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THE
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SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The lawfulness of marking events occurring in the providence of God, as indications of the approach of important passages in the history of mankind, is, in our view, settled by the teaching of our blessed Redeemer. When His foes asked of Him a sign from heaven, He pointed out that they could understand and appreciate the signs of the weather, but failed in receiving the solemn lessons conveyed by events constantly transpiring. "O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" That was an age pregnant with great events in the establishment of the Messiah's Kingdom. The present is also an age, in our belief, teeming with indications of the triumphs of the religion of Jesus. We shall glance briefly at some of the signs of the times, alluding, in passing, to some of the dangers and duties which each particular aspect, either warns us of, or exhorts us to.

The observer is struck with the activity of mind manifested in this age. To a great extent the despotisms which have existed in the realms of thought have been dethroned. No gigantic tyranny can successfully erect barriers to oppose the entrance of inquirers at the portal of the temple of truth. The spell of potent enchanters is broken. At the Reformation the sleep of the dark ages was disturbed. From that era an influence has come down to the present, still spreading in its reach, and growing in its power. The School-Master is abroad. The press is ceaselessly employed. Postal and telegraphic communications bind in intercourse the scattered families of man. Inventions, struck from the forge of thought, have widely increased the range of man's knowledge—the telescope revealing the immensurability of God's pavilion, and the microscope opening the secret of His illimitable care. Labour-saving machinery increasing the comforts of the million, and, if properly regulated, tending to aid the self-improvement of multitudes. These are the new wonders of the world; while discoveries of various character, keep excitement alive, and stimulate thought. Many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased. Truly, the existing state of things calls for watchfulness, lest pride of intellect intrude, and the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the word. Yet it provides a glorious opportunity of consecrating the highest powers to the service of Christ, and the gold of Australia, California and Fraser's River to the advancement of His cause throughout the earth.

We cannot fail to note the rapidity with which events of the most startling character crowd on the scene of action. Political and national convulsions are rife. As in the shifting views of a Panorama one follows the other in quick succession, thus the mighty illustrations of God's government of earthly affairs are pressed home on our attention, with hardly breathing time between. These movements, too, we must have observed, are closely interwoven with moral and religious questions. India, Syria, Italy, and the States of America have, during the last few years, been the theatres of actions heralding the coming of great events. We are on the threshold of mighty changes. Old despotisms are struggling as in the throes of death. Millions of our race, hitherto down-trodden and crushed, are exulting in anticipation of liberty. God's plowshare of war is turning up the soil on which to sow the seeds of freedom. The proclamation of the year of jubilee is surely at hand. The whole sky reddens with the glow of the rising Sun of the good time coming. True, there are ever occurring checks which seem to throw back the expected day—our own sky has been dark with agitations of threatening war; but let all be still, and know that God reigns. He has said, I will be exalted on the earth.

The highway is preparing for the triumphant march of the Prince of Peace, let no followers of His be unnerved, amid the turmoil and the strife, for acting well his part. Trust in God. Let faith sing, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

We recognise it as an indisputable fact, that there is a vast and constantly increasing system of means in operation for bringing the gospel to the knowledge of all mankind.

Many great and noble institutions have sprung into being during the last fifty or sixty years. Missionary Societies, sending forth to all the earth messengers of salvation. Bible and Tract Societies, printing and circulating in the many tongues of earth, the wonderful news of peace with God through the blood of Jesus. The hand of God meanwhile opening a great and effectual door for these operations—in China removing the barriers which for ages had walled in the millions of the flowery land from intercourse with others—in Italy securing an entrance for the Word, not by stealth, but by open sale, even in the streets of her cities—in Russia, through the medium of the Holy Synod, and the Bible Society in London, conveying, in the language of the common people, words of eternal life—in Austria removing the police regulations prohibiting the admission of the Scriptures into that empire—thus causing the good seed of the Kingdom to be sown broad-cast over these lands. Further, many evangelical and benevolent enterprises, whereby the world is blessed, are in these latter days in full operation, as for instance, Sabbath Schools, City Missions, Young Men's Christian Associations, Ragged Schools, Midnight Meetings, Bible Women, special efforts to reach the masses by preaching in Theatres and other places of public resort, Temperance Societies, in short a complete system of means intended to enclose in the gospel net many who have been too long neglected. These means are efficiently maintained. They are goodly boughs that have yielded much fruit. The interest in them is not dying. The throbbings of the heart of the living Church are

full of sympathy for the wants of perishing men. Clad in beautiful garments the Church has gone forth, pity in her eye, love in her heart, and the cup of life in her hand, to invite the weary to rest in Christ. The bearing of all this is to bring on the day when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth.

In the midst of this activity, we must take heed of substituting zeal and effort in a good cause, for a personal interest in the Redeemer, or of counting any effort meritorious to salvation in the sight of God. Nevertheless, the duty standeth clear of supporting liberally, prayerfully and perseveringly, every good work through which the smiles of the Redeemer rest on men.

The frequent discussion of great moral and religious questions is a prominent feature of the age. Through the advocacy of the friends of truth, and the opposition of its foes, mighty forces are brought into play to work out great results in the providence of God. The enemy may be at work, no less busy are the friends of righteousness in counteracting the progress of error. Strength is given to those valiant for the truth to turn the battle to the gate. Infidelity and superstition ply their resources to undermine the citadel, yet as in former attacks defeat ended their efforts, so do we hope to see the banner of truth borne aloft and carried triumphantly forward. Antiquity is now no shield to protect from investigation whatever wears its mark. A spirit is abroad which is disposed to prove all things, and may we not expect to hold fast that which is good. In the sifting process we wait to see the gold come forth freed from alloy. In the meantime we take it as an augury for good, that attention is commanded by questions of a moral and religious character in high places where but a few years ago, the same subjects would have met with neglect or contempt. At such a time how precious is the advice, "buy the truth and sell it not."

We believe we can trace the growth of sympathy and love among different branches of the Church of Christ. There is a oneness in Christ's church. Jesus prayed that his people might be one, that the world might believe. Love is the crowning virtue of religion, and the mark of true discipleship. Divisions have alas sadly marred the beauty and usefulness of many churches. We now see a healing of divisions going on. The wall of separation stands not so high between different religious denominations as formerly. Some bodies of similar organization have united. Others are drawn nearer to each other. In prayer-meetings, especially in the world's prayer-meeting, brethren of different names have with one heart and one soul breathed out strong supplications for the world's conversion. This sign of the times is particularly cheering as commanding attention to the spiritual unity of the true church of Christ. In such a time as this, we ought to guard against all bitterness and strife. Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Lastly, we are disposed to view this as an age of revivals and of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Means may be multiplied to a great extent, yet where there is no power from on high all is in vain. That power has been felt in a marvellous manner in many lands. Need we refer to the precious records of grace with which our hearts have been cheered in recent times. Sudden awakenings, widespread and lasting impressions, deep interest in religious truth, the works of the devil put aside, multitudes flocking to the Saviour: of these we have heard, and in glad surprise have said, what hath God

wrought? Thankfulness and praise fill our hearts at the growing empire of our king. We, however, cannot say that we have been visited with these showers. What is wrong? Have we grieved away the Spirit? Have we trusted in means, and forgot the Divine quickener? Are we so worldly-minded that we have no heart for the higher joys of the spiritual life? Shall we not consider, and turn to seek the Lord? We have had it demonstrated, that this is a time of refreshing on many a spot, hitherto barren and profitless, let us then arise and plead for the outpouring of the Spirit.

To live in an age of such wonders as those at which we have glanced, requires that we act well our part. A sense of our immense responsibility in having the lines drawn to us through such scenes, calls on us to be strong in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Living in times demanding action for the weal of the world, let the spirit of true loyalty to Christ so rouse us to effort, that when time with us shall be no longer, we shall have left nothing undone to which duty called, and grace strengthened us.

TRIMMING THE LAMPS.

On reaching the house of prayer one evening too early for the usual weekly meeting, and while resolving to use the spare minutes in quiet meditation, our attention was speedily arrested by the trimming of the lamps. We were struck with the manner in which a worthy brother went about this apparently little matter. He carefully examined the lamps to see what they contained, and perceiving that the oil was almost spent, he brought forward a flask from which he poured into the vessel; then he adjusted the wick, and after scrutinizing the whole he ventured to apply the light. The lamp however, did not burn, it gave forth but a faint and feeble light. Another examination took place, an unnoticed fault was detected and removed. Again the light was applied, it burned brighter but not with the full power wanted. Anew his diligence and assiduity were called forth; the lamps were screwed first in one direction, then in another, sometimes the flame was too great, again too weak; at last the desired amount of light was gained. All the while, the countenance of this brother evinced the most complete abstraction in his work; he felt the importance and necessity of producing a good light. Once and again did he withdraw a few steps, his eye not for a moment taken off the light, then he returned to lessen or increase the flame, until he gained his end.

We passed in thought from the trimming of an earthly lamp, to the necessity of keeping the lamp of spiritual life burning bright and clear. Our Saviour says, "let your loins be girded about and your lights burning." A feeble and flickering flame of Christian profession will soon go out if unsupplied with the oil of grace. How full the fountain whence grace sufficient for us is obtained! It is an inexhaustible source of supply, and runs over with blessings. We thought, that if all who profess the name of Jesus were equally assiduous as our brother with the lights in the house of God, in adjusting their lamps, how brightly the light of Christianity would shine over a benighted world. Are not the Churches represented as golden candlesticks or lamps? Their aim should be to shine as lights in the world. The light of holy living has penetrated the darkness of many a careless heart, when the strongest arguments have failed to awaken thought. Alas, that a feeble, dying light should ever be emitted by a church, yet is it not sometimes so? And what

is the cause? The lamp is not trimmed; there is no examination whether there is oil or not; no application is made at the fountain of grace for fresh supplies; there is no anxiety to let the light shine before men. The sad consequences of all this, the membership may have failed to consider: it was never intended: but little by little the light of the Church has dimmed and decreased, until there is no burning love, no shining zeal, no bright hope, no living faith—the lamp is going out. Missionary enterprise is at a low ebb, the lamp of life is withdrawn from the perishing; eyes that look up from the dark ocean of life for the warning beacon, are left in darkness. Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

The personal interests involved in the possession of true religion demand that every individual Christian have his lamp burning brightly. The adjustment of every privilege and the right setting of every grace as precious jewels, require daily examination, that every unworthy element and interfering sin may be removed and utterly cast out. Windings of Providence may lead us far down in the valley of humiliation, or speedily bring us up to the delectable mountains; but all shall tend as regulated by the hand of the All-wise disposer of events, to bring forth light to his own glory. Finally, to tend with care the matchless concerns of an immortal soul, is labour worthy of constant thought, and shall bring about a participation in the inheritance of the saints in light.

REV. F. H. MARLING.

It is with sincere pleasure we inform our readers of the safe return of our esteemed brother from his visit to Great Britain. He left Liverpool on the 4th January, in the Cunard Steamer *Arabia*, which had a long and rather stormy voyage of sixteen days to New York.

A day or two after his reaching Toronto, he received a very cordial welcome from his church and congregation, at a social gathering, which was largely attended; and the pleasure of the re-union was greatly enhanced by the interesting account the pastor gave of his brief visit to Europe.

Time has not allowed of his preparing any communication for the Magazine, but we hope to be able to gratify our readers with something from his own pen in our next issue.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

We were not mistaken in anticipating the tone of the religious press and Christian men of England on the American difficulty. While there was a strong feeling that an insult had been offered and that reparation must be made, there was an earnest deprecation of the use of such violent language as too many of the secular papers and popular orators have indulged in on this question. It was not befitting a great nation, far less a nation professedly Christian, to fly into a frenzy of abuse and vituperation of a people who in the agony of a great struggle had endorsed and commended an unwarrantable act of one of their servants. We rejoice therefore that those to whom we

have been accustomed to look up shewed themselves equal to the occasion, and, despite some taunts of want of patriotism, proved in every way their anxiety to avert so great a calamity as war between the two foremost Protestant nations of the earth. We mentioned in our last that a Union Prayer Meeting had been held in Exeter Hall, in addition to which a large number of petitions had been sent from various congregations to Lord Palmerston in favour of arbitration, and deputations from the Congregational Board—from the Congregational Union—from the Baptist Union, and from the Baptist Board, had an interview with Lord Russell on the subject of the threatened war with America. The interview was highly satisfactory, and they left convinced that Great Britain would not madly rush into that most terrible evil. Happily the danger is now past; we trust that it will not arise again. One way to prevent its recurrence will be for every Christian man and woman to set themselves resolutely against all overbearing irritating talk, to discountenance it in newspapers, and to show by every means to the American people that we are heartily and earnestly desirous of maintaining with them an honourable and lasting peace.

There is scarcely any spot of the mission field so interesting just now as the Island of Madagascar. Our readers need scarcely be told that for the last twenty-five years the Christians there have had to pass through a series of the most relentless and bloody persecutions at the hands of the late Queen Ranavolana. A bigoted, ferocious, cruel heathen, she did all that absolute power could accomplish to extirpate christianity from her dominions. Patience, fortitude, resignation unsurpassed in the primitive ages of the church, were exhibited by the native converts under the most cruel tortures; they endured cheerfully scourging, slavery, the tangena; they sang hymns and rejoiced on their way to death. Some were crucified, some thrown from a precipice, some burnt alive, some speared, and their mangled corpses left to be devoured by the wild dogs. But nothing could destroy the truth; the blood of the martyrs was emphatically and remarkably the seed of the Church, and every fresh persecution found, not only fresh victims but far more than before. In the dense forests, in any and in every secret place, the poor persecuted ones met together to read the few tattered leaves of the word of God which they had succeeded in preserving, and to comfort and strengthen each other by the blessed truths and promises of the Gospel. Thank God it is all over now; the Queen is dead, and her son Radama II. reigns in her stead. Upon his accession to the throne he sent a letter—written in English—to the Governor of the Mauritius, intimating the fact, and adding that no obstacles would be thrown in the way of a deputation visiting the capital on the occasion. An embassy was accordingly sent, and we have now an account of the trip in the *London Times*, by a member of the embassy. We give a few extracts of the portion which will most interest our readers:—

The writer confirms the statement that Radama's cousin, Ramboasalama, who attempted to usurp the throne, was not killed, but is in "honorable captivity," though he has still many adherents in the capital. King Radama II. has begun his reign upon the broad principle that he will not shed blood. The only way in which the King resented the attempt to supplant him was by causing a number of the followers of Ramboasalama to be branded on the forehead and banished into a distant province. The writer also fully confirms all that has been said as to the ferocious character of the late Queen Ranavalo and her bloody persecutions of the Christians:

"The experience of the Embassy goes far to substantiate thoroughly the statements made by former travellers with regard to the wholesale massacres perpetrated under the Queen's authority. One officer, high in rank, told me that during a very few years that he had been engaged in active service he had seen in the aggregate at least 100,000 men put to death after successful actions.

"The persecutions among the Christians are really astonishing in their details. The reports of former travellers are, as far as my experience went, perfectly trustworthy in this respect also. Chain gangs of from fifteen to twenty hapless beings used to perambulate the country dependent upon chance for their subsistence. When death relieved one of them from his grievous burden of life the vacant chain was dragged about by the remainder, and this continued until the chain had done its cruel work.

"I had a visit from several Christians the night before leaving Antananarivo. One was a poor old woman about seventy years of age. She had, eleven years before, been chained together with seventeen other victims. They died one by one, and she for four years had dragged the vacant chain after her. The iron collar had worn deeply into her neck, and the mark of the chain was also plainly visible on her ankle. I saw several others who had been sufferers in a similar way. They had been released only two months before, at the accession of the King.

"It is difficult to ascertain how many Christians were put to death; some say 2,000, others a great many more. They were usually crucified, being bound on with cords, and stoned while on the cross. The crag mentioned by former travellers, down which those charged with any crime were thrown, is about fifty or sixty feet in perpendicular height; the face of the rocks continues at a steep incline for about 300 feet. The whole is overgrown with prickly pear.

"The Embassy took six days to reach the capital, and passed through very fine and peculiar scenery, and good grazing districts.

"Until we reached the foot of the hill on the summit of which the city stands, we were followed and hedged in by the wondering populace. It was quite a novel sight for them. For thirty years no European had reached the capital with the good will of the Sovereign, much less at his invitation. In one or two instances permission had been unwillingly accorded to visit the capital, but a date at which the stay of the foreigner (whoever he might be) should terminate, was always stipulated. The people were clad in the simple flowing white garment known as the lamba. When we commenced to ascend, the lookers-on contrived to perch themselves on the high steep banks between which the approach to the city had been made. They seemed, so to speak, piled on each other in order to get a satisfactory view of us as we passed. About half way from the capital we were met by another deputation, accompanied by a body of soldiers in scarlet uniform and a band of music. We halted while the body of troops were drawn up and presented arms. The band played "God Save the Queen" while we were all standing, dissolving under the vertical rays of the sun.

"When we at last entered the capital we had to thread our way, accompanied by the officers and a multitude, which contrived to disperse itself into every nook and corner available for the purpose of overlooking us, the tops of mud walls being preferred. All this time a deafening noise was going on—a Babel of many voices—each individual voice being used *con amore*; and although the officers did their utmost to calm the enthusiasm of the populace by administering energetic kicks on all sides, yet I am bound also to state that the obedience they met with was not such as I should have imagined the persuasive character of the late Queen would have inculcated.

"Some of the King's officers speak English, and were educated in England thirty-five years ago; among the number is the King's present Chief Secretary, who has a perfect knowledge of English, and uses idiomatic phrases with entire accuracy.

"The King received the mission most cordially. He enquired repeatedly after the health of Her Majesty, and desired the Chief Secretary to make inquiries about Viscount Palmerston, who seems an especial favorite at Madagascar. The King is short in stature, and has a mild, amiable countenance. The Queen, who was present both at the first and final reception of the mission, has a most intelligent face, a high forehead, and a head well set on. She carries herself with a becoming natural dignity.

"It has been currently reported that the King is a Christian. It is premature to say so now, but there is ground to hope that he will become so. At present he professes a sort of Deism, which his Chief Secretary has engrafted upon him.

"Since the King's accession a school has been established at Antananarivo, and, considering the short time has been established, it bids fair to be productive of great good. At the time of my visit there were eighty children; they were taught to read and write, and a few of them were making progress in English, under the tuition of a Malgache schoolmaster."

We trust that the statement in the last paragraph but one is an error. Years ago the Prince, after long conversations with the Christians, and, on intelligent enquiry of the faith, was baptised; and he has stood by them ever since, has frequently turned aside the rage of the Queen, and exposed himself to peril on their account. We cannot, therefore, without further evidence, believe that he has forsaken the gospel and become an unbeliever. It is more probable—though we hope this also is incorrect—that he has, according to the statement of French papers, fallen under Romanist influences. French Catholics have been sedulously working upon him for years. The narratives alike of Mr. Ellis and Madame Pfeiffer show this, and such a result, in the absence of counteracting gospel influence, though much to be deplored, would not be surprising. It must be borne in mind, however, that Radama may feel the necessity of caution in stating his religious convictions; the old heathen element is still strong, especially among the nobles, and no doubt a large number would rejoice to place Ramboasalama upon the throne, who would, there is little doubt, tread in the footsteps of the late Queen. The London Missionary Society, upon receipt of the intelligence of the death of the Queen, determined at once to despatch Mr. Ellis to Madagascar, with a view to the reorganization of the mission already so blessed in its results. By this time he is probably there, and we shall anxiously look for his reports, to ascertain the true sentiments of the King, and his probable policy. We annex the following most interesting letter from the native Christians of the Island to Mr. Ellis, inviting him to visit them, which appears in the *Missionary Chronicle* for January.

Antananarivo, Sep. 11, 1861.

To the Rev. William Ellis,

We have received the letter that you wrote in the month of June, 1861, which came from London, and we rejoice at the exhortation you gave for our continuance in Jesus Christ, and your remembrance of us in your prayers to God; and that the brethren and sisters with you ceased not to entreat God on behalf of the brethren and sisters with us.

And now God has heard the prayers which we have offered to Him, and Madagascar is wide open for the word of God; those that were in bonds are now all released from their chains, and are come to Antananarivo. The pilgrims that were in hiding places are now to be seen; and these are now new things with us.

On Friday, the 23rd August, Ranvalo the Queen died, and Rakotond Radama was raised to be the King of Madagascar—on the 23rd of August, 1861, he Radama II., was raised to be the King.

But there was nearly a contention about it; for Prince Ramboasalama hired many people to set him upon the throne, and there was nearly a struggle at Antananarivo among the people. But God overturned their foolish plans to nothing, and the officers, and the judges, and the leaders of the people were banished by the King, and sent away as exiles. Prince Ramboasalama was also banished from Antananarivo, and those people that were chained and banished were those people that were strong in persecuting and did not like the Christians. And now we thank God for subduing the enemy.

When the People heard it proclaimed that Radama II. reigned, all the people, both great and small, rejoiced exceedingly; and the Commander-in-Chief, Rainiharo's son and his family, and some of the officers and Christians did all to cause Radama II. to reign. But all these people had not power enough to do that, for it was God who sought to do good for Madagascar, and gave strength to these people to cause Radama II. to reign.

And on Thursday, the 29th of August, 1861, we that were in concealment appeared,—Rainivao, Ramiandry, Rainiketaka, Razaka, Rabodo, and Andrianbahiny: then all the people were astonished when they saw us that we were alive and not yet buried or eaten by the dogs; and there were a great many of the people desiring to see us, for they considered us as dead; and this is what astonished them. On the 9th of September those that were in fetters came to Antananarivo, but they could not walk on account of the weight of their heavy fetters and their weak and feeble bodies.

And this we tell you, our beloved friend, that whosoever of our brethren or sisters that wish to come up to Antananarivo, there is no obstacle in the way—all is free; for Radama II. said to us,—“Write to our friends in London, and say that Radama II. reigns, and say whosoever wishes to come up can come.” And bring all the Bibles and tracts with you, for we long to see your face, if it be the will of God. We are much in want of medicine, for many are sick and feeble among the Christians, and we long for you to come up to Antananarivo. And we visit you, and we visit your wife, and we visit your children, and all the brethren and sisters in the faith. Until we meet, may God bless you, saith Rainivao, Ramiandry, Rainitahina, Rabe, Razakaosoa, Razaka, Ratsilainget.

And all the brethren and sisters salute you.

Need we commend this interesting field to the prayers and sympathies of their Christian brethren? May the new day of peace and Gospel liberty upon which the Christians of Madagascar are now entering, be in proportion to the night of darkness and terror through which they have had to pass!

THE LATE MR. GRAHAM, OF DAMASCUS.—Our readers may remember the massacre of Mr. Graham, one of the missionaries of the Irish Presbyterian Church, who perished during the troubles in Syria. The matter having been pressed on the notice of the Turkish government, they have agreed to grant a pension to the widow and daughters of Mr. Graham during the term of their natural lives.

SCOTTISH REFORMATION SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society took place lately in Edinburgh. The report as to the progress of the work undertaken by the Society was encouraging. The Agents of the Society have visited 153 places during the year. Dr. Wylie is devoting his energies to the instruction of the Theological students of all denominations in the Popish controversy, and has 150 attending his lectures. The income of the Society was £1250, and the expenditure £1202 12s 4d.

MURDER OF MISSIONARIES.—Intelligence has been received of the murder of two missionaries in China, the Rev. Mr. Parker, of the Episcopal, and Rev. Mr. Holmes, of the Baptist Missions. They were murdered by marauding bands of Chinese rebels.

BISHOP OF HONOLULU.—Previous difficulties have been removed, the Rev. Dr. Staley has been consecrated as the first Bishop of Honolulu.

PRACTICAL EFFECTS OF THE MEETING OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE IN GENEVA.—There are already blessed results from the meeting of the Alliance at Geneva. It has originated a new era of Christian life and activity in Geneva itself—it has introduced the open air preaching and of “Bible women.” It has also produced good even in Spain, whither the Rev. Messrs. Dallas and Eade went on their return from the Conference, for the purpose of conveying the salutations and sympathy of the Conference to the imprisoned brethren. Mr. Dallas, who speaks Spanish fluently, had opportunities of conversing with the prisoners, and was the means of greatly cheering and strengthening them.

The following extract although somewhat lengthy, is so exceedingly interesting that we give entire. It represents in a vivid manner the means taken to reach the masses of the population in the “Great Metropolis” who never do, and never would enter church or chapel. It is from the *London Review* :

SUNDAY IN THE VICTORIA THEATRE.—On a December Sunday evening we found ourselves seated on the stage in the Victoria Theatre. It was crowded as on evenings when some wild drama full of robberies or murders is the attraction. In the boxes were a few of the aristocracy of the New Cut, wearing blue cloth dress coats that had done duty for twenty years, and had made their appearance at christenings, funerals, and executions. In the pit were rows of costermongers, with sprinklings of working men wearing flannel jackets, with red, and blue, and spotted cotton neckcloths. Varying the mass were women, some very young, with fluttering rags that conceal but do not warm. One rocks her infant on her knees and hushes it to sleep, as if anxious to hear the preacher. Another jogs her husband when something is said that comes home to realities in the New Cut. Sunday clothes, in the strict sense of the word, are exceptional sights, and look as if disqualifications for a pew, or seat in the Victoria. In the gallery are clusters of dirty boys, evidently *habitues* of that elevated place. One wonders that there are no shrill whistles, slang cries, and roars of laughter. There is at the beginning plenty of noise arising from disputes about room, or precedence, or priority of tenure. But after a little it subsides. The audience is plainly that of the usual week-evening house. Only it is Sunday, not Saturday. A hymn is sung—the sounds would throw Costa into convulsions, and upset the proprieties of Westminster Abbey; while in force it might blow a bishop out of the pulpit in St. Paul’s. It sounds something like the noise of two trains passing each other in a very close tunnel, or over an iron bridge. Yet there is an earnestness in the roar that we miss in the Temple, and an absorption of feeling and thought, and an uncouth but intense attention to the business in hand, that the choristers of our cathedrals would do well to adopt.

Prayer is offered up. No ecclesiastical authority has laid a civilising hand on these worshippers. There is no sign of attention to rubrics. St. George’s-in-the-East and St. Barnabas-in-the-West have never been in the Victoria. A few attempt to kneel; numbers shut their eyes and lift up their faces; some turn their backs on the stage, and some on the gallery; and a good many sit still, not sure of the nature of the work, or acquainted with the canonical way of joining in it. The preacher—the minister of the church—selects a text; he is new to the audience, and his audience is as new and original to him. Down these pale cheeks, that had once blushed, and from those eyes, still retaining their lustre, tears flow, and occasionally over all the audience a stillness reigns, that proves reality to be more effective than fiction, and the story of a cross erected on a Judean hill, 1,800 years ago, to have lost nothing of its power. A coal-porter, on being invited to enter, said he could not go in, as he was covered with coal-dust and unwashed. He was told he need not fear, as one had just entered without coat or waist-coat. A dirty old

woman said she had no money, and therefore could not accept the invitation. She was told she might have a free pass.

The most important inquiry remains—what is the practical effect of the Sunday stage? Does it draw the curious only from ordinary places of worship? We have certain testimony that the latter are better attended on Sunday evenings since the occupation of the Victoria than before. The people who attend the Victoria, speaking generally, belong to no place of worship. In fact there is no room for them. Were all the London places of worship full there would still be a million of people who ought to be at church, but could find no room were they disposed to try to enter. What justifies this special effort is the fact that during the month of November, upwards of 100,000 tramps leaves the barns and hedges, hay-ricks and gravel pits, where they are domiciled during the summer, and hybernate in the lanes, alleys, courts, and crowded passages of London during the winter.

Thousands of these go to the Sunday evening service in the theatre, in order to get warm, or are drawn to them by their friends or fellow lodgers, in order to see something new.

The Sunday stage is therefore a provision for a vast surplus population, for which there has been provided no church room, and specially for a population that will entre a theatre and will not enter a place of worship. The Victoria recruits for cathedral, church, and chapel, and what is better, recruits for morality and virtue. If the ministers of religion wait till these outlying masses come to them, they will wait for ever. They must go the haunts of the drunkard; the places where the waifs and strays of modern life can be collected; the centres in which vice and shame cluster; and make the sublime experiment which the streets of Jerusalem and the playhouse of Ephesus witnessed many years ago. Here is one remarkable evidence of amelioration. In Lambeth-walk there are 203 shops. Most of these used to be open on Sunday; now 101 are shut on Sunday. The busy inmates must have gone somewhere.

It is no longer an experiment. It is a successful and triumphant experience as far as it has yet been carried out. If morality, and virtue, and industry, like piers below, the water, sustain the pressure of our greatness and even glory, as a nation, it is surely a most important movement which lays the foundation of these. It is not lawn sleeves and silk gowns that do honour to a minister of religion, but usefulness, self-sacrifice, and success, in making men wiser, and happier, and better. Those outcast and degraded classes who swarm around the Victoria are repelled from fine churches, and tapering spires, and painted windows. They will not mix with gentry and respectable tradesmen. They look on fine churches as places for "respectable" people. They are found unwilling to enter clean pantiled chapels. They do not understand that such nice places are for the "like o' them." They accept the ministrations of religion on their own ground. They who refuse to go elsewhere come in crowds to the Victoria. There let Christians teachers meet them, and taking encouragement from the success of the past, extend their efforts, and achieve yet greater results in the future.

RELIGIOUS ACCOMMODATION IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—The recent census returns give the following as the sittings provided by the different denominations:—

Weslayans.....	12,837	Christian Brethren, Disciples, &c.	1,929
Church of England.....	8,413	Church of Scotland.....	850
Bible Christians.....	6,450	United Presbyterians.....	630
Roman Catholics.....	6,400	Unitarians.....	270
Independents.....	5,458	Moravians.....	200
Prim. Brethren.....	5,000	Friends.....	200
Lutherans.....	4,020	Jews.....	120
Baptists.....	2,500	New Jerusalem.....	70
Free Church.....	2,388		
Total.....			57,735

and, considering that the population is but 127,000, and scattered over an immense area, the above proportion is very large.

The *Journal de St. Petersbourg* publishes a note addressed by Prince Gortschakoff to M. de Balabine, in reference to the intervention of Austrian troops in the Sutorina for the removal of the batteries erected by the insurgents of the Herzegovina.

FATHER GAVAZZI AND THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.—A letter from Florence says:—"Padre Gavazzi has just commenced a series of lectures ('Conferenze Storiche,' he calls them) against the Pope and his temporal power, in which he spares neither Pius nor his advisers; he is, indeed, a wonderful advocate, and can bring a flow of eloquence to bear on any subject, such as I have never heard equalled. We are told that Thomas Wharton used to boast that 'he had sung a king out of three kingdoms' by his 'Lillibullero,' and I think, when all is over, and the temporal power a thing of the past, Alessandro Gavazzi will be justified in saying that, by his preaching and lecturing, the Pope has been very much damaged in the eyes of Italy. The padre has now again subsided into the quiet-looking black-coated priest which he was two years since, ere he donned the red shirt, and grew the beard and moustache of the Garibaldino."

SUPPRESSION OF MONASTERIES IN ITALY.—Victor Emanuel, under the advice of his new minister, is busy suppressing monasteries in Italy. The buildings, in most cases, are to be appropriated to educational or military uses, and the monks are to be supported by their own labour, aided, in some cases, by the State.

Official.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS. MIDDLE DISTRICT.

Programme of Congregational Missionary Meetings for February, 1862.

Markham	Monday, February 3.	} Deputation. — Rev. Messrs. H. Denny and R. Hay, and the Pastors of the Churches.
Stouffville	Tuesday, " 4.	
Newmarket	Wednesday, " 5.	
Bell Ewart	Thursday, " 6.	
Oro	Friday, " 7.	
Oro	Sabbath, " 9.	
Meaford	Sabbath, " 9.	
Williamsville	Monday, " 10.	
Meaford	Tuesday, " 11.	
Owen Sound	Wednesday, " 12.	

As it is desirable to secure all the funds we can when the Deputation visit the stations, brethren are requested to make *prompt* arrangements in relation to subscriptions and donations, that everything may be in readiness. Let *due notice* be given that we may have a large attendance, and a good time spiritually.

JAMES T. BYRNE,

Sec. M. D. M. C.

MIDDLE DISTRICT.

For the *Eastern Section*, the following programme for February has been approved by the Committee:—

Feb. 3.	Hamilton.....	Rev. Messrs. Baird, Hay, & Wood.
" 3.	Barton	" " Ebbs, Durrant, McCallum, Snider
" 4, 5.	Hamilton.....	Meeting of the Western Association.
" 6.	Scotland.. ..	Rev. Messrs. Pullar, Baird, Snider.
" 6.	Kelvin	" " McCallum, Ebbs, Durrant.
Feb. 7.	Burford	Rev. Messrs. Pullar, Ebbs, Baird,
" 7.	New Durham.....	" " McCallum, Durrant, Snider.
" 10.	Brantford.....	} Rev. Messrs. Clarke, Ebbs, McGill, Hay, Wood.
" 11.	Paris.....	
" 12.	Guelph.....	
" 13.	Eramosa	Rev. Messrs. Clarke, R. Brown, & Wood,
" 13.	Eden Mills.....	" " Hay, McGill, & J. Brown.
" 14.	Garafraxa.....	" " Clarke, McGill, J. & R. Brown, Wood.

The Annual Missionary Sermons will be preached in each place, where practicable, on the Sabbath previous to the missionary meeting.

Collecting cards have already been sent to the several Pastors, and it is to be hoped that collectors will be set to work as soon as possible, so "that there may be no gatherings when we come."

JOHN WOOD,

Secretary, W.D.M.C

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FUND.

The Secretary acknowledges the receipt of the following collections for the Widows and Orphans Fund, viz :

Amount previously acknowledged.....	\$ c.
Collected by Toronto 2nd Church	66 78
Zion Church, Montreal.....	21 00
Mrs. W. Wilcox, \$1 ; A Friend, \$1 ; Southwold.....	53 98
	2 00

\$143 76

Montreal, January 22nd 1862.

P. W. Wood.

Correspondence.

REV. R. WILSON'S SAD LOSSES.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

Immediately after Christmas Day, at the time I received the painful intelligence, I sent you for publication in your last issue a brief notice of the sad afflictions to which our brother, Rev. Robert Wilson, of Sheffield, New Brunswick, has been subjected. As it did not appear, and I have fears that

the communication has miscarried between Bowmanville and Toronto, let me repeat the facts.

On the 4th December, while our brother and his family were at breakfast, the house was discovered to be on fire, and in a short time it became a heap of ruins. Many things were saved from the flames, but much was lost. Hardly had the family obtained possession of an old house, wherein they were endeavouring to make themselves comfortable for the winter, when a far heavier stroke was laid upon them. The eldest son, the hope of his parents, a youth of some nineteen years of age, who was remarkably successful in the path he had chosen, that of agriculture, went forth upon the ice of the River St. John, to enjoy an hour's skating, passed alas! unwittingly into an air-hole, and exclaiming "O God help me!" was speedily carried under the ice and was drowned.

This calamity overwhelmed the parents with grief. For a time they knew not what to think or to say, they simply bowed down before the Lord and were quiet. Their plans and their hopes were in a moment destroyed, and their loved boy was gone! Subsequently "the Father of mercies and God of all comfort" has graciously appeared in manifest spiritual blessing upon the young of our brother's flock, and upon his own children. Recent communications from him convey glad tidings of this sort. May the Lord give abundant spiritual increase.

The sympathies and prayers of the church here have been called forth on his behalf, and there can be no doubt that it will be the same elsewhere.

Yours truly,

Montreal, 24th Jan., 1862.

HENRY WILKES.

JOURNAL OF MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

MIDDLE DISTRICT, No. 1.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR BROTHER—Your correspondent left Georgetown on the 13th instant for Bowmanville, the first appointment of Missionary meeting labour in this district. We met with Brother R. Hay, also of the deputation, at the Weston Station, and proceeded together to Whitby, where we were joined by our excellent Secretary, Brother Byrne, on his way to the meeting in Bowmanville. On our arrival there we were sorry to learn that Brother Fenwick could not be with us, as two of the members of his congregation were in apparently dying circumstances. At the public meeting the brethren delivered good missionary speeches. The chair was occupied by Brother Reikie, and Brother Hurley, a Bible christian minister, assisted the great object by a practical speech. The attendance was large, and the collections and subscriptions amounted to nearly seventy dollars.

Next morning Brother Byrne returned to Whitby, suffering from a severe cold; the deputation, through the kindness of Mr. Tait, a member of the Bowmanville church, were conveyed by cutter, gratuitously, across the country, over Lake Scugog, to *Manilla*, a distance of 32 miles. The day was mild,

the sleighing moderate. Upon making ourselves known, we were heartily welcomed by Brother McFayden, a Baptist, whose wife is a member of Bro. McGregor's church, and received during our stay all the kindness heart could devise.

We were informed that, for fear the deputation might not arrive in time for a meeting on the Tuesday evening, public services had been postponed until the next day, when double work would be expected; so we quietly submitted to "the powers that be." Next day Mr. Tait conveyed us to Brother McGregor's, where we met with Brother McLean, of Osprey, of whose sufferings and hardships in his new field of labour, it grieved us to hear. It is pleasing to mention however, that Brother McGregor's flock had purchased for him a new suit of good black cloth, which they presented, upon his arrival, to his great surprise and joy.

We left Brother McGregor's at 2 P. M. for church; it was agreed that, in the absence of Brother Fenwick, who had been announced to preach on behalf of the Society, sermons should be preached by the remaining members of the deputation.

In the evening, at half-past six, the Missionary meeting was held. The attendance was large, with good attention for three hours, while two speeches were delivered in English and one in Gaelic. The collections and subscriptions will be reported soon.

Next morning we left our warm-hearted Highland brethren to attend our appointment at *Whitby*. The journey was long, cold, and tedious; but we arrived in safety at Brother Byrne's, where we received, during our stay, exceeding great hospitality. The public meeting took place in the evening; the attendance about as usual. We were assisted by Brother Reikie, who had been brought over in a cutter by his Deacon, O'Hara.

Next day we were conveyed by Deacon Hill to the Base Line, an out station of Brother Byrne's. The attendance there was not so good as last year, but yet some thought it the best meeting we had held.

The morning after, we left Brother Byrne's for our respective flocks, having spent one of the pleasantest weeks of Missionary meeting labour we remember.

J. UNSWORTH.

Georgetown, Jan. 20th, 1862.

TOUR IN THE WESTERN DISTRICT—No. 1.

The annual meeting on behalf of the C. C. Missionary Society was held in LONDON, according to programme, on Monday evening, January 13th. The deputation consisted of Messrs. Ebbs, Clarke, Durrant, McGregor, Baird and Wood; an unusually large one, embracing indeed, the members of *two* deputations, each of which was to make London its rendezvous on that evening. The attendance was respectable in point of numbers, and the interest well sustained, a fact creditable alike to speakers and hearers, when it is remembered that in consequence of the neglect of the sexton, the thermometer never rose much above *freezing point* at any period of the meeting. Brother Clarke characterized it justly as "an assembly of *warm hearts and cold feet*;" the former part of his description we are willing to believe, and not without evidence—the latter part of it we know to be true.

We feel very strongly inclined, at this point, to read a lecture to all "door-keepers in the houses of the Lord," whether paid or unpaid, in this country, where the extremes of cold and heat are so great. Our only fear would be, if we were attempting such a thing, that we should so magnify their office, that they would either mistake us as flatterers, or be so inflated with the sense of their own importance, that they would never listen to our friendly words again. We should like to tell them that although the duties of cleaning, and warming, and ventilating, and lighting the house of God are usually regarded as somewhat menial in their character, and are supposed to require no great amount of intelligence for their performance, in our view they stand next in importance, and influence upon the congregation, to those of the minister himself, and require a *very sensible man* to discharge them efficiently. Indeed, we are not sure but in many cases they have more to do with the attendance, and attentiveness of the congregation in the house of God, than the preacher has; for "cold feet" will often be found a more potent influence in deciding the question, "shall I go to church or not?" than the combined influences of a warm heart and the expectation of a good sermon, and they often demand and obtain more of attention during the service than anything else. And *if*, after saying so much upon the importance of the office, we were permitted to continue our homily, we should probably add a few plain suggestions as to the best method of discharging its duties somewhat as follows:—Door-keepers should see that the church is *well swept and dusted*, so that the most fastidious shall not be debarred from coming on account of the condition of the house; they should admit a full supply of fresh air *before the congregation assembles*; they should see that the fire is kindled *sufficiently early to warm the whole house*, so that the fire may require no attention *during the service*; they should regulate the temperature, not by this or that one's notion, but *by a thermometer*, (suspended where stove heat cannot reach it,) and never allow it to rise above 65 degrees Fahrenheit, nor to fall below 55; they should *abjure all lighting by candles*, and respectfully worry the trustees until they procure *coal oil lamps*; and finally, having faithfully ventilated and heated, and lighted the house, they should *let windows, and stoves, and lamps alone*, until requested to attend to them by the minister, or one of the deacons. These may seem trivial matters, but we assure the door-keeping public that a little attention to our suggestions will save the ministers much annoyance, and enable the hearers to listen much more attentively and profitably. A word to the wise is enough. Perhaps sympathy for "cold feet" and regard for his sexton's reputation, may induce the reader to bring this embryonic lecture under the attention of those concerned.

But to proceed—On Tuesday, Messrs. Ebbs, McGregor, Baird, and the writer, returned to

STRATFORD, where we had rather a small meeting, but a good collection. The deputation were assisted by a Baptist brother, resident in the town, who advocated the claims of the Congregational Missionary Society by telling us what the *Baptist Missionary Convention* had done, and urging all present to attend the annual meeting on its behalf, shortly thereafter to be held.

We were sorry to find the cause in Stratford languishing, having suffered greatly by the removal of its late pastor, who was driven from a field, (which never looked more promising than under his culture,) by *the apprehension of*

the sliding scale—sad augury of what we may expect if the Committee of the Colonial Missionary Society should insist on its adoption, and the churches in this country submit! The church has been also somewhat weakened in its resources, by the withdrawal of several of its members, who, though they went out *from* it, were never *of* it, as to any attachment to our distinctive doctrines and polity. Though smaller therefore, than formerly, we think it was never more harmonious and united than at present, and never more worthy of the fostering care of our Missionary Committee.

After a cold drive of thirty-five miles, we next day reached

LISTOWEL, the sphere of brother R. McGregor's laborious, and faithful, and not less successful ministry. Here we had an average meeting, the proceeds of which, in subscriptions and collection, will reach nearly \$50. The condition of the cause in this locality is very much what is indicated in the last Missionary Report, though, on the whole, somewhat more peaceful and hopeful. We commend to our friends in that neighbourhood the prayer and spirit of the 27th Psalm.

MOLESWORTH church is an offshoot from that of Listowel, and assembles at a distance of about seven miles from it. Here we met with a colder reception even than in London. For the credit of the *sexton*, however, be he who he may, we must say that it was not *his* fault, but rather that of the weather, and the house. Our friends in this place having erected a house of worship, were desirous that we should hold our annual meeting in it, although not yet formally opened, nor even plastered. The building will be, when completed, a very comfortable and commodious place, but the night being extremely cold, the utmost efforts of several indefatigable stokers did not raise the temperature of the house, except just around the stove, near up to the freezing point. "Cold feet" therefore, somewhat chilled the vital current, and divided the attention of the audience, which was quite a numerous and intelligent one. The result, pecuniarily, however, will probably exceed that of last year.

After the meeting we drove fourteen miles to

TURNBERRY, which we reached, after a break down, about one o'clock, a.m. This was found necessary, in order to our having sufficient time for consultation with friends there about the proposed ordination of Mr. Benjamin Day. Conference with them having left us unanimously of the opinion that he *should* be settled amongst them, we proceeded on the afternoon of Friday, to the chapel on the boundary between Turnberry and Howick, (belonging to the New Connexion Methodists, and kindly lent to us on the occasion,) and ordained him to the work of the ministry, and installed him in the pastoral charge of the churches in the townships named. It was a service of great interest to us all, but as an account of it will probably be sent you by the Secretary of the council, I forbear any further reference to it.

The missionary meeting in the same place, was well attended, and indicated that the newly settled minister will be surrounded by a people who will not forget the society, from whom they so early received, in that neighbourhood, by the ministry of Brother McGregor, the message of the grace of God. Altogether the cause there presents a most encouraging aspect. May the Head of the Church smile upon it, and make it "a very fruitful hill."

Brantford, Jan. 24, 1862.

W.

News of the Churches.

ORDINATION AT TURNBERRY, O. W.

Pursuant to call from the Congregational Church of Turnberry and Howick, a council, consisting of Revs. R. McGregor, E. Ebbs, J. Wood, and R. G. Baird, convened at Bluevale on the 17th instant, to take into consideration the propriety of ordaining Mr. B. W. Day to the pastorate of that church.

Mr. H. Wilson, on the part of the church, laid before the Council a numerously signed call, urgently requesting Mr. Day to become their pastor. The questions asked by the Council, regarding what led to their giving this call, and also regarding the prospects of the church, were answered in a most satisfactory manner, and would certainly indicate that Mr. Day has an encouraging prospect of usefulness among that people.

Mr. Day stated that he had been under the necessity of leaving college before the completion of the usual course, because of ill health, and that on this account the Directors had released him from further attendance. He now responded to the call from the Turnberry Church, feeling that Divine Providence had directed him to that place—that the cordiality and kindness manifested toward him by the people encouraged him to hope for usefulness among them—and that he thought the exercise necessarily connected with such a field of labour, would prove beneficial to his health.

With regard to his views of the work of the ministry, Mr. Day expressed himself as feeling increasingly its sacredness and importance, while he had a growing desire to be engaged in it. The Council were entirely satisfied with the clear, concise and correct statement given by the candidate, of his doctrinal belief.

After the examination, it was moved by Mr. E. Ebbs, seconded by Mr. R. G. Baird, and resolved, That the Council now proceed to the ordination of Mr. Day. We had then to drive about six miles, mostly through forest, (and *such* a forest of majestic maple, beech and elm trees we have seldom seen) to the house of worship, where the ordination was to take place, a comfortable log chapel belonging to the N. C. Methodists, the use of which was kindly given for the occasion. On arriving there we found a goodly number assembled, and the Council proceeded to the ordination of Mr. Day, in the following order:

After the opening of devotional service, by your correspondent, Rev. E. Ebbs, of Paris, C. W., gave the ordination sermon, in which the nature of a christian church—its relation to God—its relation to the world, and the relation of individual members and churches to each other, were set forth in a very clear and able manner.

The usual questions were then put to the candidate by Rev. R. McGregor, of Listowell, the answers to all of which were good and satisfactory, while two of them were really admirable, and stirred the hearts of all present. Mr. McGregor also offered the ordination prayer and gave the right hand of fellowship.

Rev. J. Wood, of Brantford, gave the charge to the young pastor, from 2nd Tim. i. 14, "That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep by the Holy Ghost who dwelleth in us." Your correspondent gave the charge to the church and congregation from 1 Cor., xvi. 10—"Now if Timotheus come, see that he be with you without fear."

The ordination took place in the afternoon, the charge to the congregation was given in the evening. After the charge was delivered Mr. John Gemmil was called to the chair, and some interesting missionary addresses were given. An account of the missionary meetings held in that part of the country, however, will be furnished for the *Independent* by another member of the deputation.

R. G. BAIRD,
Sec'y of Council.

Sarnia, Jan. 23rd, 1862.

DONATION VISIT.

On Friday the 10th January the Rev. W. H. Allworth, Pastor of the Congregational Church in this place, had a welcome visit from between twenty and thirty of the members of his church and congregation, who brought with them valuable and substantial tokens of their regard for him as a Minister of the Gospel.

Good things were amply provided by the lady guests, who, with the rest, took a social cup of tea and spent a pleasant evening together. As the minister was only partially apprised of the intention of his friends, it partook somewhat of the nature of a surprise party. As the thing was got up at short notice, and known only to a limited number, many were prevented from attending who would otherwise have been there, and some who were unable to attend, sent handsome compensation for their absence.—Such expressions of regard not only cheer the heart of a minister, but bind him and his people together, and are worthy of imitation by other churches.—*Markham Economist*.

REVIVAL IN PORTLAND

The revival of religion in Portland ought to encourage ministers and churches every where. Throughout the city there is an unusual flocking to the house of prayer, and conversions are multiplied. The *Mirror* mentions the Third Parish, the Bethel Church, the High St. Church, the St. Lawrence St. Church, the State Street Church, the Union Congregational Church, as sharing in the work. In some of these an unusual interest has been growing for some months; in others it is of more recent origin. The deepest interest has been awakened in connection with the labors of Rev. E. P. Hammond, Rev. Dr. Kirk, and Rev. Dr. Carruthers.—*Vermont Chronicle*.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The third annual observance of the world's concert of prayer was held during the second week in January. Religious services having special reference to the conversion of the world to Christ, were held throughout the country generally, and special attention was given to the appointment, among Christians in the larger cities. Different denominations held their own meetings, and union gatherings, at daily prayer-meetings, and at central points, were held, at which large and interested audiences were assembled. The public feeling has not been aroused, however, to such a sense of the importance of this special season, as in the two past years. The troubled state of the land has had its evil influence, not only in shaking men's faith in things temporal, but in cooling their affections for things spiritual and eternal. An enthusiastic observance of the season, was not expected; but the quiet, humble and trustful spirit which brought many of God's people up to the house of prayer, for so great an object, must be acceptable in the sight of the Lord, and have its due influence in the descent of those great blessings for which he "will be inquired of" by his people.—*S. S. Times*.

THE FREE CHURCH.

On Sabbath, anniversary services were held in the Free College Church (the Rev. Dr. Buchanan's). The Rev. Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh preached in the forenoon from Acts ix. 6. Before pronouncing the benediction the doctor intimated that the collection for the defraying of the church debt amounted to the great sum of 2,633*l.*, and stated that he never before had preached a collection sermon with such a result. He rejoiced at it, inasmuch as it would stir up other congregations, as it was creditable to the people, and as a testimonial of esteem to the pastor. Dr. Buchanan preached in the afternoon from John ix. 4. The collection at both services amounted in all to 2,650*l.*—*Correspondent of "British Standard," 3th January.*

CENSUS OF 1861. CANADA—RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

The "General Abstract of Religions" presents a view of the comparative prevalence of different forms of religious belief among our population. In stating the facts with which it supplies us, we shall compare them with the information given by the previous census with respect to the religious beliefs of the population of Canada in 1852.

The Roman Catholics, although a minority of the population, form the most numerous of the various distinct religious denominations in the Province. They constituted, however, a smaller per centage of the whole population in 1861, than in 1852, although, singularly enough, taking the Provinces separately, the per centage of Roman Catholics had increased both in Upper Canada and in Lower Canada. The fact that the great increase of population has been in Upper Canada, where the Roman Catholics are comparatively few, accounts for the seemingly paradoxical result which we have stated. In Upper Canada the Roman Catholics in 1852 numbered 167,695, or 17.61 per cent of the population; in 1861 they numbered 258,141 or 18.49 per cent. In Lower Canada they numbered 746,866 in 1852, or 83.89 per cent; and 942,724 in 1861, or 84.88 per cent. In the whole Province they numbered 914,561 in 1852, or 49.65 per cent of the population in that year; and 1,200,865 in 1861, or 47.91 per cent—a decrease relatively to the aggregate of other denominations of 1.74 per cent.

The second denomination in point of numbers, is the Church of England. Relatively to other denominations, between 1852 and 1861, it made a slight gain in Lower Canada, sustained a loss of a little over 1 per cent. in Upper Canada, and made a slight gain in the whole Province. The adherents of the Church of England in Lower Canada numbered 45,402 in 1852, or 5.10 per cent of the population; and 63,332 in 1861, or 5.70 per cent. In Upper Canada they numbered 223,190 in 1852, or 23.44 per cent; and 311,565 in 1861, or 22.32 per cent. In the whole Province they numbered 268,592 in 1852, or 14.57 per cent.; and in 1861, 374,887 or 14.96 per cent.

The Methodists come next in numerical rank, if we class together the various bodies which bear that generic designation—the Wesleyans, the Episcopal Methodists, the New Connexion Methodists, &c. In Upper Canada the Methodists form the most numerous denomination. They reckon in this section of the Province 341,572 adherents, while the Church of England has 311,565, the various bodies of Presbyterians, 303,384, and the Church of Rome, 258,141. As regards the entire Province, the Methodists occupy the third rank numerically, treading very closely on the heels of the Church of England, which only outstrips them by 2,733. In 1852, in Upper Canada, the numbers were—Church of England, 223,190; Methodists, 207,656; the Methodists being then 15,534 behind; they are now in Upper Canada, 30,007 a-head of the Church of England. In Upper Canada in 1852, the Methodists outnumbered the Presbyterians by 3,508; they now outnumber them by 38,188.

Relatively to other denominations, the Methodists, in the interval between the two enumerations, have gained in both Provinces. In Lower Canada they numbered 21,183 in 1852, or 2.38 per cent. of the population; and 30,582 in 1861, or 2.75 per cent. In Upper Canada they numbered 207,656 in 1852, or 21.81 per cent., and 341,572 in 1861, or 24.47 per cent. In the whole Province they numbered 228,839 in 1852, or 12.42 per cent.; and 372,154 in 1861, or 14.85 per cent. of the increased population.

As regards the classification of the numbers respectively belonging to the various bodies of Methodists, the results presented in the census are evidently unreliable. The large numbers returned as "Other Methodists," it is clear, embrace not only the Primitive Methodists, but many Wesleyan Methodists, New Connexion Methodists, &c., not returned as such. In Upper Canada in 1852 there were returned as Wesleyan Methodists, 96,640; Episcopal Methodists, 43,884; New Connexion Methodists, 7,547; other Methodists, 59,585. In 1861 the numbers were—Wesleyan Methodists, 218,427; Episcopal Methodists, 71,615;

New Connexion Methodists, 28,200 ; other Methodists, 23,320. In Lower Canada in 1852 there were returned as Wesleyan Methodists, 5,799 ; Episcopal Methodists, 7 ; New Connexion, 3,442 ; other Methodists, 11,935. In 1861 the numbers were—Wesleyans, 25,879 ; Episcopal Methodists, 2,537 ; New Connexion, 1,292 ; other Methodists, 874. From the reduced number in the class "other Methodists" both in Upper and Lower Canada, it is evident that the classification was more perfect in 1861 than in 1852.

The Presbyterians, like the Methodists, although not to so marked an extent, have gained in both sections of the Province, and in the whole Province, relatively to other denominations. Classing together the various denominations of Presbyterians, they numbered in Lower Canada, 33,535 in 1852, or 3.77 per cent. of the population ; and 43,607 in 1861, or 3.93 per cent. In Upper Canada they numbered 204,148 in 1852, or 21.44 per cent. of the population ; and 303,384 in 1861 or 21.73 per cent. In the whole Province they numbered 237,683 in 1852, or 12.90 per cent. ; and 346,991 in 1861, or 13.84 per cent.

The subdivisions in the Presbyterian body in Lower Canada were given in 1852, as follows : Church of Scotland, 4,047 ; Free Church, 267 ; other Presbyterians, 29,221—the comparative largeness of the last number being of course owing to insufficient classification. In 1861 the numbers were—Church of Scotland, 23,688 ; Free Church ; 14,770 ; United Presbyterians, 5,149. In Upper Canada the numbers in 1852 were—Church of Scotland, 57,542 ; Free Church, 65,807 ; other Presbyterians, 80,799. In 1861, the numbers were—Church of Scotland, 108,963 ; Free Church, 143,043 ; United Presbyterians, 51,378. The classification it is quite apparent, is as erroneous in 1861 as it was in 1852. No return is made of "Reformed Presbyterians," or of "American Presbyterians," although one of the most numerous congregations in Montreal belongs to the latter body. The census has incorporated each of these denominations with some other Presbyterian body or bodies.

The above four leading denominations—Roman Catholics, Church of England, Methodists, and Presbyterians—comprehended in the aggregate 89.54 per cent. of the population of 1852, and 91.56 per cent. of the population of 1861. It may be interesting to compare in tabular form the per centages, with regard to the entire Province, which we have already given with the accompanying details.

	1852.	1861.
Church of Rome	49.65	47.91
Church of England	14.57	14.96
Methodists.....	12.42	14.85
Presbyterians.....	12.90	13.84
All others.....	10.46	8.44
	<hr/> 100.00	<hr/> 100.00

Of the other denominations, the Baptists are the most numerous. In 1852 they numbered 45,353 in Upper Canada, 4,493 in Lower Canada. In 1861, they numbered, 61,559 in Upper Canada, and 7,751 in Lower Canada. The Lutherans (chiefly found in the county of Waterloo, where the German element predominates) in 1852 numbered 12,089 in Upper Canada, and 18 in Lower Canada ; in 1861 they numbered 24,299 in Upper Canada, and 857 in Lower Canada. The Congregationalists, numbered 7,747 in Upper Canada, and 3,927 in Lower Canada in 1852 ; and 9,357 in Upper Canada, and 4,927 in Lower Canada in 1861.

The rest of the population, according to the census of 1861, were thus classified :—Quakers, 7,383 in Upper Canada and 121 in Lower Canada. Bible Christians, 8,801 in Upper and 184 in Lower Canada. Christians, 5,018 in Upper and 298 in Lower Canada. Second Adventists, 1,050 in Upper and 2,305 in Lower Canada. Protestants, 7,514 in Upper and 3,584 in Lower Canada. Disciples, 4,147 in Upper and 5 in Lower Canada. Jews, 614 in Upper and 572 in Lower Canada. Menonists and Tunkers, 8,965—all in Upper Canada. Universalists,

2,234 in Upper and 2,289 in Lower Canada. Unitarians, 634 in Upper and 650 in Lower Canada. Mormons, 74 in Upper and 3 in Lower Canada. "No religion," 17,373 in Upper and 1,477 in Lower Canada. "No creed given," 8,121 in Upper and 5,728 in Lower Canada. "Other creeds not classed," 14,284 in Upper and 678 in Lower Canada.—*Globe*.

Fragment Basket.

"FEW THERE BE THAT FIND IT."—"Few there be that find it." Does that word *few* resound in your ear as a deep-drawn threat that closes heaven against the common throng of average humanity? Does it steal over you in hours of solitude as if it would choke the breath of your hope? Do not wrest the Scriptures to your own destruction. Do not misread and misrepresent the plain meaning of the best Teacher. He takes it ill when his words are turned upside down, and his truth thereby changed into a lie. Who said that few find the way, and in what tone did he utter the words? Jesus spoke them, and spoke them with a sigh. His complaint that few are coming is the sweetest and strongest encouragement for all to come.

What proportion of human kind, in any one, or in all generations, shall, in point of fact, be saved, and what proportion lost, is a question with which we have no concern, and which our Teacher expressly refused to answer. It is our business not to pry into the secret things of God, but to look upon the world as it lies in wickedness, and strive to diminish the crowds that are thronging the broad way. "Few," in the lips of Jesus is not the final summation of the names in the Lamb's book of life, after the accounts of time are closed, but the invitation to them that are ready to perish, while yet their day of grace is running, and before the door is shut. Few! but, Lord, are there not a multitude whom no man can number already walking with thee in white, and many thousands more than Jewish prophets reck of, now in the body saved, waiting for the call to rest? Yes; and yet there is room. His soul is not satisfied yet. He is yearning for more, and will yearn, as long as one sinner remains on earth unsaved. Although he saw the lost coming to himself, the Saviour, like doves to their windows, and coming in numbers like the sand on the sea-shore, he would still cry Few, as long as any lingered. We owe great thanks to Jesus for speaking this word.

Enough is a word that sometimes rends a human heart, and quenches hope's last feeble rays under a black, suffocating cloud of despair. The great ship, pierced by a sunken rock, is slowly settling down in the sea. The boats are lowered, and filled with a promiscuous throng of young and old, male and female. Each boat shoves off as soon as it has taken in its complement. The largest lingers longest, because it can take in most. At last the stern voice of the officer in charge resounds clear above the hum of the eager multitude—Enough, give way. That word sank, like the dart of death, into the hearts of the helpless remnant who were left upon the wreck.

If Jesus should to-day send a great angel, with a commission to stand with one foot on the land and another on the sea, and cry, Enough! heaven is full, and the Saviour satisfied has shut the gate! If one should dream that he heard from heaven this dreadful message, and be awakened by the shock, how sweetly then would the tender plaint of Jesus, "Few there be that find it," fall upon his startled ear.

This is the word that meets a man to-day when he awakens from the sleep of sin, trembling in terror of the judgment. It is the voice of Jesus issuing yet from an open heaven. He complains that few are coming; sinners are the kind that he came too seek; he has gotten some and is wanting more—is wanting you.—*Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life, by Rev. Wm. Arnold.*

SUCCESSFUL PREACHING.—Do not these two words, *affection* and *earnestness*, include the very essentials of a successful ministration of the Gospel? They are intimately related, for can there be affection without earnestness, or earnestness where there is no affection? In listening to some preachers of the Gospel, you perceive a deplorable want of both of these. All is didactic, heartless intellectuality. The preacher is a lecturer on the Gospel; and the sermon is a mere lecture; all true, perhaps clear, but there is nothing which makes the audience feel that the preacher loves them, or is intensely anxious to save them, and is preaching to them the Gospel for this very purpose! No minister can be a good and effective preacher of the Gospel, who does not produce on the minds of his hearers the conviction, "This man is intent on saving our souls. He would save us if he could." What can interest us like the interest manifested for us! How weighty a motive power is the exhibition of a sincere and ardent affection! To see a man rousing up all the energies of his soul to do us good, using all the powers of persuasion, the tear starting in his eye, the flush spreading over his face, the very muscles of his countenance working, till we seem to feel his very hand laying hold with a grasp of our soul to save us from perdition! O, the force there is in such preaching! This gave the charm, the power, and, in subordination to the Spirit of God, the success to Whitfield's preaching.—*Rev. John Angell James' Autobiography.*

IMPORTANCE OF FAMILY COURTESY.—Family intimacy should never make brothers and sisters forget to be polite and sympathising to each other. Those who contract thoughtless and rude habits towards the members of their own family, will be rude and thoughtless to all the world. But let the family intercourse be true, tender, and affectionate, and manners of all uniformly gentle and considerate, and the members of the family thus trained will carry into the world and society the habits of their childhood. They will require in their associates similar qualities; they will not be satisfied without mutual esteem, and the cultivation of the best affections, and their own character will be sustained by that faith in goodness which belongs to a mind exercised in pure and high thoughts.—*Silvio Pellico's "Duties of Men."*

UNBELIEF.—How deeply rooted unbelief must be in our hearts, when we are surprised to find our prayers answered! instead of feeling sure that they will be so, are if they only offered up in faith, and are in accord with the will of God.

CONSCIENCE.—There is a warning conscience, and a gnawing conscience. The warning conscience is often lulled asleep; but the gnawing conscience wakeneth her again. If there be any hell in this world, they who feel the worm of conscience gnaw upon their hearts may truly say that they have felt the torments of hell. Who can express that man's anguish but himself? Sorrows are met in his soul as at a feast; and fear, thought, and anguish divide his soul between them. All the furies of hell leap upon his heart as on a stage. Thought calleth to fear; fear whistleth to horror; horror beckoneth to despair, and saith, "*Come and help me to torment this sinner.*" One saith she cometh from this sin; and so he goeth through a thousand deaths, and yet he cannot die. Irons are laid upon his body like a prisoner. All his lights are put out at once. He hath no soul fit to be comforted. Thus he lies as it were upon the rack, and saith that he bears the world upon his shoulders, and that no man suffereth that which he suffereth. So let him lie, saith God, without ease, until he confess and repent, and call for mercy.—*Henry Smith. 1650.*

PROVE THE PROMISES.—Of what use are the promises of God's Word, unless we prove them? We may believe them, when we see them on record; but, unless we apply them to our own case, they will never comfort our souls.

Poetry.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

It is not time that flies,
 'Tis we—'tis we are flying ;
 It is not life that dies,
 'Tis we—'tis we are dying ;
 Time and eternity are one ;
 Time is eternity begun ;
 Time changes, but without decay ;
 'Tis we alone who pass away.

It is not time that flies,
 'Tis we—'tis we are flying ;
 It is not faith that dies,
 'Tis we—'tis we are dying ;
 O, ever-during faith and truth,
 Whose youth is age, whose age is youth,
 Twin sisters of immortality,
 Ye cannot perish from our sky.

It is not hope that dies,
 'Tis we—'tis we are dying ;
 It is not love that dies,
 'Tis we—'tis we are dying ;
 Twin streams that have in heaven your birth.
 Ye glide in gentle joy through earth ;
 We fade like flowers beside you sown,
 Ye are still flowing on.

Yet we but die to live,
 It is from death we're flying ;
 For ever lives our life,
 For us there is no dying ;
 We die but as the spring bud dies,
 In summer's golden joy to rise ;
 These be our days of April bloom—
 Our July is beyond the tomb.

Family Reading.

THE CEREBALIA,—A STANDING MIRACLE.

In treating of the Cerealia, or corn-plants, as special witnesses for God in relation to man, we pass by the fact, albeit important, that by nature man has no knowledge of his proper food—no instincts even to guide him in the choice of it ; and that, had he been left originally to his own resources in respect of it, as the lower animals are, he would without doubt have perished of hunger or of poison, from eating at random of some deadly thing, or through sheer ignorance of wherewithal to fill his belly. And we pass by also a vast number of other relative facts (their name is legion),—such as the use of *fire* in the preparation of man's food, including the whole art of cookery (simple or complex), as forming

a part of the "conditions of his existence;" to say nothing of the necessary connexion that subsists between man's sustentation and man's own head and hands, or between it and his domestic and social relations; all which, bearing directly on the matter now in hand, serve to show that, in respect of that which cometh upon him daily—the care of his fleshly tenement—nature, on the one hand, has in a great measure left him out of her reckoning, while, on the other, God has in an especial manner been "mindful of," and has "visited" him.

All that we purpose doing is, to direct attention to the cerealia as a class of vegetable productions, which, as neither *natural* plants themselves, nor growing *naturally* in any part of the world, demonstrate by facts within themselves—facts which our modern science has ascertained, or has verified, and which may be seen and read of all men, that they must of *necessity* have been produced *miraculously*; and which furnish, moreover, with no tradition as to this, nor any specific reference to them in this relation by Moses, a proof the most striking that can well be imagined, and all the stronger that it is *indirect*, of a *special* exercise of the Creator's care for His creature man.

The cerealia, which comprise wheat, rye, barley, oats, maize, rice, and millet, are beyond all doubt man's proper food—the food proper for civilized man—the possession and the use of which leave him free to devote his energies to the advancement of his being, the multiplication of his race, and the accomplishment of the main object of his existence in the world. Without corn, living on wild roots, or by hunting or fishing, and precariously, or from hand to mouth, man is everywhere a savage and a cannibal—improvident, bestial, incapable of taking a single step towards a higher or a better condition. Animal food, indeed, civilized man eats, and was intended, doubtless, to eat; but not his brother's flesh. Such as it is,—beef, mutton, and the like—it comes to him remotely of a plentitude in corn; of the leisure for thought which this affords him; of the habits which tillage engenders; and in many ways besides. Yet corn is his staple food.

Comprised in the great natural family of *grasses*, the cerealia themselves are—all of them—*unnatural* species of this family! Their natural state, because their constant or persistent state—that in which alone they can be cultivated or will grow (unless they be *abused* by man),—and in which alone they are of any value to him, is one which the botanist designates *abnormal*; the gardener, *monstrous*. And around this central fact in their history, there clusters a number of other singular facts, all of which, more or less, cause them to stand out apart from every other kind of plant, invest them with a character altogether special, and, when fairly looked at, are seen to be plain and unmistakable "*marks of God.*"

1. Let it be noted, first of all, as to this condition of *monstrosity*, that, as holding of other kinds of plants, it is one which is *occasional* only, or *accidental* and *transient*, which can be kept up only by careful cultivation, and which continually tends, notwithstanding, to revert back to the natural or primitive condition. With the cereals on the contrary, this abnormal condition is manifestly *their* primitive or natural, and it is, moreover, their *abiding* state. They have no tendency to degenerate, or to assume a lower, and, relatively to other plants, a more natural grade.

2. Man, indeed may *degrade* them. By a treatment of them of his own devising, steadily persevered in, but attended with some trouble to himself, because requiring several years for the accomplishment of the end aimed at, he can reduce them to the condition of a perfectly natural, yet absolutely worthless grass. To understand how this may be done, one or two things must be premised. *Annuals* naturally, bearing seed of such a kind (so monstrous and so large, and withal in such abundance) as draws towards it, on the ripening, all the available energies of the plant, they form no buds at the root (they have in fact, no surplus vigour during the ripening to form any) whence new plants might spring up the following year. Therefore, their seed duly ripened they die, or rather are cut down in autumn, and then they *die out*, root and branch. They are annuals of *necessity*. They die of the exhaustion of seeding. They may be said, to apply

an allusion of De Candolle's, to perish in *child-bed*. The natural grasses, however, that are *perennial*—the common grass of the field—bear both seeds and buds, and they bring both to maturity. Doing this they spring up year by year spontaneously from the buds they form; and they thus *multiply* as well as thus *perpetuate* themselves, covering the ground as with a carpet, and spreading over it a table of plenty for the cattle that feed on it, and that tread and repose upon it: and for whom, as they can neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, nor make themselves a bed to lie down on and sleep, the Creator thus provides.

Differing thus widely from the natural grasses, their congeners—differing from them, as we have seen, in this, that they bear seed of such a sort as demands for the ripening of it, and exhausts, all their inherent vigour, and makes them annuals—the *cerealia* may nevertheless, by man's ingenuity, be converted into *perennials*. It is done by debarring them from ripening their seed. Cutting off the ear, as the corn-plant comes into flower, and so hindering it from seeding, the plant, thus treated, will form a bud at its root, and from this bud it will spring up again the following year. If now left to itself, this second year, it will flower and bear fruit. Yet, let it be carefully observed, neither will the fruit have the quality, nor the plant itself the character, which are natural to them. Both the plant and its seed will to a certain extent, have been degraded by the process.

But if again, this second time, the plant is prevented from seeding, by being again denuded of its flower, it will as before, put forth a bud at its root, and spring up the third year. And if year by year this process be repeated, then in the course of ten or twelve years (so it has been found by experiment), the plant will be reduced, bit by bit it will have been degraded, to the condition of a *naturally perennial* grass, bearing a seed which is *good for nothing*.

3. Thus degraded by the cunning craft of man, then another fact demands attention, namely, this, that by no care or skill of husbandry can man restore the plant to its pristine state. He cannot bring it back to the condition in which he found it—the state in which God made it and gave it to man. It will remain what man has made it, a wild and a worthless grass, perennial indeed intrinsically, yet, withal, destined ere long, having no pith or stamina, “no root in itself,” to give way and disappear before the truly natural grass. A thing of man, it shall not be allowed an abiding place in the world, to breed confusion in God's own creation. Widely different is man's power over other plants, wild or cultivated, cultivated by himself. He may raise them above their wild state; it is the daily business of the gardener to do so; and so doing, and making them abnormal, he may render them highly useful to himself as food. But this done, he must keep them in that state by his own care, intermitting which they will lapse back into their wild state; or thus cultivated, made abnormal by himself, he may at his pleasure let them become wild, and then bring them up again to their cultivated state. Man, however cannot thus play fast and loose with the *cerealia*. A strange law it is, surely, that to which alone of all plants, the Creator has subjected His own *specially artificial* plant, the *cerealia*. Strange that with them man may not intermeddle as he will! “*Nemo me impune lacessit*,” is true of them in a divine sense. Man may not degrade them but at his peril, the forfeiture beyond regain of his staff of life.

4. Unknown, then, not growing anywhere as *wild* plants, or as mere grasses, which the botanist may point to, and which he may describe, as the *types* and as the native *habitats* of the *cultivated* cereals, there is yet this further to be noted of them namely, that they grow nowhere *spontaneously* or of their own accord. They do not sow themselves, and so spread themselves by their seed over the earth, as to man's vexation the thistle does, and as do other annuals. Left to themselves, they die out, disappear, and become extinct. Of this, tall and strong of stem and vigorous though they be, one cause is, that perennial plants of all sorts, weeds, thistles, the common grasses, “external agents which they are too weak to resist,” choke and supplant them.

5. The *final* cause, however, or the reason of the peculiarity now adverted to,

as attaching to the cerealia, is to be found in the one appointed condition of their growth, a condition peculiar to them. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," we have the divine expression of this condition, if, indeed in this other, "Thorns and thistles shall the ground bring forth to thee," we have not also the divine explanation of the fact that they will not grow spontaneously. Made expressly for man, given directly into his hands by God, man has himself been put in trust, for his own behoof, of their life and growth. "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed (seeding seed) which is upon the face of all the earth; to you it shall be meat,"—a kind widely different, so far, from the "green herb" which He gave for meat to every beast of the earth (compare Gen. i. 29 with Gen. i. 30). Whether, if man had abode in the state of innocence in which he was created, thorns and thistles had not been, or the cereals had grown otherwise than they do, we are not informed, nor have we any data to go upon relative thereto. But now they are his for meat on this one condition, that he sow them with his own hand in ground which his own hands have tilled; and such they have been in all his history that appears. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," were the words spoken to him with reference to them after his fall—words true to this day—and scarcely uttered, it would seem, with the addition, that "in sorrow" he should eat of that bread, when the Lord sent him forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground.

To sum up. Of the facts as to the cerealia, this is the substance:—Cultivated varieties naturally, abnormal, monstrous states of some unknown and nowhere existing species of natural grasses (so the botanist, in words odd enough, gives expression to the fact),—*they do not, as do the cultivated varieties of other natural plants, tend to revert back to their wild state, and thereby become, to man at least, and as regards his food, worthless. Such as they are essentially, in that state they abide permanently. Again, bearing seed only, bearing no buds, they are strictly annual plants, growing up year by year from seed, and growing in no other way. Yet, withal, they do not grow, as do other annuals, of their own accord, or by the natural dispersion and germination of their seed. Cast on themselves, left to nature, they quickly disappear before the perennial wild plants and become extinct. The one condition of their permanency in the world; of their diffusion; of their growth in quantities adequate for man's needs,—a condition of existence, as we have said, peculiar to them, is, that they be sown of man in ground carefully prepared by him for them beforehand, and duly fitted to receive them.

Can it be that any one, duly reflecting on the facts now stated in regard to the cerealia, should fail to see—*first*, that nature never could have provided or have preserved these plants for man; and, *secondly*, supposing as we must, the cerealia and man to have been coeval, that if man had been himself beholden to nature alone for what he is,—if, under her, he were and had been the sole architect of his fortunes in the world, the cerealia must have passed away and been lost to him, irretrievably and for ever, long before he could have raised himself from a state of nature.

This being the case, the character and the "conditions of existence" of the cereals being such as we have affirmed, and man's natural ignorance of their use and value being such as the history of the savage tribes demonstrates,† it surely

* "Cultivated varieties of some unknown species, perpetuated as races." "Wheat is an abnormal state of some plant." "We are at a loss to know the original types or species."—(BALFOUR'S *Class Book of Botany*, p. 708.) "The native countries of our more important cereals, or corn-producing plants, are altogether unknown."—(BENTLEY'S *Manual of Botany*, 1861, p. 137.) "The corn-plants, such as they are found under cultivation, do not grow wild in any part of the world."—(KNIGHT'S *Food of Man*, vol. i. p. 22.)

† "When some European missionaries introduced into New Zealand the culture of wheat, telling the Maories that bread is made of it, they were rejoiced, for bread, in the form of ship-biscuit, they had often tasted and much relished. But when the corn was tall, they dug some of it up, expecting to find eatable roots; and when they found only fibres, they thought the missionaries were making game of them. . . . The Maories had derived all their vegetable food from roots; and therefore naturally supposed bread to be made of roots. That little hard seeds were to be ground (a process they had never seen, or imagined), and the powder made into a paste with water, and then baked, was what could never have occurred to them."—ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, *Lessons on Mind*, p. 118.

needs no argument to prove, that not only must these plants have been *specialy* created by God for man, and created, too, at the time when He brought man into the world, but that man himself must have been *directly taught* of God, as well the use and the exceeding value of them, as the way to grow them. The history given us in the book of Genesis, of their relation to man, and of man's relation to them, as is that of the Creator's converse with man respecting both, is in fact such a history, short as it is, as our modern science, if true to herself, must needs accept as *genuine*. No account of the matter other than that given by Moses, will explain the known facts of the case. Had God not specially created the cerealia, nature never would have produced them. Had God not said to man, "Behold, to you have I given them for meat," man never would have *discovered* while yet he had them, their use as food. Had God not sent man forth to till the ground, acquainting him that thus only, even to the sweat of his face, would the cerealia grow, there would at this present be no corn in the world.

Nay, but for this, there would have been no corn in Egypt, 3500 years ago, when God, of set purpose, "brake the whole staff of bread," and "famine was all over the face of the earth;" and when, nevertheless, of His great mercy—for His mercy endureth for ever—He sent a man, even Joseph (sold to be a bond-servant) beforehand into Egypt, who, forewarned of Him, gathered up all the food of seven years of plenty which were in the land, laying up in the cities the food of the field which was round about every city; and who, when the evil days came, and the dearth was in all lands, and was sore and very grievous, opened all the store-houses, and sold corn to the Egyptians, and to all countries which came into Egypt to him for to buy thereof: a time when Israel (in whose loins lay the promised seed, the desire of all nations), that he might *not die but live*, also came into Egypt, and Jacob sojourned in the land of Ham.

A time it was, when making His own cerealia, or one of them, namely, wheat, the occasion, God turned the current of human affairs into a channel altogether new, making also Egypt the cradle, and the wisdom of the Egyptians the school, in which to raise up and to rear and civilize the children of Jacob, His chosen: while yet, by signs and wonders, *miracles*, which he wrought among them, He made known to them, and to the Egyptians themselves no less—a people civilized but heathen, what else neither they nor the children of Israel had known, and were always slow of heart to believe, that verily there is a God that ruleth in the earth, the Lord of heaven and earth, and that this God is our Lord.

And these times, and the wondrous things that were done during them, have descended even to us. We have heard with our ears and our fathers have told us, how, aforesaid in Egypt, God, by the hand of Joseph, saved man from perishing by famine, as once he perished by water; and how, beginning therewith and there, He opened a chapter in human history which is not yet finished. And if now, in these days, His strange work has ceased, and we see no signs and wonders visibly attesting his presence and His agency in the world, it is not as if they had never been; "They have left behind them a wake which still bears us along with it." Yet even as it is, as day by day we eat our bread with cheerfulness and singleness of heart, giving God thanks, we may see on that same bread, if we will but look, the impress of a *miracle*, and the attestation of a *providence*, both still in silent operation round us. And if so,—then, with this sense of a *Real Presence* of God in our common bread, we shall feel it to be but a small demand on our reason to believe (to single out one of those early transactions) that, by the space of forty years in the wilderness, wherein nothing grew that man could eat, God *miraculously* fed His chosen people with manna; believing which, we may well believe also all else that we are told, and may read for ourselves in His blessed Word, as to the "wondrous works done by Him in the land of Ham, and terrible things by the Red Sea," in behalf of a people whom He loved, and with whom were bound up His purposes of mercy to the whole family of man.

—*Good Words.*

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

THE INDIAN'S JEWEL-CASE AND JEWELS.

Several missionaries had penetrated into a sequestered district 'far up country' in the Bengal Presidency. Their object was to carry the glad Gospel tidings to the inhabitants there, whom they believed to be entirely ignorant of the glorious message of divine grace. In one of these remote jungles they found the natives intelligent and communicative, and received from them a kind and somewhat unexpected welcome. The missionaries showed their interest in the temporal affairs of these supposed heathens, by inquiring into the welfare of their families, the state of their fields, and conversing on such and similar subjects, thereby striking chords which they knew would find an echo in their hearts.

Passing from these topics, they spoke of another and a nobler, better life than this short one of earth, and asked their views and sentiments on the all-important subjects of immortality and the hopes thereof.

'Have you ever had any consciousness of *sin*?' they asked.

'We know we are sinners,' was the simple answer.

'And have you heard anything of the great love of the sin-hating God to us sinners in the gift of His Son, the one Mediator between God and man?'

'We believe in the Lord Jesus Christ,' was the prompt but earnest reply, uttered reverently and solemnly.

Greatly surprised to hear such sentiments from men who lived not less than five hundred miles from Calcutta, and who, to their almost certain belief, had been unassisted by any herald of the Gospel, the missionaries eagerly asked how they had become possessed of such sacred and blessed knowledge.

'We read it in some books and tracts that were sent us,' was the chief's reply.

'Will you allow us to see your books?'

'Oh, surely,' again answered the chief; 'I shall go now to my home and fetch them.'

He quitted the assembled little company, but speedily returned without the books, saying, 'My brother has gone to the field, and has carried the key of the jewel-case with him.'

'But what has the jewel-case to do with the books?' asked the missionaries.

'Oh, we keep them in it—they are our treasures—our precious things; and we keep them along with our gold and silver, and jewels.'

Shortly afterwards the Indian returned from the field whither he had gone. And on the jewel-case being opened, the chief lifted from among the golden treasures two small books, which he reverently placed in the missionaries hands. On examining them, they found they were the Gospels of Matthew and Mark in the vernacular tongue. Great, indeed, was the surprise and joy of these devoted men, on this discovery, and heartily did they sympathize in the feelings of these their brethren in Christ in the care bestowed upon this portion of God's word, and the high value and respect they attached to this heavenly jewel. Already its light had chased thick darkness away, already in the Holy Spirit's hand it had introduced those chain-fettered slaves of superstition and ignorance into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. And what shall the end of these things be! Who may tell? These drops from heaven, although as yet in their gathered strength they may appear like a cloud no larger than a man's hand, shall ere long descend in such copious showers, that the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Then no man shall need to teach his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know Him, from the least even to the greatest. But *till then*, till the 'crown of all the earth' has been added to the many crowns which shall encircle the sacred head of the 'King of kings,' the duty of His people here is to carry the message of peerless love to the world's remotest corner, even until the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the deep. Up, then, and be doing, O fellow-Christian; the time is short, and the work is great.

"We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours."

And one word to thyself, dear reader. Is there no lesson for you to be taught from the simple narrative of facts before you? *What place has your Bible in your home and heart?* Is it precious to you—precious as your gold and jewels? Nay, rather, is the ‘pearl of great price,’ of which you there learn, so infinitely, transcendently glorious in your estimation, that you are ready to part with all earth’s treasures, that you may find and possess it? We trust it is even so; and that you, enjoying as you do so many privileges in this favoured land, may not suffer your swarthy brethren in Indian and other climes, to outstrip you in love for God’s own truth, or in the outward manifestation of its saving work on your heart—a life and conversation becoming the Gospel of Jesus Christ. J. W. C.

WORRY.

Don’t you know that multitudes of human beings turn away from the many blessings of their lot, and dwell and brood upon its worries? Don’t you know that multitudes persistently look away from the numerous pleasant things they might contemplate, and look fixedly, and almost constantly, at painful and disagreeable things? You sit down, my friend, in your snug library, beside the evening fire. The blast without is hardly heard through the drawn curtains. Your wife is there, and your two grown-up daughters. You feel thankful that, after the bustle of the day, you have this quiet retreat, where you may rest and refit yourself for another day, with its bustle. But the conversation goes on. *Nothing is talked of but the failings of the servants, and the idleness and imprudence of your boys.* Every petty disagreeable in your lot, in short, is brought out, turned ingeniously in every possible light, and aggravated and exaggerated to the highest degree. The natural and necessary result follows. An hour or less of this discipline brings all parties to a sulky and snappish frame of mind; and instead of the cheerful and thankful mood in which you were disposed to be when you sat down, you find that your whole moral nature is jarred and out of gear. And your wife, your daughters, and yourself, pass into moody, sullen silence over your books—books which you are not likely, for this evening, to appreciate much or enjoy.

Now, I put it to every sensible reader, whether there be not a great deal too much of this kind of thing. Are there not families that never spend a quiet evening together, without embittering it by raking up every unpleasant subject in their lot and history? There are folks who, both in their own case and that of others, seem to find a strange satisfaction in sticking the thorn in the hand further in; even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their lot has its innumerable blessings, but they will not look at these. Let the view around, in a hundred directions, be ever so charming, they cannot be got to turn their mental view in one of these. They persist in keeping nose and eyes at the moral pig-sty.—*Country Parson.*

WHEN WILL YOU BE READY?

Here is a man who has, for years, hesitated to take a decided and consistent stand as a Christian professor. The vows of God are upon him. He assumes them voluntarily. He knows that he cannot shake them off.—He is not a trifler; there is *nothing in his external character that gives a decided lie to his profession*; he is regularly in his place in the sanctuary, perhaps also in the room of conference and prayer. But he has never attempted deliberately, and in humble reliance on God, to take an open and active part in the discharge of known and obvious Christian duty. Ask him why he has not done this, and his invariable answer is—“I do not feel *ready* to do it.” Ah, yes, my dear friend, I understand you, but will you answer this question—When will you be ready?

Not far distant from me is an inquirer after salvation. His mind has for years been tenderly impressed, and tears of solicitude often steal, uninvited, down his thoughtful face. Again and again has he been urged to go to Christ at once. He

always wishes he was "*ready*" to go, but he has not yet *been* ready. If this article should meet his eye, will he ponder this question—When will you be ready?

Yonder is a man who says he has never felt any special anxiety upon religious subjects. He believes in the reality and necessity of religion, knows he must possess it or perish, and means to seek it before he dies, but he is not "*ready*" now.

That he is not ready now is, alas, too evident; but if I had his private ear, I would like to propose for his consideration that important question, as yet unanswered—When will you be ready?

CHARLIE AND JACK, AND WHAT THEY BOTH LEARNED.

"Jack! Jack! here, sir! hie on!" cried Charlie, flinging his stick far into the pond. Jack didn't want to go; it wasn't pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves, that would flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet. So he looked at the stick and then at his master, and sat down, as much as to say, "You're a very nice little boy, but there was no need of your throwing the stick into the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it."

But Charlie was determined. He found another switch, and, by scolding and whipping, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. He dropped it on the bank, however, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again, until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied at length, and, with Jack at his heels, went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. "It was pretty hard work, mother," he said. "Jack wouldn't mind at all until I made him; but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you'll see."

"What right have you to expect him to mind you?" asked his mother quietly.

"Right, mother? Why, he is *my* dog! Uncle John gave him to me, and I do everything for him. Didn't I make his kennel my own self, and put nice hay in it? And don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him 'nice old Jack,' and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I've the *best* right in the *world* to have him mind me!"

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charlie had finished: but going on steadily with her work, she said slowly, "I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given to me by my Heavenly Father. I do everything for him. I make his clothes, and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons, and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burning him, and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him. I love him. I call him my dear little son. He sits on my lap, and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the 'best right in the world' to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not, unless I *make* him, as I would make a dog."

"Oh, mother!" cried Charlie, tears starting to his eyes, "I knew it was *wrong* to disobey you; but I never thought before how *mean* it was. Indeed I do love you, and I'll try—I really *will* try—to mind you as well as Jack minds me."

"Dear Charlie," said his mother, "there is a great difference between you and Jack. You have a soul. You know what is right, because you have been taught from the Word of God; and you know, too, that the devil and your wicked heart will always be persuading you to do wrong. That is a trouble which Jack cannot have; but neither has he the comfort you have; for you can pray to our dear Savior for help, and he will teach you to turn away from Satan, and to love and obey Him alone. When you learn to do this, you will not find it difficult to be obedient to me; for it will be just the same as obeying God, who has said: 'Honor thy father and thy mother;' and where we truly *love*, it is easy to *obey*."—*S. S. Banner.*

THE FRUITLESS TREE MADE FRUITFUL.

A few days after the lieutenant entered the Hospital, a lady called and solicited permission to see him; but, for the first week, no one but his wife was allowed to do so. At the expiration of that time the lady called again, and was admitted. As she approached his bed-side, the lieutenant said to himself, "Who can this strange lady be? What brings her here?" He was not long kept in suspense; for, after only a few words of introduction, she spoke to him very kindly of the love of Jesus—of His sufferings, His death, His resurrection, and His intercession at God's right hand; and, before leaving, prayed for his conversion. The second time she came, she conversed on the parable of the barren fig-tree. "A certain man had a fig-tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none; why cumbereth it the ground?"

The lieutenant thought, "I am this fruitless tree."

The continued, "And he, answering, said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down."

She said, "Here is a representation of Jesus interceding for a poor sinner."

The lieutenant thought, "I am under this sentence of being cut down. But she says, Jesus is interceding for me." He then felt himself to be a lost sinner, and that this was God's call to him, perhaps for the last time. When alone that night, for the first time—"he prayed."

This dear lady now became almost a daily visitor; and when not able to call herself, sent a friend.

In the evening another visitor came—an old man, who had been an actor, but at that time a minister of the Gospel. Sometimes he was present when the surgeons were dressing the wounds, and would look on in silent admiration that no groan passed the lieutenant's lips. One one occasion, when they had left his bed-side, the old man remarked, "By the merciful blessing of Divine Providence, you are spared, my dear sir, for some special work for the Almighty's glory. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." And then the old man poured out his soul in earnest prayer, that God would "cause his face to shine upon the afflicted one," and make him "the honoured instrument in His hands for the conversion of many souls."

The lieutenant looked forward with much pleasure to the visits of these friends. He was struck with their earnestness; and frequently was he moved to tears, not so much by what they said *to him*, as what they said *to God* about him. There was a fervour and reality in their prayers, that was quite new to him; they seemed dead to the world's vanities,—and their life—their all—devoted to the glory of God in the conversion of souls.

Here, then, was the turning-point in the lieutenant's life, and the time whence he dates his "new birth."

CHRIST THE SON OF GOD.

A poor man, unable to read, who obtained his livelihood by mending old shoes, was asked by an Arian minister, how he knew that Jesus Christ was the Son of God? "Sir," he replied, "I am sorry you have put such a question to me before my children, although I think I can give you a satisfactory answer. You know Sir, when I first became concerned about my soul, and unhappy on account of my sins, I called upon you to ask for your advice, and you told me to get into company, and spend my time as merrily as I could, but not to go and hear the Methodists."—"I did so," answered the ungodly minister. "I followed your advice," continued the illiterate cobbler, "for some time; but the more I trifled, the more my misery increased: and at last I was persuaded to hear one of those Methodist ministers who came into our neighborhood, and preached Jesus Christ as the Saviour. In the greatest agony of mind, I prayed to Him to save me, and to forgive my sins; and now I feel that he has freely forgiven them,—and by this I know that he is the Son of God."