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THE

CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. VII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

No. 3.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE.

We hail with a delight that is shared by all the loyal inhabitants of these Provinces, the presence of the Prince of Wales. The signal blessings of civil and religious freedom enjoyed under the sway of our good Queen Victoria, the royal mother of the illustrious visitor, may well evoke the heartiest demonstrations of loyalty, and secure what we feel shall be of more value, a deep interest in the prayers of many a child of God for the future welfare and happiness of Albert Edward. There are two points on which however we confess to have felt somewhat solicitous. The first arises from the circumstances of honour and display in which the hierarchy of the church of Rome has been brought before the country. We fail to see that the post of honour was due in the levee at Quebec to the priests of the Romish Church. Their expressions of loyalty might have found a more appropriate place.

The true secret of England's greatness was brought out in an answer of our Queen to an African Prince who sent an embassy laden with costly presents to inquire the secret of England's greatness and England's glory. She did not recount the victories of her fleets and armies; the boundless resources of her trade, commerce and industry; the vast extent of her colonial empire; but handing him a beautiful copy of the Bible, she said: "Tell the Prince that this is the secret of England's greatness." This we most firmly believe is the true philosophy of Britain's power, and can we expect that greatness to remain unimpaired and that power unbroken if the adversaries of the Bible are exalted?

We feel that true Protestants are called to vigilance in the use of all Christian means to spread truth in the land, and thus weaken the power and destroy the assumptions of the "Man of Sin."

The second point of concern, springs out of the nature of some of the "rejoicings" to welcome the Prince. We fear they cannot be proved to have no connection with what the Apostle Paul calls the works of the flesh—"reveling and such like." The line of demarcation ought to be clear between the church and the world. Christians therefore while lawfully desirous of following out the spirit of the Divine injunctions "Fear God; Honour the King," require to follow such courses as maintain these two great duties in harmony and consistency—to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. The things of God do not embrace balls and convivialities such as we hear of. Hence the expulsive power of the new af-

fection, as Dr. Chalmers strikingly expresses it, will lead the true disciple of Christ to shun those scenes of vanity and worldly display. Let professors of the truth stand by their principles, and thus maintain a clear conscience and an untarnished reputation—avoiding all appearance of evil.

"HAVE YE NEVER READ, OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS, THOU HAST PERFECTED PRAISE?"

The Scribes and Ministers of the temple were greatly disconcerted, by the hearty and enthusiastic acclamations with which the children greeted our Lord. As, in our demonstrations of joyous welcome to our Royal Prince, the youth have taken a conspicuous part; so their "Hosannas to the Son of David," constituted a characteristic feature of the Messiah's triumphal reception at Jerusalem, on occasion of his public, and final entry. In this there was nothing incongruous. Our Lord reminds the rulers of the temple, that so far from accounting these youthful hosannas an intrusion, they should have anticipated and encouraged them, as a part of the Divine programme, published long beforehand.

The God of Abraham has always been mindful of the *children*. He gave them a pledge of blessing, from the very beginning. Of *such* was the church of old, as constituted in Abraham's household. Indeed the infant *Isaac*, was from the day of his birth, the most important member of it. The seed of the church were consecrated from the womb, to the Lord, and received in their flesh, the seal of God's claim in them, and of His promises to them. That precious covenant, with its large provisions for all nations, *in Christ*, was so expressed, that the children should be habitually kept in prominent regard. God never overlooked the children, under the old economy; much less would He, under the more gracious administration of Christ! The Baptism of the Holy Spirit is expressly promised to *them*. "For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will *pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring*; and they shall spring up, among the grass; as willows by the water-courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."—Isaiah, xlv, 3-5. The evident purport of this promise, is, that such copious out-pourings of the Spirit shall be bestowed upon the seed of the Church, in the latter days, that our offspring shall spring up with rapid, luxuriant growth of piety, early acknowledging the Lord's claims, and joyfully accepting in a Christian profession, the covenant relation to the God of Israel, into which they had already been brought.

Again, the Lord says, (Joel ii, 28,) "It shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons, and your daughters shall prophesy." They shall not only become distinguished by their piety; but by remarkable spiritual endowments, qualifying them for the various works of service which the world-wide aggressions of the Gospel church would require.

Well might our Lord reply to the rulers of the temple, who were inclined to repress the children's hosannas,—“Have ye never read,—‘Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise?’” One of the most striking characteristics of Christ's ministry on earth, was his *prompt re-*

cognition of the children. Even the infants, whom his disciples regarded as unwarrantably intruded upon his attention by their mothers, were most tenderly welcomed by Him, and their interest in Him emphatically asserted. He took them up in his arms, placed his hands upon them, and blessed them, saying, “Suffer the little children; and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.” What an affecting spectacle was that! How condescending, how gentle, how full of human as well as Divine Love, was this Prince of the Kings of the Earth! No wonder that He was a favourite with the little ones! Well did it become them to shout His welcome with all the fire of youthful enthusiasm!

There are many instances of the Lord's praises being perfected by *very youthful* hearts and voices. Many such are not placed on record. Were we more expectant of the blessing of the Lord upon our offspring; and more skilful in developing, and fostering infant piety, these instances would be greatly multiplied. It is a hard matter even for an adult to declare his religious convictions and desires, to any person whose whole conduct, and conversation, towards him, makes no provision for such a committal. Very few children know any friend, to whom they could naturally, and freely, breathe the sigh of penitent sorrow, or of spiritual desire. Their parents, pastors and teachers, are too often, the last persons to whom they would dare to reveal such heart secrets. Is there any cause for wonder that the children of the covenant do not “spring up as the grass,” when they are left to struggle for spiritual life in a desert, where none of the arts of husbandry are employed! Many young enquirers have been checked, and frowned upon, by sincere Christians, through slowness of heart to believe what the Lord has promised concerning the little ones. The vigorous shoots of infant piety were mistaken for noxious weeds of childish inconsiderateness, or presumption. The fact is, that very many children even of Godly parents, are virtually abandoned to the current of worldliness, during their childish years. Though the seal of the covenant may have been put upon them in infancy, it is evident that no spiritual baptism is looked for, until they shall have outgrown childish ways and feelings. They may indeed be diligently taught the histories and doctrines of the Bible; and trained to the practice of various moral and religious duties; but in most cases, this is the whole of their religious education! They are often, as it were, packed in a religion of icy doctrine and ceremony, without an attempt to warm and quicken their moral nature into a present life of holy love. They are not taught that the first thing they should do in a religious life, is to come at once to Jesus by faith; and devote themselves, with all their childhood, to active endeavours to please and honour Him. Even many ministers, and Sabbath school teachers, would be greatly perplexed to know how to treat very young enquirers as to the way of salvation. Indeed all *theorists* are quite at sea, when called to deal practically with little children that are being enlightened and taught of God. Perhaps no man living on this continent, has had fuller experience, in this department of pastoral oversight, than the Rev. Dr. Tyng of New York. Yet he tells us that he was completely driven from his deliberate plan in the following instance:

“A little girl, not twelve years old, in my Sunday School, came to me, to ask admission to the Church of God.”

“My dear child,” said I, after conversation, “I think you are very young.”

“Well, Dr. Tyng, I know I am very young; but you preach to us, that it is never too young to love Christ.”

"That is perfectly true, my child; but the heart is very deceitful; and perhaps you deceive yourself, when you think you love Christ."

"But how often have you told me, that I should always know whom I love?"

"Yes but perhaps this is only an impression on your mind, which may not last. By and bye you may not feel as you now do."

"I have heard you say," she replied, with much feeling, "that young Christians do not so often backslide, as persons who do not become Christians until they are old."

"Yes, my dear, I know all that; but perhaps it would be better to wait a little; may be another year."

"I am ready to wait," she promptly replied, "but you have told me, over and over again, that *now* is the accepted time,—that I had no time to waste."

Dr. Tyng remarks, "Well she shut me up completely; so that I could not say another word. I presented her case to her parents, and after hearing their story, I said to them, "I cannot keep her back; I shall not refuse to receive that child; for she is perfectly intelligent on the whole subject."

I fancy some of the readers of this incident, may be prepared to make considerable abatement of its force, by supposing that Dr. Tyng may allow very crude and unsuitable materials a place in the walls of Zion; that he, like many others may be satisfied with something less than a credible evidence of the applicant being a new creature in Christ. But why cannot a little child become as entirely a new creature in Christ, as an adult convert? And, if the subject of such a change, why cannot the child's life and lips furnish as credible evidence of it as the adult? "But (I fancy some objector says) how can a little child understand the mysterious doctrine of regeneration? How, I answer, can *any body* understand it, except by *experience*. It is not necessary that either the child, or the adult should *understand the theory* of spiritual influences, in order to the experience of them. It is the writer's conviction, that the child can furnish as credible and satisfactory evidence of Divine Renewal, as an adult; and that the difference in the degree of credibility, may often be in favour of the child's experience. There is less of art, and conventionalism about the child's actions, and utterances. The religious affections have fuller expression, and more free exercise. In this respect it is often the case that out of the mouth of babes, and sucklings the Lord has perfected praise. More on this, anon. E.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

The death of the Rev. Thomas Scales, of Leeds, demands more than the passing notice we gave in the last number of the *Independent*. For thirty years the pastor of a large, influential, and attached church, a successful preacher, a vigorous writer, and a hearty nonconformist, he has left behind him the savour of a well spent life, and has gone down to the grave full of years and of honour. We abridge from the *Leeds Mercury* an account of his life and labours, which we are sure will be interesting to our readers. Mr. Scales was born in Leeds in 1786, and was consequently in his 74th year. He was the son of an inn-keeper, but as he grew up his tendencies proved to be towards the Christian ministry, with this in view he entered

Hoxton Academy. On the completion of his studies, Mr. Scales was induced by the Committee to continue as Classical Tutor, but a call from a newly formed Congregational Church, at Wolverhampton, not long afterwards, prevailed, and he first entered on the pastoral office in that town. In 1819 he was invited to the Pastorate of White Chapel, Leeds; the building being soon found too small, the congregation erected the spacious place of worship in Queen Street, and there Mr. Scales laboured until 1849. He then resigned his charge, and accepted the post of Chaplain at the Northern Congregational School, Silcoate. For many years past he has resided without a charge, at Cleckheaton, ever ready to give temporary help to neighbouring ministers, and to further the interests of religious associations with which he had long been connected. His death was sudden; he left home on the Saturday to preach the funeral sermon of his friend, the late Rev. J. Paul, of Wisby, and the next day he himself was summoned to join that friend in the eternal world. Protestant Nonconformity had no more staunch friend than Mr. Scales. He was ever ready to advocate its principles, and to promote the success of its institutions. In 1830 he published "The Principles of Dissent;" and for many years he has been engaged in collecting materials for a History of Nonconformists in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. Both by pen and speech he was a zealous and impartial promoter of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and of the Roman Catholic Disabilities. In Leeds he assisted to get rid of Church Rates, and to thwart various injudicious schemes for imposing other burdens on Dissenters, for the exclusive benefit of the Established Church. Next to the spread of Evangelical truth, the dearest object to him was the abolition of Negro-Slavery, and he was indefatigable in his endeavours to further that blessed consummation. When slavery was doomed by law, and the apprenticeship system substituted, Mr. Scales was among the most careful observers of its effects; and when it was proved that the name only was changed, that the essence of slavery remained, he again buckled on his armour and never took it off, until apprenticeship too had passed away, and the Negro population of the British Colonies were truly and for ever free. It only remains to be said, that with his strong Nonconformist convictions, and with his readiness to defend them, he was courteous, catholic, ever ready to act with members of other religious communities, and never forgot his character as a minister of Christ. His funeral was largely attended by ministers and leading laymen of the West-Riding, and the greatest respect was manifested to his memory. The address on the occasion was delivered by the Rev. J. Parsons, from 1st Thessalonians, iv., 13, 18. The Rev. Dr. Fraser, of Airedale College, also delivered a brief funeral oration.

We mentioned in our last that Mr. Scales was the uncle of the esteemed Pastor of Zion Church, Toronto, who has just returned from a short visit to Britain. It is melancholy to know that the first family tidings Mr. Ellerby received on reaching England, was the death of his uncle.

The civil war in Syria may be said to have ended. Partly through exhaustion, partly through fear of foreign vengeance, the bloody massacres have at length ceased—not before 70,000, it is calculated, have perished in cold blood. While of the facts relating to this fearful outbreak and its terrible results there is little question, the causes are variously stated, and different reasons are assigned for the outbreak. It is perhaps impossible, at the present moment, to get at the full truth, but there seems little reason to doubt that

the Maronites, who were first attacked by the Druses, and have been the principal sufferers, can scarcely be called Christians, and that they had previously provoked hostilities with the Druses, if they had not actually at this time conceived the idea of exterminating them. Unhappily, those of whose evangelical christianity there was no doubt, have been involved in the catastrophe, and have been overwhelmed in the outburst of fanaticism. Schools have been destroyed, mission stations broken up, and the work of God apparently thrown back for many years. Meanwhile the Turkish government has aroused from its lethargy, and has despatched Fuad Pacha to the scene of the atrocities, who has entered with apparent vigor upon the task of punishing the guilty. It remains to be seen how much of this is only apparent, and how much is real. The conduct of the Turkish officials throughout does not augur well for Fuad Pacha's doings. At the same time, the Emperor Napoleon, with the consent of the Turkish government, has despatched a contingent of 12,000 troops to Syria, to assist in restoring order. Here is the beginning and the elements of a new complication. Will the French troops be so ready to leave the Holy Land, when they have done that work? The experience of Rome would lead us emphatically to say, No. If not, what will be the result? It is difficult, exceedingly difficult to see the end of this beginning. One thing is pretty certain—that the "sick man" presents no signs of recovery; and if we were sure that there would be no quarrelling over the inheritance, we should say, the sooner the end arrived, the better. We must not omit to mention that during the massacre at Damascus, Abd-el-Kader, the famous Algerian leader, himself a Musselman, set himself nobly to work to stem the torrent of slaughter, and by his exertions and influence was the means of saving many hundreds of lives.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON AT AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE FOR WORKING MEN.—On Saturday evening the Bishop of London preached in the open air to between 1,500 and 1,600 working men and children in one of the most uncivilised portions of the outskirts of the metropolis. The place selected for this mission service lies between Shepherd's-bush and the Great Western Railway, on the east of Wormwood Scrubs. The people who live around and about it are chiefly engaged in the making of bricks and pottery ware, while it is dotted here and there with gipsy tents and the temporary habitations of persons who are not able to obtain better shelter elsewhere. In one of the fields immediately behind Clifton-street in the Latimer-road, there is a hill, and from it it was announced the bishop would preach on Saturday evening. Many of the leading employers of labour in the neighbourhood, in compliance with the solicitations of the local clergy, paid their men early in the evening, and vast numbers of them not only attended the service, but took their wives and children with them. The bishop who was attended by the Rev. F. Gell, B. D., his chaplain, arrived at half-past seven o'clock, and, having selected the spot on which he would stand, retired to a small tent close by and there put on his episcopal robes. The proceedings commenced with the 100th Psalm, "With one consent let all the earth;" a paper containing this and other hymns having been supplied to every person present by the Rev. W. L. Collett, the incumbent of the adjacent church of St. Stephen. Afterwards the Litany Service, occupying about twelve minutes, was read by the Rev. A. D. Hill, B. A., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, the incumbent elect of a new church dedicated to St. Andrew, which it is proposed to erect in the neighborhood. The bishop selected for his text the 16th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, 8th verse—"The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." The latter part of the bishop's address was particularly solemn. Darkness had come on, the moon had risen, and all around the gipsies' tents were lighted up. Not a sound was heard but the bishop's voice, and now and then a train on the

adjacent railway. A deep impression appeared to be made on many unused to such services by the solemnity and peculiarity of the scene. At the close of the service the Doxology was sung and the bishop pronounced the benediction. The vast assemblage then dispersed.

CARLISLE CHAPEL, KENNINGTON.—The Rev. Norman Glass, of Cardiff, having accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church connected with the above chapel, was to commence his stated labours on the first Sunday in August.

ROWLAND HILL'S CHAPEL.—The Surrey Chapel—so long the scene of the labours of Rowland Hill, afterwards of those of the Rev. James Sherman, and now enjoying the valuable ministry of the Rev. Newman Hall—is in danger of being lost as an ecclesiastical edifice. Rowland Hill left a sum of money (now accumulated to £8,000.) for the purchase of the chapel when the lease should expire. But the Vice-Chancellor has recently decided that the appropriation of the money to this purpose would be an infringement of the statute of Mortmain. Mr. Newman Hall has preached a stirring sermon on the text, "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities;" and it is a moral certainty that venerable old Surrey, associated with such hallowed recollections, will be retained to religion, that it shall be "a tabernacle that shall not be taken down nor one of the stakes removed." Subscriptions will be raised for securing the object. The original sum of money—minus £2000 legal expenses!—will be handed over to Hackney College as residuary legatee.—*Scottish Guardian Correspondent.*

A NEW PLAN OF TRAINING FOR THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL has been proposed by the Rev. Joseph Parker, the successor to Dr. Halley, at Manchester. Looking at the well-known fact that the supply of trained ministers is far from equal to the demand; and believing that there are many young men who would make highly useful preachers, but who, for various reasons, cannot go through the usual course, he proposes as an experiment an institution which would meet such cases. The rev. gentlemen does not wish to interfere at all with existing colleges, or to lower the literary standard for any who are in circumstances which permit them to come up to it: but he deems it not only desirable, but even urgently necessary, that the amount of preaching power, which can only be had at some sacrifice of literary attainment should no longer be lost.—*Leeds Mercury.*

THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL having announced by printed bills his intention to hold divine service, on the 29th ult., in the saloon of the Frankfort Hotel, in Hombourg, a large assemblage attended at the place of meeting. They were met by a printed notice from the Government that the service was not to take place.—*Court Journal.*

SOUTH SEAS.—The *Missionary Magazine* for August contains some interesting accounts from the South Seas, brought by the John Williams. The brethren at Rarotonga, where the Training Institution still continues to send out many faithful native evangelists, make a fervent appeal to English Christians to supply more missionaries from home, who, with the native teachers, shall undertake the conveyance of the Gospel to islands at a distance still peopled by idolaters and savages. The journal of the Rev. George Turner's visit to Savage Island, so named by Captain Cook on account of the ferocity of its inhabitants, is full of interest. It has now 4,300 inhabitants, of whom all save ten are Christians. There are five chapels able to hold about 500 people each, with as many school-rooms; and civilisation has made great progress. Instead of living in single families and migrating about the bush, they have now settled in villages about the teachers' stations; and all this change has been effected in eleven years. The teachers have translated the Gospel of Mark into the dialect of the island.

A "MIRACULOUS IMAGE" AT ROME.—A letter from Rome in the Paris ultramontane journal, the *Monde*, says:—"The Cardinal-Vicar has published, by order of

his Holiness, an invitation to the clergy and people of Rome, to accompany processionally, to-morrow evening, the miraculous image of the Virgin, which is to be conveyed from the basilica of St. Mary to the church of Jesu. According to tradition this image was painted by St. Luke the Evangelist. It was held in great veneration so far back as the time of St. Gregory the Great, who had it carried to St. Peter's when a terrible pestilence afflicted the city. Pope Paul V. had recourse to the same means on a similar occasion, and he followed the image on foot, accompanied by the whole Sacred College, in which there were then three celebrated cardinals—Bellarmine, Baronius, and Toledo. Gregory XVI., in 1835 and 1837, only obtained the cessation of the cholera, which was committing great ravages, by the same pious exercise. Now that a moral pestilence more terrible in its effect than those which have already taken place, is ravaging Rome and Italy, his Holiness Pope Pius IX. is following the example of his predecessors.

Correspondence.

VANCOUVER ISLAND NEGRO-PEW DIFFICULTY.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

DEAR BROTHER,—It has been suggested to me, and I myself feel, that a number of points brought out in the progress of the discussions which have been had about the Vancouver Island Negro-pew difficulty, deserve and demand notice at my hands. There are misunderstandings to be cleared up, erroneous statements to be corrected, and important items of information to be supplied. It will be best perhaps to arrange the matters claiming attention, under several distinct headings. First in order of time is,

THE LETTER OF THE TREASURER AND SECRETARY OF THE COLONIAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY, TO REV. DR. WILKES, IN JUNE NUMBER OF CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

This official document would imply, either that I had claimed for myself, or that Dr. Wilkes had claimed for me, some superiority over my colleague in the British Columbian Mission. Nothing could be farther from the fact. Neither in word nor act, was any claim of precedence set up by me. My Canadian brethren well know the views I have long conscientiously held as to the Agency system of managing Congregational missions. I embarked in the British Columbian Mission with the fixed determination neither to exercise nor submit to "superiority of one over the other." Nor can either Mr. Macfie or the Committee, produce evidence of the slightest departure from this resolve.

The Secretary, with a lack of precision truly marvellous considering that *he had the dates*, says, I "happened to be in the colony a fortnight earlier than Mr. Macfie." He adds, "the Committee distinctly disclaim all sympathy with the idea of priority of occupancy." It is not strange that I should have "*happened*" to get to Vancouver first, starting as I did before my colleague was even *appointed*. It may be very agreeable to the wish of the Committee to "disclaim all sympathy with priority of occupancy," but facts and dates must not be ignored. I was in the colony *seven weeks and one day* earlier than my colleague, as Mr. James might have known, by referring to letters in which I notified him of my own arrival, and subsequently of that of Mr. Macfie. The fact that I had been actually at work *seven weeks*, for I did **not** lose a single Sabbath after my arrival,—the fact, moreover, that he found

a congregation gathered, a Sabbath School organized, and a preaching-hall leased for six months, rendered Mr. Macfie's separation discourteous, dishonourable, inexcusable.

But, says the official letter, "they" (*i. e.* the Committee) "consider that no plans should have been formed until both were on the ground to consult together." So, for *seven long weeks*, I ought to have been idle, for no wise man will work without a plan. It would have been a confession of miserable incompetency on my part, had I done nothing until my coadjutor arrived. And I should have waited in blissful uncertainty, for in the Secretary's last letter prior to my sailing, he intimated doubt as to my speedily having a colleague. He was trying to find one, but had not succeeded, at the date of June 10, 1859. Moreover, in the instructions of the Committee dispatched at the date just named, they say to me *singly and alone*: "we must leave it in *your hands* to adopt such measures as your discretion may suggest." Yet in the letter to Dr. Wilkes, I am censured for doing *precisely as I was bidden*.

Again, do the Committee imagine that had Mr. Macfie "happened" to come by balloon, cannon-shot, or telegraph, in time to consult with me, before I commenced operations, he would have prevailed on me to form any *other* plan about the *negro-pew*? Had the Committee themselves been there, I should have felt it my duty to withstand them *all*, had they truckled to the colour prejudice as Mr. Macfie did. Were my plans *unwise* and *wrong*? If not why find fault with me for forming them?

I have been abundantly censured by the Committee, that no "compromise" was effected with Mr. Macfie. How was this possible when he was in such haste to gratify the "preference to be unmixed, during religious service, with the African element," (I quote his own words) that he would not wait to refer the matter to the Committee? So anxious was I to avoid a rupture, that I would have gladly accepted any plan of harmonious co-operation, that did not involve violation of principle. The only thing Mr. Macfie would hear of, however, was that I should be a *mute* and *consenting* party to his commencing a negro-pew interest. This, with my convictions as to the inconsistency and wickedness of putting the coloured people under indignities, *I could not be*. Would such a "compromise" as this have been approved by the Committee? *It seems probable that it would*, since they declare, that each ought to have been allowed to pursue his own course "without blame or opposition from the other." A most impartial decision, considering that the very act of setting up a second Congregational interest in Victoria, necessarily implied and involved, "blame and opposition" to me.

The committee assert their "firm conviction that Mr. Macfie is as thoroughly anti-slavery in *all his sentiments and actions* as Mr. Clarke." Prior to Mr. Macfie's "actions," I had a declaration of his "sentiments" on the general subject of slavery. This before he had begun to entertain the idea of setting up a second interest. As one who claims to know something of the various grades of sentiment on this question, I boldly affirm that Mr. Macfie is *not* a "thoroughly anti-slavery" man. He belongs *in opinion* to the "Southside Adams" school. But for drawing too largely on your space, I could give almost word for word, views expressed by him, but I content myself with disavowing his "sentiments," as I have his "actions." No "thoroughly anti-slavery" man could do as he has done. And what are we to think of the "sentiment" of the committee when they declare Mr. M. to be as "thoroughly anti-slavery in all his *actions*" as myself, though his own correspondence betrays most indubitably, a *design* to set up a negro pew, and his establishment

of a rival cause, was undertaken *on this sole ground*? Were my refusing and Mr. Macfie consenting to set up a negro-pew, equally and alike, "anti-slavery actions?"

REPORT OF COLONIAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A brief extract from this document, was given in the July number of the *Canadian Independent*. In it the Vancouver difficulty is stated to have been "a difference of opinion *on the arrangements necessary for public worship.*" In a subsequent statement to the British public, the Secretary describes the difficulty as a serious misunderstanding, as to *the arrangements necessary to be observed for conducting public worship.*" Is this honest and truthful? Is this faithful reporting? How many of the subscribers to the Society not otherwise enlightened, would at all suspect the real nature of the case from these artfully worded and misleading sentences? Would they not conclude it was some trifling dispute about the order of religious services, the hymnology, or the music, rather than a grave issue on a question of human rights and privileges in the sanctuary?

This "difference of opinion" having sprung up, the report goes on to say, "they opened separate places in Victoria, and commenced preaching to the friends, who respectively gathered around him." Now it is not true that "they" opened separate places of worship in Victoria, &c." Nor did "they" commence preaching to the friends who *respectively* gathered around them." Mr. Macfie alone opened a *separate* place, &c. When I opened my place of worship, "*respectively*" had no existence. This intruder came into being *nine weeks* after I "commenced preaching," &c. Moreover, Mr. Macfie drew away not a few who had "gathered around" me, and would have continued to do so, but for his mischievous influence. Yet in this report, I am unjustly made to bear an equal share of the guilt of a schism, for which I was in no way responsible, and which I did all in my power to avert.

Further on in this report, the hope is expressed, "that good will ultimately be the result" of our jointly-manufactured schism, and in view of a reckless statement credited to Bishop Hills, the authorship of which I venture on his behalf to deny, for he is too prudent a man to write so unguardedly,—that "there are some thousands of people putting up houses every day in Victoria," the committee add, "it may reasonably be anticipated *that both congregations will prosper.*" How are these statements to be reconciled with the following facts? 1. The committee had been distinctly informed that the most mischievous results were flowing from the existence of two congregations, and that it was impossible for both to live and thrive. 2. Some "thousands of people every day," would be at least two thousand daily. Two thousand per day, would be twelve thousand per week not including Sunday. Yet the Secretary had in his possession, the *printed census*, sent him by me, in which the *entire population* early this year, was shown to be less than *two thousand two hundred!* 3. Before the Secretary penned the above report, he had written me doubting "whether two congregational interests should be attempted in *so small a population,*" and distinctly stating that the Society could not "*meet the serious cost,*" of the double outlay!

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF CANADA.

The protracted discussion of this matter by the Union in Montreal, brought out some things which demand notice by me.

1. An idea started by the Secretary of the Colonial Missionary Society in :

letter to Dr. Wilkes, to the effect that some *personal* difference must have sprung up between myself and Mr. Macfie. This I deny. Nothing of the kind ever occurred. Our intercourse was most harmonious and pleasant, until the "negro-pew" rupture. No quarrel of any kind ever sprung up between us save that which is before the public. I have not now, nor have I ever had, any unkind or unbrotherly feelings toward Mr. Macfie, though he has been the means of deeply injuring me and my family. Our issue was solely, from the first, on the question of equal rights for the colored people. I gave them, and he withheld them.

2. My "circular" was evidently regarded by some as an *ex-parte* document. This idea was derived from the resolutions of the Colonial Missionary Committee. Now I beg to say that I have given to the public *all* that Mr. Macfie ever said in self defence. He never replied to my letter of October 10, 1859, though several days after he received it, he apologised to me for not having done so, and promised an answer "*shortly.*" The period indicated by "shortly" has not yet arrived. Should it ever come, I promise the public the tardy reply, "*verbatim et literatim.*"

3. I have been much accused of *severity* in my letter of resignation to the committee. The official letters of the Secretary and Treasurer complain greatly of my "spirit." I should not think of claiming perfect faultlessness in these respects. At the same time, the Committee of the Colonial Missionary Society are the last persons who should read me a homily about meekness. "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" They connive at, nay *sanction* the Macfie movement, but pounce mercilessly down on my "circular." They blink the great moral question at issue, and fall vigorously to criticising my "spirit!"

Granted that I was *severe*, was I *unjustly* and *undeservedly* severe? The case was one of enormous wrong, to myself, my family, the little flock I had gathered,—the whole coloured race,—the entire cause of anti-slavery,—the Missionary enterprise, Congregationalism,—and the religious interests of our new colonies in the far north west; and I should have shown myself destitute of *heart* and *soul*, had I been capable of writing otherwise than strongly.

Some of my good friends in Canada who have known me from boyhood, connect with this alleged *severity*, "the atrocious crime of being a young man." But of this crime, unhappily, I am no longer guilty. I am more than half "three score and ten,"—alas! that so much of life has passed to so little purpose! With a family of six children, the eldest at the stature, if not the age of womanhood, I may be excused for feeling *manly*, if not *patriarchal*.

I have no bitter, unchristian feeling toward the Secretary, Treasurer, or any other member of the committee. I regard their errors, grave though they have been, as the errors of good men, and Christian brethren. I am at issue with them *on a principle*, and in their collective capacity and official action. Mere personal feeling would be out of place, and I wholly disclaim it. It has given me excessive pain to be obliged to come into collision with them, and when war shall cease through the triumph of the right, no one will more heartily rejoice than I.

4. Hesitation was shown by some in dealing with this case, because of the intimate relation between the Congregational churches of Canada, and the Colonial Missionary Society. But that relation only makes it the more important that we should *speak out*. Not only have the committee compromised *themselves* by their ill-advised action, but from our connection with them,

they have *linked us with pro-slaveryism on the Pacific coast*. Our poverty is no temptation to take government money, and to be silent about the evils of church and state, is it then to make us timid when questions of far higher moment are at stake? Were the committee capable of withdrawing the grant from our Missionary Society for espousing the cause of the oppressed in Vancouver Island,—which I do not believe,—it would only give opportunity for an independent appeal to the churches of Great Britain, which would fill our depleted treasury to overflowing. But for this groundless hesitancy on the part of some, a much stronger resolution might have been passed. Surely no one need have faltered, when Dr. Wilkes, the man of all others in a position of delicacy and difficulty from his intimate relations to the Society, openly declared, that “the most charitable thing which could be said was, that the committee had made an *egregious blunder*.” That “blunder” was nothing less than *the refusal to assert a professed principle in its bearing on a plain case appealed to its decision, and the extension of approving recognition and deliberate sanction to a religious interest, whose openly-avowed, and only distinctive feature, WAS, AND IS, THE SETTING APART OF A NEGRO-PEW IN ITS PLACE OF WORSHIP.*

OFFICIAL EXPLANATIONS TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

Called out by the accusing voice of the British press, and especially by the complaint of the *Patriot* that “the silence of the Committee was most inscrutable,” the Secretary and Treasurer have explained and defended the action of the Committee, in a letter which appeared in the *Patriot* of July 26th, 1860. Subsequently, at the Emancipation Anniversary, August 1, the Rev. Thomas James made a speech in defence of himself and the Committee. In both these official utterances, the justification of the Committee is attempted to be made out by two equally extraordinary, and equally unfounded allegations. *First*: “that Mr. Clarke had himself violated the principle of equality for which he had contended, by providing a pew for white people if they did not choose to sit with the blacks” *Secondly*: “that Mr. Macfie made no provision at all, but allowed all, on entering his place of worship, to take such seats as they felt disposed.” The “white pew” allegation is a very lame invention,—a very transparent fiction,—and may safely be left to stand or fall on its own intrinsic merit,—on its own internal evidence of probability. It will only create a smile at the innocent gullability of some good people. But the second allegation is more serious. Indeed, it is the most daring statement that has been put forth during this whole controversy. “Mr. Macfie made no provision at all,” &c. This was exactly what I did. And if we both did the same thing, whence the schism? This point is well put by the *Patriot*. Now, unless Mr. James is prepared to *affirm and prove* that the letter of Mr. Macfie to me, written October 9th, 1859, is a forgery, this statement of his is flatly contradicted, *Mr. Macfie being witness*. In that letter, Mr. Macfie proposes to meet the views of those “colonists,” who “*indulge the preference to be unmixed, during religious service, with the African element*.” I had foolishly set myself against a “prejudice deeply rooted for ages.” There are those who are “not satisfied with” my “arrangement.” They want “pew arrangements after another fashion.” They “invite your colleague to rally them.” Deserting “the black man’s church,” and “the black man’s preacher,” as he styles them, Mr. Macfie sets himself to gratify this “preference,”—to fall in with this “prejudice,” and to institute “pew arrangements after another fashion.” Nine months afterwards, the British public are deliberately

and *officially* told, that "MR. MACFIE MADE NO PROVISION AT ALL!" And it is added, "this was the substance of the information received. Upon this, the resolutions of the Committee were based!!!" Truly the supply of "information" furnished the Committee was singularly meagre! Who gave them this slender stock of information? And on what principle of justice did they reject *all my letters*, published and unpublished? How comes it that they ignore the statements of the Vancouver press on the subject, and the comments of disinterested correspondents? What would be thought of a Judge and jury who should refuse to hearken to all evidence, *except that given on one side*? Unless the Committee are prepared to pronounce Mr. Macfie's letter published in the "Circular" a fabrication, and to brand me as *untruthful*, they must acknowledge possession of ample evidence going to prove that the second cause in Victoria was the offspring of pro-slavery prejudice, and that its founder *did* contemplate the setting up of a negro-pew. Mr. Macfie can it is true, challenge proof as to such a pew being *actually* set up. It is not unusual in places of worship where this "peculiar institution" prevails, to label any pew, "The negro-pew,"—so that unless negroes *attend*, ocular proof may be wanting. The coloured people of Victoria wholly abstained from attendance at Mr. Macfie's place, but if no proscription was intended, whence this unanimous avoidance of the second cause? What provoked the controversy and what was it all about,—what means the correspondence, especially the letter of October 9th,—and why did the coloured people shun Mr. Macfie, if he allowed ALL, on entering his place of worship, to take such seats as they felt disposed? This audacious statement, forcibly reminds one of "Historic doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte!"

My resignation and departure from Vancouver to Canada are complained of by the Committee. They charge me with putting "forced constructions" on the "documents" sent me, and say, I ought to have sought "explanation" of their action, before I relinquished my post. Whether I put the natural construction on the resolutions of the Committee, or a forced one, I leave an impartial public to judge. As to "explanation," I felt the need of none. There was no ambiguity or obscurity about the "documents." The *Patriot*, which no one will suspect of undue severity, says, the Committee "gave a dismally uncertain sound, on a subject on which the voice of the British Churches should ring like a clarion throughout the world." How "dismal" that sound was, as it echoed among the hills and valleys of Vancouver, only I and my "*few people*," as Mr. James contemptuously styles them, *know*. It was the death-knell of our cause. Had the "clarion voice" greeted our ears, hope, confidence, energy, and success would have been imparted, but "dismal" indeed was the effect of the "uncertain sound" given by the Committee.

Every thing connected with the cause I had begun, was staked on the appeal I had made to the Committee. Mr. Macfie had "joined issue" with me, (I use his own words) on the negro-pew question. He asserted that I had made a great practical mistake in opposing "a prejudice deeply rooted for ages." On this sole "issue"—this single pretext—he started a rival cause. Both could not live. The one Society could not foster two interests so diametrically opposed to one another. To sanction the rival cause was to strike a death-blow at mine. Such was the practical result.

Moreover, I could not honourably continue in the service of the Committee after their action,—my "*few people*" felt cut off from the Society's sympathies,—and I had no reason to believe that remonstrance would be of any avail. The Committee had utterly disregarded and ignored all *my* statements

and appeals, and allowed my rival, *as they do still*, to be sole witness in his own cause. They condemned the "Circular" and treated it as apocryphal and untrustworthy. How then could I hope that expostulation would avail anything?

And yet further, I had asserted a great principle, and it was important for it to be established *once and for ever*, in British Columbia. Had I not resigned, my testimony would have been weakened, and the force of my appeal lost. The course I took was the most emphatic protest I could make under the circumstances. I believed it would secure the end for which I had battled and suffered, more effectually than anything else I could do. Subsequent events have confirmed the view I took. Whatever is thought of *me* personally, or of my course in resigning, the negro-pew is a doomed institution for all coming time, in British Columbia. All trace of it will be thoroughly wiped out, and "the equal rights of redeemed humanity" established on a basis *never to be disturbed again*. If this result be achieved, as I am sure it will, I shall feel that the anxieties, disappointments, and strifes through which I have passed, have not been in vain.

The committee refuse to meet my return expenses, and reflect upon me for drawing £100 at my departure from Victoria. On these points I will simply say that I felt, and still feel, that under the circumstances, it was only just the committee should *put me where they found me*, when they requested me to go to British Columbia. The appointment was not of my seeking. Regarding their application to me, as the call of Providence, I consented to go. Much pecuniary sacrifice was involved in that consent. Heavy, and in many respects, *irreparable* loss befell me in the wreck of my goods, clothing and library *on the way out* to the mission field. That loss is thus far *total*, for even the small insurance is unpaid. Disappointment and sacrifice were connected with my resignation and departure. *These* the committee necessitated. The £100 did not *half* meet the cost of return. Yet the committee evidently grudge it, though they have done what they could not help, voted to pay it. But I am so *unwilling* to receive reluctant money, that I have pledged myself, should the constituency of the Society, share the views and feelings of the committee, that I will find a way to *refund* the £100. I have no doubt however, that when things come to be righted, the Society will not only sanction the £100, but see to it that I am no loser by standing for principle.

The committee blame me for selling the place of worship "erected by the voluntary contributions of friends." But since that sale was not *my* act, but the act of the contributing "friends,"—since moreover I was personally and alone responsible for a debt of nearly \$800 which could only be paid *by a sale*,—there is surely no cause for excuse. The ground given by the Hudson Bay Company, was not *sold*, it being transferred with the concurrence of the Chief Factor to Bishop Hills, the purchaser of the building, for the purpose of a Collegiate School. The Chief Factor was indignant at the idea of the ground going into the hands of Mr. Macfie or the Society *after the course* they had taken on the colour question, and said that in case it was so perverted from its intended use, he should claim the land again. Having thus noticed the chief points that occur, to me, I will only add a word or two in conclusion. This whole matter is naturally exciting a good deal of attention at home, and according to present appearances, "the end is not yet." The committee, betrayed by a policy of expediency into a wrong position, seem to be imitating the tactics of the American Tract Society. Mr. Macfie has been written to,

that he may put the best possible face on affairs. The "white pew" fiction, and the assertion that "Mr. Macle made no provision at all," are probably but the forerunners of other disingenuous apologies. It will take time and patience doubtless, to bring forth "righteousness as the light, and judgment as the noon-day." But an all-wise God will assuredly do it, in his own time and way.

W. F. CLARKE.

Geleph, August 24, 1860.

Review.

CAROLINE PERTHES THE CHRISTIAN WIFE, condensed from the Life of Frederick Christopher Perthes. New York, Carter : Toronto, Maclear & Co.

This is one of those choice books which once taken up are found so fascinating, that we cannot lay them down till finished. Its title however is misleading, for the real interest of the book is with the husband and the stirring times of Napoleon, in which he bore a most worthy part as a man and a citizen. Perthes was one of those rare characters who elevate the callings they engage in : he used his trade as a bookseller, to further the highest interests of his countrymen and humanity. His wife was worthy of him, for though there are three pages about her husband to one about her, the pictures of her quiet ways, sterling piety, and singular good sense have a peculiar charm. Not the least interesting portion of the work is that which treats of the part Perthes took in rousing the public sentiment of Germany against Napoleon. We have here a view of the operations of war from altogether a different stand-point to that of the historian, and can better appreciate its effects upon domestic life, home circles and the ordinary ways of a business city.

HINTS ON STUDY, by Rev. Thomas Lightbody, Churchville, N. Y.

These hints are not intended for professional students, but to stimulate young persons to mental improvement. They are to be had for ten cents, and have reached the third thousand. The author has succeeded in skillfully combining the opinions and experience of many eminent men so as to produce a very readable, and we believe a useful little work.

NOTICE OF INTENDED PUBLICATION.—Sheldon & Company, of New York, have issued a prospectus and specimen pages of Dean Milman's History of Latin Christianity. They intend publishing on the first of October; the edition will be a reprint of the last London edition, surpassing it, they say, in convenience of form, equalling it in typography, and will be offered at about one half the price. The work will be in eight volumes, of which one will be issued every month, till the whole is completed. Each volume will be a beautiful crown octavo, of about six hundred pages. Price, per volume, in cloth, \$1 50.

News of the Churches.

PROPOSED WEEK OF PRAYER IN 1861.

Our Missionary brethren at Lodianna invited Christians throughout the world to begin this year with united supplication for the enlarged outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The cordial response to their appeal is fresh in the memory of us all. The earth was girdled with prayer. The sun for seven days never set on groups or congregations of praying believers. Many striking answers to these prayers are known to have been received. Eternity alone will reveal all the blessings which were vouchsafed.

The recent Missionary Conference at Liverpool directed their attention to the subject, and expressed their earnest hope that "the whole Church of God throughout the whole world," would set apart a week for special prayer at the beginning of next year; and the promoters of the Conference have communicated their desire that the Evangelical Alliance would prepare and issue an Invitation to this effect. A similar wish has been expressed by the Lodianna Missionaries. The Committee of the Alliance cannot hesitate for a moment to undertake the duty to which they are thus called, and they do it the more readily since it is so entirely in accordance with their antecedent practice.

It is proposed that the eight days, from Sunday, January 6th, to Sunday, January 13th, inclusive, 1861, should be observed as a season of special supplication. This would leave the first few days of the year free for other engagements, to which, in many cases, especially on the Continent, they have long been devoted; and the commencement on the Lord's-day would afford pastors and teachers an opportunity of urging the privilege of united prayer.

With a view to give something of precision and agreement to our worship, the following subjects are *suggested* for thought, prayer, and exhortation, day by day:

Sunday, Jan. 6.—The promise of the Holy Spirit.

Monday, 7.—An especial blessing on all the services of the week, and the promotion of brotherly kindness among all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Tuesday, 8.—The attainment of a higher standard of holiness by the children of God.

Wednesday, 9.—A large increase of true conversions, especially in the families of believers.

Thursday, 10.—The free circulation of the Word of God, and a blessing upon Christian literature.

Friday, 11.—A large outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all bishops, pastors, and elders of the Churches, upon all seminaries of Christian learning, and upon every Protestant missionary among Jews or Gentiles, upon the converts of his station, and upon his field of labour.

Saturday, 12.—The speedy overthrow of all false religions, and the full accomplishment of the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come."

Sunday, 13.—Thanksgiving for past revival; and the enforcement of the solemn responsibility resting on every Christian to spend and be spent in making known the name of the Lord Jesus at home and abroad. Missionary sermons.

These subjects are capable of every variety of treatment. Union is strength. United prayer, united praise, has power with God, and prevails—2 Chron. v. 13. and xx. 20-22; Acts iv. 31-33. Every day the standard of the Cross advances. Every day new fields of holy warfare open before us. Every day the conflict thickens. The aggressions on the camp of the enemy are stirring up all his wrath. The very successes of Christ's soldiers multiply the calls for reinforcements. Our only hope is in God. Our expectation is from Him. Shall we not arise, and with

one heart and one voice call upon Him from whom cometh our salvation? The Lord hath done great things for us. Showers of blessings have fallen on many lands. There is a sound of abundance of rain. Shall not the posture of the Church be that of Elijah, prostrate in importunate prayer? It was when all the people shouted with a great shout that the walls of Jericho fell. Who will refuse to raise the voice of supplication? The last recorded words of the Son of Man are reverberating through Christendom, "Surely I come quickly." Who will not respond, "Amen. Even so: come, Lord Jesus?"

C. E. FARDLEY, *Chairman.*

T. R. BIRKS, M.A.

DAVID KING, LL.D.

W. M. BENTING.

EDWARD STEANE, D.D.

H. SCHMETTAU, *Hon. Foreign Secretary.*

W. CARDALL, M.A.

J. DAVIS.

} *Hon. Secretaries.*

} *Official Secretaries.*

SWEDEN—A YOUNG MARTYR.

The following scarcely credible narrative is communicated to us from a source which leaves no doubt of its truth:—

I now comply with your request to give you a short account of the persecutions endured by a boy about fifteen years of age. His name is *Axel Oberg*. This boy was apprenticed to a tailor in the town of Thorshilla. His master is a Christian. In the month of January, while a Christian brother was expounding the Word of God, this boy was awakened to a sense of his lost condition, and in deep anguish of soul asked, "What shall I do to be saved?" Some days after he was made to feel a sense of the Saviour's pardoning love by the application of these words to his mind, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" "I will blot out your transgressions as a cloud, and your iniquities, as a thick cloud." Peace and joy now filled the heart of the young convert, and he began to speak of his faith and love to those whom he met with in the streets and in the market.

A short time after this his faith and steadfastness were brought to a test. The time had arrived when, according to the customs of his country, he was to go through the order of instruction preparatory to confirmation and the Lord's Supper in the State Church. The boy was now placed in a strait: he saw that the priest who was to be his spiritual instructor was an unconverted man, and he started back, his feelings revolting at the idea of having such an instructor. In conversation the boy made mention of his convictions and scruples. This aroused the feelings of the priest, who called the boy to a close hearing. The boy continued steadfast in his convictions, affirming that repentance and faith were necessary requisites preparatory to admission to the Lord's Supper. The priest, finding that all his remonstrances and arguments were ineffectual, sent for the father, and the boy was obliged to undergo a new course of examination, which also failed of the desired effect. Still further to prove him, a third examination was gone through before another priest, but with no better effect than the two former. The boy says, "I continued to answer each time as moved by the Spirit." The priests now declared that they could do nothing with one so incorrigible, and gave him up as hopeless. The boy now hoped that his worst trials were over, but in this he was disappointed.

The father now resolved to take him home and try if he could not make him obey him there, and, for the accomplishment of his fiendish purpose, called in a wicked man to hold the boy while he, the father, should beat him. The boy remained steadfast. Before this young believer had been awakened, he used to play the violin at parties and dances. A new idea struck the father; he took the instrument and placed it in the hands of the boy, commanding him to play. The boy played a song of praise to the Lord and Saviour, telling his father that he would rather see the instrument, and himself made to suffer torture until death, than dishonour the name of him who had bought him with his blood. The father

now took a burning candle and placed it under the bare foot of his child, who bore the torture with indescribable patience and fortitude, fixing his eyes of faith on Jesus.

Some time after this the father sent the boy back to his master, but allowed him to remain only a short time. The spirit of hostility and revenge still reigned in the bosom of the inhuman father; he took the boy home for the purpose of inflicting new tortures upon him. This he continued for many days, but all in vain. The father became so enraged, that he beat him one day so unmercifully, that the young martyr fell upon the floor in a state of utter unconsciousness. But the heart of the father did not relent at the sufferings of his child, who is at the present time kept in close confinement, the father not allowing him to have the least intercourse with Christians.

Dear brother, lay the case of this young disciple upon your heart, pray for him, and ask dear Christians, whenever you meet with them on your journey, to remember him in their prayers. Call to mind the words of Jesus, "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name shall be given unto you."

Your Brother in Christ,

A. W. LINDBLOM.

Elder at the Baptist Church in Strongnas, Sweden.

—*Evangelical Christendom, August 1. 1860.*

AN OPEN-AIR EVANGELIST.

A new and powerful open-air evangelist has been for some time preaching in London. The following original announcement is the copy of a handbill circulated before his first appearance:—

"To prize-fighters, dog-fanciers, and sporting men of every sort. Come and hear Richard Weaver, known as "Undaunted Dick," a converted prize-fighter, from the coal mines of Lancashire. He will sing and preach in Cumberland Market, Regent's Park, on Sunday morning, 3rd June, at eleven o'clock, and in the evening, at six o'clock he will narrate his wonderful conversion, and other striking circumstances of his life. He will also sing and preach in the same place every evening that week, viz.:—the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th June, at seven o'clock; and on the following Sunday, 10th June—morning at eleven o'clock, and evening at six o'clock."

The result of this man's labours are already marked and marvellous. He is said literally to "sing" as well as "preach," and *this* arrests and attracts very many. Preaching to a room full (driven from the street by the rain) of poor men and women, on the "ransomed of the Lord," who "shall return to Zion with songs," he spoke thus:—"I was always fond of singing; I believe I was born singing. But the songs I used to sing are not the songs I love now. . . . Oh, my dear men, you sing "Britons never shall be slaves;" what slaves you are to your own lusts, to the devil, and to the landlord. . . . I'll tell you some of the songs I love now. Here's one—

'Oh happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God.'

The speaker thus went on to quote at least a dozen of hymns, *some of which he sung*, the meeting taking up the chorus.

And thus he preaches Christ and a free salvation to the poorest: "You tha' can hardly buy a rag for your wife; you mothers that put your children to bed and wash their clothes and dry them when they sleep, only take Jesus for your portion, 'who though he was rich for your sakes became poor, that ye through his poverty might be made rich.'"

A trustworthy witness says:—"In no meeting yet held in London has the Lord done greater things than in that which followed the preaching of this earnest man on the occasion referred to. . . . Perhaps nothing which has taken place amongst us has so much approximated, or manifested power from on high, to the work in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Sudden and overwhelming sense of sin, followed by the clearest witness of the Spirit to all sin being put away, and consequent joy and peace."—*British Messenger.*

Sabbath School Department.

SABBATH SCHOOL STATISTICS.

To the Editor of the Canadian Independent.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—In accordance with a Resolution of the Canada Congregational Union, I send you this synopsis of the Report on Sabbath Schools, that was read at our recent annual meeting.

I issued over 70 circulars, but the returns enable me only to report on 26 schools.

In those 26 schools there are 280 Teachers, and 2048 Scholars; the average attendance being 1609.

One of them meets only in the Summer, the rest once every Sabbath: some of them in the morning, the great majority in the afternoon.

19 have uniform lessons, excepting infant classes, and sometimes excepting senior ones.

Number of Books in all the 26 Libraries.....	5,199
“ “ added in the course of the year.....	676
Raised by the Churches for the Schools.....	\$262 55
“ “ Scholars	261 31
Of which \$26 00 for Sabbath School Papers.	
167 01 “ Missions.	
5 56 “ Tickets and Rewards.	
5 00 “ Victoria.	
25 00 “ Library books.	
32 74 “ A Christmas Offering to poor children.	

\$261 31

Number of Conversions recorded.....	15
“ added to the Churches.....	10

In reply to the question “Do you have the prize system?” One says, “abandoned”—two say, “intended”—about one-third say, “Yes”—about one-third say, “No”—the rest say nothing in reply to the question.

16 out of the 26 Schools take Papers.	
7 take <i>The Children's Paper</i> .	
3 “ “ <i>Sabbath School Banner</i> .	
7 “ “ <i>Child at Home</i> .	
1 “ “ <i>Sabbath School Gazette</i> .	
1 “ “ <i>Child's Paper</i> .	
1 “ “ <i>Child's Own Magazine</i> .	
1 “ “ <i>Child's Companion</i> .	

One school takes, in addition to some of the above, the *British Workman*, the *Band of Hope*, the *Journal of Missions*, the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, the *Christian Witness*, the *Bible Class Magazine*, and the *Christian Penny Magazine*.

In several of the schools, two or three different papers are taken; and two express the hope of taking “*The Dial*”—an illustrated paper to be published at Owen Sound, twice in the month, by Mr. William Smith, Editor and Pro-

prietor, which, judging from the Prospectus, is likely to prove of value. Price, 30 cents a year.

4 have Monthly Prayer-meetings.

2 have Weekly Prayer-meetings: one of which is followed by the study of the lesson for the following Sabbath.

2 express intention of having Monthly Prayer-meetings.

9 have Monthly Meetings of Officers and Teachers.

2 meet quarterly; others occasionally.

15 Branch Schools are reported: in nine of them the attendance amounts to 245; of the six others, number attending not named.

Suggestions also were invited. Very few have been expressed with the returns; but a few statements have come to me that are very suggestive.

1. *Owen Sound*.—"Have made donations of Papers and Tracts (mostly second-hand) in large numbers, to three other schools.

2. *Elton*.—"Old volumes given away to destitute localities."

3. *Ryckman's Corners*.—"We have given each of the children a book at the close of the year, proportioned, in some measure, to their good behaviour and attendance."

4. *Paris*.—"Prizes are given by exchanging Reward Tickets for Books."

5. *Kingston*.—"I do not know if one child has been five minutes late during the whole year. The Teachers attend with unusual regularity."

6. *Caledon*.—"Just commenced having Monthly Missionary Collections." "Allow me to commend the Band of Hope movement to your attention. That and Sabbath Schools should move hand in hand."

7. *Sarnia*.—"Our weekly meeting of Teachers is a most interesting and profitable one."

8. *Brantford*.—"The Sabbath School Banner, a weekly, published by the American Sabbath School Union. One copy is given to each family. 75 are thus distributed."

9. *London*.—"Two of the Teachers have, during the year, given very satisfactory evidence of their conversion, and have united with the Church."

Very respectfully and fraternally yours,

J. ELLIOT.

Ottawa City, August, 1860.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DIAL.

We call attention to this new periodical, the first number of which has been issued. It is an illustrated religious paper for children published twice every month, at Owen Sound, by William Smith, Esq., at 30 cents a year. The enterprising proprietor deserves the cordial support of all interested in Sabbath School operations, and especially of the dear youth of this province, for whose special benefit it is established. Conducted apart from all sectarianism, evangelical in its sentiments, and genial in its spirit, we wish it all success.

GOOD FRUIT.

Rev. Dr. Tyng states that in the thirty-one years he has been a city pastor, and personally connected with large Sabbath Schools, he has received over three hundred youths of both sexes to the Lord's table directly from the Sabbath Schools, and he has no doubt that two hundred more united with his Church as a result of previous Sunday School instruction.

Wells from the Fountains of Israel.

PRAYING EVERYWHERE.

“I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.” (1 Tim. ii. 8.)

We are opposing God's method of working, if our life has a tendency to incapacitate us for the enjoyment of prayer *at all times*. If by needless excess of worldly cares; if by inordinate desires, which render it impossible for us to accomplish our objects in life *without* such excess of care; if by frivolous habits; if by the reading of infidel or effeminate literature; if by an indolent life; if by any self-indulgence in physical regimen-- we render the habit of fragmentary prayer impracticable or unnatural to us, *we are crossing the methods of God's working*. Something has gone wrong, *is going wrong*, in the life of that Christian who finds himself thus estranged from filial freedom with God.

Such a Christian must, sooner or later, be brought back to Christ, and must begin life anew. He will come back heavy laden and in tears. No words express more becomingly the wail of his spirit, whenever he comes to his right mind, than the plaint of Cowper—

“Oh, for a closer walk with God!”

In the vestibule of St. Peter's, at Rome, is a doorway, which is walled up and marked with a cross. It is opened but four times in a century. On Christmas Eve, once in twenty-five years, the pope approaches it in princely state, with the retinue of cardinals in attendance, and begins the demolition of the door, by striking it three times with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened, the multitude pass into the nave of the cathedral, and up to the altar, by an avenue which the majority of them never entered thus before, and never will enter thus again.

Imagine that the way to the throne of grace were like the *Porta Santa*, inaccessible, save once in a quarter of a century, on the 25th of December, and then only with august solemnities, conducted by great dignitaries in a holy city. Conceive that it were now ten years since you, or I, or any other sinner, had been *permitted* to pray; and that fifteen long years must drag themselves away before we could venture again to approach God; and that, at the most, we could not hope to pray more than two or three times in a lifetime! With that solicitude we should wait for the coming of that holy day! We should lay our plans of life, select our homes, build our houses, choose our professions, form our friendships, with reference to a *pilgrimage* in that twenty-fifth year. We should reckon time by the openings of that sacred door, as epochs. No other one thought would engross so much of our lives, or kindle our sensibilities so intensely, as the thought of prayer. It would be of more significance to us than the thought of death is now. It would multiply our trepidations at the thought of dying. Fear would grow to horror at the idea of dying before that year of jubilee. No other question would give us such tremors of anxiety as these would excite: “How many years now to *the time of prayer*? How many months? How many weeks? How many days? Shall we live to see it? Who can tell?”

Yet, on that great day, amidst an innumerable throng, in a courtly presence,

within sight and hearing of stately rites, *what would prayer be worth to us?* Who would value it in the comparison with those still moments, that

“ — secret silence of the mind.”

in which we now can “ find God” *every day and every where?* That day would be more like the day of judgment to us, than like the sweet minutes of converse with “ Our Father,” which we may now have every hour. We should appreciate this privilege of *hourly* prayer, if it were once taken from us. Should we not?

“ Still with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee ?”
“ With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart ;
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart !”

—The Still Hour.

THE GOOD DEACON.

BY REV. ROBERT BOYD.

One of the Almighty's most precious gifts to a church, and to a pastor is a good *deacon*. The prosperity of a church, and the usefulness of the minister, depend more upon how the deacons discharge their duties, than almost anything else, short of the divine blessing. The deacon is too often chosen by the church from a regard to his social position in society, his general intelligence, his wealth, or his popularity in the community ; while deep piety, and a willingness to give himself to the church with a self-sacrificing zeal, are apt to be overlooked. Hence we have so many in the office, who are deacons only in name. The inspired direction given to the church to guide its choice, is, “ Look ye out among you men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom.” One of those upon whom the choice of the first church fell, is described, not by partial friends and flattering admirers, but by the truthful pen of God, as a man, “ full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,” and as we see him standing up before an enraged throng of his Lord's enemies, with a dauntless courage, his face shining like an angel of God, and ready to lay down his life for the truth, we are led sorrowfully to contrast him with many who now bear the honourable name.

There is the *worldly-minded* deacon. He is often an active, bustling, and keen man of business, full of enterprise and speculation, and driving his worldly matters with an untiring energy. And there is nothing wrong in all this of itself, for as John Newton says, “ if a Christian is only a shoe black, he ought to be the best one in the parish.” Even our daily work we are to do heartily, as unto the Lord. But in the case of the man I am describing, he is not attending to his business *for the Lord*, but *for himself*. Hence he has invested not only his whole capital in it, but his whole heart also. Late on Saturday evening, and early on Monday morning, you will find him busy in the marts of mammon, but absent from the house of God on the Sabbath, because he was sick ! Well, it may all be right, but this *doing up* one's sickness on the Sabbath, is a suspicious sign. As his wealth increases his liberality to the cause of Christ decreases, till at last he parts with the little he does give, with the most painful reluctance. He sometimes prays for the pastor, that the Lord would bless him “ in his basket and his store,” while through

the deacons neglect of the church, that basket has nothing in it, and as for his store it is nowhere to be found. He forgets, that as far as possible, God expects us to be the *executors* of our own prayers.

There is the *do-nothing* deacon. He was elected to the office with large expectations as to his efficiency. On accepting the position, he thanked his brethren for the confidence reposed in him; but good easy man, it never seems to have entered his mind that he had anything to do. The house of God may be disgracefully filthy, the windows may be broken, it may be freezing cold, or uncomfortably hot, dogs may trot or howl in the passages, and boys play the most annoying antics in the gallery, but he "cares for none of these things;" or if matters become so outrageous as to compel a remark, he quietly observes that *something* ought to be done, which something, however he never does.

There is the *obstinate* and *self-willed* deacon. He is very wise and shrewd, and able to accomplish wonders *in his own opinion*. In church meetings he has a great deal to say—generally stands in opposition, and seems most in his element in a storm. He insists strongly that the minority should always submit to the majority, but this is only when the majority are with him. When any measure that he has opposed, does not work as well as was expected, with triumph in his eyes he tells the church, that it has turned out just as he expected, told them how it would be, that they see the result of not taking his advice, and many more such amiable remarks.

There is the *minister-moving* deacon. He is always a warm, firm friend of the minister, *at first*. He is delighted with his preaching, feels thankful that the Lord has sent them such a pastor, and tells his friends that the church has got the right man at last. But soon a change comes over the spirit of his dream. Some stranger or travelling evangelist comes along, preaches a few sermons, old ones and special favourites—preached a hundred times before, and filled with interesting anecdotes, passionate appeals, and most extravagant fancies. The deacon is in raptures, and declares *he never did hear* such powerful preaching! He henceforth begins an agitation to get the pastor removed. To accomplish his object, he goes from house to house among the church members, saying that he has nothing against the minister, that he would not for the world injure him or his family, that he likes him very much *as a man*, but that he is not fit for such an *important place* as theirs. In short, he soon makes the pastor's position so uncomfortable that he resigns, and leaves a field where he could have done great good; and when the new preacher has preached out his sensation sermons, he is found to be dry as a mummy, and the church realizes that they have been fearfully imposed upon.

We might lengthen this dark catalogue, but it is unnecessary. Blessed be God, such men in the deaconship are the rare exceptions and not the rule. As a body, the deacons of our churches are a most devoted, self-denying, and conscientious class of men; and while we record our thankfulness to God for giving us such brethren, let us fervently pray that from such deacons as those described above, "the good Lord deliver us."

In the first church of which I was pastor, we had a deacon whose memory I still fondly treasure. His time and energies were given to the church, in all her interests, both temporal and spiritual, with an untiring zeal. Whatever was needed for the decency and order of the house of God, was quietly and ostentatiously attended to at once. When difficult cases of discipline arose, involving great difference of opinion, and threatening to divide the church, we have known him to spend whole nights in prayer for Divine dir-

action, and from these wrestlings with the Holy One, he would come to the church-meeting, like a second Moses from the mount of God, and it was wonderful how his words of wisdom would calm the troubled elements. On one occasion a dispute arose between two leading members. Each had a host of friends, parties were formed, much bitter feeling engendered, and a division seemed inevitable. For many days, the deacon made it a matter of earnest prayer. He then visited the brethren, got them together, and prayed with and for them. The night of the church-meeting came, and there was a gloom on almost every countenance. When the business was introduced, one of the disputing brethren arose and with great tenderness of manner, confessed his wrong and asked forgiveness of his brother; the other responded with deep emotion; they grasped each other by the hand, and as they stood there, the tears rolling down their cheeks, the members of the church started to their feet and sung in unison,

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

The good deacon, though so attentive to the church, did not forget his business. He carried his religion into his worldly calling, and was “diligent in business.” He had a large farm—found it necessary to employ a number of hands, and yet everything went on with the greatest order. Agriculturists came from great distances around, to see and admire his model farm. The Lord greatly prospered him in worldly things, but there was no danger of his dying “wickedly rich,” for his liberality kept pace with his prosperity. He literally gave as the Lord prospered him.

Official.

THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The above Association will meet at Scotland, C. W. on Tuesday, 9th October, at 7 p. m. Rev. D. McCallum, preacher; Rev. R. G. Baird, alternate.

The following exercises were assigned, viz. Plans of Sermons, Rev. Messrs. King and Wood. Sermon, Rev. D. McCallum. Exposition, Rev. Wm. Hay. Essay, Rev. Thomas Pullar. Review, “*Eschatology*,” Rev. R. Robinson.

A Stage leaves Paris, soon after the arrival of the mid-day express trains; i.e. 2½ p m.

EDWARD EBBS, *Secretary*

Paris, 23rd August, 1860.

COLLECTIONS FOR WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.

The Secretary of the Congregational Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund, acknowledges the receipt of the following collections:

Barton and Glanford.....	\$5 00
Pine Grove and St. Andrew's.....	8 43
Owen Sound.....	4 15
Bowmanville	10 03
Albion	14 00
Warwick	7 00
	\$48 61

Montreal, August 28th, 1860.

P. W. Wood,
Secretary.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

The Churches are hereby respectfully reminded of the resolution adopted by the late annual meeting, viz.:

“That the setting apart of a day of Special Prayer on behalf of the Institute, (College), having been found by experience to be productive of so many good results, the Churches be again requested to observe the second Sabbath in October in that manner, and to take up collections and subscriptions for the College at that time, as far as practicable. The meeting also recommended that the subject of the Christian Ministry be made prominent in the sermons of the day.”

Contributions received since last acknowledgment.

Per Rev. Dr. LILLIE.

Brockville.....	\$25 00
Listowel (by D. D. C.).....	6 00
Kingston	37 00
Belleville	12 75
Bowmanville (additional).....	9 00
Whitby.....	9 00

Per Rev. Dr. WICKSON.—

London.....	10 70
Stratford.....	18 00
Guelph	17 60
Whitby, (Rev. J. T. B.).....	2 00
Rev. W. Standenvick	2 43

F. H. MARLING,
Secretary.

September 1, 1860.

The Fragment Basket.

THE SEDUCER AND HIS VICTIM.—The Seducer! Playing upon the more sacred affections, he betrays innocence—How? By its noblest faculties; by its trust; by its unsuspected faith; by its tender love; by its honor. The victim, often and often, is not the accomplice so much as the sufferer, betrayed by an exorism which bewitches her noblest affections to become the suicide of her virtues. The betrayer of the most intense selfishness, without one noble motive, without one pretence of honor—by lies; by a devilish jugglery of fraud by blinding and confusing the conscience, misleading the judgment, and instilling the dew of sorcery upon every flower of sweet perfection, deliberately, heartlessly damns the confiding victim! Is there no shade of good intention, no glimmering trace of light! There was not the most shadowy, tremulous intention of honor. It was a sheer, pre-meditated wholesale ruin, from beginning to end. The accursed sorcerer opens the door of the world to push her forth. She looks out, all shuddering; for there is shame and sharp-toothed hatred, and chattering slander, and malignant envy, and triumphing jealousy, and old revenge—these are seen rising before her, clouds full of fire that burn but will not kill. And there is for her, want, and poverty, and gaunt famine. There is the world spread out; she sees father and mother heartlessly abandoning her, a brother's shame, a sister's anguish. It is a vision of desolation, a plundered home, an altar where honor, and purity, and peace have been insiduously sacrificed to the foul Moloch. All is cheerless to the eye, and the ear catches the sounds of sighing and mourning, and wails and laments; and far down at the horizon of the vision, the murky cloud for a moment lifts, and she sees the very bottom of infamy and ghastliness of death, the last spasm of horrible departure, the awful thunder of final doom. All this the trembling,

betrayed creature sees through the open door of the future; and with a voice that moves the dead, she turns and clasps his knees in awful agony: "Leave me not! Oh! spare me—save me—cast me not away!" Poor thing—she is dealing with a demon! Spare her! Save her! The polished scoundrel betrayed her to abandon her, and walks the streets to boast his hellish deed! It becomes him as a reputation! Surely society will crush him. They will smite the wolf, and seek out the bleeding lamb. O! my soul! believe in not! What sight is that? The drooping victim is worse used than the destroyer! He is fondled, courted, passed from honor to honor! and she is crushed and mangled under the infuriate tramp of public indignation! On her mangled corpse they stand to put the laurels on her murderer's brow! When I see such things as these, I thank God that there is a judgment, and that there is a hell.—*Beecher.*

LOVE TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.—Dear brethren, get love to the Lord Jesus, and you have everything. Union to Jesus is salvation. Love to Jesus is religion. Love to the Lord Jesus is essential and vital Christianity. It is the main spring of the life of God in the soul of man. It is the all inclusive germ, which involves within it every other grace.

Love to Christ is the best incentive to action—the best antidote to idolatry. It adorns the labours which it animates, and strengthens the friendships which it sanctifies. Its operation is most marvellous; for when there is enough of it, it makes the timid bold, and the slothful diligent. It puts eloquence into the stammering tongue, and energy into the withered arm, and ingenuity into the dull lethargic brain. It takes possession of the soul, and a joyous lustrous beams in languid eyes, and wings of new obedience sprout from lazy, leaden feet.

Love to Christ is the soul's true heroism, which selects the heaviest loads and the hardest toils, which glories in tribulations, and smiles at death till the king of terrors smiles again. It is the oblivious draught which scatters misery and remembers poverty no more.

If you would be a happy, a holy, and a useful Christian, you must be an eminently Christ-loving disciple. If you have no love to Christ at all, then you are none of his. But if you have a little love—ever so little—a little drop, almost frozen in the coldness of your icy heart—oh! seek more. Look to Jesus, and cry for the Spirit till you find your love increasing; till you find it drowning besetting sins; till you find it drowning guilty fears—rising, till it touch that index, and open your closed lips—rising till every nook and cranny of the soul is filled with it and all the actions of life and relations of earth are pervaded by it—rising, till it swell up to the brim, and, like the apostle's love, rush over in full assurance: "Yes, I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—*Rev. Dr. James Hamilton.*

LIFE'S TROUBLES.—We may compare the troubles which we have to undergo in this life to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once; he mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we carry to-day, and then another which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burdens to our load before we are required to bear it.

MONEY SPENDING.—There is one thing I would be glad to see more parents understand, namely, that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house and the grounds around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home, as much as possible to enjoy it; but that when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewellery for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home, that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention, and make the most display.

THE TRIFLER.—Though the trifler does not chronicle his own vain words and wasted hours, they chronicle themselves. They find their indelible place in that book of remembrance with which human hand cannot tamper, and from which no erasure save one can blot them. They are noted in the memory of God. And when once this life of wondrous opportunities and awful advantages is over, when the twenty or fifty years of probation are fled away; when mortal existence, with its faculties for personal improvement and serviceableness to others, is gone beyond recal; when the trifler looks back to the long pilgrimage, with all the doors of hope and doors of usefulness past, which he skipped in his frisky forgetfulness; what anguish will it now be to think that he has gambolled through such a world without salvation to himself, without any real benefit to his brethren, a busy trifler, a vivacious idler, a clever fool!—*J. Hamilton.*

AN OPEN EYE.—The whole book of Job seems to have been chiefly written and placed in the inspired volume, in order to show the value of natural history, and its power on the human heart. I cannot pass it by without pointing out the evidences of the beauty of the country that Job inhabited. Observe, first, it was an arable country. "The oxen were plowing, and the asses were feeding beside them." It was a pastoral country; his substance, besides camels and asses, was 7,000 sheep. It was a mountain country, fed by streams descending from them. "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away; which are brackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid: What time they wax warm they vanish: when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place." Again: "If I wash myself with snow-water, and make my hands never so clean." Again: "Drought and heat consume the snow-water." It was a rocky country, with forests and verdure rooted in the rocks. "His branch shooteth forth in the garden; his roots are wrapped about the heap, and he seeth the place of stones." Again: "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field." It was a place visited, like the valleys of Switzerland, by convulsions and falls of mountains. "Surely the mountain falling cometh to naught, and the rock is removed out of his place." "The waters wear the stones; thou wastest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth." "He removeth the mountains and they know not; He overturneth them in His anger." "He putteth forth His hand upon the rock: He overturneth the mountains by the roots; He cutteth out rivers among the rocks." I have not time to go further into this; but you see, Job's country was full of pleasant brooks and rivers rushing among the rocks, and of all other sweet and noble elements of landscape. The magnificent allusions to natural scenery throughout the Book are, therefore, calculated to touch the heart to the end of time.—*John Ruskin.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.—I know not how strong others may be in spirit, but I confess I cannot be as holy as some profess to be; for whenever I do not bear in mind the word of God, I feel no Christ, no spirit and joy. But if I meditate on any portion of Holy Writ, it shines and burns in my heart, so that I obtain good courage and another mind. The cause is thus: We all discover that our minds and thoughts are so unsteady that, though we desire to pray earnestly, or meditate on God without his word, our thoughts scatter it in a thousand forms before we are aware of it. Let any one try how long he can rest upon any one idea he proposed to himself, or take one hour, and now, if he will, tell me all his thoughts. I am sure he will be ashamed before himself, and afraid to say what ideas have passed through his head, lest he be taken for a mad dog, and be chained. This is my case, though engaged in serious thoughts.—*Luther.*

THE CLOAK LEFT AT TROAS.—Philip Grey was a hard-working man who loved his Bible. In the evening, when his labours were over, and he sat down to rest himself for an hour or so, his usual companion was a large printed and well-used copy of God's word. And Philip was not satisfied, as some persons are, with simply reading the Bible; he always tried to understand what he read, and to receive the truths which it taught him.

One evening he had been pondering over St. Paul's second epistle to Timothy, and he lingered a long time over one verse. It was this: "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee" (ch. iv. 13). Nothing very difficult, you think, in that simple and straightforward message. No, and yet it seemed to puzzle Philip. I will tell you why. Joe Wilkins, his fellow-workman, who did not like the Bible, and therefore endeavoured to disbelieve it, had brought forward this passage as one proof that the Scriptures were not inspired. "For if they were," he argued, "such a trifling matter, such a domestic detail as this, would have been omitted."

"Well," said Philip to himself, as he gazed upon the words, "it does seem a rather insignificant and unedifying subject for the apostle to mention. I don't think there is anything instructive to be gathered from it."

Just then there was a gentle tap at the half-open door, and the next minute Mr. Howard, the clergyman, came in. When he came to see Philip, he always called in the evening, because he knew that Philip was quite at leisure then; and they often had very nice conversations together; and Mr. Howard was always ready and glad to explain anything which Philip wanted to know. So, as you will imagine, this verse about St. Paul's cloak was soon alluded to, and Philip's little difficulty frankly stated.

"Well," said Mr. Howard, "this verse, Philip, appears to me a most touching and instructive one. St. Paul had lost everything. In his youth he was great among men—favoured by princes, admired of all; but he left all for Christ. During thirty years and upwards he had been poor; in labour more abundant than others, in stripes above their measure, and in prisons more frequent; of the Jews he had five times received forty stripes save one; thrice he had been beaten with rods; once he had been stoned; three times he had suffered shipwreck; in journeyings often; in perils of water, in perils in towns, in perils in deserts, in perils by sea; oft in watchings, in hunger, in thirst, in nakedness. These are his own words (2 Cor. xi. 23, 27). He is now Paul the aged, in his last prison at Rome, expecting sentence of death; he has fought the good fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith; but he is suffering from cold as the winter sets in, and lacks clothing. Thrust into a dungeon of a prison, he bore a name so vile, that even the Christians of Rome were ashamed to acknowledge him, so that on his first arraignment no man stood with him. Ten years before this period, when a prisoner at Rome, and loaded with chains, he had at least received some relief from the Philippians, who, knowing his miserable condition, had, notwithstanding their own need, laid themselves under restraint in order to minister to his wants. But now he is almost friendless; Luke only is with him; he is forsaken of all others, and the winter is about to set in. He would need some additional clothing, he had left his cloak with Carpus at Troas, two hundred leagues away; there is no one in the chilly dungeons of Rome to lend him one. How affecting the picture. I was myself in Rome last year, and at the commencement of November, on a cold and rainy day, I recollect with what vivid reality I imagined the Apostle Paul down in the deep dungeons of the Capitol, dictating the last of his letters regretting the absence of his cloak, and begging Timothy to bring it before the winter."

Philip's honest, sunburnt face expressed the emotion which he felt on listening to this account. "I never thought all this, sir!" he exclaimed; "I had no idea that the apostle, when he wrote to Timothy, was in such want and distress. O how different the verse looks to me now! It brings St. Paul in prison, cold and friendless, right before me. What a noble character he was!"

"Yes, Philip; and these few words of his, thrown, as it were, negligently, among the closing commissions of a familiar letter, shed a glancing light upon his ministry; and a passing remark enables us to see the character of his whole apostolic life."

"They do, indeed, sir; and it comforts and encourages me to think how patient and cheerful the apostle was in the midst of his poverty and privation."

"And who can tell, Philip, the power and consolation which this portion of his history has imparted to many of the Lord's tried and even martyred servants. I

remember hearing, twenty years ago, of a Christian Pastor in Switzerland, who was refused a blanket in the prisons of the Canton of Vaud. There is also the instance of Jerome of Prague, who was immured during three hundred and forty days in the dungeons of Constance, at the bottom of a dark and fetid tower, which he only left to be transferred into the hands of his murderers. And you have read yourself, Philip, of Bishop Hooper, led from his damp, unwholesome cell; covered with tattered clothes and a borrowed cloak, passing to the stake, resting on a staff. Ah! such men would doubtless call to mind their brother Paul, shut up in the dungeons of Rome, suffering from cold and lack of raiment, and asking for his cloak! *They* would not consider this verse too trifling or too undignified for the page of Scripture."

"Nor do I now, sir," said Philip. "And I am much obliged to you," he added earnestly, "for helping me to see so much meaning in it. I shall never forget, I think, in future, that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness" (2 Tim. iii. 16).

"I hope you will not, Philip. Settle it down in your mind, that there is not a chapter or verse in the word of God, from first to last, which is not in some way profitable. If you and I do not see its use, it is because we have not eyes to see it. But all, we may all rest assured, is precious. All is, "very good." Well said Bishop Jewell, "There is no sentence, no clause, no word, no syllable, but it is written for thy instruction."

Poetry.

HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
 Belov'd by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
 Where brighter suns dispense serenest light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love exalted youth,
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 And breathes the spirit of a purer air.
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
 Nor in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life;
 In the clear heav'n of her delightful eye
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
 Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother, watch the little feet,
 Climbing o'er the garden wall,
 Bounding through the busy street,
 Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
 Never count the moments lost,
 Never count the time it costs,
 Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
 Picking berries by the way,
 Making houses in the sand.
 Tossing up the fragrant hay,
 Never dare the question ask—
 "Why to me the weary task?"
 The same little hands may prove
 Messengers of Light and Love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
 Prattling eloquent and wild,
 What is said and what is sung
 By the joyous, happy child.
 Catch the word while yet unspoken,
 Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
 This same tongue may yet proclaim
 Blessings in a Savior's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
 Beating soft and warm for you;
 Wholesome lessons now impart;
 Keep, O! keep that young heart true.
 Extricating every weed,
 Sowing good and precious seed,
 Harvest rich you then may see
 Ripen for eternity.

Family Reading.

SPIRITUAL CONVERSATION.

While Christians, to some extent, avoid evil speaking, their conversation, even with one another, too often lacks positive spirituality. They do not come up to the rule of Paul, in the latter part of his injunction: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers;" or, as he elsewhere expresses it, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." They talk of business, or of politics, or of their houses and grounds, or of family matters, or other purely secular subjects. Even when they commence on what they call religious topics it will be found on reflection, that the subject is not so much religion as the mere machinery of religion—their particular church, its building, its pecuniary condition, the size of the congregation; the pastor, his qualities as a preacher, his success in enlarging the membership and audience, and in paying off the debt of the Sabbath-School, the number in attendance, the Superintendent, the library, the last exhibition or excursion. Will not our readers bear witness that such topics as these constitute the staple of what is called religious conversation?

And we must truthfully admit that ministers are not much in advance of their people in this respect. Their "religious" conversation turns too often on the outward prosperity of their respective churches, the progress of their denomination, the controversies now waging in the theological world, the merits of certain "religious" newspapers, the reformatory agitations of the day, the character of the last new book or quarterly, the prospect of favourite colleges and seminaries, and the schemes of rival sects.

Now, all these topics discussed in the social interviews of Christians are necessary and important, but they cannot without great spiritual loss take the place of spiritual conversation. They do not pertain to the heart of religion but only to its surface. They touch its form, not its substance. They interest our feelings, stir our passions, sharpen our intellects, increase some of our outward activities, and thus accomplish incidental good, but they do not deepen the tone of true devotion, they do not strengthen the life of genuine godliness, they do not draw us into closer communion with Christ, they do not give us glimpses of each other's interior character, such as will link heart to heart in purer bonds of love.

Some of us fail in this respect partly through a natural reserve of character, which disinclines us to open our breasts to the inspection of others. Doubtless there is a proper reserve to be practiced on this as on other subjects of a personal nature, and there are communings of the soul with God that would be profaned by being advertised to the world. As we are to "shut the door," when we enter the closet of prayer, so we are to have a secret chamber of meditation and feeling into which none but God may come. Still there is also a proper communicativeness, by which we bear our testimony for Christ, impart cheering and instructive views to others, obtain light for our own perplexed minds, and promote a general Christian intercourse. Our brethren will pardon us, (if pardon be necessary) for drawing attention to this subject and for urging that the apostolic injunctions quoted above be allowed to give new life and power to our words, until Christian conversation becomes an habitual means of grace.—*Congregational Herald*.

EXECUTION OF RIDLEY AND LATIMER.

In turning round, however, Ridley saw Latimer coming up behind him in the freize coat, with the cap and handkerchief—the work-day costume unaltered, except that under his cloak, and reaching to his feet, the old man wore a long new shroud. "Oh! be ye there?" Ridly exclaimed. "Yea," Latimer answered. "Have after as fast as I can follow." Ridley ran to him and embraced him. "Be of good heart, brother," said he; "God will either assuage the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it." They knelt and prayed together, and then exchanged a few words in a low voice, which were not overheard. Lord Williams, the Vice-Chancellor, and the doctors were seated on a form close to the stake. A sermon was preached, "a scant one," "of scarce a quarter of an hour," and then Ridley begged that for Christ's sake he might say a few words. Lord Williams looked to the doctors, one of whom started from his seat, and laid his hand on his lips.

"Recant," he said, "and you may both speak and live." "So long as the breath is in my body," Ridley answered, "I will never deny my Lord Christ and His own truth. God's will be done in me. I commit our cause," he said in a loud voice, turning to the people, "to Almighty God, who shall indifferently judge all." The brief preparations were swiftly made. Ridley gave his gown and tippet to his brother-in-law, and distributed remembrances among those who were nearest to him. To Sir Henry Lee he gave a new groat, to others he gave handkerchiefs, nutmegs, slices of ginger, his watch, and miscellaneous trinkets; "some plucked off the points of his hose;" "happy," it was said, "was he that might get any rag of him." Latimer had nothing to give. He threw off his cloak, stood bolt upright in his shroud, and the friends took their places on either side of the stake. "Oh, Heavenly father," Ridley said, "I give unto Thee most humble thanks for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee even unto death. Have mercy, O Lord, on this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies." A chain was passed round their bodies and fastened with a staple. A friend brought a bag of powder, and hung it round Ridley's neck. "I will take it to be sent of God," Ridley said. "Have you any more for my brother?" "Yes, Sir," the friend answered. "Give it him betimes then," Ridley replied, "lest it be too late." The fire was then brought. To the last moment Ridley was distressed about the leases, and, bound as he was, he entreated Lord Williams to intercede with the Queen about them. "I will remember your suit," Lord Williams answered. The lighted torch was laid to the faggots. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," Latimer cried at the crackling of the flames. "Play the

man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum." "O Father of Heaven," said Latimer, on the other side, "receive my soul." Latimer died first; as the flame blazed up about him he bathed his hands in it, and stroked his face. The powder exploded, and he became instantly senseless. His companion was less fortunate. The sticks had been piled too thickly over the gorse that was under them; the fire smouldered round his legs, and the sensation of suffering was unusually protracted. "I cannot burn," he called; "Lord, have mercy on me; let the fire come to me; I cannot burn." His brother-in-law, with awkward kindness, threw on more wood, which only kept down the flame. At last some one lifted the pile with "a bill" and let in the air; the red tongues of fire shot up fiercely, Ridley wrested himself into the middle of them, and the powder did its work.—*History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A.

THE SLAVE AND HIS ENEMY.

A slave in one of the West India islands, who had been brought from Africa, became a Christian and behaved so well, that his master raised him into a situation of trust on his estate. He once employed him to select twenty slaves in the market, with a view of making a purchase.

While looking at some who were offered, he perceived an old broken down slave, and immediately told his master that he wished very much that he might be one of the number to be bought. The master was much surprised, and at first refused; but the slave begged so hard that his wish might be granted, that his master allowed the purchase to be made.

The slaves were soon taken to the plantation, and the master, with some degree of wonder, observed his servant pay the greatest attention to the old African. He took him into his house, laid him on his own bed, and fed him at his own table. When he was cold, he carried him into the sunshine; and when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa trees. The master supposed that the old man must be some relation to his favorite, and asked him if he were his father.

"Massa," said the poor fellow, "he no my fader."

"Is he then an elder brother?"

"No, massa."

"Perhaps your uncle, or some other relation?"

"No, massa, he no be of my kindred at all, not even my friend."

"Why then, asked the master, "do you treat him so kindly?"

"He my *enemy*, massa," replied the slave, "he sold me to the slave dealer; my 'ble tells me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; when he thirst, give him drink."

SEVERE BUT TRUE.—Macaulay, in his history of England, in reference to the character of those who often become converts to Popery, remarks, "We frequently see inquisitive and restless spirits take refuge from their own scepticism in the bosom of a church which pretends in infallibility, and, after questioning the existence of a Deity, bring themselves to *worship a wafer.*"

SOLITUDE.—Some people seem to entertain as mortal an aversion to solitariness as a mad dog to water, and accordingly so lay their plans that they are never above a few minutes out of sight of some person or another. A case certainly much to be pitied. The very use of society is to make solitude agreeable. The man who is afraid of being alone never enjoys the pleasure resulting from mental independence, which is the noblest of all. He feels his happiness inseparable from some person whose company he may not always have it in his power to command—he lives more for others than for himself, that is to say, he puts the care of his happiness entirely in the hands of others, whereas that care should only be entrusted to our own hearts. It becomes, therefore, the duty of every one to be able to be alone, and to acquire this ability the best method is practice. Every mind has sources of happiness unknown to itself, these sources are gradually discovered, and become more copious in proportion as pleasure is drawn from them.—*Anon.*