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THE

CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1859.

No. 3.

TEMPERANCE.

After all that has been done to repress and lessen the sin of intemperance, it still exists a stupendous and desolating curse in the land. Go where you may, you can see the footprints of a destroyer, and trace the blood of its victims. The abettors and sustainers of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, are to be found in every town and city. Their name is legion. In saying this, we are not oblivious of the fact, that many true men have battled for the glorious principles of temperance. Nor is that war a thing of the past. Right earnestly is it carried on. Heartily have they sworn eternal war to the drinking usages of society. Finding in the way of the progress of the community an obstacle of gigantic proportion, they bend their efforts for its removal. May God speed the work; and for the sake of bleeding humanity crown the effort with success.

We confess to a strong desire for increased and sustained effort, to sweep away from the land, an evil of measureless iniquity. Its proportions, whatever they are at the present hour, have long been national. There are men that sigh and cry, for the abominations done in our midst, and this sin of drunkenness they know provokes the anger of God. Their emotions ought to be the parents of action. Is there no arrow feathered with truth, that can find the breast of the vulture as it hastes to its prey? Its banqueting ground is on the drunkard's grave; the hearts of the tender and the helpless are its dainties, its music the wail of the widow and the orphan. Men of God have a large field for aggressive benevolence, in discountenancing the traffic in strong drink. Is it a God-honoured traffic? Can a pious mind view its results with delight? Do the faithful pray for its increase and prosperity? Is love to man its motive? Is it honest in returning a fair equivalent? Does it add to the strength of the social structure? To such questions they know the answer; and though the dark shadow of this fell destroyer had never fallen on their own threshold, or the iron entered their own soul, yet do they stand ready, to resist, by prayer, and effort, and combination, this curse of their country, this destroyer of their race.

We recognize as the pre-eminent power in accomplishing a moral reform, the power of the gospel of Christ. That is the grand specific to cure the malady of sin. It reaches further than anything else. It begins in the centre and works outwards. It reigns in the heart, and subdues the whole man. There are however, be it remembered, means to every end. The instrumentality that has been blessed in thousands of instances to bring the intemperate within range of gospel truth, is that of temperance organizations. We hail such societies as are rightly

constituted and conducted, as auxiliaries to the gospel. In many cases they take away the stone from the sepulchre. Churches ought therefore to take a deep and abiding interest in the growth of a strong public feeling on the temperance question. Let machinery for reclaiming the fallen, and defending the exposed be kept up; and see that the friction in its working be made easy by the application of the oil of Christian love. There is too, a strength imparted to resolutions formed in the strength of God, which secures permanence to such plans, in proportion to the amount of the Christian element existing in the society. The reformatory movements of the day have thus the interest and sympathy of the churches, which is demonstrated in the adoption by ecclesiastical bodies of resolutions to that effect. The annual testimony of our brethren at the meeting of the Congregational Union, brings out the views of the ministers and delegates of the churches. A deliverance which is practically sustained in their various spheres, by a warm co-operation with the friends of temperance. The Presbyterian Church of Canada, by simultaneous preaching on the subject of intemperance, in all the pulpits of the denomination, on the last Sabbath of August, gives emphatic condemnation to a crying sin. This is as it should be. The light of the gospel is brought to shine on the deeds of darkness. A circumstance full of hope as to future good, for undoubtedly the gospel gives us the strongest view of the dreadful nature of this, and every other sin. It places before the mind the sinfulness of drunkenness. To deepen the impression of its odiousness is a great work. Viewed as a great offence against the Sovereign Majesty of God, calls up conclusions of a sterner nature than those drawn from considerations of property, health or domestic comforts. It sets it right in the light of eternity. Its suicidal nature, as destroying reason and conscience, and securing the everlasting perdition of the soul, comes out in the broad daylight of God's truth. No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. While then, the marks of God's displeasure at the course of the drunkard, as seen in the woes and degradation of the man in time, warn off from his career; the sad reality of a drunkard's hell rouses to snatch him as a brand from the burning. The gospel gives us the strongest reason for effort to save the soul. It asks, "what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

It is our conviction that vigorous and enlightened efforts to promote the temperance reformation, must tell powerfully on the state of religion in a country. The friends of the Sabbath, rejoice in the enactment of a law in Western Canada, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors on that day. Faithfully carried out, this shutting up of many fountains of death must greatly facilitate missionary operations. It has been proved on the highest statistical authority, that the operation of the Forbes Mackenzie Act has reduced the consumption of spirits in Scotland, fully one fourth. Five millions of gallons struck off from the annual waste, and that mainly through the operation of a prohibitory liquor law applying only to the Sabbath! Who can calculate the amount of good thus achieved? The peaceful influences of the Sabbath are allowed free scope. Rioting and crime are prevented. A holy defence is raised around the uncontaminated by the barriers thus thrown across the avenues that lead to temptation. The temperance question therefore is closely allied to the interests of true religion. To what extent can the truth which saves prevail, where the sin of drunkenness abounds? Men are unfit to hear the word. In the use of the intoxicating cup, the tender

susceptibilities of the heart are petrified—the conscience is burned out—reason is weakened or paralyzed. Thus thousands are shut out from all the benignant influences of the gospel. Their shadow never darkens a church door. To them the siren's song has charms, but there is no melody in gracious invitations to drink of the fountain of living waters. They shut themselves out from all hope of a joyful immortality, and are in the present life practical heathens in the midst of Christianity. Thousands too there are, who come and go in ordinary religious assemblies, but from the power of evil habits, whether secret or public, are virtually possessed by an unclean spirit, through which the ear is closed, and the heart hardened against all the utterances of eternal love. We thus write, against an evil of alarming and disastrous magnitude, believing, that the ceaseless and untiring efforts of the friends of the Saviour are demanded to stem the torrent of iniquity, and deliver the land from a foe, whose thirst for blood and for souls is unquenchable. Our country, our manhood, and our Christianity call on us, with ceaseless vigilance, to watch the movements of those who for the sake of Mammon let loose the death-flood; with untiring zeal, to demand the enactment and enforcement by our Legislature of salutary laws; with unwearied activity, to deliver those that are taken in the snare; and personally to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.

THE BIBLE, AND THE PROPER METHOD OF UNDERSTANDING ITS CONTENTS.

The Bible is a series of writings which all evange'ical Christians receive as a revelation from God; which we acknowledge as the rule, the only rule, and the sufficient rule of our faith and conduct. They consist of two principal divisions, to which have been given the very convenient and proper names of Testaments, as expressing their contents to be a declaration under various forms, of God's *will*, the former of which, the Old Testament, we hold in common with the Jews, the latter being our peculiar inheritance as Christians. For we verily believe that God, who spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.

This distinction between Jews and Christians is important to be kept in mind, as affecting the interpretation of the whole of the Old Testament; for whereas we agree with the Jews in holding the same records as of God, we entirely disagree in our manner of interpreting them. We disagree for this reason, that Christ, whom we reverently acknowledge as a Divine Teacher, amongst many other things hath taught us in what light to look upon the records of the Old Testament. Guided by his words, and those of his Apostles, we find the whole law, and prophets, and psalms, to testify of Him. The Jews, however, reject Christ as a Teacher—they therefore do not read the Old Testament as we do. As the Apostle Paul expresses it, "a vail is upon their hearts," and they cannot see the truth.

These Scriptures, then, both of the Old and the New Testament, are before us as a revelation. Their authors were divinely inspired; and if it be inquired what is to be understood by this, it may be replied, that while they wrote in their own style and language, they *saw and judged of things from a Divine stand-point*. Our impressions of things very much depend on the point of view. I put my

eye close to the floor of a carpeted room, and can see nothing but a disorderly mass of divers colored threads; but let me rise, and I now see an exquisitely wrought fabric of leaves and flowers. Now, the Divine point of view, in relation to human affairs and human conduct, is, compared with our own, as the view from an upright position, in comparison with the view when close to the floor. For, as from the proper point of view, each thread and color are seen in their due proportion, so all human events, as seen by the *Divine eye*, are judged of at their true value. And as it is with events in which many persons are concerned, so with individual actions. These, as seen from a *Divine point of view*, are *rightly* estimated. For example, we lately read in a paper, what was intended to be a funny story about the blundering of a drunken lawyer. Now, had this transaction been recorded by an inspired hand, it is utterly inconceivable that it should have been turned into a subject of merriment, for drunkenness is a disgraceful crime, and they that mock at sin are fools. Thus, not only in the selection of events, but in the manner they are spoken of, does the book written by inspiration differ from all others. More than this,—God, from his point of view, sees not only the Past and Present, but the Future; and those by whom he chose to communicate His will to men, were favored so far as this, that they saw the things that were to come. They saw them, it is true, through a glass darkly; the vision of what was coming was nothing to compare in point of clearness with the sharp and well defined judgment of the present, or the record of the past. Still, though only foreshadowed darkly, the visions of the future have always been clear enough to be subject of a joyful hope before their realization; and after realization, the event has been found to correspond with the prophecy. But this Divine stand-point affects not only the *intelligence* but the *emotions* of those who are favored with it. *Inspiration* has not only been a matter of keener eye-sight, but of deeper emotion. We have not only men who have seen as God saw, but who have felt as God would have men feel; whose emotional faculties have been elevated and purified to a super-human degree. And these men have given expression to their Divinely prompted emotions, in those wonderful psalms which have ever since been a perennial fountain of joy to the people of God. Such, in a broad and general way, is the idea of Scripture inspiration.

Coming to the Book before us, the first thing to be remarked is, that it is not that which was originally written, but a translation into our own language. As to the faithfulness of the translation, there is but one opinion—that opinion being that it is a fair and an accurate translation; that, despite of the rendering of a word or a sentence here and there which critical nicety might require to be slightly modified (perhaps by the use of circumlocutory expressions), he who reads the Bible in English, reads substantially the very same as if he read the Greek or the Hebrew. The difference between reading the English translation and reading the original, is one that concerns scholars and critics only, and does not affect the substance, either of what we are to believe, or what we are to do. It is as easy to become wise unto salvation by reading the English, as by reading the Greek; if, however, we busy ourselves with trying to solve metaphysical problems, or if we have a controversy with our fellow Christians as to the exact import and method of a particular rite, then it is undoubtedly an advantage to be able to go back to the original, in order to ascertain not only the general complexion of the truth, but its finer or more delicate shades. But for all the

ordinary purposes of doctrine, of correction, of reproof, and of instruction in righteousness, the translation is amply sufficient.

It may, however, be said, "Is our English Bible, being only a translation, the real word of God? Is it inspired? We answer, that, *as fairly giving in English the thoughts which were originally recorded in Hebrew or Greek, it is undoubtedly the word of God.* No one will deny that thought may be accurately transmitted from language to language, or assert that a command loses any of its binding force, because the letters required to express it in one language, are different from those required to express it in another. Assent is given to Acts of Parliament in England by the expression "*La Reine le veut,*" and the bill becomes law just as if the same thought of assent had been conveyed in English, by the words, The Queen wills it. I read a certain sentence in Greek; this sentence expresses the thought that "*Jesus Christ is the propitiation for our sins.*" The mere expression of the idea in English does not change its character as a revelation; it was God's word in Greek and it is God's Word in English also.

The question of translations, however, is conclusively settled by the quotations made in the New Testament from the Septuagint. We have this evidence, that a translation was to the Apostles what our English translation is to us, "The Word of God."

Reserving any further remarks on translation, and also on the transmission of the records, until the *difficulties* of the word are spoken of, we now wish to make a remark or two on the right method of understanding and applying it. With regard to the understanding of the Word of God, very nearly, if not quite, the same rules apply as to the works of an uninspired author. For example:—

With an uninspired author, you read him carefully and patiently; if he seem obscure in one place, you wait in the expectation that he will explain himself in another; if the work is in a series, of which one part was written earlier than another, you take the latest as expressing the writer's matured views. You do not go with a predetermination to find that he corroborates certain views of your own, but let him speak freely for himself. If the writer is an acknowledged master, you read him with a certain sort of reverence; if you do not understand him, you attribute it to your own weakness or want of information, and any error of spelling or punctuation you do not charge upon him, but as the unavoidable accidents of type setting. *But far more than this, it may safely be said, that unless we enter into the spirit of an author, especially when the subject is of a moral or philosophical nature, so as to see and feel as he does, we cannot understand his book.* For example: the works of a satirical writer cannot be appreciated by those who have no perception of the ludicrous (and there are very many who are so deficient); and however patiently they may read through his book—with how much soever of attention they may plod their way through its pages, they will fall into the same mistake that a worthy rural clergyman did over Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, which he returned to a friend with the sapient remark, "There are some things in it which I cannot believe." The higher departments of scientific literature have a peculiar character, only to be apprehended by those who have a scientific cast of thought; and this even extends to the particular divisions of scientific knowledge. Thus, it is quite common to say that such and such a subject can only be understood by one who has a mathematical *head*.

Coming now to the Word of God, we observe that it also is to be read carefully

and patiently; that, as it is the word of a Divine Teacher, it is to be read not merely with the respect of a scholar to his master, but with the reverence due from man to his God. As a consequence of this, we are not to go to the Word with preconceived theories to be corroborated, but with an open mind seeking for light, having full confidence that what that Word may teach will be found true, though it contradict preconceived opinions; that what that Word directs, will be found right, though it may cross and thwart our inclination.

This confidence in the absolute truth of what is revealed is part of our faith as Christians. The disciples of Plato listened with reverence to the words which fell from his lips, and when his deep speculations transcended their powers to follow him, they *believed in him*—that is, passing from what they knew, to what they did not know—having proved him to be a surpassingly able man, they had confidence in his further teaching, though that teaching might leave them far behind.

Thus, we with the Divine Word. In it there are things hard to be understood—the “deep things of God;” and the spirit that should animate us in their study is this—to grasp what we can, and what we cannot grasp, to believe. And this brings us to that which lies at the root of the whole matter. To understand the Word of God savingly—that is, to receive it for the great purpose for which it was sent—we *must have the aid of the Spirit of God*. As a mind open to perceptions of the ludicrous is required to understand satire,—as a mathematical, or metaphysical, or a poetical turn of mind are requisite to appreciate works in these departments of literature, so the Word of God can only be appreciated by a mind, in sympathy and at unison with the mind of God. Now, this sympathy with the purposes of God, this unison with the will of God, can only come through the operation of the Spirit of God. The Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God; and by his operation upon the understanding and the heart of a disciple, he is prepared to appreciate fairly the truth presented to him. A mind under this influence may be likened to a prepared plate in the process of photography; and this suggests another idea of great importance, which is, that the operation of the Spirit is *not directly to reveal truth*, but to put the understanding and the heart into a fit state for acquiring it. The preparing of the plate does not fix the image, this must be communicated from without—so when prepared by the Spirit of God for the reception of the truth, we have to search for it in the ordinary way—by careful reading of the Word.

This Spirit, be it understood, is the spirit, not of prejudice, nor of passion, nor of enthusiasm, nor of fanaticism, nor of folly, but of a *sound mind*. To those who had it the Apostle could appeal, “I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say.” Having such a sound mind, we shall at once fall in with the reasonableness of the following, amongst other suggestions:—

1. As the Scriptures treat of events long past, taking place in countries remote from us, where habits and modes of life were in many cases widely different from our own, it will much conduce to a pleasant and familiar acquaintance with the truth, if we acquire such knowledge of the countries, times, habits, and manners spoken of, that the force of allusions shall be at once perceived, and we shall as readily comprehend the narrative and the prophetic portions as would the persons for whom they were originally written.

2. If we are searching for light on any particular subject, we should search those parts of the Word of God that treat of it. We should not go to the Books of Moses to learn the order of the Christian Church, nor to the Book of Revelations for precepts respecting our worldly business; but take those portions of the Word of God which were written expressly for our guidance in each matter.

3. Nearly connected with this is the rule for the interpretation of the Old Testament before adverted to. The Old Testament is to be held as subordinate to the New. The New supplies a key to it. Christ teaches us himself how to regard the Old Testament; it testifies of Him. The law and the prophets and the psalms were all alike in this. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." The old covenant with the Jews, as the natural children of Abraham, foreshadows the covenant with the true Israel—that is, his spiritual children—those who, being partakers of His faith, partake of His blessing. With this key we read the prophecies; not as do the Jews, who look only for a material kingdom, with a Messiah reigning literally, but as disciples of Him whose kingdom is spiritual. We are taught, too, how to regard the *narratives* of the Old Testament. All these things, we are told, were written for our learning, and many of the events happened for examples to us upon whom the ends of the world are come.

4. A sound mind will judge fairly. It will not *wrest* the Scriptures. It will not hang important doctrines upon shadowy allusions, and it will attend to what the Apostle Paul calls the "proportion" of faith. It will not turn things that happened for *warning* into examples to be followed. It will not say,—Because David committed murder and adultery, being yet a man after God's own heart, a man may lawfully do the same thing now. Neither will it say,—David being called a man after God's own heart, committed murder and adultery; the God of the Scriptures is therefore one who approves of licentiousness and murder. In applying Scripture examples it will discriminate between circumstances. It will not blindly say, because Christ is our example, we must therefore go into the woods and fast forty days; neither, because he sent his disciples forth two and two to preach *through the country*, will it object to a tract distributor or a Christian visitor going alone *from house to house*.

This Spirit will preserve us from every fundamental, and we might almost say, from every minor mistake. It is seldom that men get wrong from mere defect of understanding. Error is generally the fruit of prejudice, or caprice, or pride or rashness, or obstinacy; in short, of a moral defect, rather than an intellectual. There are, however, confessedly, difficulties in the Word of God, and we must say a word or two about them, and about the best method of dealing with them.

1. Some of them, but only a few, arise from defective translation.

2. Some obscurities arise from the division into chapters and verses. The meaning sometimes depends upon what goes before or comes after; but by our present division (convenient as it is for many uses) the connection is occasionally lost, and hence there arises obscurity.

3. Some obscurities arise from slight errors of the press, or of the original text. These will creep in, let ever so much care be taken. Some of the difficult places of the Old Testament, especially those where *numbers* are concerned, are referable to this cause. There are slight differences between different copies of the original, as might be expected when copies had to be taken by hand; but of these it has been well said that "all the omissions in the ancient manuscripts put together,

would not countenance the omission of one essential doctrine of the Gospel; and all the additions countenanced by the whole mass of manuscripts which have been collated, do not introduce a single essential point which is not found in the most imperfect versions. Thus the greatest discrepancies leave untouched the rule of faith and life."

4. Many difficulties arise from our own ignorance. Just as it is with secular knowledge, so is it with divine. There are many things in secular knowledge that young people cannot understand; but by and by they may understand them well enough,—that is, when they are older, and their minds have obtained a stronger grasp. Just so with many things in the Word of God. There is milk for babes, but there is strong meat for men. *Let not the children complain if the meat is too strong for them; they will be able to relish it by and by.*

5. Other difficulties arise from the nature of the subjects themselves. The Word of God touches, but it does not solve, those unfathomable mysteries respecting which speculative intellects had wearied themselves in debate for centuries before Christ came, and have wearied themselves ever since. In the Bible we find the broadest and strongest asseverations of the absolute sovereignty of God; in it also we have the strongest appeals to the conscious freedom of man. How to reconcile these two, has been the problem of problems ever since men began to think; and the Word of God does not attempt to solve the mystery. If we ask why, it may be on the same principle that we reply sometimes to an inquisitive child, "I don't tell you, my dear boy, because if I did, you would not understand it: you will know all about it by and by." When, therefore, these things are treated of, let us bear in mind that there are *some* things beyond the range of the human intellect, and that it becomes us not to *cavil*, but to believe.

This, however, be it remembered, is a very different thing from that blind credulity which Rome requires. It is one thing to say, "We believe in three persons in one Godhead, though we do not understand how the union exists; we believe in the operations of the Holy Spirit, and that they are perfectly compatible with the free exercise of our own faculties; we believe in the absolute sovereignty and foreordination of God, though we cannot tell exactly how it is that men are nevertheless free and responsible;"—it is one thing to say this, and quite another thing to say, "We believe that this round substance, which our eyes and tongue tell us is a wafer, is nevertheless not a wafer at all, but the flesh and blood of Christ." And why? Because in the one case we are perfectly capable of judging, and in the other case, unless we have a keener intellect than ever was vouchsafed to mortal, *we are not*.

Such are the difficulties of the Word; and it may already be understood what we would say as to their solution.

1. Any supposed error of translation or transcription may be referred to a minister, or a learned commentator; and be it remembered that it is just as much a divine ordinance that there shall be men able to teach in the Church, as it is that the Word shall be preserved at all;—not that this teaching is to supersede the Word, as is the case in the Church of Rome, but to be in subordination to it.

2. Obscurities from division into chapters and verses, will be removed by careful consecutive reading.

3. Obscurities arising from our ignorance, (except those mentioned next,) will gradually disappear as we become older and wiser,—that is, if we have the *disposition* to learn.

4. The difficulties arising from the unfathomable nature of some of the subjects of Revelation, we *must be content to leave*, until we arrive before the throne of God, and there, as we are told, "we shall know even as we are known."

It may be asked, Why all this trouble and difficulty about a *revelation*? Why did God choose this committing it to writing, when such errors of transcription or translation are unavoidable attendants upon such a method? To this it may be sufficient to answer, Because it so pleased Him. The question, in fact, is only a branch of that great question of questions, which has a thousand ramifications. Why was man created with a liability to fall? But those who have thought deeply on the subject (and none have thought more deeply, or more wisely, than Pascal) say, that these difficulties are part of our moral discipline. The light in the Word is not so overwhelming that men cannot resist it, if they will. Our reception of the Word depends on our moral condition. To those who are *willing* to learn, the light shines clear enough.

A theoretical *de*-ficiency, combined with a practical *suf*-ficiency, is not peculiar to revelation: we have it in the exact sciences also. The ascertaining the exact proportion between the circumference of a circle and its diameter, is a problem that has hitherto defied solution. The highest mathematical genius has spent itself in vain upon it, for the coveted final figure would never come. Yet a solution has been found, which, though not exact, answers every practical purpose. By means of this we can solve other problems, we can build houses, construct railroads, and navigate the ocean; yea we can do them absolutely as well as if the exact mathematical result had been attained. Here then is a lesson for us. Our English translation may be likened to the every day working rule, expressed, as schoolboys know, in five figures; the word in the original tongues may be likened to the more exact statement, drawn out as it is to a hundred and twenty; but the full mind of God remains, as does the problem in its exactness, inscrutable. What, then, is the part of wisdom? Evidently this: *Like the practical working builder, let us build up an intelligent and holy character upon the every-day study of the plain Word of God. If we are curious to pry more closely into the mysteries of revelation, let us learn the Word of God as it is given in the original tongues. But then*—as there are heights we cannot reach, and depths we cannot fathom—*we must be content to believe and adore!*

II.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

We have little of interest to record this month. The Imperial Parliament is now prorogued, and all legislation of importance is postponed—the Ways and Means and the State of the National Defences being about the only two topics on which the temper of the House would allow discussion during the last week of its sitting. The Church Rate Abolition Bill, the second reading of which we noted last month, was withdrawn; the House had gone into committee upon it, but the amendments of which notice had been given would have consumed so much time in the discussion, that, even if it could have passed through committee and a third reading in the Lower House, it was doubtful if the Lords would have

entertained it so late in the Session ; to prevent any waste of time, therefore, it was resolved to withdraw it, to be brought forward next Session with increased vigor, and let us hope, as every believer in the power of willinghood will pray, to be crowned with complete and lasting success. In the Committee of Supply a vote was passed of £6,628 "for Ecclesiastical Establishments in the British North American Provinces." It occasioned a discussion, from which we learn that the vote was gradually dying out, having materially diminished within the last few years. It appears to us quite time that it was dead. The Annual Vote for the Irish *Regium Donum* occasioned a short discussion ; as, however, Mr. Baxter, who led the opposition to the grant, promised a resolution next Session to get rid of it, by confining it to the lifetime of the present recipients, not much feeling was manifested, and the vote passed by a large majority. A bill for the abolition of the Edinburgh Annuity Tax, a kind of Scottish Church Rate, with even more objectionable features, was read a second time by a majority of 54, but, like the Church Rate Bill, it had to be withdrawn in consequence of the advanced stage of the Session. Sir G. C. Lewis, on behalf of the Government, promised a measure which should settle the question next Session.

THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY.—The following memorial has been addressed to the Rev. Thomas Binney by the leading members of the various Protestant denominations of Melbourne:—

Reverend and dear Sir,—We address you with great respect and esteem on a subject affecting the moral and religious interests of this city and colony, and we ask for it your most careful deliberation. We heard of your probable visit to the colonies with joy, we welcomed your arrival with gladness, and we have listened to your discourses with pleasure. We have often asked the question—Must such ministrations pass from us : can they not be retained ? Cannot this young nation receive the benefit of your matured wisdom and your deep experience of human character and of the truth of God ?

We represent various sections of the Protestant Church, and on behalf of our common Christianity, dearer to us than any sectarian ties—on behalf of many young, eager, and aspiring minds, waiting to be guided into truth—on behalf of the moral future of this rapidly advancing community—and likewise to give an impetus to its intellectual and spiritual life—we ask you to remain with us.

So far as we are concerned, we should consider that you will be at liberty to determine where and how to use those rare powers entrusted to you by Him whose servant you are. England has many noble men to guide her sons into the knowledge of the Divine Word, but they are slowly drafted to these shores ; in you we recognise a man of God that has power with his fellows, and this land needs and will repay the culture you bestow.

It will afford us, and multitudes around, most lively satisfaction to know that you respond to this appeal.

Commending you, and the spiritual well-being of this community, to the guidance and care of our Heavenly Father,

We are, dear and honoured Sir,

Yours very cordially.

Melbourne, Victoria, May 12, 1859.

It is said that this memorial has been accompanied by a guarantee of £1,000 a year, but there is not the least probability that Mr. Binney will comply with its prayer. He may be confidently expected home in September or October. A letter from him to that effect was read to his people at Weigh House Chapel last week.

THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENINGS IN SWEDEN.—At the meeting of the Missionary Committee of the Wesleyan Conference now sitting in Manchester, an interesting

account was given by the Rev. George Scott of a recent visit to Sweden. His object in visiting the Swedes was to carry to them the salutations of the English Methodists, and to make himself acquainted with the extent of their religious awakenings. Those awakenings extended through the whole country.

There was scarcely a village in the whole land where there was not a company of pious souls. Dr Freilsteck (*qy*. Fjellstedt) had estimated the number of those who deserved the name of "Christian" at half a million. There were, however, but four millions of inhabitants in the whole country; and, therefore, it was a moderate but fair calculation, he (Mr Scott) should say, that nearly a quarter of a million had been brought out of the darkness of sin and Satan into God's marvellous light. (Hear.) They embraced all ranks, from the poorest even to the royal family itself. He might instance some of the distinguished persons brought to God and now labouring for him. There was a district judge near Gessle, who had made extensive arrangements for out-of-doors worship in his locality; and a more interesting scene was never witnessed. The seasons that were usually set apart by the people for excursions were now turned to seasons of religious worship and edification. On that hill, by the side of a birch forest, at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, as many as 500 persons would assemble; and in the afternoon not fewer than 3,000, many of them coming distances of twenty-five and thirty miles in order to be present. There was a nobleman of the highest rank—Count Stackelberg—who was, perhaps, the wealthiest man in the country, who was very anxious to have a visit from him. At length he yielded to that nobleman's importunity. His carriage was sent fifty miles to meet him; and when he met him he found him to be, though a young man, being only thirty-six years of age (but he had been converted to God ten years), a most devoted local preacher, going about in all directions preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ; and his sisters assured him (Mr. Scott) that their brother scarcely ever conducted a public service without receiving souls for his hire. His whole household was a most extraordinary one. Every one of his servants was converted to God. Though all in and about his house became his great rank, yet everything marked the Christian. His household was the fruit of his own ministry; and there he was, at the head of his establishment, the father of those spiritual children.

SIR CULLING EARDLEY AND LORD FIELDING.—A long correspondence has taken place between Sir Culling Eardley, Bart., and Lord Fielding, who has recently joined the Church of Rome. The letters have reference to the much-talked-of Neapolitan miracle, the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, which Lord Fielding at a recent, public meeting avowed, as an eye-witness, to be perfectly genuine. Sir Culling Eardley—whose pamphlet on "Romanism in Italy," published fourteen years ago, his lordship at the same time criticised with severity—proposes "a simple way of testing the supposed miracle." "If Lord Fielding and his friends (says Sir Culling) will depute a gentleman of character—some English Roman Catholic layman who can talk Italian—to go to Naples, I and my friends will appoint another gentleman. The two shall name an umpire, and as soon as there is a decent Government at Naples their consent shall be asked to an investigation on the spot." Lord Fielding sees no necessity for "taking the trouble" thus proposed, and thereupon Sir Culling proceeds to expose the imposture in a vigorous and conclusive manner.

Official.

NOTICE.

The North Western Association will meet on the 4th October at Churchill, Esquesing (better known as Swackhammer's neighbourhood). Parties coming by the Grand Trunk Railway, will take a ticket for Acton Station

The meeting will commence at 4 P. M. in the house of Jacob Swackhammer

JOSEPH UNSWORTH,

Georgetown, 17th August, 1859.

Secretary.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

Montreal, 29th August, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have this moment received an interesting letter from our beloved brother Wm. F. Clarke, dated, San Francisco, August 1st. The following items will interest your readers :

They had a quick passage or rather passages, and consequently little sea sickness, withal it was speedy, only 23 days from New York. On the first instant they were all well.

There is considerable jealousy in California, of the rising up of an important British Colony on the shores of the Pacific, and of course, the most unfavourable accounts of British Columbia are busily circulated. But from reliable sources Mr. Clarke received information quite as favourable as any we have had.

He speaks of San Francisco as a fine city, and of the Congregational Church as large, growing, and earnest. He preached in the evening of July 31st in their handsome Church building.

He found the advantage of opposition Lines to Victoria; there were three steamers about to start, on one of which passage was taken on reasonable terms. He expected to be in Victoria on Saturday 6th instant.

Yours truly,

HENRY WILKES.

DAY OF THANKSGIVING.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Early last spring, a day of supplication was recommended, and observed, by most of the religious denominations in the Province, to Almighty God; imploring him to grant us a propitious spring. Prayer was evidently heard and answered as the season was one of the most promising that we had enjoyed for a number of years. A summer frost, almost unprecedented among us, both for severity and lateness, threw a damp over the community; and at our annual meeting, you recollect, that a resolution was unanimously carried, appointing the last sabbath in June as a day of confession of our own sins and those of the Province, and also for an occasion of supplicating the Author of all our mercies, that He would preserve us from the causes of the blight of former years. I think that we may say without self-righteousness, that our prayers have been heard and remarkably answered. I may here remark that 39 years of acquaintance with agricultural movements in this province have not furnished me with so clear evidence of divine interference in our favour as the seasons of the year already passed through; surely then we ought to set apart another day for pouring out the grateful thanks of souls filled with a sense of dependence on God, and a lively recognition of the munificence of divine liberality lately bestowed. I have thought that the fourth sabbath in September would be a fitting time for the occasion; and we might unite with thanks for the past favours, the imploring of the blessing of the God of love on the coming fall, that so our fall seeds may be preserved from evil; and that the end of the year may be crowned with goodness, as were its previous months. Conversing lately with a minister of the Free Church, he remarked that he never found the people so ready to respond in their prayers to remarks made in reference to the divine munificence as at present; shall we not then improve the opportunity thus suggested by letting religious feeling have public vent; and may we not hope that as "the goodness of God leadeth to repentance," that the occasion might be one well calculated to revive religion in the churches, and secure showers of spiritual blessing on the impenitent world.

Belleville, 18th August, 1859.

AN EVANGELIST.

[We hope to hear of the adoption of this important suggestion. God's bounty overflows, let man's gratitude be expressed.—Ed. C. I.]

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS IN CONSTITUTION OF UNION.

—

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR BROTHER—Permit me through the columns of the *Independent* to say a word or two to the brethren on the proposed amendments of the constitution of our Congregational Union.

The members of the Union were not apprized of any difficulty or evils which made it desirable to put the Union upon another basis, some at least did not know but it had aforesaid wrought well and pleasantly; when a Committee not ostensibly appointed for that purpose introduced the proposed amendments. Forthwith a few brethren forward and ready to discuss all matters, proceeded to discuss this, before any motion was put to the Union, as to whether we should amend our constitution or not. So earnest were the reformers in discussion at this late period of the session, that a conservative could not without discourtesy get opportunity for a word of disapproval. Fortunately however the matter was not quite settled but referred to a Committee for next year.

In the meantime we sincerely hope that the members of the Union will consider—Are the proposed changes really called for? Would they be really improvements? The suggested change of Art. II is of very questionable propriety. Are the brethren prepared to admit any man who may happen to get connected with an associated church? If such a church should blunder in selecting an unworthy man or be imposed on by such an one—no impossible thing judging from the past in Canada—is the Union to adopt a constitution binding them to endorse the blunder? There are points of dissimilarity in the position and circumstances of the churches in Scotland and Canada that would make the methods adopted by the former unwise for the latter.

Our chief objection, and if I mistake not the objection of many others, is to the proposed changes in our Missionary Society. Its connexion with the Union is manifestly the fairest way for all its members to get an equal share in its management, moreover we know of no bad consequences that have attended the working of it on its present system. Put it out of the Union and its control will virtually be placed in the power of some three or four large churches in localities where the annual meeting may be held, who will be in a position to send in a majority of subscribers without expense or trouble. Let the brethren remember the Epitaph said to have been placed on the grave of an Italian:

“I was well, wished to be better; took physic, and here I am.”

Let us learn to “Let well enough alone”

Yours respectfully,

Barton, 1859.

W. H. ALLWORTH.

News of the Churches.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

The first annual meeting of Subscribers to the Congregational Ministers Widows and Orphans' Fund was held in the Second Congregational Church, Richmond Street, Toronto, on the morning of the 11th June, at 12½ o'clock, the Union being adjourned for that purpose.

There were present Revs. Drs. Wilkes and Lillie, and Messrs Parker, Raymond, Sherrill, Elliot, Ebbs, Howell, Black, Wheeler, Allworth, Unsworth, McKillican, Duff, Durrant, Marling, Reikie, Noble, and Wood, beneficiary members: Messrs Hibbard, Learmont and Moodie, life members: and Messrs. Barton of Hamilton, Childs of Toronto, and James Wilkes of Brantford, delegates from the churches in these places respectively.

Rev. Mr. Marling was called to the chair, and Rev. J. Wood chosen Minute Secretary. On motion it was resolved that, in future, all delegates claiming to

represent churches at the annual meeting of subscribers shall be required to furnish written certificates of their appointment and authority to vote.

The Treasurer, Mr. W. R. Hibbard then presented the annual Report of the Board of Trustees, and also a statement of the income and expenditure of the Fund during the year. On motion by Rev. J. Howell, seconded by Dr. Wilkes, the Reports were accepted and auditors appointed, James Wilkes, Esq., and Rev. A. Raymond to examine that of the Treasurer, and report, if possible, to the present meeting.

It was also proposed, and resolved that the thanks of the meeting be given to the Trustees for their services during the past year, and also to those members of Zion Church, Montreal, who have contributed in so handsome a manner to the Fund. The resolution was very warmly cheered.

The Treasurer then submitted to the meeting for confirmation, several By-laws adopted by the Board of Trustees. They were considered *seriatim*, and severally adopted. (See July number *Canadian Independent*.)

Notice was then given by Mr. Hibbard of a motion to be offered to the next annual meeting of Subscribers, to amend the 8th article of the Constitution by inserting the words, "and assume their duties," after the word, "appointed," or such other amendment as may be deemed advisable, to enable the retiring officers of the Board to retain office, until their successors are appointed by the new Board.

The Auditors then presented their report, which was accepted. After which the Report of the Board of Trustees was adopted, (with the exception of such portion of it as contained the recommendation to amend the constitution,) and ordered to be printed.

A minute was ordered to be made of the fact that the Rev. T. Bayne, formerly a Beneficiary member of the Fund, had left the Province, and that \$5 had been placed at interest for the benefit of his family.

Rev. A. McDonald was proposed for beneficiary membership, and, after balloting was declared to have been duly elected.

The following gentlemen were then chosen as the Board of Trustees for the ensuing year:—viz., Messrs W. Moodie, W. Learmont, J. Baylis, A. Savage, R. Holland, W. R. Hibbard, P. W. Wood, C. Alexander, D. Lewis, J. P. Clark, of Montreal, H. Freeland, Brockville, E. Childs, Toronto, P. Freeland, Toronto, J. McKeand, Hamilton, and W. Mellish, Brantford. Several of the members present having expressed it as their opinion that it is very desirable that the Fund be incorporated by Act of Parliament, the whole question was referred to the Board of Trustees, to report thereupon at the next annual meeting. After which,

On motion, the meeting adjourned to meet in Montreal on the second Wednesday of June 1860, at 2 p. m.

F. H. MARLING, *Chairman*.

JOHN WOOD, *Minute Secretary*.

July, 1859.

[We regret the delay in publishing this account of an important meeting. The minutes have been unfortunately late in reaching us.—ED. C. I.]

TO CHRISTIANS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.—PRAYER FOR THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

Dear Brethren:—The thoughtful reader of our Lord's intercessory prayer must mark, with deep interest, the earnestness with which he prays for oneness among his disciples.

No less than four times in that prayer, (John xvii.) does our blessed Lord offer the request (each slightly varying in phraseology,) "that they all may be one," showing how near to his holy heart was this unity among his followers.

The Apostle Paul, guided by the Holy Ghost, presses upon the Christians at Rome, (xii. 5,) Corinth, (1. 10; xii. 12, of 1st Epistle,) Galatia, (iii. 28,) Ephesus, (iv. 3, 6,) Philippi, (ii. 2,) and Colosse, (iii. 11, 14,) this same unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Assured that all believers in Christ heartily desire that His prayer may be

answered, and the apostle's injunctions obeyed; and that those needless divisions among Christians, which are so opposed to the divine will, and which so obstruct the progress of the pure gospel, may be done away, the undersigned respectfully suggest that one day be annually set apart for special prayer, that God would grant that his believing children "may be made perfect in one," and that by the operation of the Holy Ghost, all Christians may be so joined together in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace, that they may be a holy temple, acceptable unto him.

Thus humbly approaching the throne of grace, united in heart, with a request so consonant to the expressed will of God, we may believe that the great Head of the Church, in answering prayer for increased *unity of the Spirit*, will himself lead that Church into such measures for the accomplishment of outward union as shall most redound to his glory.

We beg leave to designate the first Monday of October, as the day for such special prayer, and invite our Christian brethren generally to unite in these solemn supplications.

Philadelphia, July, 1859.

(This document is signed by 26 pastors in Philadelphia.)

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

It is by no means an insignificant fact, that already the inhabitants of China, that country where dwell one-third of all the inhabitants of our globe, are pouring in upon this State, not by hundreds merely, but by *thousands upon thousands*.—And many of them return again to their own land, carrying back not only wealth, but impressions gained here on moral and political subjects, that may exert a powerful influence in the "celestial country." There is a constant going and coming of the Chinese to and from this region, that will produce results sooner or later, good or bad, on the old world, as well as on the new. There are now *ten thousand* Chinese in this city, forming one-sixth or seventh of its entire population, and in the State *sixty thousand*. Vessels are, also, constantly arriving with these people, thus swelling their numbers until there is a prospect that they will overrun the State like the pests of Egypt. A ship just in brings several hundreds, and reports two more near at hand with fourteen hundred and a thousand on board respectively, and others about to follow. Go where you will, you see Chinese, at least all over the central and northern portions of the State. In this city they have a *temple* built of brick, at a very considerable expense, and in it there is an idol gorgeously arrayed and sitting under a splendid canopy, and daily worshipped by these deluded heathen. Yes, here in this Christian city, have I witnessed their devotions and their idolatrous rites. Shall nothing be done for them?—*Home Missionary*.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

The question of observing the Sabbath according to the letter of the Bible injunction, is now exciting earnest attention in various places. New York is endeavouring to stop the vending of liquors on the Sabbath, and St. Louis, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago and Pittsburg are all considerably stirred on the general subject, and St. Louis has just voted to close the Sunday liquor shops. In Philadelphia, on the question of permitting the running of horse railroads on the Sabbath, the advocates of Sunday observance have been sustained by a strong legal decision, but have to contend with a violent opposition. In Cincinnati, the discussion takes a wider range, and a committee of citizens, appointed at a public meeting, has been commissioned to devise some plan by which a better observance of the day may be secured; also a system of missionary visitation. At Chicago, strenuous efforts are making to prevent the operation of city rail-ways on Sunday, but success in the attempt is yet uncertain. At New Haven a vote was unanimously passed last Monday evening by the Common Council, instructing the city police to enforce the State laws upon the subject throughout their jurisdiction. In New England there is an almost entire cessation of railroad travelling on Sunday, except a mail train with a passenger car attached between Boston and New

York after sun-down. The New York & New Haven Co. do no business save by a mail train with one passenger car on Sunday evening for the sole purpose of accommodating persons called to travel by sickness, death, &c., who pay double fare for their accommodation. The interesting fact has been brought to light that the average number of passengers in this necessity train is but fifteen a Sabbath, while the daily average on secular days exceeds 3000! The New York Central and Erie Companies occupy the Lord's day on some portions of the lines, for both freight and passenger traffic.—*Maine Evangelist.*

THE REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

The *Banner of Ulster* says:—Our correspondence, detailing most interesting particulars of revival meetings and occurrences, has increased so much, within the past few weeks, that we are compelled to adopt the alternative of either making a selection of the more important information, or of postponing communications. At the meetings held in the churches, in the open air, and in private houses, since our last, the number of persons who were manifestly deeply anxious concerning their moral and spiritual state was very great, and several instances of decided conviction occurred, some of them accompanied by physical manifestations of the usual character. These cases however, attract much less attention now than they did for some weeks after the revival commenced. An unquestionable result of the revival in one of the suburbs of Belfast—the Crumlin-road—has been brought under our notice. In the month of May last, the number of cases of open drunkenness there was as great as in any other portion of the town of equal population. In June, after the revivals had commenced there, they fell off to less than one half. This month, up to the present time, there has not, actually, as we are informed, occurred one case among the residents of the district!

In a more central district of Belfast—that of Grattan-street—in which a considerable number of persons of loose and abandoned character have their residence, and where open-air services have been occasionally held for some weeks past, the work of spiritual awakening goes on in a very astonishing manner. Very lately, a Roman Catholic has been added to the number of converts; and four or five wretched outcasts have also been brought under conviction of their sins, one of whom has been sent home to her friends in a distant town.

We have ascertained that, whereas, last year, long before the excitement incident to the revivals commenced, eight persons were admitted to the Belfast Lunatic Asylum suffering under religious mania, out of a total number of 141—this year, for so far, only three such cases have found admission. At this time, there are only these three in a total of about 360 inmates of the Asylum.

PREACHING TO THE MASSES.—A large open-air meeting was recently held in Belfast to hear an address from the Rev. H. G. Guinness. As many as from 30,000, to 32,000 persons are said to have been present, the immense multitude covering several acres of ground. The Scripture selected as the text was, “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian,” and the application of it to undecided Christians was earnest, plain and practical, and well calculated to impress the audience. The correspondent of a contemporary writes: “Districts that seemed at first to be passed by, —to be, like Gideon's fleece, dry, while the dew was descending all around,—have been visited, some of them during the absence of the ministers at the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church.”—*Standard.*

OPINION OF A MEDICAL MAN ON THE IRISH REVIVAL.—Dr. James C. L. Carson, of Coleraine, a medical gentleman of some note in Ireland, and son of the late Dr. Carson, of Tubbermore, makes the following remarks, in a letter which he had sent to *The Coleraine Chronicle*, on the remarkable scenes which have come under his own notice:—

“Some people entertain the idea that this movement is owing entirely to an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the people; whilst others as strenuously maintain that it is altogether a mesmeric or physical influence. I think, in the present state of our knowledge, we are not justified in speculating too far on these points; nor does it appear at all necessary to do so. Whether it is a physical or a spiritual influence, it must be the work of God. It can be rationally accounted for in no

other way. When Jesus, by his Divine power, opened the eyes of the blind man, he used the spittle and the clay. He could have done it quite as well without this instrumentality; but still, in his infinite wisdom, he thought proper to use a physical agency. Indeed, this seems to be the general—almost the universal—order of God's working in the world. Are we not, then, fully justified in concluding, in the present case, that if there is a physical agency in operation at all, it has been sent specially by God to work out his own designs? On what other principle could we account for the fact that such an occurrence has never been witnessed by us before? What has this physical influence been about in times that are past? Why has it been dormant? But more especially, how does it come that this influence, in every case, *selects and operates on those faculties alone* which connect us with religion? How does it make the selection, if it is not guided by a superior power? I cannot see how this is to be accounted for by mere physical agency without the intervention of an Almighty power. Men under the influence of chloroform, electro-biology, or mesmerism, will frequently develop all the peculiarities of their nature. They will fight, swear, tell lies, steal, murder, or pray, as the case may be; but the present movement, no matter how many thousands may be influenced, is all in the one direction, and tends towards heaven. This is a great peculiarity, which shows that the physical influence which, in all probability, is in operation, is specially directed by Infinite Wisdom. The man who will exclude the hand of God from this matter, in my humble judgment, is not consistent either as a philosopher or a Christian.

“The chief result of the Revival, perhaps, will be its influence on the on-looker. It will turn the attention of sinners to their perishing condition, and stir up saints to a sense of those duties which hitherto have been so lamentably neglected. More good has already been done than a person might have expected in the ordinary way in a quarter of a century. Already the face of society seems to be altered, and crime and vice arrested. Everything about the Revival appears to me to be capable of being reconciled with the idea of its being a physical influence used specially by God for a spiritual purpose; but I could not reconcile some things which I have seen with either the exclusively physical or exclusively spiritual idea of it.”

OPINION OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC JUDGE.—The Right Hon. Chief Baron Pigott, in sentencing three prisoners last week at the Down Assizes for riot and assault, in connection with a miserable exhibition of party feeling, took occasion to refer to the religious movement in the north as having extinguished all party animosities, and produced the most wholesome moral results on the community at large. His Lordship spoke in the most favourable terms of the movement, and expressed a hope that it would extend over the whole country, and influence society to its lowest depths.

ENGLAND.

Mr. Thomas Cooper, a converted infidel lecturer, who now preaches the faith which once he sought to destroy, and whose opportunities for observation are numerous and extended, says—“That better days—glorious days—are coming for the whole Christian Church in this country, I earnestly believe. Everywhere, among all evangelical churches, I find earnest expectations, a disposition for united prayer, the institution of noon-day services, or some other token that a revival is looked for; and I cannot think that God puts these holy desires into the hearts of his people without purposing to gratify them.”

An English paper states—“That marked awakenings are going on in various parts of England. Among the Staffordshire collieries large numbers of persons have been awakened under the preaching of a collier, and daily prayer-meetings and Bible-readings are being held in several of the pits. It is believed that in one locality 500 persons have been converted. There is a very interesting awakening in Cornwall, and others in the Wiltshire villages, by which large additions have been made to the Episcopal, Wesleyan, and Primitive Methodist Churches. At Scarborough there has been what may be termed a revival. At the present time from 800 to 1,000 persons are gathered together every evening of the week,

and unite in fervid earnest prayer. Many of the most hardened sinners have been brought to the feet of Jesus.—Sometimes as many as sixty anxious inquirers remain at the close of the meetings. All the churches have received large accessions.—Many who have attended a gospel ministry for years without effect have been awakened. The work has been entirely independent of human agency, and at lonely farm-houses in the surrounding country, far removed from human effort, whole families have been arrested and awakened. The jealousies of sects and parties have passed away, under the influence of union prayer-meetings, at which members of six different denominations have continually met. Even the careless recognize in the awakening the almighty hand of God.”

REVIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

In Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Dundee, there are many indications for good, and some remarkable instances of the power and fruits of the Spirit's work. In a deeply interesting pamphlet, lately published, respecting “the appearance of God's work in the chief towns of Scotland,” an eye witness says:—

“We know another instance of earnest zeal in a person old in years, but a young convert. Two women both well advanced in years, had come from the country to Aberdeen to hear Mr. Radcliffe, and were on their way home again. Mr. Radcliffe had been speaking, in his discourse, of the mischief of that indiscriminate admission to the communion which is prevalent in so many churches. He said that one's being present at that ordinance was no proof of his being a Christian, and that one might have got fifty ‘tokens’ (cards of admission to the Lord's Table,) and yet have never found Christ. The older of the two referred to this part of the sermon and said, ‘Well, I think the preacher must have meant me, for I just got my fiftieth ‘token’ at the last sacrament, and I fear I have not found Christ yet.’ ‘If so, or if you are in any way in doubt about that,’ said the other woman, who was an earnest Christian, ‘you will not leave this place until you trust in Christ.’ And so going to a retired place they continued in prayer and conversation and searching the Scriptures until the doubting anxious one did find him whom she sought.”

The Rev. Mr. Williamson of the Free Church, says, in speaking of Huntly: “As to the extent of the work, it is not confined to any denomination, and seems extending into the neighbouring parishes. There is a great desire to hear the word at any time and in any place. First, the desire to pray seems remarkable. I can scarcely tell you the number of prayer-meetings. In my own congregation alone there are six prayer-meetings among the young men, about the same number among the boys—say from ten to fourteen years of age;—three or four among the girls, and some among the young women.

In the City of Glasgow, and also in the town of Port Glasgow manifestations of spiritual awakenings similar to those in Ireland are said to have taken place.

Rills from the Fountains of Israel.

THE DYING, YET UNDYING LOVE OF JESUS.—BY THE REV. JAMES T. BYRNE, WHITBY, C. W.

Love is an emotion natural to the human mind, and when properly directed and controlled, it is of the highest possible value. Much that is foolish and trifling, may pass under its name, and on this ground it may become the subject of jest and ridicule; but where it arises from the pure dictates of nature, is exercised towards laudable objects, and is under the guidance of reason and revelation, it is an affection of the most noble and beneficial character. In the various relations of life, its magic power and happy influence are often seen. Conjugal life affords illustrations. A mother's love is proverbial. The domestic circle, friends and brethren, alike present striking examples.

But our thoughts rise higher. The *love of Jesus* is our theme. What can be compared to this? How far it exceeds every thing human! Much is said concerning it in the Scriptures, and much more might have been said. It is the life and glory of the everlasting gospel. Whether we consider its origin, its freeness, its objects, its manifestations, its sacrifices, its constancy, or its issues; we may well feel astonished at its wonderful nature, and gratefully commemorate its gracious achievements. He left the realms of glory, and became incarnate, to accomplish purposes of love. "He gave Himself for us." "He died, the just for the unjust." Because He loved us, He drank the bitter cup to the very dregs. "What manner of love is this!" It should be had in everlasting remembrance.

Christians often talk of this *dying* love, and they joyfully remember it in their observance of the Lord's Supper. But it "passeth knowledge," and cannot be comprehended by finite minds. Yet its *influence* is most cheering and blessed. I witnessed an instance of this, not long ago. It was at a Sabbath Morning Prayer-meeting. Among those who took part in the devotional exercises, was a deacon, a young man bereaved of an affectionate wife. Under his heavy trial, the love of Jesus wonderfully sustained him. His prayer was exceedingly simple and appropriate; the following sentiment particularly struck my mind: "*The dying, yet undying love of Jesus.*" How much truth, beauty, and force, are contained in this expression! "The dying of the Lord Jesus" is a potent theme. His unparalleled love in thus dying for a guilty and condemned world, cannot fail to awaken the most profound and grateful emotions in the bosoms of believers.

But it is not a dying love, it is *undying*. Human affection is liable to change. Those we love may be taken from us, but while yet dear to memory, we have no assurance or consciousness of their continued affection. We believe they live, but the ties being broken that once bound them to us, we know nothing of their emotions towards us. It is otherwise, however, with the loving Saviour. "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and death." "He ever liveth." "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." His love is unchanging, continuous, and perpetual. It undergoes no decay or diminution. Though unseen by mortal eyes, His love "never faileth." This should comfort, stimulate, and sustain us, in our pilgrimage, amid trials and sorrows of every kind. We live in the midst of constant and never ceasing changes. Everything around us is shifting and altering. The winds, the clouds, the tides, the seasons, the vegetable world, and man himself, manifest frequent changes; but "*love never faileth,—the love of Jesus is undying.*" Whatever revolution may take place in the material, the political, or moral world, His love remains the same, and is as great as ever. Love prompts Him to intercede for us, to compassionate us, to send his Spirit to guide and help us, to wait to be gracious, to save and bless us. In ten thousand ways, He is developing His love towards us, and He will do it yet more fully in the future.

How worthy of confidence and love then, is this blessed Redeemer! "We love Him, because He first loved us." His grace is conspicuous in drawing our thoughts and affections to Himself. If in our estimation "He is precious," "altogether lovely," "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,"—we should magnify the riches of His grace in producing this state of mind, and be constrained by His love, to pious and noble deeds. "The love of Christ constraineth us." The ceaseless flowing of that love should cheer and elevate, when other things depress. When discouraged and cast down, when afflicted and bereaved, how good it is to look upwards to the unseen one, yet near to us, who can effectually succour tried souls. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." "Because I live, ye shall live also." "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me." "Without me, ye can do nothing." "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

These are some of the utterances of His undying love, sufficient to assure us, that whatever may fail on earth, His love ceaseth not. He will always be with us. Into His bosom we may cast our cares, and repose boundless confidence. He can sympathise with us. He will not betray our trust. He will not abandon

us. "The man Christ Jesus," is not absorbed in the deity. Mysterious union! Sublime mystery! The God-man is "my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, against that day." Fellow Christian! let us glory in this unchanging friend. Though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, we need fear no evil, for He will be with us, His rod and staff will comfort us. "Whom have I in heaven but thee! and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

PAST FEELING.—A SERMON BY THE REV. T. L. CUYLER.

"Past Feeling.—Eph. iv. 19."

A little boy is playing by his mother's side. Naturally he is not unfeeling. He is not insensible to generous sentiments. When a rude act wounds his parent's heart, he is smitten with genuine compunction. When he sees an object of distress, he is touched by it. He may, perhaps, give up his spending-money to relieve a beggar; or weep in sorrow for an unguarded blow given to a schoolmate. His heart has some flesh in it. The little fellow has *tears* in his composition; he knows what it is to feel.

Years roll on. His situation changes; and he changes with it. Watchful parents die, or else he is removed far from them. He falls under evil influences. Wicked companions gather about him—restraint slowly decays like a rotten rope—he brakes loose into sin. The calamity befalls him which befell the traveller from Jerusalem to Jericho. He "falls among thieves" who do worse than rob him of his purse; they rob him of decency, of self-respect, of all reverence for the pure, the honest, the lofty, the sacred, the holy. He grows reckless, and launches his depravity out upon the open sea—literally spreading sail for perdition. When on shore he drinks hard, but feels no compunction. His oaths are exploded with a gusto, as if he loved to blaspheme. All regard for man, all fear of God wears away from his heart. His soul begins to petrify. The flesh turns to stone. At length he is ripe for anything.

In an evil hour he plans a mutiny on board the ship, and, with his own hand, strikes down the officer of the deck, and heaves his crimson corpse out into the sea, as coolly as he would throw over a dog! Years pass by—dark, desperate, years of rapine and blood. At length his pirate-cruiser is captured, and he is brought on shore in irons. His soul is in irons too. They try him, they condemn him, they sentence him. But through it all he is perfectly unmoved. They drag him to his cell. He spends the last night before his execution in that living tomb—and *sleeps!* He ascends the fatal scaffold, as callous as a rock. No words of tender exhortation and entreaty from the chaplain by his side, can melt him for a moment. His face indicates nothing but the sullen, obstinate, hardihood of despair. That adamant heart—that heart once tender, once alive to generous feeling, once soft enough for tears of contrition—that heart is now *past feeling!* It once could feel; nay, it did feel. It feels no longer. Shame crimsons no longer that brazen countenance; the dread of death moves not a muscle of that rigid face; the horrors of hell call forth no last cry for "mercy," as he swings out into his terrible eternity! He dies as he lived; and among the nettles on his shunned and solitary grave we would plant a stone—not of respect, but of warning—and write on it God's solemn sentence, 'PAST FEELING.'

Now such appalling cases as this I have described are not imaginary. They are extreme cases, I admit. They are about as bad as earth can furnish, or fiends can delight to look upon. We have ourselves seen cases very much like them. The gambler, who sits glued to his roulette table till the morning sun looks in to reproach him—the burglar, who after years of prison experience, still plots his deeds of darkness—the poor outcast child of shame, who vents her vileness on the evening air as she passes us in the streets—the ruffian, who makes merchandise of human sinews and human souls—all these are but melancholy spectacles for men to shudder at and for pitying angels to weep over. They are

the terrific examples of what human depravity can work out, when a man is simply given up to *himself*. They illustrate fully the callousness of the heart when it has become *past feeling*—feeling for friends, feeling for reputation, feeling for God's word, feeling for life itself, or for a dread hereafter.

It was, to such persons—to those whom with a sad significance we style “abandoned” persons—that the apostle referred in the passage before us. He had just been exhorting the Ephesian church to purity of heart and life. As a warning, he points to the profligacy of heathenism about them. He makes a beacon of the godless gentiles who “walked in the vanity of their mind,” whose “understandings were darkened,” who were alienated from the life of God. Those men had debauched their own moral sense. Their consciences were made drunk. They had given themselves over to the tyranny of lusts to “work all uncleanness with greediness.” Until at length they had become so insensible to their guilt, that Paul brands them with the fatal epithet, “*past feeling*.”

Now I do earnestly hope that this sense of my text is not, and never will be, applicable to any one in this assembly. I trust that on no brow here, will ever be affixed a brand to which the guilty wearer shall be indifferent—a brand seen and read of all men, except the man himself. If God should lengthen out my life among you, may I never behold the harrowing spectacle of any young man in this audience so sunk, so dead to all regard for himself, regard for society, regard for the God of Heaven, that he shall not even feel a glow of shame upon his cheek when he meets the mother who bore him, or the pastor who tried to save him. Never, never come that day when any of you, my beloved young friends, shall have become so *dead* to the claims of God and the voice of conscience, that having grown “*past feeling*,” we must be constrained to abandon you as *past all hope*!

There is, however, a sense in which the solemn words of my text may apply to some of you. I fear it will yet apply. Perhaps it does already. I refer to that *insensibility to religious truth* which marks those who have often grieved the Holy Spirit. This is a most tremendous calamity. It is all the worse from the fact that its victim is insensible to his own insensibility. He does not feel how fearful it is *not to feel*. There are many here whom I could startle at once by telling them, on good medical authority, that a deadly disease was beginning its stealthy work upon their frames; or if I should tell that a burglar had designs upon their house and life to-night; or that a treacherous friend would betray the secret to-morrow which shall blast their character. But when I come and tell you plainly that you are in danger of being *lost for ever*, you scarcely open your ears to listen. What care you for it? “*What's that to me?*”

My impenitent friend! it has not been *always* so with thee. Open the leaves of your hearts diary. Recall your past. Bring up memory to the witness-box. She will remind you of a time when your conscience was tender, and sensitive to Gospel influence. As the words of warning sounded from a pastor's lips, on some past Sabbath, you listened to them, and listened with solemn awe. The truth fell like the small rain on the tender herb. You were melted. You were subdued. You were struck through with conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. It was your own sin that haunted you. The spectre would not

“*Down at your bidding!*”

You were sore troubled. You wept. With red eyes, and tears still undried upon your cheeks, you left the sanctuary. The trifling of the triflers, as they came out of church to laugh, to gossip, or to criticise, astonished you, and grieved you. Feeling so much yourself, you wondered how they could be so apparently “*past feeling*.” Perhaps you prayed, and for a time went “*softly*.” Your long closed Bible was opened. Some faithful friend was sought for religious counsel. And all that time the infinite Spirit of God was striving with you. Have you ever thought of the magnitude and the wonderful mercy of that phrase, “*striving?*” Just think of it. God striving with a sinner! It bespeaks strait and struggle. It bespeaks the anxiety of God Himself to save His own wicked child. It is as if the ineffable Redeemer went down upon His knees before the wilful, disobedient one, and *besought* him not to commit the eternal suicide!

So the Divine Spirit strove with you. And under those strong pressures of truth, and uprisings of conscience, and wooings of the Holy Ghost, you were "almost persuaded" to become a Christian. But alas! how is it with you now? Do you feel to-night as you felt then? Does the word *sin* smite you as then? Does the word *hell* strike you through with dread? Does the word *duty* arouse you as then? Does the mention of that blessed word "SAVIOUR" stir the fount of tears within you, as it used to do in those days gone by? Can you weep now as you wept then? Can you pray now as you prayed then? Oron the other hand, do you not regard the very appeal I am making now to you, as a merely professional thing that I am employed to make twice every week, and in which you have no personal concern? Have you deliberately made up your mind, that in spite of warning and entreaties, that through sick chambers and dying beds, and yawning graves, that over the very cross of Jesus, planted in your guilty path, you will press your way onward to the gates of hell?

Then I do not say that you are "*past feeling*." I dare not say that. God only knows your future. But most frankly and solemnly, I declare to you, that there *have been* cases in which men have so steeled themselves against conviction, that they were left like "Lot's wife," monuments of wrath! I do not know that this is your case; but I fear it. I cannot bear to write this awful epitaph over your soul, dead in trespasses and sins—"Past Feeling." The very thought is a dagger to my soul. Is that a dreadful moment to you, in which you are compelled to enter the chamber of a sick friend, and break to him the fatal truth, that his physician has given him up as past recovery? You would give your right hand to avoid that duty, but fidelity requires it. And I should be an unfaithful watchman for souls, if I did not proclaim to-night, my fears, that there are some now here, who have grieved away God's Spirit forever, and have already passed

—"that mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God Himself has sworn,
That he who goes is lost!"

Occasionally a person is found who will frankly confess his total insensibility to all that is most precious to a saint, to all that is most startling to a sinner. A faithful pastor in a neighbouring state, relates an instance so important as a proof of our position, that I shall introduce it, in spite of certain antiquated prejudices against personal narratives in the pulpit. My Bible is full of personal history; and I am never afraid to introduce an anecdote, or relate an incident which makes a page in the great book of God's providence.

"I once entered a farm house," said this pastor, "on a chilly November evening, and spent an hour in personal religious conversation with its inmates. The aged father of the family—a most kind and amiable man—followed me to the door, and stopped me at the porch. He took me by the hand, and most deliberately said, 'I thank you for this visit, and hope it will not be the last. As you have just commenced your labours among us, I wish to give you a word of advice, based on my own experience. *Let us old people alone*, and devote your labours to the youth of your flock. Forty years ago, I was greatly anxious about my soul; many were then converted, but I was not one of them. During the ministry of Mr. M—, many more were converted, but I was not one of them. And now for years, I have not *had a single feeling* on the subject! I know that I am a lost sinner; I know that I can only be saved through Jesus Christ; I feel persuaded that when I die, *I am lost!* I believe all you preach, but I feel it no more than if I were a block of marble. I expect to live and die just as I am. So leave us to ourselves, and our sins, and give your strength to the work of saving the young.'

"I remembered that incident, and watched the progress of that man. His seat was rarely vacant in the sanctuary; but he was a true prophet of his own fate. He lived as he predicted; and so he died. We laid him down at last in his hopeless grave, in the midst of a congregation over whom God had so often opened windows in heaven." He was joined to his idols; God let him alone!

I would fain leave you, my hearers, to withdraw with the tremulous tones of that old man's voice, still ringing in your ears. I would prefer that you should

go home to ponder the honest confession and the fate of one who was "past feeling" anything but his own indifference. Yet I cannot dismiss you without a few words of affectionate counsel to those who are not "past feeling"—who feel now—who cannot but feel under the touch of God's Spirit. Yonder anxious faces are the dial-plates of anxious hearts. In this silent, hushed assembly, we seem to overhear the very throb of those hearts, palpitating with the great question—"what shall I do to be saved?"

My friends! bear away with you from this house four solemn practical suggestions drawn from the text before us.

I. You feel now; but *do not be contented with mere feeling*. 'Tears never save' a sinner; hell is vocal with the wails of weepers. *Faith is better than feeling*. Your Bible does not say—feel and be saved. It says, "Believe and be saved." And faith is not enough without action. "The devils believe." There are no atheists in the dungeons of the damned. But lost spirits do not love God, do not obey Him. You must obey as well as believe. Act out your feelings. Obey God in self-denying duty. Crystallize your feeling into faith, and prove your faith by your works. "Faith without works is dead." Faith in Jesus is the invisible root of religion concealed within the soul; but deeds of holy duty are the glorious outgrowth with stalwart trunk, and branches broad, and luxuriant masses of foliage lifted into the air of heaven. And amid these goodly boughs are found the *fruits of godliness* shining—as quaint Andrew Marvell said of the Bermuda oranges—

"Like golden lamps in a deep green night."

Aim immediately at fruits. Begin to-night to serve God from principle. Go home and set up your altar. Lay hold of work; the harder it is the better. Paul struck the key note of his whole religious life when in the gush of his first feeling he cried out, "Lord what will Thou have me to do?"

II. My second suggestion is, that what you do, you must *do quickly*, for you cannot long remain as you are. For a few brief days in May, the orchards are white with blossoms. They soon turn to fruit, or else they float away useless and wasted upon the idle breeze. It will be so with your present feelings. They must be deepened into decision, or be entirely dissipated by delay. You must advance, or be lost. As the result of your present seriousness, you will either become a true child of God, or else a more hardened and unfeeling child of wrath. Dread (as you would death itself) the very idea of relapsing into indifference. Cherish conviction. Take your fears to the mercy seat, and beseech your compassionate Saviour not to permit your awakened soul ever to become "past feeling."

III. My third suggestion is a brief caution. Do not compare your feelings with those of other people, or allow yourself to be discouraged because you have not the intense griefs or the lively joys of which they speak. God does not command you to feel like this one or like that. He bids you *repent and believe*; you are to conform to His words and not to your neighbours' varying frames and feeling.

The Holy Spirit deals with no two hearts precisely alike. He opens some hearts by the gentlest touch of love; others He seems to wrench open as with the iron-bar of alarming judgments. As one happily remarks: "When the lofty palm-tree of Zeilan puts forth its flower, the sheath bursts with a report that shakes the forest; but thousands of other flowers of equal value open in the morning, and the very dew-drops bear no sound; even so many souls do blossom in mercy, and the world hears neither whirlwind nor tempest." Do not question the rightfulness of your own heart-exercises because no one else has had any precisely similar. God will not bear dictation. He is a Sovereign. He will save you just as He chooses. Be thankful that you can be saved at all. See to it that you do not cavil, and question, and tamper, until the Holy Spirit abandon you to become "past feeling."

IV. Finally, let me remind you, that in the eternal world no one can be indifferent, no one shall be insensible. Neither in heaven nor in hell can you ever become "past feeling."

The home of the ransomed is a home of rapture. Heaven is alive with emotion. Every heart throbs, every eye kindles, every tongue is praising, every finger strikes a harp-string. Listen with the ear of faith, and you can hear the distant song of the blessed as they swell up in melodies seraphic and celestial! Look yonder with faith's clear eye, and you will see the mighty multitudes before the throne. You will behold the flashing shower of golden crowns flung before the feet of one majestic Being. You will catch one outburst of melody. The burden of the strain will be "unto Him that loved us, and washed us in His blood, be the praise and the dominion forever!" No mortal's name shall be heard of then. Paul shall be lost sight of in the glory of Paul's Redeemer. Luther will be unseen amid the worship of Luther's Redeemer. John Calvin shall sing, *None but Christ!* And John Wesley shall shout back, *None but Christ!* With one heart and one voice they all roll high the magnificent acclaim: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honour, and power, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever!"

The world of darkness will be a world of feeling too. "There shall be weeping" there. Not tears of penitence, but tears of despair. The worm shall never die. There will be a fire unquenchable in every sinner's heart that will burn like a seven-times heated furnace. The debauchee will be gnawed by his appetite for sensualities that never can be gratified. The poor drunkard will be possessed with a passion for the poison-bowl, but will find not a single drop to slake the undying thirst. The covetous spirit will writhe in its own selfishness; and the sceptic will be tormented with the constant sight of a Jehovah whom he once denied, and of a heaven which he closed against himself. "*Ye knew your duty and ye did it not,*" will blaze in lurid blue flame on every wall of that dark prison-house!

Conscience will be fearfully busy then—busy in pointing to the visions of a Saviour offered and a Saviour despised—busy in recalling mercies once contemned, and precious invitations trampled under foot. Dying friend! You may smother conscience here. You may drown serious thought. You may gag your moral sense. But that smothered conscience will arise again. It will arise in the dying hour, startled from slumber by the crash of dissolving humanity. It will awake to new life on that dread morn when the Archangel's trump shall sound. It will be alive with an intensity of torment on that day when the "books are opened;" and it will live amid the agonies of perdition *never again to become PAST FEELING!*

The Fragment Basket.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but will it make them easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes the flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within him; and, above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down either heads or lips, and those who do only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose—*Anon.*

MANLINESS OF SPEECH.—The point to which I have next to direct attention is manliness of speech. There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness, that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother, the swell mob, has a language of its own; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words threatening the entire extinction of the English language! Now just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man, he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own "hook." If he sees anything remarkably good, he calls it a "stunner," the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will "Stand Sam?" If he meet a savage-looking dog he calls him an "ugly customer." If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him "a rummy old cove." A sensible man is a "chap that is up to snuff." A man not remarkable for good sense is a "cake," a "flat," a "spoon," a "stick,"—"his mother does not know he is out." A doubtful assertion is to be "told to the marines." An incredible statement is "all gammon." Our young friend never scolds but "blows up"—never pays but "stumps up"—never finds it difficult to pay, but is "hard up"—never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts,"—he "slopes," he "mizzles," he "makes himself scarce," he "walks his chalks," he "makes tracks," he "cuts his stick" or, what is the same thing, "cuts his lucky!" The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," the "needful," "the rhino," and "the ready." When a man speaks, he "spouts"—when he holds his peace, he "shuts up"—when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small." He calls his hands "paws," his legs "pins." To be perplexed, is to be "flummaxed"—to be disappointed is to be "dished"—to be cheated is to be "sold"—to be cheated clearly is to be "done brown." Whatsoever is fine, is "nobby"—whatsoever is shabby, is "seedy"—whatsoever is pleasant, is "jolly." He says, "Blest if he does this," "blowed if he does that," "hanged" if he does the other thing; or he exclaims, "My eye!"—"my stars!" If you asked him which were his stars, he would be "flummaxed." He swears "By George"—"by the piper;" on special occasion, he selects "the piper that played before Moses." Now a good deal of this slang is harmless—many of the terms are, I think, very expressive; yet there is much in slang that is objectionable. For example, as Archdeacon Hare observes in one of his sermons, the word "governor," as applied to a father, is to be reprehended. I have heard a young man call his father the "relieving officer." Does it not betray on the part of young men great ignorance of the paternal and filial relationships, or great contempt for them? Their father is to such young men merely a governor—merely the representative of authority. Innocently enough, the expression is used by thousands of young men who venerate and love their parents; but only think of it, and I am sure you will admit that it is a cold, heartless word when thus applied, and one that ought forthwith to be abandoned.—*Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown.*

DEATH.—No one cries when children, long absent from their parents, go home. Vacation morning is a jubilee. But death is the Christian's vacation morning. School is out. It is time to go home. It is surprising that one should wish life here, who may have life in heaven. And when friends have gone out joyously, I think we should go with them to the grave, not singing mournful psalms, but scattering flowers. Christians are wont to walk in black, and sprinkle the ground with tears, at the very time when they should walk in white and illumine the way by smiles and radiant hope. The disciples found angels at the grave of Him they love; and we should always find them too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing.—*H. W. Beecher.*

SPEAK KINDLY OF YOUR PASTOR.—Many Christians inflict serious harm on their pastors and on the cause of Christ by their careless gossip and habits of captiousness. An idle word of censure, forgotten perhaps as soon as uttered, leaves a permanent impression on the minds of children and visitors, and works mischief in the future. While Christians are human, we suppose it is useless to hope for a perfect cure of this vice, but the following words of advice are pertinent :

“ In all your transactions with your minister deal with him *candidly* and *honestly*. Hold his reputation as a sacred thing. Never by word or deed permit yourselves to injure it ; if you do, you injure his usefulness and your own interests. If you think you have ground for fault-finding, tell *him*, that’s the manly and Christian course ; but never whisper scandal about him to others in his absence. And especially never speak derogatively of him before the young. Parents little know what they do when they permit themselves to censure his conduct, or disparage his work in the presence of their children. Many a young heart has thus been alienated from the minister and from truth, ere yet it has been brought under the salutary influence of either. That accounts, in many instances, for the fact that children do not follow in the steps of their parents by identifying themselves with the Churches to which these belong, and this in its turn often accounts for children breaking loose from religious restraints and influences altogether. Not till the issues of time are revealed in eternity shall we see all the wrong that has resulted from the evil I have just deprecated. May every Church be saved from it ”

JOY OVER ONE REPENTING.—It was probably a hard saying to the Pharisees, that “there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.” And certain ingenious philosophers of our own day most surely take offence at joy so entirely out of correspondence with arithmetical proportion. But a heart that has been taught by its own sore struggles to bleed for the woes of another—that has “learned pity through suffering”—is likely to find very imperfect satisfaction in the “balance of happiness,” “doctrine of compensations,” and other short and easy methods of obtaining thorough complacency in the presence of pain ; and for such a heart that saying will not be altogether dark. The emotions I have observed, are but slightly influenced by arithmetical considerations : the mother, when her sweet little lisping ones have all been taken from her one after another, and she is hanging over her last dead babe, finds small consolation in the fact that the tiny dimpled corpse is but one of a necessary average, and that a thousand other babies brought into the world at the same time are doing well, and are likely to live ; and if you stood beside that mother—if you knew her pang and shared it—it is probable you would be equally unable to see a ground of complacency in statistics. Doubtless a complacency resting on that basis is highly rational : but emotion, I fear, is obstinately irrational ; it insists on caring for individuals ; it absolutely refuses to adopt the quantitative view of human anguish, and to admit that thirteen happy lives are a set off against twelve miserable lives, which leaves a clear balance on the side of satisfaction. This is the inherent inebecility of feeling, and one must be a great philosopher to have got quite clear of all that, and to have emerged into the serene air of pure intellect, in which it is evident that individuals really exist for no other purpose than that abstractions may be drawn from them—abstractions that may rise from heaps of ruined lives like the sweet savor of a sacrifice in the nostrils of philosophers, and of a philosophic Deity. And so it comes to pass that for the man who knows sympathy because he has known sorrow, that old, old saying about the joy of angels over the repentant sinner outweighing their joy over the ninety-nine just, has a meaning which does not jar with the language of his own heart. It only tells him that for angels too there is a transcendent value in human pain, which refuses to be settled by equations ; that the eyes of angels too are turned away from the serene happiness of the righteous to bend with yearning pity on the poor, erring soul, wandering in the desert where no water is : that for angels too the misery of one casts so tremendous a shadow as to eclipse the bliss of ninety-nine.—*Elliot’s Scenes of Clerical Life.*

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.—It is getting to be a great hope of our time, that society is going to slide into something better by a course of natural progress — By the advance of education, by great public reforms, by courses of self-culture and philanthropic practice. We have a kind of new gospel that corresponds: a gospel which preaches not so much a faith in God's salvation as a faith in human nature an attenuated, moralising gospel that proposes development, not regeneration; showing men how to grow better, how to cultivate their amiable instincts. how to be rational in their own light and govern themselves by their own power. Sometimes it is given as the true problem, how to reform the shape and reconstruct the style of their heads; and even this it is expected they will certainly be able to do! Alas that we are taken, or can be, with so great folly! How plain it is that no such gospel meets our wants! What can it do for us but turn us away, more and more fatally, from that gospel of the Son of God, which is our only hope? Man is a ruin, going after development, and progress, and philanthropy, and social culture, and, by this fire-fly glimmer, to make a day of glory! And this is the doctrine that proposes shortly to restore society, to settle the passion, regenerate the affection, re-glorify the thought, fill the aspiration of a desiring and disjointed world! As if any being but God had power to grapple with these human disorders; as if man, or society, crazed and maddened by the demoniacal frenzy of sin, were going to rebuild the state of order, and reconstruct the shattered harmony of nature, by such kind of desultory counsel and unsteady application as it can manage to enforce in its own cause: going to do this miracle by its science, its compacts, and self-executed reforms! As soon will the desolations of Karnac gather up their fragments and reconstruct the proportions out of which they have fallen. No, it is not progress, not reforms, that are wanted, as any principal thing. Nothing meets our case but to come unto God and be healed by him; to be born of God, and so, by his regenerate power, to be set in heaven's own order. He alone can rebuild the ruin, he alone set up the glorious temple of the mind; and those divine affinities in us that raven with immortal hunger—He alone can satisfy them in the bestowment of himself.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They are messages of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man was not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotion of the breast, when the soul has been agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh, speak not harshly of the stricken one weeping in silence! Break not the solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despise not woman's tears; they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted into sympathetic tears; they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears, an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed tears for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave I could never die in peace.—*Dr. Johnson.*

In the olden time, when a mother decorated her child on the Sabbath, she said "As I have adorned thee outside, may God adorn thee inside." If she placed a Sunday wreath in her daughter's hair, she said, "May Jesus Christ thus place the crown of eternal life upon thee in Heaven."—*From the German.*

Prayer is the rustling of the wings of the angels that are on their way bringing us the boons of heaven. Have you heard prayer in your heart? You shall see the angel in your house. When the chariots that bring us blessings do rumble, their wheels do sound with prayer. We hear the prayer in our own spirits, and that prayer becomes the token of the coming blessings. Even as the cloud foreshadoweth rain, so prayer foreshadoweth the blessing; even as the green blade is the beginning of the harvest, so is prayer the prophecy of the blessing that is about to come.—*Spurgeon.*

Poetry.

ENDURANCE.

Bend to receive the cross, and lift it up,
 And bear it on, and set it on a hill.
 Take from thy Father's hand the bitter cup,
 What'er its mixture: meekly say, "I will."
 Art thou despised and wretched, poor and mean,
 For gentle deeds repaid with wrath and wrong?
 Endure in faith as seeing things unseen;
 Endure in love, for love alone is strong.
 Suffering sublimates and sanctifies our lives,
 Sorrow refines our souls, and leaves them pure.
 Since all must suffer, he is wise who strives
 To suffer best; 'tis Christ-like to endure.
 A rest remains; endurance is the road.
 Whose sorest thorns were bound about the brow of God.

ISA.

"THE THREE CALLS."

THIRD HOUR.

"O! Slumberer rouse thee! Despise not the truth;
 Give, give thy Creator the day of thy youth;
 Why standest thou idle? The day breaketh—see!
 The Lord of the vineyard is waiting for thee!"

Sweetest Spirit, by thy power,
 Grant me yet another hour;
 Earthly pleasures I would prove,
 Earthly joy, and earthly love;
 Scarcely yet has dawned the day,
 Sweetest Spirit, wait, I pray!

SIXTH AND NINTH HOURS.

O loiterer, speed thee! The morn wears apace;
 Then squander no longer thy remnant of grace;
 But haste while there's time—with thy master agree:
 The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee!

Gentle Spirit, prithee stay,
 Brightly beams the early day;
 Let me linger in these bowers;
 God shall have my noontide hours;
 Chide me not for my delay,
 Gentle Spirit, wait, I pray!

ELEVENTH HOUR.

O sinner, arouse thee! Thy morning has past;
 Already the shadows are lengthening fast;
 Escape for thy life! from the dark mountains flee;
 The Lord of the vineyard is waiting for thee!

Spirit, cease thy mournful lay;
 Leave me to myself, I pray!
 Earth hath flung her spell around me.
 Pleasure's silken chain hath bound me:
 When the sun his path hath trod,
 Spirit, then I'll turn to God!

Hark! borne on the wind is the bell's solemn toll;
 'Tis mournfully pealing the knell of a soul—
 Of a soul that despised the kind teachings of truth,
 And gave to the world the best hours of its youth;
 The Spirit's sweet pleadings and strivings are o'er;
 The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no more!"

OMEGA.

Family Reading.

IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK; OR, THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Highland widow left her home early one morning, in order to reach, before evening, the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her to pay her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long one. (I was following the same wild and lonely path when I first heard the narrative I am about to relate.) The mountain track, after leaving the small village by the seashore where the widow lived, passes through a green valley, watered by a peaceful stream which flows from a neighbouring lake; it then winds along the margin of the solitary lake, until, near its farther end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse-wood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half-way up a rugged mountain side; and entering a dark glen, through which a torrent rushes amidst great masses of granite, it at last conducts the traveller by a zig-zag ascent to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in upon every side by giant precipices; overhead is a strip of blue sky, while all below is dark and gloomy.

From this mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey indeed! But the rent was due some weeks before, and the sub-factor threatened to dispossess her, as the village in which she lived, and in which her family had lived for two generations, was about to be swept away, in order to enlarge a sheep farm. Indeed, along the margin of the quiet stream which watered the green valley, and along the shore of the lake, might even then be traced the ruins of many a hamlet, where happy and contented people once lived, but where no sound is now heard except the bleat of a solitary sheep, or the scream of the eagle, as he wheels his flight among the dizzy precipices.

The morning when the widow left her home gave promise of a lovely day. But, before noon, a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle, with black squalls, the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May—for that storm is yet remembered as the "great May storm." The wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier or faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain-pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock!

Weary, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain shieling which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. To turn home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild cat or fox's den would be welcome.

After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a more sheltered nook. She crouched beneath a projected edge of rock, and pressed her child to her trembling bosom.

The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapt him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend herself from the piercing cold of such a night as this. But whatever was to become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess, which afforded them at best but miserable shelter.

The night came on. The wretched mother stripped off almost all her own clothing, and wrapped it round her child, whom, at last, in despair she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some dried heather and fern.

And now she resolves, at all hazards to brave the storm, and return home, in order to get assistance for her babe, or to perish in the attempt! Claspings her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain-tops, while a thousand waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen with long poles, examining every hollow near the mountain

path. They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is heard by one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of a tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead; her arms stretched forth as if imploring for assistance! Before noon, they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Her almost naked body revealed her love.

Many a tear was shed, many an exclamation expressive of admiration and affection was uttered, from enthusiastic sorrowing Highland hearts, when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers in the deserted house of mourning, and, by prayer and fatherly exhortation, sought to improve for their soul's good an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed away! That aged and faithful pastor was long dead, though his memory still lingers in many a retired glen among the children's children of parents whom he baptised. His son whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. It was on a communion Sabbath.

The subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor tattered cloak, which she had wrapt around him, in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if, over these memorials of your Saviour's sacrifice of Himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love, and with adoring gratitude?"

A few days after this a message was sent by a dying man requesting to see this clergyman. The request was speedily complied with.

The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and, gazing intently in his face, said, "You do not, you cannot recognise me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Sabbath I entered your church—the church of my countrymen—where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son"—here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "*I am that son!*" and burst into a flood of tears. "Yes," he continued, "*I am that son!* Never, never, did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me! Though I never saw her, dear to me is her memory, and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside her in the old churchyard among the hills. But sir, what breaks my heart, and covers me with shame, is this—until now I never saw, with the eyes of the soul, the love of my Saviour in giving Himself for me—a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner. I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and pressing the minister's hand close to his breast, he added, "It was God made you tell that story. Praise be to His holy name, that my dear mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which, I was told, she used to offer for me, have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit for making me see, as I never saw before, the love of the Saviour. I see it, I believe it; I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—in the cleft of the rock; but it is the ROCK of AGES!" and clasping his hands, he repeated, with intense fervour, "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea they may forget, yet will I not forget thee!"—*Sunday School Teacher's Treasury.*

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

Under the head of the *mother's duty*, I shall endeavour to express what I have to say as briefly as possible, in the form of a few plain practical hints.

Be loving. You may think it strange that I should deem it needful to mention this. Of course, you will say, a mother will be loving. "Can a woman forget her sucking child?" The very essence of the maternal character is love. True; and this is the very reason why I would press this so earnestly upon you. If this is lost, then all is gone. This touches the very life and soul of your maternal character and influence. This is the sceptre of your power: if this is broken, your empire over their hearts is

at an end. And then, remember that though you may truly love your children, you may often fail to show your love; and thus, by apparent, though not real unkindness, sadly chill the young affections of your child. Love, to be winning and endearing, must be felt: and there are some mothers who, by a rude and harsh exterior, sadly mar the influence of a kind and faithful heart. Beware of sudden bursts of angry impatience. Amid the harassing throng of your daily cares and toils, a rude or hasty word may escape you, which may make an impression on the susceptible heart of childhood, never to be afterwards effaced. Is there any among my readers who is in the habit, in moments of irritation, of hurling opprobrious epithets at her children? We have heard such things ere now, and never heard them without horror. As well, almost, take a knife at once and plunge it into the bosom of your child, as thus, by outraging its tenderest and holiest feelings, aim a murderous blow at the life of its soul.

Be firm. Never let your love degenerate into indulgence. As you deny yourself in every thing else for its sake, learn also to deny your own feelings, when faithfulness and the true welfare of your child demand the sacrifice. Let your love be tempered with decision, your decision sweetened by love. Be tender and gentle at all times, yet calm and steadfast to your purpose in every thing that concerns their real good. How few parents are there who in any good degree realise this happy mean! Most are continually oscillating between two equally pernicious extremes; at one time weakly indulging their children—at another as weakly giving way to unholy passion; “for their own pleasure” fondling them, and “for their own pleasure” chastening them, by turns, as the humour of the moment is upon them. In either case they act on a principle of mere selfishness, seeking the gratification of their own weak and foolish hearts, rather than the true good of those they profess to love. Alas! how rare a thing is that true parental discipline, at once loving and faithful, which subdues while it wins and draws, drives far away the folly from the heart of the child, while it binds that heart in closer and tenderer bonds than ever to itself.

Be hopeful and aim high. Who knows what rich success the Lord may be pleased to vouchsafe to your loving and faithful endeavours? He promises you your wages, and who can tell what rich guerdon that may be? That quick precocious boy, that now so greedily drinks in the rudiments of knowledge, and whose keen bright eye and open brow bespeak the ardent spirit within—who can tell what he may yet be, what a blessing to his country, what a burning and shining light in the church of God? Such things have been and such things will be again. How little did Moses' mother dream, when her little voyager among the bulrushes was restored to her arms, what wages those were which she should get for his nursing! As little did the mother of Timothy, of Augustine, of Luther, of Chalmers. Even so it may be with you. Or, should it be otherwise—should an humbler and quieter lot be assigned to the child of your womb, at least he may be a Saint of God, a faithful disciple of the Lord Jesus, a light of the world on earth, a star in the firmament in heaven; and whether he shall be that or no, depends more than on any other influence under God on his mother.

Be cheerful, and make all happy around you. Mix religion with every thing, and let it be a happy religion. Let it be a calm, bright, sunny, loving piety—hallowing all, sweetening all, endearing all. Let your children learn to associate religion with whatever is truest and most blessed in life, and with every thing that is dearest and most precious in their mother—with her calm smile, her gentle voice, her cheerful happy step—with quiet Sabbath days, and sweet Bible texts, and holy hymns and prayers first learned upon her knees. So shall the family on earth be a lively image, and it may be also, through divine grace, an earnest of the eternal family in heaven.

And, finally, continue your efforts *perseveringly* to the last. Never despair of the grace of God. So long as the day of grace lasts, and your child is still in the land of the living, work on perseveringly, hopefully. The prodigal may wander long, yet be brought home at last. The spring may be chill and backward, yet a glorious harvest may come after all. “In the morning,” then, “sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether both shall be alike good.” Let your efforts for their salvation begin with their birth, and terminate only with their death. When they are infants on the breast, give them again and again to Jesus. When they are boys and girls, train them up for him. When they go out into the world, still follow them with your counsels and your prayers. Crowd the audience-chamber above with your petitions and your arguments. Cling to his feet like her of old who pled for her afflicted daughter, and take no denial. Then, though for a time he may seem to spurn you from his feet, to you too may the gracious answer come at last:—“O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt.”—*Rev. Islay Burns in “Sanctity of Home.”*

"SOMETHING THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A MAN."

"There goes something that should have been a man!" exclaimed a friend.

The poor creature was just leaving a low grog-shop. A tall form, with a massive great chest, a noble brow, with a shock of frizzled grey hair—eyes deep, dark, and lustrous once; now, still deep, but sepulchral, and burning like smouldering fires upon red altars—these made the sum bodily of that something that should have been a man.

But once to trace his career:

A beautiful babe pressed fondly to the breast of a joyous mother. Clinging to her neck, playing with her ringlets, filling the house with the music of his laugh

A lovely boy, towards whom all eyes are turned; his face bright with enthusiasm, wending his way to the little school, and there winning prizes. So in the play-ground the king among his fellows; vivacious, full of fun and repartee, eager at play. Hear the ring of his glad shout!

A youth, already singling his gentle partner. A youth, sipping at small parties the bright-hued wine, and poetising upon the frothy pearls that deck its surface.

A young man! How the words leap to paper. How much of strength, what beaming eyes, what high resolves, and what proud startings for fame! What yearnings to be rich! What hopes of happiness! What dreamings of the future! What excesses of joy, those three little words conjure before the mind!

A young man! Does he mean to be drunken? To be poor? To be dishonoured? To have the children laugh and point the finger at him? To strike down the helpless woman? To deform innocent children? To turn home into worse than a howling desert?

O! assuredly not.

Nor does he think so, while he leans back in the gorgeous saloon, and amid flashing lights, aided by every artifice, takes to his heart, to his soul, hugging it as a miser hugs his treasure, the fiend that desolates.

Well, time has passed swiftly; the brand is burnt out, it is charred and blackened, the star has fallen from the heavens of home.

He bickers, he quarrels, he laughs with silly learing, and kicks at the armless chairs and tables. He roars, that you may roar him back; and thinks it wit. If his wife smiles he curses her; and if she cannot get him a supper or a fire, still he curses her. It is cursing, cursing, and going to grog shops, and coming home to curse again, from morning till night.

Alas! poor drunkard. Wherever you behold him, you see "something that should have been a man." Ah! and something that cannot be freed from human responsibilities. The Judgment! The Judgment!

MANNA.

Augustine repeats from the Rabbinical writers, that the Israelites found the manna with which they were fed in the wilderness to have the taste of their favourite food, that they experienced from it the relish of fish, flesh, fowl or vegetable, according to each man's prevailing taste. The Rabbins add, however, that in no case had it ever the taste of melons, cucumbers, leeks, onions and garlic, which were those roots of Egyptian produce the Israelites regretted to have lost. This alleged property of the manna is matter of mere conjecture or fable; yet, by a little license of interpretation, it may familiarly illustrate an assured property of the food of God's Spiritual Israel. 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Now, the heavenly food of the believing soul, the practical and saving knowledge of the glorious gospel, possesses the relish of every holy pleasure, satisfies the craving of every pure desire, gratifies the intellectual palate of every unvitiated taste, affords to the soul all the enjoyments of which it is capable, except such as would excite or cherish its longings for a return to 'the house of bondage.' "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, when I remember thee upon my bed and meditate on thee in the night watches." "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether, more to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." "For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."