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THE ECCLESIASTICAL AND MISSIONARY RECORD,

For the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

"Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation."

VOL. VIII.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1852.

No. 5.

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PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.

The Presbytery of Toronto will meet in the Library of Knox's College, on the first Wednesday of March, at noon.

T. WIGHTMAN, *Pres. Clerk.*

PRESBYTERY OF HAMILTON.

The next ordinary meeting will take place at Hamilton, on the second Tuesday of April next, at three o'clock, P. M.

M. Y. STARK, *Pres. Clerk.*

PRESBYTERY OF LONDON.

The ordinary meeting of the Presbytery of London was held on the 14th of January, when the following business engaged the attention of that court:—

The Rev. T. McPherson of Stratford was elected moderator for the ensuing year.

On an interesting letter being read from Mr. Kynock of Wallaceburgh, requesting a supply of preaching, the Presbytery resolved to obtain, as soon as possible, a suitable missionary for that settlement; and, in the mean time, agreed to request the Rev. William King of Buxton to visit it.

The Rev. D. Greer, who had been for the last three months labouring with encouraging success at North Dorchester and St. Andrews, was appointed to Blandford; and the Rev. D. McDermid, who had been for six months preaching at Aldborough, and the adjoining stations, was designated to Woodstock and St. Andrews, with instructions to give occasional supply to North Dorchester.

The following Missionary appointments, to be fulfilled before the next ordinary meeting, were given to members of Presbytery:—The Rev. J. Ross of London Road to visit Kincardine, by way of preparation for the labours of Mr. A. Currie, who was engaged to serve as Catechist for two months in that destitute locality; the Rev.

J. Fraser of St. Thomas, and the Rev. I. McPherson of Williams, to visit Bosanquet; and the Rev. T. McPherson of Stratford to visit the destitute settlements of Queen's Bush.

As the new and important settlement of Saugueen cannot be conveniently reached in the winter season, the Presbytery resolved to send a suitable Missionary to that station early in the Spring.

The Rev. T. McPherson of Stratford, and the Rev. D. McKuar of Blenheim, were appointed to discuss the *holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper* to the congregation of Blandford, before the next ordinary meeting of Presbytery.

Mr. Burns from Toronto, and Mr. McLellan from Hamilton, being present as a deputation from the Committee of the Widows' Fund scheme, were cordially welcomed, and members of the court were appointed to accompany them in their visit to the several congregations.

A special meeting of the Presbytery was appointed to be held at St. Thomas, on the 14th of February, for the purpose of considering whether it may not be expedient to dissolve the pastoral relation between the Rev. J. Fraser and the congregation of Fungal—Mr. Fraser's present charge being inconveniently large.

PRESBYTERY OF COBOURG.

The Presbytery of Cobourg met in Peterboro', on the 3rd February. The ministers were all present, with one exception, but the attendance of elders was small.

During the winter season, at least, congregations should see that their elders attend the Presbytery, because, by this means the congregation, through their elder, is brought into more immediate contact with the affairs of the Church Courts, and by this means also, they are more likely to be brought to take a lively interest in the various schemes of the Church. The elder is the bond of connection between the congregation and the Church Courts, and when this link is broken, the connection is severed. Let the elders henceforth take their proper place in Presbytery and Synod, that the lay and clerical elements may be scripturally balanced.

A deputation appeared from the inhabitants of Norwood and Dunmer, praying the Presbytery to appoint the Rev. D. McAleese as their permanent supply until the meeting of Synod, and then to take the necessary steps for having him appointed their pastor. They stated their ability and willingness to support him.

The Presbytery directed him to spend the five coming Sabbaths at Carwright and Manvers, and the remainder of the time, till the meeting of the Home Mission Committee, at Dummer, Norwood, and Percy. Mr. McAleese's labors at all the stations have been much blessed, in bringing many under the preaching of the word, who had hitherto been neglecting the house of God.

The Presbytery directed the clerk to make instant application to the Convener of the Home Mission Committee, for the services of Mr. Adams, or another missionary, if he be engaged,

to labour within their bounds until the Committee meet in April.

The members were notified, that at the next meeting a report will be required from each deacon's court, shewing the progress made in raising subscriptions for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

The clerk called for the opinion of the brethren on the Declaratory Act, ancient some passages in the Confession of Faith, when it was agreed that at the next meeting the members should be prepared to come to some finding on the matter.

Rev. F. Andrews then presented a reference from the session of Otanabee, requesting the opinion of the Presbytery on the morality of public balls.

The Presbytery agreed to record their unanimous opinion, that such meetings are injurious to morals, prejudicial to health, and inconsistent with Christian propriety.

The Rev. D. McAleese, who has been engaged in missionary work within the bounds of the Presbytery since last Synod, with great success, applied to be admitted as a minister of this Church. The Presbytery received his papers, and agreed to proceed according to the directions of Synod, for the admission of ministers from other churches.

The next meeting was appointed to be held at Cobourg, on the second Tuesday in March.

JOHN W. SMITH, *P. C.*

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.

The Presbytery of Montreal, in connection with the Presbyterian Church of Canada, held its ordinary quarterly meeting in the session house of the Coté Street Free Church, on the 4th February. The attendance of the members was full, and a considerable amount of business despatched. We subjoin a few items. The mission field under the jurisdiction of the Presbytery was surveyed, and it was resolved to apply to the General Home Mission Committee of the Synod, for six missionaries or catechists, to labor at the principal vacant stations during summer. On application from the congregations at Leeds and St. Sylvester, steps were taken to have a call moderated in, to the Rev. William Scott, Licentiate of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, to become Pastor of these congregations. It was agreed to overture the Synod in regard to the publication of a Directory for forms of procedure in the Presbyterian Church. The attention of the Presbytery was also called to the fact, that the Legislature have formally recognised certain Holidays of the Church of Rome and rendered their binding on the general community in Lower Canada. It was resolved, to overture the Synod, to petition the Provincial Parliament against this grievous usurpation. From returns furnished to the Presbytery, it appeared that the two congregations in the City of Montreal, have recently subscribed towards the Ministers' Widows' Fund, the following sums.—St. Gabriel Street Church, £208; Coté Street Church, £308 9s. Some of the country congregations have subscribed with corresponding liberality.

MISSIONARY MEETING AT KEENE.

In accordance with the arrangement of Presbytery, a missionary meeting was held at Keene, on the evening of Monday, the 2nd of February. All the members of Presbytery were present upon the occasion, but two, who were unable to be forward so early in the week, on account of the greatness of their distance. The evening being fine, a large number of the congregation were present, which evidently showed something of interest in the cause of missions. After praise and prayer by the pastor of the congregation, Thomas Short, Esq., was called to the chair, who presided with his usual ability. Mr. Short having briefly explained the object of the meeting, introduced, as the first speaker, Rev. Mr. Smith of Grafton. Mr. Smith delivered a clear and forcible speech, showing that as the gospel is God's appointed remedy for the restoration of a fallen and guilty world, it is the duty of all Christians to seek to make it known. Mr. Andrews next addressed the meeting, showing that just in proportion as the Church, in any age, was characterized for spirituality, zeal, and liberality, just in the same proportion did she become extended. Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Cobourg, with his usual ability, exhibited the awfully degraded state of heathen lands. Rev. Mr. Roger, of Peterboro', in his clear and pointed manner, enforced the claims of missions upon the people. Mr. McAleese, the Presbytery's missionary, then entered the church, who delivered an excellent speech, taking a survey of the state of the world, and what the gospel had yet to effect in it. After the congregation had joined in singing a few verses of the 18th paraphrase—"Behold the mountain of the Lord," &c.—they were dismissed with the benediction.

All present seemed gratified with the proceedings, and we have no reason to doubt, that many who attended, will more cordially co-operate in the cause of missions during the ensuing year. Such meetings, Mr. Editor, are calculated to produce the most happy effects in those churches and districts in which they are held. By the missionary intelligence communicated, an impulse is given to the missionary spirit, a sense of gratitude for the gospel is produced, and obligation is deepened. We should feel sorry, if any congregations connected with our Church should not hail with delight such meetings. They are, by doing so, denying themselves one of their greatest privileges, and one of the best means of promoting their spirituality and growth in grace. Such meetings may be truly regarded as times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

May the Great Head of the Church impart a blessing to this, and any other kindred instrumentality for promoting his glory in this land; and may the time soon come, when all who ought to acknowledge the claims of Christ, shall be willing to do so, and dedicate of their substance for the advancement of his cause, both at home and abroad.

F. A.

FREE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—The members and adherents of this Church in Belleville have just completed a splendid new stone Church on John Street, which is to be dedicated on Sabbath next, 11th January. The design was prepared by Mr. Thomas, Architect, of Toronto, and has been followed in almost every particular. The style is Gothic, and the finish inside is probably unlike any other Church in Canada, having, as it is termed, an "open roof." It is seated for 500 persons. The pulpit is also in the Gothic style, and is decorated with rich cushions, &c. The cost of the building, exclusive of the land, is between £1100 and £1200. We cannot help admiring the spirited enterprise of our Presbyterian neighbours. They are entitled to the thanks of their fellow-townsmen for the ornament they have added to the town. May they go on and prosper, is our fervent desire. The members, as

a mark of their esteem for their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Gregg, have presented him with a gown which cost £15.—*Intelligencer.*

FREE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BELLEVILLE.—The ceremony of opening this Church took place on Sabbath, the 11th January. The services in the morning were conducted by the Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Cobourg, who delivered a very impressive sermon from Ezra, chapter vi. verses 15 and 16. The text chosen was singularly appropriate, and the subject lost nothing in interest by the manner in which it was handled by the preacher. The beautiful parallel which he drew between the then present occasion and the one referred to in the text, was striking, and evidently made a deep impression on the minds of all present.

The afternoon services commenced at half-past two, P. M., and were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Grafton, who preached from Romans xii. 2. There was present at this service, as in the morning, a very crowded congregation, and the able discourse of the Rev. Mr. Smith was listened to with the deepest interest. We were much pleased to observe also the improvement in the singing in this Church, which is now under the leadership of Mr. Washburn, and the choir has, we understand, recently received some valuable accessions to its numbers, particularly amongst the fairer portion, who will add most materially to this important part of public worship. The chaste and elegant interior of the Church, the solemnity of the occasion, the swelling music of the choir, brought forcibly to our mind the language of the poet,—

—“the long drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing Anthem.”

The Rev. Mr. Burns, of Kingston, preached in the evening from Galatians, i. 11. He has preached frequently in Belleville during the last few years, and has become a great favorite, which will perhaps account for the crowd which gathered to hear him in the evening. Extra benches and chairs were distributed along the aisles, but the people continuing to pour in, it was found necessary to appropriate the vacant space around the pulpit, the stairs leading to it, and every other available space for their accommodation, and then, we are informed, that great numbers had to go away, finding it impossible to penetrate the dense crowd which filled the porch and the aisles of the Church. As the Free Church is supported entirely on the voluntary principle, we were glad to see that this seemed to make no difference during the services, with a considerable portion of the congregations, who belonged to other churches not holding to that principle. We believe there are few towns in Canada where a better, or more kindly feeling prevails amongst the various Christian denominations than in Belleville. This was manifest on Sunday last, and if additional proof were wanting it is to be found in the fact that the aggregate amount collected during the day, for the purpose of liquidating the debt on the Church, amounted to the large sum of £128.

The ceremony of opening the Free Presbyterian Church, Belleville, will not be soon forgotten, and as often as any other denomination of our Christian friends here shall build for themselves an edifice dedicated to the service of the Most High, may it be in our power to notice the occasion under similar pleasing circumstances with the present.—*Hastings Chronicle.*

RED RIVER—INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.

To the Editor of the Record.

RED RIVER, Dec. 17, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I make no doubt that many of your readers are desirous of hearing some intelligence of the state of matters in this remote, but interesting settlement. I therefore note for their informa-

tion the following particulars, which you are at liberty to publish in any form you please:—

The Red River Settlement, or, as it is called in legal documents, Assiniboine, is situated in the Hudson's Bay Territory, the centre point being about 97° West Longitude, and 50° North Latitude, and being about 70 miles north of the boundary line of the United States. The Red River, from which it derives its ordinary name, rises within the United States Territory, near the sources of the Mississippi, and, as to its general course, flowing nearly due north for between 300 and 400 miles, falls at last into Lake Winnipeg, the great central basin, where the waters of an immense extent of these northern regions are collected, and then discharge themselves by the Nelson River into Hudson's Bay. It is here a stream of considerable magnitude, and would be easily navigable by the smaller class of river steamboats; vast plains, or prairies, of the richest soil, extend themselves in all directions, and form the most striking peculiarity of the country through which it flows. In summer, these prairies are covered with a luxuriant crop of grass.—Wood, however, so essential an article in so cold a country, is rarely found, excepting on the banks of the river, or sometimes on rising bluffs or hillocks. In all these vast regions, capable of sustaining in abundance a population of millions, the only settlement, properly so called, is that of Red River, and the Indian population is scattered here and there.

This settlement was first projected by the late Earl of Selkirk, about the year 1811, and its first settlers came out from Sutherlandshire, in 1812. During the following years others arrived, but the rivalry then existing between the two great fur companies, subjected them to the greatest hardships, and, for a number of years, threatened to render every attempt to form a settlement vain. The young people who first came out to prepare for the families, were carried off mostly to Canada; and after many families had settled, on one sad day their governor, Mr. Semple, and twenty-one others, were massacred, and the whole of the survivors driven off at the muzzle of the gun. Their habitations were laid waste, and their little crops, then most promising in appearance, were destroyed, or went to waste. The poor colonists sought shelter at Norway house, one of the trading posts on Lake Winnipeg, 300 miles distant from Red River, where they passed a most miserable winter, having almost perished from hunger and cold. They again returned to their former settlement, but trials still awaited them. Next winter, for want of provisions, they had to go out to the plains with the Indians, where they could hunt the buffalo—their poor wives and little children living in lodges made of poles, and covered with snow. The state of almost civil war in which the country had been so long kept by the feuds of the two companies, was at last put an end to by their union, which took place in 1821. But while the hand of man was thus restrained, the hand of Providence still seemed to be against them—clouds of grass-hoppers ravaged their crops for three successive years—the buffalo hunting failed, and often were they reduced to the severest straits, and last of all, to sum up their calamities, but also happily to end them for the time, an inundation extending six miles on either side of the river, swept almost every thing they had before it. Happily, however, only one life was lost. After the waters were assuaged, the Scotch settlers alone returned from the high grounds to which they had fled, sowed their fields, and re-built their houses.—Since that time they have had peace and prosperity. Most of the other settlers had left the country. The government has passed into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and seems to be conducted in a mild and upright spirit. All their transactions with the settlers are of the most honorable character, at least, so far as civil and business matters are concerned, and most of the people seem to be contented. There is a

resident governor appointed by the Queen, but all power in effect seems to reside with the Company in Assiniboine. The settlement has now a population of between 500 and 600 souls, and extends in length about fifty miles along the Red River. The farms are narrow, each having a frontage on the river. The houses are close together, and remind you much of a *Côte* in Lower Canada. The land is fertile, the houses comfortable, and the settlers, generally, industrious and thrifty. The crops principally raised are spring wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, turnips, &c. They have plenty of horses, cattle, sheep, &c. There are eighteen wind and two water mills. The population, since it became a settling place for the retiring servants of the Company, has been slowly on the increase. About one-half of the population are Roman Catholics, the other Protestants. The former are mostly Canadians and half-breeds; they have a bishop and several priests and nuns. There is also a bishop of the Church of England, with four clergymen; there are three churches, in one of which the bishop himself regularly officiates, and one station; there is also an academy, which the bishop superintends. The Protestant part of the population were, however, with a very few exceptions, presbyterians originally, and had a minister been sent out, as was at first intended, they would have continued so still. The Church of Scotland has been guilty of a sad neglect, in regard to this colony. The original Sutherlandshire settlers have, almost to a man, remained true to their principles, and that in the face of the most powerful opposition. The Orkneymen who have come in from the service with half Indian families, have inosily fallen in with the Church of England, and, perhaps, in their circumstances, we are not to judge of them too severely—there was no other protestant church here. We can surely sympathise in the struggle between their anxiety for the welfare of their families and their attachment to their mother Church, as also in the somewhat painful position in which some of them, at least, may now find themselves placed, when this Church is at last planted among them; and can we, at the same time, but grieve over the neglect which they and their Highland brethren have suffered. There is one great consolation,—they are attached to that branch of the Church of England, which preaches a sound and free gospel. The adherents of our own Church in the settlement, amount to about 300; they are well-doing, intelligent, moral, and, I trust, many of them, pious people. Many of the old settlers have passed away, and many of the young people had never seen a presbyterian minister till my arrival. Still they continued to hope, and struggle, and pray, that the day they have at last seen should come. Little did they think, when they left their native Kildonan, with the hope that their beloved young minister, the Rev. John Sage, was to follow them in a year, that the first minister of their own whom they were to see was not yet born. To the ministers of the Church of England here they were sincerely attached—to her forms they could never reconcile themselves—and what tended to sour their minds the more on this subject, was the persuasion, that it was owing to an influence connected with her introduction and presence here, that their numerous communications came to nought, and that a minister of their own never set his foot on the soil. It was not till they opened a correspondence with the Free Church, some four years ago, that hope began to brighten; this has issued in my arrival among them, on the 19th September last.

In anticipation of this, a manse had been erected, which, however, has been converted into a temporary church, until a better can be built.—It will accommodate perhaps 250 or 300 persons, and is always well filled, and with a most attentive auditory. We have service forenoon and afternoon, and also a lecture on Wednesday. We have a large and interesting Sabbath school, which existed before my arrival, but was not so

fully attended. There are now ninety-six scholars, thirty-six of whom are young people in my own class. Finding, as I thought, that the congregation was pretty ripe for organization, I proceeded, with the help of a few of the heads of families, whom the people, at my request, appointed to aid me in the work, to examine and admit to the privilege of church membership, such as presented themselves with this desire; and the work having been deliberately brought to a close, we proceeded to the election of a staff of elders. Five worthy men were ordained to that office on Sabbath, 7th inst. Last Sabbath we had the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper dispensed among us. The number of communicants was 44. It was to all of us a solemn day, being the first time in which, according to our simple and scriptural form, that blessed ordinance was ever dispensed here. It was also the first time for the pastor who administered; the first time for the elders who served; and the first time for not a few who sat at the table—among others, two old men—the one 87 and the other 99 years of age; and all this in addition to its own intrinsic solemnity. I trust that the Lord was among us of a truth.—We had the usual services before and after the dispensation of the ordinance.

Steps are now being taken to build a church. The stones are mostly quarried, and the most of them on the spot. The building is to be seated for nearly 400, and is to be fitted to receive galleries when required—thus leaving room for the increase of numbers which we may expect. The church is to be erected on a piece of ground long desecrated by the idolatrous revels of the Indians, and the Sabbath evening sports of some who bore a better name, but whose works were not much better than theirs. This piece of ground will be recollectcd by former residents on Red River, by the name of the Frog Plain. Thus our people have, with great reluctance been obliged to accept, in lieu of the lot given them for a church by the late Lord Selkirk, and which, with the exception of the church-yard, is now in the hands of the Church of England, and even the church-yard they are now also grasping at. The new lot, however, is in the middle of the *parish*, and there the manse and school are already built, and we trust to see the church also rising in due time.

Such is the present state of matters here. After a protracted and painful struggle of 36 long years, the faithful Presbyterians of Red River have seen their toils, in some measure, crowned with success. Their hearts have rejoiced in seeing their own beloved church fully organized among them. For this they feel that deep gratitude is due to the Giver of all good.

Their gratitude also to the Rev. Dr. Burns of Toronto, and the Rev. Mr. Bonar of Glasgow, for their exertions in their behalf, would be to these gentlemen, if they could hear it expressed, an ample reward for their disinterested labours.

To one among themselves also—Alex. Ross, Esq.—they feel that they owe a debt that can never be discharged. This gentleman, for the long period of five and twenty years, has devoted all the influence which superior acquirements, business talents, and social position confer upon him, to the support of their cause—maintaining their rights, conducting their correspondence, and counselling and encouraging them in all emergencies. This gratitude they have endeavoured to shew, by electing him at once to the office of the eldership.

And now their eyes must be turned to the Free Church of Scotland, to send them out, according to her promise, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, to act as their permanent pastor; and if possible, one who can speak intelligibly the Gaelic language, which is still the language of a few.

To any one coming here, I would say, that he will find a compact, intelligent, and affectionate congregation. Old and young eager to receive instruction; and in matters of personal comfort, ready to anticipate his wants. Such I have

found them. Trusting that the Great Head will send them a man of his own choosing, and a rich and saving blessing along with him,

I remain yours, &c.

J. BLACK.

In another letter from Mr. Black, of date December 23, there is the following very affectionate and just tribute to the memory of the late Rev. Mr. Rintoul. After noticing the receipt of letters from friends, he says:

"There is one thing, my Dear Brother, which served much to embitter my joy at the reception of these communications—I allude to the lamented death of my dear and never-to-be-forgotten friend—if I should not rather say father—the Rev. Wm. Rintoul—and I cannot withhold the public expression of esteem in which I held him. Since the first day that a friendless stranger, I set my foot on the shores of Canada, until the moment that I left Montreal on my way to this distant mission field, that man of God was ever my kind and sympathizing friend. He was the first of all our ministers to invite me to his house, and the first, afterwards, to invite me to his pulpit; and never were trials laid before him without meeting with his tenderest regard, nor counsel asked, without being given with that kindness and candour and sound practical wisdom, which ever distinguished him. As a public loss, I regard this as the very greatest which our Church has ever sustained. My heart bleeds for the bereaved widow and family, and for the flock of St. Gabriel Street. Faith almost fails me in looking at the immense blank that death has made—but no, it shall not fail—Jehovah jireh—the Lord will provide."

LETTER FROM ALEXANDER ROSS, ESQ.

The following letter has also been received from Alexander Ross, Esq., dated Red River, 18th December:—

RED RIVER SETTLEMENT,
18th Dec., 1851.

TO DR. R. BURNS, TORONTO:

REV. DEAR SIR,—As the Rev. Mr. Black will be writing you at this time, and be able to give you more correct information on points you may feel an interest in than I can, I shall intrude as shortly as possible on your precious time. Having, however, had occasion to address Mr. Bonar of Glasgow on the subject of some school books, and as I had to say a word or two on our proceedings here since the arrival of Mr. Black, I deem it my duty to put you in possession of what I wrote Mr. Bonar on the subject. Extract from my letter:

"But I cannot let this opportunity slip without noticing how we are getting on since the arrival of our minister, the Rev. Mr. Black, from Canada, in Sept. last. On this subject I am really at a loss for words to express our gratitude. After all our anxious efforts during the last thirty-five years, Providence has, at length, been very kind to us, not only in our getting a minister of our own Church, but in getting a man so highly gifted and suitable in every respect for the place; none could be more so than Mr. Black, none more highly esteemed, more deserving, or that could have given greater satisfaction to the Presbyterian community in the Red River, than he has done. And were it in our power to keep him with us, we would prefer doing so, to the chance of any other man, either from Canada or from Scotland. This is the language of one and all here. We would very willingly forego the Gaelic, and any other consideration in favour of Mr. Black's remaining. He is truly a God-fearing, zealous and indefatigable man; a man according to our heart's desire; a man who has done much already in organizing the church, and gaining the affections of the people here. The first Presbyterian congregation in Red River, met on the 28th Sept. After several introductory steps, five elders were duly elected by the people, on the 26th Novem:

ber. And on the 14th inst., we had the privilege of surrounding the Lord's table—present, forty-five communicants. The order, decorum, and solemnity of the occasion, will long be remembered in Red River, and might do credit to a more favoured country. On learning in the spring that a minister was coming, we got a manse built, and in such a state of forwardness as to serve us a place of public worship—holding 300 souls. Our thoughts are now turned to the getting up of a Church—a stone building, if possible—a serious consideration for people in our circumstances; but by the blessing of God we intend trying it."

I also mentioned in the postscript—"Should a minister be coming from Scotland, permit me to mention, a communion-cup, two plates, and a few tokens; and should he take the route of Canada, his little personal property had better come by the ship; yet the route between this and St. Peter's is a doubtful, and sometimes a costly mode of reaching Red River. A man newly married, or with a small family, might be preferred—a man well versed in scripture—for the opposition here is very great. We hope a second Mr. Black.—We hope still more.—Mr. Black himself."

Sorry for troubling you so much, I now thank you, in the name of our congregation, for what has already been done for us, and leave the rest in your own hands. With kindest regards, I have the honor to be, yours, &c.

A. ROSS.

In the circumstances of the case, Mr. Black has been advised to stay for another year at the Red River station, and thus time will be allowed both to the Church at home and the Church in Canada, to consider what is best to be done for these interesting settlers. In the meantime, we have abundant cause of thankfulness to the great Head of the Church for such a prosperous way opened before our faithful missionary, and for such hopes of success in that distant and long-neglected region. Let the prayers of the Church be addressed to the throne of grace for him and his flock.

In aid of the church about to be erected at the Red River, the contributions of friends, both at home and in this country, will be required. Mr. Burns, Agent for the Church, will be happy to take charge of any sums that may be sent to him at Knox's College. The only donation already received, is one of five pounds, from the Bible class of young men belonging to Knox's Church, Toronto.

To the Editor of the Record.

BUXTON MISSION STATION,
16th Jan., 1852.

DEAR SIR,—

I intended this communication for the January number of the *Record*, but was unable to write it at the proper time. Exposure and over exertion, during the month of November, brought on a severe bilious attack in December, at the time I should have sent the letter. I now send it, with the hope that it will reach you in time for the next number.

According to the instructions received in June last, from the Synod's Committee, to visit such places, both in Canada and the United States, as might be thought proper, for the purpose of explaining the object and management of the Coloured Mission at Buxton, with the view of urging its claims on the prayers and liberality of the Christian community in general, I left the station on the 25th of October, for the purpose of carrying out the instructions of the Synod, and visited the State of Michigan—spending a few days at Kalamazoo, making arrangements for future meetings, I spent one Sabbath there, and preached

three times, to different congregations. On Tuesday, I addressed a large meeting on Grand Prairie, where I met with many warm friends of the mission. A Society was formed to co-operate with us.

I returned to Buxton on the 5th of November, to be present at the semi-annual examination of the school in connection with the mission, and to introduce to the scholars Mr. Inlay, who was to take charge of the school for the next term. I left again on the 7th, and the same evening arrived at Kalamazoo, where I was kindly received by Mr. Arms, an old friend, and formerly an elder in the church at Hamilton. On Saturday, I preached at Martin, about twenty miles northwest from Kalamazoo, where there are two congregations, composed mostly of the Scotch and their descendants, the one in connection with the Associate Reformed, and the other with the Associate Church. The Rev. Mr. Walker, who was supplying for a time the Associate Reformed Church, kindly gave me the use of his pulpit on Sabbath. I preached twice, explained the object of my visit, took up a collection, and appointed Mr. Monteath, one of the elders, as treasurer, to receive subscriptions in future. In the evening I preached at Gunn Plains, had but a small audience, but the few who were present, manifested a good deal of interest in our cause; and Dr. Thompson, one of the elders, who was sick, and unable to attend the meeting, promised to have something done in future. At Otsego, about four miles from Gunn Plains, I addressed a meeting on Monday evening, and spent the next day in making arrangements with some of the members of the congregation to co-operate with us in future. On Tuesday evening I went to Richland Gull Prairie, where the Rev. Mr. Bradley, a worthy and devoted minister of the Presbyterian Church, and a warm friend of our mission, had invited me to address his people on the object of my visit. The evening was cold and disagreeable, the attendance small, but the interest felt was good. A treasurer was appointed to take up subscriptions, and to co-operate with us in future. I had a substantial proof of his zeal in our cause, in the shape of a new year's gift of sixteen dollars for the mission.

The country around Kalamazoo is considered the best in the State of Michigan for farming.—It has been mostly settled during the last sixteen years, with intelligent farmers from the New England States, with a few foreigners. They are all living in comfortable circumstances—intelligent and pious—they are ready to engage in every good work. All the congregations, with a few exceptions, are in connection with the new school. Unable to remain longer in that part of the State, I hastened onward to Chicago, where I arrived on the 14th, and made arrangements to occupy as many pulpits as I could on Sabbath.

I preached in the first Presbyterian and the Congregationalist. In both I explained the object of my visit. On Tuesday I held a public meeting in the first Presbyterian Church; a number of the city ministers were present; resolutions were passed, approving highly the object of my visit; and a Committee was named from all the churches, to aid in receiving contributions and subscriptions for the mission. I also published in a number of the daily and weekly papers, a detailed account of the mission, urging its claims on the prayers and liberality of the public. After two weeks' labour, the result was less than I had anticipated. Still there was a lively interest felt in the spiritual improvement of the coloured people of Canada, and I met with many warm friends of the cause. By owing to the advanced season of the year, in which I visited Chicago, and the numerous calls that had been made a few weeks before on the benevolence of the people, little could be done then; but an Association was formed, called the "Chicago Ladies' Association," to operate permanently with us for the spiritual improvement of the coloured people of Canada. Their labours I will reserve for another

letter. The coloured people of the city held a public meeting, and expressed the interest they felt in the religious improvement of their brethren, by sending a beautiful set of Mitchell's Outline Maps, together with a Map of Palestine, for the use of the Mission School. The season being now far advanced, and the roads in a bad state for travelling, I was unable to visit the north part of Indiana and Ohio, as I intended when I left home. I hope, however, during next spring or summer, to be able to pay a visit to those places. During my short sojourn in the States I had much pleasant intercourse both with ministers and people. They are fully alive to the importance of educating the coloured race in Canada, not only to improve their spiritual condition here, but as the means, with God's blessing, of extending Christ's kingdom, and carrying the gospel, with all its benefits, to Africa.

We trust that a warmer interest will be felt by our own Church in the evangelization of Africa. God, by his providence, is placing her children, who have been driven from their native land, by violence and oppression, within our bounds, that we may prepare them for missionary work. They are willing to receive instruction from our hands. Already a Latin class is formed in the school, from which we trust God will call some to do his own work; and the bud which now swells with so much promise, we fondly hope, ere long, will blossom and bring forth fruit for Africa.

Wm. KING.

We gladly make room for the following communication. A former letter referred to below, was, we understand, never received by the students of Knox's College, which explains why they had not again written to their Halifax friends:—

FREE CHURCH COLLEGE, HALIFAX, N. S.
December 29, 1851.

TO THE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Knox's College, Toronto.

DEAR BRETHREN,—

Desirous of awakening a deeper interest in each other's welfare, of opening up a way by which intimate and accurate information relating to our respective Colleges and Missionary Associations may be obtained, and of stirring up each other to a more entire consecration of soul and body to the service of our common Redeemer, we attempt to renew our correspondence.

We were highly gratified in receiving your communication of the 31st January, 1849, and our minds were animated with the pleasing prospect of much fraternal intercourse between our respective Colleges. We regret, however, to remark, that our prospects in this respect have not been realised. At the same time, we are unwilling to believe that this has arisen wholly from neglect on your part, as we believe you feel a sincere interest in our prosperity, both as a Church and College.

As it was near the close of the session of 1848-49, before the reply to your communication was transmitted, we are inclined to believe that you had separated before our communication arrived, and that if it ever arrived, from the months that intervened before you again assembled, it has been overlooked. We trust, however, that the present communication shall both safely arrive and also elicit a reply. We can assure you that the question has often passed from one to another—"Has there been no word from Canada?" "Is it possible they could have overlooked or forgotten us?" Are we not brethren placed in similar circumstances—striving under the same difficulties—influenced by the same motives—and aiming after the same glorious objects? We can only say, that if you forget us—we shall not—we cannot—forget you.

We are nearly all natives of this country, and we are most thoroughly persuaded, that a native ministry is indispensable to meet the circumstances and requirements of our beloved Church.—There are now about four years elapsed since our

hearts were cheered and encouraged by the arrival of our present revered Professor King, and the late lamented Professor Mackenzie. In reference to the latter, we shall only say, that although privileged to sit but so short a time under him, yet his name is embalmed in our hearts' deepest and tenderest remembrance. Possessed of a loving and affectionate disposition, he was endeared to all who were privileged with his acquaintance.— During the same winter our College sustained the loss also of one of its senior students, who was cut off in very distressing bodily circumstances by the small pox: but what to us was loss, to them, we hope, was eternal gain. Thus, you will perceive, that Professor King was left very much alone shortly after his arrival, and that short as our College has been in operation, we have been tried by many and severe dispensations. We are now, however, most happy to be able to inform you, that we are at present in more prosperous circumstances: and, indeed, we cannot refrain from remarking, that much, very much of our present brightening prospects is to be attributed to the diligence, prudence, and great fidelity of the present head of our Institution. As students, we shall ever feel indebted to him for his active and wise circumspection over the general interests of our College and Church, since his arrival. Last session welcomed the timely arrival of his present coadjutor, the Rev. Professor Lyall, who at present presides over the Classical and Philosophical departments. We can feel already in the increased eagerness of the students after, and growing taste for the general subjects of Philosophical enquiry, the amount of good that is destined yet to accrue from his able prelections in this department. We trust we are led practically to feel the great privilege and advantage of being placed under those whose natural tastes and endowments, as well as attainments, have so peculiarly fitted them for their respective departments; and in this particular, although it be hazarding an opinion on a subject beyond our province, we nevertheless feel pleasure in remarking to you, what we cannot but regard as a very prominent call upon our gratitude as students. A deeper sense seems to be pervading the Church generally, of the necessity and utility of our College, for the training of a native ministry; and a confidence also seems to be increasing more and more in the wisdom of its management, and in the judgment and discretion exercised by the Colonial Committee, in the selection of those appointed to preside over it.

Our numbers are steadily increasing; and notwithstanding our having lost two by death, and the removal of other three from considerations of health, we have this session twenty in number, besides some others who, although connected with the College, are unable to attend this session. You will be glad to hear that one of our advanced students has been licensed this last summer, and is now labouring in Cape Breton. We formed ourselves into a Missionary Association at the close of last session, with the Professors as patrons. A list of subjects, which are to be brought before the Association in the form of essays, has been adopted. Certain nights are also exclusively devoted to prayer and the reading of missionary intelligence. At a late meeting we were truly interested in reading the sixth annual report of your Missionary Association, and we sincerely pray that God may bless your interesting mission among the French Canadians. May your devoted Missionary be directed by the wisdom, and upheld by the power, of Him who has the hearts of all men at his disposal; and may he have many souls as his hire in the day of rejoicing. In this particular we are humbly attempting to follow your example. At the next meeting resolutions were brought forward, purposing to pledge ourselves as a Society, to raise a considerable sum for the support of a Mission among the Roman Catholics of our own land. These were adopted at a special meeting held for the purpose of their consideration since that time.—

Some of the senior students are in the habit of doing some direct missionary labor in and around the city. Several prayer-meetings have been opened in desolate localities. The Poor and Work-houses are now visited once a week.

In conclusion, Dear Brethren, we would express a hope that this may be the beginning of much fraternal intercourse between our respective Colleges. We need the benefit of your experience, of your counsels and prayers, and we shall be most happy to follow your example in whatever may promote the interests of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ— "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ to whom he glory for ever and ever."

In name of the Students' Missionary Association, F. C. College.

ALEX. SMITH, *President.*

GEORGE SUTHERLAND, *Secretary.*

P. S.—You will greatly oblige our Association by ordering a copy of your *Ecclesiastical and Missionary Record* for "The Secretary of the Missionary Association, Free Church College, Halifax, Nova Scotia."

Rev. JAMES CAIRNCROSS, of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, Died at Blandford, on Sabbath the 23rd Nov., 1851, aged 64.

To the Editor of the Record.

DEAR SIR,—

The accompanying short notice of the last illness and death of the Rev. Mr. Cairncross of Blandford, has been handed to me by a relative of his, with a request that I would forward it to you, for publication in the *Record*. This I have much pleasure in doing.

Mr. C. was a good man, and a zealous labourer in the gospel vineyard. Possessed of sound judgment, well read in our oldest and best divines, and thoroughly acquainted with scripture, his sermons were esteemed by those who could appreciate the more solid excellencies of preaching, for their accurate, full, and weighty exhibitions of doctrinal truth, and for their judicious and earnest enforcement of experimental and practical godliness.

In private life he was remarkable for meekness, humility, and unpretending simplicity of character—qualities rendered the more noticeable in his case, by being accompanied with that air of pensiveness, which not unfrequently gathers insensibly around those whose lines in life have not fallen to them in pleasant places. But although naturally unobtrusive and retiring, he was ever ready, as became a veteran in the Christian army, to contend boldly and unflinchingly for vital truth; and he was particularly useful, we believe, in the district in which he laboured, in asserting and vindicating some of the less popular, but not on that account, least important, of the distinctive principles of our church. For this latter service he was specially qualified by his training, in the respected body with which he was originally connected.

Although not a very aged man, it may be noted, that he has been called by his gracious master from further service, just as the infirmities of advancing years had begun to make the labours of the extensive field which he cultivated, too much for his failing strength. What have been the spiritual fruits of his labours in this country, we have not at present the means of ascertaining, but it is doubtless in connection with such good men as Mr. C., who have occupied the remote and obscure corners of the vineyard, and passed through life "all unknown to fame," that the great day will witness some of the most striking verifications of our Lord's saying, that "many that are last shall be first, and the first last."

A MINISTER OF THE P. C. OF CANADA.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

The following short record of the peaceful death of a servant of God, while it will be gratifying to those who were acquainted with the subject of it, may also serve to cheer on in their trying work, those of the Lord's messengers in this country, who, like him, have to labour in the out skirts of the Province, or, as it is appropriately termed, "the Bush," exposed to the varied physical and mental trials to which their fellow-labourers living in the more crowded thorough-fares of life, are comparatively strangers.

The Rev. James Cairncross was, previous to his coming to this country, an ordained minister of the "Original Seceders," in Scotland. In connection with this body he laboured about twenty-seven years, twenty-three of which were passed in the Orkney Islands, where his ministrations were blessed by God to many souls. Removing to this country with a large and youthful family, in 1845, he at once joined the Presbyterian Church of Canada, from a conviction that its principles were the nearest to those of the body in which he had been so long a pastor. Having settled in Blandford with his family, he devoted himself assiduously to missionary work, supplying regularly four different stations, in the townships of Blandford, Blenheim, Zorra, and Wilmot. The arduous nature of this work, when almost impassable roads, bad weather and bodily weakness, which would have deterred many from what he considered the path of duty, are taken into account, few, unless those placed in similar circumstances, can rightly estimate.

Four weeks before his death, he preached at St. Andrew's, in Zorra, three sermons on the same Sabbath, and being over-heated by his exertions, and the evening chilly and wet, he caught cold when driving to his lodging for the night. On reaching home on the Wednesday, his throat was also affected, and the illness thus induced, gradually grew worse, until exhausted, at length, by his suffering, he expired. During his illness, and while his sufferings were severe, he was frequently over-heard praising Him who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working, and often he calmly expressed his opinion that death was near. On the Sabbath morning on which he died, one of his sons mentioned that at night he would require to leave him, and to return to his employer, to this he objected, giving as his reason, "for before evening I will be in Heaven with Jesus." From the difficulty he had in speaking, much of what he said could not be distinctly heard, but his great theme seemed to be the blood of Christ, on which he dwelt, mingling with his allusions to it ascriptions of praise and glory to God. One of his sons seeing him faint, endeavoured to cheer him, expressing the hope that he would yet be better; he replied, "tell them not to mourn for me, no more sorrow for me, no more persecution. I am going to receive a crown of glory." On his wife coming into the room he said he was "going to converse with Jesus," and on her whispering to him, as he was fast sinking, "Jesus is with you, upholding you," he replied, "yes," and almost immediately breathed his last, and fell asleep in Jesus.

M.

THE LATE DR. W. M. GUNN,
EDINBURGH.

Extracts from a sermon on the death of this well-known educationist and devoted Christian, by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie:—

"The faith of a believer is not this, that Christ comes in to help us to pay our debts—that Christ is to make up man's deficiencies—to supplement them, and by casting his righteousness into the same scale with ours, to turn the balance in our favor, when it trembles in the hand of justice.— The faith of a believer is not, that the sinner is to do so much, and the Saviour to do the rest. No! His language to Jesus is—"My tongue shall speak of thy righteousness—Thou, Thou,

art all my salvation." As for me I never did the deed, I never spake the word, formed the wish, or felt the desire, in which, if brought by God himself to the severe and searching test of his holy law, there would not be found an element and alloy of sin—sin sufficient to condemn. Good works the believer is careful to maintain; they are precious in his eyes as evidences to be produced in court, and that prove his union to Christ; still, although highly prized as proving his connection with the Saviour, they are not his Saviour's. He can find nothing in them to make him proud, but much, very much, to keep him humble; and had he no other crown than these to wear, it would pierce him like a crown of thorns. His faith reposes itself entirely on the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ—robed in that he trusts to appear, though a sinner, sinless—though guilty, just. In this chamber where a mother carries her dying child, we see the sweet flower lying withering on her bosom, for it is on her shoulder its weary head lies easiest. But sweeter, softer far, to the believer, is the breast of Jesus; it is there he would lie; there also he would die, within the safe embraces of the arms that were stretched upon the cross; and when the mists of death gather round his bed, and the candles burn dim, and the faces of friends are fading from his sight, and their voices strike dull on his ear; when the heart-strings are breaking, and the soul feels itself sliding off into eternity, and the great, the solemn thought arises, a few breaths more, and I stand in the presence of my Judge, how blessed then to hear the voice, "Fear not for I am with thee; be not afraid, for I am thy God."

Cherishing, as our friend did, this entire trust in Jesus, I can never forget the peace which it shed on his departing spirit, in our last sweet, but most solemn interview. Justified by faith he had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. He was aware—perfectly alive to the fact—that he was very near eternity; and his mind was as clear, and far more calm than ours at this moment. The pleasant smile had passed away, and given place to an expression and an air of such unutterable elevation, that he looked to me less like a man about to enter eternity, than one who had already seen his Maker, and come fresh from his holy presence. Already raised above all earthly things, he had a sort of celestial aspect—his bearing, if not awful, was sublime. Taking mine in his own cold, clay-cold hand, and pressing it with all his former kindness, and ever passing to gather a little breath, he broke out into the most affecting and affectionate expressions to myself; then he charged me to bear his undying love to all his associates in the Session. "O beseech them," he said, "beseech them to pray, to labour, to watch for souls, and prepare the people for such a time as this." Then he raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "I thank God that I am in full possession of my reason—I rest on Jesus—the sky is cloudless, serene. I cannot say that I have triumph, but I have peace, perfect peace."

Jesus was all in all to him; and it was beautiful to see—for the work was progressive—how this saintly character opened and expanded into the full blown flower. The fruit became softer, sweeter, more fragrant and more mellow, the longer it hung upon the tree; the gold grew visibly brighter as the fire burned on, and as in these autumnal woodlands, the leaf assumed its most brilliant tints, and was at the loveliest just before it fell.

Gone to the call, "Come ye up hither," he has left an empty place in this church, an empty place in the ranks of its officers, of its praying and faithful members. Oh! that God would persuade you to lift up the banner which he has dropped, and step into the place which his death has left empty. "Another man to take the colours!" was the cry in one of our regiments on the battle-field; they lay on the ground, and the gallant young ensign bleeding beside them—it

was answered, bravely answered. Through the smoke of battle the sun glanced again on the levelled line of muskets, and another volley rang. Again that cry, "Another man to take the colours!" Stepping forth, one bent him over the dead, loosed the staff from the dead man's fingers, and flung the flag on high in the face of the foe; yet another volley rang—he too, goes down; and a third time the cry rose, terrible above the roar of battle, "Another man to take the colours!" The Thousand Years are not begun, nor, as those who have entered on Millennial times, do we see Christ's banner floating this day from peaceful towers; it is to be borne up by the arms of faith, and on through the very fire of battle. Over all the field, Christ's cause stands in need of men of might—men of prayer—men that can wield the sword of the Spirit among us, this sad day more than ever. I did not come here to pronounce an oration over the dead; but the memory of the saints is blessed; the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance; and I need not tell you how he labored in our Sabbath classes—how he instituted our library; and among other good works in which he set us an example that we should follow his steps, how he nursed, and cherished, and maintained meetings for prayer in his district. How often have I read from this pulpit, what, it is sad to think, I shall read no more, in connection with his name, that, on such and such a day, "Dr. Gunn's district will meet for prayer."—Yes, I may stand by his body and raise the old battle cry, "Another man to take the colours!" And you may all join me in the prayer I now send up to heaven, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, and the faithful fail from among the children of men."

The last and long-looked for hour is now arrived—how solemn and glorious the closing scene! He returned thanks—then he prayed that, without a wrench or a struggle, he might slide from the world's stage into the arms of Jesus, and thus change, not his condition, but his position. He paused—and for a while there was nothing to break the deep and solemn silence, but the heavy breathings of expiring nature. Then all of a sudden he raised his voice in a sublime doxology, and looking up, and sweetly smiling, soared away to heaven—the last words he ever uttered—"Glory, glory, glory—Oh! to be steeped in glory."

It is not easy, I grant, to walk by faith, "who is sufficient for these things?" What need have the best of us with increasing earnestness to cry, "Lord, increase our faith!" Among things seen, to love the unseen—to be in the world and not of it—to live below and yet to dwell above—never to forget our home yonder in the sunniest hours of a home here—to obey the apostolic injunction, for them who have wives to be as though they had none—for them that weep to be as though they wept not—for them that rejoice to be as though they rejoiced not—for them that buy to be as those that possessed not—for a king to remember that he is but a beggar at his prayers—for a Lazarus at the gate to remember that he shall be a king in glory—to believe that God is kind when his hand is smiting and this flesh is smarting—to be content that Christ came down into our garden and pluck the sweetest flower in unblown bud or blossom, even to place it in his own bosom—when the screws go into the coffin and the mould rattles hollow on its lid, to rise to the scene where the spirit shines and sings in glory; these, I grant, are no easy things.

Faith has a hard fight of it, but she shall have a grand victory—a rough passage of it, but she shall have a happy landing—angels through the shore—Jesus with a train of saints awaits the believer's coming. To those who mourn departed saints, we say, "Weep not for the dead"—happy are they who are anchored in the desired haven—they are with the Lord—they are at home—they are at rest; and is not that better than to be

left to battle here with fierce tempests, and a troubled sea?

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

The Record.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1852.

MINISTERS' WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND SCHEME.

We make no apology for giving such prominence to this most important scheme. It is now fully before the Church, and it is essentially necessary that the capital stock be made up without delay. The contributions of the several congregations should be taken up at once, otherwise they will interfere with other objects. This is an extraordinary call, not to be repeated, and for a purpose, too, requiring no argument to sustain it.

In our last number there was a short notice of the visitation of the London Presbytery. We subjoin a few additional particulars from the report of the deputation:

Mr. McLellan was accompanied by the Rev. John Ross, of the London Road, who preached at each of the places visited by them, and powerfully advocated the scheme. Their first meeting was held in Fingal, on Friday evening, 16th January. The attendance was not large, but a good spirit was manifested, and a subscription list opened on the occasion.

On Saturday, the 17th, a meeting was held in the congregation of Aldboro'. A warm interest was manifested by the people, generally. The office-bearers appointed a meeting to be held, and an organization formed for canvassing the whole congregation, and presenting the subscription paper to each individual connected with them. Mr. McClure of Morpeith, an attached friend of our Church, entered cordially into the views of the Committee, and promised to take up a subscription in his neighbourhood.

At Chatham a meeting was held on Tuesday, 20th. The scheme met with a cordial approval, and steps will be taken to organize as in the case of Aldboro'. On Wednesday a good meeting was held in Ekfrid, with similar results. This congregation has always contributed well to the general funds of the Church, and will not be found wanting in regard to the Widows' Fund.—At Williams, on Friday, a deep interest was evinced in the scheme. The religious feeling which manifestly prevailed, gave to the visitors a guarantee that the subscription list will be worthy of the congregation.

Mr. Burns, accompanied by the Rev. Lachlan McPherson, of Williams, visited the congregations of London Road and Tuckersmith, on Monday, the 19th January. The attendance was not large, on account of the very cold, stormy weather. Subscriptions were set on foot, and from the expressed approval of the object and the spirit manifested, we anticipate a satisfactory result. By reason of a mistake as to the time of meeting,

the congregation at Stratford had separated before the arrival of the deputation. This was the less to be regretted, as the pastor, the Rev. Mr. McPherson, who enters cordially into the views of the Committee, stated the object of the Visitation, and made an appeal to his people which there is good reason to believe, will be cheerfully responded to.

On Wednesday, a good meeting was held in North Easthope. The best proof of the sincerity of the people's approbation of the Scheme, was the zeal and alacrity with which they set about getting up the subscription for the Fund, and the readiness with which individuals came forward, volunteering their service to canvass sections of the congregation. They apprehended correctly the object of the appeal made to them, and resolved to give every individual an opportunity of contributing according to his sense of duty, and the means which God had given. On Thursday there was a large assembly at Zorra. This congregation had done a little for the Fund before. After the importance of the Scheme, and the duty of sustaining it, had been again set before the people, it was resolved to have a meeting at an early day, to agree upon the plan to be adopted for calling forth the liberality of the people.— This, we hope, will be done in a manner becoming their numbers and ability. On Friday morning a meeting was held at Ingersoll. Waiting for the promised visitation, the subject had not been previously taken up. When an appeal was made, it was met very handsomely by those who were present, and arrangements made on the spot for calling upon all the members and adherents without delay. The interest which was manifested at this meeting was very encouraging. A meeting was held in Woodstock on Friday evening. Here a contribution had already been made to the fund, but that was done as in the case of London, when the proposed capital was only £1500, it was agreed that now, when the capital is to be £3,000, and the Orphans as well as the Widows included in the Scheme, the claims should be presented anew to every member and friend of the church. The plan of each member of the family giving to the fund, instead of all being done by the head of it, was adopted here, and the subscription was begun accordingly at the meeting.

Two things were very clearly brought out to the satisfaction of the Deputation, viz.—that nothing worthy of the cause can be done by mere congregational collections. The extraordinary effort now required, for setting the scheme in successful operation, can only be done by a general and liberal subscription, which should at least average in all the scattered congregations, one year's allowance to a widow and fatherless family. This, with the contributions from the stations, would exceed the sum contemplated. The other fact to which we refer is, that there is no want of ability amongst our people to support all the schemes of Christian benevolence, which the Church has yet undertaken, and we consider it a libel on them to say that there is generally a want of will. It is not by the large donations of the wealthier congregations, nor the subscriptions of a few rich individuals, that any cause can be

so successfully promoted, as by the general offerings of a well informed christian community. To insure this, a well-devised system is necessary.— With minds informed, and a good system, office-bearers have only to give the people an opportunity, and to ensure success, say to them, in the language of scripture—"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God, which he hath given thee."— Deut. xvi. 17.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA, NIAGARA.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the 23rd and 24th of December, the Ladies of the congregation in Niagara, in connection with the Synod of Canada, had their first sale of useful and fancy articles, in the spacious room in the Town Hall. This congregation is but small as to numbers, but we believe that they have, on more occasions than one, manifested a liberality worthy of imitation. On this occasion the ladies of the congregation imitated the example of the wise-hearted "women of old," who, to aid in the erection of the tabernacle, "did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue and of purple, and of scarlet and of fine linen." (Exodus xxxv. 25.) Seldom have we witnessed, even in our large cities, a more varied display than on this occasion. Though but a few weeks were allotted for preparation, the amount of home-made articles exhibited, was proof positive, that neither the heads nor the hands of our fair friends had been idle during that time. To the home-made, were added a few valuable contributions from friends at a distance, to whom they acknowledge their sincere thanks, as due. On both days they were liberally patronised by the citizens of Niagara, connected with the various christian churches, who thus testified their sympathy with the infant congregation, in their efforts to rear a place of worship, of which they stand much in need. Since the disruption in Canada, when they were but a handful, amid many difficulties and disappointments, they continued to meet in the Temperance Hall, Queen Street, "a large upper chamber." Notwithstanding losses sustained, as to numbers, owing to the decline of business in the town, they have continued steadily to increase; and having now a settled pastor, and their prospects, under the blessing of God, being so promising, they feel the necessity of a place of worship, which they soon hope to have. Over \$300, clear, have been realized by the sale, which has gone far towards paying for the site. Thus the ladies of this charge have so far done their part. Even the lambs of the flock are doing what they can. Hence the young men felt determined to do their share also. Consequently "the Young Men's Soiree" was held on the evening of Wednesday, the 7th January.— The exercises of the evening were agreeable and profitable. Wm. Ball, Esq, filled the chair.— On the platform besides the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Alexander, there were the Rev. Messrs. Mowat, (Church of Scotland) McGill, of Lewiston, N. Y., (O. S. Presbyterian) and Young (Methodist). Several excellent speeches were delivered on the

occasion, while the large and respectable audience were highly delighted with the no less excellent music, vocal and instrumental, with which they were regaled by their friends who composed the choir. The proceeds of the soiree were devoted to the building fund.

The site of the intended Church is in the very centre of the town, a most eligible spot. The building committee hope to have the building commenced with the earliest favourable weather. The subscription list, we are persuaded, will bear comparison with that, for similar purpose, of any other congregation in the land. It is truly gratifying to see the cheerful liberality of the members and adherents. May the great Head of the Church prosper this little flock in all their concerns, temporal and spiritual, and vouchsafe a rich unction from the Holy One to pastor and people, that the hallowed tie that now so firmly, we believe, unites them, may be blessed and strengthened.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH (OF ENGLAND) MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

From a late number of the Port Hope Echo, we extract the following brief notice of this Anniversary which was held in Exeter Hall, London, on the 7th May, last.

The writer, a correspondent of the Episcopal Recorder, says:—

"Much of the speaking at this meeting was mediocre; but there seemed a spirit in the mere proceedings of the Society and an interest in the details of its transactions, which banished all dullness, and made its meeting one of the best of the month. The mere details of the operations of a society which has an income of £112,000, and a total force of 158 clergy; besides unordained missionaries, scattered through east and west Africa, the Mediterranean, west, north and south India, China, New Zealand, and North-west America, must be, and always are, interesting. The star of the meeting this year was Rev. Dr. Duff, of the Free Church of Scotland, and one of its missionaries in India—a rough determined looking man, with a broad Scotch accent, and a rude and almost uncouth gesticulation, yet who spoke with such animation and energy that he carried the entire audience with him, and concluded amid such thunders of applause as no other speaker drew forth. It was simply the effect of the whole man being thrown into the effort, united to a complete knowledge of his subject and personal experience in regard to it. Some of his points were very good, as when speaking of the common complaint of the slow progress of missions and the need of Christians to be patient, he showed that it is the toiling missionary, and not the stayers at home, who had need of the virtue of patience; and he well disposed of the cavil arising from the occasional fall of converts by saying, that if, from the pure Church of England, and amid the full blaze of Gospel light, many had fallen into European heathenism (meaning the Romish error) surely the lapse of a few ignorant and newly-converted heathen of Tinnevely should excite no just surprise. The other speakers, among whom was the Bishop of Bombay, struck me as wanting force, but when it is considered that the two sessions of the meeting occupied not far from eight hours, the difficulty of maintaining the interest will be seen. The invitation to speak, extended to Dr. Duff, would probably not have been given, nor accepted if given, in one of our own societies on this side of the water; yet there belong to the Church Missionary Society many who hold high grounds as supporters of our Ecclesiastical Organization and order. For my-

self I do not see why on an occasion of common interest such as this, our brethren of other names, labouring for Christ in the same fields, may not join with us, and that without one jot or retraction or even partial obscuration of our own opinions. Surely many a very High Churchman would rejoice with St. Paul, that anywhere, by whosoever, 'Christ is preached.' For my own part I admire the practical English mind which understands the subordination of truth, and the courage which dares avow it. There is unquestionably a *timidity* in this country, in the utterance of many truths, political as well as religious, which is not seen in England, and which is surely not creditable to our boasted independence of mind and speech; nor can he be supposed to hold rightly and purely Christian truth, who fears to avow he holds it. I frankly own having felt, I suppose from old prejudice, a slight shock when Dr. Duff's name was announced. But I am sure any Episcopalian who heard him would have soon been warmed, not only by his own energy and zeal for Christ and souls, but by his ardent and generous praises of the missionaries of the Society in India."

The latter part of the above extract breathes a spirit of Christian Catholicity, which is very encouraging. The time, we hope, is not remote when the arrogant assumptions and antiquated prejudices of mere Churchmen will be universally scouted—when a spirit like that which was evoked in Exeter Hall, shall pervade, not only the Episcopal Church in England, but shall also leaven her more strait-laced Colonial branches.—We know that there are conscientious Episcopal ministers in Canada, who esteem it a privilege to associate with their Presbyterian brethren in promoting the interests of truth and godliness, and who readily extend the right hand of Christian fellowship to our ministers. And why should it be otherwise? In all churches framed after the Scriptural model, the doctrine of ministerial parity is presented; no superiority being recognized but that of gifts, experience, or ministerial usefulness. We can have no sympathy with Prelatists, who suppose their own church to be the only one possessing ministerial succession from the Apostles, and who would exclude others from the benefits, *aye*, and the very name of a Church of Christ. "Presbyterians come not behind the very chiefest in the confident assertion of their apostolicity, both in ministerial and doctrinal succession."

The Church Missionary Society noted wisely and becomingly in requesting one of the greatest of living missionaries to take part in their Anniversary, and it is pleasing to learn that intelligent Churchmen discovered, notwithstanding his want of exterior polish, that he possessed, in no small degree, the staple and the stamina of Christian character and missionary zeal; whilst his burning eloquence and irresistible appeals, showed him to be a bishop who had nothing to lose by a comparison with any who occupy the Episcopal Bench.

Really it would be gratifying to us colonists, to have a chance of more generally reciprocating such courtesies as those extended to Dr. Duff.—Why will not the Directors of the Bible, Tract, and other benevolent Societies in Toronto, invite the Episcopal Bishop and city clergy, to take part in their Anniversaries? We should have been glad to have seen at the late missionary

meeting in Knox's Church, Toronto, an evangelical Episcopal clergyman, taking part with our own venerable minister, in advocating the cause of Home Evangelization.

PRESBYTERY.

It seems strange to us that there can be any doubt of the divine institution of Presbytery.—Yet there are not a few who theoretically deny it, while well regulated churches practically adopt it, to a greater or lesser extent. Independents have not Presbyteries and Synods, but they have their Unions, which approach so nearly to the same thing, that an intelligent Presbyterian, whom circumstances led to join the Congregational Church, told us, that he could perceive no difference except in name.

Episcopacy, the determined foe of Presbytery, has its houses of Convocation. These have sometimes shown as little favour for our forms as the Prelates themselves. In 1792, the lower house of Convocation declared, "Whereas they had been scandalously and maliciously represented as favourers of Presbytery in opposition to Episcopacy: now they declare they acknowledge the order of Bishops as superior to Presbyters," &c.

But the following extract from the Port Hope *Echo*, a sound evangelical print, shows, that if not Presbytery, according to our forms, yet something else than undiluted Prelacy, is indispensable in Canada:—

"We can well imagine many reasons against the revival of Convocation in England, which do not in the least apply to Diocesan Conventions, such as those of our brethren in the United States. In the circumstances of our Church in the Colonies, it seems to be the unanimous opinion that some organization is imperatively necessary, and cannot with safety be much longer delayed.—One thing, however, appears absolutely essential to Conventions of a working kind; that is the previous division of Dioceses of unwieldy dimensions to such an extent as the nature of the case may require. In this busy land where time is money, the Latt will in general be found less willing to give up the former than the latter. Unless each Convention should occupy a space that would permit the Lay Delegates to attend its deliberations without too much loss of time, the Lay representation from the more distant parishes would be but small, and the Convention be weak and inefficient in that very point where it ought to be particularly full and strong. Without a real and practical Lay representation of every parish, a Convention would be of very little service."

These are some of the signs of the times. We are gratified that our cotemporary is setting his face manfully in the right direction. It is a token for good; and we hope that he will soon make the discovery, that a form of Church government which has to be varied and modified according to the circumstances of nations and colonies, and which confers such absolute power on one man, is defective; and that the divinely appointed Presbyterian Church government is adapted, without variation, to the cases of all people, ages and climes.

THE PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE.—We have availed ourselves of the labors of our cotemporary, by extracting pretty largely from his columns, in our last and present issue.

DRUNKENNESS AND ITS REMEDY—THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

The monster evil of intemperance, is now felt to be so to such an alarming extent, that the church, which has suffered so much by it, and society in general, which it debases, are alive to the adoption of some measure to abate the nuisance. Nothing has yet been adopted that approaches to the Maine Law. Faithfully enforced it lays the axe to the tree. When it has succeeded so well in a small community, surrounded by others in which the traffic is legalized: what might we not expect from it, if generally adopted. There is good ground to hope that other States of the Union will introduce it, or something not less stringent.

We are glad to see that, in Canada too, a desire is felt for the adoption of that law. When so desirable a consummation may be anticipated, is not within human ken, but come it will. Enlightened public opinion is setting rapidly in that direction, and with a force too, which cannot long be resisted. We are persuaded, that if the present Parliament do not carry the measure, it will be a test question at the next general election.

At a public meeting lately held in Galt, the resolutions in favor of the Maine law being adopted, were carried *nem. con.* We have not room for the whole report, and therefore offer the following extracts from the Rev. John Bayne's speech, on moving the annexed resolution:—

Resolved.—That it is a right inherent in every society as organized under God's ordinance of civil government, to prohibit the manufacture or sale of any article, not included among the necessities of life, which by its general abuse is found to be a source of public and national calamity, and that there exist the strongest reasons why this right should be exercised by our Canadian Legislature in prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks within the province.

Mr. B illustrated the right of society to make such prohibition—

First, the right referred to is implied in the virtual compact (or as some would prefer to express it, the law of mutual dependence) according to which society is organized for purposes of government.

Secondly, I would remark that the right is essential to the accomplishment of the ends for which government is appointed, and appointed as God's ordinance, to secure.

In the *third* place I remark that this right is actually assumed and exercised more or less by all governments,—that it is no novelty,—but that its exercise has been found in experience essential to good government.

The Rev. Gentleman then stated the strong reasons which exist for our legislature exercising the right which had been proved to belong to them.

* * * * * The first is that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor is a fertile source of disease and death, in our community. It is impossible to calculate the amount of disease and death which flows from this source. I believe that a perpetual war would not be so destructive to mankind, and that an annual Waterloo, would not compare to it in human slaughter. (applause.) The second is, that it is a fruitful source of the crime which prevails among us. Judges, magistrates, and ministers are uniform in their testimony on this point, and ascribe the larger proportion of

the crimes with which they have to deal to the effects of intoxicating drinks. The third is that it is the cause of many national burdens, as for instance, in the expenses necessary for the prevention and punishment of crime, the maintenance of jails and penitentiaries, and the relief of the poor. These expenses, you will observe, are paid by all whether they use drink or not. The fourth is that it presents a formidable obstacle to the progress of our material wealth and prosperity. Drink is not a productive article, it is lost when used. If you spend your money in building a house or buying a farm, or in starting a manufactory, you have something valuable to show for it, but when spent on drink, it is lost—utterly lost. Besides, money wasted in drink is diverted from the promotion of numberless substantial improvements and useful occupations. Thus in Britain, according to the calculations of some, seventy millions sterling annually are lost upon drink, which exceeds British taxation considerably and which in no very long time could sweep off that cumbrous load upon her energies, styled, the national debt. The last reason which we shall mention is that the traffic is a great bar and obstacle to all social and moral improvement and advancement. Upon these grounds we found our claim to call upon our government to exercise their right for the public good. We say that they are imperatively called upon to act, and not stand idly by and do nothing. It is a solemn and sacred duty which they owe to themselves, to their country, and to their God; and if they neglect to fulfil that duty they are unworthy the position which they occupy. (Applause.) But some may here say, why go so far as to prohibit the traffic altogether—why not endeavour more effectually to regulate it—why not seek to cure the evil by greater stringency in the licensing law, and by similar restrictions. To this we answer, first, that the attempt to regulate it has been tried, that it has been made again and again, and that it has failed. And next that it is in the nature of things impossible to regulate such a traffic. At the late convention at Saratoga it was shrewdly asked, how can you regulate an irregularity? I go farther and think it can be shown that what would have to be done in order to regulate the traffic is of impossible attainment. First, you would need a licensing law upon right principles, power to secure its action, and firmness and impartiality to carry out its provisions. What hope is there of accomplishing this? Our past experience is sufficient answer. Next you must regulate the seller; the seller would need to know when to stop selling, and have principle faithfully to act upon his knowledge. But who does not feel that to look for this is hopeless,—a tavern-keeper never knows when a man has had enough, self-interest closes his eyes—all in the bar-room may see the fact, but his eyes, poor man, are ever shut. (laughter.) But even if you could get all things right so far, you have next to regulate the buyer. What hope is there of teaching him to know when he has had enough, and of giving him firmness to act upon this knowledge? None. Nothing has astonished me more in my own professional experience than the difficulty of getting men to admit they had taken too much, or that they were drunk. I have more than once received such answers as the following: "I couldn't have been drunk, I had only taken one glass, and that you'll allow could hurt nobody, and perhaps a mouthful or two of beer, but that is a trifle; but you see, I took it on an empty stomach;" "na, na, it wasna the wee drap drink, it was the win' that did it;" or, "no one could say I was drunk; I could transact my business as well as ever I could; he would have been a sharp customer: that could have cheated me out of a copper;" or, "I found my way home, as well as ever I did, and ours, ye ken, is a gie difficult road." In fact, I have now come to look upon it almost as a matter of course, that unless a man has been actually carried home in a wheel-barrow, that I shall be met

with the excuse, that he had not taken too much, or that he was not drunk but ill. (Cheers.) And even could men be taught to know when they had enough, how can they be taught to resist temptation? What is the process that usually goes on in drinking. One glass prepares for another, reason and conscience lose more and more their command at every step, till like the stone rolling down the hill, the drinker lies at the foot in beastly intoxication. It appears, then, that we are shut up to this Maine measure as our only hope—the traffic is not to be regulated—we must destroy, utterly root out and abolish it altogether. Others will speak as to the kind of law we require; but before sitting down I may advert to one or two objections which I have heard advanced against our movement and which may be working in the minds of some now present. First, an objection may probably be grounded on the money interest involved in the traffic.—Doubtless in the minds of some, a feeling of sympathy may be felt for the distiller and tavern keeper in view of the pecuniary loss which the change would involve; and others may think that it would be altogether unjust to inflict such a loss. Now, sir, I will not mince matters on this point. We may pity the individuals, we may think them unfortunate in having invested their capital in such a traffic—we may even be willing that the law sought for may be brought into operation so as to do them as little injury as possible; but there can be no compromise. No individual interest can be allowed to stand in the way of the good of the whole community. Then as to the parties affected by the law, their loss would in reality be a blessing to themselves. That is no real prosperity which is found in sin and through the ruin of others. How seldom have the riches of the distiller or tavern-keeper really proved a blessing. I do not know how others feel on this subject, but I must solemnly declare for myself that had I a friend or brother, dear to me as my own soul, I would rather see him go down to the grave to become the food of worms and corruption, than see him engaged in this soul-destroying traffic. (Applause.) Besides, I feel satisfied that the loss occasioned to these parties would only be temporary, and that their pecuniary interest would suffer nothing, by their capital being directed into a better channel; I believe this on high christian grounds—I believe it because we live under the government of a righteous God—of him who has commanded us to put no stumbling-blocks in our brother's way, not to be partakers of other men's sins, and to cherish sympathy and compassion to all around us; I believe under the government of such a God, they would be more prosperous because they would be more blessed. Another objection which may be brought against our movement, is, that such a prohibition as we are contending for would have no effect,—that it would be evaded,—that it would give rise to smuggling and to the evils usually connected with illicit traffic. Now I am not so sanguine as to expect that drinking can be utterly extinguished. I believe that some men would get their beloved drink, although, like the man of whom we have heard, they had to seek it within the gates of hell. Those who can at present part with every worldly possession in order to obtain it, would be found ready to do the same whatever law was in force. But I believe at the same time that such a law as the Maine Liquor Law would be productive of the best of effects.—It would operate, I conceive, in this way, by making drink expensive it would diminish its use even among smugglers—it would compel many to abstain altogether, and free others from the temptations by which alone they are at present ensnared—it would drive drinking into the dark—make it disreputable, and lead the respectable classes of community to renounce it utterly, and it would be hailed by not a few, as the only excuse they want to free them from the tyranny of custom,—against which, while their convictions are on the side of abstinence, they want

the moral courage to rebel. In this way I entertain no doubt that the new law would go a great way towards banishing the evils out of the community. Another objection may be grounded upon the idea that there is no hope of getting such a law passed in Canada. In such an out of the way place as Maine, it may go down very well, but here the public mind is not prepared for it. There is no prospect that it will soon, if ever, be adopted. Now I frankly admit that the public mind is not at present prepared for the passage of such a law, but what then, are we never to begin the agitation of a good cause, because there are obstacles and difficulties in the way? There never was a good, and certainly never a great cause carried through in the world, but in the face of difficulty and opposition, by dint of unflinching perseverance. Look at any of the great reforms which have ever been effected, and you will find they began in weakness, they advanced by slow degrees, and they triumphed by means of ceaseless and persevering effort. How severe and protracted was the struggle between the time when Luther first assailed the tyranny of Rome and the full establishment of the liberties of the Reformation—through how long a night of slaughter and persecution had Scotland to contend for her civil and religious rights against the tyranny of the Stuarts, before these rights were secured—how long was the patience and heroism of the immortal Washington tried before the tree of American liberty was safe from the storms that threatened its early growth—how often had Wilberforce and Clarkson and the other friends of emancipation, to repeat their blows, before the slave-trade was abolished and the manacles struck from the limbs of every slave throughout the wide dominions of Britain—or, to come nearer home, how long had the people of Canada to contend, in the face of difficulty and reproach, before Responsible Government was secured? So it has been, and so we may expect it will ever be. There were no moral heroism in the world—no noble triumphs over difficulty—no lofty achievements involving self-denial and sacrifice, and worthy of immortal renown,—were it otherwise, and in the same road which other reformers have trod before, us we must be content to go. If our cause is reasonable—if it is just, we have everything to hope and nothing to fear. We have the honor of commencing the agitation of this cause in Canada this evening; only let us persevere and sooner or later the cause will triumph. The flag has been unfurled, let it not be lowered till success has crowned the battle—the sword has been drawn, let it not be returned to the scabbard until it can be sheathed amid shouts of victory. The Rev. and learned gentleman resumed his seat in the midst of vehement cheers of approval.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. WM. KING.—The Ladies of Knox's Church, Hamilton, on the 13th February, presented to the Rev. Wm. King, by Mr. McLellan, a very beautiful Pulpit Bible and Psalm Book, with the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. Wm. King, by the Ladies of Knox's Church, Hamilton, for the Presbyterian Church at Buxton, C. W." We hope the example will be imitated by others who feel disposed to aid in forming a Congregational Library, by sending donations of books, either to Buxton, or to the Agency Office, Toronto.

FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The Synodical Collection for this object, will be taken up on the third Sabbath of April next, throughout the bounds of our Church. This is the last of the quarterly collections for the year. All the accounts of the various schemes will be closed on the 31st May.

REVIEW.

CHRISTIAN DUTY; *Pastoral Addresses.*

By the REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES. New York: CARTER & BROTHERS. Hamilton: D. McLELLAN.

This interesting volume, of 408 pages, is very handsomely got up. It contains twenty-four addresses, in the distinguished author's excellent style. Each address treats of a separate subject, and the whole form a valuable collection of tracts. As a sample, we make the following extract from the address on "Sorrow for the Death of Friends":—

"When a holy and beloved object of our affection is removed by death, we ought to sorrow; humanity demands it, and Christianity, in the person of the weeping Jesus, allows it; and the man without a tear, is a savage or a Stoic, but not a Christian. God intends, when he bestows his gifts, that they should be received with smiles of gratitude, and when he recalls them, that they should be surrendered with 'drops of sacred grief.' Sorrow is an affection implanted by the Creator in the soul for wise and beneficent purposes; and it ought not to be ruthlessly torn up by the roots, but directed in its exercise by reason and religion. The work of grace, though it is *above* nature, is not *against* it. The man who tells me not to weep at the grave, insults me, mocks me, and wishes to degrade me. I do weep; I must weep; I cannot help it; God requires me to do so; and has opened a fountain of tears in my nature for that purpose; and it is the silent, pure, unsophisticated testimony of my heart to the excellence of the gift he gave in mercy, and in mercy, no doubt, as well as judgment, has recalled. Without sorrow we should not improve by his correcting hand; chastened grief is like the gentle shower, falling first upon the earth to prepare it for the seed, and then upon the seed to cause it to germinate; though wild, clamorous, passionate sorrow is like the thunder shower or inundation, that carries away soil and seed together. Can we lose the company of one whose presence was the light and charm of our dwelling, whose society was the source of our most valuable and most highly valued earthly comfort; whose love, ever new and fresh, was presented daily to us in full cup by her own hand; who cheered us with her conversation; bore with our infirmities; solved our doubts; disclosed to us in difficulty the path of duty; and quickened us by her example—is it possible, I say, to lose such a friend and not grieve?"

"But, then, though we mourn, we must not murmur. We may sorrow, but not with the passionate and uncontrolled grief of the heathen, who have no hope. Our sorrow must flow, deep as we like, but noiseless and still, in the channels of submission. It must be a sorrow so quiet, as to hear all the words of consolation which our heavenly Father utters amidst the gentle strokes of his rod; so reverential, as to adore him for the exercise of his prerogative in taking what and whom he pleases; so composed, as to prepare us for doing his will as well as bearing it; so meek and gentle, as to justify him in his dispensations; so confiding, as to be assured that there is as much love in taking the mercy away, as there was in bestowing it; so grateful, as to be thankful for the mercies left, as well as afflicted for the mercies lost; so trustful, as to look forward to the future with hope, as well as back upon the past with distress; so patient, as to bear all the aggravations that accompany or follow the bereavement with unruffled acquiescence; so holy, as to lift the prayer of faith for Divine grace to sanctify the stroke; and so lasting, as to preserve through all the coming years of life the benefit of that event, which in one awful moment changed the whole aspect of our earthly existence."

The lessons to be learned from the subject are stated and illustrated, viz.: The dreadful nature of sin; the view which the death of Christians gives to the work of Christ; the impression which it should make of the vanity of the world; the duty we owe to those who remain; curbing the selfishness of our sorrow, considering the felicity of departed friends; the duty of sending our hearts after friends in heaven; imitating their virtues, and complying with their devout wishes.

We commend the work as a valuable addition to the Christian's family library.

WORSHIP OF SCOTTISH ASSEMBLIES.

Extract of a letter from Scotland, by the Rev. James Alexander, D. D. :—

"The worship of Scottish assemblies is very animating and often melting. It resembles the old Presbyterian services of Philadelphia many years ago. The people all stand in prayer, and all join in psalmody. In the Free New North Church in Edinburgh, the precentor was an elder, and the swell of praise was better, in a religious point of view, than the choral worship of the Madeline, Cologne, or King's College Chapel. The revival of religion which preceded and accompanied the disruption, continues in many parts of the Free Church, as I am informed; not with that machinery which has prevailed in certain quarters among ourselves, but with not less fruit. The preaching of McCheyne, Hewitson, and the Bonars may serve as a specimen of the way in which the Gospel truth is urged by a favored school of ministry. I have not learned that any deviation from the strict Calvinism of other days has been deemed necessary for the awakening of sinners, or for leading them to Christ. I attended a meeting of fifty young women, of the humbler class, who were under instruction in the Bible; their knowledge of scripture astonished me, while the tokens of personal feeling were as marked as in any American inquiry meeting during a revival. As might be expected, the Disruption led to energetic movements among Free Churchmen in the direction of that Evangelism which was their characteristic. The true exponent of this is the vast amount raised for Church purposes, and reported in Church statistics. The church-door collections are still in use; but the grand means is the labor of deacons, who 'serve tables' as collectors, and who are increased in number to a degree which is unknown among us. The eldership, also, which had become a dead thing under moderatism, has revived with corresponding vigor. In the very first congregation about which I inquired, the number of elders was sixteen. The publication of journals, tracts, hand-bills, &c., and the distribution of these in the wynds and closes, give token of abiding zeal. As to Sabbath-schools, they are now adopted into the regular organization of Church charities. The quarto 'Abstract of Returns relative to Sabbath-schools', for 1851, is before me.—[See the *Messenger* for September, page 296.—Ed.]

"The new College and Normal School of the Free Church at Edinburgh, would occupy my whole sheet. Lord John Russell visited the College, it is said, during the Queen's sojourn. At Glasgow I saw the fine edifice of the Normal School.

"Both in Edinburgh and Glasgow the eye is continually saluted by Presbyterian structures.—Many of these are in the modern Gothic style, and some are florid in a high degree. Their interiors, however, are less airy and ornate than with us. All the Scottish churches have vestries and all the ministers wear the Geneva gown or cloak, which has come down from the days of Knox. In some churches the minister pronounces the Lord's Prayer immediately before the sermon. The old version of the Psalms is universal.—

The prayer after sermon is uniformly longer than with us, and the service varies from an hour and three quarters to two hours. At this season the usual hours in town are eleven and two. The custom of 'turning up' the passage remains in all its strength, and hundreds of Bibles are rustling at once. So far as I can learn, the topics which fill the pulpits are just those which fill the Catechism; and the general strain of preaching is not so much alarming as persuasive. The person and work of our Lord form a prominent part of public discourses. Great diversities, of course, obtain among men of various gifts and temper, but in general there is much earnestness in public addresses. In the cities many sermons are read from the manuscripts, but the country parishes scarcely tolerate this.

"On inquiry, I find that many ministers of the Established Church preach the genuine word of the Gospel with much acceptance, and in some cases in the great cities to large assemblies; but in general their houses are unfilled. Most of the Gaelic people adhere to the Free Church. Thus far there is no exchange of pulpits between the two parties. The good men in the Establishment are much to be pitied. No one can be a day in Scotland without perceiving that they are left in a cold insulation, and that the heart of the Scottish yeomanry is alienated from them. Yet their universities and other endowments are noble, and are doing much good, and there is no reason to doubt that their ministry is blessed to their hearers. It is at once strange and delightful to be among so homogeneous a Presbyterian population; for one need scarcely record the small number of Episcopalian Dissenters. We have several points in which even Scotland may learn from America, when she has settled our slavery question; and among these the freedom of our ministry from all table temptations to drink intoxicating liquors is not the least. Scotland in this is what America was when we were boys."

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL STATE OF FRANCE.

I have not to entertain you with the political matters which have violently agitated our country during the last fortnight, and I am happy to be able to pass by so painful a subject. But those events have shown in a new light, the religious and moral state of France; I must, therefore, make a few reflections.

We live, at this moment, under the *regime* of the sword, or physical force. No liberty. No guarantee for our public or private rights. The soldiers are our *sovereign masters*; the *state of siege*, which had been proclaimed in nearly half our departments, permits the heads of the army to imprison, judge and condemn the citizens at their pleasure, and to deprive all the functionaries who do not servilely submit to their domination. The establishment of such a government seems impossible in the midst of a civilized people—but, nevertheless, it exists; and why? One of the causes of this strange fact must certainly be sought in *Romanism*. Protestant nations which have enjoyed political liberty would not tolerate this *regime*, but a Roman Catholic nation suffers it, because there are close analogies between the *military principle* and the *sacerdotal principle*.

In truth, what is the fundamental maxim of the Papist priesthood, either among the laity, or even among its own members? It is the maxim of *passive obedience*. No spontaneity, nor individual responsibility; the denial of the right of examination; the absolute duty of submission to orders from above. The heads of the priests, and especially the Pope, think, decide, and act for their inferiors, and the entire people! Authority is entirely concentrated in some hands, and the rest of mankind must bend their head and obey as simple machines.

Well! such is precisely the maxim essential to the army: *passive obedience*. Soldiers have no

right to reason. Whether their chiefs command them to defend their laws, or to trample them under their feet, to protect the citizens or slay them, to support the cause of justice or to aid an odious dictatorship, matters not; the duty of all, from the general to the common soldier, is to obey immediately, without asking even a single word of explanation.

Such is the principle, which, passing from the sacerdotal body to the mass of the people, has deeply demoralised France. The majority of the French, I blush to speak it, are devoid of that spirit of individuality which constitutes the glory and strength of the English and Americans.—They do not feel—or at least, but little—their personal responsibility. They have not a conscience of their own, which, with well-founded convictions, would inspire them with courage to resist the changes of events. They change with external circumstances. Sometimes republicans, when the republic triumphs in a Parisian insurrection; sometimes submissive to a military dictator, when it pleases an ambitious man to rend the laws with the point of the bayonet; always, and in every thing, mark well this mobile character, which waits for that which shall have been resolved on at head-quarters by a handful of individuals, and which changes its opinions according to the issue of this or that conspiracy.

In this, evidently is an incessant cause of revolutions and disorders. The way is open to all intriguers and usurpers who shall hope to succeed by a *coup-de-main*. What should they fear? The people, demoralised in great part by the priests, is like a gentle flock, which bends beneath the yoke, from whatever quarter it may come. Notice what takes place in the countries of South America! There, every year, and almost every month, appear new pretenders, who, aided by vile accomplices, overthrow the established constitution and government, in order that they, in their turn, may be overthrown by the same means. Every thing there is surrendered to the claims of brutal force. It is a well-devised plot, or a battle in the streets, which raises or destroys institutions and the popular masses, and tranquilly permits the conqueror to bind their hands. Alas! why am I compelled to compare my country with South America? Who would have thought that France would thus far have fallen? But like causes produce like results.—Romanism demoralises the people, deprives them of all their resources, of all energetic individuality, and delivers them up, so to speak, to the first occupier. Now serious men propose,

GRAVE PROBLEMS FOR THE FUTURE.

One of the two things; either the French, at length abandoning the Papacy, which weakens and degrades them, and embracing the evangelical faith, which alone can inspire firm principles, shall render themselves worthy of a free Government, and capable of sustaining its own glorious weight; or renouncing the generous aspirations of the modern spirit, and returning to the errors of the middle ages, they shall lose even the name of a free people. In the former case, France may yet rise from its abasement, and exercise over the world a useful and glorious influence. On the second hypothesis, the time of its decay will commence; it will fall to the level of Spain, Portugal, and Italy; the whole Latin race will be, as it were, struck with death; and the inhabitants of this country, more and more subjected to the tyranny of the Jesuits, will drag out a miserable and dishonoured existence.—This is the all-important question—*To be or not to be*. There is no other alternative.

There are some superficial spirits who do not see this. They imagine that our present situation is exclusively political, and think to change or improve it by political remedies. It is a grave and dangerous mistake. The political is the purely external side of events—at the bottom is religion, the state of the conscience, the moral sentiment. That which constitutes and guarantees the liberty of a people is, before every thing

else, its morality, which itself is based on its religious faith. As long as Romanism shall have in France numerous adherents, the most sacred rights will be periodically disputed, and the whole constitutional edifice will rest only on sand. For, as I have often written to you, the spirit of the Papacy is in its very essence, hostile to liberty—to liberty of conscience and worship, to the liberty of the press, to liberty of association, to liberty of education—to every liberty be what it may!—Between modern tendencies and the Roman priesthood there is a conflict even to the death; one of the two must perish.

TELLING JESUS.

"Things always go smoothly with you," said a complaining disciple to Mr. F. "I never hear you make any complaints."

"I have found out an effectual way of guarding against that fault," said Mr. F.

"I did not know that you ever had any reason to complain."

"I don't know that I ever had; but I used to find myself doing it, until one day in reading the Bible, I came across this passage: 'The apostles gathered themselves unto Jesus and told him all things, both what they had done and what they had taught.' It occurred to me, that when I had any trouble, before I told any one, I should first tell Jesus. And I found on trial, that if I told him first, I seldom had any occasion to tell any body else. I often find the burden entirely removed while I am in the act of telling him about it, and trouble which has its burden removed, is no longer trouble."

"We ought to pray for deliverance from our trials, but Jesus needs no information respecting them. He is omnipotent and has no need that anything be told him."

"That is true; and yet he listened with complacency and kindness when his disciples told him all things. In his sympathizing condescension he permits us to repeat to him our troubles, cares, and joys, though he knows them all. He listens to them with interest, just as the tender father listens to the narrative of his child, though it conveys no information. And he has connected great blessings with this exercise of filial confidence. It lessens one's sorrows, and doubles joys, and increases faith and love. The more assiduously we cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the Saviour, the greater will be our happiness, and the more rapid our progress toward heaven. If we should make it a rule to go to Jesus every night and tell him all the events of the day, all that we have purposed, and felt, and said and done, and suffered, would it not have a great influence on our conduct during the day? It certainly would. The thought that we should have to tell Jesus about it, would restrain us from many an unholy act. We would not willfully indulge in what caused the agonies of the garden and the cross, if we were to make it the subject of conversation with him before committing ourselves to slumber."

"It seems to me, that for me to tell him all my experience, would be occupying his attention with trifles, I should have nothing but sin and folly to tell him."

"Sin and folly are no trifles; and the way to get a right view of the evil of sin is, to speak it out before him in our confidential intercourse with him. You may depend upon it, my brother, that if you will go to Jesus every night, and tell him things that have occurred during the day, it will speedily lift you above the world. It will do much towards making the will of Christ your guiding, governing principle. It will enable you to bear your crosses without repining. It will make you in mind and temper like him with whom you hold this most intimate communion. Oh that all Christians were in the habit of closing the day by going to Jesus and telling him all the things that they have done, and omitted to do during the day!"—*Christian Miscellany*.

TWELVE QUESTIONS FOR MEMBERS OF CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

1. *Why am I a member of this Church? Is it because I honour God's institutions, love Christ and wish to serve him here below, by coming out from the world, joining his people, and supporting his cause; or is it for the sake of company, respectability and fashion; or because some minister urged me to become a member.*

2. *Am I a true Christian? What evidence have I of this? Have I repented of sin and been born again? Do I really believe on Christ? Do I hate sin, love Christ, his people, and cause? Have I chosen God for my portion? Do I desire to be made holy? Have I the witness within that I have passed from death unto life?*

3. *As a member, what am I doing in the Church? Anything, or nothing? Do I realize my covenant obligations? I have pledged myself to this church—do I meet with them regularly on Lord's-day for worship, attend the week-evening services, prayer-meetings, &c.? Do I feel that I have a duty to perform, a trust committed to me by God, and for which he will call me to an account?*

4. *What are my views of membership? What view do I take of the Church? Do I regard it as a human invention, or a Divine institution? from heaven, or of men? Do I treat it as the Lord's house, or as my own? In the church do I consider myself as under law to God? or to do as I please? What does my conduct say? Is there that reverence, that consistency, which right views of the church should inspire? Did I enter it to please myself or others, or to serve God?—Do I view the Church of Christ as the purchase of blood, and therefore sacred to God?*

5. *What is my conduct towards my brethren? Do I love them, feel interested in them, help them? In my power, do I visit them when sick, and comfort them? When wandering, do I endeavour to reclaim them? Do I reprove them in the spirit of meekness, and not suffer sin upon them? or do I only find fault with them to others, and thus make a bad matter worse? Do I break the law of God, and injure them, by raising them up enemies at every corner, and thus help the Devil to pull down Zion, while I profess to be building it up? O, my soul, come not thou into this secret; and, mine honor, to this assembly be not thou united.*

6. *Do I love my pastor as I ought? Do I help him, or am I burden to him? Do I respect him or despise him? Do I follow up the word preached, by serious conversation and prayer? or do I injure his usefulness and destroy his influence by finding fault with him and his preaching, and by making others as discontented as myself? Is my conduct towards him courteous, kind, and lovely? or do I mistake impudence for honesty, and wound, afflict, and grieve his sensitive mind?*

7. *Do I pray for my minister as I ought? He preaches, reads, studies, lives, labours, and prays for me. Do I pray for him? Some people find fault with our minister, but I fear never pray for him as they ought. Is this my case? Do I pray for him, not only in the prayer meeting, but in private, frequently? Do I plead for him constantly before I go to hear, while hearing, and after the sermon is done? or has my minister to make the complaint of the old minister, who said he had lost his prayer-books? Paul laid much stress upon the prayers of the brethren. I have heard our minister say, what a support the prayers of the church are. O, my soul, forget not to pray for all the ministers of the cross, but more especially for thine own.*

8. *Do I help the support of my minister as I ought? Christ has ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel. Not linger, but live. Our minister studies all the year for the upbuilding of our church, and to feed our souls. Are the temporal wants of him and his family supplied? Are they fed, clothed, and*

housed, as comfortably as myself? How is this done? Do I pay my part cheerfully, punctually, conscientiously, without bluster, parade, or talk? or have I rented a seat and never paid for it; or promised a subscription, but never fulfilled it? If so, can I prosper? will God approve? will this do to die by!

9. *Am I a labourer in God's vineyard, or loiterer? Is my talent laid up in a napkin, or laid out to the best advantage for Christ? How shall I regard my present course upon my dying pillow?*

10. *Am I growing in grace? My privileges are great. Do I improve them? Do I love God more, Christ more, Christians more, sinners more? Is my faith stronger, hope brighter, humility deeper, charity broader, and principles more fixed? Do my hatred to sin and love to holiness increase? Is my spiritual vision clearer? Are my evidences growing brighter and brighter?*

11. *Do I live under the impression that I am responsible to God for time, talent, property, and the improvement of opportunities of usefulness? Upon all these do I see the motto written, "You are responsible to me?"*

12. *Am I prepared to die? I am in a world of probation, trial, and duty; should God call me at once to his bar, am I prepared? Is my work done? Are my accounts straight? Should I receive the applauding welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"—N. Y. Recorder.*

AN INFIDEL CONVICTED.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

I was once crossing Lake Erie with an old gentleman, who related an incident of thrilling interest. His narrative was elicited by the fact that our boat had been on fire the night before, when we were all asleep, but God being merciful, the fire was extinguished without alarm to us. My friend was a plain man, but one of these Christians who are skillful in the Word of God. As near as possible, I will give the narrative in his own language:

"I was once crossing this Lake in the month of April. It was the first trip the boat had made that season, and really the weather was never more pleasant, and the Lake more calm. We were bound from Detroit to Buffalo. Towards evening I noticed a certain anxiety in our captain's countenance, and the care with which he examined the machinery of the boat. Still I could see no reason for alarm, and felt none. A young lawyer embarked with us, who during the day had made himself conspicuous for his impudent denial of any Divine revelation, and for finally asserting his disbelief in the existence of God. He was profane and coarse in his jests, and malignant in his sneer at religion and its friends. I was among the marked objects of his ridicule, and the following may give you an idea of my conversation with him, abating profaneness and other coarseness on his part:

"A man is a fool to believe in God. All things happen according to necessary law. They do not want a Creator."

"Why do not steamboats happen in the same way?" I inquired. "The steamboat shows no more masterly workmanship or design than the forest oak that furnished its ribs and planks."

"Here there was a dead pause. The sceptic was at the end of his rope, and I said to him in a quiet way, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." I then left him, and he followed me with an audible curse, which to a wicked man is a weapon more available than truth.

"We were seated at the table, and in an instant the dishes seemed dancing. The vessel rolled heavily, as though struggling to keep from sinking. We left the table, but so greatly did the boat toss, and rock, and plunge, that we could scarcely keep from falling. We were in

the midst of a gale, and all was now in confusion. The machinery worked true, and seemed instinct with desire to save us. The tiller-chains grated ominously over their pulleys, and it seemed as if man, the inventor of that gallant boat, would outstride the tempest.

"One fact struck us all. Our bold infidel seemed paralyzed. He became deadly pale, and as the storm increased he uttered cries of distress. You must be out in such a storm to have an insight into the word, "He did fly upon the wings of the wind." It is a trying time, for any one to meet God in the tempest and be convinced of his weakness, but especially it is to the fool who has said, "There is no God."

"While noticing the agitation of this man, my attention was suddenly called to the perfect absence of sound from the chains by which the rudder was managed. Clinging to the sides of the cabin, I crept along to where the captain stood. He was in despair. "Our rudder is gone," said he. At that moment a heavy wave struck the unmanageable vessel, and we were thrown into the trough of the sea. Another wave poured over the deck, and our fires were extinguished.

"We are gone!" exclaimed the captain in consternation, "nothing short of a miracle can save us."

"The infidel had reached the place where we stood, and as the captain spoke, and all hope fled, he uttered a piercing cry, and looked the perfect image of despair. His infidelity was gone.

"Captain—," said I, "you have read the account of Paul's shipwreck, have you not?" "Yes." "Can you tell me why Paul said to the centurion and soldiers, as the sailors were about to abandon the ship and its passengers to ruin, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved?" "No I cannot," the captain replied. "Well, I will give you my idea about it," said I. "God purposed to save them all, but generally he works through means. The sailors knew best how to manage their vessel, and therefore their agency formed a part of the plan to save those two hundred and seventy-six persons. Now you, Captain—, have no right to cease effort to save our lives so long as there is a plank left."

"A sailor accustomed to storms on the ocean stood by me, and when I spoke thus, he abruptly exclaimed, "That's first rate; and now I'll give you my opinion. I don't believe the rudder is gone. Just put a rope round me, and I'll go down and examine."

"It was a bold proposition, and yet the bold man executed it. We held to the rope, and he leaped from the stern of the boat. In a short time we drew him up, "Just as I said," he exclaimed. "Give me a hammer and some spikes, and I'll right the craft in a minute." You may be sure we watched the experiment with thrilling interest, and to our joy it was perfectly successful.

"In a minute the vessel was brought out of the 'trough of the sea,' and we rekindled our fires. In a few hours we were safely moored at Fairport. The lawyer stayed with me, but he was no longer an infidel. The entire night after we landed at Fairport, he paced the room, and constantly uttered exclamations of mingled penitence for his past wickedness, and of wonder that he was not already "in hell, lifting up his eyes, being in torment."

IRELAND.

Ireland! once the boast of Christian freedom, when her sister kingdom was following the beast. In that beloved land there are thousands now rejoicing in the Gospel, who formerly adhered to Romanism. It is not over 18 years since the Irish Presbyterian Church commenced her home mission. Since then, she has added to her number more than 18 churches in Roman Catholic districts, whose membership is mostly composed of Roman Catholic converts. Several of her ministers were originally Roman Catholics. Her

sister Church of the establishment is also doing a great work for the evangelization of her country. In one diocese ten thousand persons during the last year, have bid farewell to Rome, and united with the Protestant cause. A correspondent of the *London Times*, after detailing the proceeding of a tour of the Bishop of Tuam, to the several missionary stations in Connemara, says:—

"There appears to be a favourable impression towards the Protestants at the present time in all the places I visited. There was no disturbance or annoyance given by the people. The power of the priests is, from some cause or other, on the wane. In what I have written I have merely stated facts. I do not express any opinion as to the movement, but I have merely reported what I have seen and heard. It is reported by credible witnesses, that in the district through which I have travelled for the past week, nearly 5,000 persons have left the Church of Rome. There are certainly large numbers of Romanists, or persons who had left that church, at all the stations I have visited; and with many of these I conversed, who appeared to be sincere and intelligent, and who were quite able to assign reasons for the step they had taken."

According to a report given to the British Parliament, it appears that the population of Ireland, is not much over six millions and a half, and that three millions of these are Protestants. It also appears from the same report, that during the last few years more than one million, seven hundred thousand souls have been removed by famine or emigration. Such a state of affairs is certainly very interesting, and is showing good symptoms of the approach of that time when Ireland shall be enlightened, free and happy; and when her standards as they wave and float to and fro in the breeze, shall proclaim her, "Great, glorious, and free—first flower of the earth, and last gem of the sea."—*Rev. J. B. Finlay.*

WHOSE ARE THE PROMISES?

Every pastor finds among his flock some despairing souls who refuse to feed by faith upon the promises, under a strong impression that the promises are not for them. In many cases this state of mind lasts for years, causing great concern and perplexity to the pastor, as well as unspeakable distress and sickness of heart to the subject of it. Such a distemper of the mind may arise from pride, which refuses to begin the Christian life as a babe in grace, but aspires to be a well-grown saint, full of strength and activity from the birth. Or it may originate in unsuspected selfishness, which so busily occupies itself on the degrees of its personal enjoyment, as to care little for the claims of duty, or the honor and glory of God. Or the malady may be owing to natural feebleness of purpose, the vacillations of an irresolute mind, often connected with a low state of the animal spirits; and the constitutional turn for melancholy is often aggravated by injudicious teaching. Yet, in most of these cases, there is reason to believe, either that these persons have in them some faint and half-suppressed motions of grace, struggling after a freer life; or at least that the Spirit of God is truly with them and that they are not far from the kingdom of the promises.

The healing of such a disordered plight of mind, is truly a work for that Great Physician, who is able to apply the remedy to the very seat of the disease in the inmost soul. Yet there are various considerations presented in Scripture, which may, by his divine blessing, administer toward the cure. The following consideration has sometimes been found efficacious in relieving the distressed mind of a habitual doubter:—

Take some inspired promise—say this, which occurs repeatedly in the Scriptures:—"Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." There is no question but this is a divine promise, most sure to all who avail themselves of

it, by receiving it, and praying in the faith of it. But the distressed doubter asks incredulously, "How shall I know that this promise is for me?" Well, then, for whom is it intended? God has spoken it. He never speaks in vain. He means it for some one. He does not offer it to the holy angels, for they never needed salvation. He does not offer it to the redeemed souls under the altar, who are awaiting the resurrection of their bodies, for they are already saved. He does not offer it to lost spirits in hell, for they are beyond the reach and scope of the promise, which extends only to them in a state of probation. He does not offer it to a careless and hardened world, which would only treat this precious pearl under swinish feet. For whom, then, can this glorious promise be designed, if not for you, who are deeply anxious in reference to your salvation, and are asking with many sighs and tears for a way of hope? Yes; it is meant for nobody, if not for you. Lay hold of this promise without hesitation or reserve, as your own proper possession. Seize it, and it is yours. You shall have eternal salvation just by the asking! You have only to take it as frankly as it is offered, and the blessed promise is all your own.—*Chris. Treats.*

THE PASTOR OF RESOLIS; OR, SEEDS SOWN BY THE WAYSIDE.

About a century ago, in one of the remotest districts of Scotland, there lived a pious clergyman, whose memory is still revered in the spot which witnessed his labors and retains his grave. Often, in the wild forests and glens of Badenoch, was the pastor of Resolis seen pursuing his solitary way to minister to the sick and dying of his scattered flock—a shaggy white pony the only companion of his wanderings.

On the occasion to which this story refers, this faithful animal had a more arduous journey to perform than crossing the defiles and mountain passes of its native Ross. It was near the end of the Month of May, when the good pastor was called to proceed to Edinburgh, to attend the General Assembly, (the yearly meeting of the clergy of the Church of Scotland.) And as, in these days, both public conveyance and roads in the Highlands were few and bad, and the expense of travelling considerable, he selected his trusty little steed to convey him to the Scottish capital.

Travelling at the rate of from thirty to forty miles a day, his journey would occupy a full week, and would frequently oblige him to pass the night in the then by no means comfortable inns upon the Highland road. It will not surprise any of my readers to be told that it was the invariable practice of that man of God to hold family worship in these houses, and to insist upon the attendance of every individual inmate. Reaching one night at a little inn amid the wild hills of Inverness-shire, he summoned, as usual, the family together for devotional purposes. When all had been seated, the Bibles produced, and the group were waiting the commencement of the devotions, the pastor of Resolis looked around him, and asked whether every inmate of the house were present. The landlord replied in the affirmative.

"All?" again inquired the minister.

"Yes," answered the host, "we are all here; there is a little girl in the kitchen, but we never think of asking her in, for she is so dirty that she is not fit to be seen."

"Then call in the girl," said the good man, laying down the Bible which he had opened; "we will wait till she comes."

The landlord apologized. The minister was peremptory. "The scullery-maid had a soul, and a very precious one," he said; "if she was not in the habit of being summoned to family worship, all the greater was her need of joining them now. Not one word would be utter until she came. Let her, then, be called in."

The host at length consented; the kitchen-girl was taken in to join the circle, and the evening worship proceeded.

After the devotions were concluded, the pastor called the little girl aside, and began to question her about her soul and its eternal interests. He found her in a state of the most deplorable ignorance.

"Who made you?" he asked, putting the usual introductory question to a child.

The girl did not know.

"Do you know that you have a soul?"

"No; I never heard that I had one. What is a soul?"

"Do you ever pray?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well, I am going to Edinburgh, and I will bring you a neckerchief if you promise to say a prayer that I will teach you. It is very short, there are only four words in it:

'*LORD, SHOW ME MYSELF.*'

and if you repeat this night and morning, I will not forget to bring you what I have promised."

The little kitchen-maid was delighted; a new piece of dress was a thing she had rarely witnessed. The idea was enchanting; the condition was easy; the promise was given with all the energy of young hope; and the pious traveller, after explaining, no doubt, the meaning and force of the prayer, retired to rest, and the next morning resumed his journey.

We need not follow him in the rest of his journey. On reaching Edinburgh, his thoughts and time were fully occupied with the duties which had taken him there. Nevertheless, he did not forget the Highland inn and its little menial, but, relying upon the fulfilment of her promise, purchased the trifling present that was to make her happy.

Again, then, we accompany the devoted minister to the wild mountains of Badenoch, and at the close of a mild June evening, reach the lonely Highland inn. The white pony, now sleek and shining with better fare and a whole fortnight's idleness, is safely housed, and the minister, ere he permits supper to touch his lips, summons the household to the worship of God. Again, however, the little kitchen-maid is absent, and again he inquires the cause. But it is now a different reason that withholds her.

"Indeed, sir," replied the hostess to the pastor's inquiry, "she has been of little use since you were here; she has done nothing but sit and cry night and day, and now she is so weak and exhausted, that she cannot rise from her bed."

"Oh, my good woman, let me see the girl immediately," exclaimed the minister, instantly suspecting the reason of her grief.

He was conducted to a hole beneath the stairs, where the little creature lay upon a straw bed, a picture of mental agony and spiritual distress.

"Well, my child," said the amiable man, affectionately addressing her, "here is the neckerchief I have brought you from Edinburgh. I hope you have done what you promised, and said the prayer I taught you."

"Oh, no, sir, no; I can never take your present; a dear gift it has been to me! You taught me a prayer that God has answered in an awful way. He has shown me myself; and oh, what a sight that is! Minister, minister, what shall I do?"

I need not say how rejoiced the faithful man of God was to see that the Spirit of Jehovah had been dealing with this young soul, and that, although still operating as a "spirit of bondage," in the production of a true, though partial and imperfect faith, there were yet such hopeful signs that, ere long, he would exhibit himself as "the Spirit of adoption," leading her to cry, "Abba, Father." But whence had this child derived, in the course of little more than a fortnight, and

* Of course, the conversation is to be understood as having been carried on in Gaelic. This will account for the correctness of the language used by the little girl; for in Gaelic, not even a child commits a grammatical error.

through the use of such a prayer, this acquaintance with her own heart! Read the Bible, she could not; her lot was cast in a careless household. Whence, then, that mysterious ray which all at once shone into her once darkened heart, and exposed in all its barrenness the deformity of SELF? It was the "Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him;" but she knew him, for he dwelt *with* her, and was in her. In no other way can we account for the fact that one, but a few weeks ago so totally ignorant that she had asked, "What is a soul?" should now have been able to pursue that most difficult of all tasks—to know her own heart. Ps. cxxxix. Who that reads this simple narrative, can deny the absolute necessity of the special work of the blessed Spirit, sent forth into the soul in answer to the prayer,

'*LORD, SHOW ME MYSELF.*'

After some further conversation, the pastor of Resolis opened up to the distressed girl the great Gospel method of salvation, and closed the interview by recommending the use of another, and equally short prayer:

'*LORD, SHOW ME THYSELF.*'

Next morning, the minister was once again on his way to his still distant home. But he had "cast his bread upon the waters;" did he ever "find it again after many days?"

Many years have passed since this memorable journey, and the vigorous man of God, who could ride forty miles a day for a week, without fatigue, was now become an old and feeble man, worn out in his Master's service, scarcely any longer "spending," because already "spent," for Christ. One day his servant intimated that a stranger was desirous to speak with him. Permission being given, a respectable matronly woman entered the study, carrying a large parcel in her hand.

"You will scarcely know me, sir," said the person with a modest, deferential air.

The minister replied that he certainly did not recognize her.

"Do you remember a little scullery-maid at — inn, in whose soul you once took a deep interest upon your journey to Edinburgh?"

The aged clergyman had a perfect recollection of the events.

"I was that little girl. You taught me two short but expressive prayers. By the first I was brought to feel my need of a Saviour; by the second I was led to behold that Saviour himself, and to view Jehovah in the character of a reconciled God and Father in Christ. I am now, respectably married, and comfortably settled in life; and although the mother of a numerous family, have travelled far to see your face, and to cheer you, by telling with my own lips the glorious things which, by your means, the Lord has been pleased to do for my soul."

Before parting with the good pastor, she entreated his acceptance of the parcel she carried, which contained a large web of linen of her own spinning, made long before for the purpose of being presented to the blessed and beloved old man, should she ever be permitted to see his face in the flesh once more.

She lived for many years, not only a consistent character, but an eminently holy Christian.

Reader! I have one short question for thee ere I close. Has thou ever seen THYSELF? Has the hideous pollution of thy inner SELF ever been disclosed to thee in any of its real intensity and guilt? If not, thou hast never felt thy need of a Saviour from sin, and we have yet to begin with thee at the ever starting point, experience, and to teach thee the prayer,

'*LORD, SHOW ME MYSELF.*'

Reader! I have one closing request to thee. Try the power of the shortest prayer. In the case of this poor Highland girl, how beautifully did God fulfil his own promise, and the promise remains for thee also, "HE SHALL DELIVER THE NEEDY WHEN HE CRIETH; THE POOR ALSO, AND HIM THAT HATH NO HELPER." Ps. cxlii. 12.

THE YOUNG NOVEL-READER.

Charles F.—was a poor orphan boy—When but eleven years old, he was taken by his guardian to a clergyman in a New England village, to be fitted for college. He was a boy of uncommon talents; his manners were winning and gentle, his voice was sweet, his disposition generous; and he early manifested a contempt of danger and a power of endurance rarely to be seen in a child.

But he was a novel-reader. He had read all the Waverley novels, and many of Maryatt's before he was eleven years old, and their effect was apparent. He had no taste for other reading, and no taste for study. The life of an adventurer was the only life he seemed to desire. It was in vain that the clergyman sought to divert his mind into a better channel; and in vain that his wife, with a mother's kindness and affection, labored for his good. He was mild and lovely; but had chosen his path in life, his plans were matured, and nothing could deter him from his purpose. He remained three years, and all the family became greatly attached to him. They loved him for his amiable qualities, and because he was an orphan. Perhaps, too, they loved him more on account of their fears for him.

Alas, those fears were soon realized. One morning he was missing. Hours passed, and he did not return. Days passed, and then they heard of him by the sea-coast; and then, that he had become a sailor.

Many were the lamentations over the poor child who had so early made himself a wanderer and an outcast. His name could not be mentioned without calling forth sighs from the members of the family he had left; and often, in the long winter evenings, as they sat around the cheerful fire, they talked of poor Charles, and wondered upon what part of the wild ocean he was then tossing.

Once they heard from him, that he wished himself back among them; and again, that he had become reckless and bad; his gentle manners had quite forsaken him; he was no longer the thoughtful romantic boy, but was fast growing up to be a bold abandoned man. Novels had accomplished their work.

Five years passed away, and one summer morning, as the family were sitting together in their pleasant parlor, a low and feeble knock was heard. On opening the door, a young man entered, and sunk into the first chair that presented itself. One glance was sufficient to show that he was in the last stage of consumption; the next, and they recognized Charles F.—“My poor boy,” exclaimed the mother, throwing her arms about his neck, and bursting into tears. All wept except the prodigal himself, and he only compressed his lips and became more pale.

At length one said to him, “You can't think how we mourned for you Charles, when you went away.”

“It was the worst day's work I ever did,” was his reply, in a subdued voice.

But Oh, the fearful change that five short years had wrought in him. He had grown prematurely old. Scarcely a trace remained of the once beautiful boy, except in his large dark eyes. His countenance expressed unspeakable woe and despair. He knew that he must soon die, and felt that he was not prepared. “It is too late,” he said. “I have tried in vain to fix my mind on serious things. I have been very wicked—it is too late.” “Oh no,” they answered; “it is never too late while life lasts; the merits of Christ are all-sufficient; cast yourself on him.” He shook his head mournfully, and again replied, “It is too late for me.”

In this state of mind he went to reside with a physician, and once more left his early home never to return. They had put into his hands the “Pastor's Sketches,” referring him particularly to the story of “The Irishman,” and he promised to read it. No more could be done for him now,

except to commend him to God, with whom “all things are possible.”

A few days afterwards, as the family were sitting at dinner and talking about the unhappy boy, the book was returned. A note came with it, from a member of the physician's family with whom he had been placed. He had requested that it might be sent to the clergyman, with his “kind regards.” And he was dead. He had been left alone for a few moments, when he burst a blood vessel, and died suddenly. No one knew to whom his last thoughts were given, or what had become of the undying soul. “He died, and made no sign.”

So sunk into the grave, in his nineteenth year, one who, but for the corrupting influence of bad books, might have lived a long and happy life, an ornament to his country, and a blessing to all around him. And I wish that all who print, circulate, or read such ruinous writings, could but look upon that orphan's grave, and hear his history.—*Am. Mes.*

ACCESS TO GOD.—However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight-moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour. And this wherever you are. It needs not that you ascend some special Pisgah or Moriah. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or pull off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find *Jehovah shammath*, “the Lord has been here,” inscribed on many a cottage hearth, and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple and David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage by the brink of Genesareth, and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began. And whether it be the field where Isaac went to meditate, on the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Israel wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on the hungry lions and the lions gazed on him, or the hill-sides where the Man of Sorrows prayed all night, we should still discern the prints of the ladder's feet let down from heaven—the landing-place of mercies, because the starting-point of prayer. And all this whatsoever you are. It needs no saint, no proficient in piety, no adept in eloquent language, no dignity of earthly rank. It needs but a simple Hannah, or a lisping Samuel. It needs but a blind beggar, or a loathsome leper. It needs but a penitent publican, or a dying thief. And it needs no sharp ordeal, no costly passport, no painful expiation, to bring you to the mercy seat; or rather, I should say, it needs the costliest of all: but the blood of the atonement—the Saviour's merit, the name of Jesus, priceless as they are, cost the sinner nothing. They are freely put at his disposal, and instantly and constantly he may use them. This access to God in every place, at every moment, without any price or personal merit, is it not a privilege?—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

HOW IT WORKS.—The essays and tracts on Systematic Benevolence, lately published, having drawn my attention to the word of God, and showed it to be the clear duty of “every one” to give, and give *statedly*, and as God prospers him, I resolved, on the first of January, 1851, to set apart for charitable objects, one-tenth of all I should receive, supporting my family and bearing all other expenses from the remaining nine-tenths. I believe that in the working of the system there is internal evidence that it is from God. I feel somewhat more than before, that all I have is the Lord's. When I am solicited for charity, I have not in each case to adjust the claim with selfishness; but rather, acting as a steward of God, to judge as to the merit of comparative claims.

My account at the end of the year showed exactly the balance I had remaining, which was consecrated to God. There is no difficulty in every man's practising a system adapted to his own circumstances, some giving more and some less than one-tenth; and I believe every one will find, in the conscientious adoption of this system, a blessing to his own soul; while, if universally carried into effect by the people of God, it would, without burdening any, supply all the stores of Christian benevolence.—*Am. Mes.*

DOING NOTHING.—“He made me out a sinner for doing nothing.” This remark fell from the lips of one who was under conviction for sin, and of whom we asked the question, “How were you awakened?” He had heard a sermon from the words, “Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!” It was a new thought to the poor man, who had been comforting himself with the plea that he had done nothing very bad. But now he saw that his greatest sin was the very thing in which he had been comforting himself—“doing nothing.”

We are reminded of this incident by meeting in an old religious magazine, with the following ingenious interrogations on the words, “Curse ye, Meroz.” The writer says:

By whose authority? The angel of the Lord's. What has Meroz done? Nothing.

What ought Meroz to have done? Come to the help of the Lord.

Could not the Lord do without Meroz? The Lord did do without Meroz.

Did the Lord sustain, then, any loss? No, but Meroz did.

Is Meroz, then, to be cursed? Yes, and that bitterly.

Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing? Yes, when he ought to do something.

Who says so? The angel of the Lord. That servant which knew his Lord's will, and did not according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. (Luke xii. 47)

CHRISTIAN CONDUCT UNDER AFFLICTION.—We often complain of losses, but the expression is rather improper. Shortly speaking, we can lose nothing, because we have no real property in anything. Our earthly comforts are lent us; and when recalled, we ought to return and resign them with thankfulness to Him who has let them remain so long in our hands. Afflictions are honourable, as they advance our conformity to Jesus our Lord, who was a man of sorrow for our sake.

methinks, if we could go to Heaven without suffering, we should be unwilling to desire it.—Why should we wish to go by any other path than that which He hath consecrated and endeared by His own example. Especially as His people's sufferings are not penal, there is no wrath in them. The cup He puts in their hands, is very different from that which He drank for their sakes; and is only medicinal, to promote their chief good.—*From Newton's "Cardiphonia."*

Affliction is God's forge, wherein He softens the iron heart. There is no dealing with the iron while it remains in its native coldness and hardness; put it into the fire, make it red hot there, and you may stamp upon it any figure or impression you please.—*From "Case on Affliction."*

God nothing does, nor suffers to be done. But what thou wouldst at thyself, couldst thou but

Through all events of things as well as He.—*Herbert.*

Many a noble enterprise, when almost safe in port, has been shipwrecked by well-meaning willfulness, or through that infirmity of vision which mistakes a house-lamp for a light-house—a denominational crochets for a christian principle.

CHURCH MUSIC.

It is refreshing to find now and then, in the public prints, indications of a disposition to retrace wrong steps—to return to a better way. The following, which cannot, in its general strain, be too much commended, is from the valedictory address of the late editor of the *Choral Advocate*—a paper devoted to matters belonging to Church Music. Such as are entangled, or are in danger of being so, in the meshes of fashionable folly, as it intrudes even into the sanctuary, should read and ponder it.—Ed. Cov.

“The evils which exist in connexion with the psalmody of our churches are numerous, and many of them are fraught with serious danger to the cause of religion. Believing, as we do, that the subject of Church Music is closely related to the dearest interests of Zion, we cannot witness the sad havoc which is every where made of this part of public worship, without a saddening sense of the evil consequences which are visited upon spiritual worship, by this state of things. It is a pity that so powerful an agency for good as that of music—so much ‘akin to heaven’ both in its objects and nature—should be so debased. The work to be done, before our churches will employ this agency aright, is immense. The Christian ministry, and Christian people generally, must be brought to realize the essential difference between music as an act and medium of worship, and music considered merely as an art. On this point, there is a fundamental error abroad in the churches. Go where you will, and you will find pastor and people, to a very great extent, adopting the same principle of action. So far as any attention is paid to the improvement of music, by the establishment of singing schools and choirs, the purchase of organs, the employment of organists and choristers, etc., it will be found that the advancement of music as an art, and for the mere musical satisfaction arising from it, forms the grand motive to effort. Cultivation is urged, continued, and ended, with no higher motive than that which is afforded by the principle of self-gratification. And so powerful and universally prevalent has this principle become, that it is greatly to be feared that the majority of people, both professors of religion and non-professors, listen to the performances of psalms by the choir on the Sabbath, as they would listen to an opera; and that their satisfaction with it depends upon its approximation, both in manner and spirit, to a well-executed opera. This, in plain English, is the fundamental error of the times on the subject of Church Music. And it is high time for Christian ministers and Christian people generally, to awake to a consideration of the subject. A line as distinct as the sunbeams should be drawn between music as employed in Christian worship, and music in the concert room; and every one should feel, when he enters the house of God, that he goes there to worship, and that the simpler the strains of music employed as the medium, the better.”

LATE AT CHURCH.—“Late at Church,” is one sign of a heart not right with God. To say nothing of the indecency of disturbing all the rest of their fellow-worshippers by their noisy footsteps, with what degree of reverence can such individuals regard the presence of the High and Holy One, of whom it may be said, “The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him!”—Take such an insult, and “offer it now unto thy Governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person?” No, they would fear to offend a king, but not the king of kings. The manifold sins involved in a want of punctuality in the attendance on God’s house, must make it to be regarded as one of the greatest evils resulting from this bad habit. Their own devotions are hindered, those of others are disturbed; their minister is grieved, their God insulted, and all for what? for a trifling indulgence of sloth or self-will.

VOLTAIRE’S LAST WORDS.—Voltaire was fertile and elegant; his observations are very acute, yet he often betrays great ignorance when he treats on subjects of ancient learning. Madame de Talmond once said to him, “I think, sir, that a philosopher should never write, but with the endeavour to render mankind less wicked and unhappy than they are. Now you do quite the contrary; you are always writing against that religion which alone is able to restrain wickedness, and to afford us consolation under misfortunes.” Voltaire was much struck, and excused himself by saying, that he only wrote for those who were of the same opinion as himself. Tronchin assured his friends that Voltaire died in great agonies of mind. “I die forsaken by gods and men,” exclaimed he in those awful moments, when truth will force its way. “I wish,” added Tronchin, “that those who had been perverted by his writings, had been present at his death; it was a sight too horrid to support.”—*William Seward*.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Six things, says Hamilton, are requisite to create a “happy home.” Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

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