Church for their exceedingly handsome and christian offer, by which they have placed their house of worship at our service, and that the same be gratefully accepted.

It was also moved by Mr. E. H. Potter, seconded by Mr. J. Harper, and,

*Resolved*,—That we also present our hearty thanks to the members of the several Fire Companies of the Town, and to the inhabitants generally, for their very efficient services, so cheerfully rendered, in the attempt to extinguish the fire by which our place of worship was consumed on Sunday morning; and also for the many expressions of sympathy we have received in connection with our disaster.

The following gentlemen were then appointed as a committee to circulate a subscription list for the purpose of enabling the congregation to rebuild, viz: Messrs. J. Woodyat, W. E. Welding, F. F. Blackader, John Ott, T. Cowherd, G. H. Wilkes, J. O. Wisner, and Dr. Allen.

Messrs. Jas. Wilkes, E. H. Potter, W. Mellish, F. P. Goold, and C. Waterous were also appointed a committee to secure plans for a new edifice, and to report upon the desirableness of changing the site.

The meeting was then adjourned to Friday evening at 7½ o'clock.

## NOVA SCOTIA, PLEASANT RIVER—ORDINATION OF THE REV. S. SYKES.

On Thursday, July 21st, at the call of the church, the Revs. J. Howell, of Liverpool; R. K. Black, of Milton; and J. R. Kean, of Cornwallis, met with the members and friends of the Congregational Church, in their meeting house, for the purpose of setting apart Mr. S. Sykes to the work of the ministry among them.

Owing to the excessive drought which had long prevailed, the hay-making season had necessarily fallen much earlier than usual, and the extensive fires prevailing in the forests from the same cause, endangered much valuable property. These fires made the passage thither of some of the brethren very irksome and perilous, fire being at times on both sides of the road, and the smoke most dense. The proposed services of the day had to be curtailed to an afternoon and an evening session, otherwise an additional service had been contemplated, having for its object the revival of religion, and the advancement of the Saviour's kingdom. It is, however, the hope and prayer of those who attended that day, that such results may have been promoted by those permitted to be held.

The afternoon service was opened with praise, reading the Scriptures, and prayer by the Rev. D. O. Parker (Baptist) of North Brookfield. After another hymn had been given out by Rev. J. R. Kean, and sung, the introductory discourse (being a lucid exposition of our principles as Congregation-

alists) was delivered by the Rev. R. K. Black. The usual questions were then submitted to the candidate by Rev. J. R. Kean, to which most satisfactory answers were given. And one was then addressed to the church—whether they had extended a call to Brother Sykes to become their pastor, and whether, having heard the declaration of his experience and views of divine truth, &c., they still adhered to that call? This being responded to in the affirmative by Deacon Fancey, the brethren present united in the imposition of hands, while the ordaining prayer was offered up by Rev. J. Howell. The right hand of fellowship was given to Brother Sykes by Rev. J. R. Kean, after which an affectionate charge was addressed to him by Brother Howell. The afternoon services closed with praise and prayer by Rev. J. R. Kean, and the benediction by the newly ordained pastor.

In the evening the services were resumed. Brethren Kean and Howell taking the opening portions of praise, reading the Scriptures and prayer, followed by another hymn: after which Brother Black gave a most suitable and impressive charge to the people, followed by an earnest prayer for pastor and people, and the announcement of one more song of praise: Brother Sykes again pronouncing the benediction.

The afternoon service, considering the quantity of hay cut in the field, and the dangerous circumstances in which the properties of many were placed by the ravages of the devouring element in the forests, was exceedingly well attended; and doubtless the evening would have been equally so, but for a thunder storm which came on about the time the people would have had to leave their homes: notwithstanding a goodly number were there. The engagements of the day, we find, were much enjoyed by the people, and it is hoped will prove profitable to all.

The Missionary Committee in St. John, N.B., had proposed the ordination to take place in that city at the meeting of the Union next month, but the church, considering that such services might be more profitable for themselves, and desiring that their minister should stand at once on an equal footing with those of other denominations around, were unwilling that it should be postponed, or held at a distance from them, and therefore gave the invitation to the brethren before referred to. Brother Sykes, who visited them for the first time last summer, has only shortly returned among them, after an absence of some months spent in further study under the auspices of Rev. R. Wilson, of Sheffield, N.B., his former pastor in England. He now enters upon his work there under very encouraging appearances. The people have purchased a parsonage, with some nine acres or more of land attached, and were then fitting it up for his reception: since which, the writer understands, he has taken possession. The attendance on his ministry at the village is very good; and out-stations are being occupied with the prospect of good being done.

Liverpool, August 8, 1864.

L. L.

#### INDIA—PAST SUCCESS.

“It is a complete mistake to suppose, as some friends in England do, that the state of Indian missions is such as to afford reason for despondency. Many aspects of it are in the highest degree encouraging. In Tinnevely the native members of the English Church are numbered by tens of thousands, and a regular ecclesiastical system with districts duly assigned and separated, churches, parsonages, schools, prayer-houses in the remoter hamlets, Bible classes, and,

above all, four efficient training colleges for catechists, masters, and mistresses, which will by God's blessing ensure the continuance of the work, has been duly organised. So, too, a large amount of success, though inferior to this, has attended the efforts of our missionaries in North Travancore. A considerable population profess our own form of Christianity, both in the Zillah Kishnagar, and in the districts south of Calcutta. In very many of the large cities of India, congregations of natives, varying in number, but generally amounting to some hundreds, are in communion with the Church of England. If we turn to the labours of other Protestant bodies, whose self-denying zeal and successful work we heartily recognise, we find that the work of the Congregationalists in South Travancore has received almost as large a blessing as our own in the adjoining province of Tinnevely, that Chota Nagpore is being gradually Christianised by the Lutherans of Prussia, and that the Karens of Burmah have been won to Christ, almost as a nation, by Dr. Judson and his American successors. These are the most prominent samples of many thoughtful and devoted efforts in the same cause. We have no time to speak of the missionary schools and colleges in which thousands of the native youth have been brought at least to the outward knowledge, and some to the open confession, of the Gospel, and in which the Free Church of Scotland has hitherto taken the most conspicuous share (an example which we greatly desire that our own Church should imitate); nor of the vernacular Christian literature which is gradually coming into existence, and the translations of the Scriptures\* and of standard works on theology and practical religion which have been made. Nor can we do more than allude to the numerous converts of the educated classes, some belonging to our own Church, some to other Christian communities, who are faithfully striving to love and obey their Saviour, and of whom some have composed defences of their faith and refutations of the Hindoo philosophical sects, which are acknowledged by eminent English scholars to be works of great ability and extensive learning, while some are ordained ministers of the Gospel. Besides these invisible and undeniable signs of progress, we believe that the mind of India is gradually changing through contact with the missionaries and other Christian influences. In many native cities, especially Bombay, female education is not only gladly accepted when undertaken by benevolent Christian women either in schools or in the Zenanas themselves, but is even actively promoted by Hindoos and Parsees. In Calcutta a powerful and increasing sect has learned, chiefly through the influence of Government education, to denounce idolatry and other heathen abominations; and although it is at present unhappily contented with a deistical worship (in which it is, we fear, strengthened and encouraged by the present aspect of theological controversy at home), yet we desire to speak of it with all kindness and hopefulness, believing as we do that its members cannot possibly remain long in the position which they have now taken up. All these signs of life and of God's presence among us should make us far more eager than we are to fulfil our Saviour's command, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. If we have taken away from a large class of the natives of India their ancestral creeds by the mere force of scientific truth, and have left them nothing on which the human mind can rest, surely it is our duty to go further, and to build up as well as to destroy. For we see that the extinction of error is not necessarily the establishment of truth. The first may be the result of ordinary secular information, such as the State is competent to give unaided by the Church; to effect the latter we must appeal to the Christian conscience of England; and we entreat that India may not be abandoned to deistical unbelief, and so fall short of the blessing contained in our Lord's most solemn and emphatic words, 'This is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.'—*Pastoral Letter from Bishops of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.*

\* "There are fourteen entire versions of the Bible in separate languages or dialects of British India; the New Testament alone has been published in five others, and particular books of the Old and New Testament in seven others."

## THE MISSIONARY DIFFICULTY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The *Levant Herald* gives as follows the terms on which the missionary difficulty has been arranged.—“The difference between the Porte and the Protestant missionaries has been arranged on a basis which, if not all that the latter could wish for, will perhaps, under all the circumstances, be generally regarded as equitable and satisfactory. The book stores and offices of the several societies have been re-opened, and full liberty given to their agents to preach to all comers in their respective chapels and meeting rooms; but not in the khans or other public places of Stamboul. The free sale of the Bible in book stores is permitted, but not its colportage about the capital, nor either the sale or gratuitous distribution of controversial works attacking Mahometanism. The native converts under arrest are, “for their own protection, and as a measure of precaution against popular excitement,” to be temporarily removed from the capital to some English consular station in the province, the Porte engaging to provide for their families during their absence. Such, briefly detailed, are the terms of the settlement come to between the Government and Sir Henry Bulwer. The result is, of course, a considerable curtailment of the latitude hitherto enjoyed by our clerical friends; and in certain influential circles in England it will, for this reason, undoubtedly provoke no friendly feeling toward the Porte. But there is more to be said both for and against the compromise—as the arrangement clearly is—than we are free to indicate. This, however, we may remark—that the exile of the native converts will be generally regarded as the least satisfactory feature of the settlement; at variance, as it apparently is, with the spirit of the firman of 1856, which abolished penalties of every sort and degree for religious profession. Of course we do not question the *bonâ fides* of the Porte in its alleged reason for their banishment; but others will be less just, and the act therefore sure to be misinterpreted. If the edict of Gulhané had never been issued, nor the firman of Abdul Medjid been written, religious persecution would nowadays be impossible; and all the less tolerant, therefore, is public opinion of even the very appearance of oppression for conscience’ sake. On the other hand, it would be equally unfair to deny that the arrangements come to leave the missionaries a wide margin of liberty—quite as much, in fact, as public feeling and the police would accord to a body of proselytising mollahs crusading against Christianity at home amongst ourselves.”

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## Correspondence.

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## THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

DEAR EDITOR,—I was much pleased in reading, in the *Independent* for August, “The Origin and Organization of the First Congregational Church of England,” in the time of good Queen Elizabeth. The thought occurred to me that it might be encouraging to many of our brother ministers and Church members in these colonies to be informed of the origin of Congregationalism in the sister kingdom, Scotland.

In the following address, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Bennet, of London, at the thirteenth annual meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in the month of June, 1843, we have some interesting particulars of the formation of the first Congregational Church in that country.

Yours, affectionately, H. DENNY.

ALTON, 12th August, 1864.

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“I should have no reason to make a speech, were I not now called to tell a story. I have, at your command, my brethren, visited, as your representative,

the Congregational Union of Scotland. Nothing would have induced me to take that journey of a thousand miles, but the relation in which I formerly stood to the Congregational churches of Scotland; I may say the Congregational church, for there was then but one. But as I am to tell how I fulfilled my mission, I am reminded of the text, 'Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.' I should not venture to go at length into the particulars of my visit, had I not the help of a report which the brethren there have given of my mission. Five-and-forty years ago I was called, in the providence of God, to visit Aberdeen, when there was no church of our own order in Scotland. There was a movement about that time in the south of Scotland, which ultimately led to the formation of many churches of our order; but there was another sentiment pervading that movement. The late venerated Rowland Hill had a considerable share in the movement in the south of Scotland, and you very well know that he would not move toward the formation of Congregational churches. But at the same time, as I have said, another movement was taking place in the north, not at all associated with that in the south, except that, we trust, the same Divine Spirit presided over both. It may be inquired, how I came to go so far as Aberdeen to form the first Congregational church? It arose from a very remarkable circumstance. An excellent man in Aberdeen, looking around upon his country, and seeing the general death that prevailed, meditated deeply upon the state of the churches. At that time he was led to read the work of Lord King, entitled, 'An Inquiry into the Constitution of the Primitive Church.' This made him an Independent. It may, perhaps, not be within the knowledge of all the brethren, that that distinguished individual originally intended to become a minister of the Establishment of this country. As a man of deep reflection, and high and honourable principle, he wished to know how far the principles of that church were satisfactory, before he entered into its ministry. Unable to get much information elsewhere, he studied the Fathers as well as the Scriptures, and, in order to elicit discussion, wrote his Inquiry, and published it. But not obtaining what he wished for, he visited the Bishop of Exeter, with whom he was on terms of intimacy. He told him where his difficulties lay; that he feared the Establishment of this country was not according to the original constitution and design of the Christian church. The bishop said to him, "Oh, if you are inquiring in that direction, I can't do better than recommend to you a book that has lately come out, 'An Inquiry into the Constitution of the Primitive Church.'" Finding that he was sent back to his own book, he saw that there was no fuller information to be expected from that quarter; and he abandoned the design of entering the ministry of the Establishment, and turned aside to the pursuit of the law, in which pursuit he became Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. But to return from this digression; the good man at Aberdeen having formed the conclusion, that the original churches were Independent, associated with himself a little band who had for a time been members of the Methodist communion in that city, not because they approved either their doctrine or their discipline, but because they thought there was most of real and vital religion amongst them. But, determining to form a church in order to promote spirituality, they allowed me, as having adopted these principles and acted upon them, to assist them in forming themselves into a church. On that errand I visited them in 1798. Nine persons stood up before a very large congregation, and declared their adoption of these principles, and their determination to walk together as brethren according to them. It was a remarkable sight in Scotland. Amidst a large congregation, to have only nine persons form the church, appeared to them most strange and preposterous. But the good men were not actuated by party spirit. They cared not for forms, they sought spirituality; they could not see it in all the country around. A minister in Aberdeen, who was favourable to evangelical principles, was obliged to send thirty miles for a brother of the same spirit as himself to assist him at the Lord's Supper. A very different state of things has followed since in Scotland. When the Congregational Union determined to hold their meeting in Aberdeen, the brethren in that city were very anxious that I should represent you there. That call seemed to me imperative. I was delighted to find the whole space of a large floor covered with the communicants, where



the original nine had once stood, each of whom was pointed at afterwards in passing along the street, as "one of the sanctified nine." I found only two of the nine living; one was the widow of George Moore, the man who took the lead in the movement. He was one of the best men I ever knew—the most devoted to God, and the most diligent student of the Scriptures; and it will be pleasant to know that his latter end was eminently "peace." He had long been languishing, when his wife said to him, "Your countenance is altered, it indicates the approach of death." "Does it," said he; "bring me a glass—let me see." She brought him a glass; he looked at his countenance, and smiling as he returned it to her he said, "Ah, death has set his mark upon my body, but Christ has set his mark upon my soul." This most cool and sublime triumph over death marks the man. At a church-meeting they voted a request that I would administer the Lord's Supper to them. I complied, and it was one of the most affecting sights that I ever beheld, to view those who had risen up, instead of the fathers, that were gathered to their rest. But there are other churches which have branched out from that one. These also, the daughters of the mother church, for it may be called the mother church in Scotland, are flourishing under excellent pastors—devoted men; and it was my happiness to meet, I believe, about fifty brethren of other churches which amount to about one hundred and twenty in number. It was, I believe, for the first time, found necessary to have a second place opened, to receive the overflowing multitudes, that could not enter into George Street Chapel, the place occupied by the first church. I am delighted to report to you the spirit of that meeting. I could not help saying to them, "We are reproached, by the Presbyterians, for being a rope of sand. Now, when we think what a tendency some Christians have to hang one another, I rejoice to think that we are not a rope of hemp. This is our glory, that you cannot hang a man with a rope of sand." I could not help saying to the brethren around, "If we want a valuable union, you are this day a proof that we have all the union that is good for us. Love is the perfect bond; it is adamant; it has bound you all together and made you a more united working body, than any other in Scotland."

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## THE RELATION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

BY REV. WM. ROAF, WIGAN.

"The Relation of the Church to the Sabbath School." By the term "Church" I understand not a building, nor persons happening from mere custom to meet under one roof, but Christians; not persons called Christians, because born within a certain latitude and longitude; but persons possessing more or less of the spirit of Christ:—the believers in his atoning death, the copiers of his bright example, thirsting for his glory, and panting for the full accomplishment of his redemptive work—persons proving their vital union to him, by an ever increasing assimilation to him,—by an untiring eagerness to honor him in the earnest employment of their every power. Such persons may affiliate themselves to different ecclesiastical communions, and may labour in different denominational gardens: but all deriving their strength and beauty from the one Sun of Righteousness, which mercifully overshines our little sectarian boundaries. Taking then the term "Church" as synonymous with real Christians, my solemn conviction is, that the religious education of the young, is at once the duty and the privilege of that church, and of that church alone. I say *religious* education. I do so advisedly. Though I have an intensely strong idea about secular education, I will not throw down the apple of discord by adverting to it. But I dare not, I will not conceal my conviction, that the church is solemnly bound to take the young into its bosom every Lord's Day,—nursing them for Christ, acting the part of a loving, intelligent, devout parent; and travelling as in birth, until Christ be formed in their hearts, the hope of eternal glory. Yes, nursing them for Christ: breathing into their hearts the Spirit of Christ; acting as the personal substitute of Christ. Yes, nursing them for Christ, grasping them to its bosom

with a love greater than that which the mother of Moses felt when she welcomed to her breast the child of her womb: and adapting itself to the moral measurement of the young, as did the prophet, when he lay upon the dead child, imparting his animal warmth to render the body a fit abode for the returning soul; which, as he lay, he invoked successfully from Heaven. I take it, therefore, that the relation of the church to the school is, instrumentally the relation of the parent to the child, who with the unthought grace of celestial love will teach, will pray, will weep, yea will brave death itself for the salvation of the young. Here many things rush into our minds, on which the limited time forbids us to enlarge. We observe then for the sake of brevity, in the most abstract way.

(1) That of Sabbath Schools dis severed from churches we have a poor opinion and a faint hope. Rare indeed must be the circumstances which can justify the formation of a Sabbath School where there is no christian church to foster and rear it. I know there have been such schools; and by their separation from all denominational church influences they thought they gained much; but they lost more: the undenominational in the long run has become the unchristian. In some there was the Bible without God; and in others there was God without the Bible.

(2) That the Church of the Redeemer is the chosen sphere of the Spirit's operations. Without that Spirit our schools will be as an assemblage of statues or moving figures, beautiful, yet cold and dead. Does not the Spirit pass from soul to soul, as a divine electric spark? Can that Spirit be expected to operate where his gracious favour is not recognised, is not courted, is not cherished? In our opinion, Sabbath Schools are happily shut up to the Spirit. If we have it not, we have no air for our lungs, no light for our eyes, no hope for our heart. Our right arm is paralysed. We have nothing but the Spirit to render our exertions truly successful. Our weakness is thus really our strength. In the domain of the Spirit, we are electrified with a divine power; and the highest qualification for usefulness is possessed; while difficulty and danger are ignored, as by Peter when, at the call of Christ, he left his boat and committed himself to the waves of the sea.

(3) That the church alone understands fully the profound yet simple tale of redemption. The written Bible is but as the swaddling bands in which the Redeemer is wrapped; is but the outward and visible form, of which Christ is the inward and spiritual grace. Beneath its surface, to its double authorship, its spiritual import, its infinite grace, its celestial beauty, the regenerated church will penetrate. The unconverted teacher is but as the postman reading the external address of the letter. The renewed teacher opens that letter, and in it reads the loving law of his heavenly Father. The holy fire burning in the Word burns alike in the regenerated church: and if the young are to be made wise unto salvation—not to politics, nor trade nor science, but unto salvation—it must be by those who themselves know experimentally the divine energy of the truth as it is in Jesus. The cross, old in its story, is still young in its power. It is the one solution of the world's mysteries, the one hope of the world's woes, the one weapon of the world's conquest. Living devoutly on the vitalities of the gospel,—of the blood of the cross, deriving strength from the in-dwelling Spirit, God will delight to honour the church's efforts among the young, by increasing the church as a flock. One of the best results of the Spirit's presence is the unity,—the co-operation it produces. Bind threads together,—centralise rays of light,—condense atoms of steam,—blend drops of water,—weld hearts with hearts,—rivet souls with souls, and wonders are the results. So it is with a united band of christian teachers. Their spirits blend in one. They will blessedly affect all around them. Their warmth will be vernal. Their air will be genial. The oneness of heart, the kindredness of sympathy will secure concord and efficiency in effort. The school and the church will be but one body, where the eye watches lest any harm should touch the hand, where the hand works lest any harm should touch the eye. The arrangement and working of the school will thus have the harmony of music, the harmony which is not a repetition of one note, but a concord of many notes; and this concord prevailing in the Spirit's sphere, the school will be as attractive as it is impressive. Alas that while some

are drawn to us, others are driven away by our jars and discords. Our schools, as our churches, should be as arks sailing peacefully over the world's waters of strife, offering safety and repose to the family of Adam. Give me the school where Jesus' spirit is the prevailing element, and the sight of brethren dwelling together in unity will induce many to say, "We will go with you, for we hear the Lord is with you."

(4) That the church alone possesses the virtues necessary for Sabbath School operations. The patience, the forbearance, the perseverance, the humility, the self-denial, the versatility, the devotedness, the shrewdness, the love, the energy, the clear eye, the large heart, the steady hand, with the thousand and one other graces requisite for Sabbath Schools, can be possessed only by minds by hearts spiritually taught, where all the powers are elicited, adjusted, and harmonized; every voice hushed at the speaking of Christ, every thought and feeling doing Jesus homage, and consequently blessing all around. The soul made wise, made strong, made earnest, made holy, made happy in Christ, can do and will do anything required in a Sabbath School. If certain we are honouring Christ, solitariness and even opposition have small power over us. With him, labour is rest, death is life, and earth is Heaven. To others the school requirements must be irksome indeed: and no wonder they find excuses or make them, to evade a work which brings them near that Jesus from whom their hearts are estranged. Oh, how often has an offence at the Sabbath School been but the outward manifestation of a heart which had taken offence at Christ. My knowledge of course is very limited; but I never knew a person improve in his christian deportment, after he had abandoned Sabbath School exercises; just as I never knew a parent improve in his social virtues, who had thrown off all regard to the children whom God had given him. A sense of loneliness is one result of sin. Severed from God, the heart becomes severed from his people; it cannot happily labour with them. Oh to be thoroughly one with Christ,—he the head, the Spirit the heart, we the members of his healthy, active, useful body. The church and the school appear to me therefore to have a vital relationship to each other: and what God has joined together, let not man put asunder. Woe to the schools which depart from under the sheltering wing of the churches of Christ: and woes equally scathing to the churches of Christ which drive their little ones from their bosom. The Puritans used to say, that God's mill grinds very slowly, but that it grinds to perfect powder. Hence, in the cold, cheerless, stagnant, suspicious, decaying state of some churches, I see, or think I see, God's righteous displeasure for the neglect of the young. If churches will not fulfil their work, I bless God that in his slow but unerring agency, he disperses them. When the soul of man departs, decay and decomposition happily destroy the noisome body. Let a school become a mere formal carcase, and the eagles of division, hostility, and strife righteously gather, to sweep the nuisance from the moral world.

On this point I wish, in one word, to say that in my judgment, and I speak only on my own responsibility, no persons should be regarded as worthy of a place in christian churches, who are not willing to aid in the nursing of the young for Christ; yea more, that from the day of admission to a church, every Christian should put his household into the church's school, and place himself, most unconditionally, at the disposal of the church for any kind of service it requires. Before the Millennium, some part of every Sabbath will be blessedly occupied; the school, with its classes of all ages, and the church with its members of all gifts, blending in one body to study the Bible, around the cross. Thus it is, to a large extent, among our Welsh brethren. When the church thus becomes the school, the school will soon become the church.

Further, that in all the meetings of those christian churches for deliberation and prayer, the state of the schools should be a primary question: and in the absence of hallowed prosperity in their schools, the churches should hold days of fasting and weeping and supplication, beseeching God to reopen the windows of Heaven and shed his gracious rain on the sorrowful plantations.

Further, that the churches should most carefully see that the teachers are well

furnished for their work, by an intelligent comprehension of the truths to be taught, and by an ample supply of pure, enriching, inspiring literature; while the teachers should implicitly, yea joyfully welcome every assistance which the church can offer.

Further, that the schools in all their ramifications should be zealously worked with a view to the prosperity of those churches; all, absolutely all, the scholastic arrangements being made with a direct reference to the wishes and advancement of the churches, whose anxious but happy care they are. The duties, responsibilities, joys, and sorrows of both are mutual and reactionary. With all the energetic unity of a fine mill, every christian church, in its manifold operations, should harmoniously work;—the seven spirits of Heaven its motive power, the ministers its fly wheel, and all its members contributing to one glorious result. Oh, do let us rise to the grandeur and blessedness of our Sabbath School work. It is for souls. It is for Heaven. It is for Christ. Therefore let us now solemnly resolve, in dependance on God, that we will never be poorly on the Lord's day; that nothing shall hinder our early, punctual, devout attendance at the school, but what would have hindered the intrepid Paul from preaching at Jerusalem or dying at Rome; that we will renew our commission for duty every Sabbath, by going to our schools, having urns filled at Heaven's gate with living water for dying souls; that we will never yield to an invitation away from our post, until we have secured the service of a substitute, more wise, holy, and earnest than ourselves; and whom we have fully instructed in the duties required, as a mother to a nurse, during a reluctant absence from her precious babe. Let us further resolve, that if supposed offences arise, they shall be kept outside our hearts, until, after earnest prayer, we have, in the very spirit of Christ seen the offender alone; while if offences of the most burning cast are given, we will not gratify Satan by allowing them to direct us from our soul-saving business. Surely the very throne of the eternal must be covered with mourning, and the angels stand by in mute chagrin, at the conduct of some professors towards their Sabbath Schools. Ill on Sundays, well on Mondays; up with the lark on Saturdays, dozing with the sloth on Sundays; shrewd, decided, prompt for cash; wavering and irresolute for Christ: always occupied when Jesus invites; always at liberty when Bacchus, or Venus, or Plutus invites: magnifying mole-hills into mountains which come between them and duty; diminishing mountains to mole-hills when they stand between them and pleasure: heartless, irresolute, forgetful in the church; earnest, omnipotent in the world: not a comfort sacrificed for him who sacrificed himself for them: every plan for further service questioned if not condemned, simply to cover their own heart's indifference to Christ: forward to complain, backward to labour; ready to tread out the corn, but refusing to break the clods. Are not these the very worst class of the enemies of Christ? Their listless performances the Spirit never will endorse; and their prayers, standing apart from obedience, the angels would not pollute their hands, nor offend the Lord by carrying into Jesus's presence. Reasons are from Heaven, excuses are from hell; and on the excuses which the lukewarm and lazy forge, I would let loose all the curses of the universe.

In conclusion, the church and the school; united, supporting and supported: lovingly blessing each other; by love serving one another! What a glorious sight, what a mighty instrument, what a happy abode, what a terror to devils, what a joy to angels! Yet there is a solemnizing aspect in this matter. I apprehend that both the church and the school constitute a test a touchstone to each other. By the state of the school, we may ascertain the state of the church; and by the state of the church we may ascertain the state of the school. Sometimes when I have gone into a school, my heart has throbbed about the church; the accommodation made for the school has been so wretched, and the management has been so feeble, that I have been forced to conclude the church was morally asleep, utterly unaware of its deep responsibility and guilt. And sometimes when I have looked at a church, its frightful want of the freshness and bloom and beauty which young converts alone can impart, I have felt how unfruitful and inefficient the school must be. But I will not weave the cypress with the laurels to-day. Let us go from this happy gathering, determined to unite in

closer bonds the church and the school; like the colours of the rainbow, their beauty is in the blending. I know not which renders to the other the greater service. The school provides a glorious field where the church may exercise itself unto godliness; and make ready a people prepared for the Lord! and the church communicates to the school a stability, a wisdom, a power, an education, an influence infinitely important for its success. To estrange them, to work them in opposition, or even in comparison, is worse than midsummer madness. Twofold in form, let them be one in spirit, one in movement, like the twin stars revolving on one common centre, and reflecting on each other the light and beauty of Christ. Oh, Spirit of Christ, come, come, come. Come, and endue us with power from on high, not on only for our own salvation, but instrumentally for the salvation of the world. Come, make all thing new; give us, as churches and as schools, new ideas of our celestial relationship, our celestial oneness, our glorious power, our solemn obligation. Come, that the atonement of Christ may be honoured in our worship and work. Come, that every person may be in a school, and every school in a church, and every church in Christ, as Christ is in God, the all in all. Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.

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### NOAH'S ARK AND CHRIST COMPARED.

Was there only *one* ark? "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," Acts iv. 12. Divinely planned? "Christ the power of God, and the *wisdom* of God," 1 Cor. i. 24. Humanly constructed? "Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall *bring forth a son*," Matt. i. 23; Jude 20; Phil. ii. 12. Wonderful? "Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh," 1 Tim. iii. 16. Capacious? "And yet there is room," Luke xiv. 22. Accommodating an entire family? "Bringing many sons unto glory," Heb. ii. 10; Acts ii. 39; Eph. iii. 15. Receiving the clean and the unclean? Rejecting none; the "*chief*" of sinners not excepted, John vi. 37; 1 Tim. i. 15. Including "every living thing of all flesh of every sort?" "That in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might *gather together in one all things in Christ*, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him," Eph. i. 10. Harmonious? "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for *ye are all one* in Christ Jesus," Gal. iii. 28; Isa. xi. 6-9. Amply stored with provisions? "Blessed with *all* spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ," Eph. i. 3. Closed in? "Shut up unto the faith which should *afterwards* be revealed," Gal. iii. 23; Isa. xxvi. 3. Secure? "Preserved *in* Jesus Christ," Jude 1. Invulnerable? "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it," Matt. xvi. 18. Landed safe? Conducted to glory, "that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day," John vi. 39. Happy change! The waters assuaged? "Death *abolished*," 2 Tim. i. 10; Ezek. xlvii. 9; Heb. ii. 14, 15. The enemies of God swept away? "That he might destroy the works of the devil," 1 John iii. 8. The family of Noah rescued? The family of God saved! John xvii. 12. The earth no more to be destroyed? "Now *no* condemnation," Rom. viii. 1. The seasons continued? Divine ordinances perpetuated, 2 Chron. vii. 16; Matt. xxviii. 20; 1 Pet. i. 24, 25. The dove found no rest *without* the ark. Neither can we anywhere but in Christ, Mic. ii. 10; Matt. xi. 28, 29; Heb. iv. 3. How delightful! the "olive leaf plucked off!" How sweet the assurance of heavenly wisdom applied! "She is a *tree of life* to them that *lay hold* upon her," Prov. iii. 18. "The bow in the cloud"—how beautiful!—"token" that God would no more destroy the earth with water. "The rainbow round about the throne in sight like unto an emerald"—how splendid!—*pledge* that God will not break his covenant to save his people, nor alter the thing that has gone out of his lips, Rev. iv. 3; Ps. lxxxix. 34. A renovated world? "New heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," 2 Pet. iii. 13; Isa. lxxv. 17; 2 Cor. v. 17. Well might Noah sacrifice to the Lord *in gratitude*! "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift," 2 Cor. ix. 15; 1 Pet. i. 3-5. As the Divine, however, excels the hu-

man, so this Ark excels that. That saved only *eight* persons—this “a great multitude which no man can number,” Rev. vii. 9. That from *water*—this from “everlasting burnings,” Isa. xxxiii. 14. That only a *temporal* deliverance—this *everlasting*, “having obtained *eternal* redemption for us,” Heb. ix. 12; Isa. xlv. 17. That from *some* evils—this from *every* evil, “that he might redeem us from all iniquity,” Titus ii. 14; Col. ii. 10; Num. xxiii. 21. That rested on Mount Ararat—this on the everlasting hills whither he ascended, “far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named not only in this world, but also in that which is to come,” Eph. i. 21. “The mountain of the Lord’s house shall be established on the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall *flow* into it,” Isa. ii. 2. There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God, Heb. iv. 9. “Who can be compared unto the Lord?” Ps. lxxxix. 6. “All the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto him,” Prov. iii. 15. “But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour,” Isa. xliii. 1-3; Rev. ii. 11; Phil. iv. 13. “Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off,” Isa. xxxiii. 17. “*And there was no more sea,*” Rev. xxi. 1.

—*Christian’s Penny Magazine.* W. A.

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### RUTH THE MOABITNESS.

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“And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”—*Ruth* i. 16.

The history of Ruth the Moabitess is one of the shortest but at the same time one of the most interesting portions of the Old Testament Scriptures. It is distinguished for its extreme simplicity and beauty, for its delightful images of pastoral and rural life, for the insight which it gives us into the usages and customs of a very remote period of the world, and for the useful and practical instruction with which it abounds. That part of the book to which we would more particularly invite the reader for a very little, brings under our notice the great attachment which existed between the two principal female characters of the narrative. Naomi, the elder of the two, was a Jewish matron, who, with her husband Elimelech, had been driven by famine from the land of their nativity, and had gone to sojourn in the country of Moab. At the time of their removal the family consisted of four persons—Naomi, her husband, and two sons—a goodly family though small, and one that bade fair to hand down their common name to future generations. But “God’s ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts.” First, the head of the household was removed by death, and subsequently her two sons died also, both of whom had married Moabitish women, now left widows and childless. These dispensations were very trying, and, therefore, we need hardly wonder at Naomi’s exclaiming that the Lord had dealt very bitterly with her. On resolving to return to her native country, Naomi advised her daughters-in-law to remain behind her with their kinsfolk and friends; and her arguments prevailed with Orpah, who, we are informed, kissed her mother-in-law and returned unto her people and her gods. It was otherwise with Ruth, the chief character of the story. She steadfastly re-

sisted all entreaties to follow the example of her sister, and only replied to the expostulations of Naomi in the words already quoted, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." The attachment thus displayed is very warm and praiseworthy. It led her to forsake her own relatives and friends, to quit the country of her birth, and accompany the object of her regard into the land of strangers. She hoped that she might thus be enabled to minister to Naomi's wants, to sympathise and mourn with her in the afflictions which wrung her heart, and alleviate by her labours and kind attention the privations and infirmities which attend old age and want. The distress produced by reverse of worldly circumstances is one of the best criterions for enabling us to distinguish between real and false friends. We may learn from the conduct of Ruth to be faithful and affectionate towards our friends in adversity, remembering, for our encouragement, that we never more resemble our blessed Lord than when we pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit, and relieve the distresses of the destitute and forsaken. It was with great nobleness of spirit that Ruth resolved to share the fortunes of her aged mother-in-law. The worldly circumstances of Naomi were at this time by no means enviable. We find her sending Ruth to glean in the fields of Boaz—a plain proof of their poverty, and of their being in want even of the necessaries of life. What could be the *ruling* motive which influenced Ruth in the step she thus took? It is pretty plain from the concluding clause of verse 16 that she had been instructed in the knowledge of the one living and true God, the God of her mother-in-law; and this accounts for her anxiety to accompany Naomi to the land of Israel, the moral garden in the wilderness of surrounding idolatry. She was anxious to enjoy the blessing of intercourse with the people of God, to visit those places which had witnessed miraculous displays of Divine power and goodness, and to unite with God's chosen people in the exercises of religious worship. Orpah, as already seen, returned unto her people and her gods. Though blessed to Ruth, Divine truth had produced no beneficial effect upon *her* mind, thus illustrating the sovereignty of God, who has mercy on whom he will have mercy, and compassion on whom he will have compassion, and whom he will he hardeneth. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill: the one shall be taken and the other left."

The conduct of Ruth in choosing the people of Naomi for her people, and the God of Israel for her God, was not left unrewarded. God regarded the low estate of his handmaiden, united her in marriage to a wealthy kinsman of her former husband, and made her a mother in Israel—yea, an ancestress of David the great king, and also of Jesus, David's King and David's Lord. In the reception of this Gentile woman into the church of God, and in the distinguished place assigned her as a progenitrix of our Lord, we have an earnest and pledge of the admission of the Gentiles to a participation of the privileges, greatly enlarged, that were so long confined to the Jews, as the peculiar people of the Lord. Like Ruth, let us learn to forego all worldly company, all the deceitful pleasures and honours of this present life, in order that we may enjoy the friendship of God and spiritual intercourse with his people; remembering our Lord's gracious promise to Peter, and to all who rest their faith on the same foundation as that of Peter's confession, "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brother, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in the present life, and in the world to come life everlasting."

## THE CONQUEROR.

Mark the conquering hero stand.  
 War's red lightning on the brand  
 Gleaming in His gory hand,  
 O'er the battle's revelry,  
 Conqueror, is the glory thine?  
 Dust hath dimmed the lance's shine;  
 Creeping worm proclaimeth, 'Mine  
 Is all the warrior's chivalry.'

Genius, with his beaming eye  
 Turned in triumph to the sky,  
 Shouts the bold Eureka, 'I  
 Have pulsed along life's mystery.'  
 Blends his dust with bygone sages,  
 Creeps the spider o'er his pages,  
 O'er the wit and lore of ages,  
 O'er his tomb and history.

Intellect, where angels bow,  
 Lifts a God-defying brow,  
 Fain would stamp an endless *now*  
 On the vast infinity,  
 Rocks revealing Nature's range,  
 Egypt, Elam, Assur strange,  
 Sternly tell of human change,  
 And unchanged Divinity.

Sceptics whisper, 'To the shore  
 Of Chance, as ever heretofore,  
 Glides the bark; no Bible lore  
 Can guide the soul's maturity.  
 Calmly, 'mid the vast creation,  
 Floats the fate of man and nation,  
 On the tide of Revelation,  
 To the grand futurity.

Leave the conqueror to the clay,  
 Genius to his little day,  
 Intellect to folly's ray,  
 Man of faith and lowliness.  
 If 'tis needful, kiss the rod,  
 Walk the path thy Saviour trod,  
 Walk, communing with thy God,  
 To the land of holiness.

GEO. PAULIN.

## GEMS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

1. Keep a list of your *friends*; and let God be the first in the list, however long it may be.

2. Keep a list of the *gifts* you get; and let Christ, who is the unspeakable gift, be first.

3. Keep a list of your *mercies*; and let pardon and life stand at the head.

4. Keep a list of your *joys*; and let the joy unspeakable and full of glory be first.

5. Keep a list of your *hopes*; and let

the hope of glory be foremost.

6. Keep a list of your *sorrows*; and let sorrow for sin be first.

7. Keep a list of your *enemies*; and, however many there may be, put down the "old man" and the "old serpent" first.

8. Keep a list of your *sins*; and let the sin of unbelief be set down as the first and worst of all.—*Journal and Messenger.*



## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH AND THE KING'S MESSENGER.

Jeffry Hayes was a person of considerable importance in his little neighborhood, for not only was he the champion of every malcontent who braved a quarrel, and resolved to fight it out with the offender, but he had the first and surest news in the days when armed horsemen did the work now performed by rail and telegraph, and when gossips, bursting with impatience, rushed to the blacksmith's forge to hear from his lips the last report left behind by some galloping rider who had been detained while his horse was shod.

Jeffry did not fail to make the most of such opportunities; and at a time when insurrection had disturbed a portion of the king's dominions, he was in the height of village popularity, dispensing news, and leading politics, and enjoying the well-earned distinction of being the best craftsman of his kind, and the most loyal, to be found upon the great London Road.

One dark evening as usual, the bright fire from the smithy of Jeffry Hayes flung its ruddy glow across the highway, the sounds of labor had ceased, and several idle villagers were lounging round their oracle until he should think proper to put out his fire, and adjourn with them to the nearest ale-house. The smith himself, with his broad shoulders and muscular arm, was flourishing his great hammer to the eager narrative of an angry youth, who was telling of an insult he wished to avenge, and was enlisting the pugnacious sympathies of his athletic friend, who praised his courage, and promised all honorable assistance on the occasion.

"Ay, I was sure you would stand by me and see justice done," said the obliged challenger.

"That I will," said Hayes warmly. "Fix time and place, and I'll be there to the minute, if the high sheriff himself, on his majesty's errand, brought his horse to be shod, as no one but Jeffry Hayes can do it. But hark! here comes a horseman, and I hear by the foot-fall there is work to be done yet. Stand by, my lads, and let the gentleman ride straight in."

In a few seconds more a horseman rode up, and asked if a lost shoe could be replaced at once.

"Just in time sir," said Jeffry, stepping forward, and lifting the hoof, while the rider dismounted, and leaning against the doorpost, surveyed by firelight the several persons in the shed.

"You've ridden hard and far sir," remarked the smith, as he proceeded to work.

"Yes; and must go farther still before I rest," replied the stranger.

"Important business on hand, I suppose, sir," said Jeffry.

"Very. I am a king's messenger, and must not loiter on my way."

If hammer could speak, that of Jeffry Hayes would have borne witness to the right loyal grasp of its master's powerful hand, as he swung it with increased vehemence and precision on hearing this intelligence.

"Good news at court, I hope, sir," said he, pompously.

"The very best. A free pardon for all rebels."

"A free pardon!" exclaimed all at once. "What! after all they have said and done?"

"Free, unconditional pardon, replied the traveller, "except it be considered a condition that they accept it."

"They can't, surely, but do that," exclaimed Jeffry; "the very thought of such clemency ought to make them lay down their arms and be true subjects for the rest of their lives."

"Yet, strange to say, that the fact, though quite certain, does not do it."

"What, are they going on in rebellion in the face of pardon, and with no hope, either, of success to their cause at last?"

"Even so, except here and there one who sees things in a better light."

"Well, then, they deserve execution, and why should not justice take its

course?" said the blacksmith, fiercely. "My opinion is, that it's possible to be too lenient; and loyal men look to governments to do their duty without fear or favor."

"You would have me believe that you are not a rebel yourself, friend," said the stranger in a low voice to the smith.

"I! Yes, I would like to see the man that dares call me a rebel," said Jeffry Hayes, with the voice of a Stentor, and mingling his speech with many terrible oaths; "he should know something of this arm;" and down came the hammer upon the anvil with a blow that made the roof ring again.

"Then that dare I," said the traveller boldly; and your own lips have condemned you."

"You had better mount and be gone," whispered a villager, at the sight of Jeffry's face like a thundercloud, as he slowly lifted himself from bending over the horse's hoof, and fixed a flashing eye on the stranger's face, who nevertheless stood unmoved and undismayed, adding deliberately—

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.' So runs the holy law, and I call you all to witness that no loyal man trifles with or profanes the name of the prince he loves and serves. How say you, friends; is it not rebellion against God wilfully and continually to break and despise his law?"

There was no answer, and Jeffry was busy with the shoe again.

"But," continued the stranger, "I told you that I am the King's messenger, bearing unconditional free pardon to all who will accept it. All have sinned, all are rebels; but God, who is rich in mercy, 'so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Is it not enough to silence the blasphemous tongue, and make him reverence the God who loves like this? Will you accept free pardon, and act out your own views of its consequences, my honest friend?"

"Why ask only me? there be others here who need it fully as much," said the smith, in a surly tone.

"I do say it to all. 'Whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely.' I have no reserves on my list, but, according to my royal Master's will, I repeat His own proclamation to every sinner.—'He that believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation.'"

"I thought you were on an errand from the real court, and not making up a tale to preach to us," said Hayes.

"It is no made-up tale; it is solemn truth, as you will one day prove; and as God, the King of kings, is real—as heaven and hell are real—I beseech you, as though God Himself besought you by me, receive His offers of pardon and grace and be reconciled to Him. No man who is reconciled to God talks as you talk. Of your deeds and ways I know nothing; but your own conscience will tell you whether you live, and speak, and act like a follower of the gentle, loving Saviour."

"Your horse is shod, sir."

"I thank you heartily for your good speed and good work," said the stranger, placing the charge in the hands of the smith, "and I pray that by the operation of the Grace of God upon your heart, your feet may soon be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. You carry on more than your mere trade in this workshop, friend; see to it that the record be written by Him who keeps a book of remembrance of them that fear the Lord and think upon his name. What a messenger you might be of love and mercy from the Prince of Peace, to those who come to talk with you here!"

"They would not come for a sermon, I reckon," said Jeffry, attempting to laugh, as he looked round.

"Try it; and the next piece of iron you mould by yonder fire, liken it in your mind to a hard human heart, cast under the softening influence of Divine love, and reshaped by the omnipotent Creator for holy and happy uses. Good night, friends all, and the Lord be with you."

"Stop, sir," said the smith, stepping after the traveller, "who are you that talks to Jeffry Hayes in this uncommon way?"

"One who had a message from God unto you, and has delivered it," replied the stranger, as he rode quickly away.

About half an hour afterwards, as Mary Hayes sat knitting by her cottage fire, she was surprised by the arrival of her husband near two hours before his usual time. Being a person of good sense, she uttered no comment, but set his chair, and while he washed away the marks of his daily toil, prepared supper. Hayes did not seem to have much appetite, nor disposed to be very communicative, but after looking at the fire for some time, he suddenly spoke.

"Mary," said he, "have we got a Bible?"

"A Bible! Oh yes, don't you remember the big book that mistress gave me when we were married?"

"Ah, to be sure! Get it, will you? I want to find something in it."

But leaf after leaf was turned over in vain; the Bible to Jeffrey Hayes was like a foreign land to one ignorant of geography.

"I can't find it," said he, "can you, Mary? Something about feet shod with the gospel of peace."

Alas, Mary was not much better informed than her husband, until she remembered that there was a passage about armor in one of the Epistles, whereupon, with her knitting-needle to glide before her eyes down the pages verse by verse, she finally settled it triumphantly upon the 15th verse of the last chapter in the Epistle to the Ephesians.

"That's it," said her husband; and having read the verse, he read the chapter, and afterwards the Epistle too.

"Mary," said he again, after another reverie, "there is to be a fight between young Moss of the Dell and Will Crofts of our village."

"A fight!" exclaimed Mary; and are you to be in the thick of it as usual?"

"I promised to be with them and see fair play, and I must keep my word."

"Then what have you to do with the Bible and the gospel of peace?" asked Mary, quickly.

"I want to see if we can't have fair play, and yet no fighting," said Hayes, thoughtfully, "and I shall search here for a way till I find one."

Mary marvelled greatly as her husband regularly came home every evening to pursue that search, and she remarked how much fewer were the profane or angry expressions which now mingled with his conversation.

The day fixed for the fight at last arrived, and Jeffrey Hayes, standing between the waiting combatants, and surrounded by an eager ring of village gazers, took a hand of each. "Well," said he, looking from one to the other, "which of you is the most like Cain? which is prepared to show himself a murderer?"

The young men, surprised and sullen, sought to withdraw their hands from the blacksmith's grasp.

"Look you, my friends," said he, "I promised to come and see fair play, and as I helped on the quarrel in the beginning, it is fit I should see the end of it. I tell you both, that fair play is to forgive one another, and the bravest of you is he who dares to forgive first. Come down, now, and talk it over with me at the forge, and I'll prove to you that this is the right way of thinking. Good-morrow, friends, there will be no fighting here to-day I promise you."

"You are making fools of us, smith," said one of the youths, angrily.

"No, no, you did that for yourselves when you quarrelled about nothing, and I want to see you wise men again."

"What a queer end to a fight!" exclaimed the disappointed villagers, as Jeffrey Hayes marched triumphantly off the ground, with a stout, sheepish-looking youth on either side. "Only to think of Jeffrey Hayes turning peacemaker; it's as good as a fight to see it, so we haven't altogether lost our time."

Some four or five years afterwards, a passing visitor at the Hall walked through that village with the squire. The evening was drawing on, and the blacksmith's forge was becoming conspicuous in the deepening twilight. "You must just look in here for a moment before we return," said the squire, "for I am proud of our village smith—he is a tamed lion; once the most fiery, quarrelsome fellow in the county, and a violent politician, too, with a frame strong enough to enforce any

argument and carry any bad majority; but now the quietest, soberest, and most Christian man I know of."

Here they reached the forge, and were respectfully greeted by Jeffrey Hayes.

"My friend," said the visitor, after looking at him for a few moments, as if endeavouring to recal some recollections of the past, "if I mistake not, you once shod my horse on a dark winter evening, and I"—

"Sir, if I mistake not," exclaimed Jeffrey, with a glow of pleasure on his face, after an equally searching look at the stranger's countenance, and an attentive ear to his voice, "if I mistake not, you are the King's messenger who bore the pardon for guilty rebels on that night. It was a 'word in season,' sir, and I have proved how good it was. It led me to turn from darkness to light, and changed the village firebrand into a meeker, happier man. And now, by God's mercy, the rebel blacksmith seeks to be a King's messenger himself."

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Reader, has this message of pardon, full and unconditional, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, been brought to you?

Many messengers bear it, and by various means, yet it may be you have never heard it before. If not, receive it now: investigate it, it is worth the trouble. It speaks as unto wise men: judge what it says with your calmest, deepest attention.

Or you may have heard but never heeded the message. If so, you are involved by this in a more terrible responsibility than any previous acts of rebellion have created. Profaneness, uncleanness, "covetousness, which is idolatry"—these or other terrible sins of our age may mark the character of your rebellion; or you may happily be exempt from these sins, and in the quiet, patient discharge of duty you may sustain a blameless reputation amongst men. But your guilt is—and this will be esteemed the crowning manifestation of sin at the judgment-seat of God—that you have refused to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour.—*Tract issued by the Young Men's Christian Association of London.*

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### PETER BANNERMANN.

Among the upper valleys of the Alps there lives a brave, intelligent, industrious race of people, called "the Waldenses." Though surrounded by Roman Catholics, they have remained, for ages, firm Protestants. Even the Romish princes that have governed them did not interfere with their religion; for the bravest and most faithful of their guards were Waldenses, who served them, as they were taught to perform all their other duties, "not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as unto the Lord."

But at last a prince succeeded to the throne who had not sufficient strength of character to persist in doing what he knew to be right: and yielding to the persuasions of the jealous Romish priests, he ordered them to abandon their Protestant faith and put themselves under the protection of the Pope.

This they very respectfully, but very decidedly, refused to do; and, by the same advice, the prince determined to send troops and force them to do so. Very foolishly he sent his Waldensian troops against them; but it was soon very plain that they did not mean to be very active in the matter, so Austrian soldiers were employed to do the business.

The Waldenses fought bravely: step by step they disputed the possession of every inch of ground in their green valleys. But they were overpowered by the great numbers of the Austrian armies, and driven from one valley after another, until they had reached the beautiful spot known as the valley of Chamouni.

This was the highest one on that side of the mountain. If forced to leave that, their only place of refuge was on the other side of the Alps, to reach which they must climb to its almost inaccessible summit, and descend, among the same difficulties, on the other side. There was a comparatively easy road to it, to be sure, through the mountain passes—such a road as the mountaineers generally have to use in passing from one valley to another—but this they dared not attempt, for

fear of meeting the Austrians; so old men and delicate women and children must make the fearful journey, or remain to be brutally treated by the pitiless foe.

The troops poured into the valley, and the people (whose plans were already laid with caution and prudence, in case such a necessity should arise) pretended to submit. With the first shades of evening they went as usual to their beds, and soon the whole valley was as silent as death, except as the sounds of brawling or shouting and singing came from the church and schoolhouse, where the officers were quartered.

When the darkness of night, however, had settled over their valley, one by one they stole from their homes and met in a large cavern in the mountain side, which was hidden by a tall snow-covered rock from the sight of those in the village. Here they knelt down, and the old pastor fervently implored the protection of God in their fearful journey.

This done, they set forward, the aged pastor leading the van, some of the strongest men and women walking on each side of the women and little ones, who followed, and the remainder bringing up the rear, that they might be ready, in case they were pursued and overtaken, to meet the foe. Oh! a fearful journey it was indeed!

More than one poor babe, at every stop for rest, was buried in the snow, without even a rough stone to mark its grave; and more than one old or feeble person had to be left behind until he recovered strength to follow on, some stout companion staying with him to assist and defend. When the gray light of morning began to break over the mountain top, the astonished Austrian soldiers saw their escaped prisoners moving in a long black line over the snow upon the summit, where it seemed as if even the chamois-hunter or the wild goat would hardly dare to follow.

Among that little band of fugitives "for the sake of God" was Meta Bannermann, the widow of one of the noblest and bravest sons of the valley. Almost at the beginning of the struggle he had been killed in an attempt to protect from brutal insult the corpse of the old pastor's wife, and left his own wife, with her young babe and a crippled son of six years old, to the grateful love and care of the pastor and his flock.

Carefully, that bitter cold night, she wrapped her sleeping babe and held it tightly to her bosom. For hours they trudged on through the snow, even the stoutest scarce able to bear the intense cold; and when, at every halt for rest, she saw the little stiffened bodies taken from the arms of the weeping mothers and laid in the snow, she held her little one still closer, and prayed in her innermost heart that she might be spared that trial.

But the little bundle in her arms began to grow heavier, and she could scarce refrain from a cry of agony as her heart told her the cause. But still she clasped the little body closely, as if by the warmth of her own bosom to restore life to her child. She spoke no word, though; none knew the babe was dead. She could not leave it there in the cold snow. No, she would not tell her trouble; heavy as was the load, she would bear it, stagger on with it still, and if a merciful God allowed them to reach in safety the shelter they were seeking, she could bury it in God's own acre beside the church, where she could go, day after day, and look at the little grave.

But the watchful eye of her boy saw that there was a change upon her gentle face, and thinking she was weary he asked earnestly: "Mother, can I not carry the little Dora for a while, and let you rest?"

"H-s-s-h!" said the mother hastily, and again she put her ear down to the pale lips, as if she still hoped to hear them breathe.

At last the summit was reached, and the fugitives began the descent on the other side; a journey still more fearful than their climbing. They soon came to a large cave, and here they stopped to rest and pray. A cave it could scarcely be called; it was a space enclosed by some huge blocks of stone resting against each other; but it was a welcome shelter from the bitter, bitter cold, and gratefully they thanked God for the mercy that had led them to it.

But now the poor mother could no longer hide her loss. The pitying old pastor with gentle force took the cold burden from her weary arms, and laid it to its rest with other little beings like itself who had gone to a world of peace and joy.

Now the widow had nothing left her but the crippled boy, and to him she clung with almost increased affection.

Thanks to the love of a pitying Father, the poor exiles at last reached the haven of rest they sought, and found a warm welcome. Here, while the females, young and old, gave their eager help to the generous housewives who sheltered and fed them, the men, old men as well as their sons and grandsons, armed and stationed themselves in squads among the mountain passes and behind the rocks that hung over the mountain roads, ready to attack and drive back the enemy, should they attempt to follow them there. Even the little boys had their duties assigned them, in taking information from party to party, and climbing to reconnoitre where a man would not dare to show himself.

But little Peter Bannermann could be of no use. He could not climb the slippery peak, or slide over the frozen glazier; so he must sit at home, and for the first time in his life repine at his misfortune. Vainly his mother strove to comfort him by telling how much he could help his people by earnest prayer to God for their success, and how much he could help those whom they had left behind. Little Peter did pray heartily; and for hours at a time, too, he sat and thought what he could do to give more active help.

So passed weeks and months, and Christmas-day was near at hand. The widow Bannermann had no gift for her crippled boy. With jealous care she had hoarded up a few kreutzers, and on Christmas-eve, when the lights of the Christmas trees streamed from even the humblest cottage windows, she slipped the twelve kreutzers into his hand, and bade him go and buy for himself whatever he most fancied.

With a grateful kiss the boy started on his errand, stopping from time to time to look in through the frosted window panes upon the happy, merry groups within. He did not envy their happiness, and was ready to echo every gay laugh; but when he saw a straight-limbed, active boy run nimbly across the room, his eyes filled with tears, and he murmured at his own lameness.

Presently he came to the house of the town magistrate, and looked in upon a large company of children that were gathered about a table, playing with a company of leaden soldiers. One of them was broken, and as a little girl picked it up, her brother exclaimed, "Throw it away. It's as useless as Peter Bannermann!"

The boy's pleasure was over, and he went home to tell, with bitter tears, what he had heard. The broken soldier had been thrown into the street; Peter had picked it up, and for many days he looked at it again and again, while the words rang in his ears, "As useless as Peter Bannermann."

It haunted him even in his dreams; and at last he rose one cold starry night, when hardly half awake, and wandered by himself up the side of the mountain. On he went from rock to rock, dreaming that he was no longer a cripple, and then rousing again to a painful consciousness of the fact, as he found the difficulty he had in crossing some little ravine, over which another would have gone at a single leap. He noticed that upon several of the most prominent peaks of the mountains there were large piles of wood and brush carefully arranged, and near each was a sentinel. At last he gained a distant point, and wearied with his efforts sat down to rest.

Here, too, was a pile of wood, and as the sentinel paced past him, he asked its object. "The first who discovers the approach of the Austrians," replied the man good-naturedly, "is to light his pile; then the others will light theirs, and so the warning be given to all the valley round; for it is said they are going to take us unawares." And he passed on.

Peter sat thoughtfully, and then again dropped almost off into sleep, quite unable to tell how he came there, and whether he had heard or only dreamed of the beacon-piles; but, through all, those bitter words rang through his brain, and he murmured the drowsy prayer that he too might be able to be useful.

Suddenly he started to his feet; no sound had reached him, but straining his gaze down the side of the mountain peak on which he stood, he saw, or fancied he saw, a dark mass moving slowly and silently upwards. He turned to the sentinel; he was gone. Again he gazed with straining eye-balls, then suddenly

springing to the pile, in an instant a bright flame shot up from it—and before the flying boy—who, now forgetting his lameness, was speeding like an arrow down the icy slope—had gone a hundred yards, the signal was answered from every mountain and rocky peak, until the whole valley seemed lighted up.

But vainly those who had lighted the beacon-fires strove to catch a sight of those of whose coming they had thus given warning. Nowhere was a single form to be descried, and many a harsh speech was made of the dreaming cripple, and of their own folly in being so hasty. But this did not last long; soon the sound of a smothered tramp began to be heard, and before the words had left their lips, the Austrians came in sight, led by a mountain guide through passes they would never else have found.

But they had seen whose form had stood beside that first beacon-flame, and whose hand had thus defeated their plans. The flying boy was still in sight; but it was in a fearful place: he stood upon the edge of a wide rift; how could the cripple cross it? But he must; not only was his own life at stake, for an enraged soldier was in full pursuit, but the alarm must be given to the village, the sleepers awakened, and the women and children enabled to betake themselves to their hiding-places.

Peter never stopped to think; with a wild leap he sprang over the gulf; an arrow, sped by the hand of his pursuer, struck his side, but still he rushed on. The alarm was given; the village was aroused; and the noble boy sank bleeding at his mother's door. None sought safety until their preserver was raised and ready to be carried with them; but flight proved needless. Met by an armed host where they had expected to surprise helpless women and feeble old age, the invaders were soon repulsed; thousands fell in that deadly fight, short as was its duration; and thousands were hurled down the icy slopes of the snow-covered mountain, and were dashed to pieces in the wild chasms below.

Meanwhile a grateful company had gathered about the dying boy, and his eye lighted with joy as he clasped his mother's hand and whispered, "Never again can they say, 'As useless as Peter Bannermann!'" He could tell nothing of the way in which he reached the mountain peak—nothing of the way in which he had returned; all that he knew was that he had prayed, and his prayer had been answered. By the light of the stars he had caught a glimpse of the invaders as they rounded a peak below, and finding no one near him, had lighted the beacon.

But the life-blood was pouring from his wound; his moments were numbered. The old pastor bent over him. "My noble boy," said the old man, while the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, "for thy sake, and that of thy brave father, thy mother shall never want what we are able to give. Hast thou anything else to ask of us?"

The boy smiled. "Never let the Waldenses forget, dear father, that though a cripple, God gave me the noble privilege of saving them from their oppressors!" And with the last words his spirit passed away.

The traveller who passes the night in the little villages that lie nestled among the valleys of the Waldenses, will hear at midnight (the hour at which those beacon-fires were lighted) the sound of the watchman's cry, "Midnight! and God's peace is with us! Blessed be the memory of Peter Bannermann!"

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## DIVINE JOY.

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"The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing."—*Zeph.* iii. 17.

Wondrous "thought of God!" God resting in his love; his love, not for unsinning angels, but for fallen, redeemed man! The idea is, the joy and satisfaction of one reposing after the completion of some arduous work. God

rested at creation; he rejoiced with joy over a new-born world. But this was a feeble type of his complacent rest and rejoicing over the new-born ransomed soul. There is a beautiful sequence in the verse. It rises to a climax. First, God "saves." Then he "rejoices." Then he "rests," (the contemplative rest of joy.) Then, as if this were not enough, he joys over his people "with singing." Like an earthly warrior: first, the victory; then, the shout of joy; then, the calm survey of the field of conquest; then, the hymn of triumph.

He "rests in his love!" Love with God is a *disposition*. One may, from impulse, perform an act of love. Momentary feeling and emotion, even in the case of a naturally unloving heart, may prompt to some deed of generosity and kindness. But God's nature and his name being love, with him there can be nothing fitful, arbitrary, capricious. His love is no wayward inconstant stream, but a deep, quiet, everflowing, overflowing river. Your best earthly friend a word, a look, may alienate and estrange; the Friend of friends is immutable. Oh! how intense must that love be for the guilty and the lost which is thus spoken of by the lips of divine filial love: "Therefore," says Jesus, "doth my father love me, because I lay down my life for the sheep."

"He will joy over thee with singing." "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." Isa. lxii. 5. The returning prodigal is met, not only with the tear and the grasp of parental forgiveness, but high festival is kept within these paternal halls: "It is meet that we should make merry and be glad." The gladdest countenance in that scene of joy is not that of the haggard wanderer, but that of the rejoicing father, exulting over his "lost and found." "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;" but it is a joy which, though spreading through the concentric ranks, and reaching to the very circumference of glory, is deepest in the centre. It begins at the throne; the key-note of that song is struck by God himself! So also in the parable of the lost sheep. See how Christ speaks, as if he had all the joy to himself of that wanderer's return: "He lays it on his shoulders *rejoicing*," and says, "Rejoice with me." Luke xv. 6. The joy of his people is part of his own: "These things have I spoken unto you, that *my* joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." John xv. 11.

"God is in the midst of thee;" "He is mighty;" "He will save." What more does any poor sinner need than this—a *present* God, a *mighty* God, a *Saviour-God*? *Able to save, willing to save; nay, more, delighting to save.* "The Lord taketh *pleasure* in them that fear him."—*Thoughts of God.*

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### "IF THOU KNEWEST THE GIFT OF GOD."

Perhaps no cry is more striking, after all, than the short and simple cry of the *water-carrier*. "The gift of God!" he says, as he goes along with his water-skin on his shoulder. It is impossible to hear this cry without thinking of the Lord's words to the woman of Samaria: "If thou knewest the *gift of God*, and who it is that saith unto thee Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." It is very likely that water, so invaluable, and so often scarce in hot countries, was in those days spoken of as now, as the "gift of God," to denote its preciousness; if so, the expression would be exceedingly forcible to the woman, and full of meaning.

The water-carrier's cry in Egypt must always rouse a thoughtful mind to a recollection of the deep necessities of the people, of the thirst which they as yet know



not of, and of the living water which few if any have yet offered to the poor Moslems in that great city, and makes him wish and pray for the time when the sonorous cry of "Ya aatee Allah!" shall be a type of the cry of one bringing the living water of the Gospel, and saying "Behold the gift of God!"—*Ragged life in Egypt.*

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### WORKING CHRISTIANS.

Learn to be working Christians. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." It is very striking to see the usefulness of many Christians. Are there none of you who know what it is to be selfish in your Christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by his companions. So it is with some Christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness; but it is alone, and all for themselves. Are there not some of you who can enjoy being a Christian, while your dearest friend is not, and yet you will not speak to him! See here, you have got work to do. When Christ found you, he said, "Go work in my vineyard." What were you hired for, if it was not to spread salvation? What blessed for? O, my Christian friends! how little you live as though you were servants of Christ! How much idle time and talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself! how few for Christ and his people! This is not like a servant.—*McCheyne.*

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### SETTLE THAT ACCOUNT!

Two active working members in a strong and influential church have for months past been at variance relative to a contested account—one claiming a certain sum as his just due; the other as stoutly averring that he owed him nothing.

The amount in question was of comparative little importance to either; but the *will* was aroused, and there seemed danger of a permanent feud and alienation. Threats of recourse to law only widened the breach between the brothers, and a bitter spirit was enkindled which mocked all attempt at compromise. When they met at the weekly prayer-meeting neither could take part in the exercises; and one remarked, "I could not pray while he was present; I was frozen up." The church has recently observed a fast, sinners have been converted, and a deep seriousness pervades the society. These brethren could not absent themselves from the means of grace; and an earnest appeal at a recent meeting for the allaying of all bitterness, the amicable adjustment of all difficulties between church members, was followed by the resolution on the part of the disaffected ones "to have that account settled."

The next day the younger brother went to the office of the elder, and with outstretched hands said to him, "Brother L., to-morrow is communion Sabbath. Before we meet again at the Lord's table, let us arrange our old difficulty, that we may eat bread together in the spirit of harmony and peace. I'll pay you just what you say is your due."

To his great surprise he was met with the utmost cordiality; the other saying, "I have the papers now in my pocket, and have been seeking an opportunity all day to settle with you. That appeal last night was too much for me." Is it to be wondered at that speedily the stumbling-block was removed by a satisfactory and amicable adjustment of the old account?

O doubting sceptic, there is power in the religion of Christ to break through the barriers which the cares and temptations of business bring upon the soul; and in the heart of a truly regenerated man, be it ever so incrustated by selfishness and avarice, the leaven of righteousness is constantly working; which will ultimately assert its divine nature, and raise the soul into the pure and holy atmosphere of heaven."