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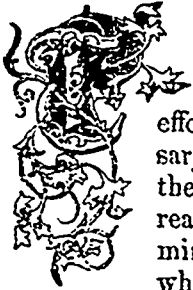
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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

FEBRUARY, 1865.



THE present circumstances of our Church call loudly for an earnest and united effort in support of the Bursary Scheme. Every year the number of congregations ready for the settlement of a minister, as well as of stations where the services of a missionary are required, is increasing, while our means of supplying the vacancies are wholly inadequate. We have at this moment, besides missionary stations unprovided for, no less than nineteen vacant charges: Finch, Nelson and Waterdown, St. Paul's (Montreal), Brantford, St. John's (Hamilton), Paisley, Woodstock and Norwich, North Dorchester, South Gower, Nottawasaga, Lindsay, Peterborough, Dummer and Ontonabee, Chinguacousy, Georgina, Erin, Caledon and Mono, Dundee, C. E., and Chat-ham, C. E. And how many labourers yet unsettled have we to fill these? In all, only four or five of our own probationers, and six missionaries from the parent Church.

This is a state of things which it behoves all who have the good of immortal souls and the prosperity of our Zion, to look fairly in the face. If it continues, it is evident that whole congregations will be lost to us from year to year, and while the population of the province is being constantly increased, our Church must decline. New stations here and there may be occupied, but it is evident from the small number of unsettled ministers and probationers, that other stations cannot be so; while some of our oldest and most attached congregations must be more or less neglected, and seriously injured, if not broken up, and destroyed. It may be said that parents and friends ought to lay more sincerely to heart the duty of directing, by every lawful means, the minds of our pious youth to study for the sacred ministry, and there is no doubt too much truth in the statement. It is to be remembered, however,—and long

experience has shown it to be the case,—that the expenses of attending college, and maintaining themselves there for six sessions, is far beyond the unassisted means of most of our deserving young men. During the last session of Queen's College, \$1006—\$386 in scholarships and \$620 in bursaries,—were paid to those studying with a view to the holy ministry, and chiefly to those prosecuting their studies in the Theological Hall, while the whole sum received from the collection for the Bursary Scheme was \$355, leaving a deficit of \$651, which had to be made up from other sources, and an advance kindly granted by the Trustees of the College to meet the emergency. The consequence has been, that this session the funds of the Bursary Committee are wholly exhausted, and already it is feared that some of our best divinity students will be unable to defray their necessary expenses of board, &c., and continue their studies at College. This is a condition of things which ought to awaken the most anxious attention of every friend of our Church, and to call forth the special liberality of those upon whom God has bestowed a more than ordinary portion of this world's goods. The importance of the Bursary Scheme is well known to all connected with its management, and can scarcely be exaggerated. It is the complement of the supplementary Temporalities Scheme, and, we venture to say, is not less important to the Church. We have not only to provide for the proper support of our present ministers, but for their places being filled when they are gone, and for our spiritual wastes being reclaimed by thoroughly qualified labourers, whose sympathies are all with this country, who intimately know its wants, are aware of its difficulties, and are prepared to face them.

Every effort will be made by the Committee of Synod to put the Bursary Scheme on an efficient footing, but their exertions will be in vain unless our ministers and

congregations generally bestir themselves far more than they have hitherto done in its behalf. It is earnestly trusted, therefore, that the attention of Presbyteries will be very seriously directed to this matter, and that the amount of the approaching collections for the Bursary Fund will be at least double the small sum received last year. Special donations from individuals, and subscriptions from congregations, are also earnestly solicited to be forwarded without delay to the Bursary Committee, by whom they will be thankfully received, and carefully applied to meet the urgent necessities of the case. Collections and subscriptions may be forwarded to the Rev. Dr. Williamson, Convener, or John Paton, Esq., Treasurer of the Committee, by whom they will be duly acknowledged.



MINISTERS and Sessions are often placed at great disadvantage in collecting for the Schemes of the Church. They do not possess the *current* information which it is desirable to lay before the people, and to satisfy the enquiries of those who are anxious to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the working of the different Schemes. It is true that a very full report is annually presented to the Synod by the various conveners, and that these reports may be found attached to the minutes of each year. We know how much sacrifice of ease and comfort is involved in the labours of the committees, and how little credit, generally speaking, they have for their pains. We are perfectly aware also that it is, too often, the practice simply to announce, that a collection is to be made on a certain day for a certain object, without much, or any, pains being taken to lay before the people the information which is contained in the reports. And, therefore, do we think it all the more desirable that our pages should, from time to time throughout the year, contain short statements and interesting details from the conveners or members of the committees of our Church Schemes, as to the encouragements or discouragements they meet with. The office-bearers of our congregations could not then plead ignorance as to where they could find something to say of the schemes, and the adherents of our Church would be stirred up to take a livelier interest in them. The tendency, if not

the effect, of this would be to increase the contributions, to infuse a spirit of liberality into our people, to encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of those upon whom the Church has devolved the task of carrying into effect the resolutions of the Synod. We are convinced that were some such means as we have suggested adopted, one great step in advance would be made towards uniting all our congregations in the feeling that they were striving for the general good, and this of itself, were there no other end served, would be to our advantage as a church.

On our cover will be found a list of donations to the Museum of the Faculty of Arts at Queen's College. We learn that the Medical Museum has also been enriched by a large accession of interesting specimens, details of which we have not yet received. The value of good museums in connection with educational institutions can hardly be overrated, and we therefore commend the subject to the consideration of those who have means or opportunities of helping. A very munificent gift has lately been made to the Library, besides many other valuable contributions from various friends, as will be seen by referring to acknowledgment in University Intelligence. The report of Kingston Observatory, by Professor Williamson, under the same head, will be read with gratification by all our readers who have a turn for science, or, if not so disposed, who have an interest in the progress of provincial institutions. They will also see that additions and improvements of great importance to the public utility of the Observatory are contemplated: and it will afford us the greatest pleasure if these lines, catching the eye of any one who has the will and the ability, become the means of bringing out the whole or part of the needed pecuniary assistance.

We would again respectfully remind our correspondents that it is most desirable that all communications should be with us by the 15th of each month. Long articles should be in our hands as early as possible in the month, as we are anxious to forward proofs to the authors, so as to ensure the utmost possible correctness. It is most desirable that proofs of important articles should be sent back at once. A few of our correspondents have neglected to return them at all. All news items should be condensed; our space is limited.

News of our Church.

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.



ON Thursday, the 5th ultimo, at noon, the Presbytery of Montreal in connection with the Church of Scotland met in the basement of St. Andrew's Church, Rev. Mr. Darrach, Moderator. The Moderator said that he had been requested by three members of the Presbytery to take steps that the Rev. Dr. Jenkins should receive some authority to preach to the congregation of St. Paul's before the ordinary meeting of Presbytery; he having received from the congregation not a call, but an invitation, which was not absolutely binding. He, the Moderator, believed much good would result to the Church in Montreal and the Church in the Province by receiving Dr. Jenkins into the Church. Some objection was made by Mr. Simpson of Lachine to this mode of calling the meeting, which he held was not constitutional. The Moderator read from the Constitution the clause empowering the Moderator to call meetings under certain circumstances.

Rev. Dr. Mathieson objected to the meeting as being illegally called, the required notice not having been given. He also held that a *pro re nata* meeting had no authority to receive Dr. Jenkins before his credentials had been submitted to an ordinary meeting. They had no official expression of his desire to become a member of the Church. He declared that the Moderator had compromised the dignity of his office by proceeding in this manner. He then read the rule for the reception of ministers from Jissenting bodies. The application should have been made to the Presbytery within the bounds of which the applicant had resided a year, and that application should remain on the table until the following meeting.

Rev. Mr. Patterson of Hemmingford, Clerk of the Presbytery, thought the Doctor was mixing up two questions,—the legality of the meeting and the action the meeting might take after being constituted. He said that *pro re nata* meetings had frequently conferred licenses to preach upon young men, and even ordained them. The point first to be disposed of was whether the conduct of the Moderator in calling the meeting was approved or disapproved.

The Moderator said that it being known that the Rev. Dr. Jenkins would arrive four or five Sabbaths before the next ordinary meeting, a large majority of the congregation was desirous that he should, in some form, be authorized to preach before them previous to the ordinary meeting, and having been directed by three members of the Presbytery to call a meeting, he had done so, and they might now say if they approved of his conduct or not.

Rev. Mr. Sieveright moved that the action of the Moderator be sustained.

Rev. Dr. Mathieson moved, in amendment,

that his action be not sustained, it being unconstitutional.

A division on the approval or disapproval of the action of the Moderator resulted in his action being sustained.

Dr. Mathieson protested against the meeting and its object, and submitted a written appeal to the Synod.

The Moderator then stated that he had been authorized by Dr. Jenkins, in case there was any dissatisfaction expressed, to withdraw his application, which would then come up in the regular order before the next ordinary meeting. He (the Moderator) therefore withdrew the application, and dissolved the meeting.

FRENCH MISSION.—The first annual meeting of the Montreal Ladies' French Mission Auxiliary Society in connection with the Church of Scotland was held in St. Paul's Church, on the evening of the 29th of December last. The Rev. Principal Snodgrass was called to the chair. After devotional exercises, the annual report, submitted by Miss McIntosh, was read. It commenced with a short sketch of the origin and aims of the Society, setting forth that it originated at a meeting of Sabbath school teachers belonging to St. Andrew's and St. Paul's Churches. The ladies had been anxious to enlarge their sphere of usefulness, and desirous of aiding the French Mission Scheme. With the view of fixing upon some plan, a meeting was called at the house of the Rev. Principal Snodgrass, the result of which was the formation of the Society. The report was very encouraging, shewing that a considerable amount of work had been done. The Rev. Mr. Tanner's health being delicate, one of the first operations of the Society was to undertake the support of a missionary to assist him. The selection was referred to the Synod's Committee, who chose Mr. A. Geoffroy. Since his engagement on 1st May last he had furnished monthly reports to the Society, shewing that he had held prayer meetings and visited a large number of French families, Protestant and Catholic. He had also held meetings at Côte St. Paul, St. Martin, and Point St. Charles. Mr. Geoffroy, as the result of his labours, was able to speak hopefully of seven persons who had resolved to read the Bible and be guided by its precepts. Of these, one had died trusting in the merits of her Saviour, and two had renounced the Romish faith. Seven Bibles, nine Testaments, and 400 tracts had been given away, care being taken to distribute none where there was a likelihood of their being destroyed. Miss Vernier, the teacher of the day school in connection with Mr. Tanner's congregation, had also been supported by the ladies. There was an attendance of twelve scholars, who received an intellectual and religious training, besides being taught sewing, &c. The report was adopted, and a committee for the ensuing year appointed. The Chairman, John L. Morris, Esq., and the Rev. J. E.

Tanner addressed the meeting, when the business of the evening closed, and the people adjourned to the basement of the church, where the ladies had provided refreshments and arranged tables for the sale of fancy and useful articles in aid of the Society. The room was well filled, and the sum of \$126.75 realized as the proceeds of tickets and sale.

LITCHFIELD ORDINATION.—The Presbytery of Kennew met at Litchfield on the 11th ult., for the ordination and induction of Mr. Duncan McDonald, a licentiate of Queen's College, Rev. Peter Lindsay, Moderator. Mr. Cameron preached an able and suitable sermon from 1 Cor. ii, 2. The usual questions were put to Mr. McDonald, after which he was, by prayer and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, set apart to the work of the holy ministry, and inducted to be the pastor of the Litchfield congregation. Rev. Mr. Thomson addressed the newly ordained minister, and Rev. Mr. Lindsay addressed the people.

Happily for this congregation, it has been but a short time vacant. Mr. McDonald's field of labour is wide and scattered, and his duties arduous; but it is, with these disadvantages, a promising and interesting charge. A large number of the leading lumbermen of the Upper Ottawa are Presbyterians, warmly attached to their Church, generous, openhanded men, and it is well that the Church should extend her boundaries so as to furnish the means of grace to a class so much exposed to temptation, yet so important to the country in spreading upward the tide of civilization in the valley of the noble Ottawa.

NEW CHURCH IN SOUTHWOLD.—The church which has been in the course of erection during last summer in the village of Fingal for the accommodation of the adherents of the Church of Scotland, was opened for Divine service on Sabbath the 18th Dec., the Rev. Mr. Nicol of London, preaching in English, from Psalm 122, verse 1; the Rev. Mr. Ross of Vaughan, following in the Gaelic.

The church was filled by a large and deeply interested congregation, and we are sure the solemn services of the day will long dwell in the memory of those who were present. The joy on the occasion was marred by the death on the preceding Sabbath, of one of the elders, Mr. Duncan Macnish, to whom the church is mainly indebted for the erection of its edifice, and the forming of a congregation in the Southwold district. The Providence was very striking which took away this good man just as he had completed the arrangements for the opening of the sanctuary on which his heart had been set; and there were surely none who drove past the sweet little churchyard of Fingal that day on their way to the house of God, who did not reflect deeply on the mysterious ways of God the more, and think of that better sanctuary above where the living and dead will all worship together.

A second service was held in the evening to improve the occasion of Mr. Macnish's death, the church being again crowded, when Mr. Ross delivered a suitable and impressive discourse.

The building is a handsome brick structure, with Gothic roof and windows, accommodating we should think, judging from appearance, about 250 people, and reflects great credit upon the contractor. It was pronounced on all hands a decided success, as respects heating, light, sound, and comfortable accommodation.

A meeting of the congregation was held next morning, at which the name of St. Columba was fixed upon for the church. A resolution was passed, expressive of sympathy with Mr. Macnish's family in their painful bereavement, and some steps were taken towards the settlement of a minister.

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR AT LONDON.—A bazaar was held at London, C. W., on Thursday and Friday, the 22nd and 23rd December, in aid of the Building Fund of St. James' Church. Six stalls were amply furnished with the usual articles provided on such occasions, and, under the brisk management of the ladies in charge, were soon emptied of their contents. A sum of six hundred dollars was realized, after the payment of all expenses. This bazaar was got up with great spirit, and passed off most pleasantly, to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

MARTINTOWN.—The active congregation worshipping in St. Andrew's Church, Martintown, have resolved upon giving their church a thorough repair. And the ladies, who never lag behind in a good cause, determined to do what they could in providing the wherewithal. Accordingly, after some months' exertions in getting up work, they held a Bazaar in Martintown on the 27th and 28th December last. We are highly gratified to learn that it succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. They netted, clear of all expenses, the handsome sum of \$365. Whenever zeal is manifested to make the house of God a beauty in the earth, it becomes those who love the cause of Zion to give their heartiest congratulations. We recommend to many to ponder well the words of David the king of Israel: "Lo! I dwell in an house of cedars, but the ark of the covenant of the Lord remaineth under curtains." In how many cases do we find professed servants of God living in the finest and most comfortable houses, and never lifting a finger to change the ungainly dilapidated house of their God into a respectable and respected building. In connection with their Bazaar an intellectual treat was given in the Church. Addresses were delivered by Lieut.-Col. S. J. Lyman of Montreal, and Rev. Donald Ross of Glengary. The former spoke on Rural Taste, and placed before his attentive hearers some striking yet practical thoughts on the subject of beautifying their houses, their schools, their churches, and their burying grounds. We trust the lecture will not be without its effect in and around Martintown, especially as regards their burying ground. Mr. Ross spoke at great length of Life in Paris, manifesting a deep knowledge of human nature, and showing that as he travelled he kept his eyes and his ears open. We were particularly struck with his remarks on the present phase of religious thought in France.

SPENCERVILLE.—The anniversary of the Spencerville Sabbath-schools was celebrated on

the 26th of December. The Town Hall of the village was filled to its utmost capacity, the chair being occupied by the Revd. J. B. Mullen, under whose able leadership the children sung several hymns tastefully, and with great propriety of expression. Ministers of other denominations were present, and delivered earnest and eloquent addresses. Refreshments were provided by the friends of the scholars, after partaking of which the meeting dispersed, highly gratified with the day's proceedings.

Mr. Mullen has three Sabbath-schools under his superintendence, with 180 scholars. Their Missionary Boxes, which have been in use for only a few months, were opened on this occasion and found to contain between fourteen and fifteen dollars, ten dollars of which were set apart for a class in the Canadian School in India, and the rest for general Missionary purposes.

The Congregation at Spencerville contemplate building two stone churches in spring, for which sites have been selected and part of the materials drawn. At present they have the use of the Town Hall.

The Revd. J. B. Mullen, of Spencerville, was lately presented with a set of beautiful Buffalo Robes by the ladies, and a very handsome cutter by the gentlemen of the congregation.

PRESENTATION.—On the last day of the year, a deputation of ladies of the Presbyterian congregation at Arnprior, consisting of Mrs. Burwash, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Dowswell, Mrs. H. H. McLachlin, and Mrs. Milne, waited on the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, in the manse, and in the name of the ladies of the congregation, presented to him a very handsome pulpit gown, with an address, which was read by Mrs. Burwash.

Died, after a few hours' illness, on the 3rd of January last, at his residence in the Township of Elmsly, Mr. McDonald Robertson, a native of Perthshire, Scotland, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Mr. Robertson came to Elmsly soon after the formation of the Perth settlement; and he has been for many years a ruling elder in the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Perth. The minister of that congregation, Rev. Mr. Bain, on the first Sabbath in which he preached to the congregation after the occurrence of the death, alluded at the close of his discourse to the event, and paid a well-merited tribute of respect to the character and memory of this worthy elder. We subjoin an extract: "Ordained to the office of the eldership in this congregation on the 13th day of May, 1839, he discharged the various duties of that high office for a period now exceeding a quarter of a century; his manner of life is therefore well known to this congregation; and it has been pleasing to me to hear from one and another of you, since his death, what I knew well before, that he has been respected and loved by you, in the measure in which he has been known. A member of the Kirk Session when I became the pastor of this congregation, I have lived ever since in terms of the closest and most cordial intimacy with him, and it is a high gratification to me to be able, this day and from this place, to state that du-

ring this close and lengthened intimacy, now extending beyond nineteen years, I have not heard him utter a word, or known him to perform an action, that tended to cast any shadow of suspicion or doubt across my mind as to the sincerity of his faith and the reality of his piety and moral worth. Passing years and increasing acquaintance with him have only served to confirm my confidence in him, and heighten my regard for him as a humble, sincere, and benevolent Christian. Sober-minded, rooted and grounded in the truth, and a lover of the good old paths, having found rest therein for his soul, and having thus personal experiences of their safety and sufficiency to guide to virtue and glory all who walk in them, according to God's word, he was not easily imposed upon by craftiness, or carried away with new-fangled schemes and notions of reformation. He had full confidence in the fitness and power of the Gospel of Christ, through the Spirit, to make men holy and happy; but he had no confidence in any measures or means not connected with the Gospel, and not serving to cause men to feel their need of this Gospel, to love it, and to yield themselves up to its enlightening and sanctifying influence. Simple-minded and without guile, he spake as he thought and felt in the honest sincerity and fulness of his heart. He shunned not, when occasion required, to express what he felt to be the truth, although the truth should be distasteful to, or even condemnatory of, the persons addressed. Yet he ever spoke it so tenderly and kindly, as to assure those addressed that he spoke it in love. * * * * * His prayers at the family altar and in the social meeting were marked by a simplicity, an appropriateness and fervency, that will cause them long to be remembered by those who have heard him addressing God. They showed a happy and intelligent acquaintance with the Word of God and requirements of men, and afforded evidence that he himself felt that he was in the presence of the Holy God, and addressing His Infinite Majesty. * * * * * His family have indeed lost a most affectionate father. This congregation in all its members have lost, in his removal from the Session, a devoted, a judicious, a tender, and loving friend. I myself have lost in him one of my earliest, my most steadfast, warm and loved friends in this place. I account it one of the distinguishing privileges of my ministry that I have so long, and without interruption or abatement, from the first day of my acquaintance with him to the last day of his life, enjoyed the friendship and approbation of that good man."

O that God may not have to complain of any of us, that, while the righteous are perishing, we do not lay it to heart.

DEATH OF MR. DUNCAN MACNISH, SOUTHWOLD.—Reference was made in another column in the account given of the opening of the new church at Fingal, to the death of that much lamented gentleman, who died at his residence, Balliere, after a brief illness, on the 13th of December, leaving behind him a widow and large family of sons and daughters.

Mr. Macnish emigrated to Canada in the year 1852, coming from Argyllshire, where he

had been for many years factor to a large estate, and settled in the township of South-wold. His knowledge and experience were of great advantage to many in his new sphere, and he was held in the deepest respect by all for his purity and worth. To him the church and congregation of Fingal owe their origin; and we trust that many years hence, when the cause of the church there shall have passed from infancy to maturity, and the people will be in the comfortable enjoyment of the means of grace, his name will be held in affectionate remembrance as the founder of the church. One of the sons of Mr. Macaish is destined for the sacred office, and is now in the Divinity Hall of Edinburgh College, after a very brilliant course in Toronto University, where each year he carried off the highest honours.

NOVA SCOTIA.—The ladies of St. Andrew's congregation, New Glasgow, have presented their esteemed Pastor, the Rev. Allan Pollok, with a handsome silk pulpit gown, as a small token of their regard for him as a man, and their respect for him as their Christian teacher.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—**INDUCTION OF PROFESSORS BELL AND MACLEAN.**—A meeting of the Convocation of Queen's University was held in Convocation Hall on the 10th ult., for the purpose of publicly inducting into professorial standing, Mr. Robert Bell, C. E., as Professor of Chemistry, Practical Chemistry, and Natural History; and Donald Maclean, M.D., L.R.C.S.E., as Professor of the Institutes of Medicine. The appointment of these gentlemen to their respective chairs was made by the Board of Trustees some time ago, and both have continued their duties up to the present time. A Statute of the University requires that Professors shall be publicly inducted, and shall make responses obliging them to conform to the rules and teachings of the University; and it was for this purpose that Convocation was called together. The day was exceedingly stormy, and the attendance of the public was in consequence small. There was, however, a good attendance of students; and even a number of ladies courageously made their way to the Hall in spite of the driving snow-storm.

The Very Rev. Principal Snodgrass occupied the chair, and had on his right and left, Professors from the different Faculties. Proceedings were commenced with prayer by the Principal, who afterwards explained the object of the meeting. The Secretary to the Board of Trustees was then called upon to make officially known the appointment of Professors Bell and Maclean, which he did, by reading the resolutions of the Board, containing their appointments. The Principal next put to them the questions required by University Statute, to which they bowed their assent. After prayer a formal declaration of their induction was made. Dr. H. Yates, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, thereupon went through the ceremony of robing, consisting simply of placing Professors' silk hoods on their shoulders, and Professors' caps on their heads, some of the students standing during the ceremony. Professor Bell then signed the declaration in the books of the Trustees, as required of all Pro-

fessors by Synodical authority, and the Principal having briefly addressed Professors and Students on their respective duties, the ceremonial was at an end.

Board of Trustees.—An adjourned meeting of this Board was held in the Senate Chamber on Wednesday, the 11th ult. An interim report of the Estate and Finance Committee was submitted, together with a communication from the chairman of the Board of Grammar School Trustees, soliciting a reconsideration of the resolution to withdraw the amount granted by the College for scholarships, when the Preparatory School was merged in the Grammar School, as well as some other matters, were referred to the annual general meeting of the Trustees at the close of the Session, a Committee having been appointed to prepare a report thereon.

Senate.—At a statutory meeting of Senate, held on the 13th ult., Professor Litchfield was elected a Governor of the General Hospital, and Professors Mowat, Williamson, Fowler, and Henderson were chosen Curators of the University Library.

Weir vs. Mathieson.—The Chancellor has deferred judgment in this suit in order to give parties an opportunity of settling their differences out of Court. We presume that the counsel for plaintiff and defendants will consider it to be their duty, out of respect to the Court, to endeavour to effect a settlement.

Donations to Library.—A most munificent gift of books has been received during the last month from a gentleman who takes a lively interest in this important department of the University. It consists of 266 volumes, for the most part new and standard, having been selected and purchased expressly for the library. Many of them are British editions. Some of the old books in the donation are very antique and rare. All the departments of literature are well represented in this collection, especially that of general modern literature, in which the library, from want of funds, is very deficient. An idea of the extent to which the library is enriched by this addition will be gathered from the following being included:—New American Encyclopedia, 16 vols., published at \$72; Hooker's Flora, 2 vols.; Jer. Collier's Dictionary, 4 vols.; the works of Washington Irvine, 14 vols.; Cowper, 8 vols.; Prescott, 15 vols.; Horace Walpole, 9 vols.; British Essayists, 8 vols.; The D'Israeli's, 6 vols.; Lamb, 5 vols.; Swift, 5 vols.; Wordsworth's Institutes, 4 vols.; Schlosser's 18th Century, 8 vols.; Woodville's Medical Botany, 5 vols.; Herzog's Theological Encyclopedia, 2 vols.; Bartlett's Criticism, 5 vols.; selected volumes of Agassiz, H. Miller, Bickersteth, Arnold, &c. &c., with several atlases and valuable illustrated works. The friends of the University must be delighted to hear of such seasonable liberality in its behalf—we trust, more than delighted, for the value of such an example is not appreciated fully unless its influence in causing an imitation of it be felt. Much has been done, and we are assured of more yet to be done; but after all a very great deal remains to be accomplished in order that the library may be brought into even a respectable state.

Books in any quantity and of any kind will be thankfully received. Donations in money, small or large, will be especially welcome, for the procuring of books, the want of which is felt both by professors and students. We understand the Principal has made arrangements, by which, at the present time, books can be purchased at less than half their usual cost, and he will be happy to communicate with any friends who, for the benefit of the library, may wish to take advantage of these arrangements. Besides the above, the following have been received:—The Principal, 10 vols. and sundry pamphlets; John Rankin, Esq., Montreal, 7 vols.; Rev. J. Irwin, Montreal, 1 vol.

KINGSTON OBSERVATORY.

Report to the Board of Visitors for the year ending 31st December, 1864.

In laying before the Board of Visitors the following report regarding the progress and operations of the Kingston Observatory for 1864, I may first of all take the opportunity of mentioning the additions made to the instruments since last annual statement. The Beaufoy Transit, lent by the Royal Astronomical Society of London, was received during the summer, and has since been mounted in a very stable manner between two stone piers. A Sidereal Clock, constructed by my assistant, Mr. Dupuis, has been added to the clock for mean time, and a Micrometer for the Equatorial, by Mr. Alvin Clarke, is now ready to be transmitted to Kingston. A standard Barometer, and Registering Thermometers by Cassella, of the best description, have also now been placed in the Observatory. With these, and the other instruments referred to in previous reports, much useful work has been done during the past years.

The values of the equatorial intervals of the wires, and the corrections for collimation, level, inequality of pivots, and azimuth of the small Transit by Simms, have been carefully ascertained by a numerous series of observations from day to day, whenever the weather permitted, and a temporary north meridian mark has been made on the Court House. It is proposed, when the ice has taken during this winter, to fix the principal meridian mark to the south on Wolfe Island. A number of tables of the most necessary constants, and coefficients, adapted to the latitude and longitude of the Observatory, have also been calculated, and registered for use.

The Beaufoy transit, already referred to, is an old instrument, though somewhat famous in its day. It keeps its position, however, well, and the inequality of its pivots is inappreciable. It is hoped, therefore, when certain defects in the illumination of the wires, and the adaptation of the vernier to the setting semicircle are remedied, to which the attention of the observers is directed, that it will prove a valuable addition to our Astronomical apparatus, as well in other respects as by allowing the transit instrument by Simms to be used when necessary in the prime vertical for the most exact determination of the latitude of the Observatory.

The Equatorial has been employed for general observations, and more especially for a series of

observations which has been begun of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. As already stated, a spider line Micrometer for this instrument will arrive in a few days, and the arrangement for the illumination will be fitted here.

A number of Moon culminations, together with Moon occultations, eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and meridian altitudes of the sun and stars, have been observed, and the results for the most part already calculated. The series will be continued during 1865, and it is proposed also to establish during the summer a temporary telegraphic communication with the Quebec Observatory, and one or other of the Observatories in the United States whose position has been most exactly determined.

The readings of the Barometer and Thermometer have been regularly observed twice a day at 9 a. m., and 3 p. m., since the 1st of March last, and the results are now given weekly to the press for publication.

The observations of every kind have been carefully registered in the books of the Observatory, which are always open for the inspection of the visitors. In making the astronomical observations the necessity of having a clock capable of measuring time with sufficient regularity and accuracy, during the extremes of temperature to which in this climate it must be subjected in the transit room, has been always felt. The one formerly employed for the purpose was a good eight-day clock with dead beat escapement, wooden pendulum rod, going fusee, and small arc of vibration, but without any means of compensation. It was, therefore, liable, notwithstanding the utmost care in its adjustment, to repeated and annoying variations, requiring for their ascertainment and correction, with the necessary exactness, much additional time and labor, which with a better regulator would have been saved. It was determined therefore to obviate this difficulty in the only way which the state of our funds permitted, by endeavoring to construct in the Observatory itself a sidereal clock with a compensation pendulum, such as might at least furnish us with the means of much more easily determining the time with the precision required in astronomical investigations. I have now the satisfaction of informing the board, that my assistant, Mr. Dupuis, has during his leisure hours constructed, with great mechanical skill, a sidereal clock of this description. A modification of Mr. Bond's isodynamic escapement has been employed, with a compensation pendulum of iron and zinc. Even as it is, this clock approaches to the accuracy of the most expensive sidereal chronometers, and, from the experience which has been already had of its working, I have no doubt that a very slight change in the proportions of the parts of the compensation arrangement will render it still more uniform, if not almost perfect in its action. I may here take the opportunity of further mentioning that Mr. Dupuis has also constructed a ring and a hair micrometer, together with an ingeniously devised scale for correcting the barometer by inspection for temperature, and that I have on all occasions been highly gratified by his ability, fidelity, and zeal in the discharge of his duties.

Local time has been regularly given to the

city clock-keeper, and particular care has been taken in order that there should be no serious inaccuracy in the time as given by the city clock.

Various useful works have been by purchase and donation added to the library during the past year.

The balance at credit of the Observatory fund was on the 1st of January 1865, \$172 69c. but this sum will be more than exhausted by the requisite payments for the salary of the assistant observer, and other contingent expenses. It is earnestly to be hoped, therefore, that the funds of the institution may be increased, and that the apparatus still necessary to give it a place among National Observatories, namely, a large Transit Circle, with two

Sidereal Clocks, and the means of Galvanic Registration of Transits, may be supplied.

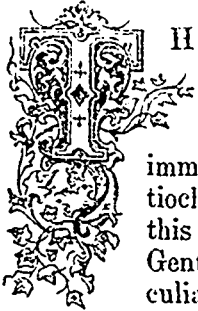
A large portion of my time, particularly during the early part of the last year, and during the summer, has been devoted to the work of the Observatory. Many visitors have been admitted, and familiar illustrative lectures have been given as usual. It was hoped, last winter, that the late Rev. Dr. Leitch would have been able to give the two public lectures in the City Hall, but in consequence of his illness and death the hope was disappointed. Arrangements, however, will be made for these lectures being given this year, in terms of the deed, of which due notice will be given. All which is respectfully submitted, by

JAS. WILLIAMSON,
Director of Kingston Observatory.

Articles Communicated.

LIFE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

PART VI.



HE Apostle Paul did not remain long at Jerusalem, but having "saluted the Church," he almost immediately went down to Antioch. The state of parties in this city—the home of the Gentile Church—may have peculiarly required the presence of the Apostle, and he spent some time there, but at length set out on his third missionary journey, during which Timothy was his almost constant companion.

The Apostle had promised to return to Ephesus, and he now proposed to visit again that city, though this was not the only object of his present journey. We do not know from what direction he now penetrated to the central plains of Lesser Asia, but he "went over all the country of Galatia and Phrygia in order, strengthening all the disciples." And the state of the Churches in Galatia on this present visit may be gathered in some degree from the epistle to them written shortly after from Ephesus.

From the "upper coasts," he, no doubt, followed the course of the Meander to the neighbourhood of Ephesus. This city, which was now to be the scene of his labours, was the principal city of Asia west of the Taurus. It is represented as "the magnificent and spacious city," "the metropolis of all Asia," "the chief city of Asia," "the empress of Iconia, the renowned Ephesus famous for war and learning," "the mart of commerce." And as

occupying this important and central position, it offered advantages for the extension of the Gospel; and the Apostle proposed spending a long time there, that he might found a strong church, which might be a kind of mother church, for the neighbouring Christian communities of Asia.

On his arrival at Ephesus, St. Paul met certain disciples, who, if they bore the Christian name, had yet a most imperfect knowledge of Christianity, for they were acquainted with it only through the teaching of John the Baptist. How far the knowledge of John's teaching and baptism had extended, it is impossible to ascertain. Ephesus, like Alexandria, was a rendezvous for men of various religious beliefs; and this small community of John's followers had found there a home. The leading spirit among these disciples had been Apollos, a Jew of Alexandria, who combined an intelligent study of the Scriptures with the Greek culture of the capital. He had now, however, come under the influence of Aquila and Priscilla, and had so learned from them the truth as it is in Jesus, that he had himself become a preacher of the Gospel, and on the arrival of the Apostle at Ephesus, was absent in Achaia, Corinth, where he was watering the churches which Paul had planted. The twelve disciples at Ephesus had only known John's baptism of repentance, and were utterly ignorant of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the source of blessing to the Christian church. Instructed, however, by the apostle as to the true object of faith, they were baptised in the name of the Lord Jesus and through the laying on of hands received the gift of the Holy Ghost.

We learn from Josephus, and it might have been inferred from the commercial importance of the city, that a considerable number of Jews were established at Ephesus, and for three months the apostle continued "disputing and persuading" in the synagogue, but with apparently little result, for, leaving the synagogue, he turned to the Gentiles, and taught in the school of one Tyrannus, a Greek rhetorician and philosopher. This continued for two years, though during this lengthened period he was probably frequently absent from the city, and we may even allow for a short visit to Corinth. His labours, however, were incessant, and he succeeded in establishing a large church in the city,—a church which played no unimportant part in early ecclesiastical history.

But during the Apostle's stay, the teaching of the truth was brought into conflict with the religious tendencies of the Ephesians. At Ephesus, on the confines of Greece and Asia, the mythology and philosophy of the one country were associated with the mystic ceremonies and belief in magic of the other; and the Jews were associated with the Greeks in their practice of secret and hidden arts, and put much faith in the powers of exorcism or incantation. The miracles of the Apostle were regarded as the effects of a magic formula, in the use of which some Jews, the seven sons of one Sceva, attempted to follow him. They, in the name of Jesus, sought to eject an evil spirit, but only to their own discomfiture and shame; for a voice being given to it, the evil spirit cried out, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye? And the man who was possessed straightway sprang upon them with frantic violence, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded." This testimony for the truth was attended with practical fruits, for many who had books of incantation containing magical formulas, brought and burned them in some public place, and the cost of the sacrifice amounted to two thousand pounds,—“So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed.”

But an event of a more painful character took place at the latter period of the Apostle's stay at Ephesus, and was the immediate occasion of his leaving the city. The tutelary divinity of Ephesus was Diana. A deity, however, to be identified rather with the Syrian Astarte, than with the Roman Diana or with the Greek Artemis. The temple which was erected for her worship was one of the most famous in the

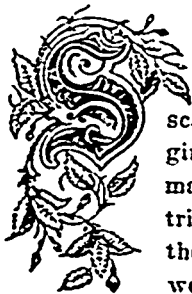
world; Pausanias represents it as "surpassing every other structure raised by human hands;" and Callimachus declares that "the sun never saw a larger or richer." Many different statues of this deity occupied the several niches of the interior, but one statue was especially distinguished, for, like the Palladium of Troy, or the statue of Diana in the Tauric Chersonese, it is related to have fallen from the sky.

The manufacture of portable images, or shrines, sometimes of silver, of the Ephesian goddess, occupied many at Ephesus, and was a fruitful source of wealth. The success of the Apostle's work at Ephesus, however, seriously affected the sale of these images, and as it touched the interest of the craftsmen, so it excited their indignation and clamour. Through the instigation of a certain Demetrius, a tumult was excited; Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, and companions of the Apostle, were forced into the theatre, whither the crowd were rushing in confusion. Paul, who had hitherto escaped the infuriated mob, now in generous solicitude for his companions, regardless of himself, and full of zeal for the truth, would have hastened to the theatre, and was only restrained by the efforts of the disciples. The Jews seem to have been implicated in the odium which had fallen on the Christians, and they thrust forward, one of their number, a certain Alexander, either to make an apologetic speech to the multitude, or because he had shown Christian tendencies, and they were not unwilling that he should suffer as the victim of a popular excitement; and this view would gain in probability, if we were certain in identifying him with Alexander the copper-smith, or with that Alexander, who, with Hymenæus, made shipwreck of the faith, and are mentioned respectively in the first and second epistles to Timothy. For two long hours the tumult continued, the multitude shouting "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." And, only after the excitement had in a degree spent itself, was the voice of the town clerk heard striving to allay the passions of the excited populace, and appealing to their better reason. His words, combining argument with judicious tact, had the desired effect, and quiet was restored. The Apostle had already desired to depart from Ephesus. This interruption of his work determined him to stay no longer, and he sets out for Macedonia by Troas, intending also to visit Achaia. But the stay of the Apostle at Ephesus has other associations

than merely those connected with the founding of the church in that city, for the Epistle to the Galatians and the first to the Corinthians were certainly written at this period. To point out the allusions by which we are enabled to fix the date of these epistles, or to gather the condition of the church which called them forth, however interesting and important, would much protract this narrative of Paul's life, already grown to greater length than was purposed.

L'Original, January, 1865.

SONGS OF PRAISE.



SONGS of praise will ever be sung by the intelligent creatures of God, and it is scarcely a stretch of the imagination to suppose the inanimate creation joining in the tribute, "For ever singing as they shine," to employ Addison's words of the starry heavens, "The hand that made us is divine." It is sad to trace the effects of sin on the relation of man to God, and to behold the worship and glory due to him withheld, or given to others. Tongues that were made to sing have been silent. Hearts formed for love and gratitude have been cold and insensible, or under the rule of superstition have bestowed on strange and imaginary deities the rich offering which God loves to receive.

Even among the followers of God redeemed from sin and guilt, the worship is not the pure offering which it will afterwards become when human infirmity has passed away. Sorrow and trial, failure and disappointment, effort and toil, with the influence of a carnal nature and world, will often still the voice of song, or make the notes, which should have been joyful and exultant, plaintive and melancholy. In the words of a mediæval hymn,

Alleluia cannot ever
Be our joyous psalm below;
Alleluia! sin will cross it.
Often here with tones of woe:
Many a mournful hour we know,
When our tears for sin must flow.

Yet who should be loudest in the praise of God if not the followers of the Crucified? and how illustrious the occasion for song! What place the song of redemption may occupy in the realms of glory, among those who have never fallen, we cannot tell, ignorant as we are of the celestial state, and of what may have transpired in other parts of the universe, but for the inhabitants of earth, redeemed from

sin and death, there are themes which must ever have a prior claim,—as the incarnation and death of the Son, the infinite love of the God-head, the glorious triumph achieved upon the cross, the resurrection from the dead, the ascension into heaven, and the great judgment, when through the merits of the Redeemer, and by his own final decision, the redeemed will pass into glory.

The great struggle upon earth is to free the soul from the dominion of sin, and let it rise to God in constant love and worship. Praise will increase with the growing spirituality of a church, and decline with spiritual feeling. Powerful sentiment will seek expression, and the overflowings of a grateful heart find a voice. That voice is naturally song, not always, but frequently so. We are so made as to sing when the heart is full, and into the presence of God we are permitted to come with our songs, offering thus our praise to Him who is the great object of our love, gratitude, and worship.

It is a very important question what the language of our song should be. Sincerity in the presence of God is before all other considerations, and indeed language is unnecessary to convey to the Omniscient the movements of the soul. It is with praise as with prayer, broken accents and imperfect utterance will be as welcome to God as choice and finished expression, and the truest, and therefore the best song for a man to sing may be the simple but earnest cry of his own heart. The language of John Newton, in many of the Olney Hymns, is as poor as can well be conceived, and yet it is redeemed from failure by the lofty sincerity and deep practical piety which pervade them all. Our best hymns, both in the Bible and out of it, have been written under the pressure of strong feeling, outbursts as it were, of sorrow and joy, of love and gratitude, of hope and confidence.

A good hymn may no doubt be constructed like a poem or discourse, the writer rising with his subject to the feeling he would portray, and, if the Church is eagerly demanding hymns, many will be produced in this way. But sentiment and passion cannot always be successfully conceived, and, if we wish to have the gold without the dross, we had better search for our hymns in the writings of great and good men, gifted, not perhaps with the highest talent, but with a nature that led them to seek relief in song.

A hymn has been defined by Augustine, in his comments upon one of the Psalms, as a song of praise to the Almighty, and his definition has been generally accepted as covering

the proper ground of a hymn. It must be praise. It must be a song of praise. It must be a song of praise to the Almighty. Any one of these conditions violated, and the hymn is imperfect; nor can it fulfil the purpose for which hymns are used in the worship of God. It is obvious that many of the verses which have passed current for hymns, must, on the application of this threefold test, be rejected. Mere translations of Scripture, statements of doctrine, appeals to sinners, hortatory or didactic observations have been frequently employed in worship, but they are not praise. The charm of melody we often desiderate; while other persons have been addressed instead of God, a vitiated style of hymn of which we have some well known examples, as in the hymn by Heber, which runs thus:

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining.—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Keeping these three essential conditions in view, what else have we a right to look for in a hymn? Principally, reverence towards the great Being addressed, what God himself demanded from his servant Moses, when in the burning bush he told him to take his shoes from off his feet, for the place on which he stood was holy ground. No unguarded, loose, flippant or bold language should be uttered to God, or in his presence. No irreverent familiarity should be taken with his person, or the gracious fellowship which he permits to his people. Figures of speech, especially of an endearing kind, employed by the sacred writers, and marking strikingly the gracious condescension of God, should not be amplified and pushed beyond the Scriptural limit. Many of our English hymns and hymn writers are open to the most serious objection on grounds of this kind, and a most extensive purgation of existing collections will require to take place before they can with justice be pronounced suitable for the worship of God.

It is in keeping with the reverence due to God that the imagination should be restrained and that poetic flights should not be indulged in. It is not ornament that is wanted here, but pure, forcible, lofty yet simple, and spiritual expression. Very few of the hymns of Heber and Milman, both writers of considerable genius, and eminently fitted, from their combined

genius and piety, to add to our songs of praise, can be accepted for divine service, owing to the exuberance of their fancy. They are most meritorious and beautiful as contributions to our sacred poetry, but they are not in place when sung to the praise of God. On the other hand, a mean, poor style is quite unworthy of the service of God. The motive may be good, if the spirit is not modest, which leads men, without any fitness for the task, to string lines together and foist them upon the church. The want of good and useful hymns in a convenient form has led many worthy persons, clergymen and others, to write hymns as they would any other composition, and these hymns often possess a negative excellence, in being free from the grosser faults of which we have too often reason to complain. But they want the hand of the master, and the nobler qualities of a good hymn. It is directly for the interest of the church that a high standard should be maintained, and that only those hymns should be admitted into our collections which display a marked superiority. Local and sectional associations will often lead to the use of hymns of an inferior kind, but the less we are guided in the service of God by reasons of this nature the better.

Simplicity, earnestness, and elevation are required for the presence and worship of God, and should rule in all the exercises of his house.

There is just one other point in the character of a good hymn, which we shall stop to mention, but it is of great importance. A hymn must be objective, with God as the object of praise, and not subjective to the writer or person using the hymn. It is impossible to carry out this rule perfectly, nor perhaps would it be right to do so, because the state of a person's feelings has a great deal to do with the proper worship of God. But the extent to which the subjective has been carried in many hymns is entirely destructive of the proper character of a hymn. It is not praise to God but an analysis of the writer's feelings. It may be right so to sing of ourselves for our relief and edification; but it is wrong, clearly wrong, to go into the presence of God, and offer him this as worship. We must speak respectfully of this fault, as it has generally sprung from deep earnestness degenerating into a morbid brooding upon self. As we trace the hymn down through the Christian Church, we can observe it passing from a healthy objective worship, when all thought was given to the object worshipped, to the feeble and sickly consideration of personal feelings. Charles Wesley, one of the best hymn writers of modern times, is very guilty in this

respect; and many of his hymns it is quite impossible to use without changing entirely the character of our service, and substituting for the glory of God the experience of the sinner.

Bearing in mind the fact that the best hymns are mainly the fruit of personal experience, and reflect the most stirring passages in the lives of the most illustrious of God's servants, we look back to the history of the Church in both dispensations, to see what we can thus gather of the great and good who have passed away. We look principally to the sacred volume and to the time of inspiration, thankful for such guidance as we may there receive. Anything that God has set his seal upon by giving it a place in his sacred book is invested with the highest interest for us. Yet, when we consider that praise and prayer are not the language of God to man, but of man to God, we must see that we are not confined to the sacred book for the materials of our praise. We neither pray nor sing entirely in the language of Scripture. We are very properly in this human part of the intercourse between man and God thrown upon ourselves or our fellow worshippers for expression. What we do receive from Scripture in this way is taken from the experience of those whose lives are recorded in the sacred volume. But there is one great reason why the church should not confine itself to the hymns of Scripture. We have not been provided in the New Testament with songs for our use. To employ the language of the Old Testament exclusively in singing to God of salvation, is to deprive the Cross of much of its glory, and the believer of much of his privilege under the fuller and better economy. That the writers of the Book of Psalms saw Christ afar off, that many of their songs are Messianic, that in some of these they have expressed, with singular fidelity, the true shade of Christian feeling, though speaking only in prophecy, and that, in the spiritual relation which we must all sustain to God, no writers have ever approached them for the faithful and powerful delineation which they have given to spiritual feeling in every variety of form,—all this we believe and rejoice in. But still these writers had their own time in sacred history, and the fact must tell, not against the inspiration of the record, but against the fitness of their language, perfect in its own time, to express the feelings of another era, separated from it by so great an event as the sacrifice upon the Cross. Even supposing the great subject to be equally present in both, the mode of regarding it is necessarily different.

With the illustrious exception of the Book of

Psalms, we are disappointed, when we look to Scripture for our songs of praise. Save one stirring song by Moses and Miriam after the crossing of the Red Sea, another by Deborah, a third by Hannah, we find none of the songs of God's people preserved in the earlier period of sacred history. In prophecy God spake to man, and though it was in language glowing with the noblest thought and imagery, still it was not the language of praise. Solomon sang after David. He sang the song of the church, her great love for the Saviour, her everlasting union with him. Yet this is not adapted for use in the service of the church. When the star shone in the East, and the Saviour lay an infant at Bethlehem, the voice of song was again heard. Angels came from heaven and sang in the sight and hearing of the shepherds their beautiful song of glory. Mary, Zacharias and Simeon join their voices to celebrate the illustrious occasion. At a later period, the Apostle of the Gentiles, with a heart humble and great like David's, occasionally bursts into song which may be happily employed in Christian worship. And when in the isle of Patmos, John was permitted to look into the Holy Place, and behold the glorified, there were songs heard of a simple and grand description, which may well be employed by us, and taken as a model of what we should sing to God.

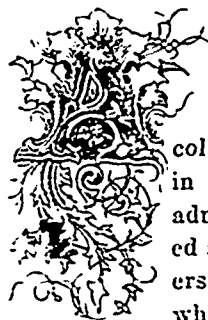
Save these occasional utterances, which do not supply the want, we have only the Book of Psalms in Scripture. It is certainly a rich treasury of sacred song. Here we have the experience of David, in a most desirable form for the use of the church, an experience of the loftiest interest and the most striking vicissitude. A faithful and devoted heart ever turning to God and His sanctuary, and pouring out its love in strains of warmest praise; a confidence continually revolving round its great centre, and delighting in asserting itself; a tenderness of conscience, bringing him back in tears and sorrow whenever he went astray; a depth of religious experience and a spirituality seldom reached upon earth; when to this we add the favour of God and the mantle of inspiration, with the inferior yet essential qualifications which he had received from nature, and which would have doubtless led him, in any age or sphere, to sing for himself and others, we have a combination of gifts in David which make him preeminently the Psalmist for the people of God. But others sing along with him in the Book of Psalms. Ezra, who is understood to have compiled the book, seems to have brought together the hymns employed in the Temple service, and all other religious songs, by

prophets and others, accepted by the Jewish people. Some of these psalms are of a subjective character describing the emotions of the writer. Others are elegiac, and give forth the lamentations of a sorrow-stricken heart. Some are historical. From these and other reasons, many of the psalms are not of a nature to be used by us, and we believe were never intended to be used, in either dispensation, in public worship. Pervading many of the psalms, but seldom those designed for the sanctuary, is a strong hostility towards the enemies of the writer, which is inconsistent with the teaching of Christ and the whole spirit of the New Testament. It is unnecessary to say that verses of this kind should not be sung. Whatever they might be for David and others under a less advanced and more imperfect economy, whatever be the right explanation of language that seems to jar with our Christian faith, we must follow the example of Christ, and on all occasions, so far as is consistent with truth and righteousness, think lovingly and kindly of others. Let us finish with the words of Luther :

"Where canst thou find nobler words of joy than in the psalms of praise and thanksgiving? There thou mayest look into the hearts of all good men, as into beautiful and pleasant gardens; yea, as into heaven itself. How do grateful and fine and charming blossoms spring up there, from every kind of pleasing and rejoicing thoughts, towards God and His goodness. Again, where canst thou find more deep or mournful words of sorrow than in the Psalms of lamentation and woe? There thou mayest look again into the hearts of all good men as upon death, yea, as if into hell. How dark and gloomy is it there, from anxious and troubled views of the wrath of God! I hold, however, that no better or finer book of models or legends of saints and martyrs has existed, or can exist upon earth than the Psalter. For we find here, not alone what one or two saints have done, but what the Head of all saints has done, and what all holy men still do; in what attitude they stand towards God and towards their friends and enemies; and how they conduct themselves in all dangers and sufferings. And besides this, all sorts of Divine doctrines and precepts are contained in it. Hence it is that the Psalter is the first book of all good men; and every one, whatever his circumstances, may find in it words and psalms suited to him, and which are to him just as if they had been put there on his very account; and in such a way, that he himself could not have made, or found, or wished for better."

PASSAGES FROM MY DIARY.

from page 12
A SUNDAY IN LONDON.
(Continued.)



ALTHOUGH I arrived at the church nearly an hour before the services began, I found about two hundred strangers collected at the main entrance in front, waiting anxiously for admittance. Policemen stationed at the gates, directed strangers to stand at the front doors, while they permitted pew-holders, and all who had tickets, to pass by and enter by side doors.

The crowd was gradually increasing. A living stream was pouring in from every direction. Here and there little groups were discussing the probability of all getting seated; some were expressing very grave doubts on the matter. As the time of service drew nigh, the excitement became more intense. Each one, knowing that the nearer he was to the door the greater was his chance of obtaining a seat, pressed forward. The crush was nearly as great as that at the doors of the Italian Opera or Drury Lane Theatre. Gentlemen, afraid of losing their purses, carefully buttoned up their coats, or thrust their hands into their pockets, while they cast suspicious glances at any one who ventured to address them,—for the "light-fingered gentry" frequent the porticos of churches as well as those of places of amusement. A knock on one of the doors inside increased the excitement. We expected to see it flung open. It was a false alarm. Ladies and gentlemen, in a very unseemly manner, pushed and jostled each other, while they struggled to get nearer the doors. Another minute or two of suspense, which seemed like an hour, and a similar noise was heard. "This time surely, it will be opened," was the general exclamation. Our expectations were again disappointed. The crowd now numbered about five hundred. Our feelings had become strained to the highest possible tension. After a few seconds more of breathless anxiety there was a clicking of locks and latches, a rush into the spacious vestibule, a hurried advance up the aisles, an eager glance after unoccupied sittings. Although I had the good fortune to gain admittance among the first of the excited crowd, I began to fear, as I walked along one of the aisles, that I could not get a seat. However, after standing a few minutes, looking round, unable either to advance or retreat, because of the crowd both

from page 12

before and behind, I obtained a very comfortable seat. Every pew had now its quota of sitters, and still a great number were standing, while a few who could not get inside the building at all were obliged to go away. The magnificent Tabernacle presented one of the grandest spectacles it has ever been my lot to witness. The vast area and the two spacious galleries, which extend all round, one above the other, were densely filled with people of all classes of society, eager to catch the first glimpse and hear the first utterance of the world-renowned preacher. The church is said to be seated for 5000, so that there must have been present on that occasion nearly seven thousand people.

At length a door behind the lower gallery was opened, and Mr. Spurgeon, accompanied by a few of his deacons, advanced, "the cynosure of a thousand eyes," with a quick, easy step to a spacious semicircular platform bounded by a railing, and commenced the services by offering up a prayer characterized by singular simplicity, earnestness and power. Afterwards, he read a hymn which was sung to the tune of Old Hundred. There was no instrument or choir to lead the singing, but every one in the vast assembly joined with heart and soul to swell the hymn of praise to the Eternal. There seemed to be a sympathy between every heart. All were linked together by a mesmeric influence. The spirit was borne away irresistibly upon the powerful tide of song from every thing earthly. One felt it good to be there. You enjoyed a foretaste of that blessed ennobling feeling which shall be realized in all its fulness in the general assembly of the church of the First Born in heaven. The effect was different from that produced by the music of the organ and choristers in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey as it rolled through the long-drawn, dim-lit nave and aisles, and was echoed back from pillar, and arch, and vaulted roof. The latter exercised a strange, undefined, delicious, soothing influence upon the soul. It evoked an æsthetic or sentimental devotion; while the music of living voices in "the Tabernacle" roused the depths of a man's spiritual being.

His text was I Cor. i, 26-29. "For ye see our calling, brethren," &c, and his theme "election." His views on this profound subject are thoroughly Calvinistic. If there were any present who trusted for salvation in their own wisdom or profound knowledge, or elevated social position, or noble descent, they must, if there is any virtue in powerful logical argument, have been convinced of the folly of

such a faith. He also, in a most masterly and eloquent way, pointed out the absurdity of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and gave a withering rebuke to the High Church party of the Church of England. The whole discourse was eminently practical. He poured out his eloquent pleadings now like a cataract of sunny foam, now like an æolian harp. The audience hung in wondering silence on the rhythmic stream as it rolled ever from his lips. His voice is richly musical, and has great volume. Every one in the congregation hears him distinctly. I have frequently met persons who have heard him preach, and who felt greatly disappointed. Some have been repelled by expressions which he used, and by his apparent want of reverence when addressing the Almighty. But no one needs to be told that forms of expression which would sound very strange and absurd when uttered by a man of only ordinary abilities, tell with wonderful effect when they come from the lips of a man of genius. No doubt, in preaching the language employed should not be such as would divert the mind from the thought which it expresses. But genius very often exhibits itself under the form of an eccentric style of expression, as may be seen in the case of Carlyle, one of the most powerful writers of the English language at the present day.

I heard Mr. Spurgeon use but two expressions with which those who are hypercritical might find fault. I must say that I was delighted with him beyond measure. I could only wish that every herald of the Cross would preach with the same pointedness and earnestness as he did on that occasion. We would not then hear such frequent complaints of the fruitlessness of preaching. Too often we hear men of talent who expend all their energies in addressing the intellect while they neglect to aim a single shaft from their quiver at the conscience. Men may talk disparagingly of Mr. Spurgeon, either through envy or ignorance, and condemn his style of preaching, but they cannot deny the fact that he has accomplished a vast deal of good. Even though he should, by his fascinating eloquence, only attract such a vast number of people to his Tabernacle every Sunday, and prevent them from joining in the desecration of that holy day, it is a very great matter. But when we reflect on the number whom he has brought to the foot of the Cross, by exhibiting Jesus to them in all the transcendent beauty and loveliness of his character, in all his omnipotence and willingness to save the chief of sinners, we must acknowledge that he is a man of extraordinary power. It was at

one time predicted that his great popularity would be of but short duration; that like a meteor which flashes brightly for a moment across the sky and disappears, his fame would glitter briefly in the religious world and then sink into the surrounding darkness. On the other hand it has been gradually increasing. It is like the light of distant stars which will continue to shine upon and influence us after their orbs have been changed into their original nothing.

There is a good deal of drinking carried on in beer saloons and gin palaces which unfortunately meet the visitor's view at every turn. The working classes chiefly frequent these demoralizing and vitiating dens, and not only are their pockets drained of their hardly earned savings, but they themselves are fast sinking into a state of hardened insensibility by the indulgence of ever developing, never satisfied appetites. They leave their helpless wives to shift for themselves and their families as they best can in the wretched dwellings which they designate by the title of home. What a misappropriation of that name around which are clustered associations of all that is purest and noblest and most tender in man's life on earth! In such a city one can readily understand to what unhallowed means females must

in many cases resort in order to eke out a livelihood. And the children, unaccustomed from infancy to the wholesome restraints of a holy parental example and discipline, are schooled in roguery or theft, associate with some one of the numerous gangs of professional pickpockets or garotters that infest the metropolis, and drag out an unhappy life in dark, dirty garrets, or expiate their crimes in Newgate or Millbank. An open dram shop on Sunday is one of the greatest curses under the sun to the working classes. It is a fertile hot-house of vice and crime. It tempts the poor man away from his family on the only day in seven which he has to rest his weary frame and recruit his wasted energies. It may be said, if the saloons were closed those who are inclined to drink would take the beer or spirits to their homes. No doubt many would do so, still a great number who spend the day, and, worse still, spend the previous week's savings in gin palaces are tempted to do so by friends or acquaintances whom they meet there when they have dropped in to get a refreshing draught merely. Let beer-shops and taverns be closed on Sundays, and there will be fewer sad and desolate homes, fewer inmates in the jails and prisons, larger congregations in the chapels and churches.

(To be continued.)

Continued on Page

Notices and Reviews.

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY, ON THE BOOK OF GENESIS. By Melancthon W. Jacobus. New York: R. Carter & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1865.



ROFESSOR W. Jacobus, under the modest title of Notes, has presented us with an excellent dissertation on the Mosaic account of the Creation, as opposed to the dicta of Geology in its present rudimentary state as a science. The introduction is particularly valuable, and is worthy of the serious consideration of every biblical scholar. Many of the author's views are new and striking, and he brings in support of them the opinions of the most eminent geologists, anatomists, and ethnologists. The question of the authorship, credibility, &c., of Genesis, as proved from the historical and internal evidence, as well as from heathen testimony, is treated with great perspicuity

and brevity; a great amount of learning and research being compressed into very small compass. The notes are divided into three heads, which bring us down to the end of the 17th chapter. The remainder of Genesis will occupy another volume, which the author hopes soon to lay before the public. We trust that a large circulation may prove how much the labours of Professor Jacobus have been appreciated.

COMPLETE WORKS OF STEPHEN CHARNOCK, B. D. Vol. I. & II. Edinburgh: James Nichol. Montreal: B. Dawson & Son. 1864.

We have here another of the Puritan Divines exhibited to us in his works, with an introduction by Professor McCosh, of Belfast. The introduction gives a rapid and yet interesting review of the principal events in the life of Charnock, and a very able essay on the "Puritan preaching and the Puritan lecture," and on the "Philosophical Principles involved in the Puritan Theology" which are worthy of the author

and the subject. While at times rambling and discursive, a fault Charnock had in common with his contemporaries, there is a deep mine of valuable religious truth in his works, from which the theological student may draw much precious material. We believe that the enterprising publishers of the works of the Puritan Divines have conferred upon us a boon which ought not to be lightly esteemed.

GOD'S WAY OF HOLINESS. By Horatius Bonar, D.D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1865.

The name of Horatius Bonar is well known as the author of many valuable works on similar subjects to the one now before us. The present will be found of great service to all Christians. It traces in clear and forcible language the working of God in the souls of believers, and will afford much comfort and encouragement to those who may, as yet, be groping in darkness. Its external attractions do credit to the publishers.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA. October 1864. Andover: Warren F. Draper. Montreal: Witness Book Store.

A very valuable help to our theologians. Questions of the greatest importance in the present day are discussed in this number with an amount of learning and research which gives us a high idea of the acquirements of its contributors. The controversial topics treated of are, of course, such as must lead to differences of opinion, even among men who are agreed as to the general meaning and scope of the questions under review, but the temper and spirit in which they are discussed are worthy of all praise. We can heartily commend it to our readers.

A NEW ATMOSPHERE. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1865.

The object of the author is to show the propriety of women being allowed to turn their talents to use in many of such employments as are now open only to men; to urge upon parents the duty of setting before their daughters a higher idea of their destiny than that now presented to them: to exhort husbands to consider more carefully the duty of lightening the burdens now laid upon their wives in the duties belonging to a household, and generally to advocate a more healthful state of feeling as to the relative duties and obligations of the

two sexes. Much that the author says is of general interest, although we cannot agree with it all. A good deal, however, is of a sectional and local nature. The work is well written, and will suggest topics for grave and serious consideration.

ROMANTIC BELINDA; A Book for Girls, By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.

Showing forth the dangers, to the mind of the young, attending indiscriminate novel reading. Belinda, a spoiled child, who had lost her mother by death, and whose father had deserted her, accompanies her aunt to the country, to which, from reverses owing to the war of 1812, she had been obliged to retire. Brought up in a fashionable boarding school, the young lady has formed most romantic notions, which are still further fostered by the perusal of novels of a bad class, which she discovers in an old lumber garret. The first shock is the return and death of her father, a miserable drunkard, whom she had always pictured as coming back immensely rich, to place her in a splendid mansion; other lessons are brought home to her, and she is ultimately cured of castle building. The main purport of the story is well kept in view, and the minor characters contribute to make up a suitable book for the young, which might be read with advantage even by those of a riper age.

ROB ROY: by James Grant. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. Montreal: John Dougall. 1865.

The real history of Rob Roy contains so many of the elements of romance, mingled with the more prosaic larcenies of a *cateran*, that it is hard to believe we are not presented with the actions of two distinct and separate individuals. So great a change has taken place in Scotland since the days of Rob Roy, that we seem, in looking back upon these times, to be transported to scenes of an early period of Scottish history. And yet it is only at a comparatively recent period, that the Trades' Guards, which regularly walked in armed procession on the occasion of the fairs held in the larger towns on the Clyde, have been discontinued. They were organized to defend the traders who frequented these fairs from the attacks of Rob and his men, and were kept up for years after the necessity for them had passed away. A very good idea of the disturbed state of the Highlands may be obtained from the work now before us. It is written, as all Grant's

works are, in a pleasing style; and if not history, is, at least, founded on good historical authority.

LONDON QUARTERLY and EDINBURGH REVIEW for October, NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for November, and BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for December, 1864. American edition. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The Quarterly Review is more than usually interesting. The Life of Lockhart will, we believe, be the most generally popular article, but there is a very full analysis of Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro vita sua*, which fairly, and with somewhat of a leaning to the side of Newman, lays before us his gradual progress towards the unconditional submission of his will to that of the Church of Rome. Much useful information may be obtained from a paper on "Workmen's Benefit Societies," which, taken with that to be derived from the article in the *Edinburgh* on a cognate subject, might be of great use to our own industrial population. Want of space this month prevents us from saying more, but we cannot help expressing the obligations which we on this continent are under to the enterprising publishers of this edition of the *Reviews* for having brought within our reach, at a moderate cost, the thoughts of some of the most able writers of our day.

The Edinburgh Review opens with an interesting account of the ancient history and modern resources of the district of Angus and Mearns, in Scotland, shewing much antiquarian lore, and exhibiting as fully as the short sketch will allow, the past condition, and present prosperity of that important agricultural and manufacturing part of the country. The articles on Coniferous Trees, and that headed Man and Nature, may be read together with much interest in this country, and that on Coöperative Societies in 1864, is worthy of more than a mere hasty perusal. The notice of Archbishop Whately gives a good idea of the man and his times; and the other articles may be read with profit.

The North British Review contains a paper on commercial philanthropy *apropos* to the private reports of schools, libraries &c., connected with various public and private manufactories in Britain. It must be particularly interesting to employers of labour on a large scale, showing, as it does, that even in a mere money point of view,

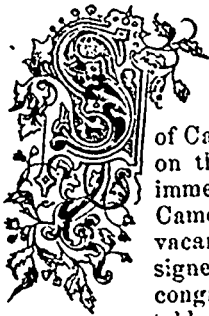
such efforts to elevate the classes of which the article treats, pay. The reviewer of Latham's *Johnson's Dictionary* is rather severe on his author. The history of language is one of deeper interest than many people seem to imagine, and the change in the spelling of words, introduced by our American cousins, is more prejudicial to a right knowledge of their origin than a superficial observer would be inclined to believe. Many of our old Scotch words, still retained, throw light upon the formation of the English language, and a knowledge of these might have saved the reviewer a good deal of the trouble he has evidently had in searching for evidence to prove Mr. Latham at fault in his definitions. A genial gossiping paper on *Wildbad and its Water*, and an appreciative summary of the life of the late *John Richardson*, the friend and intimate of the most talented Scotchmen of the early part of this century, will be the most attractive article, for the general reader; while the classical scholar will find two valuable contributions, one on Roman and the other on Italian Poetry. It is a good number.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine has a good table of contents for December. A Visit to the Confederate States by a Cavalry Officer is sketchy, and yet of interest in giving us a view of the camp life of the Confederates. Tony Butler is in a fair way of returning to the bosom of his family; and the story appears to be rapidly drawing to a close. The whole of the remarks on the Report on Public Schools contained in this and previous numbers, might be read here with profit. We like Part II of *My Latest Vacation Excursion* much better than we did the first. Aunt Ann's Ghost Story is rather improbable, and a little forced; while Cornelius O'Dowd is in high feather this month. For nearly fifty years has Blackwood been in existence, and it is still as vigorous as ever, although the recklessness of its earlier years has long since disappeared.

TIT-BITS; OR HOW TO PREPARE A NICE DISH AT MODERATE EXPENSE. Boston: Crosby & Nichols 1864.

Has this little work been sent us as a hit at the well known poverty of Editors? We have submitted the volume to a committee of our lady friends, whose verdict is decidedly favourable. We have therefore much pleasure in recommending it to our clerical brethren, whose culinary wants are, in many cases, well described in the title.

The Churches and their Missions.



SCOTLAND.—At a late meeting of the Presbytery of Kintyre, a committee appointed by the congregation of Castlehill, Campbelton, waited on them, asking that they would immediately present the Rev John Cameron, Canada East, to this vacant charge. A requisition, signed by a few members of the congregation, was laid upon the table, wishing the Presbytery to grant a new leet. The Presbytery, on consideration, refused to accede to either request, and instructed Mr. Russell to call a meeting of the congregation, so as more fully to ascertain their mind upon the subject. At this meeting, which took place on Monday, Mr. Russell, having taken the chair, opened the proceedings with prayer. He then read the minutes of the Presbytery, and pressed the meeting very much to give their voice unanimously in favour of Mr. Cameron. On asking all who wished the presentation issued to Mr. Cameron forthwith to say so, the whole meeting rose in a body—one only dissenting. Mr. Russell said he would represent to the Presbytery on Wednesday their unanimity for Mr. Cameron, so that a presentation will be immediately issued in his favour. It must be very gratifying to the rev. gentleman to know that he comes to this parish with the well-wishes of the whole congregation.—*Glasgow Herald.*

The Rev. David Morrison, assistant to the Rev. Dr. MacLeod, Barony Parish, Glasgow, has been presented to the parish of Durrisdeer, Dumfriesshire, of which the Duke of Buccleuch is patron.

At a meeting of the congregation of Gaelic Parish Church, Greenock, December 2nd, the Rev. John McPherson, Kilsnan, was duly elected their pastor.

On Thursday, November 17th, the Rev. James Fraser was ordained minister of the newly-erected parish of Tarbert, in the Presbytery of Inverary.

We find recorded the death at Innellan, on November 28th, of the Rev. W. Porteous, presentee to Bellahouston Church, near Glasgow.

Miss Oswald, of Scotstown, near Glasgow, a lady well known by her active interest in religious and missionary undertakings, died recently at the advanced age of ninety-eight.

Dr. Candlish, as Principal of the New (Free Church) College, Edinburgh, has, in his inaugural lecture, been referring to the recent decision of the Privy Council. The following is a portion of his address:—

“What concerns the whole Church Catholic is the fact, now beyond all doubt established, that in by far the most powerful and influential section of the Church, as it exists apart from Rome, the broad shield of State protection is practically thrown over the widest and most

unrestricted range of latitudinarianism; for the three counts or tenets which may be held to be disposed of by the Privy Council judgment when taken together cover nearly the whole field of theology; and, which is more remarkable and ominous enough, they embrace so as, I would almost say, to exhaust the current infidel tendencies of the age. A fixed standard of belief, an irreversible judgment to come, a vicarious or substitutionary plan of salvation—these are precisely the pricks against which men have always been, and are now not less than ever, prone to kick. And with respect to all the three, it is now unequivocally determined not only that the trumpet of the Anglican Church does for herself give forth a certain sound on the side of truth, but that the most undisguised trumpet sound on the side of error may be allowed and sheltered within her pale. It is a very sad and solemn sight to witness a Church so honoured brought so low, and it is fitted to awaken no ordinary apprehensions of national apostasy from the faith, unless it may please God to break the apathetic slumber which seems to be lapping in a dream of false security so great a body even of his most holy and devoted servants, and to inspire some of them with the spirit that moved the worthies of the olden time.”

ENGLAND.—The London Missionary Society have resolved with the least possible delay, to provide a successor to the missionary ship John Williams, the loss of which we reported last month. The amount contributed by the juvenile friends of the society, for the purchase and support of that ship, was not less than twenty thousand pounds. They will, no doubt, display equal liberality in providing the means for the purchase and fitting out of a new vessel. The John Williams was only insured for about half the sum which will be required for that purpose. The young people of Australia connected with the society were moving in the matter, before the news which rendered such action necessary had reached this country.

IRELAND.—Eight years ago, at a meeting of the Town Mission of the Presbyterian Church, it was proposed to erect ten school houses in the poorer and more populous districts of the town. They were to be erected on three conditions: that they should be among the very poor people for whom they were intended, and, to prevent their alienation, that they should be free of ground-rent, and held by a lease for ever. School-buildings have since been erected in seven of the poorest districts, affording accommodation for fifteen schools, with 2500 children on the roll and 1381 in average attendance. An eighth building will soon be completed, and the project of eight years ago more than accomplished. The first school was erected in a street that had been the haunt of fallen women; the rest followed where the poverty was dreariest and the population densest. In each there is a daily, evening, and

Sunday school, religious service on the Lord's Day, and a Bible-class and prayer-meeting during the week. In one there is also an evening meeting conducted by ladies and gentlemen for the gratuitous instruction of the poor.

Liberality in another direction has been attracting worthy notice in Dublin. The ancient Presbyterian congregation that has worshipped in Mary's Abbey for 200 years, has moved into a new church, erected at the expense of more than 16,000*l.*, and presented to them as the gift of a gentleman of the city. The opening services were conducted by the venerable Dr. Cooke, and Dr. Bonar of Kelso, and the collections, which were large, were devoted to an excellent local hospital.

The last report of the Church of Ireland Young Men's Association gives it 2600 members. Most of these belong to affiliated societies scattered through the country, and the Society in the metropolis thus assumes a much wider than local importance.

A recent decision of the Master of the Rolls decides that bequests to monastic institutions or corporations in Ireland are illegal.

At the Sixth Annual Conference for the dioceses of Down, Connor, and Dromore, the Rev. Dr. Hume, of Liverpool, read a paper on the "Demand and Supply of Clergy in England and Ireland," by which we find that in 1863 there were 2281 clergy in Ireland, of whom 66 per cent. were incumbents. The Church of England and Ireland was progressing. From 1800 to 1829 there were 619 new churches built; from 1829 to 1863 there were 326. But in the year 1730 there were 200 clergy for say 100 churches, and now there were still 139 for the same number. There had as yet, therefore, been no great increase in the demand for clergy, but it would shortly come. At present they required 63 every year. In England there were 22,000 clergy, including 3000 unattached, or 14 per cent.; 2000 foreign chaplains and tutors, or 9 per cent.; 12,600 incumbents, or 57 per cent.; and 4,400 curates, or 20 per cent. In England the churches increased by 90 every year; and the multiplied efforts of the Church would require a large annual increase to the clergy. But even at present they required for England and Ireland 674 annually.

FRANCE.—The Evangelical Church of Lyons has brought out its half yearly report. The Lord continues His work there, and souls are marvellously brought out of error and sin. "Indeed," says the experienced secretary, Pastor N. Roussel, "to the deep current of sin are added here the streams of superstition, hypocrisy, and infidelity. Romanism and Atheism join to combat the Gospel. To-day not a soul among us can look up to its Saviour without immediately a priest on one side, a scoffer on the other, darting forward to clip its wings and impede its flight." And yet souls are saved; some by the very means used to bind them down. In one case the sister of a priest saw the performance of a false miracle, a thread was fixed to a dead man's arm, and during a peculiar ceremony it was drawn up, the deceased was immediately proclaimed a

holy man, a saint, and his garment torn up into fragments and divided among the crowd. The priest's sister could not refrain her indignation, and the truth becoming known, the bishop was obliged to contradict the miracle. Another time a missionary priest came to excite languid devotion by consecrating the parish to Mary, and arranged the little drama with the curé. When, in the midst of the crowded church, the missionary called upon him to perform his part, the fact tickled his fancy so much that, concealing his face in his pocket-handkerchief, he burst into irrepressible laughter. The other immediately cried aloud: "See the emotion of your venerable pastor! Hear his sobs! He has no strength left for the consecration!" And all the people sobbed in unison, as they thought, with their tender-hearted curé. And the parish was devoted to the Virgin.

The National Evangelical Conference at Alais has furnished a most direct reply to the Rationalists, who pretended that a majority in the South of France had ranged themselves under their standard. No: that is false. The Protestants of the southern provinces, pastors and laymen, continue, to a large extent, in professing the faith of their fathers. Undoubtedly, in this part of our country, as elsewhere, there are many infidels, freethinkers, and indifferentists; but there are not wanting faithful friends of the Gospel; and the mass of the population, we have the right to assert, are with the Orthodox rather than with the Radical Protestants.

The Conference of Alais is a striking proof that Evangelical men are resolved to resist, by all legitimate means, the blighting influence of the negative school. The time for compromises and half-measures is past. The Rationalists must now perceive that the Orthodox can no longer make common cause with them. There is a formal and openly-avowed division. Let the innovators establish their own associations, their special conferences, if they can; but the friends of the Gospel will convene also their particular assemblies, and French Protestantism will judge on which side are the essential bases of the Gospel and the Church.

The laity, who have been too much accustomed to leave to the pastoral body the care and power of regulating everything, will better understand what are their rights in our ecclesiastical society, and will show more energy in exercising them. The great body of the laity will certainly not follow the Radicals whither these would lead them.

M. Vermeil, in his younger days one of the pastors of Bordeaux, and afterwards of Paris, has recently died, at the age of sixty-five. He was a remarkable man and an eminent preacher. He adhered to and maintained the doctrines of our fathers, though he generally abstained from taking part in our doctrinal disputes. M. Vermeil particularly distinguished himself by the establishment of the *Deaconesses' House* in Paris. Animated by the same piety and in the same devoted spirit, he did in France what Pastor Fliedner did in Germany.

ITALY.—The *Nazione*, the leading journal of Tuscany, counsels, in articles of remarkable ability, the Pope to withdraw from all secular

concerns, otherwise the wise and liberal clergy must cease to agitate in the dark, and take refuge in equivocation by heading the masses of the people in religious reform. This same influential broad sheet, so tender but a year or two ago of vested interests, so bitter against Evangelical truth, yea, of the mooted of a religious question at all in connection with the freedom of Italy, spoke out the other day an indignant protest against the agents of the Government who were sent to provide accommodation in Florence for the various State offices removing from Turin. The reactionary bigots in Florence exercised so much influence over these agents, that they induced them to spare the convents and monasteries, and lay out the public money on the purchase of expensive palaces. The out-spoken newspaper was supported by the Florentine public, who got up huge petitions to the municipality and Government, by all means to root up these conventual nests of idleness, ignorance, and vice.

Our young Evangelical Italy has since last October been in possession of no less than five Evangelical newspapers.

If with these periodicals we consider the *Evangelical Popular Calendar*, which is yearly written by Dr. De Sanctis, and which was last year circulated to the extent of 80,000 copies, *L'Amico di Casa*; if we also glance at the multitude of broad-sheets, pamphlets, treatises, polemical and occasional writings, which appear on religious subjects; and if we think how small, comparatively speaking, is the number of all the Evangelical Italians besides the Waldenses, we cannot but be surprised at the extension of this literature. Assuredly the Evangelists of Italy are treading the right path in doing, by the press as by other means, all that they can, to make that great movement in which the Italian people are now involved, available for the growth of Evangelical truth. The Italians are now hungering after culture in this direction; they read all that comes in their way. In proportion to the number of persons able to read, no country in the world has at present, I think, so many political writings as there are in Middle and Upper Italy. Hence it is that at this time, when the attention of all ranks in the population is riveted by means of the Roman question upon the subject of the papacy, the priests, the Church, and the Gospel, we have no more efficient instrument than the Evangelical press.

The Waldensian Protestant College was lately reopened with thirteen theological students, who have been brought together from well-nigh all parts of Italy. The new cemetery conceded by the authorities to the Protestants in the isle of Elba, has just been opened. Since the commencement of the year the Evangelical Church in that island has received an augmentation of about forty members.

SWEDEN.—One of the phases of the present Evangelical life in Sweden is the mission meetings held in various parts of the country every summer. In the month of June the an-

nual meetings of the principal religious societies, which have their head-quarters in the metropolis, are held in Stockholm. During the month of July, and the earlier part of August, almost every week witnesses one or more meetings, or rather series of meetings, held in some of the country districts, which have been the scenes of the recent awakenings. These form occasions of great interest to all the religiously disposed people of the neighbourhood, and are resorted to by thousands, including clergymen, gentry, peasants, and workmen, of whom many come from considerable distances.

A letter from a clergyman in another part of the country contains the following interesting statement: "Last summer we had two short mission meetings, one in Smoaland, and one here in my own parish. At the latter about 4000 had assembled from all the surrounding parishes, but there were only five clergymen present. Last week we had again a meeting in Smoaland. There were eight clergymen present, who after the meeting held a conference for the consideration of important ecclesiastical questions."

RUSSIA.—It is known that the present Emperor of Russia shortly after his accession to the throne, caused to be executed, under the vigilance of the synod, a translation of the entire Bible into the vulgar tongue, in order to circulate it over the whole Russian empire. The result has been that the New Testament is now on sale at a very low price, and that a large issue of the sacred volume has been purchased as well by the people as by the nobility.

JERUSALEM.—The journal "Halebannon," published in this city in Hebrew, states, "It is astonishing to observe how the love to the Holy Land increases among the Jews. There are coming constantly pious, well-to-do, and learned men to Jerusalem, to spend the rest of their days in the midst of its sacred scenes. Many now come from Hungary, from which there were formerly few. They have recently founded several valuable institutions."

CHINA.—The whole number of Protestant missionaries now in China is said to be about ninety-five, and the number of Church members connected with Protestant missions not far from 2500. Nearly one-third of these are found in Amoy and the villages around it, where for several years success has been remarkable. And "one of the most cheering features in this success is the circumstance that it has been to a considerable extent owing to the spontaneous efforts of the native Christians among their heathen neighbours."

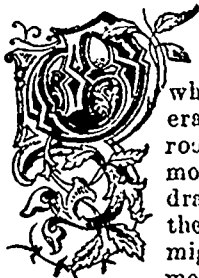
JAPAN.—It is known that a Christian Church exists already in the important city of Nangasaki. In the month of December last a second church was solemnly consecrated at Yokohama, having been erected by the diligence of the English and Scotch residents of the place.

Articles Selected.

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.



N the evening of the next day, Robert the Wanderer (for such was the name by which Arlette's father was generally known), sat in that little room as silent and nearly as motionless as the form that, draped in spotless white, lay on the couch before him. His eye might have rested at the same moment upon the treasure God

had recalled and the treasure He had still left him; for Arlette, worn out by the watching and by tears, had sunk to sleep beside her mother, the warm cheek of the living almost touching the cold features of the dead. Life and death, though so often intertwined in this strange world of ours, do not often, in the outward and visible signs of their presence, come into contact so closely with each other. Yet it was a fair picture, for the dead face, though sharp and wasted, had its own sad beauty, and it wore besides that expression of repose like nothing else on earth, that expression which seems to say, "Nothing more can trouble me now. Though I look so near, I am infinitely far away; the link uniting me to earth is severed." And though that look so filled the watcher's eye and heart that they scarce had room for aught else, yet even he might have turned to the lovely child, lying where she had sobbed herself to sleep, her golden hair half shading the innocent face, so soft and round, though unnaturally pale with sorrow and anxiety. Robert *did* look on her long and thoughtfully; in mourning for the dead he mourned also for the living. Bitter self-reproach mingled with his sorrow, and it may be there was some ground for the feeling, though not so much as in the anguish of his first hour of bereavement he fancied. In explanation of this, it will be necessary to sketch his past life, and hers who has just been taken from him.

Robert the Wanderer was the son of a prosperous tradesman of Ghent; his father destined him for the Church, and being naturally studious and thoughtful, he gladly acquiesced in the plan. He had nearly completed the necessary course of preparation, when he formed the acquaintance of a stranger from Southern Germany, an earnest, eloquent man, resembling in his dress a wandering monk, yet with some differences; in his manners simple, austere, and grave, and speaking of invisible realities as one who had felt their power. With this friend (who in truth belonged to the sect then called the *Cathuri*) young Robert held long conferences, and finally borrowed from him his most precious treasure, a manuscript copy of the Gospels, which he usually kept concealed beneath his robe of dark serge. In his lonely chamber the student perused this volume, and

often he wept and prayed over its contents in sorrowful perplexity until the night was far advanced. For all the ideas of his childhood and youth had received a mighty shock: from the conversations of his friend and the lessons of his book he began to suspect that the vast superstructure which he called "the Church" was built upon a shifting foundation of sand. God gave him courage and honesty, (it was no small gift), not at this point to close the book and to stifle the misgivings that tortured his soul, but rather steadfastly to resolve that he would sift this matter to the bottom, that he would follow on to know the truth and then abide in it. Thus the distinguishing tenets of Romanism—purgatory, penance, image-worship, invocation of saints, justification by works—were one by one loosened and cast off from his spirit, "like worn out fetters."

But then arose the question, So much cast away, what should he retain as truth? Was *all* faith superstition? Was certainly impossible to man? Was he indeed doomed to doubt and perplexity, or might he somewhere discover a "great rock foundation," upon which he might safely build his hopes of immortality?

It has been truly said, that "when the mortal, in the moment between his first sigh and his last smile, between the lightning of life and the thunder of death, finds his Christ, he is already at the goal and has lived enough." Some such feeling, though he could not have so defined it, filled the soul of Robert, when the light from the sun that never sets broke over him at last, or in other words, when he found in the person of Christ all that his nature needed—truth to satisfy his intellect, love to fill his heart. He accepted Christ as his Saviour, his Guide, and his Teacher, relying on the promise, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life;" and thus following, he was taught to choose the good and to refuse the evil; *good* meaning with him that which sprang from Christ as its centre and led to Him as its end, and *evil* being all that came from self or terminated in self. His friend aided him by his counsels and his prayers, and rejoiced with him when he found light and peace. "And now," he said, as Robert joyfully confessed his faith, "what wilt thou *do*, my friend?"

The young disciple was not prepared with an answer to this inquiry; it had not indeed occurred to him that any particular course of action was a necessary consequence of his change. But as he pondered, he felt that it would now be impossible for him to live as he would otherwise have done, and that he must choose his part, or else prove a traitor to Him whom he loved and desired to serve. Kneeling in his chamber, he prayed,—“Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” and events, which Pascal calls “masters sent to us from the hand of God,” answered the question for him. His absence from the rites of the church brought him under suspicion; he was questioned by his family, and felt himself obliged to avow his

faith. "Heresy" was then a new and strange phenomenon to the good people of Ghent, but they regarded it with vague horror; and, to save his life, the suspected one was forced to fly. In company with his friend the German missionary, Robert quitted his native city for ever, and determined to devote the remainder of his life to the task of imparting the truths he had found so precious. "As a son with a father," he laboured with his aged companion in the gospel; passing from town to town and from village to village sowing the good seed "here a little and there a little."

After some years he chanced to become acquainted at Bruges with a man who proved to be a native of his own city, and also a fellow-craftsman and friend of his father's. While travelling homewards with his family, this man had been detained at Bruges by an infectious fever,—one of those pestilences which so often walked on their silent deadly way through the ill-cleansed and ill-ventilated alleys of the mediæval cities. His wife and two sons fell victims to the disorder, and not long afterwards the broken-hearted father followed them to the grave, not however until, through the teaching of Robert, he was enabled to rejoice in a hope full of immortality. A fair and gentle girl was thus left the sole survivor of the family. Friendless and unprotected in a strange city, what could she do but weep and pray, that if the prayer were not a sinful one, she might soon be permitted to rejoin her parents! She had, it is true, some relatives in Ghent, but the short journey was then more formidable, more impracticable for a lonely girl, than a voyage to the ends of the earth would be in the present day. Robert showed unwearied kindness, and sought in every way to aid and comfort her, and from the compassion that prompted these efforts the transition to a different sentiment is proverbially easy. He might if he had so desired, have found means to send her safely to her friends in Ghent, but another course of action occurred to his mind, which he so far preferred that he found no difficulty in persuading himself that he ought to adopt it. No vow bound him; the laws of Rome forbidding to marry he regarded as vain traditions of men, and considered the strongest ties of human affection by no means inconsistent with his calling as a labourer in the vineyard of the Lord. Would that he had remembered, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, that although all things were lawful to him, all things were not expedient. There has been controversy enough in the Christian Church over the words of warning and advice addressed by the same inspired writer to believing men and women, but like all other Scripture words, they are simple and plain to those to whom they are addressed; and it needs only a due consideration of times and circumstances to elucidate what seems difficult and obscure. Robert, the wanderer and the outcast, who knew not and must never know, the true meaning of the word *home*, needed no other commentary upon the declaration, "such shall have trouble in the flesh," than that supplied by the short sad life of her who lay before him in her shroud. True, if those pale lips could once more have been unclosed, they would have said that the mission-

ary's wife had been happier even in distress and danger, in manifold perplexities and anxieties, than had she possessed all the wealth and enjoyment that earth could give; true, that sometimes when his heart was cast down within him, he had been told so with loving words and looks, of which the remembrance almost brought a tear to his burning eyelids. At another hour he would feel and understand that this was indeed but the simple truth, but now his heart was too sorrowful to be just to itself; and forgetting the joy they two had had together, and even the blessed knowledge he had been privileged to impart to his beloved one, he only remembered the perils into which he had drawn her, and the many cares she had endured for him, which perchance had shortened as well as embittered her life.

And the living link that still remained between him and the dead, his child,—his precious beautiful child,—as he gazed on her sleeping form his trouble "did not pass but grew," the clouds of sorrow waxed darker and darker around him. Arlette, the missionary's child, was not wanted in the world! Well would it be if she joined her mother in that home where there are "many mansions," for elsewhere there seemed to be no place for her.

The kind Vrow Cristine, when she came into the darkened room that morning to perform the last sad offices for the departed, had indeed more than hinted that the child was welcome to share the home and the bread of her little ones as long as her father wished; but how could he consent to this? How could he surrender her to the care of those who professed a soul-destroying faith, of those whose mistaken kindness would lead them to induce her to submit to influences which he regarded with abhorrence the most intense? Rather a thousand times would he see her laid in the grave beside her mother than thus peril the interests of her immortal soul. Another alternative remained; he considered it long and anxiously, and finally resolved that, with God's good help, he would embrace it.

"Arlette, my child, awake; thou hast slumbered long enough."

The little sleeper started, and looked up; it was her father's voice that spoke, and her father's form that bent lovingly over her. Her first sensation was one of joy at his return.

"Yes," she thought, "he is here indeed, the long-watched-for, the beloved; he will not leave us again, we are safe now in his care—*We!*"

In a moment all the anguish of the past came over her, and she knew too surely that her mother was no more.

"Mother! mother!" was the cry that arose from the depth of her heart, as weeping, sobbing, shivering, she threw herself upon the dead. Tenderly and silently her father raised her, clasped her in his strong arms, and held her close to his heart. There at last the passion of her grief spent itself, and she grew calm though almost exhausted; she began to observe his dress, the room, the shadows on the wall, and in a weary half listless way, to wonder why he did not weep too. With an effort she raised herself a little, and looked up

in his face. It was white and rigid, and terrible as the face of one who has seen a horror he can never reveal and never forget. Years must go over Arlette ere she could even comprehend the great agony he had passed through since he entered that chamber four and twenty hours before.

But as he spoke to her, and in a low quiet voice, the dread she felt vanished quite away before the dear familiar tones, which seemed gentler than ever. He said, "By-and-by I will bring thee to thy friend Vrow Cristine, thou shalt stay with her to-night."

"Why so, father? I would rather stay with thee."

"Not now, my child. I have—I have work to do." The words were spoken with an evident effort, and the strong man trembled.

"Bid farewell to Cristine and to thy little playfellows, Arlette, for to-morrow thou shalt go hence with me."

She looked up with surprise and interest.

"Yes, my poor child, God has left us two alone in the world, and with his good help nothing but death shall part us."

"And wilt thou take me with thee to the strange lands where thou goest, my father?"

"Even so,—it will be a rough uncertain life for such as thou, but if love and care can make it easy to thee God knows they shall not fail. Thou art my sole treasure now," and a burning tear fell on the child's forehead. With childhood's art she answered by a kiss. Carefully instructed in the Scriptures, it was not unnatural that the story of Ruth should occur to her at the moment.

"I will be thy Ruth to thee father," she said softly. "'Where thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge.'"

"And thy father's God shall be thine, my precious child."

"There is more in the verse, father, let me say it all. "'Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried.'"

"God forbid!" escaped almost involuntarily from the lips of Robert. But he added a moment afterwards, "Yet His will be done, He knoweth what is best for thee and me."

After a short interval the good-natured face of Cristine appeared at the door. "So please you, neighbour, I have come for the child," she said, "and my husband hath summoned thy friend as thou desiredst. He will be here anon."

"God reward thee, my kind friend," replied Robert heartily, as he took her hand.

The good woman hesitated for a moment, and then said in a tone of mild, almost deferential expostulation. "I know well, master Robert, that thou art a wise man, and I am only a simple woman. Still the neighbours will talk amongst themselves even if I keep silence, and in good sooth, master, 'twould be hard to disprove what they whisper, when never a priest—"

"No more of this now, good Cristine, as thou pitiest my sorrow," Robert interrupted. "But ere I leave this place, for leave it I must to-morrow, if I may I would fain talk for an hour with thee and thy husband."

"And right welcome, neighbour. Now, my

pretty one, come with me, the children have wanted thee all day."

"Father, dear father," whispered Arlette, "may I not stay?"

"It cannot be, my child; go now with Cristine; I will come for thee very early to-morrow, I promise it."

Thanks to the strong habit of obedience, Arlette almost instinctively and without a perceptible effort put her hand within Cristine's and quietly left the room. Had she guessed *why* they wished her to go, not so calmly would she have turned away without even one last look at the face of the dead. Yet it was better thus—better that she should be spared the agonizing farewell, the bitter parting with the precious dust, even though the empty room looked so strangely cold and desolate next morning, and the sad surprise cost her more tears than she had ever wept before.

To be continued.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

The New Year's morn had come round once more, frosty, bright, and clear.

The merry sunbeams sparkled on the pure white snow, and coloured with a thousand tints the long icicles which hung from the windows and roofs of the houses, and from the overhanging banks of the half-frozen streams. They shone also into the dining room of Manor House (the abode of Mr M'Kenzie in the neighbourhood of the Scottish metropolis), and lighted up the bright young faces of four fine children as they sat round the nicely laid out breakfast table, presided over by their father and mother.

Generally the meal was a quiet one, as far as the children were concerned, they having been well instructed in the lesson, that, except when spoken to, children should be seen, not heard; but on New Year's day it was not to be expected that young tongues would keep silence, and so papa and mamma smiled complacently as they listened to a perfect Babel of talk, as the youngsters discussed the marvellous New Year's presents they had received,—from the beautiful wax dolls and rosewood work-boxes of the two girls, to the new knives and famous pocket-books of the boys.

The presents were more than usually beautiful this year, Mr M'Kenzie having brought them from London, from which place he had just returned the evening before.

'And look here, Minnie,' said the youngest boy, addressing his sister, 'I have got a new crown piece, and I'll buy such a lot of things with it the next time we go into Edinburgh. I'll spend it all.'

'Money disappears wonderfully quickly with you, Frank,' said his mother, laughing. 'Sometimes I think your money must have wings attached to it. Take care, my boy; remember the proverb, "waste not, want not."'

At the words, Mr M'Kenzie turned hastily round, an anxious sorrowful expression on his face. 'Frank,' he said, laying his hand on the boy's head, 'do beware of thoughtlessly wasting your money, spending it on things you do not require, lest the day may come when

you may really need many things, and have nothing 'o buy them with. Don't imagine I want to make you a miser, who delights in hoarding his wealth, whilst his fellow-creatures may be starving around him. No; give, and give freely, to those who need it: "He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to 'he Lord." But take heed of carelessly wasting money, or spending it in such a way that you cannot give an accurate account of what you have done with it. Ah! Frank, only two or three days ago, I saw the truth of the proverb "Waste not, want not," too painfully illustrated in real life, and that, too, by an old friend of my own.

'How, papa? please tell us how,' said the children in one breath; but Mr M'Kenzie rose, saying, 'Some other time I will tell you, but not now. It is too sad a tale for New Year's morn, and if any one means to accompany me to the school-house to see the presents distributed to the children, they must not linger all day at breakfast, but go and get ready at once.'

His last words were drowned in a shout of delight, and while the children ran off to get on their winter cloaks and hats, Mrs. M'Kenzie approached her husband; and said, 'To what old friend did you allude? Not to Mr. Maxwell, I hope. I know you feared some evil had befallen him; you have not heard of him for so long.'

'Yes, Maria, I grieve to say it was to him I alluded, and a painful story I have to tell, but not even to you will I do so to-day. There is a lesson in it both for the children and ourselves.'

The evening succeeding New Year's day saw the M'Kenzie family seated in their warm drawing-room; the little girls and their mamma busy at work; the boys seated on each side of their papa, eagerly waiting his beginning to tell the promised story.

'Well, children, you have often heard me speak of the country town where I was born, and spent most of my young days, with its rambling streets and strange old-fashioned houses. In one of the largest and quaintest of these lived the great companion of my boyhood, James Maxwell. The only child of wealthy parents, Jamie's every want was indulged: and all his school companions reckoned him as the one most to be envied of the human race. It needed only, in our eyes, to be the possessor of kites, tops, marbles, knives, and, above all, a prancing pony and silver-topped riding-whip, like Jamie Maxwell, to constitute complete happiness; and Jamie was no selfish boy, in so far as consisted in letting others play with his things, and at times ride his pony.'

'Proud indeed was I at being chosen as Maxwell's favourite companion: and thus, having the freedom of the house, with its fine old garden and the large meadow adjoining it, many a happy holiday-hour was spent. Boy as I was, I soon saw that the way in which Jamie Maxwell was brought up was very different from the training which my judicious parents bestowed on me. His most absurd wish was granted, and the most costly plaything no sooner obtained than wearied of, and discarded for some other, still more costly, which in its turn was thrown aside. Of the value or the right use of

money he knew nothing; waste, waste, was the lesson of his youth, and it was one quickly learned and never forgotten.

'As Maxwell grew up, the habit of wasting increased, till his too fond parents were at last obliged to give him a yearly allowance, (a very large one), forbidding him to exceed it; but Jamie, now a lad of sixteen, unpractised in the lesson of self-denial, soon exceeded the allowance, and became plunged in debt. When remonstrated with, his answer was always that he had never been taught the value of money when young, so was not likely to learn it now.

'Years passed on. His parents died, and Jamie succeeded to a large fortune. It was the old story still; waste, waste, was the law in Maxwell's house. He married. In vain his wife sought to reduce his expenses: the habit of years was too deeply rooted, and ere long it became plain, even to Maxwell himself, that he was a ruined man. His place, furniture, and horses were sold, and his wife and family thrown on the world, depending for their livelihood on his exertions. How to spend money, he knew well; but as to how to earn it, he was as ignorant as a child.

'During those years I was in India, and heard nothing of my old friend, till on my return I was told he was settled in London, having obtained a situation there. But his address I could not find out, and I despaired of ever meeting him again. When I was in London last week, I inquired about him at some friends, who, like myself, had known him in his young days, but none could tell what had become of him now.

'One day, in a somewhat unfrequented street, I passed a man in the poorest of dress, leading a child almost in rags by the hand. Attracted by the beauty of the little girl, I looked earnestly at her, and was immediately struck with her resemblance to some one I had known long ago. For a moment I could not tell who, only the face seemed to bring up before my eyes the vision of an old-fashioned house, overshadowed by tall trees. It was the home of Jamie Maxwell; and I became aware it was he the child was so like.

'Could it be? I turned and followed the couple—followed them, alas! into a gin shop. The man called for a glass, and drank it eagerly off, the poor child sobbing the while with cold. The voice had convinced me. I laid my hand on the wretched man's shoulder, saying "James Maxwell, have you come to this?"

'He started, looked hard at me, then broke down as the remembrance of past years flashed on him. I drew him from the shop, and extracted his sad story from him. Step by step he had sunk, dragging wife and children with him. Unaccustomed to steady habits or self-denial, he had soon lost the situation he had obtained. How he had lived on I scarce can tell, save that it was through the exertion of his gentle wife that they obtained what little food they had. Broken down in spirit, there were times when he sought the gin shop, but that, as his wife told me with tears, was not often. "No, no, she could thank God he was no confirmed drunkard, as yet, at least." All that I could do for them I have done; but oh! could you have seen the misery I witnessed

in that poor garr., which the once wealthy Maxwell called his home,—could you have seen his half-starving wife and children, and witnessed the utter despair of the poor man, and heard his declaration that he had brought all this misery on himself by his reckless wasting, you would understand, my children, how fully I realized the truth of the proverb, “Waste not, want not.”

Mrs M'Kenzie's eyes filled with tears as she listened. ‘Poor man!’ she said, ‘in what way were you able to assist him and his wife and children?’

‘Long and earnest,’ replied Mr M'Kenzie, ‘were my conversations with him. In one thing I had no difficulty. From the first, he acknowledged that all his troubles had been occasioned by himself. I soon found out that for some weeks his conscience had been aroused; the conviction that a justly angry God would call him to render account, before his judgment seat, of a wasted life, overpowered him, and unable to bear the thought, with none to point him to the Cross to obtain pardon, he sought to stifle thought, and drown remorse in the cup of intoxication. All this he told me, adding that he felt he was a doomed man.

‘I reminded him of one who, like himself, had wasted his substance in riotous living, and, like him, was reduced to sore distress, so sore that at times he envied the very swine their food; till, when brought very low by want, he remembered his father, from whose house he had strayed, whose advice he had despised, whose very existence, in his days of wasting, he had forgotten; but now, neglected by his so-called friends, left alone to starve, thoughts of that father's kindness smote his heart: he would return to him, confess his sins, and ask forgiveness and mercy. At once he arises, and hastening on, he sees his father standing without, evidently waiting with outstretched arms to receive his wandering child. He throws himself into his father's arms, humbled and ashamed. “Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.”

‘As I spoke this, Maxwell raised his head (so long, alas! had the Bible been an unopened book to him, that he seemed not to know that it was from that blessed book I spoke), saying eagerly, “And what said his father? Did he cast him away as he deserved, saying, It is too late now?”

“Nay, Maxwell, not so,” said I. “He had compassion upon him, fell on his neck, and kissed him, called upon his servants, and bade the best robe be brought forth and put on him, whilst he put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet, causing the fatted calf to be killed and a feast to be made, to proclaim to all the joyous news that this his ‘son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found.’”

‘Maxwell said nothing, but sat still, his head resting on his hand, but the look of despair seemed less: it was as if, through the dark gloom which oppressed him, a streak of light from heaven was beginning to shine. At last he spoke. “Then he did not cast him out! It may be there is hope for me! Oh! M'Kenzie, by the memory of our young days, tell me, may I hope for pardon from my God?”

‘Thankfully I pointed him to the cross, showing him One who came to seek and to save that which was lost, who came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance, who shed His blood, that even the chief of sinners might wash therein and be made clean.

‘Eagerly he listened; the very scheme of redemption was new to him. It seemed so precious that he could scarce believe it true. I offered him, in my Saviour's name, a full pardon for the past, and strength to resist sin in the future, if he would now close with Christ. I left him and believe the light has indeed shone upon him, and that, truly humbled, distrusting himself, but cleaving with a childlike trust to his Saviour, he is a truly repentant man. I interested a friend in him, who has taken him into his office as clerk, thus giving him one more chance, and you may believe I did not fail to have his wife and children warmly clad, and left them money sufficient to keep them for a while.’

Mrs M'Kenzie pressed her husband's hand, inwardly thanking God for using him for good to his fellow-creatures, while the children with one voice thanked their papa for his true story, and Frank said, ‘Papa, I will not waste my money again, in case I turn like poor Mr Maxwell.’

The father's eye glistened as he looked at his handsome boy. ‘Ah, my children, let us all learn the great lesson of self-denial; it is one which can never be learned too soon. Deny yourselves in little things. Cultivate careful habits, wasting not, lest you come to want; remembering that for the right use of your earthly goods, the Lord will call you one day to give in an account.

‘The wealth entrusted to each one of us, whatever the amount be, is given us by God, to be used for His glory, not wasted in selfish indulgence. “Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-born of all thine increase.” Money lent to the Lord is never wasted. “There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.” “The liberal soul shall be made fat.”

‘Remember the parable of the talents. To each of His servants the Master gave a sum of money, and then went away; but when He returned He reckoned with them, and he alone received his approbation who had traded with it for his Master's glory. To all such He will address the blessed words—“Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”’

THE MISSIONARY MAP.

Place a map of the world before a number of spectators, and what a diversity of impressions will be produced by it. The geographer, viewing it from his own stand point, will be mainly occupied by the form and position of its coasts and continents, and the influences of its soils and climates; the merchant's mind will connect its capitals and harbours with the interests of his favourite commerce; the politician will take in at a glance the relation of its kingdoms to each other in their government and

history; and every individual that gazes on it will have reflectious awakened within him, corresponding to his peculiar sentiments and pursuits.

But above and distinct from all these impressions, there is one that will force itself upon the mind of the Christian. He sees more in connection with that map than the concerns of time, or the transitory interests of the present life. He views the world as a fallen and yet as a redeemed world. He remembers what sin has made it, and he reflects what grace is pledged to accomplish for it. As he gazes on those dark shadows which superstition, and idolatry, and sin have spread over the face of the earth, he is ready to weep for its degradation. As he ponders on the scenes which, 1,800 years ago, were enacted on its surface, and remembers how the Son of God lived and died among its inhabitants, he is filled with gratitude and hope. To him it is God's world after all: his, because he made it; his, because he redeemed it; his, because the kingdoms of this world are to become "the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever."

What new and solemn interest is thrown around the map of the world by thoughts like these! It does not cease to be a map for the politician, the merchant, or the geographer; but to each of these, if he be a Christian, it becomes a missionary map, replete with the deepest meaning, and invested with the profoundest consequences. The black shades that indicate the realms of heathenism remind him that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;" the brighter spots that sparkle here and there, like stars in the midnight sky, assure him that the light of the Gospel is penetrating into these regions of death; whilst, here and there, the glow of advancing truth has spread its diffusive brightness and happiness around, giving cause of thankfulness for the past, and ground of encouragement for the future.

It is in this missionary aspect that we intend to consider the map of the world, spreading it out before us in all its chequered light and darkness, so that our readers may be able to realise more distinctly both the intensity of man's spiritual necessities and the marvellous adaptation of the Gospel of grace to meet all his requirements. We shall pass in review before us the extent, the character, and the consequences of idolatry and superstition. We shall sketch the signal triumphs of the cross of Christ in the midst of barbarous and savage tribes. We shall follow the devoted missionary in his conflicts and successes, and glean many a fruitful sheaf from the great harvest field, where he has been labouring for God. It is a review calculated to deepen our convictions in the truth and power of the Gospel of Christ, throwing, as it does, fresh evidence around its character and claims. It is a study intended to excite us to more earnest and prayerful effort, that God's "ways may be known upon earth, his saving health among all nations."

Let us endeavour, at the outset, to realize the vast extent of heathenism. When we are told that the world contains some 900,000,000 of inhabitants, and that some 500,000,000 of

them are sunk in paganism, the bare statement is appalling; and yet we doubt whether any arithmetical statement of this kind conveys a very definite idea to the mind. It requires to be illustrated in order to be adequately comprehended. Let us imagine a town with 9,000 inhabitants, and suppose 5,000 of them to be heathen; then out of every nine people we meet in the streets, five would be pagans, ignorant of the true God, and sunk in the grossest spiritual darkness. What a sad picture such a town would present to any Christian mind! But let us remember that we have to transfer not only this proportion to the case of the world's inhabitants, but that we must suppose 100,000 towns similarly circumstanced, and that we have to visit them all in succession, and meet the same sad history in the streets of each; five out of every nine immortal souls who cross our path ignorant of the true God, and worshipping idols which their own hands have made, passing on to eternity at the rate of nearly 50,000 every day, without one ray of hope, and destitute of one spark of heavenly light!

Or let us take another illustration. China is said to contain some 360,000,000 of idolaters; that is nearly 1,000,000 for every day in the year. Let us imagine that the whole population marched by us in a vast procession, at the rate of six persons in every minute; it would take about 115 years before the entire nation had passed by. Or, to put the same idea in another shape, suppose we were to count them one by one, at the rate of 100 a minute, and occupied ourselves in this way for twelve hours a day; it would take about thirteen years before we had counted the whole! And, after all, this would be only a part of heathenism; you have to add the 150,000,000 of India, the countless hordes of Central Asia, the untold multitudes of Africa, the tribes and families scattered far and wide in their ignorance and degradation over the face of the earth.

But if there be something so dreadful in the extent of heathendom, what shall we say concerning the condition of its unhappy votaries? How shall we describe the evils, social, moral, and spiritual, which such a state entails? The worship of images, which their own hands have made, is the least portion of the abominations of the heathen. The ignorance of God, and the alienation from him, which idolatry involves, lie at the root of the evil, and find their terrible expression in countless forms of cruelty and sin. When we find that the deities worshipped by the heathen are the incarnations of every imaginable vice, it is no marvel that the worshippers should be so also. The Psalmist has said concerning idols, that "they who make are like unto them;" and all we know of the heathen confirms the statement.

Krishna, for example, is represented in their sacred books as a thief and a liar, and extolled for the dexterity with which he stole and cheated: can we wonder that the worshippers of Krishna should be false and dishonest? Kali is described as delighting in human blood, and painted with a necklace of human skulls around her neck: need we be surprised if her wretched votaries are sanguinary and cruel? The history of idolatry is one long catalogue of cruel-

ties and crimes; it is the record of obliterated affections, seared consciences, and relentless hearts.

If we turn to China, where (to use the expression of one of their countrymen) "there are more gods than there are people," we find infanticide prevailing to such a fearful extent that in Pekin alone the number of infants exposed to perish amounts to four thousand every year! If we look to Africa, we find the blood of human sacrifices flowing in such copious streams, that, as in a recent instance at Dahomey, the king can sail his canoe in the ensanguined tide. Far away behind the palm-groves of the Pacific rises the smoke of the cannibal festival; and even in India, notwithstanding its favourable position under British influence, the Gond children are fattened for the slaughter, and their blood is sprinkled on the fields, in the hope of securing an abundant harvest. And there are darker scenes behind, too impure and horrible to be disclosed; a veil must be dropped over their abominations, "for it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret."

And all these outrages upon humanity and decency are sanctioned and consecrated by what its wretched victims call "*religion*." Nay, they form the most solemn and exalted rites of their worship. Of a God of love they have never heard, and in their present state can form no conception. Gods of cruelty and lust, and vengeance—these are their chosen deities; and to appease, sometimes to cheat and outwit them, is the object of their lives.

Such is heathenism without the Gospel. Such is the sad condition of those teeming millions of immortal beings, made by the same hand, and of the same blood, as ourselves; capable, as well as we, of being taught the way of holiness and life, and reaching the joys and happiness of heaven. Surely there is enough in this miserable history to awaken our sympathy and stir us up to labour for their enlightenment, even if the last words of Christ were not ringing so urgently in our ears, and commanding us to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

The Gospel is God's grand remedy for a ruined world, and nothing but the Gospel can regenerate mankind. It is the tree of life "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations," and it has proved its virtue by the transformations it has wrought. Our own land presents a striking illustration of a country once savage and idolatrous, but raised by missionary efforts to the highest pinnacle of religion and civilization. Were it not for the evangelists of former days who reached Britain from afar, and carried to its barbarous shores the torch of truth, we might to this very day be lying, like our pagan ancestors, in darkness and the shadow of death. But even within the memory of living men, whole tribes and countries have been won from the depths of heathen degradation to the light and liberty of the Christian life. Greenland, once colder and more sterile than its own ice and snow, has thawed, and warmed, and borne fruit beneath the beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Sierra Leone, which at the close of the last century re-echoed to the din of the war-gong and the clank of the slave-

chain, now echoes to the voice of peaceful industry, and the sound of the "church-going bell." The isles of the Pacific, once rank and poisonous with the worst weeds of heathenism, now rest like fair lilies on the deep, exhaling the fragrance of every Christian grace. Where fifty years ago, ascended the smoke of the suttee, and the screams of devil-worshippers, amidst the palmyra trees of South India, there rise to heaven the spires of village churches, and the hymns of Christian congregations. The tent of the Arab, the kraal of the Hottentot, the wigwam of the Red Indian, have all borne testimony to the omnipotent power of the Gospel of Christ.

"His sovereign mercy has transform'd
Their cruelty to love;
Softened the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove."

These are at once the fruit of missionary exertion and our encouragements to pursue it. If we had no such successes to point to, it would be no less our duty to persevere; but with such evident tokens of blessing and success, we should be doubly guilty if we held back from this great work. It was the great Husbandman himself who said, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest." We need more life and light in the church at home, in order to accomplish this mission of love to the heathen abroad; we need to have our sympathies stirred up on behalf of those who are destitute of the spiritual blessings which we enjoy; and one design of those papers is to give such information as may deepen those sympathies where they already exist, and to produce them where they do not.

It might seem a hopeless task to reach the vast multitudes of whom we have been speaking; but the unerring Word has said that "the Gospel shall first be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations," and we only need a larger supply of grace to enable us to accomplish it. If there were as many lamps to be lighted as there are heathens to be instructed, and we kindled them at the rate of one every minute, it would take more than 1,000 years before our task was done; but if each lamp, as soon as it was lighted, had power to light five other lamps within a minute, how long would it occupy before those millions of lamps were all lighted? Our readers will scarcely believe our reply until they verify it by calculation. Only fifteen minutes!

And if Christians were light givers as well as light receivers; if they endeavoured earnestly and prayerfully to communicate the blessings which they have received, how much more rapidly the work of missions would proceed, and how soon, with the blessings of the Holy Spirit, might the great work be done!

"Speed Thou the work, Redeemer of the world,
Till the long miseries of mankind shall cease.
Where'er the red-cross banner is unfurl'd,
There let it carry light, and joy, and peace.
Did not the angels, that announced thy birth,
Proclaim it with the sound of peace on earth?"

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.



'TROOP of soldiers waited at
the door,
A crowd of people gathered
in the street,
Aloof a little from the sabres
bared
And flashed into their faces.
Then the door
Was opened, and two women
meekly step
Into the sunshine of the sweet
May-noon,

Out of the prison. One was weak and old—
A woman full of years and full of woes—
The other was a maiden in her morn,
And they were one in name and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bouds of Christ,
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on; and down the sunny
street

The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades.
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking, side by side
Up to God's House on some still Sabbath morn;
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks:
They went to prison, and they went to death
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore

The troopers halted: all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistening; for the tide had
drawn

Back to its furthest margin's weedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and
curve,

That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
Drew nearer by a sand-breadth. "It will be
A long day's work," murmured those murder-
ous men

As they slacked rein—the leaders of the troop
Dismounting, and the people pressing near

To hear the pardon proffered, with the oath
Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk.

And both refused the oath; "because," they
said,

"Unless with Christ's dear servants we have
part,
We have no part with Him."

On this they took

The elder Margaret, and led her out
Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
Unto the furthest stake, already reached
By every rising wave; and left her then,
As the waves crept about her feet, in prayer
That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
Who holds them in the hollow of his hand.

The tide flowed in. And up and down the
shore

There passed the Provost, and the Laird of
Lag—

Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Gra-
ham;

And the rude soldiers jested, with rude oaths,
As in the midst the maiden meekly stood
Waiting her doom delayed,—said she would
turn

Before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
From the chill waves. And ever to her lips
There came the wondrous words of life and
peace:

"If God be for us, who can be against!"

"Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?"

"Nor height nor depth——"

A voice cried from the crowd—

A woman's voice, a very bitter cry—

"O, Margaret! my bonnie Margaret!

Gie in, gie in, and dinna break my heart;

Gie in, and take the oath."

The tide flowed in:

And so wore on the sunny afternoon;
And every fire went out upon the hearth;
And not a meal was tasted in the town
That day.

And still the tide was flowing in;

Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ears,
They turned young Margaret's face toward the
sea,

Where something white was floating—some-
thing white

As the sea-mew that swims upon the wave;
But as she looked it sank; then showed again;
Then disappeared. And round the shoreward
stake

The tide stood ankle deep.

Then Grierson

With cursing, vowed that he would wait no
more;

And to the stake the soldiers led her down.

And tied her hands; and round her slender
waist

Too roughly cast the rope, for Windram came

And eased it, while he whispered in her ear

"Come, take the test." And one cried "Mar-
garet,

Say but 'God save the king.'" "God save
the king

Of His great grace," she answered; but the
oath

She would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,

And drove the people back and silenced them,

The tide flowed in, and rising to her knee,

She sang the psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul."

The tide flowed in, and, rising to her waist,

"To thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.

And the tide flowed, and, rising to her throat,

She sang no more, but lifted up her face—

And there was glory over all the sky;

And there was glory over all the sea—

A flood of glory—and the lifted face

Swam in it, till it bowed beneath the flood,

And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

THE 'PRINTER'S READER.'

To those who know not what the duties of these individuals are, we may say, that from Compositors being not more infallible than the rest of their fellow-mortals, arises the need for the labours of the Reader. In the detection of these faults, he is aided by a pale-faced, sharp-eyed boy—with habiliments smeared and slobbered with ink, oil, and paste, and having a flavour of taffy-balls frequently about him—who reads the author's manuscript while the Reader looks on the printed proof, and marks the errors. If the boy happens to be an ignorant one, he will travesty the words he does not understand, or supply their place in the most ingenious but outrageous manner. What the Compositors do wrongly, it is the Reader's duty to rectify and put right; but doctors don't differ more than do the Reader and Compositor; and many a hard battle has been fought over the retaining or rejection of a comma or semicolon, and whether this or that should be hyphenated, capiteled, or italicised.

Readers of a nervous temperament feel much the strictures that are passed upon them, knowing that they are, in many cases, quite undeserved. They are kept in continual terror and trepidation from the fear of having unintentionally slipped anything which should not appear; and often as they may be called to account for such matters, I have never yet heard of one of them being called from his desk to be complimented for his correctness.

THE MINUTE IN ANIMALCULÆ.—The smallest point that you could make with the finest pen would be too large to represent the natural dimensions of the *Melicerta*; yet it inhabits a snug little house of its own construction, which it has built up stone by stone, cementing each with perfect symmetry, and with all the skill of an accomplished mason, as it pro-

ceeded. It collects the material for its mortar, and mingles it; it collects the material for its bricks, and moulds them; and this with a precision only equalled by the skill with which it lays them when they are made.—*Gosse*.

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.—An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied: "When any thing disturbs their temper, I say to them *sing*; and if I hear them speaking against any one, I call them to sing to me, and so they have sung away all causes of discontent and every disposition to scandal." Such a use of this accomplishment might serve to fit a family for the company of angels.—*Anon*.

Let thoughtful men who have not declared war to the death against the Christian religion, and who admire it while they reject its fundamental dogmas, take heed to themselves; the flowers whose perfume charms them will quickly fade, the fruits they deem so excellent will soon cease to be, when they have cut up the roots of the tree. As to me, arrived at the end of a long life, full of work, reflection and trials—trials in thought as well as in action—I remain convinced that the Christian dogmas are the legitimate and efficacious solution of the natural religious problems that man carries within him, and from which he cannot escape.

Guizot.

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.

Johnson.

When a man has learned how to learn, he can soon learn anything.

For the Young.

'THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.'

The truth of this proverb is universally acknowledged. Rich and poor, young and old, have alike experienced it.

'No place like home, mother,' said the young officer, James Fenwick, as he sat in the centre of a happy group, in the old-fashioned drawing-room of Helmingham Hall, on the evening of his return, after having gone through the hardships and shared in the glories of the Crimean war. Out of doors the wind was blowing hard, and at times the rain dashed wildly on the window panes; but the inmates of the Hall heeded not; within all was warmth and comfort.

How pleasant it was to sit in that room once more, and see the dear ones there, thought James, as he glanced around the quaint drawing-room, with its thick walls, deep set windows, and antique cornice, a-blaze with light from the silver candelabra on the centre

table, and also from the large fire, both alike being caught up and reflected in the numerous old-fashioned mirrors on both sides of the room. And if, for a moment, a more than usually loud gust of wind struck on his ear, and awakened memories of cold and blustering nights spent in the trenches, and of many a loved comrade, who had stood with him then side by side, now lying in their silent graves, far from home and kindred, the remembrance, though it saddened, served only to enhance the comfort of the present scene, and rouse an increased sense of gratitude to the God who had preserved him, and brought him in safety to his home.

Father, mother, brothers and sisters, clung fondly to him, joy beaming on every face. Often had his thoughts turned to those dear ones on the battle-field and in the night watch; and to be amongst them once more seemed like a dream. The sweet English ballad rose to his memory; and almost unconsciously humming the air, he started to find it caught up by the

young voices of sisters and brothers, till the room rang with the words—'Home, sweet home; there is no place like home!'

'No place like home for me, little wifey,' said Farmer Davey, as he sat in his bright little sitting-room, with his children around him, and his pretty little wife, with her baby in her arms, by his side.

The farmer had been away from his home on business for a week or two; but to have seen him that night, you would have thought he had been so for years. The children clung to him, as if afraid he would leave them again; and his wife seemed as if she could not keep her eyes off him. The fire seemed to burn brighter, the lamp clearer—all because he had come home.

'Twas pleasant enough at my friend Smith's, in Manchester,' said the farmer; 'there was everything there that money could buy—fine rooms, fine furniture, and fine dinners; but all the time I was wearying for home. I would not exchange my own little house, and the dear ones there, for all the grandeur in the world. No; "there is no place like home" to me';—and his wife, in her heart echoed the sentiment—only with the addition, 'And no man in the world to be compared to my John Davey!'

'There is no place like home,' said little Harry Percy, as he sat with his brothers and sisters round the cheerful home tea-table, on the first night of his return from school for the Christmas holidays.

Harry's place was next his mother that night, and the little hand was often slipped into hers. It was so nice, Harry thought, to be amongst them all again, and join in the merry laughter; and, above all, have that loving, gentle mother's eye looking down at him with such sweet, fond love.

Yes; Harry was not unhappy at school, for he was a favorite with both masters and school-fellows; but then, home was so different. Oh, 'there is no place like home!'

After Harry was sound asleep that night, the mother slipped softly in, and impressed a kiss on the fair young forehead of her boy, and prayed in her heart that, in manhood's years, he might indeed think there was no place like home.

Readers! if our home on earth be such a sweet, hallowed place, what shall our heavenly home be?

Grief must often enter our earthly homes; death must often take away the most loved member there; but, in the home above—the inheritance purchased by Christ for His redeemed ones—death shall enter no more; partings shall be unknown; and, a great family, we shall dwell for ever with the Lord in that habitation not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

In our Father's house above there are many mansions; but forget not they are prepared for a prepared people—for those, and those only, who on earth 'have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

The family is scattered yet, though of one home and heart;

Part militant, in earthly gloom—in heavenly glory, part;

But who can speak the rapture when the circle is complete,

And all the children sundered now, before their Father meet?

One fold, one Shepherd, one employ, one everlasting home.

'Lo! I come quickly! Even so, Amen! Lord Jesus, come!' *The Christian Treasury.*

Sabbath Readings.

CHRIST'S FAREWELLS.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

There were two farewells of our Lord on earth, and they formed two of the most touching and instructive epochs of His history. As the sun, setting amid a flood of liquid gold, invests the whole heavens with variegated tints of beauty long after the majestic orb has run its race, so there clustered around the two earthly sunsets of Christ the most divine assurances, the most precious promises, the most brilliant hopes that ever shed their light and glory upon the pathway of the Christian Church; and which will linger upon its spiritual sky in deathless splendour until He come again in His glory, to set no more for ever.

The first farewell of Christ was when He parted from His disciples on His return to

heaven. To them it was a time of inexpressible grief. To part with Christ was to part with their all. Yet He would not leave them comfortless; nor will He, beloved, ever so leave you. Blended with His departure was the most precious promise and the most costly gift Heaven could bestow or the Church receive—the promise and gift of the Holy Ghost, as the Comforter, Teacher, and Indweller of the Church: 'If I depart, I will send the Comforter.' What an hour of blessing was this! What a glorious setting of the Sun of Righteousness! What spiritual benedictions, what resplendent hopes gather, like a glowing halo, around the sinking of this Divine Orb! And still the glow lingers. And still the setting rays tinge with unfaded light and glory the gloomy clouds which often drape in woe earth's pilgrimage. We

have abiding with, and dwelling in us, the Holy Ghost the Comforter, sent of Christ, to lead us to Christ, to testify of Christ, to assimilate us to Christ, and to sanctify us to dwell with Christ for ever. Oh! could the personal departure of our Lord have been blessed and graced with an assurance more transcendently great, precious, and glorious than this?

Our Lord's *second* farewell was when He closed the sacred canon of Scripture, fencing it with the most solemn warning, and sealing it with the most illustrious promise. And, as the threatenings of woe to them who should either take from, or add to, the perfect word of God, resounded solemnly on the ear, it was succeeded and softened by words which will live and linger in the sweetest cadence until the promise they contain shall be fulfilled: 'Behold, I come quickly!' Then shall all that is dark in providence and grace be lucid, and all that is discrepant be harmonized: the bliss of the saints will be complete, the mystery of God will be finished, and God will be all in all. O believer in Jesus! long for that day that shall bring the Beloved of your soul arrayed in all His Father's and His own glory. He will come quickly, suddenly, unexpectedly—His advent surprising both the Church and the world; the one slumbering in the light, and the other in the dark. But let us who are of the day: sober, watchful, hastening unto His coming, prepared as a bride for her husband—loving and desiring Him with a single, ardent, wakeful affection. 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!'

But it was in connection with His *first* farewell that Christ spake the memorable and precious words, 'Lo, I am with you always.' It is not to a future, but to an *ever-present* Christ with His saints, that these pages will direct your thoughts. What the Lord has laid up for us, by what road He will lead us, what lessons he will teach us, by what discipline of trial He will mature us for present service and prepare us for future rest, we will not be too curious to divine. Enough that it is all in the covenant, and in his hands who administers the covenant. And whatever new lights and shadows may be pencilled upon life's picture, though our song be of *mercy* and of *judgment*, we will patiently wait and calmly trust its gradual and timely unfolding, assured that all our trials will be shrouded blessings, and all those blessings will be bright stepping-stones aiding our progress in the divine life, our nearness to God, and

our meetness for heaven. Embarking upon a new stage of your pilgrimage, I propose placing the pilgrim's true *STAFF* in your hands, upon which, if you lean in childlike faith, you will be firmly upheld, safely led, securely kept, divinely strengthened, cheered, and comforted every step of your journey. It was left by our Lord for the use of His one and whole Church when He exchanged the scene of His humiliation for the throne of His glory. He Himself placed it in the hands of His apostles, who, now that their pilgrimage is closed, have transmitted it to us. In the name of Christ, I now put this divine *staff* in your hand, and bid you firmly grasp it, and set out anew for heaven. 'Lo, I am with you always [*all days*], even unto the end of the world.'

Let me for a moment concentrate your thoughts upon Him whose promise is thus pledged: 'I am with you.' Were you assured of the personal presence, ever attending, ever clinging, ever abiding, of a beloved friend selected from a wide and choice circle; and were that one friend the most wise, the most powerful, the most true, the most loving, confiding, and sympathizing, would you not be content to link with him alone all your future lot—to make him confidant of your bosom, the partaker of your every joy, the sharer of your every sorrow? That Friend is Christ! He occupies the pre-eminent position of being ever near to His people. Everywhere, and at the same moment, His presence is the atmosphere that enfolds them, the shield that encircles them, the sun that guides and cheers their path to the celestial city, where His glorified presence fills each soul with ineffable happiness, heaven with its sweetest song, and eternity with its transcendent splendour. When Jesus left our earth, He entwined the personal interests of His members around His heart, and bore them with Him to heaven; leaving the gracious promise, that, though personally and visibly withdrawn from the scene of their journeying, trials, and conflicts, His spiritual presence should ever and everywhere engirdle them, until, like Himself, they should exchange earth for heaven. 'Lo! mark! behold! I, the Incarnate God, I, who opened my bleeding heart for your redemption on Calvary, I, who am your dearest Friend, your Elder Brother—I am with you always, in all places, and at all times, unto the end of the world.' Saint of God! this is the promise of promises, the richest pearl of all the promises, exceeding in its mightiness and preciousness,

while it is the substance, sweetness, and pledge of all the rest. Christ is ever with you; and were this the one and only assurance of the word of God upon which He had caused your soul to hope, you may gratefully and truthfully exclaim, 'Lord, it is enough! with this staff I will travel onward; and if through fire and through water Thou dost lead me, upheld by Thy power, and soothed by thy sympathy, I will pass forward until Thou shalt bring me into a wealthy place.'

Christ's presence with His people was once, though not now, *corporeal*. He was bodily in the midst of His Church. Oh, it is a marvellous truth, the belief of which imparts a conviction of verity to the whole Gospel, that, eighteen hundred years ago, the incarnate God actually tabernacled upon this earth, trod its soil, sailed upon its lakes, drank of its springs, admired its flowers, bedewed it with tears, and consecrated it with blood. That babe of Bethlehem smiling in its mother's arms; that mechanic of Nazareth shoving the plane and plying the saw; that young man, pale and thoughtful, standing at Pilate's bar; that victim of woe impaled upon the central cross,—listen, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth,—was 'the fulness of the Godhead bodily!' It is written by the pen of the Holy Ghost, and let no profane hand dare attempt its erasure—'The WORD was made flesh, and dwelt among us.' Yes! your flesh, O believer, laden with infirmity, sorrow, and woe! And He wears it still in a spiritual and glorified form, and is with you in your suffering, and weakness, and infirmity, ever sympathizing, ever sustaining. Try your spirit, whether it be Christ-taught, Christ-loving, Christ-trustful, by its firm, realizing faith in this cardinal and precious truth; for 'every spirit

that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God.'

In addition to this, there is Christ's *representative* presence with His people in the embassy, fulness, and preaching of the Gospel. The Gospel is glad tidings of Christ, it is the message of His grace, the proclamation of His love to lost sinners. The Gospel is Christ first, Christ last, Christ midst, Christ without end. Christ is the *Prophet* of the Gospel, teaching His people His doctrines. Christ is the *Priest* of the Gospel, bearing and making atonement for their sins. Christ is the *King* of the Gospel, reigning in the hearts of loyal and loving disciples. Thus, Christ is present wherever and whenever the good tidings of that Gospel are preached, to 'bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, to comfort all that mourn.' Remember, O thou neglectful, unbelieving hearer of Christ's Gospel, that it is not the minister you slight, nor the message you scorn; it is Christ Himself. 'We beseech you in Christ's stead'—as though Christ Himself were pleading with tears and blood—'be ye reconciled to God.' O blessed, yet solemn thought, that, whenever my ears are saluted with the joyful sound, infinitely sweeter than angels' chimes, it is Christ's voice I hear, it is Christ's presence I feel, it is Christ's love that thrills and warms my soul, it is Christ's invitation to my weary spirit, Christ's words of sympathy to my sorrowful heart, Christ's promises of grace, and strength, and hope to my depressed and desponding mind. Oh, welcome, thou divine and precious Gospel—bringing with thee Christ's presence with a realizing power so personal, so conscious, and so soothing to the soul!

REST ELSEWHERE.

WHEN weary of the waste land,
Weary of the drifting sand,
Weary of the falling rain,
Weary of the grief and pain—
Think of that eternal rest,
Where thy spirit shall be blest—
That rest elsewhere.

When thy spirit dies within thee,
And thy soul sinks wearily;
When the things of every day
Shed no light, no soothing ray—
Think of that eternal rest,
Where thy spirit shall be blest—
That rest elsewhere.

And a peace will glide o'er thee,
And comfort, oh so tenderly!
Thou wilt wonder—wonder much,
From whence came the heavenly touch.
It came from that eternal rest,
Where thy spirit shall be blest—
That rest elsewhere.

And thou wilt wonder—wonder more
Why the things that seemed before
Cold and comfortless to thee,
Shine with light so peacefully.
They shine from that eternal rest,
Where thy spirit shall be blest—
That rest elsewhere.